

21-69



*Cover by B. Bogdon "What Really Happened to David"*

# THE GRIFFIN

In the future of now  
I want only the past.

The passion of youth  
cried out to more worlds,  
three others to see,  
of laughter and friends,  
of hopes and of loves,  
of daisies whipped  
by stinging winds.  
Today is the time when  
of my past I recall  
the noise of the sweat  
for the work in the street  
mingling round my heart  
with cool delightful of  
slippery sliding across  
my throat of ice cream.  
And there were more,  
oh foreign places,  
reeking of humanity  
and struggling for beauty.  
Remember mountains straining  
to kiss the farflung skies?  
So not to know this majesty  
drank we and loved  
beneath the towering hills.  
And all night long  
we danced and sang  
which caused my brain  
to leap and cry  
for it knew not why.  
Perhaps my soul  
by the noise and frolic  
of drink and of lust  
was chased to the box  
in back of my heart  
to hide from the hiding.  
On over the miles  
of the mountains  
of streams ever  
singing searching  
youth were we.  
In the gray mist  
of God's tears  
were people hiding  
walking behind the  
loaves of bread.  
There on a boat midst drink

and laughter - - oh ridiculous  
champagne - - so alone was I  
to see the dazzling maze  
of light dark night.  
And still on and on across  
the miles and parch of summer  
went we ever smiling ever sobbing  
to see rich spices from all the world  
to see glories of the  
disenchanted ever hopeful.  
So long ago my heart would burst,  
until with the browning leaves  
to the home, house of residing,  
went I only to feel it follow  
and within the birth of snows  
somewhere I lost it somewhere.  
Now there are only tears of  
bitter hope wanting to care  
but knowing the heartbreaking  
panorama, so bright and so dull,  
just isn't there anymore.

Barbara Swift  
Freshman  
Lindenwood College

## GENESIS

Someone tell me (please) where  
we end

and they begin --

I never knew don't know now  
but i'm dense (ma says)

that skin mouth flops  
like any 'ole catfish and  
words blurb out sayin' how  
behind my ign'rant blue-wide eyes  
is dust-winds playin' games  
only she still don't say  
where me ends

and Lou begins . . .

I turned brown and warm in summer  
you so darkly-warm all  
the time (when i'm shiverin'  
white) and sometimes . . . sometimes

we even laughed

But that's for children (you say)

in sprinkled drops of sun  
to play whirling  
coveralls  
under that skrinkled sky--

An you're older'n me still  
(I don't believe you) there's this skin-stretched  
gut-achin' 'cause

I jus' can't understand where we ended  
'n

them began . . .

Patricia Ruth  
Junior  
Lindenwood College

## AND WHEN THE THING COMES DOWN

The smell of beer glides across the room.  
The darkness, sweet and deep  
With smoke stacked like lumber,  
Covering the cracks.  
The roaches take shield.

Stiff lipped coackroaches that bite,  
Their flaky smell covered by the beer,  
But in dim silences their sound splits  
The caverns of the empty cabinets, drawers and shelves.

Bare room except for bed and red  
Light, radio nad poster of Malcolm.  
One poster of one man who lived  
And died, what more is there?

When in white heat discussions, gray women ask—  
But won't your own people be killed? eyes concerned.  
Bearded men answer in their minds.  
The things people die of,  
Are killed for.

Past the bed, one kitchen filled with  
Dark men drinking.  
Some with thirsts from dry cracked lips  
Parched by strange suns.

Heat waves running through that blood  
Like clapping thunder in a storm.

We have hurricanes down home  
That turn men 'round.  
And it rounds minds like twisters  
This thing I speak of.

And when the thing comes down . . .

Rhea Sharlen Grant  
Freshman  
Lindenwood College

The fair child turns golden  
in his gift from the sun  
in a love of fields  
where tall grass lifts him  
to blue skies in summer hours  
soft and swift.

Play time is here, there, and ever --  
a dog not his soars to the stick  
broken and hurled from the shadow elm.  
Tall grass holds and springs  
the dolphin-like creature and boy-loved wonder  
its voice a wind-blown call  
to fragment and sky.

The steady gold of the year  
is uncounted and in love with paths  
and streams, August he spends  
in motion, in leaps to the blue sky,  
the creature-cries blown  
to wilderness and silence  
summer like the end of a week  
too swift for believing.

Howard Barnett  
Lindenwood College

## METAMORPHOSIS

(for R.B. and J.B.)

I know the hurt. It's deep  
and ugly  
it's sore  
too  
and you can't understand  
the change that boiled my white skin  
and chased away  
now  
my over-wrought cell of self.

*there's a burn that flames deeply  
into your darkness  
isn't there--unequal equation  
thievery spoiled by excellence  
blind unbelief perhaps  
until the here-and-now  
caught up*

Me  
mixture and entity  
sublimated intense  
flitting here and settling forever there  
know now  
but wait  
good bad yes no black white  
what  
please  
help  
me in a part of me  
me without  
me within  
an apparition dressed in black  
ghostly shackles sapping others' flak  
me



You mean too much to me.

The pin that pricked for blood  
was not to enter any part of you  
in fact it was not a pin at all for any  
cushion target thing  
a selfish bid from my cocoon of unsmooth silk  
a rough and coarse official  
that ordered me  
me who could not rescind  
for lack of nonchalance  
or feeling of perchance  
not even if I pricked myself  
to death.

