



THE

EAGLE

78

THE GRIFFIN

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

All of this and then nothing.
I am no man's fool.
I am no man and would...
Eat shit, what will eye do...
Eye could send this cyclops
Into darkness but he's no man's
Light house--beyond the no threat
Of blindness from the tempered phallus
Which is he, which we orbit
Moth to his size and deity.
 What will we
 Our tool is,
 Our trade.
 We can't must
 Trade our tool.

John O'Neill

Joan and the White-bellied Shark

"Shut up and let me rest," muttered the cellist, sawing her bow and anchoring her feet to the wood planks.

The bow wrenches her arm into sixteenth-note trauma. The maestro beats her wrist. She stops, head lolling against snowy sternum.

Entranced by his hatred of her she hurries on. Drops the cello from a fifth-floor window and runs down the flights of stairs calling heigh ho heigh ho.

Groans from the cello. Next day she is floating on it, the large viol, across Lander's River, watching the wood widen and swell, spuming between the cat gut, twirling her upon its navel.

At once she is flung into the current and carried to a hospital for float-tripping. Spectacles follow her down the corridor to her bedside. Clipped to a notebook, she is stripped, projected into a watery ward.

Beneath the surface, like Houdini scratching ice layers for air pockets, she squeezes her lips into a pucker, and sucks. No answer until she begins to grow fins and gills, at which time the psychiatrist discharges her.

The bow wrenches her arm into sixteenth-note trauma, twirling her upon its navel, spuming between the cat gut.

Cindy Mitchell

Minding His Business

The Noun verbed adverbly

with a friend, Pronoun.

The Pronoun was having serious problems-

it was as if it didn't have a person
place or thing to call its own.

A neighbor,

comma,

paused and came to a full stop

to speak to an acquaintance,

period.

An Adjective across the street from Noun

was jealous of him

and always described him in an unfavorable way.

The gossip of the community,

Exclamation point,

always said things in such an excited way

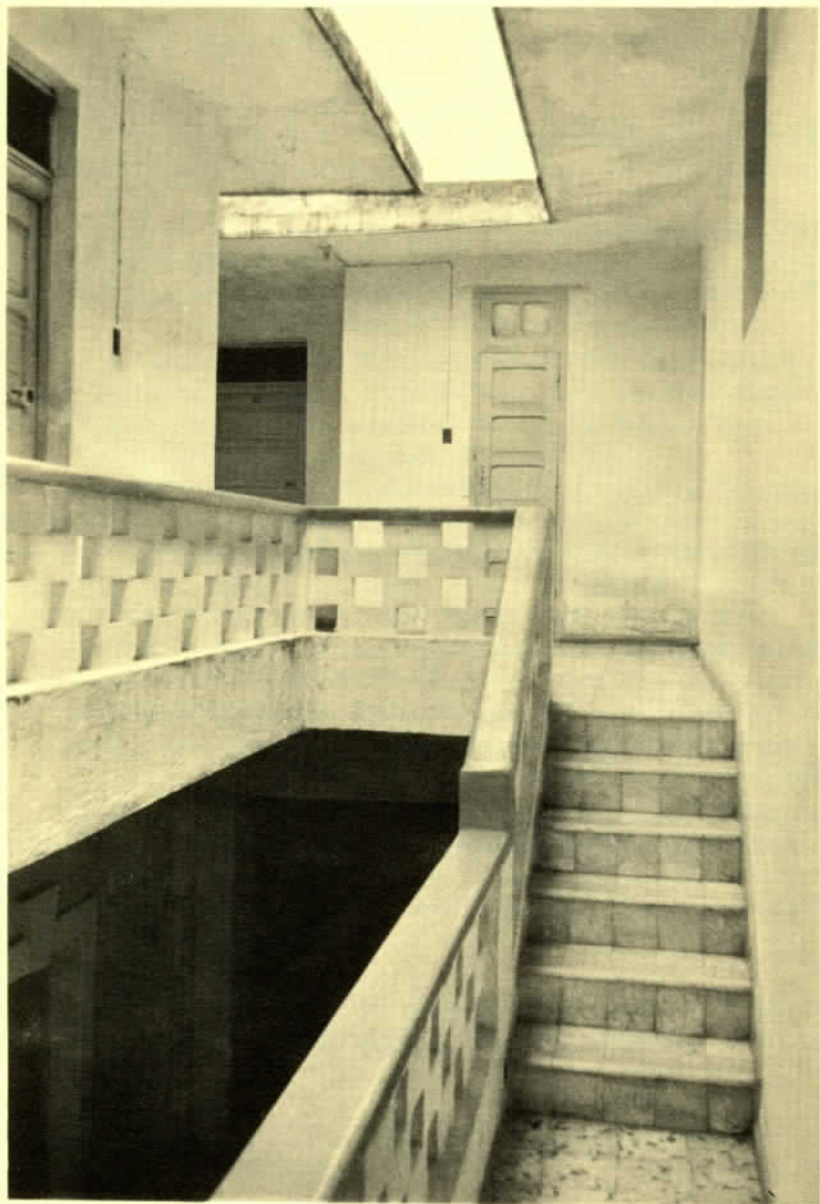
as to exaggerate things.

