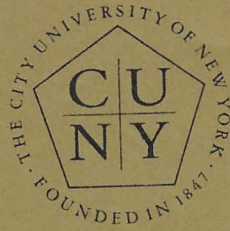


ROUND DANGLE  
AND  
OTTIER

FANTASIES...



RICHMOND COLLEGE  
LITERARY MAGAZINE

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## IMPRIMATUR

behind the executive desk,  
and Peggy's benign glance  
downward,  
a lump of young verse  
on generally white paper  
at her lap,  
I wonder where red pencils  
are made,  
who decided how to spell  
"bad"  
where the young girl is  
who, apologizing,  
placed the manilla envelope  
on the desk of measured  
sacrifice, walked away,  
and somehow  
earlier had said it  
past rhyme and  
hourly search for word:  
I am very, very guilty  
and more so when I  
pick up your poems and  
say more than one thing,  
as if my words are  
serious too.

JOHN KAVANAGH

## Lines Composed 3-15-70

While walking on  
Crevased and pointed rock,  
I saw its presence  
Pierce the sea. It started...  
My feet moved quickly over  
The weathered shapes,  
Looking foward toward  
To the destination.  
Being splashed and  
Surrounded by the monster,  
I moved on.  
Focusing all my mind and strength  
On immediate steps,  
Slowing not to slip.  
Wind, whipping tears  
From my eye,  
Hearing, while not seeing  
The final place.  
Slip...arms reaching  
For balance. Slow to stop.  
I moved on  
Passing others, heed them not.  
I moved on.  
Choosing the dryer path,  
Looking for the safer way,  
Afraid of the cold, green.  
It threatend me, until,  
I am passed the moss.  
I can look toward the tower,  
Hearing it louder now.  
Secure base, past the  
Danger. Dry dock to the  
Tower, hastily I move on.  
I will reach the end.  
And then return.  
Back over the base, the  
Moss, the slime.  
I will pass over the  
Crevases and pointed rock,  
Leave the green monster.  
Back to the sand.

Richard F. Burke

## Excuse Me

in spaceships of glass  
noise  
doors  
advertisements of scotch,  
doublestaring the globes  
of starry vision  
opposite us  
across the aisle of commerce  
in the tunnels of blacktime  
stacks of coins in a counting machine  
awaiting their pecuniary assignments,  
the subway lincolns are jingled from  
stair  
to seat  
from wait  
to heat  
in the cold climate of bundled despair  
awaiting their monetary moments  
in clothed irony  
turning the styles of agony  
with the tokens of defeat.

DROR AMI SCHWADRON

## DEMYSTIFICATION

seek and scrounge through  
out the anthole and sing  
your echoed laughter  
at the walls.

you, delirious man,  
can't you see the stars  
for what they are?  
lurking lanterns  
laughing windloud  
at a lamppost's sullen song?

ELLEN FINKELSTEIN

## A Voice of Sorrow

Casually  
cascading thru  
you stop  
to feel the fireflies

I look up  
as if I could see thru your eyes  
to see what you see  
but am blinded by the feeble light  
and only can hear the wood board's squeak.

ELLEN FINKELSTEIN

## THE COURT JESTER

his hands  
caterpillar curling  
towards a star's fascination  
he continues to compose  
in sand:  
inviting the sandbird's caw  
into an oyster's shell  
he tightly encompasses all  
and seals with thin rainbow haze.

how gallant is the Jester's Court now:  
he who caresses all  
colors of the electric synapse  
in wonder journeys past  
laughing,  
a flower hanging from his  
chattering teeth.

ELLEN FINKELSTEIN



## During The Off-Hours Of A Court Jester

in crayoned courts  
he summons  
the delightful alone  
to carosel on trinkets  
of the tatoed maidens

and (although he knows  
the liquid love  
of kings and queens  
cannot afford  
its subjects  
the same)

he lavishly weaves  
a coiling connection  
to ric-o-shay his vision  
as it may  
lure the gypsy  
to stay just a little longer.

ELLEN FINKELSTEIN

We are right at the gate!  
I listen attentively, not to miss  
    a single liquid movement.  
Even the cats are  
practicing this folly,  
their passionately thorny cries  
persuade the loud darkness into  
Quiet:

    hearing only the snoring crickets.

ELLEN FINKELSTEIN

## ARCHETYPE

Below the rippled transient shrill  
Of lights in mud the matted leaves  
Sowed in autumn are  
With rocks the streams bed.

