



# The Griffin

"This creature was sacred to the sun  
and kept guard over hidden treasures."

The 1974 issue of The **GRIFFIN** is dedicated to  
Dr. Agnes Sibley  
who established The **GRIFFIN** in December 1949



## *Suddenly In Sunlight*

a short play

SETTING: the library of a mansion-house. Floor-to-ceiling bookshelves, filled with impressive-looking leather-bound books, cover the walls at stage left and stage right, extending around both corners to cover about two-thirds of the back wall as well. At the center of the back stage wall is a large window whose dark-green velvet drapes are open. In the back corner at stage right is large reading table and a couple of chairs, one of which is filled by e.e.cummings, a balding man in his late fifties, who is playing and will continue to play throughout the proceedings, with a set of soma cubes. Near the audience at stage left is a door through which the characters will enter and leave the room. Opposite the door, at stage right, is an old grandfather clock. At center stage are two comfortable leathercovered chairs and a low coffee table. T.S. Eliot, a man of perhaps thirty years, is sitting in one of the chairs. He is dressed casually, perhaps in tweeds, and is reading a tome. Before him on the coffee table is a stack of papers.

TIME: late afternoon. Sunlight is coming through the window and strikes the table where cummings sits.

ENTER Ezra POUND, a man in his sixties, dressed in formal black as the butler.

POUND

Sir, Mr Auden is here.

ELIOT

(without raising his eyes from the book)

Thank you, Pound. You may send him in.

EXIT POUND. ELIOT immediately puts down book, runs fingers through his hair to muss it slightly, and takes a huge briar pipe and tobacco pouch from his pocket. He fills it hurriedly, but has trouble lighting it. He succeeds just before they enter.

ENTER POUND and AUDEN. AUDEN is, like ELIOT, about thirty years of age, and is dressed similarly as well. POUND ushers him in and leaves quietly.

ELIOT (rising)

Good day, Hugh, good day! So glad you could make it.

AUDEN

No trouble, no trouble at all. Just happened to have a couple of extra days in my busy schedule—er, I really prefer to be called Wylan, Tom.

ELIOT

Oh, so sorry. Mistaken assumption on my part. Please, do have a seat.

(AUDEN sits)

Ah, just how much did my secretary tell you about this?

AUDEN

(takes from his pocket a pipe and pouch, fills it, and pauses in the lighting of it)

Very little really. Of course, he only talked to my secretary . . .

ELIOT (expansively)

Oh, well, yes, of course. At any rate, it seems the topic they have in mind goes something like, "The Nature of Art in Its Relationship to Time."

(there is a silence and then AUDEN coughs discreetly)

AUDEN

It's a women's club . . .?

ELIOT

Well, no, actually, I believe it's a lecture group, some small college . . . Ah, I've jotted down a few notes here, if you'd like to take a look at them. (hands AUDEN the papers on the coffee table) Would you care for a drink?

AUDEN (takes the papers)  
Well, I rarely drink before dinner . . . but a whiskey and soda would be nice.

ELIOT

Certainly, certainly.  
(he rings for the butler)  
ENTER POUND

POUND

You rang, sir?

ELIOT

Ah, yes, Mr. Auden would like a whiskey and soda, and I'll have a glass of port, if you don't mind.

POUND

Right away, sir.  
EXIT POUND

ELIOT

Well, Stan, what do you think?

AUDEN (musing)

Past, present, future . . . it's comprehensive, all right.

ELIOT

You can't get much more comprehensive than that, what?

AUDEN

Your theories of time as it works on art are quite sound, of course . . . but what about the workings of art on time? The inadequacies that become obvious by artistic juxtaposition, for instance, or, quite to the contrary, the concept of art as fantasy, and therefore outside of all time—

ELIOT

Oh, yes, of course . . . a little Keats might be pertinent there, or perhaps a little Yeats . . .

AUDEN

And don't you think you've rather slighted the contemporary aspects, say, for example, the transitory nature of some of the current forms?

ELIOT

You mean . . .?

AUDEN

This is America, after all, land of the continually moulting present . . . To be truly comprehensive, I feel that we should at least mention the non-art that is passing these days, both the sawdust, let us say, and the disconnected sensation—

ENTER POUND with tray of drinks. He sets it down on the coffee table, crosses the room, and winds the grandfather clock. AUDEN and ELIOT watch.

ELIOT

Is that the correct time, Pound?

POUND (gravely)

There is no correct time. There is only the uncontrollable fruition.

EXIT POUND.

