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*"This creature was sacred to the sun, and
kept watch over the hidden treasures."*

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A POEM FOR ROOT GATHERERS

The fields are plenty
And the crops are waving
 their fingers at the sun
Laughing at the rain as it bathes
 them with life.

I recall seeing you
 walking through the rows
 Harvesting
Singing the song of daybreak
The beginning will begin again
When the root gatherers convene
To dig up the tubers
That nourish the way
 Of the New Life.

Still
Still
At the height of the day
We return
With baskets full of earthen wares
Pulled from the pit of the upturned dirt
Soft clay well-hued
To match the colors of the Ancestors
That breathe within us.

We go to tell
To chant, to dance
Of time to come

For the coming is rooted
In the warm moisture of the earth
And we dig deep within
To display the products
Of our labors.

Janet Francois



TRAVAIL AT NICAEA

I believe in Awe

And in Jesus Christ the only
immaculate son of man
one in compassion and anger
Born of Mary
whether by spirit or man
Suffered under Pontius Pilate
and made the gallows a Rood

I believe in Him who made
and in the congregation of makers
of shrine, churinga—stone, spire and totem
of bronze rood and limbless warrior

And in time

Amen

W. Moe lwyn Merchant



Emie Gerhart....wood block

PREMATURE, IS ALL

Nancy Jewell, I've nothing
to repeat.
Between jest and gesture
lies what we have,
I've nothing to repeat.

No mourning, and
not last night.
Neither wills, nor words.
I'll not believe you've truly need
of nothing.

Richard Brandenburg

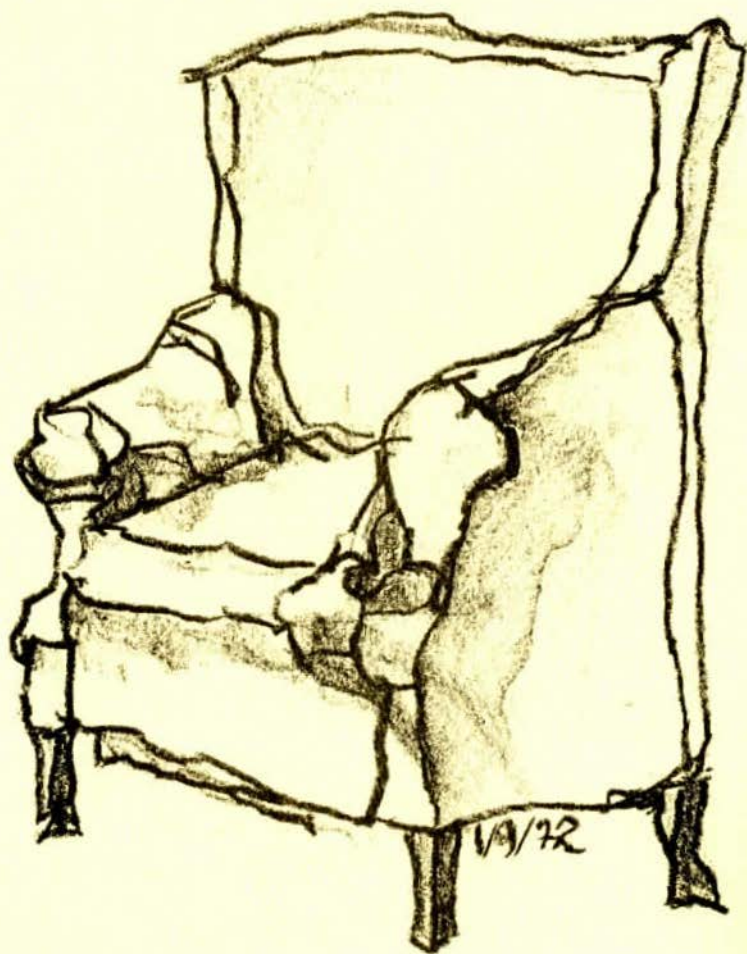
ENTER LIGHTLY

Enter lightly darkness
and ride the winds about my mind
And try, if you will, to cast a shadow.

