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Eastern Kentucky University, English Department

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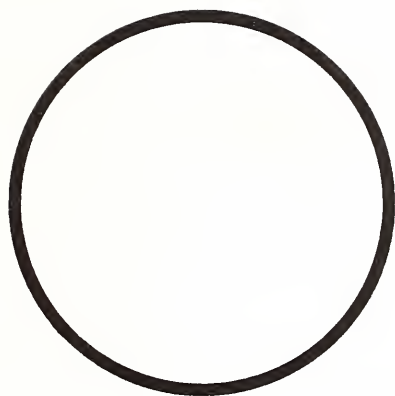
aurora





is the dawn-





the beginning



This is the beginning of a beginning. The beginning of AURORA. The rise of a star. The beginning of a dawn.

AURORA is the dawn and the beginning—the dawn of recognition and the beginning of acknowledgment. It marks the ascent of the mind above the nether mists of apathy and complacency. AURORA is an ion of expression hurtling through the mute void of existence. It is a first glimpse of the distant star of fulfillment. But AURORA is more—it is a happening. The random collision of fusible atoms of knowledge initiating the chain reaction of insight, the energy of expression, the power of communication. A dawn, a beginning, an ascent, a happening, expression, insight, energy and power. AURORA.

AURORA is the dawn—the beginning.

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aurora

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GOING TO SCHOOL BY WAY OF CHARLESTON

First flight.
Motionless, yet
Moving, as in a dream
Through the mists of the River Styx.
Silence.

Woods, like fields of moss;
Towns, like learning games in school;
Cotton candy clouds.

White-out.
Detergent clouds;
Glint of sun on silver
Wing. Squint. Yawn. Unblock your plugged ears.
Relax.

The green earth floats by
Under the sea of sky and
Frothy, rolling clouds.

Russian cosmonaut
Saw no God on high. Neither
Did I. God saw me.

Cloud shadows, like ink
Blotches on Lilliputian
Fields. Just like worry.

We met no traffic
Except the clouds. They gave us
Enough company.

Our wing nearly sliced
A cloud in two several
Times before it did.

Blue runway lights, like
Christmas tree bulbs scattered by
An angry giant.

Charleston.
Ancient grillwork,
Spanish moss, palmettos,
Live oak, magnolias, forts and ships.
History.

Copper-penny clay
And inevitable pines—
A Southern mural.

Poor, rocky, white soil,
Sprigs of corn reaching for sun. —
Determination.

Dinosaur ridges
Have lakes lapping at their feet,
Blue haze 'round their heads.

Twilight.
Haze in valleys,
Palette sky in the west.
The bus lurches around the curves.
Breathless.

Darkness
Pounces on us.
We careen down the road,
And slither around hairpin curves.
Cloaked fears.

— Sr. Mary Kevin Cummings

LISA

How like a spritely, dainty deer she leaps
From square to hop-scotch square and back again;
How busy playing tiring games she keeps,
Much like a bustling, nesting female wren.

How like a wise, old owl she stops to think
Before she gives her sage advice to you.
How with great industry she tries to link
All knowledge that she learned in past to new.

How like a precious jewel is she to me;
Uncut, unset, yet bright with inward glow.
How like a mystery gift still wrapped is she—
The contents I may never ever fully know.

Thus I endeavor to describe with pen,
My only daughter, Lisa, who is ten.

—Frank Koch

A THOUGHT

I ran in the woods today
And laughed, and chased a leaf that fell.
I saw my friends
I said, good morning, nice day, all is well.
But they said no, all is not well,
My flowers did not bloom,
My dog chased my neighbor's cat,
And my wife's sister is coming.
Who would guess that a war is raging?

—James L. Black

VENT OF DEATH-PROUD SORROW
(IN MEMORY OF LUCY EAST)

The movements on the paper rose high against her hand;
The symbols of a life retreating.

Out of the single sigh
into the stroke of the quick-wombed cradle,
She rested in the angry grace of an uneasy light.
Justice embraced her every sin,
Blasting the heart into its final decline.
With the fear of a second child,
A twice-spent, single-edged infant,
She returned to the casting earth
As she had fallen from her mother's side:
Unspoiled.

Her hand,
From the nails of the chalkdry fingers to the tumbling
felt of her palm,
Held, like a pursing secret,
Her stillborn death.
And the sun became a coiling mistress
Before the grief of the second grave.

But even as those last, hooded moments were sung into
forgiveness,
Evening entered the chapel of her eyes.

And she,
A near-old, withered woman, hovering above the antlered
wood like a hawk on fire,
Burden-ablaze in the tolling, weathered mouth of age,
Was dropped like a lapping sparrow by the clapping wind.

Yet, knelt
In the lonely height of the petal-running summer,
Dusk fell into a sickled calm;
Psalm-spiced by the innocence of her passing.

Pain-turned,
The leaves of the hayblown boughs,

Fluttering above the reshaping sheet of the wormspun soil,
Became as brown and still as the stallioned waters of her
own, seapricked limbs;
Though the cornerthumbed leaves at her graveworn bedside
raged in wintry silence.

— Robert Pollock

NOT WITHOUT ANGER

Not without anger have I watched in silence
The stealthy throb of betrayal rise
With a smile to burn and divide the heart.

Never with malice have I sought
To uproot or undo in sleep
What allied hosts have assisted in upholding.

No longer aroused from neutral rest
By the innocent swell of unrivaled desires;
With vicious regret I bolt to meet
And turn the routing sear and polished thrust of
seasoned arms,

Seeking an enemy once hailed as friend.

Lured out of breath into a hostile lair,
I must bear and thrust a cunning kiss thrown from
faithless lips;
Though two masked faces mask a grudge and a
wolf in the fold.

Blown out of truce into a grappling retreat,
Wrenched to tears in an ambush of embraces,
I stand doubled in a double-crossed lull

Until enemy and friend lie in the same blood.

— Robert Pollock

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

What—take my hand—
What lies
Across the mountains?
The twilight mountains
Where the sun goes down?
Mountains jungle topped, heavy above the lowness
Of this hazy valley where we wait
The slow awakening morning: pork and beans,
The trailer court, the river,
And I here; and you,
We are.
Have you not ever wondered...
The river muds out and down the valley
The easy way down
The easy way out
But have you seen what lies beyond the mountain?

