



THE

Griffin 88

TS

Suspended Animation

*Mary had a little lamb
its fleece was white as snow.
Mary's mother took Mary's stuffed lamb away.
Now Mary suffers from separation anxiety.*

*Jack be nimble
Jack be quick
But
Jack was slow.
He should have graduated from high school
two years ago.
All the kids laughed at Jack.
Jack committed suicide.*

*Peter, Peter Pumpkin Eater
had a wife and couldn't keep her.
Because he felt intimidated by her large salary.
Peter was laid-off.
So he put her in a cell
that he constructed in his basement
and there he keeps her very well.*

*Old King Cole
was a merry old soul
Because he was hysterical.
To him everything was funny.*

(continued)

Mary, Mary quite contrary
how does your garden grow?
With cannibas plant's
having seven jagged leaves in a row.
Now Mary is very quite contrary
Since she becomes confused.

Well, you Baa Baa
Black Sheep of the family
Little Miss Muffet
who eats glass to get attention.
Old McDonald
has a farm
for all the crazies like you
Because its gets us all in
The
End.

—Rhonda Shipman

To Gerrianne

*My little sister's favorite time
is eleven-eleven p.m.
It comes but once an evening,
then disappears again.*

*Until of course, the following night
When solemnly she'll wait
sitting before her digital clock
as if to hear her fate.*

*As an audience in an excited hush
waits to see the show
She claps her hands to finally see
the four ones in a row*

*Sometimes I wish I could stop time
and capture the bit of Heaven
Sparkling bright in Gerrianne's eyes
every night at eleven-eleven.*

*Terri
March 1988*

The Feline

*She's on the prowl
looking for Tom.
Her green cat eyes
glower as she searches for him.
She stands rigidly still.
Her ears rise to hear of his whereabouts.
Probing the smoky lit "Alley"
her hair stand on end as she spots him.
Padding stealthily towards him
her fur coat glistens as she prepares for the attack.
One by one she bares her claws
ready to tear and scratch.
She arches her back and with a bat of
an eye she lashes out.
Hissing and spatting
she retrieves her husband
from the singles bar.*

—Rhonda Shipman

Masturbation of the Mind

Sometimes

*I feel that you are such a part of me
that I reach down deep inside of myself
and pull you out.*

*We take a walk in the rain
We dine at a cozy cafe' in Paris
You meet my family
We sing our ABC's in the shower*

*But then when I stop to take a closer look
I discover that it's not you at all
It's just me,
playing with myself again.*

Masturbation of the mind.

—Lavon

Channel 5

*Body of a Black man
Considered suspicious
Face down
In a hole meant for
a utility pole.*

—Joe Arnold

Elmer Joseph Arnold 1904-1987

Blistery air

Seeks bare spots

*Trying to remember
What tree I should look under or
On what slope the tent stood
I search
My heels sinking as I walk.*

Briskly

*I scan uneven rows
Respecting each space as I pan
hands clench in my pockets.
I am further from the road
Stubborn to justify the time I spend searching
By finding where I stood some four months ago.
So many lives pass before me
Names and numbers carved in stone.*

*Then, two rows over
Bit of a slope 'neath a tree
There it is.
I am happy to see it
For a moment
Grey air carries me quickly
Once again to that place
where I couldn't think before
And now can only pray.*

(continued)

*On one knee
I press my hand into the unearthed Earth
The rectangle dark until Spring
Cold and clean - this mud.*

*This first time back
is over.*

—Joe Arnold

The Carnival

*The night of the carnival
as they lay in the grass beneath
the crooked trees
Stairway to Heaven vibes in the air
while the jeans were around
their knees*

*Boones Farm Apple in his leather bota shot
a thin stream when she squeezed it into her
mouth and between her breasts and thighs
They laughed, the love beads were sticky
that night as everything was*

*His back was against the moon and hers was
against the grass, but really against the wall
Turning their heads to the right, they could
see the yellow lights of the ferris wheel
going around
and never stopping*

—M. Miller Mickunas

Sleep — — — — — — — — — — y

my head is so
heavy and my eyes
hurt so much I

Hurt so much I
take my mask off and
wander around inside myself
and its always warm and I find
it's always warm and I find
a sunny rock only I come to celebrate
a sunny rock only I can celebrate
and sometimes it gets lonely I think
sometimes it gets lonely
but I find I am now sitting somewhere else outside
outside I find I am now sitting
with a friend watching a story

[and I see me

with a friend watching a story and I see me
smiling and out of the corner of
my eye I see I'm holding my friend's

[hand

or he is holding mine and I
see I'm holding my friend's hand
and he is holding mine and I
find I'm not sleeping but writing
I find I'm not sleeping and
from my place I see me
from some place I see

(continued)

tears are rolling down my cheek
and I'm smiling and someone is
 smiling and someone is
holding my hand and
holding my hand I am
Slee-----p-----

-TZ

The leaves on the tree have
their own minds and having made
them up, can determine for themselves
what is maturity and then
they let go of their roots and
ride the wind down to the soft
ground and sometimes I can too
as I finish this sentence now that
I'm damn well ready to.