ELIOT (apologetically)

Pithy bastard. I only keep him around because he left himself to me in his will. But, as you were saying—

AUDEN

I was referring to some of the current developments, improvisations, you might call them, that, in their formlessness, are thereby chained to a specific point in time—

ELIOT

Not having been given a form by time past, you mean? Unanchored in time,  
and therefore merely temporal?—

AUDEN

—essentially without boundaries or definitions, but defined only by the  
particular moment and circumstances—

ELIOT

—lacking the definition of the past, existing only as itself in the tide of  
humanity, and thus diminished to a size that is meaningless?

AUDEN

—which exist outside of art, and thereby render the form meaningless—

ELIOT

Then we agree.

(there is a sudden silence during which the soma cubes fall over with a  
clatter on the table, and cummings looks up, smiling in the sunlight)

CURTAIN

— Louise Beauchamp

### ***Reverse***

I bought a painting  
one afternoon;  
and I was in a poem—  
or a dream.  
I can never tell,  
where I am.

I am dissolved now—  
in the middle  
of a bullfight.  
bloody bulls  
go around  
as the sun  
sets in the fall afternoon;  
or smoke rises from fall  
leaves.

just once I wish  
the bull would hit the man.

— Tommy Buell



## A STORY

of western loneliness  
in adobe colors and dry  
sounds: so the sun  
goes down on a clear day,  
and the last bird leaves  
the brush, emptying the scene  
of all but things which do  
not move, or will not until  
they are moved, if at all.

The colors are sand, evening sky,  
disappearing sun and to the east  
a dusky range.

The sounds are dry and brush  
the skin like fibers of windblown  
tumbleweed—the touch is shrill,  
drawn across a string, vibrato.

How is it then? Do we see  
the first star? But no one is here;  
and there is no form to the wish  
or these shapes—one rising as a plant  
might reach, another hugging the earth.  
This one, closest of all,  
seems to rest on its elbow  
watching—or listening.

—Howard Barnett

## *Old Man*

He's lost out on the sunlight.  
We like to play tricks on his mind.  
Lips like worms on the sidewalk after rain.  
Part to let his words across the room.

Scarred old hands shake incessant.  
He calls me his son, I don't mind.  
Smiles, like encouraging joyous shouts,  
Left him on the hill this afternoon.

—John Lundberg

My buddy once this  
guy named Skaggeds he  
quit school and got a  
job he  
broke the empty whiskey bottles at  
the Sons of Italy Club he  
waited outside school one  
day and said a  
quarter to everyone but not  
me his buddy so  
we go to his house and his  
brother's cooking pork and beans his  
mother's in  
Atlantic City and  
upstairs in her bedroom there's  
this girl this Carol Alice who  
gets no part of the quarter and  
who from time to time has  
been they say committed

We flush our rubbers  
down the toilet and  
give her pork and beans and damn  
I had to drive her home

—*Lou Florimonte*

### ***Teller (song)***

Has anyone ever told you you've got lovely hands?  
Your knuckles are so smooth, your nails are clean  
Your lifeline runs like a river itself  
Oh, the banks, they hold the silver

Your fingertips are callous-free  
You could do watch and ring commercials  
Your palms are never wet or cold  
You have central heating, humidity control  
I wouldn't doubt it

But your palms have been crossed too many times  
With words and phrases  
Gone to God  
Sweet sweet sweet Jesus  
Sweet sweet sweet Jesus  
Sweet sweet sweet Jesus  
Where did you ever get such lovely hands?

—*Joan Lambert*



—Alexandra Florimonte

### ***Old Bones***

i

this old fire won't  
give up, keeps humming  
in our livingroom  
singing songs of valley,  
restless wind, the winter sun  
sinking in her limbs  
to keep us warm

ii

some nights the fire  
bangs us awake  
angry with sparks, smoke  
always the fire speaks:  
"I am tree, son of meadow,"  
and chills us to the bone.

—C. B. Carlson



Sure  
I admit her  
ass thrills my dreams just  
one of thousands.

At the next interchange I  
spit and threw my  
sign away I  
passed my  
self and her both  
bare-assed in the  
dandelions both

As you drink your coffee and  
I drink my tea I  
lift my cup I  
tip my cup I  
sip my cup I  
smile I see  
me in my cup I  
know no you don't  
know about my  
nook within my cranny

-Lou Florimonte



-Tina Stergios

### ***Cambridge Lullaby***

Rowing below the Bridge of Sighs  
In a two-place, birch canoe;  
Silent waters thick green,  
Some fathoms deep.  
The curved bow barely nudge  
Meniscus leaves and water bugs.

A sharp medieval sky  
Clear, resounding blue  
Above the gold and sandstone.  
In fragrant harmony,  
The waters flow and touch  
Green grass.