Mother's fixing peas and new potatoes
But I can't stay.
I'm only stopping here— My hand
Feels empty without yours—
To say...
Goodbye.
This morning as the dew sunned off the grass
Crept up the slope, the vinepatched rise
And formed a cloud above the rocky top
Then part of me went, too
Departing like the dew from off the grass
To leave this Me, hollow
And half empty here.
Now I must follow.

I must climb the mountains with the sun
Up from this always valley to the world
The golden world
The cool across the mountains world
Where the sun goes down.

Come with me!
Up the dusty morning path
Until I find, there closer to the sun,
A rock above the coldness of this place
Where we can stand and, looking straight ahead,
Can watch perhaps
A thrush, tossed light
Upon a wind-capped wave
Search the ever-shifting valleys of the sky
To find a cloud to pillow in.
And then away far down across the mountain
We shall see, and shall descend into
Our morning world.
A somewhere green and new,
A better place of rest
For this tired valley's dew and I,
And you.
And you can fix potatoes and new peas
Or we'll eat pork and beans from a happier can
By the river
On the silver side of evening
In the golden twilight valley
Where the sun goes down.

There, so legend has it—
Walk beside me—
There, they know what love is.

— Sterling Smith Cramer

LOST IN TRANSLATION

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— Steve Ferguson

SPRING IN THE CITY

PLEASE DO NOT:

walk, run, lie, sun
sit, play, picnic, or
make love on the grass.

— Steve Ferguson

Along the endless winter sidewalk, so cold,
so old he walked ahead of us,
But not as we walked when we laughed past him—for we
were young—we knew tomorrow would be better; we
could bear the cold.

We saw that his clothes were as thin and aged as his
by-then memories must have been,
We could tell that winter had forced an unnatural red
into his hands, which were gloveless.
We noticed that his head was heavy with thoughts,
making his eyes look at a sidewalk he really didn't see.
We wondered, too, if he weren't thinking of spring when
the sun is kinder to those who move beneath it.
But we hurried on, for we were young—and it was cold—
and somewhere ahead lay where we were going.

— Audrey Morrison

"LADY DRINKING TEA"
Jean Simeon Chardin, 1738

Iambi flee my pleading cry, "Return
To march in measured tread across my page
To tell of love and truth; to sing and burn
So all may know that beauty lives." I rage.
But then I play their game. I turn my gaze
To Chardin's gleaming colors: tea pot brown
On table red; a blue-shawled lady plays
With cup and, gazing, reads the leaves. Renown
Is not what she is dreaming of. Her hair
Is curled and topped with lace. The steaming tea,
Her earrings, flouncy dress, the rosewood chair
Personify content. Such calm has she!
I peek and see Iambi looking, too.
They blush, and then I know their game is through.

— Sr. Mary Kevin Cummings

Cool flat intricacies
dealt like so many cards
slide out into the mind's rich
three-in-the-morning maze
from a piano.

Through damp smoke
and under the warm insides
of my eyelids,
dusky-red,
filters somebody's voice,
harsh, drunk,
God knows where,
poetically obscene

like the wail

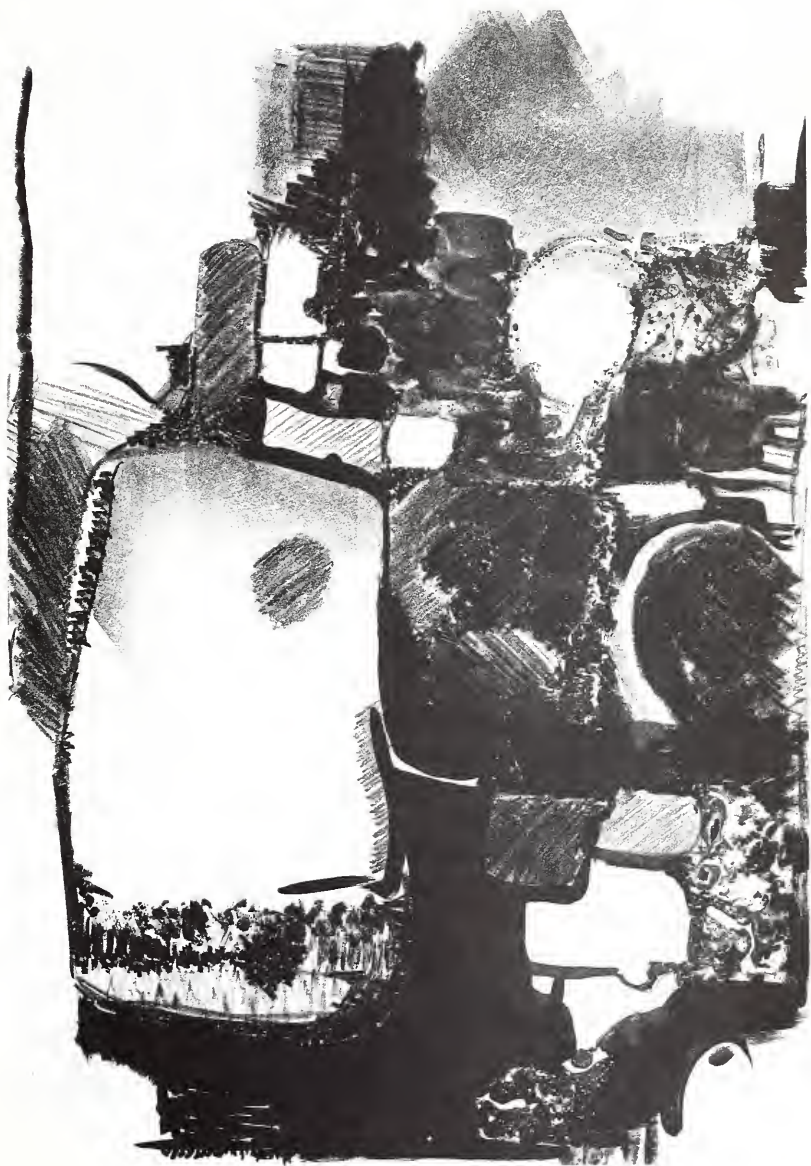
of alleys

at night.

If there was supposed to be a dawn,
it got lost somewhere
or maybe I crumpled it in a paper cup
with the rest of the ashes.

It does not matter now.

