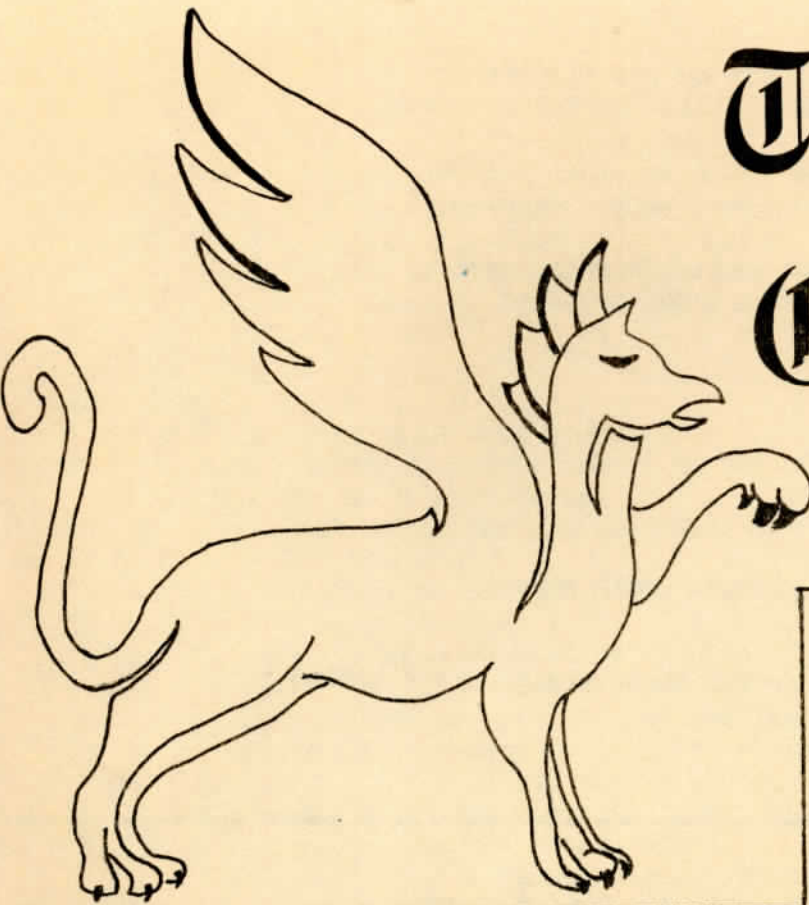


GREEN

FALL SEMESTER

1981



Over the Dakotas

It really rather makes the day
 To wake of a morning
 To hear the frank blare
 Of the T.V.
 Predict a cold front moving south
 Over the Dakotas

It makes a rather lonely night
 To wander in Florence
 To hear the frank blare
 Of the Fiats
 As their drivers look and haggle
 Over the Dakotas

It makes a lot of summer time
 To ride a fast black cycle
 To feel the frank blare
 Of the engine
 As it rumbles smooth and hard
 Over the Dakotas

By
 Jim Feely

Lazy Baby

Ya better wake up baby
 What time did you get in
 Ya better wake up lazy
 Where have you been
 Ya better wake up lazy
 It's a quarter ta ten

Well I don't remember mama
 Why ask me
 Well I don't remember mama
 Can't you see
 Why do you do this mama
 Why do ya do this to me

Pollution Solution

Once I went out to see
 I saw the ocean and debris
 I wondered why we put it there
 and coughed a little because of the air
 Now I've been told it's just reality
 To live with pollution instinctively
 But let me tell you my friends
 We better quit or it will be the end.

Song Lyrics
 By
 Bill Sleyster

Flame upon the candle of my life do not flicker
If you cannot stay alight independently I will not let you have
light at all.

You are free-standing and do not need other candles
to make your own flame brighter. You are one, as you were meant
to be, and one you shall remain.

So find it within your being to keep burning ever so
strongly until that last drop of wax melts into unnoticed
obscurity.

Death

Poems By:

B. Tobias

Yellowed pictures
torn letters
dusty shelves
dark windows
cobwebbed corners
out of date clothes
unopened mail
drawn curtains
locked doors.

This is the picture death paints,

for those who are left behind.

Little Problems

Drat!
A gnat
Has come to bother me.
Now its insignificance
Is all that I can see.
A small, flying,
Annoying black dot.
To keep from screaming out
Takes all the will I've got.
It's in my ears.
It's in my nose.
Any unwelcome place it goes.
In every little place
It's face it shows.
Now the dot is in my eye,
Pupil number two.
It has made me cry--
Its presence there to rue.
Drat!
A gnat!