And even though I loved and scorned  
hated and caressed  
melted and hardened  
the Red Queen kept running  
trying to find and  
pursue the wrong deed  
the prick to redder violent violet blood  
to find the wild freedom  
of my self to peace  
together the ripping suffer and desolation  
my own prick produced.

I know the hurt.

Because of my own cut  
for you see  
*and you must for a fragment  
of me depends upon you  
the part that helps to make  
the part a whole*  
it's all going on around me  
like the farmer in the dell  
until sometime  
I choose  
a wife.

Sue Josephson  
Senior  
Lindenwood College

## SELF-DESTRUCTION OF A MIND

The door swung open and in walked Garth with all the splendor attributed to a dog who had been out all night in search of a mate. I didn't bother to ask if he had found one, for I knew he would not answer. No, Garth wasn't in the mood to converse. He slowly climbed into the large chair he had claimed as a puppy and settled down after the usual ritual of walking in circles until the cushion's stuffing was pushed into the correct places. Then with a long, exhausted groan he wrapped himself into a ball and laid his already sagging head on his paws. His eyes traveled around the room giving all its occupants a look that pleaded that he be left alone in these quiescent surroundings for at least an hour.

Garth and I had a strange relationship which my parents refused to accept. Understanding Garth wasn't that hard and I could never comprehend why my mother called him uncouth. It was his nature to run around with other dogs. Besides, I've seen father come home many times with same look in his eyes that Garth had tonight - satisfaction. Maybe that's why my parents always fought. Late at night I could hear their low whispers slowly transform into loud angry phrases, but I was never able to hear all the words. I assumed father's mistress was Julia because that name seeped through the thin walls to my anticipating ears most often. Garth probably knew all about it because he used to sleep in between their beds. Recently he moved in with me because the uneasy tension was even too much for Garth. Just about two months ago father moved into the guest room.

I've met Julia and I really can't see what father runs to. She's rather old looking with her grey hair and sad, wrinkled body. Her husband, Al, is the one I would expect to leave, but he is like my mother and silently they suffer. Julia encountered Garth and I one day as I walked through the park. Being his usual friendly self Garth jumped on her dress and left two huge muddy paw prints amid the clusters of flowers that decorated the cloth. Julia elegantly dismissed Garth's rash action and before she walked away she patted him on the head. I stood watching her fade into the park wondering how many times she had met Garth. Sometimes father would take Garth for long rides in the country. He said it was good for a dog as large as ours to get out in the night air and run like the devil. I never believed him and I wonder if my mother ever did. He was probably driving into town and forcing Garth to wait in a cramped living room while he and Julia made love in a dingy rented apartment. Why couldn't father stay at home. He could have found satisfaction if he had only looked for it. Poor Garth, he knew that father was a bastard, but he never told me or my mother because he knew that would hurt us too much. As it was we both voicelessly guessed. The confirmation of my ideas came when father always returned with his cheeks flushed with fire from his over amorous actions while Garth found it necessary to run off and copulate with some bitch.

Garth merely ran away to forget his loneliness and to cool himself off after that horrible stay in the apartment. I've convinced myself that he ran away because he could not stay in the same house with me for he would tell me all

that I couldn't bear to hear. So, in order to protect his beloved mistress he left me for the night. Poor mother, she didn't have anyone like Garth to tell her thoughts to.

A few weeks ago father brought my mother some flowers. It was their anniversary. Twenty-five years of nothing was probably the way my mother summed it up. She used to leave me alone in the house with father every Tuesday night (PTA meetings) and every Thursday night (Bridge Club). By eleven those nights father would become restless and he would leave the house. Sometimes I wished he had stayed home with me. Father left on business weekends every other Friday and then my mother, Garth, and I packed up and visited Grandmother. Usually mother went to the movies on those bleak Friday nights probably to forget her desertion and to hide in the blackness of the theater so her friends would not know.

Garth slept with me when we stayed at Grandmother's and we would wake up early the next day quietly leaving for a walk. Mother usually slept late Saturday morning and when she finally appeared her eyes were swollen and red. I could visualize my mother crying herself to sleep after a lonely evening wondering why the man she had submitted to hated her this way. Maybe that's why I needed Garth so much. The usual happy atmosphere of a loving home was absent and I was robbed of the family picnics I had read of in my first grade reader.

I refused to date when I became older because I hated all men. Being treated like my mother had been made the repulsion easy. Thank God it was so easy to hate father. What if this hadn't happened? How could I ever have avoided him? I remember crying at night because everything I wanted was in that room next to mine, but I couldn't have it so I took Garth instead. Things had continued to be bad though and now Garth was getting older. When I thought of how it would be without Garth - alone with no one to confirm my stories - it seemed like a dangerous void I didn't want to encounter. That's when I decided to go out with Frank Myer. I knew Garth would be gone soon and I wanted to make sure I was right about men before he left me. I had to tell him what it was like. If I waited until after Garth died I would have no one to discuss my discovery with. And, I was convinced that if I couldn't get what I really wanted I would have to prove to myself that I never really wanted it anyway.

So that is the situation with which I have lived and with which Garth has put up with all these years. Now after my brief but lustful affair with Frank (I saw nothing wrong with this since I was neither married nor had any legal children) Garth began to sink quickly. Sometimes I blame his death on my selfishness. Poor Garth, he had guarded my chastity and I had abandoned him, but the more I think about it I tend to feel his depression and finally his death was caused by the way things were in general. My mother and father would still not accept divorce as the answer, for they believed it was bad for a child. I was far from childhood in fact I had crossed over the line into the world of a young adult but father still regarded me as a child and that cut into me like a bullet. I really hated him.

