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THE REFLECTOR

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MEDALIST AWARD

to THE REFLECTOR

Shippensburg State College

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Blue-Butterfly Day

It is blue-butterfly day here in spring,
And with these sky-flakes down in flurry on flurry
There is more unmixed color on the wing
Than flowers will show for days unless they hurry.

But these are flowers that fly and all but sing:
And now from having ridden out desire
They lie closed over in the wind and cling
Where wheels have freshly sliced the April mire.

. . . Robert Frost

Portrait Black

. . . PHILIP REPLOGLE

Love creeps in, the murmuring of a phantom,
The flutter of hearts like rain in quickening wind—
Be still now, Love,
Be still, the phantom has not yet started,
Listen awhile to the murmur and rhythm like rain.
Listen until you catch the whisper of love—
There stands the black shadow
Waiting at the door!
The air-born clutch at the throat and
 the phantom waiting to come in—
Breathe Love, heavy scent of rose and musk
Breathe the weight of the air
The rain-like footsteps felt in the doorway.
The heavy black shadow
 mist and dark
 lying draped, thrown over the threshold,
One star, high up in the night
One brilliant star
Streaming down,
And the phantom shifting, breathing
of the rose and musk and heavy night,
Until he slips away,
Without beckoning or goodbye—
Black shadow gone.
Night welcomes the moonrise.

