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Eastern Kentucky University, The Canterbury Club

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Belles Lettres

*Eastern Kentucky
State College*

RICHMOND, KENTUCKY

1957-1958

Belles Lettres

An annual anthology of student writing sponsored and published by the
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Volume Twenty-four

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Dedicated to all those who have made contributions to the contents and publication of this volume.

A DECLARATION

BEVERLY DANSBY

The world changed today.

Not in size

or shape

or dimensions.

It changed within men's souls,

Because today War was declared.

War

on Winter

by Spring.

And men rushed to join

The side of Spring.

Their weapons were

Smiles,

Happy hearts,

Light feet,

Whistled tunes,

And a warm Spring wind

That whispered in my hair,

As I crossed the campus,

"We'll win."

DAYS OF YOUTH

JANET BRADLEY

Your days of youth

Are true and jolly

Don't take away

Your young heart's folly.

For after all

Your youth of delight

May soon fade away

Into the night.

LOGIC REVERTED

HAROLD R. SMITH

I sang a song to yonder hill
And thought that I could see
A horror come that I should try
To make such melody.

I told a joke to yonder tree
And thought I saw it cry
That it should hear such silly things
From strangers passing by.

I tried to drink from yonder brook
But saw it turn away,
And mystified I saw it burst
Out backward from the bay.

The trees, the hills, the waters, too
Were once a friend to me
Until I shed a young man's blood.
Now I'm their enemy.

That tree is where the Master sat;
Those hills he used to roam;
The waters bathed his weary feet;
This section he called home.

They say he talked of Galilee
And often he came here
Before I made sure of his death
With end of bloody spear.

And now I walk where Jesus walked
And my fears multiply.
Each day I search for things unknown
And wish that I may die.

A MOMENT OF UNCERTAINTY

PEGGY PERCIFUL

The night was just beginning and a cool, pure wind blew in through the open window. It was cold, snow lay on the ground still, but the breeze was pleasant in the small room.

I was alone, thinking deep, unpleasant thoughts. This was my second year in college in a small town in Kentucky. Christmas was near, and yet un-related and not near, the true Christmas—Christ's birth.

A thousand tiny hammers seemed to be pounding in my brain. My soul was tormented and torn asunder, like minute crystals of sand scattered about on the face of the desert.

Was this just the beginning, or the end? Life, which before had seemed all too precious and full of the gaiety and pleasure of un-enlightened youth, now seemed to be a high precipice, unsurmountable, full of dangers and uncertainties.

The druggist had seemed so unconcerned when I handed him the prescription. If only he had guessed, but he too had his problems. My innocent, yet deceiving face had also been an asset when I asked the family doctor for something to make me rest and sleep. You see, my weeks were filled with sleepless nights.

As the record player turned and rendered the most perfect symphony ever written—Mozart's "Symphony No. 40 in G Minor"—my life too turned and unfolded, a yet young life for I was in my nineteenth year. Memories, some fleeting and beautiful for the moment, like dew on a red rose, shining and full of the wonder of nature and in a moment evaporated never to return or grace the same rose. Other memories came, grotesque and fearful, as ugly as sin in its worst form.

The wind was becoming stronger now as I opened the window and then thrust back the screen. The snow below appeared to be a fleecy, warm blanket beckoning me from my fifth-story window. No, the pills would take too long and there was always the dreaded possibility that I wouldn't take a sufficient amount.

When Beethoven's "Symphony No. 5" came to a powerful and crashing crescendo, eternal peace seemed so near that I reached out to greet it. As I thrust my body onto the sill, I fell tumbling down a black, hazy bottomless pit. . . .

The sun came through the window, alive and with all its brilliance; the world too was like a new sunrise with all its promises

yet unfulfilled; its mysteries still puzzling and unanswered, yet challenging. There was new strength in limbs grown weak after long months in a hospital. I seemed now able to tackle the trials of Hercules.