Fresher the frosty chill glazes  
Eyes like the daring moth among  
The golden hairs of a resting lady.  
On the very surface where vapors  
Born form clusters like bubbles that  
Faceted make buoys for insect feet;  
And glide the silken surface.  
Yet bubbles flash ephemeral and  
Waves are pierced by a sight  
That to the bass bottom flirting  
Shadows flicker so melts  
  and the germ  
Oozes to fetal form

ANDREW WENDER

1/19/71

## A Steady Desk Job

A mother's eyes issuing light  
    Secures new innocence from the wind  
Her heart leaps to an orbit of purpose  
    And her suspended world awaits discovery.

We sit tight;  
Hoping our ship safely into harbor  
Steering past the feasts of hungry dogs.

"Good sense" is dealt more than its due  
Elbow on table, Ass in chair  
                                    ten feet secure,  
But the straightest line always curves.

ANDREW WENDER

it was your turning  
instant of doubt  
caught  
    in the lamplight  
        while turning  
caught  
    in the bare moment  
        and kept  
        naked  
    in the lamplight  
by me  
the witness.

in the kept moment  
    of maximum humidity  
ah in the turning  
    the scent  
and you  
    mother most vulnerable  
are caught  
    heated  
    and unsure.

KATHLEEN ENDRESS

if I possessed these hills  
I would traverse them hour by hour  
flower by flower --  
Until with the curve of my hand  
I could trace them for you in the air,  
graphically precise  
but more  
like the poor heaving of my heart.

KATHLEEN ENDRESS



Photo by Bill Glass

## Recall

oh again  
my grass acre  
where a brown bird went --  
a rush of wings  
and then  
only my rhythms and sounds in passing  
(images I have found  
glimmering in the sun)  
as if to say  
she knows enough of our secrets  
and wishing not to pose for captions  
they flee --  
and leave empty  
what one quick sparrow  
lit with life.

today I passed  
on the other side of the street  
and saw for the first time over  
a nearby wall  
another acre  
with no birds  
but arched,  
like a lover lies  
and many trees  
and one massive white stone house.

KATHLEEN ENDRESS



## the leafraker

in transit  
which is solitary  
except for the encounter  
I was told  
of the many complexities  
of gathering  
leaves --

    he saying  
it all depends  
on which way the wind blows.  
    (knowing it would all change  
while he was home listening to the wild  
crying of the wind)

that man for whom he gathers the leaves  
cannot know, he said  
of the wind blowing     how could he?  
how could he know --  
saying to place the leaves gathered here?

KATHLEEN ENDRESS

I

I must tell you, after all  
that it was not illusion that held us there  
together poised between ecstasy and despair  
but rather life's intricate transparencies lying each on each  
and woven with invisible plastic threads in  
patterns emblematical of the mind's desire.  
we spent our time gathering symbols  
and wove with unsure fingers light labyrinths of the air,  
the poet's substance,  
all strung with shimmering silver mobiles which trembled  
to dim erratic rhythms  
of a sitar whining  
through tenuous streaming threads.  
It was the tabla that I heard beneath it all, life,  
subdued for a time,  
but which in one poignant solitary -- lightning  
pierced the web which fell before us  
weeping to a heap of delicate fragments hung  
with silver and with fear.

II

We stood alone, each of us  
gathering from the debris broken images  
which were strange, once losing form,  
and we watched with dull envious eyes  
wondering at unfamiliar symbols  
in unfamiliar hands.  
With what frenzy each of us  
construed to salvage the remains  
And we chose finally to build  
something more secure, more solid  
than that delicate web --  
something to swing from  
it was cruel to do so  
unable as we were  
to find rhythms  
equal to the wild familiar rhythms  
of the drum.

KATHLEEN ENDRESS

**smudge poem**

alot of love

i found

in the dark

places

where i've been

g.e.bouquio

silver poem  
number four

rain  
seems  
from  
underneath

a  
fish  
mouth  
silver  
bodied

g.e.bouquio

you can

almost

hear

my voice

my voice

is

your ear

g.e.bouguio

## Sunday Night Before Monday or (Mondoody)

Saturday is fun and woopie  
Sunday morning too  
But when it comes to Sunday night  
Doody's all I know.

Monday is a doody day  
For school and work and stuff  
Unless there is a holiday  
To break the doody up.