The Noun kept on verbing

minding

his own business.

Barry Basore



Photograph by Brian Samuels

Before Babel

The sea surrenders
Lost roads into memory.
The shelled blackgray barnacle
Sucks wet rock until plucked, its
Mouth, my ancient tongue.

Sherry Park

VERNAL EQUINOX

Some times, like baby-times
smelling soft in pink or blue,
when sunshine in a shaft
of heat breaks through
the winter window frost,
you can feel those rhythms
start, every pulse in place.

This time, a day
too soon for spring,
Some kid in jeans
and head of hair
laughed over city noise,
snapped his fingers
for a dance--

took off for love across a stage
which wasn't there
until he set it up complete
on Pine and Second Street.

We scattered quick
to give this fantasy some space,
then gathered to an audience--
grinned from our belts
at syncopated leaps
and turns timed to a song
we couldn't hear,

almost missed the story
of the dance--

then saw the heroine
come right front stage,
freaking her long,
pampered hair:

"Raymond, you nut!" she cried.
"Stop it! I'll leave! I'll go home!"
But Raymond caught her hand:
"Let them stare! I don't care!"
drew her into pantomime
of arms and head
and hips in motion--
the funky chicken
or something strange--
we couldn't tell
but it didn't matter.

By now the world outside
had caught the beat--
began its own
swift dance
toward spring.

Howard Barnett
March 1978

But They Don't Stay Airborne

The beachhouse suspended above the beach;
its four legs planted into the sands of Dolphin
Island,
my memories sit on those legs.

But they don't stay airborne. They
walk on the oceanfront at night and scatter
the sand crabs.

They watch the tides roll in and roll out.

But most of all, they recall waking up in the morning
and not caring or needing to.

Barry Basore

The black purse sits
on the radiator in the corner
because its owner has
nowhere else to put it
except here in my room.
Outside, the snow is melting
and I melt also at the thought
of she who owns the purse
and her imminent return.
I know she wishes that it
were otherwise,
she grows weary of the rent
I charge for that corner space.
I dread the thought of summer
with its green leaves and warm showers
for then she will go to the corner
and get her purse
and both will leave for good.

Bill Tayon



Photograph by Grace Valenti

The tap, tap, tap of the wheel counted a dirge as the caison rolled down the street.

Every morning at 10:30, as soon as "Happy Days" was over, but before the soapies began, the old lady shoved and heaved the old man into his wheel chair. Since the stroke he'd been unable to walk, or chew or talk. The muscles on his left side had shriveled in those three months since he'd been rushed to the hospital.

He would sit in the brown vinyl, that looked like leather, and chrome pipe wheelchair and slobber down the front of the white shirts the old lady forced him into every morning. He'd let the old lady undress him at night and put him to bed at nine o'clock sharp; after all, she'd say, I need some relaxation time too. What the hell!

With the grandkids living across the street you might expect, maybe... something. But Sonny really wasn't a kid anymore. He had been married, twice already, in fact. But there were still no babies to occupy the old mans time, or pleasant young people who were friends of the Sonny and his wife to come and visit him; and the current wife was a fat hausfrau with no body and some slight mental retardation.

Sonny's father and mother lived with the old man and the old lady; two generations together, but apart. Sonny's dad went to work at seven, came home at five, drank two Olympia Lights and watched TV. Mom could take care of Dad, why should he bother. He was a working man! And Sylvia, Sonny's mother, worked too, at a drugstore in University City. She was afraid of being robbed and/or raped down there. She came home perpetually glad to get away from people and consoled herself by reading Barbara Cartland novels. She, too, felt that some one else should care for the old man. She got his Valium for him every once in a while if there was no one else to do it; but if she did she'd bitch all night.