When my birthday came I begged for another dog to take Garth's place, but my mother and father once more bonded together and told me no. They both thought I should make some new friends and, "What ever happened to Frank?"

My mother even through her hardship was concerned about my happiness, but father probably wanted to get me married off in some cheap ceremony so he could divorce mother and go with Julia. He'll never get rid of me that easily.

It was about now that I began to take long walks at night to calm down. I had no desire to return to Frank or any other person for that matter. Father had rejected me a long time ago. When mother first began to go to those PTA meetings and her Bridge Club we would both stay home. Now he had found Julia and I was replaced. As a young child I had decided I was not going to get married and I was learning perhaps a little too easily how blessed loneliness was. But, both mother and father were worrying about my silent depressions.

"It's not normal that a girl her age go out like this at night and wander around the streets. She probably looks like an easy pick up and you know how unsafe these streets are."

"Maybe that's what she wants. Only she doesn't know where to look does she? Should I give her Al's address when she comes in?"

"Shut up! You never did care about what your daughter wanted. Even when she was a little girl you pushed her around. I remember how she would come into our room crying from a nightmare and begging to be able to sleep with her mother and her damn precious father, but you wouldn't let her into the bed."

"Does that give her any right to keep trying to get in bed with me now?"

"You have to make a joke about everything don't you? I'm going out. Why don't you give Julia a ring and see what she's doing tonight?"

As I walked down the street I knew too well I looked into house windows hoping to see a girl all alone in an upstairs bedroom while downstairs her parents were fighting. I never saw any such scene but I had become so intent on finding one that I frantically searched for well over two hours. When I came to my senses I was down by the park I used to take Garth for walks in. Poor Garth, he was such a devoted tramp and I had failed him just as my parents had failed me. Rustles came from a bush near by accompanied with squeals of laughter. How sickening. My feet echoed on the stone path that extended throughout the park. The sound in the bushes stayed with me even though I was far from the shrubbery.

I hate this room. Why can't I go sleep with mommy and daddy? Please stop laughing in there. It's lonely in this big black room and I want someone to love me. I hate that sound. Let me in!

"What is it?"

"Daddy, I'm scared. Can I come in and sleep with you and mommy?"

"Hey Gladys, she wants to come to bed with us."

"Stop laughing, mommy."

"Honey, you go back to sleep now. Everything will be all right in the morning. You'll see."

I hate this room. It's so dark and ugly and lonely.

I kept walking because I didn't want to go home to my far from impotent father and my sad aging mother. I couldn't go home because I was afraid she wouldn't be there. A radio softly vibrated on a park bench and the words drifted around the silent oasis.

Look around and accept the news  
That man will fight man  
And you wonder why I've got the blues  
'Cause I ain't got the right to choose  
Girl, you don't know how much I want you.

I'm going to get a gun and learn to kill  
Brother, look out for your life  
The human race is incurably ill  
No one does a thing—but I will.

The song faded as I walked into the blackness and eventually reached the other side of the park. A masterpiece of landscaping that barricaded our precious suburbia from the roaring chaos of the street that lead into the city. That park was like limbo to me. Realizing that wandering around town all night was not the best idea I reversed my direction and began to retrace my muddy footprints along the asphalt of the park path that lead towards home. The rustling in the bushes subsided into moans and I ran home crying because I knew mother wouldn't be there.

I walked along the perimeter of this island of mercy and thought of Garth and Frank. Both had been an important part in my life. Neither had betrayed me and it was I who had deserted them. I wasn't going to wait around for them to hurt me. Up one street I could see my father's car. He was knocking on the door to a large white house that looked like every other house on the block, but I knew it was Julia's house.

When I got home the house was dark and empty and it was then that I first got this terrific urge to see my father's room. The only time I had ever seen it was when the maid left the door open so the smell of the cleaning fluid could escape. My domain existed in the tiny room I had occupied since my birth. If I wasn't up there thinking about the scum I lived in I was usually down in the den with Garth. Ever since my companion died I had retreated almost permanently to my bed behind that solid door. Now, I wanted to see my father's living quarters. So I opened the door and walked into the room that repulsed me because of its cleanliness. Only the smell of furniture polish lingered. The ashtrays were spotless which was odd since my father constantly smoked. It definitely looked like a guest room that quietly waited for the arrival of a visitor. I began to wonder if my father left at night and slept at Julia's.

The front door slammed and I left the room. I confronted my father on the stairs.

"Where's mother?" I asked as coldly as I could.

"I don't know. I was just out looking for her. I could ask you the same question. Where do you go every night?"

"Are you really interested?" Father rolled his eyes back at my last remark. He had given up conversing with me a long time ago. He went up the stairs to his room and I could hear the door close behind him.

The telephone rang about three a.m. and finally I heard my father answer it. Strange that father should answer the phone that was located right next to my mother's bed. Any further contemplation was halted when my father's heavy fist beat on my door.

"Yes?" My voice trembled with expectation.

A pale figure I hardly recognized entered and he numbly sat down on my bed, "Honey, that was the police. Your mother's been found shot to death. (Could that have been a tear I saw fall down his cheek?) I know you hate me, (Don't say that, even I don't know.) but would you come with me? I can't face it alone?"

That was the first time my father had ever asked me to do something because he needed me. It was worth having forfeited a college education to hear him beg for my help. I climbed out of bed, "I'll be ready in a minute." I wished that Garth were here to help me. I had a lot of things I had to convince myself of before I got to the park. Garth had always been around to help me in his silent way - never giving me disapproval.