This is the reason  
I write stuff like this  
It's Doody -- Pure Doody  
And you're made of the same!

One from Radcliff  
One from Yale  
And oh! The doody it entailed!

He called her bitch  
She called him bastard  
They knew they'd have a perfect marriage

Dying in bed with a terrible sickness  
She looked like she was set for a picnic  
He jumped in bed  
To say goodbye  
And don't you know!  
He even tried!!

The last words on her lips were "shit" --  
That made everything just fit.

### ODE TO THE THRUWAY

The trueway is the thruway  
No other way there is.  
The parkways, highways, expressways too...  
All are Doody!  
Compared to you.

### PEANUT BUTTER

Skippy you rascal --  
You've ruined my life.  
It all started out with pain and strife  
The chunky style jabbed  
At my little tender jaws  
We all called you doody diapers  
The kind from the Drawers

Time passes by  
And so does the pain  
Skippy, oh Skippy  
I love you all the same!

## "Grace Slick, Jefferson Starship"

Grace Slick is my phantasmagorical lover.  
Coming flor-luminescently in the silver black night,  
flying, swimming like sperm;  
crashing on glorious gumdrops;  
exploding, lapis lazulying on my glort golden godhead;  
spinning in recipricatory credible creation;  
And being mine forevermore for one milisecond.

Because my synchromatic synaptical supposition  
Revolves in my danger damaged brain:  
Fire flying asymptotically.

Carlton Digilio



In the silent  
Stillness  
Of the night  
A lullaby  
To hush  
A sudden cry.  
A story is told  
And then a softer hum.



I lay awake  
-- Gazing --  
At the black sky  
-- Broken --  
By the rock-hard  
-- Brickness --  
That's been mine.  
Black and red  
I closed my eyes.

C. PEREZ

## Without Him

Summer...  
Why did you begin?  
Why did you end?  
I wonder what you've left with me.  
A broken heart...  
An unforgotten love?  
What was his name?  
It doesn't matter anymore.  
He went his way,  
I suppose I'll go mine.  
But how can I make it  
Without him?

MARIS KUSHNER

## RAMBLINGS

HENRY O. BENTSEN

"It's been a long time since I've been to the theatre, last movie I saw was so uncouth that I've strictly avoided seeing another for over ten years. It's only that you my dear friend and companion have recommended it, that I have come." These were Steve's words as he entered the tremendous egg-shaped building. "Oh, I'm quite sure you'll like it, it's on the line of a documentary you know, very scientific, and all that", replied his friend as they entered the theatre and took their seats.

The house lights dimmed and the show began. On the walls, ceiling and floor the image of a rather large voluptuous woman was projected in full three dimensional color.

"Thank God she's wearing clothes", Steve said to his comrade.

The figure began to disrobe, Steve shuddered as the mannish woman removed her garments.

"It will get quite better, more detail you know", his friend said.

She was quite naked now, Steve shrank in his seat and attempted to cover his eyes. She was everywhere in the theatre in full three dimensional vivid color. He couldn't avoid seeing her.

"It will get quite better, more detail you know", his friend said.

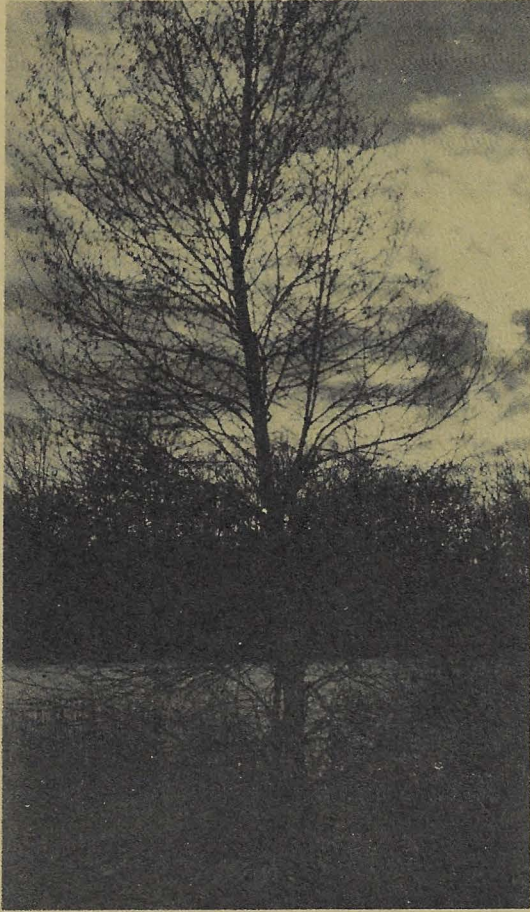
In a moment the theatre turned into a huge pulsating female sex organ.