Every morning at 10:35 come rain, or snow or sleet or hail or floods or atomic war the old man would moan and the old lady would notice what time it was; if she didn't have him underway by 10:45 she would miss her soap opera. And if she should forget all together, heaven forbid, the old guy would rock back and forth in the brown and metal wheelchair, drool on his blue pants and scream a moan till the old lady took him out.

She would shove open the door and before it could shut push the old man out the door of the house. Then she would trundle him around the corner and lift him over the single concrete step into the neighborhood bar, twenty minutes after it opened. She would roll him up to the bar and with his good right hand he would slap the bar and moan once, loudly, sharply. By convention the bartender would serve up one-and-only-one mug of Schlitz Draft. The old man would take it in his right hand and with no help from the old lady shakily, spillingly bring it to his mouth and slurp a good overflowing dribbling down his chin mouthful. Then the old lady would grab it and hold it before the old guy let it drop onto his pants.

Then the old man would slowly turn his head from side to side; surveying the shoppe and the physical and spiritual wrecks it contained. No one but committed drunks would be in a bar this early; no one frequented this bar much anyway. One drunk over in the corner, legs crossed with his forehead resting on his knee, another just sitting with his head on his long white clasped hands down on the tablecloth, another staggering towards the toilet, the bloody puke already squeezing out from between his lips.

For the old man it was only a short step from where he was to death. Everyday the old man came looking for a reason not to let himself be eaten; just a Three Musketeers bar for Death. His children didn't care, nor did the grandchildren, that he was alive, not dead, like he could have been.

The old man finished the beer at the old woman's pace, at times dry often drowning. After the last slurp of Schlitz the old lady set the old man's mug on the counter and as rapidly as possible started to wheel him out the door; home. A cloud over the sun darkened the doorway. As they reached the door the old man grabbed the wheel of the wheelchair with his good right and held it more strongly than the old lady would have expected. Sitting in the shadow the old man turned his head just enough so that he could see the bartender wait while the sick drunk, just back from the toilet, pulled out his last dollar to pay for one more shot. The barkeep waited disinterestedly till he saw the money then filled the shot glass. But only half full, splashing the rest onto the bar. The drunk downed the shot then rubbed his hand on the spilled whiskey and started sucking on it. The old man turned and sank back into the wheelchair and let himself be pushed home. The cloud covered him all the way back. He'd found his answer.

The next day, Death wore a chocolate smile, and the bar served up beer in memorium.

Paul Butts

a sun-weathered grape is a raisin
but a weathered face is only wrinkled
tired bones long for an eternal sleep
tucked in and covered by mother nature
the old man, too, was waiting--
sitting on the park bench with the green peeling paint
through the summer and the fall
a worn grey sweater shielded him
from the cold winds
the trees lost their leaves
the swings were taken down
and children now played indoors
once a youth detoured
through the deserted park
and found the man still sitting there
"What are you doing?" he asked
"You shouldn't be out--
go home!"
the old man never said a word
he buttoned up his sweater and left
his feet shuffling through the brittle leaves
that whispered
it's time it's time

the next day the obituary read
another old man had gone home

Ann Graham

ODE TO RELIGION

Kung-Fu-Tsu reads Tao-Te-Ching
While Roman Catholics
play with Yin Yangs
And all the Christians
resurrect their pistons
While Shintos
draw Crescent Moons
on American Pintos
And all the Jews
try to drown Sadat
in Billy Brew

Kim Lewis

"Holy Mackerel"

He chews tobacco,
wears jeans,
carries a bandanna,
after dark.
From nine to five he is an advertisement
for Burkhardt's.
The only one in the company
that patronizes the Metro
--- he's president.
He types his letters,
includes Vonnegut's
"Uncle Louie bending over the bathtub"
and signs them
Barney.
We write themes,
term papers,
permission slips,
and essays entitled:
"Holy Mackerel."
He shovels horse manure,
I ride,
he is my critic.
Faithfully he does his woodshedding,
and l o n g t o n e s,
and whacks at the Bach Sonata for
Unaccompanied Flute,
I am his critic.
Childishly delirious with his
Italian red pop,
we drive to school with equal
hangovers,
Sun piercing our heads.
He was the only one to swallow the
ham with peanut butter and
cloves
(the only disaster to hit the kitchen).

