



The Griffin fall 1982

Site Inspection

The image keeps etching
in my mind and paints
an 1872 country scene
"Off to Quarry Sites"
witnessed with a bold
brilliant brush of words
by the town reporter
who pictured a rainy
crossing hoofs churning
muddy water splashing
the smart livery team
etched against spring
green had the vivid wet
saturating the newsprint
with the exactness of
color lushly contouring
an image first held by
his intention now mine.

Wanita Zumbrennen

Prism

crystal stars flowing
with endless waterfalls of pigment
like sixty-four crayons falling
free to a black and white land

Bill Tobias

Bulerias in Butler Library

Most of us sat stiffly
In the Cardy Reading Room,
Chaired,
On the soft green carpet
Under the Gothic points.
Coated with arms
In Victorias's domain

Hands-- holding hands, or elbows
Or chins;
Soft, veined, boney, muscled,
Stuccatoed with brown--
Waited to applaud for flamenco.

To the rhythm of flamenco
The bright violets on the window ledges
Strummed away
The cloud gray gloom of the afternoon,
And hands clapped loudly for flamenco.

Across the library in another hall
Sharp noses
Digging into long
Boxes of cards
Pointed--to the rhythm of flamenco

It all began when Victoria
At three
Went up to her grandfather
Clock
And stopped the time.

Wim Feely

Thirty Yards

As he moves slowly down the gently sloping hill, his eyes take in the broad expanse of a lush green valley. In the center and stretching its length is a cool, clear stream. On the far bank, three beautiful deer serenely approach to drink the stream's sweet waters. On the near bank stands a large, flat rock; its edge extending over the shallows. Watching the deer, he becomes aware of a thirst within himself. Thinking it will be a good place from which to drink, he starts for the rock, just thirty yards distant. Suddenly, the tranquility of the scene is shattered by the sound of crashing and voices, loud and tense.

Wiping sleep from his eyes, he looks around the shabby little apartment. Paint is peeling and there are holes in the plasterboard walls. Through an open window, he can hear the neighbor and his wife fighting again, same old argument. He accuses her of sleeping around, and she accuses him of being a drunken bum. The neighbor slaps his wife around for a while and leaves, slamming the door. He gets up and goes into the kitchen. At the sink, he splashes water on his face and combs down his hair. Feeling very dry, he takes a drink, but the hard, metallic tasting water doesn't satisfy his thirst.

Out on the street, people sit on their stoops, talking and fanning themselves. A man sits in a sweaty undershirt, scratching himself and drinking beer from a can. Along the sidewalk, between the cracks, grass grows in squeezed little clumps. Weeds grow, tall and patchy in a vacant lot, and rats scamper around old pieces of furniture and appliances that lie broken and discarded. On the corner is a tavern; in its dirty windows signs say, "Cold Beer" and "Air Conditioned". Inside, men sit in their shirtsleeves. At the back is a pool table with burn marks on the wooden side-rails. At the bar, the tender polishes hard with his rag; he seems to be rubbing the wet ring stains still deeper into the wood.

He sits down at the bar and orders one of whatever's cold. After his order comes, he drinks it from the bottle; the pale yellow liquid is bitter dry and warm. "Cooler's on the blink". The bitter ale only increases his already powerful thirst so he sits ordering another and another. In a while, the neighbor comes over and sits down unsteadily; he leans close with alcoholic breath and starts up a friendly conversation. Soon the words turn as bitter as the ale. He is invited to step outside. As he steps out the door, his neighbor is already waiting, but all he sees is a blinding flash. Down the street, a man in a sweaty undershirt hears a car backfire. He scratches himself and opens another can of beer.

As it moves slowly down the hill, a beautiful valley comes into view; through the center runs a cool, clear stream. On the near bank, casting a shadow over the waters, stands a large rectangular stone. Its surface is polished glass smooth. Off to the right, a fragrant blanket of flowers lies in waiting. On the far bank of the stream, three deer stand forever poised to drink. Just thirty yards distant from the stream, a procession turns off to the left; it winds its way around to the edge of a clearing, beyond which is a patch of heavily tangled wood. In this clearing are numerous small stones of varying shapes. At the base of some of these stones are small brown bunches of dried and crumbling flowers. In front of one obscure little stone waits a hole, six feet long and six feet deep. Beyond the stone, looking through a narrow gap in the wood, one can just see the cool, clear stream, just thirty yards distant.

"Unforgettable Dream #3"

Well. I opened up the door
Into the grocery store
I headed for my magazine
Which is where I have been seen
Many times before
I was in my usual place
I was reading 'bout Wrestling at the Chase
And then tearing out of the blue
My pretty baby threw
Something at my face

(Chorus) It was unforgettable dream #3
It was an incredible sight to see
It was such a great big thrill for me
It was unforgettable dream #3

It turned out to be a story
'Bout some starlet's fame and glory
And my pretty baby knew
That I really like her too
But I tried to hide it
I acted like I was bored
Like Simon Peter denying our Lord
But I knew right there and then
That the cock will crow again
And peck out my eye

(Chorus)

And then suddenly in the flesh
Was the starlet so young and fresh
She was indignant that she got spurned
She got her gurs together and turned
And lashed out at me
Well, at this point, my friend
Is where this dream has its end
But let me tell you this
That teenage starlet is
Named Jill Whelan

(Chorus)

song lyrics by
Doug Breese



The girl sprawls onto the grass
skirt tangled in legs
the peach held lovingly in her palm.
Biting and drawing inside her
she savors the taste of the fruit
chewing the pulp carefully
turning the injured remains in hand
studying the imprint left by nibbling teeth
Juice dribbles down chin
runs through fingers
trails her arm
She circles the yellow globe
concentrating on each bite
The flesh finally gone
she abandons the seed
its shriveled hardness
no longer holding pleasure
Her attention turns to herself
greedily lapping arms and hands
tongue curling, swooping the paths
until the seetness is gone
a faint aroma on her skin
a cat cleansing in the sun

Anne Brewster

Narrow Streets

Narrow streets and children shouldn't run together.
Poor running children running from
Drunken father's faces like styes
Incrazed mother's washed-out empty eyes
Pursueing madly the madness
Down the narrow streets.
The hard-bitten curbs close down
Around the bitterness
That runs like fetid oil leaking
From the derelict out front
And runs the gutters
Gathers in the garbage, and
Flows the veins of children and old ones
Along the narrow streets,
Flowing red reminders of grey-faced
Strangers who pass, wrecklessly,
Through the narrow streets.

Bennett Horton

June 7:30 a.m.

The child sleeping next to me
welcomes the morning.
She wakes and escapes at an early hour
catching another inhabitant off-guard,
laughing at her stealth and cleverness.

I gather in the morning of the still wet grass,
purge the house of waste from the day before,
bring in the world in its plastic wrapper,
show my morning face to anyone who cares to notice,
eyes peering behind glass at the front page.

I experience the terror of a New Jersey family,
five children lie dead in a household fire,
their hope for a future now destroyed.

I read of a leader born in Britain,
the burden of responsibility
already pressed upon him,
hope for a future now ensured.

My savior for a future uncertain
slumps in chair in Winnie the Pooh underwear
concentrates on the loony tune world
flashing on the screen in front of her.

Anne Brewster

Snow

The sky is crying
Once again.
Its tears are
Crystal revelations.
Each one not quite
The same,
Yet
The same
In
Color, texture,
And
Beauty.
Still
In this
Frozen Wonder
I cannot
Comprehend
This thing
Made of
Water
And
Time.

Terrie Campbell