"I could die of embarrassment", said Steve.

And with that he did.

"It will get quite better, more detail you know", his friend said.

Steve smiled.



**THE  
VERY TOPS  
OF TREES**

...and two bird-children  
harmonized  
far inside a yellow field,  
knitting a patchwork  
nest of dawn-grey  
madrigals,  
Weighing each straw  
to make certain it was  
encrusted with golden-right memories.  
Inhaling every amber minute  
as an adventure into  
wonderland

merrily, terrily, wispy purples  
singing gaily out-of-breath YES,  
through swinging high wire carnival's  
trapeze one, two, children buckle my shoe.

...and when escorting high  
the wind into the sky,  
dancing magically  
through a thousand seasons,  
building shrines on  
lyrical wingtips,  
they were free, free smiling.  
And when, if ever it's time  
for them to go,  
they'll return to earth  
only after a muted trumpet's  
exhale of candle-bright odes  
has taught them that they  
have only to journey into  
the other's eyes to find  
anywhere they want,  
    merrily, terrily, wispy purples  
    singing gaily out-of-breath YES,  
    through swinging high wire carnival's  
    trapeze one, two, children buckle my shoe.  
...and when they do  
the air will be  
song, verse, and love --  
I wish you,  
As I would wish you  
a wreath of  
green-green melodies.....

M.V.K.

building



## WHILE A FOREST

A TREE OF AN AFTER-FIRE  
IS A TREE OF DEATH,  
CRUSHED TO THE DIRT FACE OF EARTH  
NAKEDLY NIGHTED IN A GOWN OF MOURN,  
STRIPPED BY PUFF WINDS  
OF CARELESSNESS.

A TREE OF AN AFTER-FIRE  
PROBES UNKNOWN TO NESTS,  
CHIRPLESS IN THIRST,  
PRAISLESS ON ONE FOOT AND IMMOBILE  
WHERE BRANCHES ONCE HARMONIZED  
A FINGERES WORSHIPNESS.

A TREE OF AN AFTER-FIRE  
CANNOT WOMB A DESK,  
HAIR VULCANIZED FROM SCISSORS OF FLAME,  
SPLITTING, WAVING, RUBY DIGESTION,  
CRACKLING FOR MORE  
AND SECRETLY SAVORING.

# LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT

FOR BARB — AUGUST

Now that the wind in the hollow of my soul  
whispers its woes,

I want to thank you. I want to thank you for  
giving me a year of your life -- a year of your  
life (though it feels like a day  
and it was a day, for now it is night)

Now that the wailing waters of my eyes  
wave their last farewell,

I want to thank you. I want to thank you for  
giving me the sweet sunshine of your smile -- sweet sunshine of your  
smile (though it seems bitter-sweet to me now,  
and it is bitter-sweet, for the memory of a feeling is  
just a hazed reality)

And some Wednesday morning at 3 A.M., When I  
find myself

lying limply with weariness on the white sheets of my bed,  
I will remember the warmth and peace of your soul  
and the nearness of your being.  
And I will remember the nights I held you close  
and wet your lips with mine.  
And I will remember the times you were there  
to lighten my load with soothing swiftness.  
And I will remember the days I wrapped my arms around your belly  
and imagined my child to be there.

And now that the clouds hang heavy over my head,

I will whisper your name and hope to find comfort there  
though my voice be hollow and sad.

And now that the stars blink lightly in the dark dismal night,

I will close my eyes and think of you,  
The one that I loved...the one that I love.

And when my nights are at their blackest, and  
my heart heaves heavily in quiet caution,  
I will open my soul to the shadowy dark  
and sigh in silent silence.

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT

And I will remember the days we walked  
handinhand.

And I will remember the nights we lay  
ineachothersarms -- you still, and I,  
...not so still

And as my Artic Winter grows colder and colder,  
I will close mine eyes and think of you,  
the one that I loved... the one that I love.

BILL GLASS



# LOVE SONG

FOR BARB — AUGUST

FROM THE LEFT AND RIGHT  
VENTRICLES AND AURICLES  
FROM THE SOUL  
OF A  
SIMPLE HEART...