Enter lightly darkness
into the forests of my soul
Blossom like a weed – seeds of pain and doubt.

Enter lightly darkness
wherein I keep my dreams – they shine,
Deny you my being, then they cast you out.

Alan Zimmerman



NIGHT RIDER

sometimes late of night
reading the book of the dead
I want to ride like a ghost
through Alabama
shooting every sonuvabitch alive
through the eyes through the head
parricide fratricide suicide
ride ride ride like a ghost
writing the book of the dead.

John Mitchell

THERESE

I tell Therese
I'd like to set fire
to all the haystacks,
just at dusk,
then sit on a hill and smell them burning.

I call that poetry.
But she smiles.
You'll never grow up, she says.

Then I tell her
about Dachau and Hiroshima,
although I think it blasphemy
to write poems
about pain not experienced,
and she says it frightens her
to talk of such things.
She has made me promise
we'll keep one friend
without intelligence
who'll drink tea in the kitchen and gossip.

She is a fool.
But she loves me
as we are asked
to love God:
without understanding.

Tonight, coming
to meet me,
she wore shorts
under a raincoat
and when she came near,
passing a street light,
with each step
I could see
her white thighs
glistening with rain.

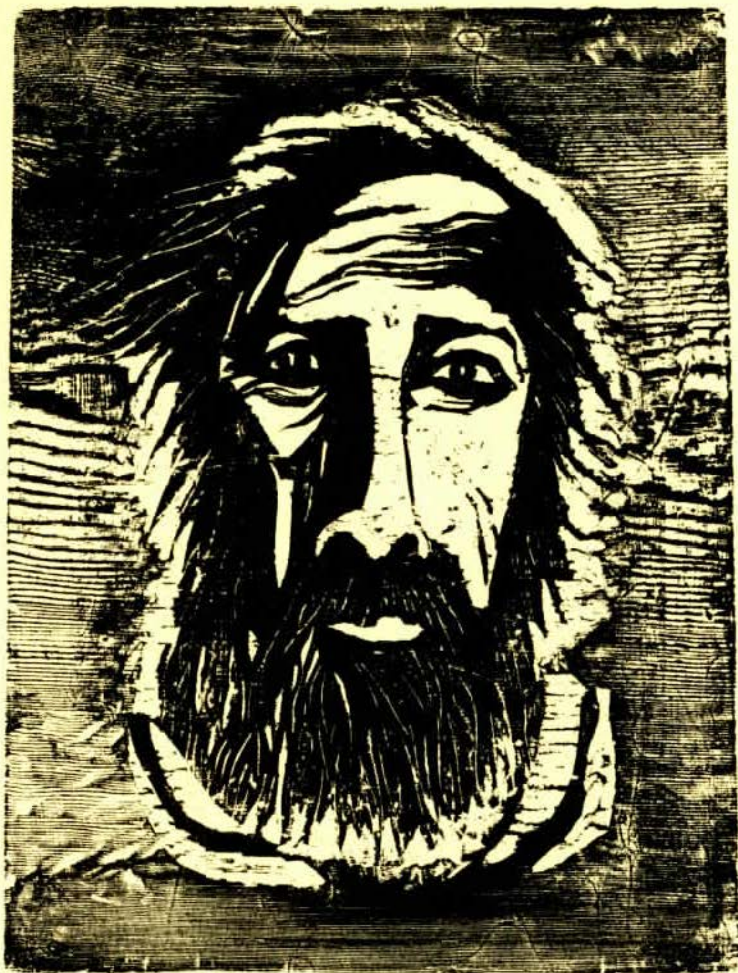
John Mitchell



WORDS WITHOUT SHELTER

fire is not part of the air
even though it shares some space
these men are not animals
even though they won't admit that
and life goes stilted, stumbling from that
their all is always now, like spreading ripples
and the earth is really only something to walk on—
it flies in circles,
as funny as the human story
without endings or beginnings
because heaven and water are the same color