Father was waiting for me outside and as we drove off he began to mumble to himself about police and trouble. "She was found in the park. Probably some mugger got her." I refused to say a word. He really wanted Julia to be with him and I wasn't going to comfort him that easily. We stopped at the park entrance and lying on the sidewalk was a figure that resembled the figure of a woman I had known for many years as mother. She certainly looked different. Peaceful. The blood splattered on her dress distracted a bit, but for the first time she seemed relaxed and free of worry.

Julia was there already and tears streaked her face as she spoke to the policeman. "He wouldn't do it, he just wouldn't." I wondered what she was saying to herself. A crowd was growing across the street and I only wish mother could have seen it all. Father was busy trying to comfort Julia and speak to the inspector at the same time, but rushed over to me as soon as I began to scream, "Dammit! What's wrong with everyone. Who the hell murdered my mother?" My outburst surprised even me. Very convincing. I remembered my father putting his arm around me and repeatedly saying, "Don't worry, honey. I'll explain it all later." I also recall the urge inside me that grew to a painful size which wanted to cry out, "I'm not worried and I really do know all about it." Short words and phrases caught my attention and I turned toward the crowd. Jealous lover. Al Crenshaw. Murder. Dead. Gory. I looked once more at my mother as they lifted her into the awaiting ambulance. Certainly had been a good shot.

Instead of going to the morgue we went home with Julia. While she was fixing coffee for me and a drink for father Al walked in. He looked exhausted and quietly sat down in a chair. Both Julia and my father froze.

"Just been down to the station," Al panted, "God, it's weird. No prints or anything. Christ, they suspect me. Hell, I'd never have killed Gladys, I loved her too much. Sure I was down with her in the park tonight, but when I left her she was very much alive."

Father made no comment and Julia smiled in a knowingly fashion. My

masquerade had been exposed and I felt like crying. There was no way of hiding it from myself anymore and now I had to face my real feelings head on.

On the way back father tried to explain to me that situation that I knew a little too well. For the first time I could not convince myself that I really did not know anything about what was going on. Maybe it was because Garth was no longer with me. I rationally told myself that mother and Al were drawn together by loneliness and that it was still my father and Julia who were to blame. I just couldn't lie anymore. I had persecuted a man who was all the time silently suffering. Not only had his wife left him but also his daughter had exiled herself from his love and replaced it with a dog's. Julia was no longer a vulgar whore to me but I stared at the picture of Garth that stood on the desk where a picture of a man should have been. I had devoted more than fifteen years to a dog and now I needed something more and I knew what it was. Twenty years and this home was the only place I had lived in. My father had never been that close to me, in fact we weren't more than acquaintances-like Frank and I had been. I stared at the picture of Garth - Vicious dog! - I went to throw it but I knew I couldn't do that. I had identified with Garth for so long how could I possibly destroy myself?

I left my room and went out into the dark hallway. My father's door was closed, but behind it I could hear the steady breathing of a man. He could never have thought of me as his daughter. I opened the door and a cold draft hit my naked body. He jumped with realization that someone was in the room, but smiled when he saw it was me. His eyes looked like they always had and I compared them to Garth's. This time, however, their meaning was not interpreted as satisfaction. It was then that I realized that Garth and my father were always looking for something. The look was one of need. That night in my strange surroundings I dreamt of Oedipus and Garth.

Accompanied by my father's rhythmic breathing I saw Garth walk into the room. He climbed into the chair he had claimed as a puppy and settled down with his head on his paws. Then I noticed his paws were caked with blood, but Garth knew what I was thinking. He let his eyes meet mine and said, "Don't be ridiculous, a dog can't shoot a gun."

Julia was found shot to death the next day and our quiet suburbia has hit the headlines. Al was captured and has been convicted although he swears he is innocent, which he is. Yet, he can't really be called not guilty since it was he who set off this whole horrible chain of events. Julia was shot just like my mother but there were prints this time. Amid the cluster of flowers on her dress were two huge bloody paw prints. Father is very quiet and everyone thinks he has retired from his active life to passively rot in the old house. Father never leaves the house and sometimes at night he calls me Julia, but I don't worry anymore.

Jeanne Hind  
Sophomore  
Lindenwood College

## THAT ROOM THAT TIME FORGOT

They sat across a stunted table  
smiling Sartre and Chekhov  
over day-old coffee  
in a room  
that smelled of burning cat fur.  
A dehydrated Christmas tree  
slept in a corner  
under accordian-pleated tissue tendrils  
lettered with spray paint.

Suddenly,  
remembering the day,  
the woman bent to her watch  
and saw she was late for time.  
Frightened,  
she searched her drawer  
for an excuse to leave,  
but it was empty  
except for used Kleenex  
and a snagged nylon.

The man wrinkled his nose  
which was a prize strawberry  
that someone had stepped on.  
"You think too much,"  
he grinned  
and thumbed his nose  
at her departing back.

Leslie Baird  
Stephens College



## BAPTISTERY AT RAVENNA

Before them they carry their crowns  
But do not walk sedately:  
Who here could be stately  
Arrived from blurred earth of gray towns  
To a burst of unspeakable glory?  
Bare feet brush the green  
Almost dance to a music within:  
"O jewels of light, O now to begin  
Astonishing life! The self we have been  
Is consumed in the newness of glory."