I really can't explain my doeful delightful delight  
When you look my way. When you look my way  
Look my way  
in the morning over coffee.

In the morning over coffee  
When you look my way.  
Look my way  
in the morning over coffee,  
Over coffee.

I really can't explain my  
doeful delightful delight  
My doeful delightful delight  
When you look my way  
Look my way.

You arouse a pleasurably pleasurable passionate  
Spark  
When you open your eyes  
Open your eyes  
ever so WIDE

You arouse a  
pleasurably pleasurable passionate spark  
when

Ever so wide you  
Open your eyes  
Open your eyes ever  
so wide

You arouse my doeful delightful delight  
When you look my way  
ever so wide

Look my way ever so wide  
in the morning

In the morning over coffee a  
pleasurably pleasurable passionate spark.

(Continued on next page)

LOVE SONG - Continued

I really like it in the  
    morning over coffee  
When you smile  
When you smile in the  
    morning over coffee  
Over coffee in the morning  
    when you smile. When you  
        Smile  
    smile in the morning over coffee.  
    I observe the  
    gleem glimmer glowing glimmer  
        of your gleeming white teeth  
    in the morning when  
        you smile  
    over coffee when you  
        Smile  
    over coffee.

Over coffee in the morning  
    when you smile  
    I observe the  
    gleem glimmer glowing glimmer  
    when you smile  
    eyes open ever so wide,  
Ever so wide and you  
        Look my way  
    look my way in the morning  
    over coffee when you smile.  
    Open your eyes  
    look my way  
Ever so wide when you smile  
i observe the gleem glimmer glowing glimmer  
In the morning when you smile  
    ever so wide  
    Look my way.

I love you so much I'm  
afraid  
in the morning when you  
look my way  
I love you so much  
I'm afraid  
it's absolutely apparent apparently apparent  
i'm afraid I love you  
so much that I'm  
absolutely apparently afraid of  
afraid of losing  
Afraid of losing you  
losing you  
Before I had the chance  
to win your love  
Win your love  
I'ts apparently apparent  
absolutely apparent  
I love youso much I'm afraid  
in the morning when you  
Look my way  
look my way.

Once in a while  
over coffee when you smile  
Smile  
ever so wide  
in the morning over coffee  
I'm afraid it's  
absolutely apparent apparently apparent  
i'm afraid  
in the morning  
over coffee  
that it's absolutely apparent apparently apparent  
that  
I love you.  
Look my way  
once in a while  
in the morning when you  
Open your eyes ever so wide  
Look my way  
I love you...

BILL GLASS

## Sonnet

Ev'ryday a thousand cross-roads, it's said,  
And failure's no success, wrote the poet,  
Yet know that all heart-strings need to be knit  
As a vacant cav'ty yearns to be fed.

Man astormed seeks shelter for his head  
Under any roof, leaking if a bit,  
And any boat's a boat if it will sit  
Afloat when the waters o'er-flowed.

We are but lives adrift, bereft, and caught,  
Let us, before the sky is spread upon  
A table, go live cheer'd bloom'd, and aloft,  
And choose for the day-light-heat, for the sun  
Beats far more far deep than any fury-wrought  
Feat; life's to be lived with, not 'neath nor on.

