

F. L.

TRAYAS



R. F.

I



R. F.

Ode to a Lonesome Traveler

Andy Fraenkel

The night meanders
Down lonesome alleyways
Where minds run behind time,
Which beckon me
To discover them,
To hide there in the moist corners,
To sleep,
 and seek,
 and ride
Past sing-song bars,
 and guzzling bars,
 and rollicking,
 boasterous bars
Past bouncers and bounced,
 brushing counters
 and counts
 in hotsy-totsy bars
Past four note bars
 where bewildering guitars
 push me and hold me
 and push me again
Past smoking cigars,
 and smoking women,
 who linger and prey
 on choking Buddhas
Past sleeping saints
 and creeping paints
 in luminated
 bathroom stalls
Past bottles and years,
Past hovering fears,
Past sagging lampposts and tears,
Where I might stop
To rest a minute
And remain for a life time,
Singing an ode
 to sweet sight
Of some voluptuous, raptuous cunt
Who will mother me
And love me violently,
And together we will hide in somber alleyways,
And on occasion peek out to view the sights below.

ORTON STEVENS

HARRY SHAW

As Orton Stevens continued his daily romp of time and space, he came upon a golden key. Upon grasping it he was cast into the depths of "La."

The first thing he noticed was the incredible change of the key. Its gold nature turned iron, then melted into rust. About him danced purple, shimmering maidens--ever beckoning. From the orange rock on which he stood, Orton could see the ever changing sky--of stars and sun--colliding and exploding then beginning again. Through the red mist of water and dust, Orton could see three dark figures, standing proudly on their orange rocks, looking at him.

He wanted to talk with them, he stepped off the rock. The yellow sand, upon which he walked, was without substance yet, it carried him as he stepped on it. He came closer to the figures. The closer he came, the more indistinct they would seem.

All this time he heard nothing. But as he came closer, Orton began to hear a strange ringing sound. He came closer. It grew louder. Another step. It was piercingly loud. One more...

Orton Stevens lay dead on 42nd Street--the victim of a hit and run.

If you walked twenty times around
the Times Square midnight matinee
you would see Carla
myopically serene
one of the lovely ones
tearing her fingers
ripping her fingers
on gossamer threads of night
holding back intrusions flowing
from strangers eyes.

You are beautiful Carla
thousand voices cry
a counterpoint to her vacuous gaze
a symphony to her presence
a postlude after all is sung...

Ah, Carla do you see the sighs
glitter in your wake
stretch out your torn hands for a moment,
receive a blessing from your city
the keys to heaven never unlocked your mind

Please look on us benignly
pray for us in your sad day sleep
and we follow you fishers of men
wanting only surcease from existence
KYRIE ELEISON
hold us to your breasts
KYRIE ELEISON
comfort us
THY WILL BE DONE
there is no death
for us.

DONALD EISMANN



An East Second Avenue of the Mind

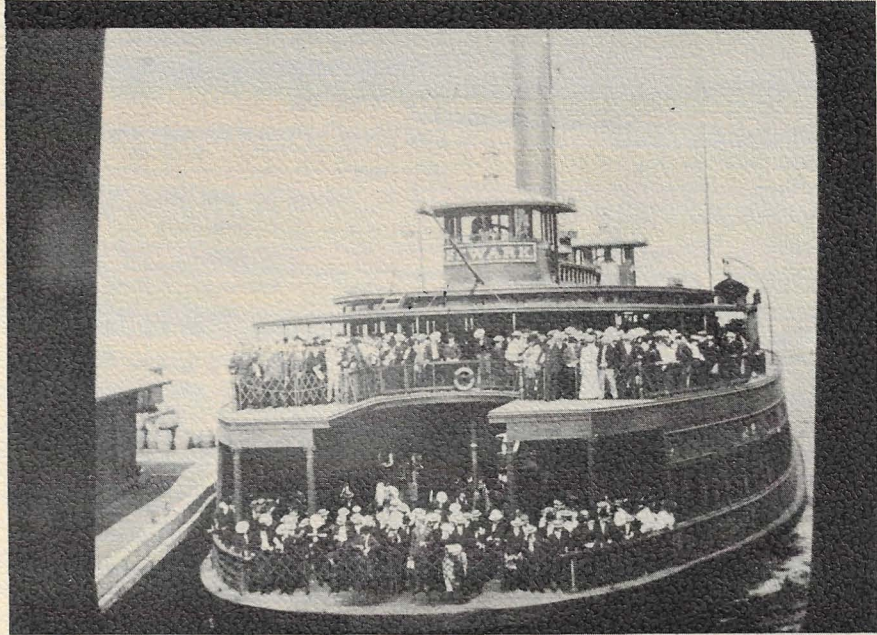
K. ISHIBASHI

The Village Voices in modulated contrapuntal
Calvinistic incandescence inundating in psychophrenogenic negation
An atmosphere heavy with Persona neonized
Chary credulity in a
Withholding of belief
Of stasis
Of hibernation
Of cybernation
Suspended animation and
Conditioned escape-avoidance
Phosphorylation not Regeneration
Love not War
Nor babies
Truth without consequence
Now and forever orgasm
Inside a Beauty without consequence
No sequence
Hail anarchy
Hail chaos
All hail!
No cause
No effect
In effect ineffectuality
Cast your sperm upon the murky waters
Of some not-quite-so-loving whore's womb
Choke on the bitter Mother Milk
Why the Hell not?
If there is no God, there's
No Hell
Then
Why not?
A random reinforcement schedule
For operant lever pushing behavior
In the biggest Skinner Box of them all?
One can afford
To let it all hang out
If he has a foot
To begin with
So cover it up
With a leaf
With long hair
With grass
Covert is cool
But guerilla theatre is groovy
And farting gets more attention
Than articulation without amplification
Chidiok Tichborne lives!