— Marty L. Adkins



Dan Morgan '67

Percussion Report '67



New Beginnings

Bruce Booth

67

ODE TO A FRIENDLY CRITIC

If Shadwell, who was Laureate,
was only in his dullness great,
then what a fool must Richard be,
who calls my jingles "poetry."

And, if the critics literary,
currently all so contrary,
made Richard's preference their own,
I should sit on Shadwell's throne.

Be patient, Richard. You have found
just heir of Eusden, who was crowned
with Shadwell's circlet long ago,
and is still known as Merit's foe.

So I shall kneel at Cibber's seat
before great Flecknoe's holy feet,
as you anoint my nodding head
with oils of force and wit long dead.

It shall be you who take the crown,
and set that withered laurel down
upon my temples, lofty-browed,
and sing my Coronation Ode.

Beside my tarnished, brazen throne
you shall have one to call your own,
and be my Minister as we
assail Originality.

Our realm shall be of mold and grime,
and glory worn threadbare by time;
in its wide landscapes mortals see
one dull gray uniformity.

In our great fief one temple stands,
built by loveless mocking hands
to house the icon of our race:
a painted bard, without a face.

Like Him, our subjects are but palls
of not-quite-individuals.
These we shall rule till Judgment Day,
and greet the Trump with some cliché.

— Joe Sharp

THE TOWN IDIOT

the town idiot (if one can be
singled out) waits with his cup in hand
for help charity tax deductions
and a blind nigger shines shoes.

a wheel chair beggar sells pencils
with GOD BLESS YOU stamped on.
the town idiot loses an
eye and leg in combat
and waits with cup in hand for his check.

a legless midget plays his banjo
for a quarter.
the no-eared half-breed swallows
half dollars
but the town idiot, with cup between his teeth,
asks you to feed his family.

the town idiot has fought in all wars
loved all women fathered all children
so he deserves the lead slug he gets
in his cup.

his world is a ping pong ball
covered with felt and his eyes are reversed
to see the empty vacuum
inside his head.

— Mike Browning

I WAS A GOOD BOY

I was only twelve years old when Ma died. She died one night in her sleep, you know. The doctor said she died quietly and peacefully.

"Did she suffer any pain, Doctor?" I asked.

"No, I'm sure she didn't, son," he replied. "One minute she was living and then she passed away and went to heaven."

I already knew Ma was in heaven. She said she wanted to die so that she could go live with God, but I was only a child and couldn't be left without a home.

Ma read her Bible and prayed constantly. Her prayers usually followed this order: "Dear God, I'm just a little old child of yours. I'd like to be up there with you wherever you are, but I have my boy, George, and I'm all that he's got. I couldn't leave him without a home, could I? I just ask that you let a poor woman suffer on this sinful earth until my son is grown."

"And Lord, you help my George be a good boy. Keep all them dirty magazines from him and don't let him stray from the church. You know that he's a good boy. He sings the hymns in church and he's got a pretty voice. Everyone pats him on the head and tells him what an angel he is. Just guide him in the right way and, if you will, I'll serve you until the day you call me home. Amen."

Ma was always praying like that. I knew she didn't want me to read what she called sinful magazines, but I thought it was fun. They made me feel good inside. I didn't see anything wrong with looking at God's creatures, but Mom did. One day when she found me in the barn with my collection she gave me a spanking that hurt for almost a week.

"Ma, what's wrong with looking at the pictures?" I asked.

"Jesus doesn't love little boys who are worldly," she explained, "and if they are sinful, they go to hell to live forever when they die. Now let's go pray together and ask God to forgive you."

We prayed and prayed like we always did when Ma said that I had sinned, but when we had finished, I didn't feel any different than I had before.

The following Sunday Ma took me to church and as I sung the hymn, tears rolled down Ma's face. I felt as bad as a dog that's been scolded and doesn't know the reason for it.

After the meeting the women patted my head, as they did every Sunday, and said to Ma, "Mrs. Harrison, you certainly have a good boy."

Ma replied, "I try to do my best in helping him. It's hard for me to care for him since John died five years ago when he was so drunk he couldn't walk. The Lord will repay me when I die."

"He surely will," Mrs. Henry remarked. "The Good Book says that whatsoever a man sows he'll reap."

The congregation walked away repeating their remarks about how smart and good I was. I stood there in front of the weather-beaten church with my head bowed. I was embarrassed, bewildered, and confused.

Ma placed my hand in hers and we walked home, which was a mile away. She cooked our dinner; we ate, and then we went outside to sit in the sun. Naturally, Ma read her Bible to me like she had for as long as I could remember. Those were boring evenings. I wanted to do other things like swim in the river, run through the corn-fields, or maybe do nothing at all; but Ma said that Sunday was a time for rest and prayer. Well, I hope God forgave me, but I'd be damned if I could rest or pray.

My life followed that same pattern week after week until Ma died and went to heaven. The neighbors had a big funeral in the church. Brother John talked so long that I finally decided to go use the bathroom if he didn't sit down. I couldn't wait much longer. I had to wait though. After he said his final prayer, Mrs. Henry sang a hymn. She sounded like Spots, my pet pig, who squealed like the devil whenever I twisted his ear. When the song ended, we finally left for home. The whole thing covered a span of time that seemed like an eternity.

I moved in with Mrs. Henry that day. She lived alone and said she would be glad to keep me since I didn't have any other relatives - at least to my knowledge.

I knew that I would live with one of the neighbors if Ma died before I was grown, but I had no idea it would be dear old Mrs. Henry. I wondered if I had to sleep with her. I was twelve years old, you know, and I thought that was a very tender age.

I didn't sleep with her. I had a room of my own. She said a boy who would soon be a teen-ager should have a little privacy. Silently, I agreed with her.

I had planned a new life after Ma died, but nothing changed. Life remained the same. Every Sunday we would walk to church, and every Sunday I would sing. There would be tears in Mrs. Henry's eyes now (although I had to call her Ma by that time) and I realized that she, like Ma, was proud of herself because she had guided me

to a path of righteousness.

Sunday evenings remained the same too. Mrs. Henry would say, "Son, we'll read our Bible and pray like you did when your Ma was alive." She would then start crying and yelling, "Lord, have mercy upon us! Give me strength to lead this boy down the right path!"

After this illogical outburst she would calm down and read. Sometimes she placed her arm around me and tousled my hair the way Becky did. It made me feel awful. I would move over, but she moved over too, so I gave up the idea of escaping her.

