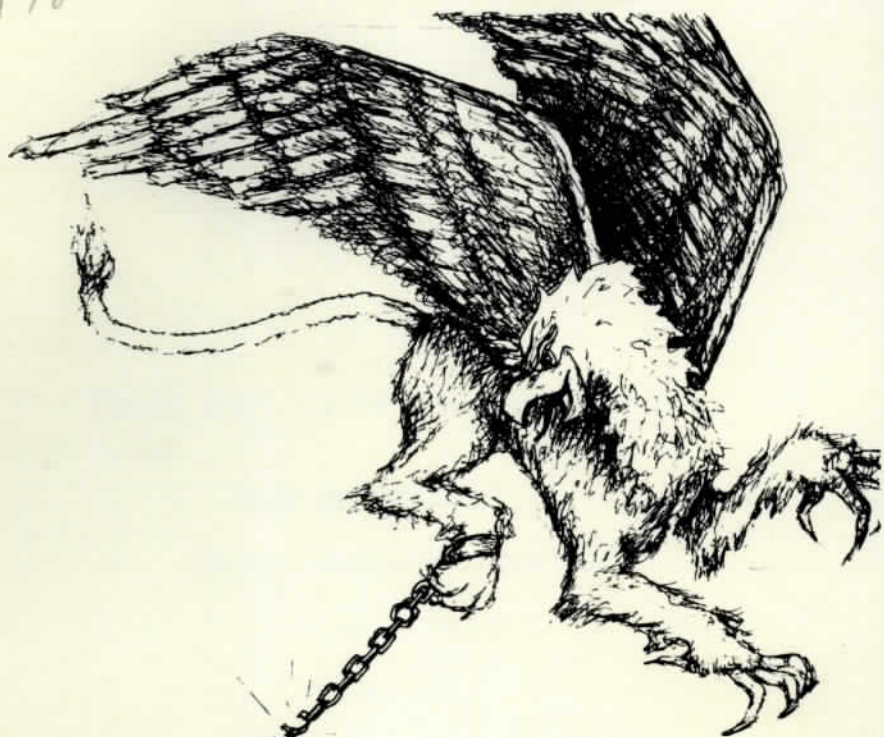


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The Griffin

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ANTICIPATION

MOIST, YES-MOIST
I FEEL...
Mmm... YES
IT'S GOOD.
NO, GREAT.
FORCEFUL- YET LIGHT.
CAREFUL NOW.
DON'T STOP.
OH... KEEP COMING.
PLEASE-
DON'T MOVE AWAY.
I LIKE IT.
SMOOTH.
FRESH.
WHOA NOW,
THAT'S TOO HARD-
TOO FAST.
KEEP TORMENTING THE VIEW.
YOUR'RE SLOWING DOWN.
IS THIS A GAME?
AH, HERE YOU COME AGAIN...
ARE YOU PLAYING ANTICIPATION?
THIS ISN'T FAIR...
YOU'RE JUST RAIN.

STACEY O' NEILL

BORED

I'M STILL HERE...

SITTING ON MY BLOCK OF ICE
IN FRONT OF MY T.V.
BLANKLY LIVING.
SUCKING ON A KIWI POPSICLE
DREAMING OF A GREEN VOLVO
RESTING MY FEET.

NOTHING EVER CHANGES...

DIANE R. H. MOORE

De'ja Vu

by Teri Ann Shafer

"Widsom is nothing, memories are painful and enjoyment is found only in Master and his teachings." I recited my section of the Tratta perfectly. There were only thirty of us in the seminar this morning so some of us had to double up and take another section to recite. Master was pleased when I raised my voice once again, "Do not set your affections or hopes on people or ideas. Only then will you find happiness." Master was pleased with me but I knew that each colleague in the group knew the Tratta as well as I. The Tratta was our law and oath — we studied and lived by it.

I was sitting in the magnachair when I first noticed it — that awful blank look on my colleagues' faces. I normally sit very still during Master's happiness seminars, but the temperature control on my gray chair was over-adjusted and I was feeling very hot. I tried to concentrate on the techniques for happiness Master was teaching, but found myself watching the colleagues as we slowly rotated to face each other; I was alarmed that no one seemed to see me even though their eyes looked directly into mine — each person rotating into view had the same blank expression. "Empty eyes, empty minds, empty hearts," this thought siezed my mind; I turned my eyes back toward Master.