autovision

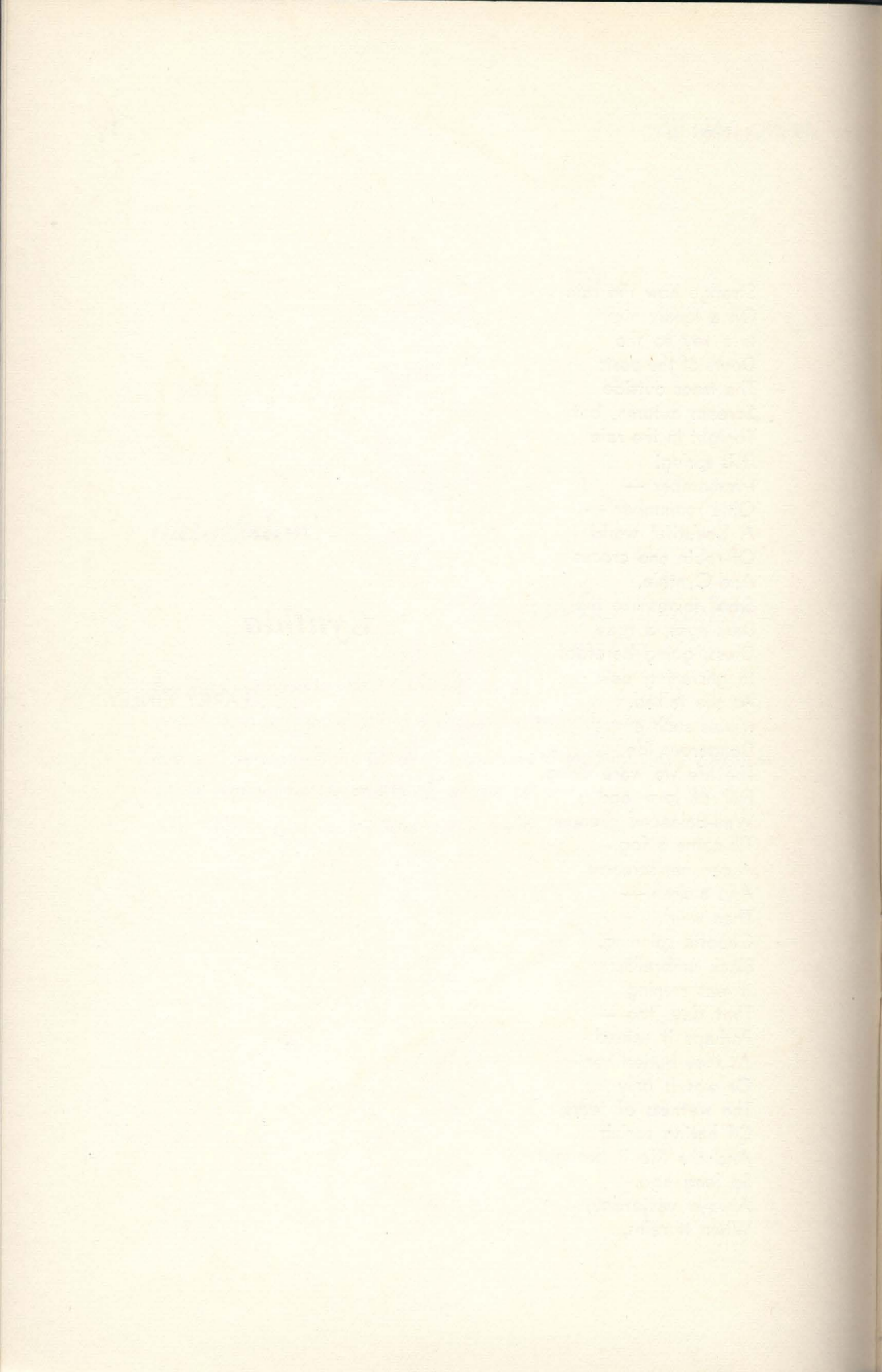
. . . FREDERICK J. WEINTRAUB

The lines continue in endless formations
Wheels and legs entwined in a procession towards eternity
A breast here and there pokes its mass toward the sun in angry protest
While pigeons flutter and laugh at the calamity
And I like a god on my iron perch cry a little tear.

Strange how the rain
 On a lonely night
 Is a key to the
 Doors of the past;
 The trees outside
 Scream autumn, but
 Tonight in the rain
 It is spring.
 I remember —
 Oh I remember —
 A beautiful world
 Of robin and crocus
 And Cynthia.
 Small things like the
 Dark eyes, a gray
 Dress, going barefoot
 In glistening dew
 As she talked.
 It was such a
 Dangerous life
 The life we were living,
 Full of love and
 Well-balanced dreams;
 Till came a fog,
 A car, her screams
 And a siren —
 Then whirl,
 Chaotic spinning.
 Black umbrellas;
 It was raining
 That day, too —
 Perhaps it rained
 As they buried her —
 Or was it only
 The wetness of tears,
 Of hating spring
 And the life it brought
 So long ago.
 Always yesterday,
 When it rains.

Cynthia

. . . LARRY KINLEY







"Hoop" and Other Poems

The first poem in the collection is "Hoop", which is a sonnet. It describes a hoop and its significance. The poem is written in a simple, direct style. The second poem is "Other Poems", which is a collection of several shorter poems. The third poem is "The Poet", which is a sonnet. It describes the poet and his work. The fourth poem is "The Poet's Wife", which is a sonnet. It describes the poet's wife and her role in his life. The fifth poem is "The Poet's Child", which is a sonnet. It describes the poet's child and his future. The sixth poem is "The Poet's Mother", which is a sonnet. It describes the poet's mother and her influence on him. The seventh poem is "The Poet's Father", which is a sonnet. It describes the poet's father and his teachings. The eighth poem is "The Poet's Sister", which is a sonnet. It describes the poet's sister and her love for him. The ninth poem is "The Poet's Brother", which is a sonnet. It describes the poet's brother and his support for him. The tenth poem is "The Poet's Friend", which is a sonnet. It describes the poet's friend and their friendship. The eleventh poem is "The Poet's Enemy", which is a sonnet. It describes the poet's enemy and his hatred for him. The twelfth poem is "The Poet's Love", which is a sonnet. It describes the poet's love and his passion for her. The thirteenth poem is "The Poet's Death", which is a sonnet. It describes the poet's death and his legacy. The fourteenth poem is "The Poet's Resurrection", which is a sonnet. It describes the poet's resurrection and his return to life. The fifteenth poem is "The Poet's Ascension", which is a sonnet. It describes the poet's ascension and his journey to heaven. The sixteenth poem is "The Poet's Descent", which is a sonnet. It describes the poet's descent and his journey to hell. The seventeenth poem is "The Poet's Redemption", which is a sonnet. It describes the poet's redemption and his salvation. The eighteenth poem is "The Poet's Damnation", which is a sonnet. It describes the poet's damnation and his punishment. The nineteenth poem is "The Poet's Salvation", which is a sonnet. It describes the poet's salvation and his freedom. The twentieth poem is "The Poet's Damnation", which is a sonnet. It describes the poet's damnation and his punishment.

“Howl” and Other Poems

. . . PHILIP REPLOGLE

"I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness starving hysterical naked,
dragging themselves through the negro streets at dawn looking for an angry fix,
fix,

Angel headed hipsters burning for the ancient heavenly connection to the starry dynamo in the machinery of Light . . ."

So begins the song to the beat American, the dirge to hip madmen—
HOWL. To quote William Carlos Williams in the preface:

"The poet sees through and all around the horrors he partakes of in the very intimate details of his poem. He nothing but experiences it to the hilt. He contains it, claims it as his own—and, we believe, laughs at it . . .