But not in this catch basin
Of avant-garde
New wave
Beat
Hip
Hippy
Yippy
Mediocrity
Algernon Charles Swinburne is dead
Too late
Too late
Dread
Hare Krishna
Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna
Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna
Hare, Hare, Hare, Hare
Eat it!
Drink it
Sniff it
Smoke it
Inject it
Insert it
Think it
LET ME OUT/IN
It hurts to fuggin' much here
But I must be a man in the dust trying
Not resigned to the shutting away of love by a scalpel
I arise from the mythic dreams of thee
I believe her nipples no less than the knitwork of the Infinite
So I celebrate myself, for my lips have caressed
Yet cry her mercy
And find no peace.
I fled down days of streets and alleys of night
I got me FTD flowers to straw my way
And desired to go
And said that her soul is not more than just her body
I know this thing is most uncommon
Like laying her upon a coppice gate
I must go down to a lonely 35mm sea again
For I never saw a schmoo
I sent for Tilton Hall
But felt so ill
I sent my soul instead
I sing of a maidenhead that never was
I sing of Brooks Bros., of two-lipped Blossoms, Birds and Bowers
I wonder does she feel today
That everyone is interchangeable
If stood on their heads

It is morning, Daisetz says,
And in the morning
I will regret
That I have crawled
And cried out
Without due self respect
For the magnetic and nourishing closeness
Of her naked blue-veined breasts
And their insatiable white anglo-saxoness
And say that
Yesterday is the because of
This Mad Man's todayness





F. L.

II



R. F.

GREAT EXPECTATION -- MAYBE

HARRY SHAW

In the summer time of my days
We would continue our stay
On the flowing sands.
My sister, her husband
(who are my closest friends)
And I would stand.
And sing songs to Apollo
Tell stories of Dionysius and dinosaurs
Dispute Alan Burke
Speak of Jesus and Ginsberg in one breath
Become involved in the sky
And become part of it
And live at the same time
Together
Yet there were times when Norma and Bob
Would explore regions denied to me
But theirs' alone
And I understood this to be rightly so
Because they were in love
So they would go while staying
Leave alone

I look at the beach and see other friends

Not as close extremely far away

And while there were many

I was truly alone

In the summer of my days.

AS SHE ROSE, HER GARMENT BECAME A
BRIDAL ROBE: I SAW IT WAS FASTENED
WITH CARBUNCLES . . .

K. ISHIBASHI

i am driving; it is dusk, north dakota
i can support it no longer
i come to tell you that my her is dead
she does tricks in order to know
i dreamed last night i dreamed, and
in that sleep i heard
andrew jackson say as he closed his aeschuylus
"i look out at the white sheet covering the still
street."
i must explain why it is that at night,
in my own furnished room
i see you in her bed
i speak of that great house
i think it is in new york, that place
impenitent we meet again
in a prominent bar in manhattan one day
in yom kippur quiet a street
in the afternoon while the wind
from the environs of a funeral home
of the third week, a sudden flow of blood
a cramped little state with no foreign policy
it's sometime since i've been
in the flimsy suburbs
such a beautiful day i had to write you a letter
it is the old man through the lyonous manchester
the picnic with elise in the spring
it must have been a friday. i could hear
it takes a long time to know what the wind
says
tonight a blackout, two years ago
when i went out to kill myself
travelling through the dark found her
and tomorrow the blue men will say
"he'd driven half the night
and here lies resting out of breath."
just off the highway to tewksbury, north dakota.

To Neither Here nor There yet Both

Witt Halle

("Next stop, Nusquama,
Nusquama, next stop.")

Incandescent iridescence and
A prism of floating amoeba,
Stain the pages of black and white,
That wordlessly die on my lap.

(Morticians read
The Dead Sea Scrolls)

Nusquama, next, I think,
Just another twenty miles,
All's well in Nusquama,
The faces full with smiles.

Next to me a window moves,
At fifty miles an hour,
As Blue bellows silent whispers,
To bare trunks puddled in icy death.

(I know that I will always see,
These trees as dead as you or me.)

Nusquama, next, he said,
A bit nearer than before,
All's friendly in Nusquama,
It's one big open door.

An electric larynx whistles lewdly and,
A steel umbilicus rattles a cacophony,
At the hollow trunks choked black,
By the manicured white around them.

("Shall I compare thee to
a summer's day," said 18.
"Who will believe thy verse
in time to come," replied 17.)