I wanted to leave the dark room full of graying faces but I knew my squirming disturbed Master's presentation so I stayed for the remainder of this happiness lesson. The magnachair was large enough that I could change position often so my body was not badly burned from the heat.

After the lesson Master greeted us in the usual way. One by one he stood in front of us and gripped our wrists. We in turn nodded our heads to display our appreciation of his wisdom and kindness. When Master greeted me he asked if I was hot. I was embarrassed that I could not hide my discomfort and admitted the burning pain to Master. He reach down to my chair and adjusted the heat. As he left he invited me to his next lesson on contentment. I decided immediately to attend; I wanted contentment and happiness to be mine.

Escort was waiting at the door when I arrived at my comfort enclosure. He wore a white hooded garment that flowed down over his body. His face was hidden within the white cape as though I should not see into his eyes. I quickly glanced toward his feet and noticed his sharp-pronged cane. I had suspected he carried this protecting force and wondered why Escort carried our protection in such a hidden way. I knew I must trust Escort so I smiled at him, just like Master had told us to do, and thanked him for seeing me safely into my home. I knew as I heard his key in the lock that no one could disturb me unless Escort opened my door; it was so nice to feel protected.

I remember the safety I felt when my father, Freman, was with me so long ago. My father fixed the safety lock so that it operated from a latch inside our enclosure as well as by Escort's lock on the outside. My neighbors

MICRODOT ON PROM NIGHT 1971

WITH A TINY DROP OF MAJIC ON A
PURPLE PIECE OF PAPER, SENDING US
FARTHER THAN WE COULD REACH ON OUR OWN
SO JUST GO ALONG FOR THE RIDE

IN THE MORNING, THE FRISBEE SANG OVER OUR HEADS
WE RUBBED OUR EYES IN THE FOG
SWEET CREAM LULLING US AWAKE AND LIKE
WARM VELVET THE GUITAR STROKED OUR SKIN

WE LOOKED AT EACH OTHER AND I COULD SEE WHAT WAS THE
CLEAN AND CRISP AND SO SHARP THAT IT COULD SLIT YOUR
WRISTS IF YOU STARED LONG ENOUGH AT THE
GLINT OF THE METAL EDGE

ROARING ALL THE WAY BACK TO LIFE IN A
PAINTED-UP HEARSE WITH LOVE & PEACE ETCHED
ON THE SIDE

I CHEW ON MY HAIR
YOU ADJUST THE MIRROR AND WE
SLIDE INTO TOWN--
OUR TEETH TO THE WIND

M. MILLER MICKUNAS

MY MISTRESS, THE MUSE

THIS IS YOU
SCRIBBLED ACROSS MY PAPER
AND HERE TOO
FORGED ACROSS MY MIND
AND DEEP WITHIN MY HEART
SETTLED AND CONTENT
AT KEEPING ME IN SHADOWS
CHASING YOUR WHISPERS
WRITING MY BRAINS OUT
WHILE YOU WEAVE A ROPE
TAILOR MADE FOR MY THROAT.

were angry with Freman. "Suppose your daughter became very unhappy," they said, "Escort could not come in to remind her of Master's happiness." Freman's eyes burned dark and fierce at these times and nothing I said to remind him of Master's teaching would quiet his mood. I closed the door and tried to hide his unhappiness.

Things grew only worse for Freman. No amount of teaching brought any relief to his bad feelings. Sometimes late at night I noticed him sitting in the corner of the room on the floor. I could not tell what he was doing, but I heard very strange scratching noises — not a frightening noise but a very controlled, delicate sound.

Our neighbor colleagues must have heard Freman's night sounds also because one day Master came to visit Freman and I. Master was very concerned about my father's worried temperament and gave him a new home in a place far from danger. I wanted to question Master about my new feelings burning deep inside so that I could understand happiness, but I could not make myself smile and bow to him. Freman was gone and I wanted no happiness. Never before had I questioned Master's teaching; I searched for rightness in his actions.

My father, I admit, was not of a peaceful attitude. It was he who started the rumor of the mirrors. Because we are a people of beauty, Master placed a window on each of our pale walls. The long walls, on the left and right side of the room as I stand in the entry, have a window that, when open, provides a meeting place with my colleague neighbors. I like to open these windows whenever I feel unhappy to hear my colleagues talk about Master's seminars. This inspires me to forget unhappiness and be thankful for the safe comfort Master provides.