We glide through lazy air  
Away from the London winter.

—*Peter O. E. Bekker*

### ***Horoscope***

Every year's a bent road:  
after the first mile  
the others fall from sight.  
June comes once a turn,  
    the cool eye  
    from Gemini  
with a steady reach  
for the edge—deep  
and distant in blue time.

—*Howard Barnett*

### ***The Letter J***

Joy, jump, jinkle, jankle around,  
Jack in the box jumped out of his  
Town, Let joy jinkle, jankle and jumble  
about, For the Jack in the box has  
jumped out of his house.

—*Tracey Geisler*

### *Night Lights (song)*

What lights the sky at night?  
unlike the dawn with might,  
through a hole in the east  
scatters to the west  
with rays and beams that clear,  
the darkness that all fear.

What lights the sky at night?  
giving to blind the sight,  
height, takes the moon  
as an upcast balloon,  
and its brightness excells,  
like no other that dwells.

What lights the sky at night?  
the stars all shining white,  
hung from a black ceiling—  
bright, dimness in stealing;  
night is unaware  
of day's constant glare.

—Jan Richmond



—Susan Spencer



Light of the firefly  
shining in the spring twilight  
brings my verse to you.

—Sarah Vick

### ***I Am A Poem***

—thoughts that breathe and words that burn. Gray

you taught me how to read  
my very first poem.  
my eyes became a fire,  
searing away layers of skin,  
searching for the marrow bone.  
to work my way—  
through form and content,  
as an inchworm  
tediously raises and lowers himself,  
to the earth's limit.  
through rhythm,  
i changed and grew.  
no longer a child—  
I learned to brace myself  
against the fall of words.  
in rhythm,  
I find a close tie,  
to poetry.  
I become the poem,  
I can breathe.

—Tommy Buell

### ***Crooked Karin***

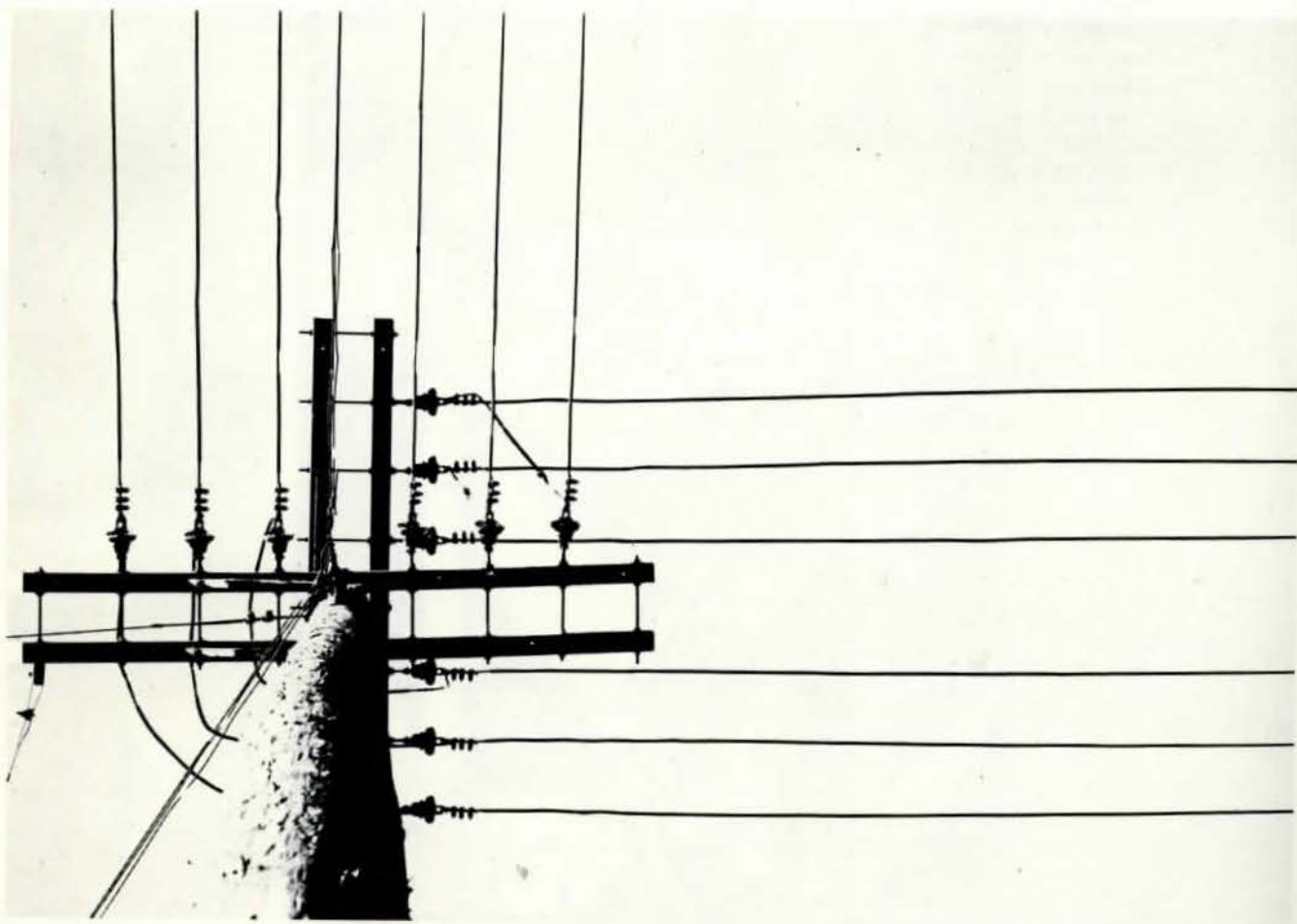
She would cry  
about this and that. . .  
Always one thing  
or another going wrong  
in her life. . .  
She said her misery  
was important to  
her happiness.  
That her sorrow would  
always bring joy.  
And she would cry  
and cry and cry.