Nusquama's the next stop,
I'll be happy when I'm home,
All's so calm in Nusquama,
It's like a restful tomb.

The umbilicus slows but I sit rooted,
By a boy on a bicycle balanced on icy death,
Waving to unblinking fifty mile an hour windows,
Which stare back incandescence,
At the two-wheeled trunk of black and white,
Who dies wordlessly in my eyes.

("All off for Nusquama,
All off for Nusquama.")

Here I am, Nusquama,
Much dearer than before,
I see a new Nusquama,
Yet I've never left your door.

("Nusquama, next stop,
Next stop, Nusquama.")



K. I.

O A H U

SANDRA J. FULTON

Here on this island, summer never sleeps;
In the green valleys, smoke in cane-time drifts
With mist--frail tide that laps the chasmed deeps
 Between the steep clean hills as the sea-tide
 Once washed the silent hidden hollow rifts
And unseen valleys of its unborn bride.

Sea-bride, child of earth's red molten womb,
Daughter of fire and chaos long since sleeping,
Who were the people that made your green hills bloom?
 Wedded to the sea they were, like you.
 From the dark sea, while you your watch were keeping,
They came to make their destined rendezvous.

The broad bare feet step forth on virgin sand,
And eyes raise to the green eternal hills:
Gray mist, green hills, and fertile red-clay land--
 Alone no more. The carefree caroling laughter
 Drifts inland, where valley-mist distills
The songs that shall be sung forever after.



F. L.

III

THE HILLS OF AIEA

SANDRA J. FULTON

To the hills of Aiea, Kamehameha came,
Lord of his people, on isles beyond his seeing;
Shading his eyes, the King stood cloaked in fame
 And crowned by a curious crested feathered helm
 To us, he would have looked the very being
Of another sea-king of an ancient island realm.

Seafaring son of wandering island folk,
Chivalrous in the way of savage men,
He had a power about him when he spoke
 Like that of the other, elder king until
 You might have thought the other lived again
In this brown man who looked down from his hill.

The brown king, too, has gone to that dim isle
Where heroes feast until the end of days.
Now and then does he look up and smile
 At old Odysseus' tales? And perhaps does he,
 Too, stand forth and sing heroic lays
Of another island in a distant wine-dark sea?

Essay on (Modern) Man by "Alexander Pope"

Sandra J. Fulton

Happy the Modern Man, who now empow'rs
Abilities this age upon him show'rs!

Perhaps in th' Golden Age men did lack that
Penchant for Complexities; whereat
Young ORPHEUS, whose charm'd and lyric song
BrightEURYDICE endeavour'd to prolong,
Inadequate would be in this new World.
Rome's own AENEAS, too, would be, if hurl'd
This Modern Life into, greatly distraught.
HERCULES, who for the Golden Apples sought
DEMETER's priestess at th' Hesperides
Also would be vexed and ill-at-ease.

Young Parcaen hunter of Calydon's famed boar,
JASON's MELEAGER, of Argonautic lore,
Alarm'd would be to cross a Modern Street.
MINOS the king, whose Labyrinth of Crete
Erechthid THESEUS did with ball of twine
Scorn, would for his simpler own days pine.
Fearful and cow'd by Lights of Neon'd be
ULYSSES, who did brave the wine-dark Sea.
Learn then, that of these Men of old august,
There is not one of them who could adjust.
O ask you not for old-time Heroes bold;
Not bold today they'd be--but plenty old!

Song of the Unwash'd Feet by "Walt Whitman"

SANDRA FULTON

Here, let us set our unwash'd feet out on the open road:
Allons! let us sing the manly songs of travelling, of passage--
Passage to India, perhaps--(or some other place).

Pantheism, I say, unfolds itself in a leaf of grass,
Yellow clover reveals more than a thousand dreary sermons,
Birds' eggs are miracles enough to shatter millions of mathematicians
Invol'd in tedious studies of oblate spheroids,
Ruminating cows are nobler than ruminating philosophers.

The open road beckons to us!
How shall we celebrate it? by travelling with light hearts,
Daring to shriek our hey nonny nonnies
And our hot cha chas over the rooftops of the world!

Youth I sing--I chant the poems of vigor, brawn,
Joy, eagerness, and all that sort of thing.
O youth--manly, democratic, sweaty,
Honest, adhesive, comradely, dauntless,
Nonchalant--with well-shap'd unwashed feet
Ready to take to the road with me!

I sing also the poems of pioneers.
Camerado, you and I are pioneers--
Kansa's black soil and sun-drench'd prairies beckon our striding limbs,
Manahatta's tow'ring ships harken us out to sea.
Allons! take my sweaty hand, we shall travel.
Now, in the fifth-month noonday we shall set out on the road,
Mumbling our poems into our shaggy beards.

O all the vast unspeakable significance of life!
O heart of mine, that sings and will not stop--
Drone on and on and on and on and on,
Yawping your poems into barbarous ears and into civilized ears alike,
Undulating round the world,
Starting from fishhook-shap'd Paumanok,
Never ceasing until the world runs out of ink!

"I've been there before..."
"I'll be there again...".....