I could escape her sermons, however, by thinking of other things. I usually thought about Becky. She was a cute girl with dark black hair and two dimples that could be noticed whenever she giggled. She giggled every time I winked at her, but I had learned that all girls did that.

One day when I showed her one of my pictures that I hid under my feather mattress, she said, "Shame on you, George." She laughed then, and I knew she wasn't mad.

Mrs. Henry interrupted my thoughts when she raised her squeaky voice to read, "And he said, 'That which cometh out of the man, that defileth the man. For from within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, wickedness, deceit, an evil eye, pride, foolishness:

All these evil things come from within and defile the man.' Amen."

On my thirteenth birthday Mrs. Henry gave me a new Bible, but she prayed a long prayer before she handed it to me. The prayer had something to do with my age and she asked God to watch over me and help me live a good life.

Mrs. Henry celebrated her birthday five months later, and I sang "Happy Birthday" to her. She was fifty-seven. After that day, I noticed a great change in her behavior. She remained at home by the fire, except on Sundays, and then she went to church, of course. The other six days she sat in her rocker and read or prayed. Her prayers changed considerably. She no longer prayed for me; she was too concerned with her own soul. One day she told me that she was prepared to meet her Lord and Savior.

Two weeks later she did exactly that. I went to bed later than usual that night and I was almost asleep when I heard her screams.

"George, come here! I'm dying! Help me, George!"

I didn't move from my bed. I was too frightened. Her yelling became louder and louder, and I covered my head

with the pillow to escape her exclamations of pain. Ten or fifteen minutes later she was silent. I knew that she was dead.

I turned the light out and went to sleep. I regretted that Mrs. Henry suffered so much pain before she died, but I suppose that I didn't give her as much poison as I gave Ma. I would remember that when I moved in with Mrs. Collins and she decided she wanted to go to heaven to be with Ma and Mrs. Henry.

-Michael Howe

LYRIC

On a late spring day she shed her sophistication like a butterfly emerging from its chrysalis. "Take me to the beach," she said. Once there she was like a child: running down the beach next to the water, laughing at the circles of white sand that appeared as her barefeet touched the water-laden sand. Stopping, looking back and down, then turning and bending at the waist, knees together, hands on knees, her mouth open in amazement, she watched the fast-dissolving, foot-shaped pools of water. Satisfied by this, she stood and turned to the left and looked out to sea. Standing flat-footed, her elbows bent and with her hands apparently folded chest-high in front of her, she scanned the horizon quickly to the right and slowly to the left. She turned her body slowly, leaned suddenly forward and put a hand quickly to her forehead. With her hand flat, the thumb touching both eyebrows, it looked like an exaggerated, comic salute, but she was looking at something in the distance along the beach. Presently she straightened and looked to me, her left hand still against her chest, her right arm outstretched, her forefinger extended pointing down the beach to the horizon. I turned and saw white specks dancing in the mirror-glaze of the distant stretch of beach. Suddenly the white specks arose, turned sharply, disappeared and then reappeared as they made a long graceful pivot. Over the dull wash of the sea I heard the shrill cry of the gulls, but then turning I realized that the sound was Joyce laughing. I ran down the beach to be with her.

— David Kik



DAN MORGAN '67





8/2 with 68'

Quadrant



Two Figures

Bellmer 63'

WAS IT MEANT TO BE

was it meant to be when we were created
(at the puking entrance to Shakespeare's stage)
to love-hate-destroy in this prefabricated cage
and wait until death

to be emancipated
or was the plan (nightmarish, true) ironically exaggerated
in the mind of some senile, b.G. (before God?) sage —
full of shallow thoughts, i.e. money-greed-rage —
hoping in all ages hence by blind prophets

to be venerated
is the greatest story ever told fiction or non —

the author pro or con
about the actions of the Pontiff (driven by in- or near sanity)
who is saving half with thoughts of humanity
while dooming the other .5 by acts of sheer vanity

— Mike Browning

This space
This pause
This tick before the tock
held pushed suspended against
the will of the mainspring
winding out my allotment
This marble frieze in this time-weary procession
hold my lips in eternal question
till the tock ticks
the frieze splits
and the winding winding curls
crawling ever-widening round and
round and round

— Suzanne Ankrum

MONODY

People watching people
watching People
sitting on the porch watching
people driving by watching
People sitting on the porch
watching

Wondering what it's like
People watching people
wondering what it's like
watching People
wondering
what it's
like

Looking into the mirror
smiling at the smile
smiling at the smile
smiling
back.

— David Kik

Tires screech.
Blood and water mix.
Light is turned off.

Women cry out.
Blood and water mix.
Light is turned on.

Guns blast.
Blood and water mix.
Light is turned off.

— Norma Crowe

THIS IS NOT THE DARKNESS GIVEN BY THE EVENING

This is not the darkness given by the evening.
The shadows of this night end more than light of day;
Set to rest a sun too frail to halt so great a falling.

The fading day has dropped onto a broken star to die,
For darkness comes where light rushed into morning;
And darkness brings to light what light has toiled to delay.

Should day's end bring only sleep, then dreams have come
too late and to nothing.
Day after day has ended with night, and night without end
has found the eye,
Left by nightlong tears, too blind to see the darkness
lifting.

Too far and sudden was the lightning; too dark a way
To come to find no kindness in the evening.
The shadow of my father has cast a light too bright to die.

— Robert Pollock

I spoke, although I'd never felt the pain and passion
life would reek.
A day has come, grown old, and gone. I've felt—
And now I cannot speak.

— Hope Everetts

For all the life of me, I lived
with all my life; my heart
and I roamed and walked
about darkened city streets
with misty rain falling, the gurgle of sewers
and windows, blinds pulled
with laughter crashing through dirty brick walls.

Women, tall, dark, and painted
smiling shadow smiles
and glistening yellow teeth,
breath of old beer, many blistered lips
beckoning, calling, and scorning
while poor men drag themselves,
tattered shirts printed with flowers
and arms proclaiming, "Mother."

And now when I die, I am dead
and deeper blackness that
smells of musty, soaked muddy earth
pressed and compact.

Flowers - - -

All red and white and green leaves
clustered about little bronze box
with such nice people standing alone.

How alive he looks, but dead still
and deader will be
The black ties and a few muffled tears
moisten eyes while the old ladies
talk of next Sunday's ice cream social
and how nice the preacher looks.