I think she was  
unbalanced.

—Peter O. E. Bekker

The sun lingers  
in February  
it lights the road  
thin and yellow  
Behind me  
the car throws out line  
line line line and  
the thin yellow grows  
to orange  
and swallows me  
I drive forward  
watching behind me  
I sigh after the road  
already gone under  
line line line line  
I have little to say about  
this winter. It comes  
and goes, sun or not.  
as if I am here or not.

—*Alexandra Florimonte*



—*Conrad Miller*

## *Commencement*

Far past the porch and corridors of time  
where still and feathered like the fallen leaves  
the deed remains; there listening poets rhyme  
the moment which the year conceives.

Far past the pillared edifice and stone  
of the achievement, the sculptors wait  
with block and chisel for the known,  
for emblems propped against the outer gate.

Far past the mountain of the first desire,  
beyond the stream, into the gaping wood,  
the dream lies sheltered from a winter's fire  
until its bodied book be understood.

The scholar lives beyond his time in shades  
of oaks and maples, at the river's edge,  
between the walls where sunlight creeps and fades,  
and where the ivy tries the window ledge.

The scholar lives in concrete, in the walks  
which civilize the land, in cornerstones,  
in gardens where the autumn flower-stalks  
recall the verdure which the winter owns.

The scholar lives in having cleared the ground  
and planted trees and sectioned off the light,  
in having built the halls where deeds resound  
and fill the empty spaces in the night.

Now gathering—the steps and every door  
at large—processions test the strength of time;  
among the crowds, a wandering chorister  
distributes murmurs with his pantomime.

Now gathering, where we must gather soon  
as deed, achievement and the sheltered dreams  
press to have their story told when opportune;  
breezes shake the banners into themes.

Now gathering, years which never stayed  
lie still about the feet, like silent leaves  
blown dry and wayward to the waiting shade  
below the towered walls and jutting eaves.

So bless the gathered crowds and lingering years.  
And bless the scholar and forgotten seers,  
and bless the deed and dream. God bless the land  
where walks and cornerstones and gardens stand.

—Howard Barnett



## *On Man Playing A Trumpet*

He pauses,  
cigarette in one hand  
Budweiser in the other;

then  
waits, listening for  
the note that tells him  
to bring the trumpet to his lips.

He drinks  
the music,  
neck and temple veins protrude.  
Cheek muscles swell and  
shrink, as puffs of  
smoke near the bandstand  
drift and disperse.

Dixieland  
intoxicated Louie,  
and with time plans to make  
a drunk of him yet.

*—Jan Richmond*



*—R. De Moor*

## ***Say, It's Friday Night!***

(Simon and Mort are relaxing in Mort's room.)

Simon

Enough raunch rock; turn on the classical station.

Mort

What are we going to do tonight? It's Friday.

Simon

Whatta we usually do on Friday night?

Mort

Get fucked up, but we do that every night.

Simon

Not Tuesday. We studied Tuesday.

Mort

Yeah, I know we study on Tuesday, so what do we take tonight?

Simon

It's Friday; we'll splurge and finish our stash and get some ale.

Mort

Sounds fine. I'll find someone to get the ale. You prepare the drugs. Isn't that Mozart's Fifth Concerto for piano and flute? Turn it up!

(Dunley comes walking hurriedly into the room to find Simon and Mort listening intently to the classical station.)