Poems By:

Karen Lumpe

Sad Student

I flunked
Biology
When confused
By terminology
I exchanged
Catepillars
For capillaries
And my blood was carried off
By metamorphasized
Butterflies
And a crawling bug
Lived in place of
The tiny blood vessels
Connecting arteries and veins.
This sad student
Flunked biology.

Raisin' Raisins

The seeds were planted;
We thought they'd grow.
We watered the earth
Each day, you know.
We prayed for sunshine.
We made our own rain.
We waited for raisins
But they never came.
Instead there grew a vine
With juicy grapes bestowed
And wondered we, confused,
Why them raisins never grewed.

DREAMS

The dusty wagons trudged on.
All had painted shades and contact wood grain paper.
The spokes were broken with wooden z's pointing to the hub.
The creaks and moans they made were as a band of street minstrels.
They appeared as a fantasy, yet something that needed to be reality.
They passed on,
some quickly,
some slowly.
All never returning once they'd passed.
I searched for a way to attach myself to one of those dusty plastic wagons.
My sweat stained hands were empty.
My body was naked except for a dried snake as a belt and
a pound of sand as my pants.
From my stomach hung rust coated hooks with secured cables connected.
The cables were made of steel.
A brightly painted wagon stopped by my side.
I took a rusty 's' in my calloused hand and hooked it to the hitch in the wagon.
A veil of skin covered my eyes as I waited for the wagon to move.
The wagon moaned and squeaked as it crept along.
I heard that music for a while, but it faded.
I opened my eyes to see the wagon far away, with my hook still on it.
I looked to my waist and saw a torn cable.
I looked up again to see a second wagon. This one was moving slowly, but would not stop.
I threw a hook in it's path and it latched.
I closed again my eyes.
I opened them to see a second broken cable and a second distant wagon.
Another wagon; faster than the rest.
I tossed another hook, hoping it would catch.
The wagon hit the cable and it snapped in two.
I looked down.
I saw that what I thought to be steel cables were silk threads.
Pretty, but not strong.
One more wagon came by.
It stopped.
I would not throw it a hook.
It begged and said it needed me.
I carefully placed the metal half-circle in it's socket.
The wagon pulled me along slowly.
At first it led to an oasis; a place of water and women.
The wagon led to many such places.
At first, but then it started to pick up pace.
It did not stop at oases, it ignored them.
It ignored flowers and sunrises.
It ignored perfume and wine.
It moved faster.
It dragged me across prickled cacti.
It rubbed me in burning sand.
I could do nothing to stop it.
The hitch broke.
My cable broke.
Now, I stand,
no cables,
no hooks,
and an old broken wagon.

I

Paul Engelhardt

The thirst was quenched by Communion.
 Thus sated, the Communion continued.
 The continuation performed, the Baptism began.
 As something like scales fell from her mouth,
 she lay in her own Baptism.
 That which was the blood before.

Starting quickly,
 building furiously,
 dying happily.
 Done not for love.
 Done not for passion,
 but for the cigarette.

II

He who drinks my blood laughs.
 He who still communes cries.
 He who cries and still thirsts,
 desires the white sheet of sleep.

Rural Bachelor

A man who is a memory
 a strange fixture of childhood
 a character remembered
 differently from other adults
 differently than other adults
 remember him.

Diadems

Birth
 Painful, Shocking
 Breathing, Living, Loving
 Life, Love, Day, Night
 Coming, Going, Giving
 Saddening, Ending
 Death.

My father remembers his stubbornness
 termed it cantankerousness.
 My mother an extra mouth to feed
 bed to make, clothes to wash.
 Another man to complain of
 be leary of.

I remember the profane morning cough
 the tough wiry pride
 the perpetual shock of hair.
 Annual trips to Minnesota.
 A man with no home harvesting
 here and there.

Later a meeting in front of a church
 -my grandfather's funeral-
 in an unaccustomed suit
 looking surprisingly well
 giving words of recognition
 his slight accent.

With the same shy yet cocky smile
 in a face that did not smile
 often except when he was
 teased about women or
 while playing pinochle
 and drinking beer.

The last word was of a move
 to a home for the sick and old.
 In a small Iowa town death
 came to this unknown immigrant
 this unimportant man
 who did exist.

Beauty

Loved, Wanted
 Tantalizing, Appetizing, Mesmerizing
 Women, Men, Girls, Boys
 Living, Loving, Laughing
 Worshipped, Needed
 Human.

Egg

Large, Mottled
 Rocking, Cracking, Thrumming
 Death, Wealth, Creature, Queen
 Glowing, Flying, Flaming
 Golden, Brave
 Dragon.

Poems By:Steven ArmstrongBy:Wanita Zumbrunnen