No, I hadn't jumped; as I stepped on the sill, I placed my foot unknowingly on a patch of ice, formed by the drippings of the roof, and slipped and fell back into the room. A room and a life, a life I now long never to leave. Only a moment of uncertainty and a patch of ice; it, too, another wonder of nature, was the border-line between life and death.

GO FIERCELY

JOSEF SCHULTZ

You must go fiercely into that good fight
And slay the boy and bald old man alike
And though your rage will fork no lightning path
To glory, honor, praise; though hate and wrath
Will also disappear with arms and might,
Yet go you fiercely into that good fight.

THERE REMAINS BUT AN ASH OF WHAT ONCE WAS THERE

DON WALTERS

Tumbling, pitching, rolling at an ocean's pace
The storm clouds pass o'er these once verdant trees,
And passing, roll on in ethereal fires.

The storm clouds approach and my head feels the blaze
Of torture to come; and no small work can appease
This melting of mind, this hell He requires.

For God gave me a love and said, "Warm with the glow,"
Then He loosed his clouds on this kindling below.

THE SEARCH ENDED

BEVERLY DANSBY

Will I find Spring today
In this Blue-White Diamond world?
In all Winter's jewels
 I cannot see the stone
 That denotes Spring.
I search through Winter's Jewelry Box:
 The blue-white diamond,
 The black onyx,
 The deep-red ruby,
 The purple amethyst,

Pausing to look and admire
The hidden fire
Of these jewels.
Days pass.
When, at last,
I regretfully give up the search,
I see the green Emerald of Spring
And feel its warmth in my heart.

MANIFEST DESTINY

JOSEF SCHULTZ

Twisted trees, left to winds
Stand alone minus friends.
Minus rest, tortured shapes,
Men alone turn to apes.

No art they seek; they have no leisure
No time for books or wealthy pleasure.
The frontier life that promised freedom
No longer is the blessed kingdom.
Their poem is the open land, the virgin soil.
Their music is the song of death, gloom, toil.

MANNER OF DEATH

PEGGY HINKLE

Mama used to always say,
“Now, John, put on your jacket
and we’ll keep nice and dry.”
Or “Come, now, John, and take your nap,”
and I’d hear Johnny sigh.

And other times, “Now take this, John,”
and “Sit here in the shade.”
“Don’t run so hard; don’t dance; don’t—”
And Johnny sighed,—obeyed.

And then one day it stopped.
We all watched Johnny die.
It was in his sleep and quiet,
And I heard Mama sigh.

HERITAGE

JOHNNY COY

It was hot. As I looked out the door of the store I could see the heat rising from the street. Even if everyone in town hadn’t been on vacation they wouldn’t buy clothes in this kind of weather. There was hardly anyone in town. Just the usual people sitting on the corner and the men sitting around the courthouse talking and reminiscing their past youth.

Across the street I could see Mr. McCrowell going into the poolroom. Everyone in town knew Mr. McCrowell as “Mac.” Mac was usually good for a laugh, though many of the more sensitive citizens could not see the humor in his shabby appearance and drunken talk. It was common knowledge that Mac and his father had once owned the largest and most exclusive men’s clothing store in town, “McCrowell & Son.” They carried only the best line, and Mac and his father both had been supersalesmen. Mac’s father died and Mac started drinking. The store kept going down until it was sold to pay Mac’s many debts.

I could hear occasional laughter from the poolroom. Mac was

probably trying to persuade someone to buy him a beer. I knew no one in town would buy him a drink, but if he was lucky he might find a stranger.

A customer came into the store and took about twenty minutes picking out a tie. As I was ringing up the sale, I heard the screen door slam. It was Mac.

What does a clothing salesman say to a man who has probably forgotten more about clothes than the salesman will ever know? I walked to the front of the store and said, "Can I help you?"