Dust to dust, He giveth and taketh away
while I lie, so still and white - -
very gone and very far away,
leaving the old ladies talking of chocolate
and a few tears,
smearing the so carefully powdered cheeks.

— Gerald Herrin

SEA-FEARER

I must go down to the sea again,
to the heaving sea and the sky,
And all I need are some sea-sick pills
and a sink to settle by,
And the ocean's roll and the ship's surge,
and the boiler plates a'shaking,
Are enough to churn the Jersey's milk
and set my knees to quaking.

I must go down to my bunk again,
for the call of the running tide
Has put my stomach into my throat,
and left me empty inside.
And all I ask is a glassy sea,
and no winds wildly moaning,
So I can eat and live again
and quit this deathly groaning.

I must go down to the sea again,
to that salty, tossing life,
To the whale's way, where I must sway,
and the wind adds to the strife.
And all I ask is a stable ship,
and a crossing with little care,
And I pray to God that by next time
I can afford to go by air!

— Jennings Mace

AWAKENING NOW...

THE SUN (IN REMEMBRANCE OF HER FAVORITE
COLOR GREEN.)

Past, She danced upon the soft white clouds,
chasing the birds in flight.
Her light sang through open branches and panes,
the flowers drank of the flowing rays.
Past, She provided a world of smooth velvet tone,
warmed it with her transparent veil,
and let the fawn sweep gracefully aloft it.

Past was beautiful, past was life.
Oh! How I yearn for her within it!

Why she left this land
so bare, so dark, so dead,
so filled with despair?

Come... come, precious light of love.
Chase these twinkling specks from
your path, emerge from your grave to
satisfy these out-stretched branches,
these placid panes and thirsty flowers
who dwell here in darkness.

Come, give the fawn of my heart direction.

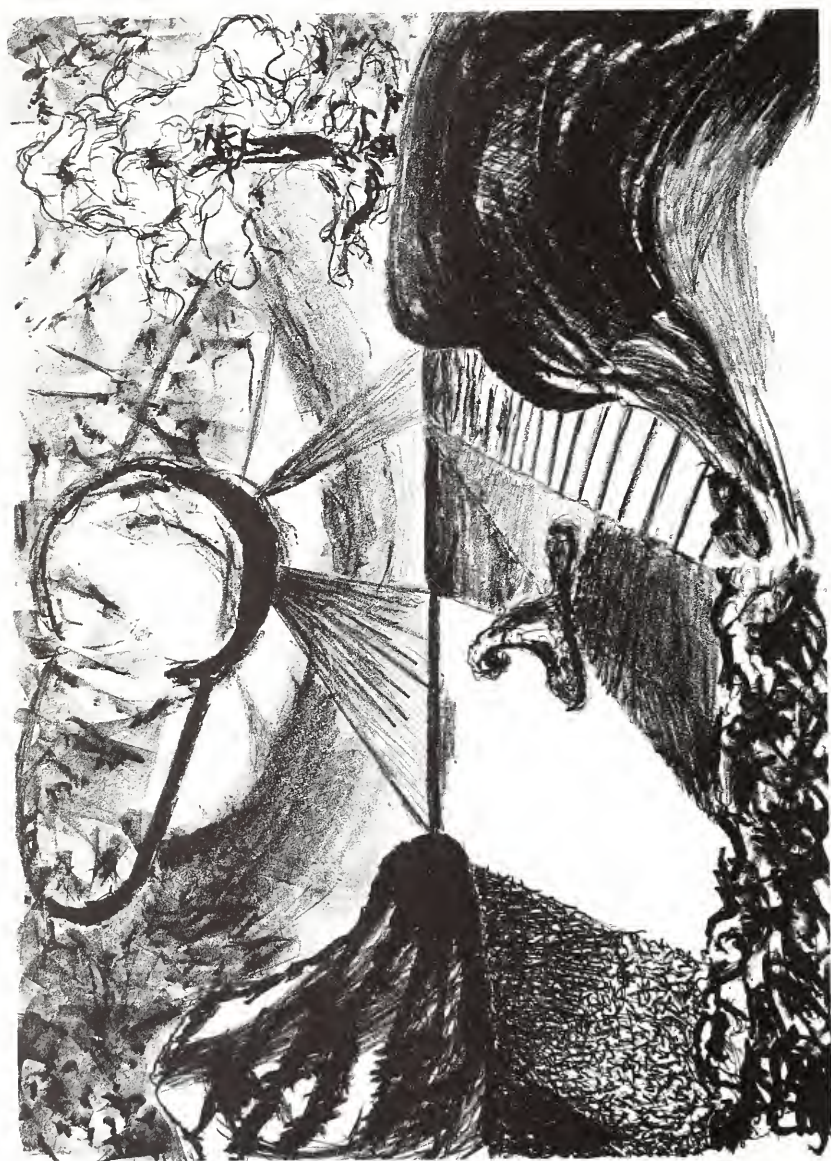
Wait! .. Wait! .. A song in the distance,
a song of a morning bird and swaying branches?
Speak louder you awakened ones, tell me,
Does she come? Does she come to chase this dark away?

Behold! She comes. At last an end to this lifeless state
of being.
Fly twinkling specks, fly fog of graveyard's cover,
For yonder is the Twilight, awakening now
the sun... a luminous emerald called love.

— L. A. Forman



Rodger Elmer 67



NIGHT SCENE

Light from a candle
Licking the paneled
Quadrangular nothing
(A room is only shadows of now)
Lapping up the milk of darkness
Oozing from indented triangular edges
(or non-edges);
Wetness slithers downward
On not-too-glassish barriers
Of here and there and
Only the rain is aware of the rain.

— Carolyn Murphy

In the next room
She sleeps, trusting,
While my teeth sink deep
Into my wrist

—Allan Schaaf

ERRINERUNGEN

Dein Freundschaft ist mein Mantel;
Freilich, der Winter Wind kalt ist,
Aber fühl ich nichts, sondern dein Handl;
Dann weiss ich, dass du mein Sommer bist.