The rowboatraft knocks at the shore.....

"Where is the blood?"
"Where is the coin?"
"Which side am I on?"
"Which side am I on?".....

One shadow crosses the river,
A swallowing net for Dr. George, Mr. Huck, Rowing Jims.....





A Small Sad Song

... today while the blossoms still cling to the vine ...

K. ISHIBASHI

No one paid much attention to the choppers' whirring approach. Fortunately they weren't the rocket carrying Hueys but the slower "Ugly Angel" Marine copters. The only one who seemed to have noticed them at all was Copek who was shaken by the force of his precognition. The lead helicopter started its ludicrous hornet dive, both M-60 machine guns firing top cyclic rate. Ricocheting rounds began whirring and chirring like a caucus of indignant gnats.

I got friendly with a handy mangrove. Copek's reflex action was to call the air liaison officer. The way military frequency bands are set up, the Infantry, Armor, Artillery and Air all have their separate bands. There is no overlap and consequently no real radio communication between any of them. The middle men, liaison or whatever act as relays. That Copek was a real pro. The set kept cutting out and only sent intermittent words. Smith was hit in the arm by the first salvo from the lead copter. The second chopper arced up for its gun run. Smith snapped his head up from his prone position. Too many years, too many ghettos, too many missed meals and cold St. Louis winters...too many hard words and cracker bastards walking over him...Too much--TOO DAMN MUCH...and he knew nothing would be changed. This was just too much. Now that he'd done the dirty work, now that his function was over...THIS!!!

He jammed the butt plate of his M-14 in the ground, nothing else could support his weight. One limp arm hanging, Smith climbed his rifle until he stood erect on both feet.

"Take a good look at me you WHITE MUTHAH FUKKAH. I am Black...I AM BLACK! Take a good look because this nigger's gonna take you to Hell with him."

The pteradactyl did not hear Smith. Willie looked down at his rifle, the taped double magazine lay on the ground. His eyes widened with the realization...no time to stoop, he'd die cursing on his feet. I stared, paralyzed. My hand came to life, grabbing a magazine from its pouch and flipping it. With cat's coordination he snatched it from the air, slapped it in, chambered and turned the A up on his selector switch in one eye eluding motion. Appearing unrushed, Smith stepped on the bottom of the sling hanging from his rifle. He laid the muzzle of the rifle in the crook of his injured arm as the rounds began exploding around him. Spittle and foam spilling from the corners of his mouth, he smiled, holding the trigger down. As the first casing hit the ground the last empty popped off the

ejector. At that moment, there was no finer machine, more precisely tuned on the face of the earth. As three M-60 slugs flattened Smith, Copek began screaming his protests into the handphone.

"Awrrghaa. You dumbastard, sonafabitch. Callyer damnbirds offfung myass. Aargghheei, get the shit outta yerear. Right teeeyyagh now. Brrraahh mmmaggaaa sheeet nnyyaaaa kkeeeel-lyoooo fuggah."

"...Spurious radio communications and those messages containing profanity of any nature are expressly forbidden by the FCC rulings. The Uniform Code of Military Justice also covers it amply in article one-three-f..."

The chopper's two M-60's fired. Three more bullets smacked into Smith. The Polak, holding the Browning light .30 in his huge hands, fed it some link belt. The door gun went limp and the pteradactyl scooted away to lick its wounds. I imagined the copter gunner sitting on his armor jacket, smirking as he stuffed another cracker in his mouth from the C ration case at his feet. I saw him leisurely sighting down the barrel of his M-60 and casually depressing the trigger. His trained eyes following the line of tracers, his cool detached judgment compensating for the gun ship's movement; his face suddenly contorted and unbelieving as the rounds began tearing through the thinskin floor, tumbling and gouging the life from his body.

Two separate galaxies...one helicopter lost to Viet Cong ground fire; another Marine patrol ambushed...

Four flares up in the air now...everything red. They kept trying to cross. The sound of the LAW's was punctuated by Copek's riot gun...Shot-gun Slade...lost in his destructive concerto, fortis-fortissimo...his own walking, talking Myth of Invincibility...too many John Wayne movies. You could almost make out Copek's laugh.

Gun bucking numbly against my shoulder. No feeling...an empty magazine. Reload...more flares popping. I heard it... Bruder was screaming. Three Charlies! THROW A GRENADE.

Pull pin, twist...throw. Pull pin, twist...throw.
BOOM...BOOM...

Damn it, stop screaming, Bruder...please. Two more entering water...must be insane. BLAM. BLAM. BLAM. What's the matter can't hit a damn thing. BLAMBLAMBLAM. Bruder stop screaming.

"Please, Bruder...I can't give you anything."

BLAM. BLAM. I can't hit...

"Bruder, I can not help you. Shut up..."

BLAMBLAMBLAMBLAMBLAMBLAM. Why don't they die?

"You're screwing me up, Bruder. Shut up, Bruder, I...
CAN...NOT...HELP...YOU." I've got to watch out for me, Bruder."

BLAM. BLAM.

It's that Bruder's goddamn screaming. Please shut up...
I want to live too, Bruder. Tell him, Johnny. Turn on hate
and tell him I want to live.