Mac smiled. "No, I guess I'm only looking today," he said. Though his own clothes were ragged, it could be seen that in some-time past they had been of the best. He was wearing a grey flannel suit, and in this weather.

Mac picked up a hat and with a turn of his suddenly-steady hand blocked it into perfect shape. I could almost hear a sales speech coming from his mouth. He handled the suits with almost loving care. A faraway look came into his eyes. "Clothes are nice," he said.

"Yes, they sure are," I returned.

He walked around the store making comments on different articles of clothing. He held them up and looked at them as if he were trying to sell them. "I don't buy many clothes anymore," said Mac as he tried on a suitcoat. What could I say?

Mac stopped at the door for one last look around the store. "Come back," I said. Mac didn't answer. He walked slowly out the door and down the street, probably searching for his next drink.

FORSAKEN PASTURES

ANNA COOPER

No more does the night-dew fall upon
The drowsy flanks, the clover-fragrant breath
Of cattle moving slowly toward the brink
Of the windy pool, bending their heads to drink
The drowned and shivering stars. The cool, deep notes
Of shaken bells have dwindled and have gone
To farther pastures; and this land remains
Companioned only by weeds and shaggymanes
And a broken fence that staggers into dawn.

CONVERTED LOVE

(OR LEAVES OF GRASS COVER GRIEFS OF A LASS)

HAROLD R. SMITH

“But do *you* love *me*?” said the lad
As they sat on the grassy ground
And his book lay open before him
As the bees made a soft buzzing sound.
And a bird flew up from the rushes
To a limb just over his head
And uttered a song of melody.
“Do you love me, dear?” he said.

But no words came back to the lad
And the bird stopped making its sound.
Aye, she heard the soft voice in the stillness
And she sensed him rise from the ground.
She had never quite known this weird fellow,
So you see not a word she said,
But she watched when he threw the pebble,
Then cried for the bird that was dead.

If a youth be thwarted his passion,
Still another outlet is found.
Now he knew that he was defeated,
So he picked up the book from the ground.
Now the lad is a college professor.
“Do You Love Me?” he reads to his class,
A poem that has made him famous,
While high on the mound grows the grass.

THE END OF CURIOSITY

JOSEF SCHULTZ

The crosses, roses, wreaths, and grasses
Are covered over solemn masses
Of those who think no longer
Of those who cease to wonder
At pious thinkers, fools, and asses.

COULD YOU?

BEVERLY DANSBY

I cannot write poetry
When the world is so grand.
Though I sit
 At a desk
 With a pencil in hand.

It's cold outside.
So cold
 That the trees
 And the grass
 And the ground
 Are covered with freeze.
A cold sun
Shadows
A cold world
With purple,
 And blue,
 And green,
 And red.

When I am so conscious
Of being
 Alive,
I cannot believe
 Some things
 Are
 Dead.

CONSUMMATION

JAMES L. DAVIS

Spearing through the darkened night,
Streaming past the waves of time,
Man's each thought and action ends,
Written in the Scroll Sublime.

NOCTURNE

TOMMY KELLEY

Martha gazed upward into the eyes of her lover. In the soft, rustling silence, tendrils of moonlight slipped through the leafy barrier overhead and fell on his gallant head. Standing on tiptoe, Martha leaned on the sturdy shoulder and turned her head a little to the side so that she could see and silently worship the perfect profile.

The moonlight brings it all out to such advantage, she thought. Then she decided not to think any more. He was very handsome . . . a boldness of brow . . . a slightly arched, very aristocratic nose with sensitive, flared nostrils . . . lips that curved downward (only a little) at the corners . . . a classic cleft of the chin . . . yes, decidedly, he was very handsome, especially in the moonlight. And Martha closed her eyes, filled with awe that she, Martha the un-beautiful, the awkward, the solitary, had been destined for a love such as his.