Visiting his birthplace, we tour
the cemetery --
relating stories of funerals and
lovers' lane.

The town:
the pool hall where he shot cuffs
on friday nights,
the gazebo he built for his mother,
cow pie fights on the way home for lunch.
A prophet:

"If one leads a good and
fruitful life, his eter-
nity will be spent in the
Napa wine valley."

His memories are mine.
His hopes are mine.
His life is mine.
I am him.
Tears at my graduation
Bring tears of separation.
MY life is my father's

Mary C. McMackin

THE ARTISTS PAINT BRUSH

A wooden rod
painted red
engraved with silver
Number ten
M. Grumbacher
NY
31017 USA
one quarter covered
by a fine silver plate
specked by
orange and green
remnants of
experience
Ended with
the finest bristles
soft
to the touch
A wonder
something so artificial
could produce
feelings
so natural

Kim Lewis

Le Tub

The woman stoops
through time; the grays, pinks
reds of her shoulders are mine
in a certain light.

Even in the city, there is
snow with no man touches.
The white is unbroken.

With water, she could have been
an embryo matured, never moved
from fetal position, always
curled, vulnerable,
hearing her own heart.

Was it morning when he painted her
in an empty tub?
Afternoon is in the way she holds
her head,
shoulders stooped with no burden.

Sherry Park

Dissolve

The paper slips smoothly under the waves
That lick the shores of that rippling sea
And reflect back to hit the other side
Wilting this remnant of used-to-be-tree.

The page sinks down to the floor of the lake
The frequency of the waves overhead
Increases to maniac proportions.
This waiting, for me, is the time of dread.

Slowly the black forms shapes around the white,
Then the blank fills with details, and greys.
Not too quickly! Too black loses detail.
The image sanctifies the photographer's craze.

Paul Butts



Photograph by Bill Tayon

LIFE AND BREATH AND GEORGE AND HAZEL

George pulled himself up from the basement. With great effort he placed his right foot on each step and dragged up his other leg, stiff with arthritis, repeating the process step by step. "Hazel," he called, wondering where his wife could be. "Ha- - -zel." For hours she had been in the garden, using her hoe to dig up the weeds between the straight and even rows of beans. Some of the time she spent bending close to the earth pulling out with her fingers the weeds that were too close to her plants. It had been only a few minutes since George heard the back door slam. "Ha-a-a-zel," he called louder, thinking that she might not be wearing her hearing aid.

He limped across the kitchen to the window. Leaning on the sink, he peered out at the garden and mumbled, "Nope, she's not out there." Again he called, "Hazel!" He was thinking that she had probably found another chore to do before supper. He bowed his head and asked God again to tell him why he had to be so dependent upon her. He knew that for a woman of seventy-eight, Hazel did too much work, but that was her way. God knows he did what he could around their place. Plodding down the hall, he poked his head in and out of the dark bathroom. "Not in there. Hazel, where are you?"

He shuffled toward the door of their bedroom. It stood slightly ajar; he started to push it open. Feeling resistance against the back of the door, he stopped pushing and jerked his head into the room. "Oh, my God!" he exhaled, still leaning on the door knob. There was Hazel, in her huge checkered apron with all the pockets, lying on the floor between the door and the bed. She had her eyes half open, her arms and legs sprawled in several directions, and her always neat hair falling into her face. After an

unending second, George squeezed himself into the room and bent over her. "She's not breathing. Hazel, of my God, Hazel." Hurrying to get to the phone on the bedside table, he stepped over her with his good leg and tripped over her with the other. "I've got to get help." He grabbed the receiver and dialed -- 9 (click, click, click, click) -- 1 (click) -- He gasped and stopped short, remembering. "What am I doing? What am I doing? Oh, Hazel."

Slamming down the receiver, he searched Hazel's face. "Help me, Hazel. I didn't know it would be like this. I need help." Picking up the receiver, he started to dial; then he stopped, holding the receiver in mid-air. Hesitating, he slowly lowered himself to sit on the edge of their bed. He breathed a long slow sigh and gently, deliberately, replaced the receiver. "The time," he whispered, "the time is 4:48."