— Allan Schaaf

SYMPHONY WITHOUT MUSIC

Somewhere on the top
I found nature's symphony,
The adagio of a quiet river
And the wild rushing crescendo
Of water over rocks.
There the mountains played with the sun,
Casting their darkness in the hollow places of majesty—
And adorning the crown of strength.
There I sat.
This concerto grosso took my
Being and tossed it to a sun-filled rock.
And I was still there—in body.
Yet, I had to race wildly over those
Rocks to relieve my full heart lest I suffocate.
The sun played its solo, as did the wind and water.
The orchestra was intangible—as were those
Hills that I longed to clutch.
And finding no rest there, for it filled my
Heart with longing and despair,
I returned to my niche,
Knowing now that happiness for me is that
Symphony—one to which I will never contribute.
It is that place where I want to do that
Which I cannot.
It is that place where I could drown that
Butterfly and rid myself forever of my grief.
It is that place where I could talk to that
Which would hear my unspoken words;
And hold me guiltless if I should say aloud:
"Unto these hills—where I can never live or die—
I will return, lose my name, recapture my
Identity, and be forever a parasite
To this music that I need."

—Joyce Graves

FRUSTRATION

If you go there
They will draw little black lines
Down your page
And make you vertically
Horizontal
And you will squeeze through a narrow slit
Where it is always dark.

You'll want to crawl out
And hang dangling over the edge
But the windows and flower pots
Will break if you go through
And you wouldn't want to spill
Anymore dirt on the ground
Or kill the flowers,
Would you?

—Suzanna Ross

As calm cool green upon the sea
My thoughts come rolling back to me
And set before me on the sand,
As from the depths, a memory.

I feel and fear the coming storm.
Hard beats the cold rude current's foam
Upon my rock — But from the black
Of night, one light shall guide me home.

One fire is burning, submarine,
And by its gentle light is seen,
Amid all strife, all storm, all life,
An ocean cool, and calm, and green.

—Hope Everetts

SOMEWHERE FUNNY

This is Chuckie...Libby's darlin' boy.
Ain't he got the brownest eyes? The flattest baby nose.
The softest chocolate cheeks.
He's just as cute as he can be.
Libby brings him when Austin's not to home.
Don't you ask about Austin. Mama said no.
'Course Libby don't have to be asked.
About Austin.
And Mama says (to Daddy)
That it's awful the way Libby goes on
About Austin.
When he is such a disruption and has only brought trouble.
Libby could really amount to something
'Cept for Austin.
She's nice though. She cleans real good.
Libby comes twice a week and she's fun. And that Chuckie!
He's a caution. Mean little chocolate boy.
Sweetest, prettiest baby God ever made.
That's what Mama says.
Well...he is, but I still don't want one.
No, not me.
Babies come from somewhere funny.
So I guess I just don't want a little baby
Like Chuckie.

— Phyllis Robinson

No tengo nada
and I sleep peacefully
with the swollen winds about me.
With nothing
I pray and genuflect
and the churches
conspire and waltz
to the tunes that we are not allowed to sing.
Ah yes, with nothing
and the snow crumbles
aged stones with Sally and John.
One rose, one rose only
and Walter drinks greedily
of his hemlock,
saying hello to his wife.
Good morning Mary,
after he buried her
beneath the earth
that grows cold at night.
A little stone
inscribed with her name.
Ah, Mary, how we loved
and how we danced
and why haven't we any children?
No children —
nothing to grow
and worship.
No tengo nada
And Walter sleeps peacefully.
And Mary sleeps.

—Gerald Herrin

BREAKING

We each are
 Little chunks of clay
 Baking,
 Breaking
In the heat
 Of the day;
 Contracting,
 Cracking,
Most of us
 Broken,
All of us
 Breaking
In the heat
 Of the day.

—John W. Smith

IN THE PLACE OF THE ANGELS

Morning's just arrived
on miry ground we stand
heavy fog isolates us from our well remembered world
a world that has long forgotten us

A frozen moment punctuated by thundering shells
turf twists and tears from its mother earth
hours of toil by many men disintegrates
a bitter hail of fiery steel seeks out
 the breath of a mother's joy

A father's cherished dream falls wasted

—G. Perry Summers

THIS EARLY MORNING

This early morning; crackling grass...
when I walk, or try at least;
too early for beauty, too late for beast:
Fresh air crisp as my looking-glass.
Yet step so light as time allows
without a thought for time's slow-going
or rebel's seed perchance I'm sowing...
this early harvest's reckless vows.

Some time ago, the few were many—
those doubts, I mean—but time is one
that has no whim but dutiful sun
whose threats grow weak; whose anger's thinning.
Keepsake, Keepsake, laugh and begone...
embrace the warmer of those two
as though my warmth was yet to do
what lovers do—to kiss, hold; then be done

or yet undone for hopes of need:
So hopeless caught in horns of plenty—
plenty themselves, though dreams of many—
some dreamer's need, or lover's seed.
O but to be what hours pass;
an instant time has spent for me!
...watch me forget I wish to be,
 this early morning; this cracking glass....

— Terry Rankin

THE ARTIST

He sat upon the hillside
A pen in his hand
Drawing upon paper
The likeness of the land

The pen moved with grace
Strokes light yet true.
O'er the snow-white paper
The pen flawlessly flew.

He put upon the paper
Animals of land and air
Hidden by a forest
Innocent and fair

Then He drew man
With strokes that were his best.
Man, drawn in His image
And living by His breath.
The artist lay His paper down
And took a needed rest.

When, finally He awoke
And again viewed His land
A frown came upon His face;
The pen was in His hand.

And, there upon the hillside
Shrouded by a sheening hood
The greatest of all artists
Drew a raging flood.

— Dennis Brewer

DEATH IN APPALACHIA

the long fight for life rewarded
by a lonely plot
in a soon forgotten cemetery—
your grave too shallow
to let you forget life.

dead soldiers' names on town statues
tell of the honor and valor
of death;
but not the anguish and despair
of each individual dying.

the frequent deaths
of coal miners—
some still buried
in dark, coal-filled
death chambers.

dead babies
are remembered
by tarnished ash trays
made of their bronzed shoes
with names and dates stamped on.

— Mike Browning

THE SLUM

Huddling darkness and jutting stones
Pierce the softness of existence.
Our floor of spit and cigar butts
Swims in the dampness of gutter drippings.
The asphalt holds hard—
We rub our heads against its slime,
And the sounds of scraping flesh
Ooze from all corners.

My neighbor— where is my neighbor?
A voice behind a dusty window
Whose words form an inaudible scream
Telling of poverty.
— A striped cat stares with jewelled eyes
Tangled in fish bones, shivered with cold
And leaps through a crack
Into a distant sunshine.