Dunley

What's happening?

(Simon and Mort ignore him and continue listening.)

Dunley

Hey, why don't you guys relieve yourselves of the monotony of this hippie den and truck on down to Sally's house. Got plenty of alcohol down there. We need a few reefers, though.

Simon

Are all the girls there?

Dunley

Most of them. A few of them went to the Mott the Hoople concert.

Simon

And you want us to come down with dope and drink alcohol with you.

Mort

Do we get any shotguns?

Dunley

Sure, if you want.

Simon

And all we have to do to get some free alcohol and the unique company of the hippies is bring some dope.

Mort

How much are we expected to bring?

Dunley

As much as you think we'll need.

Simon

Why can't we stay here to smoke and drink?

Dunley

Don't you want a change of pace? All you ever do is get high and play pin-ball. Here's your chance to do something different on a Friday night.

Simon

And all we have to do to experience this excursion into the realm of variety is bring some reefer and expose ourselves to the moronic conversation and habits of these hippies. That is not to exclude your zest for the mediocre.

Mort

That is to say we don't need your invitation to get drunk. We've been able to buy ourselves for quite a few years now.

Dunley

You guys are real sons of bitches, you know that, real sons of bitches.

(Dunley walks out of the room and slams the door. Simon and Mort start giggling and smirking.)

Mort

What a dotard.

Simon

Once again we outclassed him; can you believe it? Actually having the audacity to try and con us.

Mort

Drugs can drive a man to any level of desperation.

Simon

And they say we're burned out. Shit.

Mort

I wouldn't have been able to handle them tonight, with their fucking shotguns.

Simon

And if they started brushing each other's hair. Christ! They really make me sick.

Mort

Especially Ella, with those fish lips. Clinging all over me and saying, "Ooo! I can't resist your body. Take me, take me!"

Simon

She's a virgin, too!

Mort

Sally's even worse. Every time I look at her body I think, "Yes, I could." And then she opens her mouth and out flows an incredible amount of disgusting, idiotic jargon.

Simon

She is amazing. Talking about how fun crabs are to play with or how long she's worn her underwear. She really stimulates a conversation.

Mort

So what are we going to do; it's eight o'clock.

Simon

All I got is a little of this and the reefer.

Mort

I can still get some ale.

Simon

Fine. Let's snort this first.

(They stand and snort what is on the desk.)

(Sally, Ella and Dunley with about five other female and male hippies enter the room.)

Sally

We brought the party to you!

Ella

Want some strawberry wine?

Dunley

Want me to roll a joint?

Sally

Put on some Dead!

(They all sit down.)



Where's the dope? Dunley

(Of the crowd, Simon is feigning sleep and Mort is staring at a tiny spot on the ceiling.)

Is Simon sleeping? Sally

Passed out. Mort

He always passes out early. Ella

Let's go. The party must be on somewhere else. Dunley

(Everyone except Mort rises and starts for the door.)

Catch you later. Sally

Yea. Mort

(Door close.)

They're gone. Mort

About time. Simon

Once again, the superior intellect prevails. God, they're annoying. Mort

They're gone now. Simon

Well, whatta ya want to do now? Mort

I don't know. Turn on the classical station. Simon

Wanna play some pinball? Mort

Sure. Simon

Let's do a celebration joint first. Mort

To what? Simon

I don't know. To uniqueness, I guess. Mort

—Jack Kavanagh

Oh Yea, Babe  
 Sell my teeth down the line.  
 Lift my forearm's anchor.  
 Press closer. Know my pulse.  
 Lick my eyes.  
 I said I would shun your apology,  
 And you sit back and cry.

—John Lundberg

As I sit I  
see cornered there  
some shit which  
probably always was their  
way I guess of telling me to  
smell I  
smelled and saw uh-huh and  
what the hell I  
tried to grow some zinnias

Once going home on the bus I  
saw this old guy in his underwear on  
a porch in a  
swing under a sign at  
"Vera's Beauty Salon"  
the same bus which this  
young kid took to  
Viet Nam he  
drew a heart in his breath  
on the window for  
his girl outside the bus

My clearest memory of Joycie Ellen is  
my only memory which  
is her lurking in the dark garage as  
all my one by one my  
friends passed in and out and  
it being somewhat new to me I  
really remember.

Zinnias  
are deceptive. I never  
expected them to be so  
pretty.

*—Lou Florimonte*

### ***Under New Management***

Semen shaken from crusted sheets,  
Lights go up,  
It's legit  
Now.

Father-led family finally stops  
And sleeps in  
The old slut's  
Room.