The window next to the door is used by Escort anytime he has a message for me; it is almost always closed. The window on the far wall was once hidden by a picture of Freman and my mother, Hope. After he removed father to a new safety, Master said the picture caused unhappy memories so he replaced it with his own portrait. I asked Master how to tell if it is the past or the present that makes unhappiness; he smiled and called me a sweet child.

Behind Master's portrait is the mirror Freman talked about. He often took the picture of him and Hope down to look at the mirrored window very closed. He said he saw another room through this mirror. He told me a story of a room so large a person could walk within it forever and not once step in the same place. The room had a soft green floor that went up to great heights and, in some places, fell to very low depths. Freman said the air within the room was sometimes warm and sometimes cold. Sometimes the air was quick and sometimes gentle. He said Hope was in the other room, and she was happy there.

Freeman's rumor of the endless room beyond the mirror was happy at first when he talked only to me but soon he told the story of our colleagues at the windows. When Freman told his rumor their faces grew stern and they listened with all their might. Once Freman made them smile with his rumor but their smiles were more sad than happy; they said they must discuss their feelings and closed the window — the windows remained closed to us after that.

WHAT WOULD MARY PRAY?

**DEAR HEAVENLY FATHER,
GRACIOUS AND MERCIFUL CREATOR,
MY HEART IS HEAVY WITH
THE MANY TRYING BURDENS
YOU KNOW SO WELL.**

**PLEASE GRANT ME THE COMPASSION
TO UNDERSTAND MY STUDENTS' NEEDS.**

**GRANT ME THE WISDOM TO DIRECT
THIS SCHOOL, THAT IT MAY SERVE
THE NEEDS OF OUR COMMUNITY.
THANK YOU FOR OUR BLESSINGS
FOR THEY ARE MANY.**

**GIVE US THE STRENGTH TO ENDURE
IF THAT IS YOUR WILL.**

AMEN.

R. JOHNSON

DEATH OF THE MAGIC

**I CALL FOR THE UNICORNS
THERE ARE NO MORE ELVES
ALL COLOR GONE
I AM ALONE.**

**AN ENCHANTED MEMORY
FAERY TEARDROPS FALL
THE LIVING WORLD
ENCASED IN STONE.**

**CONCRETE CITIES ROAR
HUMANS RULE SUPREME
DARKNESS THE FINAL VICTOR
OBSIDIAN THRONE.**

R. M.

I remember one day Freman stared out the window and claimed he saw small creatures floating in the room beyond. He said they stretched out their arms into wings and soared in the air. I could not believe such a strange thing until Freman took me to the mirror. The mirror held so much grayness from our room that it was very hard to see. Suddenly a quick blackness came toward the window and just as suddenly its stretched arms pointed up and this creature — a bird Freman called it — went up toward the top of the other room; it became very small as I watched until I could not see the black shadow bird. It flew on but I did not see it reach the top of the room. I knew this must be the room without end that Freman told me about. That night Freman told me a song about blowing grassy fields, nights that darken, and hills so tall they reach snow clouds.

That was the last night Freman and I were together. Master took him away to a new safety and left me here with unhappiness. Freman was happy only when he talked of Mom and the room with no end. I used to ask him questions every night to hear his stories. Once he said, "We sit here telling the same stories so often that it's like a constant De'ja Vu." I laughed at such a funny word. I didn't understand that Freman couldn't forget conversations as quickly as I. I reminded him that Master told us to enjoy each moment and not remember our saddened past — I even showed him the passage from the Tratta, "enjoyment is found only in Master and his teachings."

I've found it hard, myself, to forget memories since Freman was sent to his new safety home; nor can I forget the endless room behind my mirrored window. Last week I took Master's portrait down to see once again into the endless room. I saw only a dark brown floor and a bright blue ceiling. Removing my cold metal identification necklace, I tried to break the lock off the window to better see the endless room but its hold was solid and strong. I knelt down in my tiredness and discovered the reason of Freman's strange night scraping sounds. In the wall beside his bed, just under the mirrored window, Freman has sketched three birds soaring into a cloudless sky. Beside them he wrote three words: freedom, hope, and release. Release is my name.