BEEOWWNNNG

Close! THROW GRENADE. Pull pin, twist...throw. Pull
pin, twist...throw. TELL HIM...turn on...what do you mean we,
White Man?

""Bruder...BRUDER! Die, you white-son-of-a-bitch,DIE!"
No!!! No, I mean, I want to live...

BOOM...BOOM...

Water splashing down. Close. Fourteen and fifteen...

I found myself in a clearing. It was surrounded by fox-
hole bleachers and lit by flickering lights suspended from para-
chutes. Facing me on a grass mat was a skinny little brown man
naked to the waist. His ribs stood out like knuckles on a clen-
ched fist and he held a knife in his bony hand. No sweat, GI
most scosh payday. I'd taught this class--Knife and Club Fight-
ing, Marine Corps Institute Course 0769. I looked at my hand
and the familiar Kaybar handle rested there. You gotta lead
a man by the head. Relaxed grip; weight evenly on balls of feet;
crouch, left hand shield, parry, distract. We danced around
in a slow motion shuffle, mesmerizing each other for the kill.
The Corporal still engaged in the death struggle, I stepped
back wanting to tear away the curtain between the two combatants.
The two grunting, shuffling adversaries knowing innately, pri-
mordially only one thing--kill or die. Two whole worlds on a
hairline balance...to determine who is more fit to go on to the
next hairline balance. The most important decision of their
lives: lunge...slash now? The intensity of conflict on such
a personal plane...I am more fit to live...no, I AM. A battle
of wills, absolutely certain at first then draining away with
each cut, slash and wound; worn down by time. To be able to
stop, to be able to say that I do not want this. To stand erect
and offer a hand, shouting the absurdity of this...short thrust
...long thrust...slash...take one to give three...combinations
...slash...hand-forearm-bicep. The dark man's arm hung limply
at his side, tendons and muscles useless. The knife lay on the
ground by his feet, his fingers beckoning the blade's return;
not daring to lower his gaze or bare his neck for slaughter.
I astutely reversed my grip and raised the knife high. The

brown man dropped to his knees and gazed up. He prayed to me, his God...his giver of life and death, his ultimate concern. I remembered an old Mailer poem about if you used a knife on someone, there was still some love left. I threw the Kaybar away. The brown man kissed my hand, half rising. I reached under my left arm, grasping the butt of the .25 cal. Beretta; I yanked, pointed waiting for the right shade of emotion to register in his eyes and fired--deus ex machina. A flailing hand lashed at my face as death clamped vise like, immobilizing forever...

Old Saigon Tiger Beer. I think they must have urinated in it or blended lighter fluid with it. It made you feel so good after you got over it, you wanted more.

The B-girl kept inching over to my chair. After the singing was over, she put her hand on my forearm. She stared, trying to catch my gaze. Askance, she looked a bedraggled France Nuyen, pathetic creature with dirty hands trying to get someone to look at her the way she looked at him. Sorry, Baby, too much cultural gap. Shim-pai Na-ee.

"Samee-same, Vietnamee?" she ventured.

"Yeah, sure...sure..."

Why did I feel so goddamn uncomfortable. Women. Women are so damn obvious that they're inscrutable. You don't dare take them at face value. It's too dangerous leaving yourself wide open. But when you do they're so damn changeable...capricious, they throw you in a double bind a Zen master would envy. It's not that they're superficial or callous. They're creatures of emotion who organize and structure their insides around their outsides. It's not that they don't feel deeply, they do. But they have the prerogative of instant change. They can allow themselves to be hurt. Indeed, some thrive on it. But they can cry and kick you out of their lives, wiping you out of their consciousness. Men cover up...are superficial. If something ever gets to them its an earth moving, momentous and shattering experience. Women can afford to go through life with their hearts on their sleeves, a man can't. Females are like burning candles, their flames bend easily to the currents around them, burning brightly, blown out easily, readily re-lit. Men burn and smoulder in anthracitic heat, intense under a crust of ashes, flaring up when chipped deeply or stirred.

She kept pinching my arm trying to get my attention. I began to stiffen as I absently wondered how easy it would be.

Probably wouldn't cost me anything either. Just get up and follow her to the back room...roll around on the grass mat with her, sweating and sliding against her...her little girl's body arching, her small legs straining to wrap around...how could she stand it...torn open, ravaged crushed each time...by the sheer...the thought of such overwhelming physical differences drawing such anguish and ecstasy at the same time...a little brown monkey shinnying up a tree. I looked at the ugly faces staring at me...saying, "Take her...take her, make her hot... make her want us!"

I wondered how the Vietnamese men felt about us ruining their women for them like that.

It was time to leave. I found myself staring vacantly at two flies walking around the lip of my beer bottle. We toasted the Corps, the Commandant, mother and our favorite DI's and left...