Kurt Rupnow



Dave Walsh....wood block



DEATH BY DIGESTION

a wind snaked out from my grave
like a yellow serpent from an anonymous hole.
it blinked its red eyes with purpose
and licked over the ground like a greasy tongue
stabbing the air for my scent
and sliding past the chambers of the earth
to catch my life and squeeze it, murdering
seperating me from all my innocence.
there's little to tell about my surprise
when I saw his red eyes, laughing
laughing with all death grinning behind
it was unkind to impale me then
when I was so safe and wrapped in security
and I wanted to run
because I was the son of the world
but he knew I was just a fool
and swallowed me alive

Kurt Rupnow

black bird flew today
drifted his silken over the sky
that touched my heart
the beautiful driving of life

Africa

Kenneth Hatchett



Kurt Ricketts....lino block

NEHAMAH'S SPIDER STORY

One afternoon my mother told me this story:

"Oh, do you remember that great big spider after your bath? You didn't see it? It was so big that at first I thought it was a wad of your hair.

"The night after you bathed there was a great big spider, full of eggs, sitting on the wall of the bathroom. She looked like a grape in the middle of a nest of hair."

"A grape?"

"Yes, she was a grayish green. So she must have been one of our house spiders, like the little ones that hatch in the spring and come out lime green. We never did find out what kind they are, did we?"

"No, never."

"Anyhow, she was gigantic, feral—about yea big, and full of life, and I immediately thought of my toes and thought—ugh! But I couldn't kill her; the thought repulsed me of wiping out so many little lives all at once. So I brushed my teeth and went to bed as usual.

"Later Pappa came home and he asked: (deep voice) 'Did you see the *big spider* in the bathroom?' But he didn't kill her either.

"In the morning she was gone; I don't know where she went. Then that night I went into the bathroom and she was there, sitting in the very same place. But she looked so different: she had laid all her eggs and her body was so shrunken; her legs were still long and tangled-looking, but her body was hardly a tenth of its former size. And I still couldn't kill her, because I thought, life is such a sad thing; here this creature had given all her life, everything she had, to lay this one batch of eggs, and she probably didn't know why she did it and doubtless won't live to see them hatch.

"The next morning I found her on the floor. Her legs were shortened, all crumpled up and folded in toward her body. She had weakened considerably in those two days. But she had made her way from the window to the washstand; I don't know where she thought she might have gone.

"So I rolled her body up in a kleenex and deposited it in the wastebasket, saying a little prayer for the soul of a little arachnid that died. And I trust that she is enjoying her journey to wherever it is that arachnid souls go after death.

"Imagine the spiderwebs spun from star to star. They'd be too ethereal, too light, for us ever to see."

Robin Quimby



CANADIAN JANUARY NIGHT

Ice storm: the hill
a pyramid of black crystal
down which the cars
slide like phosphorescent beetles
while I, walking backwards in obedience,
am possessed
of the fearful knowledge
my compatriots share
but almost never utter:
this is a country
where a man can die
simply from being
caught outside.

Alden Nowland

KNOWING

When at last you come to rest
where northwoods free the frozen stream,
when you find the home I chose,
clothe soft in muslin livery.

By the water's pebbled edge,
under stars, on over stones,
sing your shelter song again.
Knowing, I will take you in.

Richard Brandenburg



MATCHSTICK

A slow shaft of splintery wood
Sulfur-tipped
Strikes grainy cardboard flight.
Sparks shooting,
Spreading out in space
Yet concentrated, concentric
A clear, hot flame endures.

Your eyes alight
Nestled in mine.
Reaching back, shivering my optic nerve.
In the furnace of my being
I am ignited, burning bright.

Slowly down the shaft
The sulfur-started flame
Kindles.
Savoring every splinter
Consuming the matchstick.

Only I can know your shaft, your core,
The fire, the energy of your light.
Riding on the belly of your heart
I beam sunshine to the sky,
Reflecting a million dots above my head.