*—John Lundberg*

## *The Arch-Enemy*

George had been an exterminator for eighteen years, and he liked his job. He was a mousy, balding man, slightly chubby and slightly baby-faced, but not definitely anything. The only feature of his that people were ever moved to comment on was his tentative hold on youthfulness. George was not bothered by this lack of attention; his job as an exterminator gave him a sense of power. Others cowered before the insect; he exterminated it.

His present assignment was at the local college for girls. He smiled gently as he imagined the squeals and terrified scamperings with which the girls must have met the arch-enemy. They were all such frail, feminine young things—he saw them often on the street, walking to and from the library, the drugstore, the park, dressed in their cunningly matched suits of pink or green or gold. With confidence he approached the dormitory and deftly parked his truck in a spot near the front door. He unloaded his equipment from the back end: a tall, shiny steel cylinder from which ran a silver hose, and a nozzle which he screwed on to the hose. Before going in the door he stepped back to admire the building; its straight clean lines and white pillars reminded him of a convent.

The head resident had left a note for him with the receptionist. "I am sorry I will be unable to accompany you," she wrote. "I have instructed my girls to keep their doors locked if they do not wish to have their rooms sprayed. Please do not forget to pay particular attention to the kitchen."

He carefully refolded the note into its original creases and tucked it into the pocket of his shirt. His uniform was a light gray cotton, clean and pressed, with sharp creases down the trouser legs and shirt sleeves. George wore his uniform proudly, conscious of the small embroidered name patch above his heart. He rebuttoned the pocket and climbed the wide stairway that swept upward from the main hall.

He went all the way to the third floor, intending to start at the top and work his way down. The quiet hallway was dimly lit with sunlight from a window at one end. George sprayed a thin line of poison flush with the molding. His footsteps and the hiss of the sprayer were loud in the silence.

At the first doorway he knocked, but there was no answer. He knocked again, a little louder, and turned the knob. The door was not locked, and George entered the room.

The window panes cast their muted pattern on the yellow walls. It was a lovely room, decorated quietly in yellow and lit softly by sunlight through the white curtains. His own apartment seemed dingy and bare in comparison. Women have such a knack for that, he thought, bemused. They always know just what to put where. From behind an inner door, George heard the sound of water cascading on the walls of a shower. The scent of perfumed soap seeped into the room. George sprayed around this door first, replacing the perfume with the heavy odor of insecticide. He moved carefully around the room, searching into corners and under the radiator with the gleaming nozzle of the apparatus.

When he came to the bureau, he paused to consider his reflection in its large mirror. He smiled a little to crinkle the corners of skin around his gray eyes, and straightened the collar of his neatly pressed suit.

His glance travelled downward, past the name above his pocket to a large framed photograph just beside the mirror. In it, a girl and a handsome



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young man smiled brilliantly at the camera. The girl was dressed in a short white tennis dress and held her racquet in front of her face, but her wide eyes and white smile still showed through the latticed strings. It was easy for George to see she was a nice girl, just the sort of girl who would live in such a dormitory.

He studied her outfit. The sleeveless blouse revealed slender arms with a light even tan, and the wide collar shaped a large vee around her neck. Her waist and hips were narrow, and the pleats of the skirt hung smooth and even above straight and slender brown legs. He sighed audibly and went back to work.

Next to the desk was a bookshelf, and as he worked he glanced at some of the titles. **History of Economics**, he thought, now what does such a pretty girl need something like that for? Beside it was **Sonnets** by Edna St. Vincent Millay. That's more like it, he thought approvingly.

The water was still running in the shower as he approached the bed to spray beneath it. Near the pillow at the edge of the bed lay a pair of brief pink nylon panties. He began at that end, flipping up the coverlet to get a clear view of the floor. It was meticulously clean, he noted, without any of the lint or dust which usually collects in such places. He sprayed a careful ring around a pair of tennis shoes, and saw with amusement the athletic half-socks tucked inside. Attached to each heel was a small cotton ball; they reminded him of two pert matched rabbit tails. Having completed his job, he pulled the coverlet down again, and the panties fell with it to the floor.

George immediately reached down and picked them up. The nylon was cool to his touch, and he caught a whiff of the same perfume that wafted from the bedroom. His fingers musingly rubbed the soft material. He glanced back to the photograph on the dresser. He noticed how the fabric of the blouse revealed the fullness of the breasts it concealed. He visualized her silhouette through the blurry shower stall glass; he could imagine the lines of her arms and legs, the curve of her breasts and hips. What if she should enter the room and see him standing with these panties in his hand? he thought. She would be startled, of course, by his unexpected presence, and perhaps, he dared to think, perhaps her hands would fly to her face—the towel which hugged her body would drop, and there before him would be the very hips that would fill this flimsy piece of pink. A flat young stomach, the white outline of untanned flesh, and in the center, that indescribable patch of darkness . . .