EPI-LOG-LOG-A-RHYTHM

The playwright August Strindberg wrote in "The Ghost Sonata":

"Water which has remained stationary or silent for too long becomes rotten. It's the same with this house. Something has rotted here too. Where is virginity to be found? Or Beauty? Only in flowers and trees...and in my head when I am dressed in my Sunday clothes. Where are faith and honor to be found? In fairy tales and games that children play. There are poisons which blind and poisons which open the eyes. I must have been born with the second in my veins, because I can't see beauty in ugliness or call evil good--I can't! Jesus Christ descended into hell when he wandered through this mad house, this brothel, this morgue which we call earth. The madmen killed him when he tried to set them free, and released a robber instead, the robber always gets the sympathy. Alas for us all, alas! O Savior of the World, save us! We are dying."



F. L.

IV



R. F.

THE STATE FUNERAL

WITT HALLE

the symphony orchestra plays
the tabernacle choir sings
 ...i could have danced all night. i could...
 a dirge
in the crumpled cathedral

the dirge drones
in harmony with
the dead wind wet with
tubercular mucous fog

...have danced all night...

sense is there sense
playing this basket of music
so late in the evening
so late the talent scouts have
watched the sun set and have
let the burning taste of aspirin
fondle their sleeping gullets

...if ever i would leave you...

anne boylen died some years ago
 as did her daughter
abigale shnerff died some years ago
 as did her son
and babe ruth, the sultan of swat, swatted sixty historical flies
to be remembered as a faggot candy bar

the lead violin mops his brow and
the priest settles into his underware
to recite from memory
 the glogopatowhampa
 ...how could it be in autumn...
worshippers swat flies and adjust their zippers
while blowing bubbles with bubble gum

indigestion sets into rigamortis
as the casket opens for rising
Sally Doe
stitched together gray and ratty

yawning
her teeth falling over a fallen rosary
 ...a hundred million miricles...
an empty gaping mouth
sucking in flies and violin rhythms
with the intonation of
 the glogopatawhampa

"STOP"

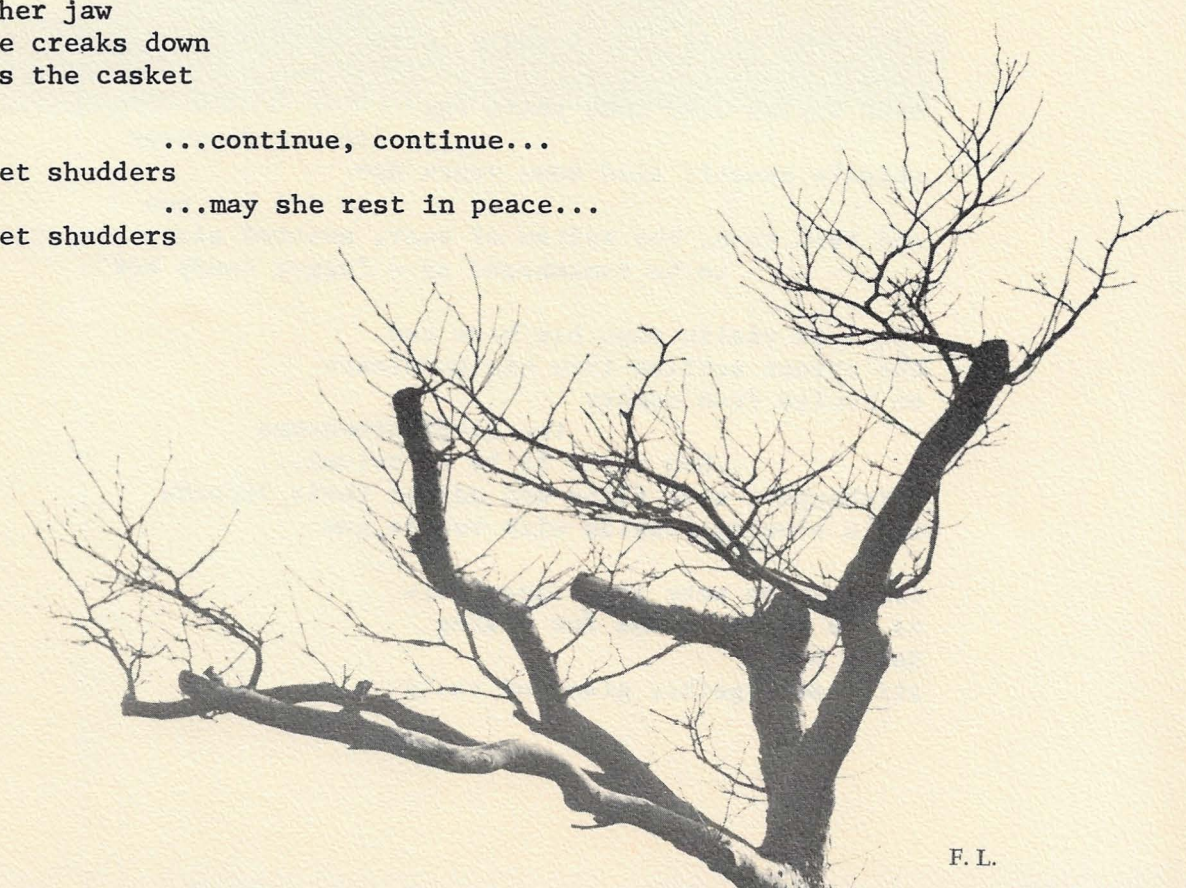
silence
john doe lights a smoke then
stamps it quickly out in
degerence to solemnity