With much effort George raised his heavy body, went to Hazel, leaned over her, and gently straightened her limbs and her head, brushing the hair from her face and closing her eyelids. She had not breathed since he entered the room. She was so pale. Her skin was so cool. He straightened his back, ignoring the pain, and shuffled across the room, dragging his heavy bad leg. Sitting in the overstuffed chair with his hands shaking and his chest heaving, he folded his hands and tried to collect the thoughts tumbling around in his head.

He recalled Hazel's words from several months ago. ". . . George, I'm serious about what I say. Remember Mabel; she was eighty when she died. Her body was pounded on and pounded on by those ambulance men, but she was dead, dead as could be. Still, her family had to pay that huge bill. And I'll never forget what happened last month. It was a month ago yesterday, when Frieda collapsed in her kitchen. Those ambulance men brought her around. She started breathing all right, but never did she know another thing, never; she's been in a coma ever since. Good God. People are people. They weren't meant to live like that. George,

I don't want any of that. I've been talking this over with Dr. Jones. He knows my wishes. I've lived a good long life, enjoyed every minute of it, but when it's time to go, I'm ready. Yes, I'm ready to go. Dr. Jones knows how much care I want if I have to go to the hospital. But, George, if anything happens to me at home, I want you to promise me something. If I collapse and stop breathing, wait ten minutes before you call anyone. George, will you promise me that? They won't do any pounding after that long a time and I'll have a peaceful end and not be a burden to anyone."

George had made the promise to Hazel. It made so much sense then. He had been thinking about asking her to make the same promise to him, but now? Nothing made sense now. He looked at the clock; it was 4:57. With feet of lead he limped back to the bed and sat down. His back humped over, his shoulders sagging, he let his eyes follow the second hand as it made one more revolution. Picking up the receiver, he dialed Doctor Jones' phone number. It rang twice before he heard someone answer. "Nurse? -- Please -- please, help me," he spoke haltingly into the mouthpiece, "I think my wife is dead."

Grace Poertner

I sit at the desk and stare
at the phone number written
on a small piece of paper.
After much contemplation I
pull out a knife and
stab
the helpless phone number.

Bill Tayon

Estranged Fingers

The poem lay under a policy of reconstruction.
Right words were written in; wrong ones out.
Words came in and left so quickly, the revolving door
stayed in motion.

.....

Dormant periods in the metamorphosis allowed no
settling of the foundation.
Reconsideration crumbled bits of it away.

.....

One night the author's pen dropped from estranged
fingers and words flew:

"In poetry, I can make mountains move, irrigate
deserts, lay waste to cities, why should I revise
such miracles?"

"The Sea rises and falls from sea to cloud, and
back again, but never shall the genius of my first
drafts lose their shine!"

"To ask that such restraints as clarity, readability, and rewriting, not to mention discipline, mar the innate beauty of my scribbles is nothing short of criminal."

"Do they understand? I am too far ahead of my time to be appreciated. The others fail to see that future generations shall praise, and create literary societies to study the deeper meaning of my first draft poetry!

Oh, if they only knew!"

Our author scoops his hand under a stack of revisions and throws them up in the air to sit under its rain.

Barry Basore

Assembly Line

so then
the worker of factory
must learn his labor
in a dance

stark
movement clipped to essential

repeat and repeat
the flying rhythm
of hands
beats
into the laborer's soul

he is
dance

Mary Evelyn Martin



Photograph by Brian Samuels

There is a scream in me
I wasn't going to sit and
Wait for you though
I thought you'd come

I needed a script
And wrote it while
Walking away
Forever making beds

John O'Neill



Photograph by Bill Tayon

L.A. bus station 1/27/78 11:09

shoplifter runs: cop follows
caught with fruit of the loom underpants
fat woman with "born to lose" teeshirt on
letters stretched over huge breasts
she giggles and hugs her
fat husband/boyfriend/lover
i wonder how they do it
another fat woman
watching me watch her
she doesn't like me poetry
flashes me
flashes cop who
flashes badge
and escorts her out the building
scabby women praise the Lord
blessing other scabby women
old men sleep
black guys wink
man next to me wakes up
he tries to wink
but he only has an empty socket
god--no eyeball
discouraged, he goes back to sleep

cop comes back
starts kicking
sleeping old men
he winks at me
i do not wink back
i rather liked the old men
cop cards a girl
"possible run away"
he explains to me
he does not card me
but i am running away
bobby finally comes
and i hug him
we leave and the cop's wink
becomes a glare
as he gives an old man a kick

Ann Graham

Three momentary poems from the J.O. to the C.L.T.