Now the dusty gray town is less real  
Will crumble in memory, its ugliness heal,  
For it marks on the map a clear heaven we feel.

Agnes Sibley  
Lindenwood College

## AT A POETRY READING

At the Bailey the smoke is thick  
And traps the sweet smell of liquor.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now above the clattering of whiskey glasses  
And whispering tongues  
The faint voice of a poet is heard.  
With squinted eyes he reads his work;  
And his cold-red hands, his scraggly beard  
Become symbols of this, his song.

Nancy Nemeč  
Senior  
Lindenwood College

## AT NIGHT WE FLY AS ANIMALS

We fly at night  
without mirrors on our watches  
with wet country grass flowing behind us  
our ears pressed back and tapered to our heads  
noses thrust forward  
eyes sparking cat yellow in the dark

We come  
cold rippling under muscles under fur  
shrieking wild animal songs  
and dragging heavy brown tails.

Nancy Moore  
Freshman  
Stephens College

## MARCH XIII

In the rain  
before spring  
April seemed  
ravaged and sick.  
The visiting  
suns were tame  
and mellow  
like warm  
sweet honey.

And as I  
watched the  
crowds I feared  
for them, pitying  
their life possessions  
and possessed  
lives. Opening  
my umbrella  
to shield the  
hot sun and  
keep out the  
rain, I realized  
April's condition  
had worsened,  
and she was dying  
before spring.

David Dietrich  
Freshman  
Westminster College

## SHELLS

The shells  
Glitter in the moonlight.  
Small and round,  
They nestle in the cool sand  
Near the water's edge.

The sea  
Softly tastes the shore.  
Rippling waves,  
Cast their moonlit patterns  
To forms on sea and sand.

The beach  
Stretches endlessly,  
Reflecting  
A warm summer night, a dream  
Of perfect solitude.

Perfect,

But for the bodies of dead men,  
And a scattering of shells.

Larry W. Allen  
Senior  
Central Missouri State College

## FOR APOLLO 10

Strumming a violin,  
Chagall often drifted  
on red horses  
toward the moon,  
flat and white before him.  
Now,  
inflated men  
ride in the eyes  
of silver beasts  
to that same goal.  
If they ever drop down,  
they will expect  
the scarred surface  
that paintings never tell,  
but they will be surprised  
to find a blue violin  
crushed tuneless  
against a gaping crater.

Gail Trebbe Johnson  
Junior  
Stephens College

## ANALOGY

Wind rustles through leaves.  
Whistles through open windows.  
Darkness engulfs buildings, trees;  
Mercury columns drop low in thermometers.

People pull coats close,  
Bowing heads, running against wind  
Amid red and green lights,  
Rushing traffic,  
Artificial suns.

Entertainers sing their way into homes,  
Children cry, scream to other children;  
People bow heads,  
Fingers pressed to foreheads,  
Eyes squinted against pain.  
Eloquent voices talk of white pills with bufferin.

Soft music fills a room,  
Trained voice speaks.  
People bow heads,  
Murmurs arise,  
One voice above others  
Pleads, requests, thanks, fades.

Wind rustles leaves,  
People pull coats close,  
Children scream to others,  
Entertainers sing,  
People bow heads.