 ...continue...
...hundred million miricles
 climb every mountain
 glogopatowhampa
 fff pop
 hundrecliwhampop...

john doe smiles at Sally Doe
 smiles at Sally Doe
they all smile at Sally Doe

locking her jaw
Sally Doe creaks down
and shuts the casket

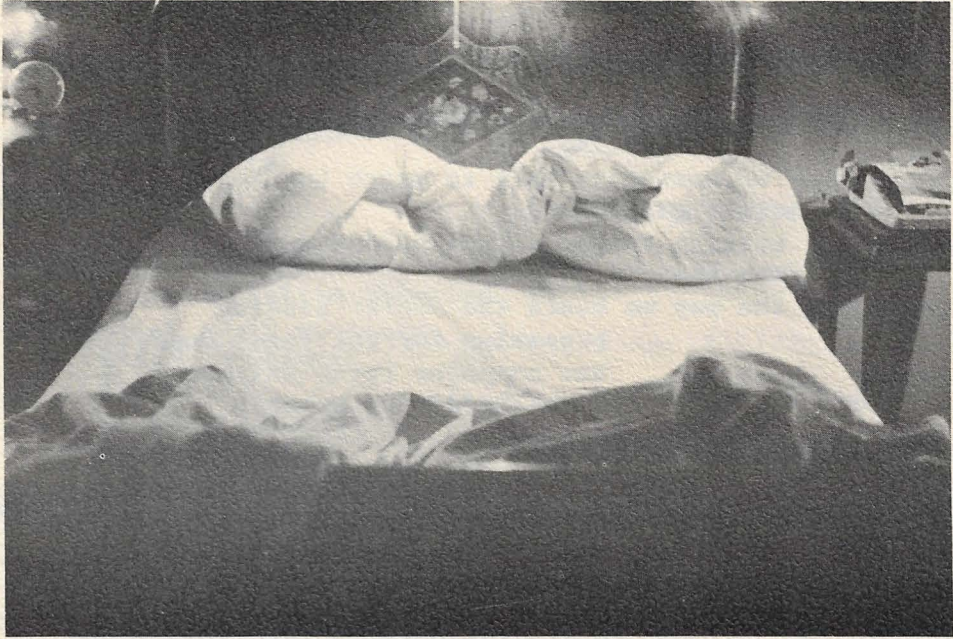
 ...continue, continue...
the casket shudders
 ...may she rest in peace...
the casket shudders



FOR ANNIE 1896-1968

DONALD EISMANN

There was no pause in the seasons
 cycling
 no momentary halt to watch the leaf
sway softly groundward
 nothing to mar a last silent walk
down from the old church
along the way we heard the stalks bending
 preparing for the first snows
 saw pumpkins lying unlamented
food for last bird and hardening ground.
 Away by the pond
 (the July bug long since gone)
 where we sang of a summer night
so long ago, leaves blanket the October waters
 a natural preparation for Decembers night.
Around the house (how many Autumns has it seen?)
 the August moon's Corona still shimmers
and will continue all the nights left us
 to sit before the fire and talk of our particular
 sadness.
Our time to be young has passed us holding the brass ring
 unclaimed while the slow revolutions
 astride the dapple grey CONFIRMS
 the love we have lost...
I knew Annie only half as well as she
 the sweet summer fruit.....saw
Annie walk between barn and preserves, cellar housed,
 which burst upon my senses
 months into Winter.
Slithering lizards grown fat from the heat
blazed phosphorescent contrails across the sky
the night Annie died.
 We left early and saw their ascent
 unquestionably fish flying through air
 a prelude to the fugue still unplayed.



K. I.

V

Morning After Reading Jacque Prevert

Eric Applegate

A green parakeet
Sang to the window
And dropped a seed
To the floor.

I finished
My coffee
And put the ringed cup
In the sink.

You came in
With disheveled hair
And uttered a word.

The day started.



F. L.

BARRY SHAPIRO

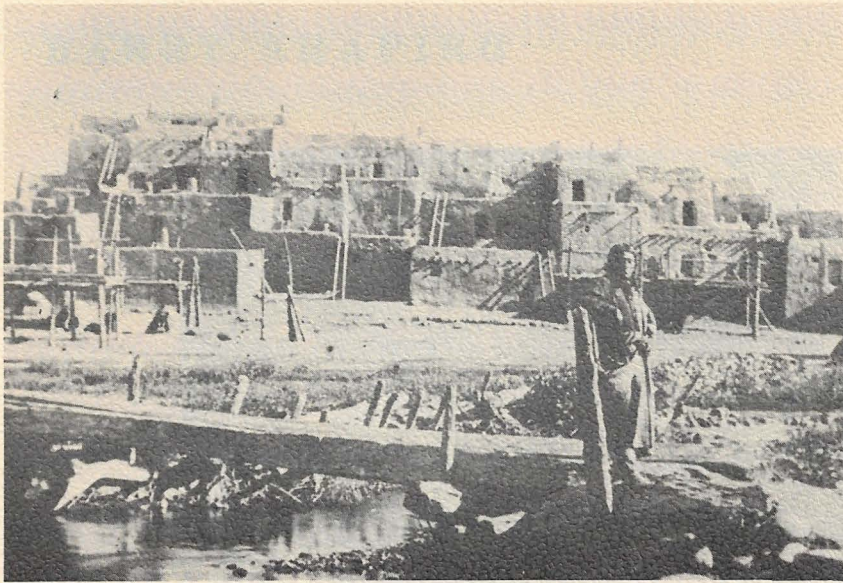
I sail my yellow kite, high against the clouds
How swiftly it darts and glides by whim
Caressed by the breeze, now thrashed by the wind
A fleeting autumn day, I captured her glance.