I've been working on the lock for a week now and was excited today to feel quick air coming through a small hole I've managed to burrow in the silver lock. I wanted to stay and make the hole bigger, but Master called a seminar for contentedness.

It was this morning that I noticed the blank expressions of my colleagues. We come every day to our magnachairs and listen to Master's teaching. We walk single file through the halls lit by dim gray beams to return to our comfort enclosures. Escort waits at my door to lock me in and assure my safety. Every day is the same. Every day I have a feeling of repeating my actions; the mirror seems to pour even more emptiness into my comfort. "De'ja Vu," my father would say.

I will not live in De'ja Vu much longer, I hope. Each day my necklace causes more air to quickly flow through the widening hole. Freman's wall sketching of the soaring birds gives me even greater desire to break the lock. Soon I will escape the safety and travel in the endless room where the air is sometimes warm, sometimes cold, sometimes quick and sometimes gentle. Soon I will walk in freedom and hope.

NOBODY WOULD KNOW

**NO BODY WOULD KNOW THIS DEEP LOVE
WHICH I FEEL FOR YOU...**

**THIS IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL TIME
OF MY SHORT, BUT HAPPY LIFE.**

WHEN I MET YOU...

**I SAID SHE WILL BE MINE... ONLY MINE
BECAUSE SHE HAS EVERYTHING I LIKE, BUT NO BODY
WOULD KNOW WHO YOU ARE...**

**BECAUSE I PREFER LOVING YOU IN SILENCE
THAT YOU TELL ME NO...NO**

**BECAUSE OF MY DEEP LOVE,
I THINK THAT I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN YOU.
THIS, THAT I FEEL FOR YOU
IS MUCH MORE THAN A STRONG FEELING
BECAUSE I HAVE THE SWEET TASTE OF YOU LIPS
AND I HAVE NEVER KISSED YOU.**

**I'VE THOUGHT SO MANY TIMES ABOUT YOU
THAT I FEEL YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN WITH ME,
BUT NOBODY WOULD KNOW WHO YOU ARE
OR HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU...**

MIGUEL CARRERA

**NOTE: MIGUEL'S POETRY WAS WRITTEN AFTER ONLY
THREE MONTHS OF STUDING ENGLISH.**

BLACK MAJIC

**LITTLE INNOCENT BLADE,
PUPPET OF OUR MASTER'S HAND
ENCHANTED IN VOODOO
SWIRLING INCANTATIONS
PUFF! ERASE HIS BEING.
GENERIC HENCHMEN FOLLOWING
WITLESS CULT DEVOTION.**

DIANE R. H. MOORE

WAITING ON MARION

SHE WALKS SO SMOOTHLY
LIKE THE CHEEK OR A MOTHER'S BREAST
CAPTURED SLIGHTLY BY THE FOUR CORNERS OF A FRAME
I THINK OF MARY...

AND WHEN SHE SPEAKS
WORDS LIKE DOWN PILLOWS
MARION FOLLOWS ME INTO SLEEP
HER PRAYERS FOR MORNING
WHISPER ONLY OF MY SALVATION
OVER THE WHITE LINEN OF HER SMOOTH UNWRINKLED BE

WE DRINK WINE FROM DUSTY ALTER CUPS
MY APOLOGIES WEDGED INSIDE MY THROAT
AND THIS WORLD OF DROWSY DARKNESS
FLICKER WARM RAYS OF CANDLELIGHT
ON A ROOM ONLY MARION CAN SHOW

THE FIRST BORN OF MY THOUGHTS
FELL MARTYR TO HER SILENT ENENY
AS THE STARS SWEEP THE SKY A VELVET BLUE
AND BENEATH THEM I LAID
WAITING ON MARION...

JOHN MC KEE

A TANGLED SKEIN

THE MASTER OF DECEPTION NOW BEGINS
WITH HIS DISECTION
OF THE LIGHT'S DIVINE DIRECTION
LEADING LOVERS TO THE RIVER
LETHE ERASES LOVE FOREVER
FATE CAN FIND THE THREAD
AND FIX IT
BUT THANATOS WAITS TO THREATEN
YES- IMMORAL INCARNATIONS
WILL INVADE THE LIVES OF HUMANS
MAKING SHAMBLES OF THE
TAPESTRY OF LIFE.