— Geneva Baker

There's something missing...
Some touch, some quietness
Some knowing, some smile...
There's something gone,
Not remembered
Something here,
Not recognized...
Buried under laughter,
Weeping in the closet at night...
Ah, for a good night,
A long night...
And a clearer morning.

— Suzanne Ankrum

DO NOT HONOR THE DEAD AND DYING

Do not honor the dead and dying
With the mercy of a strangled whimper;
Death should dawn grim and golden out of the naked sighs.
The gate of time's vessel lies unlocked in the brow,
Adrift in the pyre of my whispering age; Christ to Christ.

Great deaths, remembered for their glory
By the cries of throatless temper,
Slip down into the ashes of their deeds,
Collapsed beneath the brightness of their proud goodbyes;
Stubborn in the praise of memories,
Buried in the silence of their rage; Christ to crucifix,
 humanity lost.

After-deaths, feared by the drummed deniers,
Halt the flames of pride that track and burn
A ticking blindness as the dead pass below,
The voiceless earth rolling above them.
And these dead are drawn into the dust of the lipped inferno:
The blistering torch of a single, endless fever, burning
 like Adam's rib.

—Robert Pollock

From enclosed corners the plain face
 runs from his feet
 where heel and wet paper form bubblegum sandwiches
 that are chewed and rechewed by concrete teeth
 From corners no less enclosed the plain face
 runs from traces of running feet
 which Chance and Destiny have volleyed
 from one to the other
 and abandoned where hidden corners
 rise in waiting
 and falling order
 From corners past but no less similar the plain face
 runs buried feet
 from puddles of muddy memory
 to where more ambitious corners
 reach out and trip in vain
 feet already stumbling.
 From current corners of moon deep height
 rubber ball bounce plain face and hurried heels
 that are chewed and rechewed by concrete teeth
 and swallowed by concrete cavities....
 And the corners
 are the limit.....

— E. Smith

Late, too late;
 Late, too late.
 I put my foot across the edge
 to find the ledge
 But — it is late,
 Too late.
 I reach my hand out for the star
 But it has flown
 too far
 And I am late, too late.
 Too —

 late.

—Hope Everetts

MY HERITAGE

Lonely, cold winds blow through broken window panes.
Dark eyed children huddle together for warmth.
Dying fires make flickering shadows on tar papered walls
While a bearded, toothless miner breaks his back for 25¢
a ton.

Sunday church with hymns sung in erratic time.
Monthly baptisms in muddy streams
When Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are vowed sacred
By breath gulping, illiterate preachers.

Nigger camp across the river from main camp
Where shine, chitlin, and barbequed ribs are made and
sold
By heathens thought not good enough to breathe the same
air
Until they help pull you from a crashing, bottomless
doghole.

Slate piles, like hell, forever smoke and burn.
The rhythmic, sleepy sounds of a passing train
Are broken by coal rushing through a tippie
And next to GOD BLESS THIS HOUSE is a picture of John
L. Lewis.

— Mike Browning

THIS THING WITH THE DOG

I don't think it was really seeing the dog again, I almost didn't recognize him. He was bigger than I ever thought he'd get, I just have to figure why it affects me that way. What really gets me is it messes up my WHOLE introspection, if you know what I mean, it affects everything I do because I don't like to get that way, especially over some dog that couldn't even bark right. And I never could do anything about the dog, even if I could take him back, which I never would. So it's done with, over, the dog is no longer part of my life and I haven't got a thing to do with it, out, finished. Well I wish it was. It all goes back to when we first got him. This girl I was going with at the time and I decided we'd get a dog. I hope this whole thing makes some sense. We went out to the pound because we didn't have much money and didn't want to buy an expensive dog for \$20 or so and then have a car run over him or decide we didn't want him any more and be out twenty bucks. So we looked over all the dogs and they were really cute, if that's the right word. They were all trying to get our attention at once and we couldn't make up our minds because they all really had a lot of spunk and everything like I guess all dogs do and it really was hard to choose. They knew they were cute like that and everything, take me, take me, they all said. But then I looked in the corner where the sun was coming in through the wire mesh in the kennels and this little black one was just sitting in the sun with his back turned to all the other dogs and us, looking out the door like he just did not CARE and I said hey Sally—that was her name, Sally—I said that's the one and pointed to him. That's a real DOG. So to make it short, we went back to the kennel master or whatever he was and said, we found the dog, can we get him out now, and he says yeah wait a minute—he's real fat—and he took about an hour to pull his keys out and come across the room from the kennel door. Sally got mad at me because I was impatient about him and he saw I was but nothing could bother him. Well the dog was real nice, he was just a handful. Sally held him in her lap while I started up the car and he just kind of nosed around and curled up, Sally really got a kick out of him. So we went to a supermarket to buy a collar and a leash and flea powder and all the rest of that rigamarole and when I left the car and was inside he let out the loudest squawl I ever heard. People were looking out the store window and everything, and I was starting to get embarrassed. I could see Sally in the car trying to keep him quiet, she was laughing and people were

smiling out the window at her when they saw it was just a little dog in the car. Sally was nuts over it right away and the dog seemed to really be nuts about us, well I said that already. When I got back in the car with the stuff he kind of waddled off her lap and chomped onto my finger and I kind of batted him around with my hand and such. Boy. We just sat there and played with him for a while. Wait a minute. This isn't any kind of Dog Story or anything. I can't stand that kind of thing so don't get me wrong about this dog. I'm just going over it. So anyway. We left that parking lot and went to my apartment. Sally lived in Cincinnati and would come see me on the weekends and I would go up there sometimes. You know. Anyway we went to my place and she cooked up a meal while I played with the dog and she took some pictures of us lying on the floor, the dog and me. I ran across them about a month ago when I was cleaning up the place but I can't find them now. Anyway, we agreed the dog would stay at my place since Sally couldn't take him on the bus with her and she couldn't take him with her where she worked and he was too young to be left alone, and I figured I could take him with me on my delivery route, I work for a bakery. Well Sally fixed this great meal and we kept turning around to see what the dog was doing and everything. She really can cook. But we got in a fight about something, I don't remember what about, I think it mostly was about the way I was preoccupied with not wanting to work at the bakery any more, she said something sharp to me and half kidding I said maybe I ought to open up a damn kennel or something. Boy did she get mad, she said why did I get the dog in the first place if I didn't like dogs as much as I ought to or something. I couldn't just come out and tell her because I thought SHE would like it, I don't know. He was real cute at the time. She just carried on. Then she picked up the dog off the floor and hugged it real hard like she was apologizing to it for getting it in such a mess and then put it down on the sofa and announced she was going back to Cincinnati and I said, what for and she said are you going to drive me or do I have to walk. I drove her to the bus station and finally explained I didn't mean anything and convinced her she ought to stay (the dog was in her lap asleep), I remember I apologized a lot. We seemed to get along okay but something was just a little off between us. That weekend everything seemed to go wrong. But I'm telling you I had one heck of a time with that dog. He messed up every square inch of the place and wouldn't shut up at night so I had to put him up on the bed with me, Sally didn't like that either when she was there. Boy I liked to belt him a couple of times. He was too lit-