Kay Cabot

MEDICINE

The practice of medicine
Is not what it was
In my grandfather's time.

I remember him telling me
Of weeks that went by
When he would be paid
Only in chickens
Or only in potatoes;

Of treating the families
Of striking miners
In Montrose or Telluride
Who could not pay at all;
Of delivering babies
(a total of twenty)
For a tribe of dirt farmers
Who paid one new-laid egg
Or a cup of spring water:

After sweating a breach-birth
And twins at that,
At five in the morning
It was mighty good water.

When, fifty years later
He came back to the mountains
Middle-aged babies
Ran up in the street
Crying, *Doc! Doc!* eyes streaming,
Tried to kiss his old hands.

No, the practice of medicine
Is not what it was
But it has its moments:

The morning in surgery
I regained consciousness
A little too early
And found the doctor
Kissing my hand,
Whispering whispering,
It's all right, darling.
You're going to live.

Carolyn Kizer



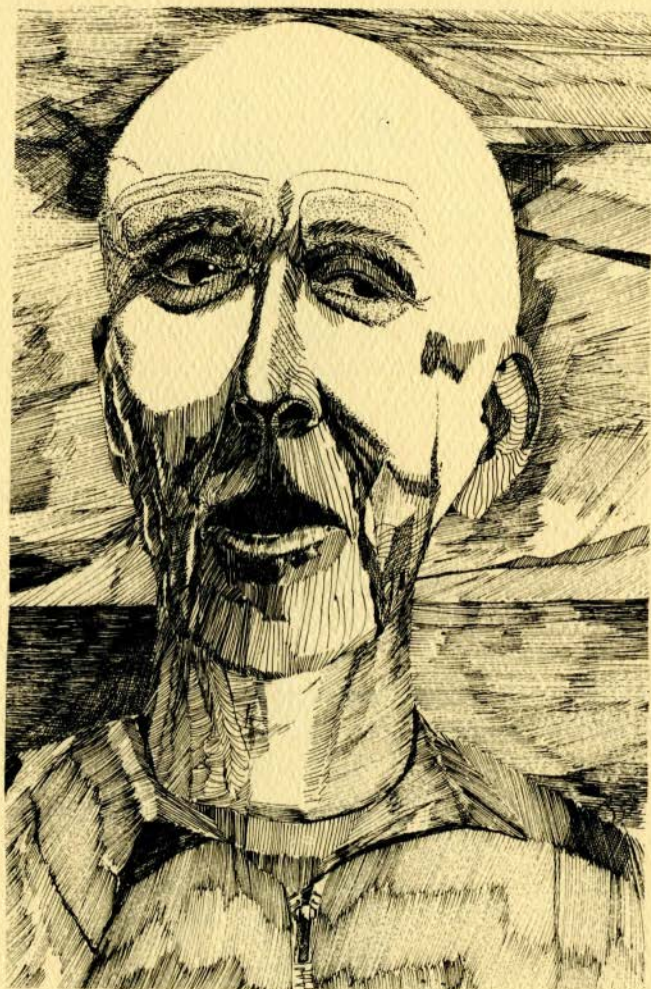
BALLOON SONG

We two,
living in happy watertowers across the town
flashing blue and silver smiles at each other in the morning sunshine,
rocking our lullabies to sleep in swinging beds
hanging by twenty-six foot brass chains from the ceiling, like
living in a duckling egg,
painting our soul songs and gracious graffitti
 all over the metal skin-shells.
We could talk to each other through the waterlines,
 via Campbell's Alphabet
 Vegetable Soup.

 How would you feel,
 if
 when taking a bath,
 a delicate doughy I LOVE YOU
 plopped out of the faucet on
 your big toe?

You would saddle up your big balloon
 and come ailing for me.
I would wait for you to land on my funny roof,
 then off we would go sailing
 up and up
 into the crazy, crazy sky
making love in the bottom of a rocking, rolling
 SUNKIST Navel Orange Circus Balloon.