DIANE R. H. MOORE

SWIMMER

EVERY NIGHT A NEW TIDE
COOL AND DARK, THAT'S WHAT ATTRACTS
AND TONIGHT YOU FIND YOURSELF ALONE
THE WATER ALMOST SANCTUARY
THE BEACH A WHITE LINE BEHIND YOU
YOUR MIND SO FAR INSIDE YOURSELF
EVEN FROM HERE I KNOW
THAT OUT THERE INSIDE YOURSELF
SOME GRAY FORM LIKE A CLOUD INSIDE YOUR BRAIN HAS FELT THE
THUMP OF YOUR HEART AND APPROACHES TO PULL YOU UNDER
COOLER AND DARKER THAN YOU'VE EVER KNOWN BEFORE
THERE'S SOMETHING OUT THERE
THERE'S SOMETHING UNDERNEATH THE WATER
YOUR'RE NOT ALONE

JOHN MC KEE

PLAYING DRESS UP

NICE AS A BLACK VEILED HAT
STYLISH AS A JEWELLED CHEMISE
WORN TO THE MID-ANKLE
WITH HIGHHEELED SHOES
THAT MAKE MY FEET CRAMP.

LOOKING IN THE MIRROR AND
SEEING BROWN FOR BLUE AND
BLACK FOR BEIGE OR ECRU
REFLECTED OFF OUR HAIR.

THIS IS THE TERROR THAT WE SEE
WHILE EXAMINING OUR CURVES,
LIKE THE HIGHWAY EVERYONE TRAVELS YET
TAKING NO NOTICE OF THE
SIGHTS ALONG THE WAY OR
THE DANGERS THAT HIT US HEAD-ON.

M. MILLER MICKUNAS

TWO WORLDS COINCIDE
SELFSAME EQUAL SIDE BY SIDE
JUXTAPOSITION
A MIRROR IMAGE OF YOU
MASQUERADE CLOAKING THE TRUTH.

DIANE R. H. MOORE

Woman Who Sees Tomorrow

by Joan Thomas

"But what does it mean?" she thought.

The woman listened intently to the warm summer breeze passing through her long dark hair. The voices gone, only the angry blue jay's chatter accompanied the light wind.

Reviewing in her mind the sounds she just heard for the second time, she searched the sky for a sign. But today, like before it remained inscrutable.

Her sight provided her livelihood. When she was no taller than a fawn, the tribe's people noticed her gift of vision. She couldn't always explain what she saw, but that was not important. It was not for a peon, especially a female peon, to decide. Only the temple-people on the hills could interpret.

Yet in this case she could see nothing. She only heard voices, many voices. The day was much the same as this one when they invaded her thoughts the one other time. It was long after the snows sunk into the earth, turning it green. The sun, its highest place in the heavens, throbbed unmercifully on her parched mouth. On such a day the slightest stirring of the wind brought welcome relief.

First she would hear a crisp "pop!" like the snapping of a brittle twig, followed by a unanimous cry of the many human voices. Sometimes they were cries of dismay, and sometimes they were joyful. Such a puzzle — even though the "pop" sounded the same each time, there was no pattern as to when the voices responded with either glee or disdain. After a while they were still.

She didn't tell the temple-people about the sounds before, and she would not tell them now. Since she had no vision to report with the sounds, they might suspect her of losing her gift. Even with her rare beauty, her talent spared her from the sacrifice. Several times in the past her foresight of the heavy winds and rain allowed her tribe's people time to get to safety. Much of what she saw had to do with the weather. They named her Woman Who Sees Tomorrow when she observed a frost the day before it happened.

But these sounds were different. If only she could see something. How could even the temple-people understand such noises. They would surely think the gods were asking them for her. So she kept it to herself, hoping for a resolution.

It suddenly occurred to her that she now stood on the same land where she heard the voices before. Perhaps this was an ancient burial grounds. Maybe they were spirits of the past. But she never saw the past, only the future. Determined to solve the riddle, she returned to the place time and time again.

She kept hearing the voices there until the leaves began to fall from the trees. She learned that the rains kept them away, so when her sight forecast bad weather, she stayed home.

Winter same, and the pops and cries ceased. She continued coming for a while, till the snow was too deep. Sitting on the spot by the tall heaven-bound tree, she listened in vain. Feeling lonely, she wondered if they would return with the cycle of green. They did.