The lovers stood silent in the wooded park, serenaded by a lonely cricket and a trickling fountain, while the heady perfume of a million flowers rose about them like a fog. A restless bird fluttered, and a summer breeze disturbed the sleep of the leaves. Martha sighed softly, knowing the time to leave had come. Paradise lost, she mused with regret. But only till tomorrow night. Then she would know ecstasy again. She raised her face to his for one last kiss, long and painfully sweet . . . a fervently-whispered, tender good-bye . . . and Martha hurried away along the dew-dampened gravel walk.

The park was silent. The night bird moved again. The leaves still murmured softly and incoherently in their dreams. The moonlight cascaded down on the white marble statue, illuminating its perfect profile, and the waters of the fountain lapped softly at its feet.

THE VALUE OF CHEWING GUM

NORMAN YONCE

Ever since its origin chewing gum has been under attack from all sides. At long last a martyr steps into the scene. I am here to speak on the defensive side of that great American institution—chewing gum.

The greatest value of chewing gum is its invaluable service to the furniture industry. Everyone should realize that without sufficient wads of chewing gum stuck in advantageous spots, all the furniture in the world would fall apart. Of course, bubble gum, being the toughest, serves this purpose better than any other kind.

The American Dental Association should feel deeply indebted to the chewing gum industry. It's an established fact that chewing gum aids tooth decay. Some people wonder why dentists give small children chewing gum for behaving so well. They're only safeguarding their profession. Some dentists are even endorsing a certain brand in television commercials now.

Thanks to the chewing gum industry, the people of New York City save thousands of dollars each year. No one needs to have his shoes half-soled. Everyone can walk on a solid path of chewing gum, so shoes very seldom wear out. Of course, the shoe manufacturers don't get along so well with the gum industry, but then you can't please everybody.

Chewing gum is also a very influential social agent. I wonder how many romances have begun over a small wad of chewing gum? Little Johnny may have never met the girl in front of him at school unless he had used her hair as a depository for his gum. No special brand is required in this case, but Juicy Fruit seems to be a bit stickier than the rest.

The cleaners and laundries of America should certainly bow to the gum industry. People are always losing their gum in theater seats or in cars and then finding it on the back of their pants or dresses.

Going back to the social benefits of this glorious product, I find still another use. Most persons have experienced the tension and nervousness of appearing before an audience or of attending a formal social affair. This feeling can easily be relieved by a piece of gum. All famous orators and singers should be aware of this fact.

There are still many other and varied uses of chewing gum. Without it, how would little boys ever hold their ears next to their

heads? The National Safety Council should endorse chewing gum because probably thousands of housewives are saved from drowning yearly simply by plugging up a leak with a wad of gum. Is there any better method of retrieving lost money from a gutter than by sticking chewing gum on the end of a stick? With chewing gum, a nation can stick to nearly anything.

THE POWER OF RHYTHM

JOSEF SCHULTZ

What I had memorized in prose
Had never been retained for long;
And even though the lines I chose
Were famous epigrams and such,
It took Apollo or some muse
To make my mind remember much.

However eloquent they sing,
Uneven lines of prose are gone,
But marching meter lingers on.

MISERY

JAMES L. DAVIS

Out of the darkness of hell,
Out of the madness of sin,
Comes from the throat of the damned
Cries from the anguish of men.
Rolls like a turbulent wave,
Pleadings for mercy and grace.
Echoes through chambers of fire
God, the great God, come and save.

ODE TO A LADY

JANET KING

Lady Doll, in your cold glass case,
Did little lips ever kiss your bisque face?
Did youthful hands ever smooth your silk dress?
Have you felt the warmth of a child's caress?
Did you ever go to a party for two
With tea for your mistress and a cookie for you?
Did a pseudo-mother ever take you to bed?
Or give you the pillow meant for her head?
Did a little girl ever curl your hair?
Have you known the peace of loving care?
Or have you passed the ages through
In the cold glass case where I now see you?