Cindy Dinwiddie



THE INNOCENT EYE

I have seen pigs scream,
scalded, and the faces of men
who cut their throats.

I have seen birds fly
and clutched the finger
that wrung them down.

often as a child I looked
with an evil eye
upon the imagery of men.

often as a man I dream
of the innocent eye
that reaches out, that reaches in.

John Mitchell

MORNING MOUNTAINSIDE

Till the morning breaks, on the mountainside
Simple rough cut earth, on a lunar tide
Speckled eagles beak, silent flecks of red
As the eaglets cry, downy bellies fed
While the tumble rock, take a rumble ride
Bump a simple nest on a mountainside
Till the morning breaks. . .

Kevin Kirby

THE POINT

The void became
A silent reign
Of starpoints
In the night
Day sun
Fur-gnome
Nudge and nestle
Silent crows above
A garden
Patchwork quilt
Of days gone past
The unseen forest tree
Past
The blind man sipping tea
Past
Ahriman's unclaimed fee
Past
The ying-yang children
Present
Man's eternity

A child of song
His heart possessed
Of one
So strong
His tear-pools blessed
The tiring angels
Pacing clouds
The waiting...

Blind man speaks
A final gasp
Ends
One mistake
A star is
Past
Eternal light
Present
The unclaimed fee
A point of light
The blind man's plight
Two friends
Tranquility
A point is missed
Amen.

Kevin Kirby



MY DETERMINATION

Torn and split and moreover
Unable to absorb the futility of my work
Like unto nothingness I direct myself
And nothing I gain
Neither reward nor punishment
Creeping through the channels leading to my real function
Finding nothing but uselessness
Cause my people
Can only see the reality of shooting pool and playing pingpong and bid whist
And smoking weed and gettin laid when someone cops some Ripple
And talkin trash to out talk some other brother's trash
And refusing to deal with the reality of their existence
The fact that their present is creating no future
Maybe my job is to chaperon all this bullshit
Maybe I'm supposed to create an atmosphere condusive to the perpetuation
Of fun and games
Letting fantasy reign supreme
But being consumed in this Roman holiday of horrors
Crowns my usefulness with defeat
And I refuse to sign my own death warrent
And I refuse to sign my own death warrent.

Janet Francois

POISE

To dance on a needle's point
Is no feat for angels
Poise is their *metier*;
The *point* is another matter
Arrest of the music's beat
Arabesque flutter of balance;
Deft social management of cup and saucer
Taking words on the point
Deflecting with a wrist's turn;
Or carving to a point
And concealing the dowel
Dance in stone on a needle's point.

W. Moelwyn Merchant

FALL UPON US

As she skirts fallen branches
on a river bottom road
she is looking so often to be
upon fine bell wire
held through the brightening air
in her higher realised hands,
far aloft . . .

Richard Brandenburg



MIGRATIONS OF PIE

How shall we go, we three?
Scudding so free on a wavy sea
We'll be gyred and gyrated and flapped off a-lee.
The scurvy sailors all feeling our sides
Will want to go home to their children and wives.
And all of the sacks going off to St. Ives
Will wish us good luck and then go hitch their rides.
Oh, sailing so free over a wavy sea
Isn't the way for you and me!

How shall we go, we three?
Walking so slow down a winding road
We might meet a tiger or trip on a toad
The mushrooming minds of chartreuse orange rinds
Are not fit for finding the kind street that winds.
We might even be hindered—or stopped on our way
By the yellowing fang—lets that leap up and play.
No, walking so slow down a winding road
Isn't the way for us or our load.

Well, how shall we go, we three?
Walking so slow down a winding sea,
Ah
Me!

Robin Quimby

All artists and writers, whose works have appeared on the previous pages, are students at the Lindenwood Colleges, with the exception of:

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Chapel Hill*

W. Moelwyn Merchant, Exeter, England

John Mitchell, Minneapolis, Minnesota

Alden Nowland, Montreal, Canada

Michael Popejoy, St. Charles, Missouri

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