IF SHE KNEW

IF SHE KNEW HOW MUCH I LOVE HER...
SHE WOULD PROBABLY LOVE ME A LITTLE BIT
THEN, I COULD THINK THAT THE WORLD IS MINE.

IF SHE KNEW HOW MANY TIMES I'VE DREAMED ABOUT HER...
SHE WOULD PROBABLY THINK ABOUT ME A LITTLE MORE
THEN I COULD GO CRAZY BECAUSE I AM HER THOUGHTS.

IF SHE KNEW THAT MY WHOLE HEART BELONGS TO HER...
SHE WOULD PROBABLY TAKE A PIECE OF IT
THEN, I COULD BE THE HAPPIEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

IF SHE KNEW THAT SHE IS IN EVERYTHING AROUND ME...
SHE WOULD PROBABLY WANT TO BE PART OF IT
THEN, I COULD BE HAPPY HAVING HER BESIDE ME.
THAT'S WHY, IF SHE KNEW...

MIGUEL CARRERA

INSPIRED AND ALMOST LIVING

IS THIS MY PLACE?
I THINK AS THE MOOD HITS ME
JUST ONE SOUND- A WORD
SOMETHING QUOTED RIGHT BEFORE I SLEEP
A STORY WOULD BE TOO LENGTHY
A POEM A BIT TOO INTENSE
ONLY A SINGLE IMAGE
ONE THAT WILL STAY WITH ME WHILE I SLEEP
AND IN THE MORNING WHEN I AWAKE
TO THAT WORLD THATS SO VERY QUIET
AND THOUGH I'M RELUCTANT TO REMAIN
I'M CALM AND EVEN COMPLIANT
I WILL REMAIN WITH YOU
THROUGH THE WARM AFTERNOON
AND WHEN THEY SPEAK OF MY ABSENCE
AND SPECULATE WHERE I AM
KEEP ME THERE WITH YOU

JOHN MC KEE

Becoming fond of them, she began to arrive earlier each day in excited anticipation. All along the sounds were the same. Then one day she heard something new — before the pop. The many voices, young and old, male and female, sang. They sang together ceremoniously. It gave her a wonderful feeling, though she didn't understand the words. Once when members of a foreign tribe came to trade, they used words she didn't know. But there were not at all the same. They were complex and unlike anything she ever heard before.

Woman Who Sees became so infatuated with the sounds that she failed to notice the spy following her daily. Suspicious of her actions, the temple-people on the nearest hill dispatched him. Although she continued reporting her weather-related visions, proving her ability still intact, they questioned her preoccupation with the one place.

The Great One had always wanted her for himself. If he could find a way, he would use her, and then offer her as a sacrifice, like he had so many others. Even with his exalted authority, he could not dispute her gift. Hearing of her strange actions, he felt encouraged. He ordered the spy to report directly to him before anyone else.

The informer described to The Great One how Woman Who Sees Tomorrow simply sat beneath the tree, looking and listening. Sometimes she smiled, sometimes she seemed disturbed. Occasionally she would sing an odd song in an unfamiliar tongue. It was always the same song. The Great One determined that she consorted with evil spirits. He ordered her brought to him.

"Why do you sing to the devils?" he demanded.

Trembling, she begged him to believe her. She had no dealings with the underworld. She only sang with the tribe people of tomorrow.

Not really caring who she sang with or why, he commanded her to describe these peons-of-the-future.

"But I have not seen them" she confessed tearfully.

She went on to relate how she heard the popping nose and the cries of many, intermittently happy and distressed. She told him about the queer song. Beseeking him for mercy, she told how she waited for a vision. That's why she returned each day.

He told her very well, he would give her a chance. If no vision appeared by leaf-shedding time, he would change her name to She Who Sings With Evil Spirits. That would mean that only he could perform the exorcism. Once cleansed, she would make a fit offering for the gods. Knowing that she could not lie to him about anything, he felt certain that she would not have a vision to report accompanying the voices by snowfall.

After all, her mirages never came with sounds. These voices were unrelated to her celebrated gift. He knew that he could convince the others that her devil-dealing outweighed her value as a prophet. As do many men in his position, he really had no ideology other than his own self interest. He looked forward to the season's change.