ANTICIPATION

J. FAIR McCRERY

Sitting on the pier,
Mending his nets,
Waiting for a tug
 on the line,

Looking at the water,
Puffing on his pipe,
Watching for a sign,

The old fisherman sits
 in the sun and waits.

THE RIVER

DAVID DOWNING

Winter was upon us with all of its glistening magnificence. The silver-white snow fell in its many shapes and forms as if the angels themselves had loosened their wrath against the mountain tops which it covered. The snow fell harder and harder until we thought that there could surely be no more.

At last, the snow ceased. From inside our comfortable, fireplace-warmed log cabin we could see the snow-topped mountains in the distance; they were beautiful.

But, as history must repeat itself, the seasons began to change, and as the warm rays from the spring sun shone down on the grass, which was already turning to a deep green, Mr. Winter bade us a pleasant farewell. Still the mountains kept their snow as if there were a magnetic attraction between the two.

However, the mountains knew as well as we that they could not hold their newly-acquired friend forever, and as the sun grew brighter and its rays stronger the snow began to melt and slide down the side of its host.

As more and more snow melted we noticed drops of water beginning to form on the rocks high above our land, which was already rich with growing crops. Slowly these drops began to join and then emerge as small trickles. It was as if the mountain itself was a huge water faucet, and the pressure was gradually becoming stronger and stronger.

Our water-starved stream bed began to fill as the life-giving liquid flowed more rapidly than ever. The current began to quicken also. Many of the weaker fish fell to the side, exhausted by the force of the current they had to overpower, as they failed in their attempt to reach their destination. These fish became easy prey for the beasts of the woods as here we see in action the cruel law of nature, "Only the fittest shall survive."

The stronger fish pushed on and on through the powerful rush of the oncoming waters until, at last, they reached their destination. They had come to a small part of the stream where its surface was mirror smooth, and not a ripple could be seen. It was here, in these quiet waters, that the fish would spawn, and thus replace many times more their unfortunate friends and relatives which had failed to make it all of the way.

But now, the April rains had come, and our stream ran on and

on until it flowed into one of the many tributaries of the mightiest river in the land. But the rains were welcome as they strengthened and nourished our fast growing crops. All through the summer the intermittent rains and the ever present sun fell upon them.

When, at last, we said good-bye to Miss Summer and welcomed in Master Autumn, we realized that this would be our greatest harvest. The elements had, indeed, been kind to us.

It was after our work was completed and our fields stripped of their golden wheat and green ripened corn that the river proved to be our greatest friend. It carried our crops downstream to the market where we received enough money to buy a larger piece of land farther west.

We moved a short time afterwards, just before Mr. Winter blew in, to be exact. Everything was so exciting in our new home, but as the snows began to fall, officially announcing "His" arrival, we noticed that no white-topped mountains were to be seen . . . anywhere!

As the seasons came and went I missed our mountains, snows, drops of water, trickles, streams, and tributaries. But most of all I missed my best friend, Mr. River.

APPROVED

BEVERLY DANSBY

God put his stamp of approval on this day.
Earth and sky were white like a sheet of paper.
Black-trunked trees were the writing
 And black bushes the periods.
Students moved across the campus
Like so many ink pens,
Writing
As if time were limited.
The words they wrote were complaints
Against the cold and wind and snow.
Then the sun came out——
The Gold Seal representing the State of God.

THE OLD PEAR TREE

WILLIAM W. CLAY

The old pear tree is blooming again
Its branches are laden with blossoms pure white
As usual the passers-by turn and exclaim
“Just look at that tree, what a beautiful sight.”

The old tree has bloomed year after year
And yielded its fruit so juicy and yellow
It was planted over half a century ago
By a kind old man—a very fine fellow

Who gave of his fruit to his neighbors and friends.
He gave it—and would not take even a penny;
His tree was the only pear tree around;
Do you wonder then that his friends were so many?

“Let’s cut it down, it is getting old—
The fruit will not be good,” they once had said.
But when the ax-man started to cut
He found that the tree was far from dead.