Patricia Edgley  
Lindenwood College



*B. Bogden, Junior, Lindenwood College*

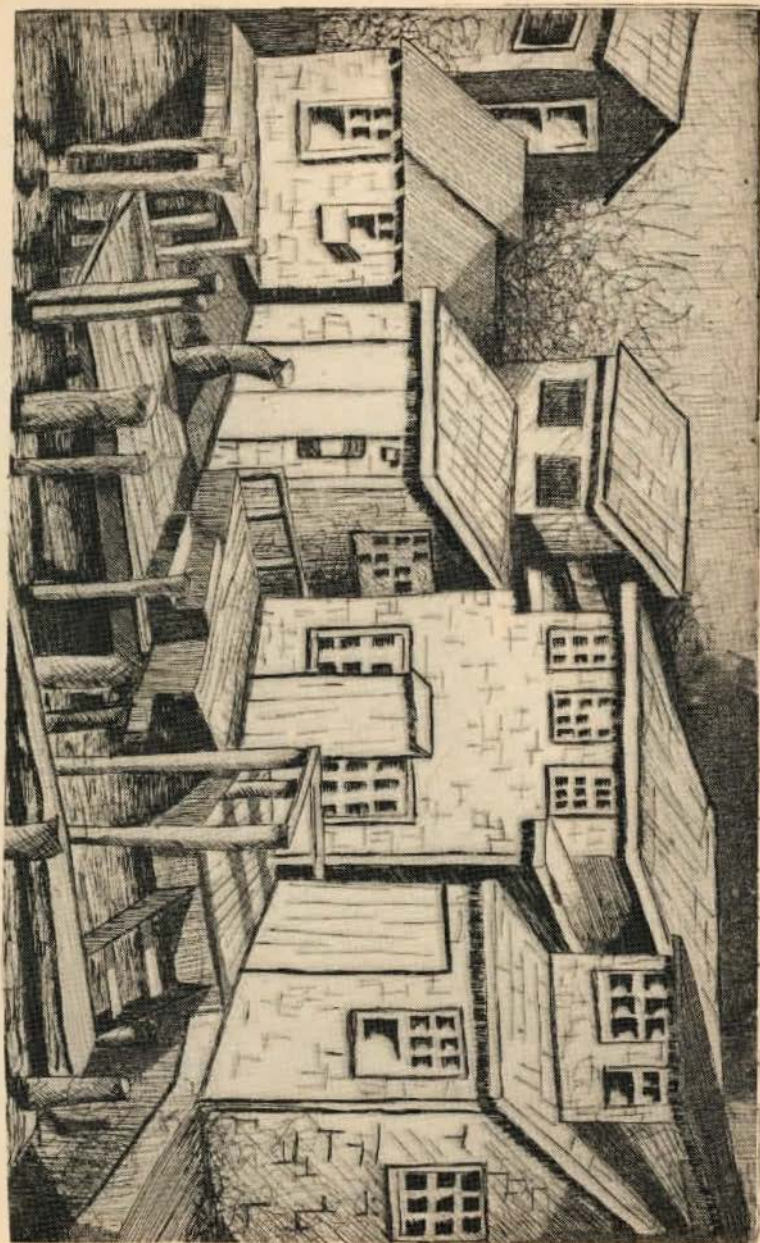


*K. Gaffney Velsor, Senior, Lindenwood College*





*Curt Hansman, Freshman, Lindenwood College*



Static.  
Stinks like weeds.  
Or the clumsy bayou.  
Or garbage cans with no lids.

Stagnant . .  
Sounds of horns.  
Or of babies crying.  
Or of the blusts of fire consuming earth.

Word confused.  
And made up in denial  
of already read dictionaries  
And in hopes of  
vital minds  
that pick up stick pins with  
the mind's toes.

Be yourself  
It's all you have  
To protect your delicacies  
from consuming earth.

Okay so you're grown now  
And you can plant flowers  
or make money or something.  
You are productive.  
(you know the word they throw it  
around a lot when shouting aims  
for the Black community)

they being anyone who shouts aims for black communities

You are productive  
but at your throat waits  
One gleaming silver knife  
I have one stashed away with my  
underwear in a drawer  
That is but one mark of  
CONSUMMINGEARTH.

Rhea Sharlen Grant  
Freshman  
Lindenwood College

## YELLOW NEWS

where is my father  
what has he done to  
deserve mortar wounds he  
received  
in saigon  
where is my  
father  
mother tries to be brave and I  
braver than she'll ever know  
as God guides my  
father in  
bien hoa  
where is  
my father the 'post' declared  
dead I know  
he's alive for yet to be read is the  
yellow papered magazine though  
chinese  
words mean nothing  
to me  
where  
is my father  
for eight months I've waited and  
anticipated our government's move but  
johnson  
was too slow so I'll never  
know just where my  
father ...  
'dead - general adam s underwood' printed  
in yellow splotted with salt tears - I see  
my humble father crumpled  
bent  
on his knees at the  
edge  
of a trench  
damn  
the vietnamese

Sandra Siehl  
Sophomore  
Lindenwood College

my nose is pressed hard  
against the cold window pane  
the pigeons stoop on top  
of the brick dome  
the radio plays somba music  
while the people below hustle about  
going nowhere  
horns honking constantly  
to no avail  
the buildings loom in the distance  
I, in my daze  
look at the people below hustling about  
going nowhere  
a man sells toasted chestnuts  
in the street  
negro boys shine shoes till the leather glistens  
like their faces  
stairways climb the sides  
of the tenements  
smog encircles the city  
dimming all lights  
500 light up on the screen  
across the way  
all the people below hustle about  
going nowhere  
The abstract hangs on the wall  
the taxis swarm the streets  
liquor bottles are strewn on the rooftop  
and the people below  
continue to hustle  
going nowhere .. . . .

Mary Ramin  
Freshman  
Lindenwood College

## LE PONT MIRABEAU

Sous le pont Mirabeau coule la Seine  
Et nos amours  
Faut-il qu'il m'en souviene  
La joie venait toujours après la peine

Vienne la nuit sonne l'heure  
Les jours s'en vont je demeure

Les mains dans les mains restons face à face  
Tandis que sous  
Le pont de nos bras passe  
Des éternels regards l'onde si lasse

Vienne la nuit sonne l'heure  
Les jours s'en vont je demeure

L'amour s'en va comme cette eau courante  
L'amour s'en va  
Comme la vie est lente  
Et comme l'Espérance est violente

Vienne la nuit sonne l'heure  
Les jours s'en vont je demeure

Passent les jours et passent les semaines  
Ni temps passé  
Ni les amours reviennent  
Sous le pont Mirabeau coule la Seine

Vienne la nuit sonne l'heure  
Les jours s'en vont je demeure

from ALCOOLS by Guillaume Apollinaire

## THE PONT MIRABEAU

Under the Pont Mirabeau flows the Seine  
And our loves  
Which I must remember again  
Joy comes always after pain

Though night comes and the chimes give  
Death to day here I still live

Hands in hands close the distance  
While beneath  
The bridge of our arms dance  
Waves weary of eternal glance

Though night comes and the chimes give  
Death to day here I still live

Love departs like this rushing stream  
Love's death is  
Like life's slow gleam  
And like Hope's fierce dream

Though night comes and the chimes give  
Death to day here I still live

Though time goes on again  
Neither past times  
Nor loves can we regain  
Under the Pont Mirabeau flows the Seine

Though night comes and the chimes give  
Death to day here I still live

translated by Dianne Olson  
Sophomore  
Lindenwood College

His face was stubbled with troubled self inside  
inside where god who knew him  
no askance  
no talk  
no why or how  
only still and quiet with knowing  
the only refuge from himself.