tle though and I figured I would kill him if I ever did. So you guessed it, he got used to that and every night I had to lift him up and put him on the bed. He'd wake me up about three a.m. every morning and have to go out, at least he learned that much, but believe me it took a while. He was still pretty slow about learning it though. It went like that for a long while. I'd make my delivery route every day and take him along with me since whenever I'd leave him alone he'd just raise all sorts of hell and the other people living in the apartments were starting to give me dirty looks. My landlord said I wasn't supposed to have dogs anyway and I was trying to keep it a secret from him. Anyway all the people on the route took to him, the dog, which made me proud by him. But there was something about the dog. He was just starting to take over everything like he owned it and I couldn't do anything with him. Nothing. Which really got me mad, and another thing, I couldn't go ANYwhere that the dog didn't want to go along with me, and when I said no he'd just raise cane until I gave in. That's when I started not to like him, and not without reason. I just could not teach him a thing. I'd take him for walks in the field out back and he would frisk around and then he'd want to bite my ankles because he was still teething and there wasn't anything I could do to make him stop. When I knocked him upside the head he'd just bite harder and the harder I hit him the harder he'd bite. One time I just let him HAVE it, man he yelled all over the field. I really felt bad about it but he just kept asking for it. It didn't do any good, though, that's when I first thought of getting rid of him but I didn't know how Sally would take it because she liked him so much. I couldn't give him back to the pound because they put them to sleep if no one takes them after so long and I didn't want that on my head. Finally the landlord found out about the dog, I knew he would sooner or later. He was waiting for me and the dog to come out back one evening after I ate and he said, that your dog? and I said yes, then he said well you'll just have to get him to a boarding kennel or find a new home for him, meaning I should get out of the apartment but he wouldn't just come right out and say it. I couldn't afford to put the dog in a kennel and nobody I knew wanted him. I told him well I'll get rid of him soon's I can find a place to keep him and he seemed satisfied with that. He really ticked me off though because he had me at a disadvantage and he knew it. The dog was already out in the field nosing around as if he didn't have sense enough to do anything else, and the landlord took one look at him out there and turned to look at me and left without another word. I would call the dog and he wouldn't come until he just decided for his own self he would, then he'd start chewing on my ankle again. I foxed him out by wearing my old army combat boots

and would just let him hang on while I walked back into the apartment. The neighbors thought it was real cute. Ha. That's the way it goes. Sally came up on a weekend and was mad because I didn't write every day. The dog was the only thing that cooled her off though because he came busting out of the car window when he saw us coming from the bus station and jumped all over her and licked her face and everything and wouldn't calm down for a long time. She kind of softened then but after the dog calmed down and we got to my place she remembered she was mad and started in again, said I didn't tell her I loved her enough as if I should say it all the time. Well I loved her but I was not going to TELL her all the time, besides I had a lot of stuff on my mind and thought I was going to get kicked out of the place because I just couldn't find anybody that would want the dog and everything. The dog started yelping when we were yelling at each other, about something, I can't remember, and it was just all I could take so I slammed the door and stomped down the hall and got in the delivery truck and drove down to Marty's for a couple of beers because I just was not going to take all that together, with her yelling at me like she was and the dog yelling all the time. When I got back it was about one thirty in the morning and I felt a whole lot better. She was already in bed and the dog was at her feet and looked up when I came in but was too sleepy to raise cane but just folded back his ears and wagged his tail and went back to sleep which was pretty unusual for him. Anyway I got in bed and she woke up. She just looked at me for a long time like I should apologize or something and I said good night Sally, and you know what she said? She said tell me something, It was just too much and I didn't even have the energy to get ticked off. So I said I love you Sally. She smiled and pressed her back to my side and said I love you too, and went back to sleep. I just couldn't get to sleep and the dog crawled between us, he was on top of the covers, to get warm, and I moved over away from Sally. That was about the only time the dog was any real comfort to me as I remember. I scratched his ears all night.

That was such a long time ago. It seems to be anyway. We broke up soon after that I guess. The landlord kept checking up on me about the dog and lucky for me, or the dog rather, I found a guy who said he really would like to have him. When I gave him away he was just about a foot high at the withers and was still real cute. That was one heck of a load off my mind and I said so at the time. I saw Sally once or twice since then when I happened to be in Cincinnati but she didn't see me. I hear she's going with some damn fat executive or banker or something. Bull. Also the guy I gave the dog to moved away. I

drove by there once when I was kind of high and had finished my deliveries just to see what the dog looked like because though I told the guy I gave him to he wouldn't get any bigger I knew he'd get at the very least twice his size and probably more. I thought that was pretty funny and felt kind of bad about it at the same time. He had a lot of kids so they were probably really attached to the dog by now. Well it's over with now and finished and is just out of the picture. But I still can't get over the dog.

Oh. About the dog. It wasn't much, really. Nothing happened, I just saw it, was all. I was walking to the gas station because I ran out of gas, it was a residential area. He was coming towards me on the other side of the street loping along like he always did. Like I said before he was twice as big but I recognized him and it was him all right. First I couldn't believe my own eyes and started to call him but I thought what good would that do. I don't know why I made such a fuss over seeing the dog again at first. He didn't even see me so I just watched him. I hope I never see that stupid dog again.

— Allen Schaaf

In dew-dipped grass
With playful lass
One dawn a day or so
I'd like to play
Like toys can play
And like them
never grow...
On mist's-down smile
I'd linger 'while
To kiss before
The Cold
Its blood-warm breeze
Life's cycled sneeze
Then bow to
bloating old...

— E. Smith