DROR AMI SCHWADRON

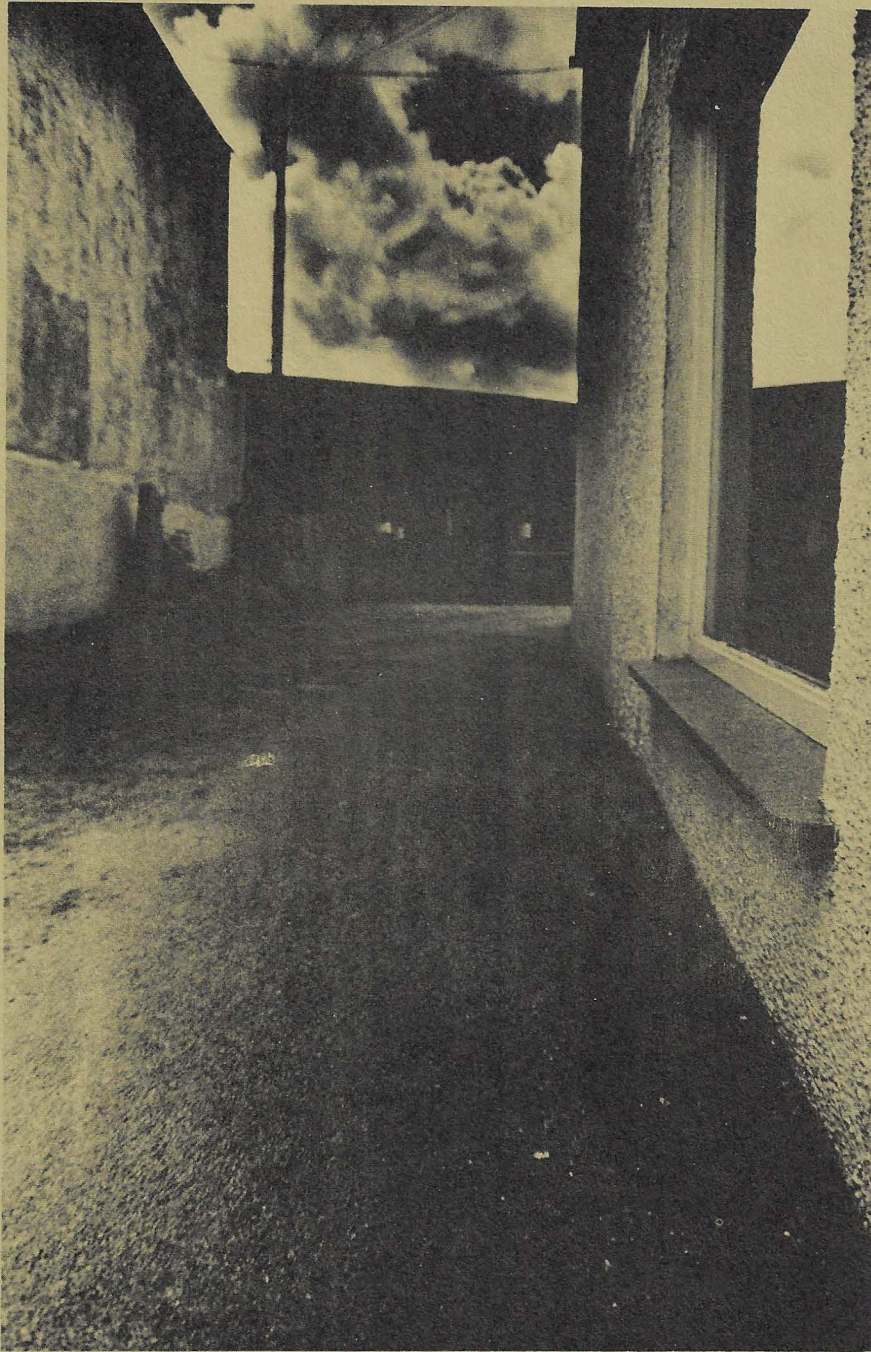


Photo by Bill Glass

## Reality Suspended

WILL I NOW MELT MY FORTUNE'S FROST  
AS SUNLIGHT SHADOWS ME OVER?  
AND SHALL I CAPTURE THIS LIGHT BEAM  
IN WARM STREAMS MY SOUL HOVERS?  
OR WILL I IN A FRIGID THOUGHT  
LAY CAPTIVE OF MY YAWNING?  
AND IN THE STILLNESS OF A FLAKE  
HIDE  
FROM  
HER  
SUMMER  
MORNINGS?

XCM 1965

## REVERIE ON THE ROCKAWAYS

THE SEA SALT SMELLS OF SWEET EXOTICS  
WHISPERING FLEETLY TOWARDS MY FEET,  
STOPPING IN A DUMB PERPLEXION  
SLIPPING BACK UNFOAMING MILK.

I STRETCH MY ARMS TO HIDE THE RAZOR  
ATOP THE FAR AND DISTANT TIDES,  
AN ENDLESS EDGE ABOVE GREEN WATERS,  
SEEMS TO NON-EXIST MY SOUL.

XCM  
1968

## To Kathy

The stone of the past  
Memory erodes  
To the plain where myself  
Is sustained by my child-self.

But here, forth the surface quakes  
The image of a sparrow  
Rising from my earth,  
Her quick waves of wings  
Rolling bars of sky  
Between herself and a child  
Led by curious fingers.

You are so like that sparrow  
That the flow of each question's sound  
You freeze into imposing touch  
And, downward turn your face  
To wave bars of hair  
Across your eyes  
Shutting me in my earth.