When he saw the time was here  
his god called him up to see what  
the matter was  
that vacuumed out his whale eyes  
his crunched flesh, novice mouth  
and scuttled to a greater depth his  
interlude.

A man-boy, his release lay  
hung on constant shadows  
being apart from him  
for some grey mutual vision  
for others could-be hurt  
for others fleet condolence  
but with him  
and he grieved that they would die  
if on this After Day he went  
to answer.

What he wanted was a song of self  
a crescendo into that one note  
that sings the union of men

Impossible  
for those who make their buttons money  
their civil selves a jigsaw  
with piece or pieces missing  
and yet ask that he provide the rung  
for them to climb to the top  
to step on  
to break.

An Only Exit  
marked flashing green  
Giving Season light  
Taking Time  
offered release, suffocating self to gain  
the narrow path where no time opened  
wider and wider  
until the glimpse of Ever Bright  
glitters and shines and blinds  
foams entwines  
and his god nods yes  
yes come now here

I came he said. —

I'm here.

Sue Josephson  
Senior  
Lindenwood College



## RABBITS

Easter (you know when the  
main man's sun stopped shucking and jiving  
and did it's thing and went home)  
Mother brought a rabbit home.  
Pink, tiny, and scared.  
We fed him carrots, lettuce, rabbit food  
from a sack just like dog food.

We added love  
just like the commercials said.  
We picked him up by his ears  
or cuddled him close  
Depending on time of day.

We cleaned his pen and let him  
run loose . . . in a mean ole neighbors  
garden we let him steal  
Our little rabbit.

He died just like that  
Never even said thanks.

Rhea Sharlen Grant  
Freshman  
Lindenwood College

## NAKED

does my deepness  
bring fury to  
your conscience,  
impregnate your position?

the land has been  
rinsed of it's  
earthly colors  
and dyed a  
deeper shade  
of flesh.

Candice Cooke  
Freshman  
Stephens College

Years beyond, after bearing flags  
in our parades, meeting trains,  
always somewhere in the crowd  
his gloves stuffed in worn pockets,  
Esby feared the word  
as if it were the thing  
itself—seeing DEATH  
scribbled on a wall,  
he turned to the river  
whistled and sang  
and now he works in gold,  
his song tuned to absent strings,  
sets emeralds in rings  
for women sending love  
through ages warm with the kiss  
exchanged for his brave gift.  
He sings: do we live together?  
yes, but not forever.  
Seedless, Esby is a spent  
flower blown down river,  
his fame, THE JEWELER,  
availing him a swift passage  
through the brief world.

Howard Barnett  
Lindenwood College

## SENSATIONS

The sky is petted by gulls.  
The breeze blows in the sea's ear  
and brings foam to its lips.  
Waves finger seaweed hair.  
Naked fish rub the hands of wet rocks.

Your hands are hard knots  
afraid to snag my surface.  
They whisper to my back in passing.  
Your fingers blow across the hair fields  
to catch my silent breath.

I swallow love;  
it tickles my throat  
and smiles in my stomach.

Your cloud shadows  
the cavern of my stomach.  
You sink  
and swell the valley with your fog.

Leslie Baird  
Stephens College

Standing on a naked beach  
sand pebbles shifting  
with the sea breezes  
clenching fists  
etching runes of warning  
in trembling palms.  
Stars blinking  
fail to hold their gaze  
on a quaking figure  
whose cry falls below  
their troubled ears.

Quentin Hughes  
Lindenwood College

## INVIOULATE VIEW

Absently  
Harrowing

Out and down in a mist  
Asking why quite simply  
A man reasons with sighing.  
Out and down through the mist

A child in violet tears  
Lashes trembling mildly  
Cries to the painful morning.  
The child through violet tears

Sees a gentle roan foal  
On legs unsobberly  
Pull at a wild mare foaming.  
See the gentle roan foal

Hiccup  
Abruptly.

James Feely  
Lindenwood College

## THOSE ROADS

Twisting and dustnarrow  
Those tiffalaid country roads  
Would disappear as I embraced you then.  
Even the sun would cool  
As if a gift from the gods,  
And the gnats, well, they remained.

Embracing like children  
Learning how to play a new game,  
We forgot to watch  
The animals at the zoo.  
They were putting on quite a show  
For us that afternoon.

O but the time for refraining is a solemn occasion  
Of back to normal life,  
And we would only play it as a game  
That had no start or finish.  
Yet if you think about it,  
Coughing up all that dust is absurd.

Yes, those country roads  
With rice paddies on both sides  
Would all but disappear when I listened  
To the radio,  
But as I embraced you  
They would all vanish,  
And even the sun would cool.

David Dietrich  
Freshman  
Westminster College

## THE OPPRESSED OPPIDAN

The sun is high  
And through the continuous gray-blue fog  
The inquisitive pigeon peers.  
He sees below  
Between the endless, sagging cubicles  
Like your grandfather's chipped toy blocks

In the ever dark, dripping, damp, walkways  
Where the fragrance of putrification  
Still lingers from last week's refuse  
The children play their games:

The die is cast—CRAPS!

Back to nature  
The Rhizopus in the canisters  
The metal subterranean rivers  
Echo through their grids  
For the concrete to hear  
And women tread the way  
With man's best friend.  
Isn't that "quaint"?

The pigeon nests above it all.

Gary Robinson  
Freshman  
Lindenwood College

## FIRE CHASE

The rug rolls up  
when he points his finger.