That you could love me thus, inspires my soul,
To that lofty, rarified, giddy height,
Where one becomes inured to the hole
Of bleating herd, in desperate, frightened flight.
A breath of that o two doth drive me down
Into my soul and there your countenance
Doth course the sun, rough ride the wind, then sound;
To lift me too, unfurl, touch mute, we dance.
We molt in step, mountain goats would we be,
But unsheared sheep kick up dry choking dust.
They fear the windward, crowd down in the lee,
So so must we to ease them and be just.
Square not is this, strung out, by friends held taught.
Such nose tweak'd must be when they 'low for naught.

Retire self, abandon ways fraught and old,
That yield fruit of but dust and seed for same,
Cleave to the path where thou hast heard it told:
True husband be and weep, such bounteous gain.
With patience and right aim thyself do sow,
Where she does nourish through cleft mid strong roots.
With time return to earth life that thee owe,
And questions and sad answers will be mute.
In new clime, planting crops one wants to sow,
One may perhaps be 'round comes time to reap.
No longer let misplac'd modesty grow
And strangle all desires with trampling feet.
Those soles are unaware you honor them,
With hindrance, low behavior, nurtured phlegm.

And now that you're not here I love you more,
As distance gives mine I a finer touch.
Embraces tight and dying are liquor
Lost could we be, absorbed by that clutch.
In that embrace we squeeze all worldly care
Into the smallest space twixt us, they're lost.
The faster held, exhausted, we beware
Those cares, now loose, present confinements cost.
Four eye for you, adrift we best conspirè;
From time to time, in time, for time, we'll meet.
Two to one: this life and all things dire,
Shroud us, lift us, mark us to be replete.
Why rue't our loves among such games of chess,
Longing with you, if our strategies yes.

Anonymous

Pet Subject

Melvian Squaller's pet cat, Leukemia, in bad temper, bit and drew blood. Melvian looked at his spreading and thinning blood and remarked, "Leukemia will do that."

.....

Sally Sagitake dubbed her dog Polio and ever since then Polio has been at her heels. So close at times as to disable her walk. "Polio cripples my every step," she grumbled.

Barry Basore

The Impasse

Figures move as shadows in a dream;
One with a torch drops fire on the sidewalk.
Not sure of existence, but sure of sense,
We do not speak as we pass.

If this were summer,
Lips swollen with grief,
My wrists would be rainbows.
It is hard to grieve now.

Basketballs bounce at dusk, and
The sound rebounds, echoes the fall.
My hands are stiff cold in pockets.
My lips thin chapped.

The fire is dead.
In the ashes I see a man who spins stones.
The wind blows the ashes.
I follow the bleached road, bone of the earth.

Sherry Park

WINTER SOLSTICE

Well--

"What happened to old Esby?"
people ask now and then,
as if it matters--

and then we know
it matters,
more than anyone
admits

for Esby told
us stories which we had
to hear, drew us to the oak
which marks a corner
of the square,
his place.

An unusual week
brought snow one time in May
surprising everyone but Esby,
who laughed at our dismay
and never let us forget,
until he--
forgot.

That next winter we all
discovered he was gone.
No one had seen him.

And the first time
someone asked
what had happened,
we dropped books
and hands to learn
that no one
knew where
to look.

Howard Barnett
March 1978



Photograph by Bill Tayon

AT LINDENWOOD

Off the freeway and through the gates
to a century past where grace and language
are currently in fashion, Turn right,
please, at 5 m.p.h. SQUIRRELS PLAYING
and DO NOT ENTER while they are storing
their future in gabled attics
as the students one seldom sees
beneath the trees during class.
Sunshine beguiles another hard winter
in the appalling silences here.

Master, why hast thou forsaken me?

Can this be here the energy
Abelard set in motion beneath
an ancient oak before Eloise undid
logic and all that it can forgive?
Can this be sanctuary, where kings
refrained from torch and mace, ungirdled
light and feared its source; sent sons
to learn of Alfred's rod, kneeling
on stone to kiss god and book. That girl there
has the look and will of Elenor of A.

Logos, why hast thou forsaken me?

The machines are here too, now,
preserving the finish of young antiques
who whisper wishes underneath
a linden tree, and feel strength seep
from earth to mind, hand and script.
No warrior was ever as grim as
a lady whipping her wits in shape,
all for the love of setting things right.
The dog parked in front of the library
wonders why I gape. We gape together.