Returning to the spot each day, the woman knew that her days were probably numbered. Developing a strong affinity for the people behind the voices, she decided to ignore The Great One's threat. It was early summer, and many days before the green would fade. Tired of searching the sky

IN MY DREAMLAND

IN MY DREAMS YOU CAN NOT SEE / NO DEMOCRATS, NO DEMOCRACY
/ GONE AT LAST UNEMPLOYMENT LINES / SEWER RATS SNORTIN'
LINES / IN MY DREAMLAND I'LL BE THE KING / IN MY
DREAMLAND NO DRAG QUEENS / MY DREAMLANDS MADE JUST FOR ME
BY ME / IN MY DREAMS YOU STEP ASIDE / NO FREE FREEDOM, NO
FREE FREE RIDE / WHEN I'M THIRSTY YOU WILL THIRST / KEEP
YOUR DAMN LIVERWURST / IN MY DREAMS YOU PORKY PIG / NO
SHOT DOWN PLANES, NO SHOT DOWN KIDS / DECLINE ALL BIDS
STOCKMARKET GAINS/ ACID TRIPS IN ACID RAIN / AND ALL THE
FUCKIN' TERRORISTS AND THEIR TERRORISTIC COUNTRIES OR IS THA
CUNTRIES, CAN KISS THEIR ASSES GOODBYE, GOOD DAY , GOOD LUCK
CAUSE NO GRRASY BASTARD WITH A FIVE-O-CLOCK SHADOW AND A
STOLEN HOTEL BATHTOWEL WRAPPED AROUND HIS TWISTED HEAD IS
GONNA FUCK UP MY LAND OF LANDS / IN MY DREAMS YOU LIVE AT
LAST / NO NUCLEAR WAR, NUCLEAR BLAST / AND WHILE WE'RE
ON THE SUBJECT: NO NUCLEAR SERMON, NO NUCLEAR MASS / NO
NUCLEAR PRESENT, FUTURE, OR PAST / NO NUCLEAR LAUNCH, NO
NUCLEAR LUNCH / NO NUCLEAR CRASH, NO NUCLEAR CRUNCH, / NO
NUCLEAR PHYSICS, NO NUCLEAR FREEZE / NO NUCLEAR DEvised
DEATH DISEASSE / NO NUCLEAR FLOWERS, NO NUCLEAR PLANTS /
NO NUCLEAR POWERS, JUST NUCLEAR CAN'TS / NO NUCLEAR USED,
NO NUCLEAR WASTE / NO NUCLEAR WINTER AFTERTASTE/ NO
NUCLEAR VALLEYS, NO NUCLEAR PEEKS/ NO NUCLEAR NERDS, NO
NUCLEAR PLANT PROTEST FREAKS /

ANONYMOUS

TWO MISTAKES

IF I DIDN'T DREAD THE MEANING IN
YOUR EYE,
IF THOUGHTS OF YOU DIDN'T NOW MAKE
ME CRY,
I MIGHT JUST HAVE A CHANCE AT
LEARNING WHY

IT WAS YOUR TOUCH THAT COULD SET ME
ON FIRE
WITHOUT THE HELP OF NAME, FACE OR
DESIRE.

I'M AFRAID, THOUGH, THAT I MUST
BE A LIAR--

FOR SURELY ONE NEEDS DESIRE TO
BEGIN.

BUT NOW I'VE LOST ALL HOPE BY
GIVING IN...

NOT THE PAST; THE LOST FUTURE IS
OUR SIN.

N.S.D.

for a vision, she appreciated the sounds even more. She would enjoy her last days of freedom.

Then, when she least expected it, her bewildered eyes beheld an awesome sight. It happened on a nice warm day when the wind danced gently through the trees. The voices were there in great numbers, singing their sunny-day song.

Absorbed in the familiar sounds, she wistfully glanced up at a soft, fluffy cloud. A new sound invaded the area, drowning out the voices. As a large shadow moved over the ground, she saw it.

A huge, dark hummingbird, followed the shadow. Its whirring sound grew louder as the giant bird lighted on the earth directly before the woman. She watched in amazement as a man attached a five-point flat object to its claws. As the bird arose toward the sky, the wind created by its enormous wings tangled her hair and blew dirt in her face. Rubbing the dust from her eyes, she looked up in time to see it fly off toward the wide waters, carrying the flat object.