He pointed at himself one morning  
caught on fire  
singed his clothes  
leapt naked to the forest  
burning bushes,  
a path of ash followed his feet  
up a tree

into heaving air he screamed  
all the forest black below  
his leg of lightning  
kicked a thunder bolt  
which pounded  
out of orbit

sent him in gyrations  
rolling ovals of flame  
his tongue in thirst  
hangs out  
body going dry  
sending steam in arrows  
pointing  
the Way

he follows,  
a missile aimed  
at itself  
one pointed finger  
pointing at another  
the chase burns into night  
where all is caught,  
as one gulps the fire of the other  
and belches poison peppers  
to the yawning moon.

Nancy Moore  
Freshman  
Stephens College

## THE ANTI-SOLUTION TO THE UTILITARIAN DELIMMA OF DOCTOR EVEROFF

i walked inside there  
an i sat down  
where i was supposed t  
an i wasn't very scared  
cause i knew i'd been pretty good  
an i still get busted

the sargent looks down with a fat eyeball  
an says somethin  
an i, i try t answer as good as i can  
an his face gets all red  
cept for a scar on his neck  
which is a gettin whitter with every question he's a askin  
an he calls me names  
which makes me think he's  
a pretty sad guy  
an i want t laugh but i don't  
cause a the scar an all  
when he leaves  
i think about muthre  
whos probably a sittin round  
gettin disgusted  
at me an other stuff  
like that

pretty soon they put me in a  
room  
o  
o  
m  
an theres not much to do in there  
cuz the lightbulb  
isn't  
on an everybodies  
sleepin  
i gess

all this time  
i sometimes am a wonderin  
what it is i'm supposed



t have done  
but i don't ask  
causem fateyeball'd  
get disgusted  
an so i try t be respectin  
of the scar an all  
pretty soon its mornin  
an some a fat eyeballs friens  
are wakin me  
an one keeps sayin  
in a dum way  
that i got a fat ass  
or sumpthin  
which didn't make sense  
an i get up an follow one of em  
(ones a followin me)  
into the front of the place where i was  
where fateyeball hisself tells me  
its time t go  
an gives me my stuff an tells me  
i gotta go  
an i got a lotta questions to tell him  
but i just walk outside instead  
an go to a restaraw nt  
an buy some coffee  
an i wonder how come police officers  
get unhappy a n all  
an especially how fat eyeball  
got that scar  
an if maybe havin that scar is what makes him sad  
an pretty soon i start won derin bout  
fat eyeball real much  
cause he didn't like me  
an he never even tried t know me  
an i think about muthre  
an how she got unhappy noin' me  
an maybe its better that the fat eyeball sargent  
didn't know me  
cause he might a get more unhappy  
an maybe he'd get more scars  
cause maybe thats how he got  
the one on his neck  
im really sorry about the sargent fateyeball  
i gess i could  
be nicer t people so they wouldn't get unhappy

causa me  
an then i think a ways t make people happier  
an i know i gotta get t work  
so i go t my lab  
an the assistant asks me  
where i was  
an i tell her  
t go an buy some stuff  
even tho i didn't need it  
but i had t be alone  
t do it an all  
an she leaves an i write a letter t  
muthre an fat eyeball  
an then i swallow this poison  
an then i realize  
thats really how it all began  
ain't it ?

Phil Gatewood  
Freshman  
Lindenwood College

## YESTERDAY BORN

My man child born yesterday  
New and peeling purple  
With black and brown  
Splotches of color.

Your father love you.  
Your mother loves you.  
But still you have yourself.  
You must love yourself.

My man child born yesterday  
Still soft and wrinkled  
With bright black eyes  
That have pools inside.

You are my charge,  
Yet my superior.  
We gave you life  
But are beholden.

### Appreciation

Man, I love you  
For deep dark nights  
That fill my spaces  
With fruit of life.

Man, I love you  
For sun kissed mornings  
That take my wavering mind  
For more than Alpha bits.

Rhea Sharlen Grant  
Freshman  
Lindenwood College

## SEABORNE

My boat scratches  
your humped back  
and eats the itch  
that breaks across the bow.

You purr  
    and  
        capsize me  
            with your salty tongue.

As you wash through me  
we become one  
        turning  
        and  
        rolling  
            in your sandy bed.

You carry me home at dawn  
and push me up the beach  
between seaweed sheets  
to sleep till you return.

Leslie Baird  
Stephens College

## THAT WASTELAND FEELING--FOOTNOTE ONE

Barren Face, longing for nirvana, you  
devour your flesh into wrinkle  
sprinkle your try with writhing shame.

Bizarre pattern-places  
disguise your blemish; half-faced  
you know others see beyond  
and you rage on to find the blind  
masking time present.

You, child-woman, bruised stalwart  
mild indignant fraud  
is the opponent so virginal  
that to find the quasi-face  
you smart with decreed Establishment  
mixture of magical elixir  
xeroxed cry and laugh  
temporal "mah friends"  
and drained must grind your  
run-on sentence  
to its death?

Always-There-When-You-Need-Me  
uncovered the sham rock that day  
when (eye in eye with you before)  
clean voice became clouded  
slurred hush, loud  
light shadow weighty.

A virtuous crescendo, she  
and you find this clammering  
suffocating your self  
because she can divulge  
you think  
how to obtain your missing half  
hers

but she won't. Because she can't.  
Now you dawn; now you see; you know  
that the sore  
you have called your self  
has and has not  
can and can not  
will and will not

ever

become.

Sue Josephson  
Senior  
Lindenwood College

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