Yes, the old pear tree is blooming again,
As proudly it stands in the bright April sun,
But the kind old man is not here anymore,
We must finish the work that he has begun.

How many more years the old tree will bloom
We cannot know or we cannot say
But each summer when comes its golden fruit
We hope someone gives part of the fruit away.

MY ONE LOVE

SANDY WILHOITE

I sit in my window and dream a dream of you,
No matter where I go, Darling, no matter what I do,
You are always with me and always by my side.
It seems you're there to comfort and often there to guide.
I know it may seem silly to others who look on
That I speak of you so often even though you're gone.
But, they cannot realize that you were my everything,
That we shared fun and sorrows; and I even taped your ring.
We laughed and were always seen together
And had our fun regardless of the weather;
We often stood in moonlight of the winter nights so cold,
Looking at the moon and dreading to grow old.
But, the young are not young forever; no, that cannot be,
So you went off to war and left behind you—me.
I had a loneliness never known before
But that's how it is for lovers in a time of war.
Every prayer that I prayed was a special one for you
And it gave me comfort to know that you were praying too.
Everyday was empty; nothing new to do,
I filled these lonely hours by sending news to you;
I wrote you letters every day; I guess they were all the same,
And my evening was never complete until your answer came.
But one day the letters stopped and with them stopped my heart
And then I knew too fully that the time had come to part.

NOISE

JOSEF SCHULTZ

My ears have ached to hear them boast and brag.
If I could sew their mouths with tiny thread,
I'd seal their tongues and end the pointless wag,
For they don't see that they will soon be dead.

They fail to recognize the nothingness
Of empty words. The shrill and noisy blare
That's played upon a sax will fade away
Like vanished melodies of sound and air.

NIGHT

SHIRLEY MELVIN

It steals itself around you,
And it creeps so soft and slow.
It is a thing of magic,
As it is found both high and low.

It soars from the bottom of the ocean,
To unknown distant heights.
What is this phantom?
It is the phantom night.

THE LOVERS

JACK TAYLOR

He put on his best coat
With a flaming red color
And set out for the cherry tree
To meet his young lover.

He flew into the cherry tree
And took up a seat,
For this was a date
He really wanted to keep.

She arrived on time
As he was sure she would,
With a greeting of joy
Showing her love still stood.

These two beautiful red birds
As they fly and sing through the day
Seem to be happy young lovers.
What else can you say?

COMPLACENCY REIGNS

KENNETH KEITH

You stand upon a vast stage crying:
“Take up arms,” you beg us.
“Fight—
“Strike out.”
Go home, old man.
Are you so blind?
Complacency Reigns . . .

TIME RECALLED

KENNETH KEITH

Time cannot be measured as in
Minutes, Days, or Years.
It can only be recalled by the
Sadness you feel in your heart or
The look of Love in her eyes.

FOR YOU

J. FAIR McCRERY

O thou, my one, my only true,
To you how kind the moon and stars must be.
How lucky is the sun and sky of blue
To gaze eternally on thee.

My heart is filled with deepest devotion,
I would spurn kingdoms of gold
And sail a ship across the broadest ocean
To have you, my two arms hold.

Turn back, stay, do not leave.
It is not right that I should cry
But when you go I will grieve
Because of you at last I'll die.

If you love me, I hope you do,
Please come back to a love that's true.

WAR

TURLEY TUDOR

Sleepy, and half bent, they trudged down the road,
like old drunks or tramps on the prowl.

They were warriors, laden with sleeping bags,
ammunition, and rifles.

Not a voice was heard; all knew they were on the way
to the slaughter, to kill or be killed.

The distant hill showed its face in the darkness,
it was silent and still, but not for long.

A litter jeep moved slowly down the road between
the columns; these men had paid the full price
and were taking their last ride back.

The rumble of the big stuff sounded in the rear
and the face of the old hill lighted up as though
she were expecting unwanted guests.