Noble Deeds, why hast thou forsaken me?

In the clear September air
I can forget the crime and perfidy
of Duplicates in control who rain
pimp's ethics on the land. Death confined,
too briefly, to the changing leaves.
Even the gas station sign is masked
if one merely turns around.
I suffer my mind to be moved.

Thomas More, why hast thou left so soon?

Dedalus would have liked it here,
would have recalled the knowledge
of the blood and 'oun, finding no
paradox between the soul's place
and the Pizza Inn down the block.
Mrs. Sibley still guards
her thoroughly modern Millicents,
choosing to ignore that they
no longer wear crinolines and curls.
Time leapfrogs fore and aft here.

Ezra, why did the prophets forsake us?

So quiet I hear the turning
of a precious book. Ah, to feel
the texture of parchment, smell
buckram binding gilded by an age
who knew the word was power over all
things past and future, false or true.
Emotion recollected, the addict said,
as his ghost and others of my youth cried:

Why hast thou forsaken us, Ishmael?

Now the trees are going
and I hear great fish are doomed.
My kinder would know of these things
from books, not plastic rolled
and unrolled before electric light.
I once held Coleridge in my hand,
his book the first time out,
felt his spirit slip across
a dozen planes of time and space.
You had to be there.

You are here, Stephen, not forsaken

Into this arbor no mean thought creeps:
small things illumined with the glass,
large things condensed and grasped.
After such knowledge, what . . . ?
The snow deflowering all, ill saints
exhumed by wizardry within
an overheated dormitory room.
Shelley daring the devil his due,
as if his wit would live again
two centuries after the fact.

O Wild, West Wind, thy breath is foul and grey

'Auden went to school, the scholar said,
and Science was his whore! And I replied,
'he did not mean to leave her dry
and quatrained for the acolytes.
He meant to do her right, and make
a line the breath could take.' Equations
do not make a verse, nor puzzles
overheat the heart, in spite of all
the footnotes stepping towards
the Reader's Guide. Eros. Agape.

Ilias kakon, Demosthenes, an Iliad of woes

That is, not to say altogether,
as the Beatbums, that showing off is bad
if one has not the O.E.D. handy.
The soul slips through even when fact
is on holiday. For reference, the sun
and moon, 24 mythical houses, Homer,
a blind man, could find his way in.
What did Paris eat, besides Helen?
The blond is crossing her legs to exclude
the homme de lettre. No passes, please.

No passes for the prose kinema, our eon

Our age is too young for a coat and tie,
too bored for a miter. We are out of
revolts and have to contend with our
own dirty house. 'First,' said the Chink,
'first your own house.' And unplug
the telly before awakening Bloomer.
The weathergirl tells me disorder
chills the phallus to the bone,
forecasting partly cloudy minds,
chance of fire inside the library.

You damn near burnt down the dorm, Shelley!

Darling, you are what you hear,
but what you eat can kill you..Suppliants
of the Muse always descry bad food,
when they get any at all, especially
if fodder is cut with beanworks. 'Sigh',
she said, 'it is hard to be institutionalized.'
'Who fed the gods?' a wise dwarf asked.
'They were too busy bugging the coeds
to eat,' chimed sly Peter, balancing
on a rock, twirling his rosary, a frisbee.

Over the hill rode the six hundred dwarfs

And we had to charge them
with our volkswagens, for ten
years it seemed, until they were
all runover. The last one expired with,
'Do not acquire a bad Hobbit!
We may have been small and mean
but at least we were not mythical.'
All is illusion and smoke
when the enemy is delusion.
Freud died smoking in everyone's bed.

The little people have stolen the world

Dies irae, Stephen, you halfdone papist.
You saw the fire in her mind,
the burning books, the gothic arches
in cinders, the heart stopped
by a star-trekking phaser.
A laser found your poached egg
along the beach and cooked you.
We charged your bier to American
Express, the flowers from Mary Mag.
'O, a write-off, a necessary expense,'
he cooed in his Dublinish tenor.

Take the world, Darlin', but leave me change

Take unto you the wafer and the rose,
the diadem of light upon your brow,
the note of history, the scale of now.
Be not afraid of red men in the dark
or of ghosts that tell you things beyond
the pale of books and wizards with gold rings.
Be brave before the force that fuses time
and tells you to describe
the best and worst of manunkind.

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