There was a muffled shout from the adjoining bathroom. George stood transfixed. Was she calling to him? He clutched the panties tighter as the water shut off, caught his breath as the shower door slammed. The panties dropped from his numb hand as the girl came into the room, wrapped in a towel and trailing water behind. Her face was fresh and clean, and she looked at him with surprise for a moment.

"Oh!" she said, and then, as recognition came, "you're the exterminator? Be sure to get that corner behind the desk . . ."

His muscles felt like soggy cardboard but George managed to pick up his equipment before he fled. His footsteps dully echoed the dripping from the shower, and the nozzle on the silver hose dragged along the hallway behind.

—A Farewell Address to Lindenwood

*Carol Braunshausen  
and Louise Beauchamp*

## ***Amtrak and The Creatures Of Morning***

The train takes morning thick  
with speed on rails rolled from the sun  
the haze of land giving way  
to the inevitable beast, the quick  
thrust of its head rising from one  
embrace with night to the mountainous day.

In the dark search on continuous wheels,  
borne from the cavernous east  
fevered with loss, we stared  
at empty black glass and chilled sills  
in pain of a word that was missed,  
of the long willowed anguish we shared.

Now pasteboard houses fall away  
from the sight to the steady beat  
of poles and syncopation of trees  
while creatures of morning stay  
fresh in this dream torn wildly and late  
from a race toward westward seas.

*—Howard Barnett*



*—Conrad Miller*



***Possibly Goodbye (song)***  
***(For Joni Mitchell)***

You were so lovely last night  
In diamond beads and finery  
You even cut your hair  
So many people were there

Did you know I was staring at you?  
I was straining just to let you know  
I couldn't let you go  
So many people were there

I used to try too hard  
Sometimes I still do  
I used to want to be you  
Sometimes I still do

I get selfish and I want to keep you  
I want to meet you with roses at every plane  
But I get scared and run  
And left behind to stand and watch the braver ones

Who are you to do this to me?  
Who am I, who am I to let you?

I wrote you a letter once  
I told you I loved you  
Who am I to do that to you?  
Who are you, who are you to let me?

If I sound like I'm crazy  
If I sound spacey, like I'm crying  
Just let me find a way to get to you  
I could show you if I could only get to you

I saw you last night  
Your earrings were bright and hit my eyes like a painful stare  
So many people were there

I get selfish and I want to keep you  
I did it last night  
(Yes I did it last night)  
I lost a fight I'd been losing far too long  
I got lost in the throng

And you said sour grapes  
And I said sour, sour grapes  
And I said goodbye

*—Joan Lambert*

Kitchened  
between us this  
night's table  
crumbed and breaded  
crusts too (and  
crust too) her  
big I's wat  
ched eye  
watched two eye

(wait a minute)

See eye reached I  
seeing I  
cupped her fir  
m so small breasts so  
firm so we  
she me our eye I  
cupped her fir  
m small breasts so  
I thought gently in  
my tired sagging hands

then we drew  
small circles  
in the crumbs

—*Lou Florimonte*

Catching light given  
by the lantern of the firefly  
I write a poem.

—*Mary McCormick*

I do not desire you.  
I am ready for some  
thing, somehow  
that deepens  
but you are not the one.

Tomorrow I may desire you (again)  
but today I cannot say to you  
I desire you.

—*Alexandra Florimonte*

## *Clair De Lune*

Touching toe  
    gently touching  
        lift  
            touch  
            lift  
            set down  
            kneel and tie your lovely lace  
Step from deepened shadow  
    into light light  
    reach your silver neck to sky  
    and blue your arms  
        envelop your pale  
        your silver body  
do not hesitate  
    do not catch yourself  
    do not stop—

Your liquid essence  
    must not break  
    must not come apart  
The threads come to life  
    pull you back  
        pull you forward  
Back to when  
When time was not a measure  
    but a fool  
You used it well  
    you danced through  
        in and around  
        your time

Now lift  
    lift your arms  
    and sweep the midnight sky  
    brush your satin toes  
        on polished wood  
Look to see  
    the blurry face  
    of what you may have been  
  
You fold yourself  
    Your lace unties  
        Your toes will touch  
        and touch again  
    You cannot be still  
    and you will step from shadow  
    into light

—Joan Lambert



## *Alice*

i

tired of faces  
she can't always see,  
of friends,  
already dead;  
and relatives so far removed  
they hardly know her;  
she looks to death  
for comfort and relief.