Quickly I rose, my cloth tail my only weight
Reaching out, trying to touch the sun
Soaring high above the border of the sky
A gleam of reflection, bounded from above.

It touched her heart, and kissed her lips
And by my hand, she came my way.



R. F.



F. L.

EYES

HARRY SHAW

The light beacons of our eyes,
Scan and scrutinize
Carefully,
With a momentary glance
At someone or thing.
And then they revolve
To a reliable point of reference
The floor or the ceiling.
They are good returning points.
They don't scan back
Like the ones your scanning do.
And the greatest fear we share
Is that the one you're scanning
Is scanning you.

NO REPLY

ANDY FRAENKEL

Cry, Cry,
For no reply
Comes from the night,
Only the stillness
Of a forlorn moon
And waves
Whispering gently
On a foreign shore.

Cry, cry,
For no reply
Comes from the mountains
Which, bending
Like question marks,
Stand in your way.
Legs and answers
Are weary and dry.

Cry, cry
For no reply
Comes from the wind,
Only despairing chills,
Dull, shivering leaves,
And a jealous breeze
That scatters
Your tattered tears.

Cry, cry
For yawning years
When things were seen and done,
And left undone...
Cry, cry,
The pen needs ink
And melodious words,
But you have none.



F. L.

JACKY

HARRY SHAW

Though you're seldom covered with kind words,
You're deeper within.
Like a child in a womans' form--
A fisher of men.
I got caught in your chains of lace--
Too beautiful to break.
There is no other place;
I want to run to.
When you're near
There's no space nor time.
I got caught in your unconscious nets of wonder
As you got caught in mine.
You're the victor and the victim
Of the spider--web of life
You need no shallow make--up
To cover up your soul.
You wouldn't use it either
If I know you.
And while you're a woman
You're still the child
That didn't die of adulthood.

FLOATING

ERIC APPLGATE

As I sat,
Watching the gray seep under the window
And the rain play
Catch on the glass,
I took a breath and laughed.

It was time, I thought.

As I slept
under the warm womb cover
I cried.

It was gone, I knew.

And then there was the nymph
Who played on my head
And the colors that took
Form on my ear.

It came.
Fantasy played havoc
With my spirit.
I sang lightly,
Like a boy,
And breathed softly,
Like soap.

I was in a bubble.
It was like smoke,
From dead leaves.
It was like death,
A kiss against the breeze.

And my sanity,
Like an old man's knees
Collapsed
Against the sand.

**To be read aloud



F.L.

NANETTE PAYNE

Hanging
in the limbo of a world
where peace appears like an orphan
ed butterfly
her head aches with the pain
of seeing thru one eye.
and she knows
rest is where she is not.
"I can hear the foghorns"
the fog is heavy with the syrup
of ennui. Sinking within its fleshy
caverns she would drown in the
seasons of water that would flood her
breathing tube push out her eyeballs
and turn her blue. But
she cannot make the last slash because
the smell of grass is freshly crusted
in her nostrils and young waves will
devour aging foam
even if she is not there.

Maybe there will be some laughing
before it is all over. The laughing
that makes you cry.

Nanette Payne

Stay in me a bit more
it's the way I want to die.
If every man chooses,
say, there's a tear left
in my soul
that wants crying.
The warmth of your thighs
lets me forget the absence
of eyes in your feeling
and feeling
in your eyes.
The cat will come soon
and chase me out
of bed--
I will propel myself into
the dawn
and the cold dry gravel walks
(unless you've walked barefoot
in warm rain),
will spit on the total
lack of symmetry
in my existence.
Thoughts of you and how
good or awful the night
before felt
will get hung up on
straggling seconds
and suffering a shiver
or a sigh
I will return to the chest
and loins
of my day
lover.
though I choke
on his semen.

ISHIBASHI

we're all so curiously
alone
but it's important to keep
making
signals through the glass

we're all so curiously
alone
but it's important to keep
making
signals through the glass

we're all so...



CONTRIBUTORS

ERIC APPLGATE

DONALD EISMANN

ANDY FRAENKEL

SANDRA J. FULTON

WITT HALLE

K. ISHIBASHI

NANETTE PAYNE

BARRY SHAPIRO

HARRY SHAW

PHOTOGRAPHY

FRANK LOMBARDI

RICHARD FARKAS

K. ISHIBASHI

COVER • CENTERFOLD

FRANK LOMBARDI

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