Gary Ernst



How can I condemn her?  
When I know the tide of the moon draws  
Unto the dryness of the shore  
To the self-reliance of the sea  
Must each wave order.

I let such nature  
Plunge through my earthquake flaw --  
How could I expect her  
To restrain the tides of her nature?  
Or feel my famished flaw  
Suck the vibrance of her heartbeat  
Through the pressure of her flesh.

GARY ERNST

## **rain**

feet heavy soaking wet  
go with wisdom go in green sound  
a refugee I walk in peace  
the streets are soft they bear me no pain  
all about a hush a quiet  
blessed be the rain  
soft silent fallen ones  
without pattern seeking not  
I know not my name

rain meets earth in a dance  
beyond life beyond death  
a forever falling  
I am here I am getting wet  
kiss me said the earth  
oh rain of sweet breath  
forever falling  
I am too

JOHN BARRALE

## tonight

tonight there are noises in the night  
cats in the alley feet shuffling on stairs  
bedsprings creaking,

tonight a truck goes by with groans  
it startles me, I lie awake aching  
stoned by the empty bed,

tonight I fill it with you  
drawing from memory

cupping your breasts in my hands  
feeling the warm surge of flesh  
listening for the whisper of thighs,  
tonight I light skyrockets for us  
and watch them explode over China.

tonight I wear the red robes of love  
and sing the blues lost in the harmonicas  
that play purple in my head,

tonight I'm the crazy one  
who can read the cracks in the sidewalk,  
a sneaker gypsy

fabled the fastest kid on the block,  
tonight I look for moonstones worn smooth by the sea  
to write secret messages on,

tonight I bring you roses

(Continued on next page)

TONIGHT - Continued

with bleeding pieces of my heart inbetween the petals,  
tonight I make love to you,  
sweet woman I drown us in the sea  
and let the waves roll over us  
over and over and over again.

tonight I roam the mountains  
where the lean cats lie on the cliffs  
and the scent of jasmine drifts up from the jungle,  
and high where the wind howls  
and the rarest wildflowers grow  
I stop to pick one for you.

tonight I bridge time and space  
laugh at distance and reason  
and appear before you  
come to carry you off in strong arms.

JOHN BARRALE

lovely mad woman who lives in the moon

JOHN BARRALE

lovely woman in the sky  
who hangs there in the moon  
I am sad  
the world just isn't right  
I don't fit

lovely moon lady hanging there  
some people believe in astrology  
some people believe in Tarrot  
some in what-not  
I believe in you  
and setting yellow balloons free in Central Park  
to touch the sky  
lovely moon lady  
they say I'm insane

lovely moon lady  
they say write heavier poems  
look at all the shit that goes on in the world  
grow a beard grab a gun  
become socially aware  
I want to scream at them  
it's as easy as love  
or some other asinine plattitude  
but usually I just smile  
and take a harder toke of grass  
(you can substitute any word for grass make it love  
belief being people any word will do)

lovely moon lady  
sometimes I look out my window  
and see autumn  
mad wild autumn in his crazy clothes  
running through the streets  
grabbing the people  
gesturing wildly  
pushing and pulling  
trying to tell them of the great dying and growing  
the great greening the borning  
going on

today he touched me  
and raced through me  
searing  
and I'm stoned  
tripping again  
looking up  
at lovely mad women who live in the moon.



## sweet ceremony

you were a flower and I a hunter,  
you grew in a forest  
riding red horses I found you  
and plucked you and knew fragrance,  
om

you were a song and I one deaf,  
from high on the mountain  
I in the valley heard  
and looking up knew dreams,  
om

you were a star and I an astronomer,  
through dusty telescopes on ancient  
hilltops, I saw you  
clear were the skies radiant the new star,  
om

you were an apple and I one hungry,  
with fever hands I tore you  
and broke you upon my mouth  
and was refreshed,  
om

(Continued on next page)

## sweet ceremony

you were a city and I an army,  
looking at thick walls heavy with treasure  
I imagined space within  
and knew longing,  
om

you were a princess and I a nomad chief,  
seeing your supple movement I knew dessert wind  
shifting sand; I carried you off  
a gift of silver horses to grace the night,  
om

you were a kingdom and I its prophet,  
though no one believed  
I spoke of you and was stoned  
but died happy,  
om

om  
is not life love?

om  
in purity in innocence  
we make love and burn  
slow sweet incense  
ascending.