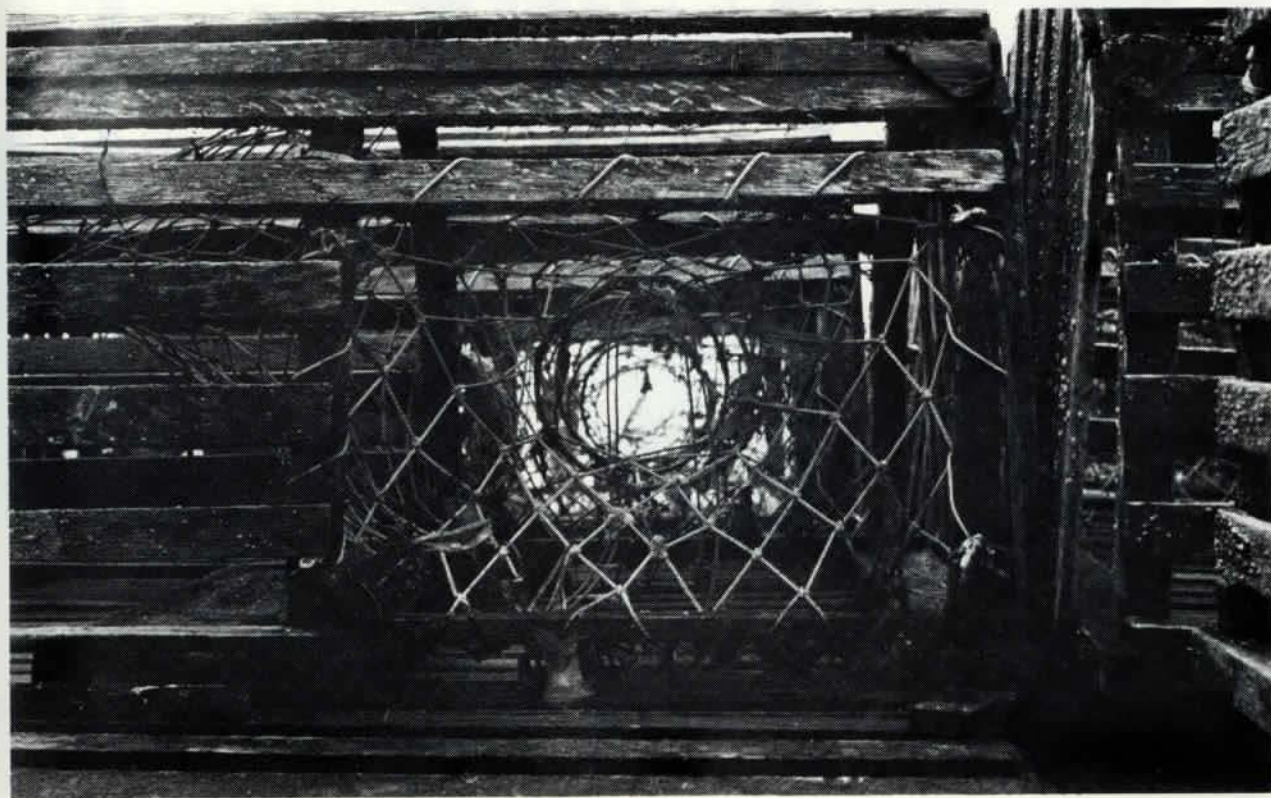
ii

she puts lobsters  
in a pot to boil,  
hoping she will go like them,  
and listens for their one,  
final noise.

iii

death comes in happy dreams,  
not those of winter into spring.  
death is not dying,  
for her it is not a place—  
where pain is rendered,  
but an abyss of shelter.

—Tommy Buell



—Glenn Michaels



-David Walsh



### ***The Theft of Tears***

There is a sadness  
in a fool's voice  
when he laughs  
when he speaks  
There is a loneliness  
in his eyes  
even when he smiles  
this I have stopped  
to see  
when I knew a fool  
he was my friend  
the only one  
when he laughed  
I cried/out loud  
yet when he was with me  
only pain did not speak  
this fool  
stole my pain  
and kept it  
for himself

—*Mekela Mesekele*

Are you then my sister?  
I know you in that  
closeness-you bring  
a calm to me waiting  
for you because we seem  
to understand wordlessly.  
(Yet) your words are fine  
and sudden perfect  
surprises us.

You choose to dress  
revealingly—I feel that I  
love the body which you  
allow to sing and be alive  
as I love my own.

We although not perfectly  
acquainted  
like each other.  
Should I someday touch  
your cheek with my fingers—  
it may be the most  
I could say to you.

—*Alexandra Florimonte*



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