As the dawn broke, the planes buzzed up to do their
job and left their calling cards.

The old hill looked quiet and calm, but they knew
she would strike like a bolt of lightning.

Now the sun, hot and furious, was taking her ringside
seat; she would watch this little game and move on,
knowing some would be replaced for the next day's game.

She knew only too well this game had no reward.

They paused at the foot of the hill, in the eyes of the
beaming sun; some talked, some puffed on the
last cigarette, some checked their guns, some sat in
silence with lips moving, and some just looked the
hill in the face, knowing she would soon erupt and
spit death and destruction.

Mortars started falling, men were yelling, and stumbling,
and staggering, and falling.

Some made no noise, and others moved on up to silence
this death.

Some were young who had not had a taste of life,
some were veterans from other wars, and some had
wives and kids waiting.

The rest staggered to the top and fell as a drunk
man falls, exhausted.

As they looked back down the hill they saw smoke and fire; trees and bushes were ripped and torn as if nature had played a foul trick on them.

Helmets, rifles, and remains of battle covered the hill, as though a cyclone had passed through.

Those who had given the last full measure slumped in their holes or lay outstretched, waiting for their last ride.

There was no hurry now, they could rest in peace. They had cheated death long enough; they were the honored dead who would soon be forgotten.

The litter jeeps and medics were doing their job now.

The little game was over, and smoke was slowly rising into the soft breeze that blew over the hill.

Those who reached the top dug their holes and crawled in like varmints and prayed to God for a peaceful night. New men came up to replace those who had paid the greatest price of all.

Did they know this game was for keeps?

Some of them, exhausted, half dead, crawled into their bags and went to sleep, knowing their lives were at stake.

The smell of the smoky, scorched, battle-torn hill was one never to be forgotten.

The night was still and clear, and they waited for the music to break the silence.

In the dead of the night a bugle sounded loud and clear on the next hill.

This meant a rematch, and the stars were all out for this one.

This music made men shiver and shake, made their blood run cold, and made cold chills run up and down their spine.

This was the only sound in the night, and the men waited, praying to God there would be no match.

Then a bright flare streaked into the darkness, like Fourth of July fireworks, and yells and screams of banzai filled the night.

Screams and yells that meant death.

They were tense now, they got set and just waited,

checking their ammo, and pushing their safeties on and off time and again.

The fireworks started, machine guns coughed fire all over the hill, rifle fire came from every hole, and screams and yells kept coming.

Moans and groans were heard, yells in earnest for medic, and God.

Whistles blew and all was calm again.

Was this all?

Would they be back?

As the dawn broke, they staggered down the old scarred, bloody, battle-torn hill and got ready for another day.

They left this hill in silence and moved on to play their games on other hills.

To the rear the rumble started, planes were coming over, and they took a look at another hill.

They wondered if it was worth it, and wondered what it was all about.

They wondered if their “number” would be on this one.

They stumbled and staggered down the road as though they were drunk or half asleep, not a voice was heard.

Thunder of artillery, treacherous hills, rumble of tanks, buzz of planes, meat wagons, blood and guts, mud and snow, screams, bursts of shells, cracking rifle fire,

laughs,

tears,

death,

This was war.

THE SPECTRUM OF LIFE

HARRY R. HEINK

All men are born within their night,
And live their youths devoid of light.
They then begin to gain insight,
But interpret the real by partial light.

Some see the real through purple lenses
While others use just blueish tinges.
They disagree that bi-colored vision
Perceives the real with less division.

But some men learn that this is true.
They strive to correct their imperfect view
By adding still another cure;
Perhaps, a shade of cool verdure.

And if they search throughout their lives,
Eventually they realize
That just those three will not suffice;
They need one more—the amber device.

If they acquire the orangish one,
Their lives are close to being done.
All life expires, and they are dead
Before they comprehend the red.