-TZ

*How dare these thoughts tease me
Free from my grasp
Just out of my reach
Even if I stand on a chair.*

—TZ

*drifting over me
while I lay placidly
dreaming under the sea,
not seeing
the rescuers move on,
but I was not
looking
either*

—TZ

*He stands alone in a crowded toom,
not wanting to speak. He just sits,
drinks, and the smoke of his cigarette
clouds his mind. A sigh escapes from
his lips and pierces the silence as she
walks into his view. He looks at her
and opens his blind eyes. She is shivering
and robed; he is sweating and naked.
They meet and clasp each other in a
frenzy, suffocating as they enlighten
each other with the gift of breath.
The two pulsing bodies part and awake
to the sound of a baby's cry. He smiles.
She weeps. They embrace.*

—HSH
2/15/88

Mass

I keep going because I'm afraid not to.

*I sit among the faithfully devoted,
their smooth heads bowed, silent
lips moving repetitiously,
willowy fingers clutching at beads.
It's faith they're clutching at. That's
all any of us want. Something to
believe in, if only to just pretend.*

I hope we're not wasting another Sunday.

—Michele Fehlings

"Another Cold Night in St. Louis"

*There was a meeting today
The kind you sometimes see
It was hard and it was planned
Thinking of what won't be*

*It was an empty sort of thing
Like shouting in a vacuum
Actors just playing their parts
Until life itself is lost*

(continued)

*When something moves
Something dies
When someone feels
Someone cries*

*There was a meeting today
The kind that's hard to take
Like talking to the moon
So bright white and far away*

*Reflections of something dead
Memories of the future
Seen through concave glass
Death at the hands of Reason*

*The heavens ring with laughter
At uninspired singers
Wax figures frozen in the moonlight
Dreading the coming of the sun*

*When the unscheduled
Meeting may occur
And we are forced
To be ourselves*

—Gossimer Wump

The Stone

*I am the stone
whose swift ripples
spiral across murky ponds.*

*I sink down
to the mud bottom
watching the life above.*

*Below, still
muddy water washes over me.
What color is
the world above my prison?*

*I rest below,
regretting my plunge.
Is it too late for me?*

*I am the stone
whose swift ripples
spiral across murky ponds.*

—Beth Bodnam

*Rejection.
Share yourself.
Share of yourself.
Trust--laughter.
Rejection.*

—Beth Bodnam

Shaleigh and Satori

The moon,
dances on the water
In the full light of the sun.

A voice casts notes
that ripple the surface
Into standing still.

The mute man, he speaks,
he cannot hear
For his ears are full of sound

Seven figures dance in harmony.
The music has no words, no rhythm,
No melody.

I who am aware of myself,
I know nothing;
For I have seen the universe.

The dancers and I agree,
As we dance - -
With those who have no
feet.

Through all the Chord sounds.

—Debra Ann Nowak

Notes:

Shaleigh is a word for the chord that would be struck if all know vibrations in the universe sounded at once.

Satori is a Zen concept that is the beginnings of enlightenment.

Serious Modern Pottery

Each line to be
A brand new quotable thought
Each work to be
One of revolution

Mechanisms
designed to--make the words
more
visually appealing
by
centering
and
writing the words real close together

Or

Really
far
apart
for the sake of vanity!

You. You poets!
with your serious modern pottery
Er....um...poetry
With your artistry and polemics
Is thy heart truly in the business of aesthetics?

Writing the same line over again
Writing the same line over again
As if
We didn't get
the point
And you still haven't found a rhyme for
"orange"

—Ken Kase

Picture of a Picture

Picture:

*You and I
in a picture.*

Picture:

burning the picture.

Picture:

the negative.

Picture:

developing the negative.

Picture:

*the negative development
of a destroyed picture.*

Picture:

*You and I
in a picture
If you will*

*You're a bad sitcom:
Artificial and predictable.
I think I'll turn you off
and go to bed.*

—Lavon Boothby

Philosopher King

I. *The urging poet sits
 Isolated from the beasts
 in a cave alone
 dreaming his metaphysical dreams
 writing his heart and soul privately
 at peace with world and self.*

*The beasts come
 "Theres royalties!"
 "we'll be rich"
 "Your brilliant how 'bout a career"*

*Another King devoured
 by the starving masses*

II. *Ode to the dream of sleep*

*Darkness descends to envelop my
 naked and weary soul
Soothing is the inky evening
nourishing is the sleep it brings
But Behold! duty forces me on
I am not allowed to rest
I am forced to march on regardless
 Time doesn't change; its a repertory hell*

(continued)

*people don't change, everywhere they're the same
Life is a perpetual pain in the ass
But all reality is pointless
For I am tired and I ask that
exhaustion take my soul now and
spare me the misery of another day.*

—Neal Mattingly

GRIFFIN STAFF

John McKee, Editor
Michele Fehlings, Co-Editor
Rhonda Shipman
Theresa Jansen
Terri Schwartz
Tracy Zerwig
Wanita Zumbrunnen, Faculty Advisor

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