Then all was ominously quiet. She sat there till dark, waiting, watching, listening. Nothing. She came back the next day, even though she already sensed that her beloved voices were gone for good. Feeling a terrible loss, she cried uncontrollably They **were** gone.

Engulfed in her sorrow, she stayed in her hut, forgetting all about The Great One. Several moons later, it finally struck her that her vision at the place would save her.

As she told the temple-people about her fantastic sight of the big bird and the five-pointed flat object, she wondered what it had to do with the voices. High on their hill, the temple-people, along with the great one, analyzed her story. They reached the conclusion that the bird was the god of wind and rain. It removed the voices' bad spirit owners, contained in the five-pointed object, and dumped them in the wide waters. So the spot where she heard the voices and witnessed the vision of the big hummingbird now became hallowed grounds. In addition, Woman Who Sees gained in status. Not only could she see tomorrow, she could also summon a god to protect the land from tomorrow's bad fortune.

Now she could live to see her own hair turn as white as the winter snows. But nothing was the same without the voices. She missed them, never believing that they were in any way wicked.

The Great One, defeated, turned his attentions toward a different object. The woman's vision frightened him somehow. Regardless of his atheism, he thought that perhaps continuing his pursuit of one so gifted might be a little risky. Besides, there were easier pickings for one in his position.

Woman Who Sees lived a good, long life. She married and bore many children. Only one of them, a son, inherited her power. Dubbed Man Who Sees upon reaching maturity, he enjoyed a higher standing than his mother, being male.

He frequently pondered the tale his mother told him about the voices. He never heard such things, he only saw. One day during the early summer, he noticed one of the native red birds singing happily in a tall tree. It seemed to beckon him. He watched it curiously as it flew off and then returned, singing louder, almost with impatience.

Nothing better to do, Man Who Sees followed the strange red bird. It

led him a long distance, toward the wide waters. It was already growing dark when he began to think that he must be going hazy in his head. Why did he come all this way after a stupid feathered creature? He decided to stay there for the night, and return home in the morning.

Just as he was about to doze off, a loud "snap!" startled him awake. As he jumped to his feet, he heard the cries. They were a roaring of a great many voices. It was like during Festival when all the peons gathered at the foot of a temple hill to witness a sacrifice. But he could see nothing but the stars. The darkness never obscured his visions before. Thus, he concluded that there was no vision, only sound.

Instead of telling the temple-people, he wisely decided to confide in his mother. He feared that they would accuse him of releasing the evil spirits from the five-pointed box.

Woman Who Sees sobbed tears of joy. She was an old woman prepared to go on to the next world. Now perhaps she could hear the voices once more before leaving. With telling a falsehood absent from her nature she simply told the temple-people that she wished to spend her remaining days near the wide waters. They did not need to know why.

Respecting the aged prophet's wishes, they didn't give a second thought to the fact that Man Who Sees took her there.

She did, however, ponder her son's hearing the voices at night. She had never stayed around to listen after dark. She feared that she might not be able to hear them now that time had dulled her senses. Owing to her frailty, the trip took them a very long time. They did not reach the place where her son had slept until the following day. When they arrived, the sun beat down heavily on them. They spread a blanket beneath a nice shade tree, and drank cool liquid drawn from the wide waters.

Her son expressed doubt that she would hear anything here before nightfall. He felt that the voices hid during daylight, fearing the big hummingbird.

Woman Who Sees knew better. She always felt that the bird only served as a vision to spare her life. She alone understood that the voices did not belong to demons. They were voices of tomorrow. They were voices of the sons and daughters of her sons and daughters. They gathered in one place for some happy purpose. As she closed her weary eyes, leaning against the tree, she heard the song. The voices sang the sunny-day song.

Specks of yellow sunlight bounced off her tear-stained cheeks, as the song echoed in the valley. There were many, many, more voices than she ever heard in the past. Man Who Sees heard them too. He felt the strong emotion enveloping the area. He lurched forward when he heard the "pop!" and the great collective cry that followed. Smiling widely, he turned to his mother. But her spirit had gone from her body. He buried her there close to her voices.

Centuries later, a helicopter landed at Old Sportsman's Park in St. Louis. Home plate securely attached, the whirlybird arose and headed toward the Cardinals' new home, Busch Memorial Stadium.