TO A VISITOR IN A CEMETERY

ROY CROSTHWAITE

Here, ancient chemistries of earth
Reduce to purer, simpler things
The men to whom they gave a birth—
Serfs and merchants, priests, and kings.

Then go gently lest you bruise
The blades of grass beside the stone.
One shouldn't carelessly abuse
What's fed on blood and flesh and bone.

A THOUGHT

WILLIAM HENRY YOUNG

Mr. Man, why do you feel so important?
Is it because you have
discovered the wheel,
learned the use of an inclined plane,
invented a high compression engine,
and split the atom.

Mr. Man, you are
a learner,
and a destroyer.
What have you destroyed?
Solitude.

You say your thoughts are lofty,
and your acts worthy of praise.
Do you believe these words my friend?
YES!

ANTS AND APPLE PEELINGS

(To A. F. S.)

HARRY R. HEINK

I heard an old man yesterday,
As he stripped an apple with his knife,
“The good Lord must be satisfied
With the way that things are going
Or else He’d change them all-around.”

And while I slept,
The earth completed its diurnal turn
With the apple peelings on the ground
Where he had thrown them yesterday
As waste which was too tough to eat.

Today, I see the spiraled skin
Being eaten by the swirling ants,
And carried off to their hill homes
To feed their young
That they might also grow.

Perhaps, the old man was correct;
The world is not in such a state
The way most people do believe.
The tiny creatures’ food demands
Were met through careless, old man’s hands.

THOU SHALT AGAPE

JERRY SANDS

The “lovers” danced and dreamed of all
The good and bad of things to be.
Like prosp’rous nations, naught they knew
Of need—which they would surely see.

The “lovers” stood and wished for spring
Tho’ spring would never come again.
Like falling nations, dead they were—
Thro’ warmth, thro’ chill, thro’ dry, thro’ rain.

The “lovers” sat and sighed while all
The good and bad they did decry.
Like dying nations, sad they were
While feigned life stole slipp’ry by.

The “lovers” lay ’neath dewy sod,
Nor dreamed nor thought of any God,
But bitter tears condensed above.
For such as knew so naught of *Love*.

THE ETERNAL WIND

WALTER THOMAS

Blow, blow, thou foul wind,
Bring me heartaches and woe.
Thou carriest on thy wings
Sorrows thou dost not know.

Blow, blow, thou wintry wind,
Bring the cold into my heart.
Thou art the messenger
That bids me to depart.

Blow, blow, thou loud wind,
Bring on winters snow.
Where thou blowest my love
I will never know.

Blow, blow, thou chilly wind,
And make the Christmas white.
Blow away my sorrows
And show me what's right.

Blow, blow, thou eternal wind,
Blow, thou that hearest all.
Clear my mind of tangled thoughts
Blow away my love, that's all!

FALL SOUNDS

J. FAIR MCCRERY

It is a little sad
To see the dying leaves taking
A last look at the world
From above,
Frantically clutching their branches, until
At last, unable to hold on
Another moment,
They flutter aimlessly to the ground.

Passers-by shuffle through the
Corpses, making a
Rustling, bustling sound
Of footsteps in a hurry.

Another sound heard in the
Crisp, brisk air is that of the
Hungry steam shovel,
Biting its way through the lawns,
Disregarding all else
But its grimy dinner,
Oblivious to the walks, streets, trees, and
Leaves.

DOGWOOD WINTER

HARRY R. HEINK

Spring's changes are choked in their infancies,
And the coldness of winter returns
Committing the children, who play out-of-doors,
Inside to a search for warmth.

The pale-yellow jonquil struggles in vain
With its outgrown verdurous jacket.
The youthful squirrel scurries for shelter
Into yesterseason's home.
And even the wondering mountain stream
Thinks it's started its journey too soon.

But spring succeeds and soon evolves
After Dogwood blossoms in the mountains
Bring their pseudo winter of the spring.