## UNTITLED or

(Lines composed on an afternoon ride on the Staten Island Ferry)

The hustling,  
The bustling  
Cool is the feeling.

The stream is running  
By ever so fast  
Cool is the feeling.

With eyes searching  
And bodies recoiling  
Cool is the feeling.

With an ever surmounting  
Need for warmth  
Cool is the feeling.

Finding small tid bits  
To keep oneself busy  
Cool is the feeling.

Then she will come  
And warm is the glow  
We meet then as one  
But its too deep to forget  
How cool was the feeling.

Arriving, not wanted  
Is the ever present chill  
We, down through the rapids  
Cool...becoming our will.

by  
Richard F. Burke

## NUMBER EIGHT

The tamborine is crashing  
The stillness now is gone.  
The colored lights are flashing  
About me. Help, I'm lost.

RICHARD F. BURKE



## Number Three

It's such that time  
Can come and go.  
I had time once  
Now it's lost, it's lost, it's lost.  
Now you have time  
It's mine you have  
I see no time  
I see no time  
I only feel past  
The future is yours.

RICHARD F. BURKE

# ONE

A SHORT STORY by Terry Bookman

Lee had had more jobs than he could remember over the past few years -- office clerk, machinist, welder's apprentice, the list seemed endless. In fact, looking back, his entire life was one of shifts and moves, having been born in New York City and now living in Dallas, Texas, with who knows how many cities in-between. Yet, none of these places, nor any of his jobs held any real meaning for him; they were just things to do for money, places to be -- spots on the map -- and he was being tossed around, from one to the other. Yes, tossed, because Lee had the strange feeling (he wasn't sure when it began) that he had no control over these changes; that there was some power, which he could never completely understand, that beckoned and seduced him, that he had to follow. There wasn't even any rational behind his marriage. He had travelled half-way around the world to the Soviet Union (everyone thought he was some kind of spy) to find his wife; yet, he really never knew why he did go there, he just knew at the time, that he had to go.

Lee felt trapped in Dallas. He had heard about a new land-opportunity in Oregon, checked all the details, and was ready to make the move, but he could not. Something (he wasn't sure if it was a premonition, or just a feeling, or whatever) told him to stay, and he just knew he had to stay. The thought of helplessness (by now he knew he was helpless), his life controlled by an outside force (it must be a force, he didn't know what else to call it) churned itself over and over again in his mind, but Lee never discussed it with anyone. (How could he? What could he say?) It was there, he knew it, he was its pawn, and there was nothing, nothing at all, he could do about it. He waited (accepting his destiny), he was patient (after all, what could he do?); it told him to stay in Dallas, that all his training and shifting would come to its logical end in Dallas. Lee felt that the time was near. He waited.

On the night of the 21st, as if acting out a role in a second rate play, Lee could not sleep. He found himself lying motionless in bed, silent, perspiring. He saw (was it a vision? his imagination?) what he must do, that the path he must take was unalterably chosen for him. Somehow, he had the vague feeling that he had come to this crossroads before, several times before, (it was unlike a simple *deja vu*, this was overwhelmingly powerful) and the outcome, his course of action, was always the same as the one he must now take. It was as if people repeated themselves, their souls (the energy which was called the soul) never dying, taking on new forms over and over again -- bodies dying, souls remaining. The masses would always be the masses, they were merely there to people history; it was only a select few, like himself, that were singled out for exceptional service, who had anything to contribute to history. And what did it matter if you were Albert Einstein or Attila the Hun? Both had exceptional souls, both were mere flesh coverings for those souls. Einstein could have been Galileo, Hitler and Attila could have really been one -- no one had control, that was certain!

The next morning, Lee awoke (had he slept?) and dressed for work. He half-remembered his restless night but he couldn't recall the thoughts that kept him awake. Probably one of those crazy dreams, he concluded. After a small breakfast, he left the house (his wife was still sleeping) and walked to the bus stop. Later that day (November 22, 1963) Lee Harvey Oswald shot and killed President John F. Kennedy.

The highest wave of any tide  
Breaks only once upon the sand  
Each bellow that is subsequent  
But marks the sea receding hand  
In lingering isometric lines  
Etched by the foam upon the shore  
A record written down the beach  
Of fullness once, that is no more....

M. V. K.

Broken glass like  
shattered dreams  
the aftermath of  
unrealized fantasies

M.J.K.  
E.M.M.