Hold back the edges of gowns
Ladies, we are going through Hell."

The poet DOES see and does experience—this is where the true horror of the poem lies. Ginsberg is serious—deathly serious. This is life as he has seen it, and the echoes of that charnel house are now a scream, a howl.

This is the howl of the people who make the back-page headlines. This is the cry of the sit-in fanatics, the rioters without a cause. But the most tragic of Ginsberg's people are the men without minds, the men with minds killed by alcohol, narcotics, and life; MEN DEAD WITH TOO MUCH LIVING. There is no way to overstress the setting and the characters of HOWL, for it is only upon realizing the truth in the picture that one can see the truth in the poem. That there is structural and poetic excellence is of no avail without honesty on Ginsberg's part. Only in that he is honest, only in that this is truly a scream from the depths of depravity, may one submit criticism on a poem filled with such horror.

HOWL is filthy. It is also sadistic, morbid, insane. But it is not pointless. Its point IS filthiness. Ginsberg, often criticised in having no answers, needs no answers. He has done more than his share in bringing the problem out of the muck we ignore. Blake went unheard:

" . . . Prisons were built with stones of Law, Brothels with bricks of Religion . . ."

" . . . But most thro' midnight streets I hear

How the youthful Harlots curse
Blasts the new born infant's tear

And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse . . ."

" . . . Let the Priests of the Raven of dawn no longer,
in deadly black, with hoarse note curse the sons
of joy. Nor his accepted brethren whom, tyrant,

he calls free—lay the bound or build the roof.
 Nor pale religious lechery call that Virginity that
 wishes but acts not.

For every thing that lives is Holy."

Not hearing Blake the world goes on, chained in its manacles of the mind
 and the institution. Ginsberg in desperation howls the same message.

(the hipsters)

"Who lost their love boys to the three old
 shrews of fate, the one-eyed shrew of the
 heterosexual dollar, the one-eyed shrew that
 winked out of the womb, and the one-eyed
 shrew that does nothing but sit on her
 ass and sip the intellectual golden
 threads of the craftsman's loom . . . "

"What sphinx of cement and aluminum bashed
 open their skulls and ate up their brains and
 imaginations?"

"Holy! holy holy! holy! . . .
 The world is holy! the soul is holy!
 the skin is holy! the nose is holy!
 Everything is holy. Everyone's holy.
 everywhere is holy. everyday is in eternity."

The cries of a madman, perhaps, but the mad were driven mad by a society
 sick with its own infantilism. Ginsberg's people may be mad, but they know
 better than to be proud of the atom bomb, to laugh at death.

HOWL is poetry. There is no reason that poetry can not be ugly, and if
 it achieves this ugliness in a deliberate and forceful manner with an eye cocked
 at image and sound, the requisites of poetry are more than filled.

Images are as grotesque as the world Ginsberg knows. One need only to
 read the opening lines quoted above. Yet Ginsberg has an almost tender
 management of his sounds. Take a passage questionable as:

". . . Who sweetened the snatches of a million girls trembling in the
 sunset, and were red eyed in the morning but prepared to
 sweeten the snatch of the sunrise, flashing buttocks under
 barns and naked in the lake . . ."

Read it two or three times in succession, aloud. As soon as the obvious
 vileness wears off, the poetry of the sounds comes through. In fact, the sounds
 are really too pleasing for the tone of the poem.

If the poet always screamed, if his only contribution were cries of a
 wronged animal, one could, perhaps, doubt his value. But Ginsberg can be
 tender, can be reverent. It is, indeed, his reverence toward mankind and God
 that makes his scream. Had he no feeling for the pain of man, he would be
 no poet; his work would have no honesty. But he has, on occasion, found a

peace in a life barren of love. He has found beauty and has sung of it in reverence.

"The room closed down on me, I expected the presence of the Creator, I saw my gray painted walls and ceiling, they contained my room, they contained me
 as the sky contained my garden,
 I opened my door
 The rambler vine climbed up the cottage post, the leaves in the night still where the day had placed them, the animal heads of the flowers where they had arisen to think at the sun.
 Can I bring back the words? Will thought of transcription haze my mental open eye?
 The kindly search for growth, the gracious desire to exist of the flowers, my near ecstasy at existing among them.
 The kindly privilege to witness my existence you too must seek the sun . . ."

We see almost a mystic; certainly, here is one who knows and loves the communion of God and life. It is this knowledge, this love that makes him hate and pity.

"Poor dead flower? When did you forget you were a flower?
 When did you look at your skin and decide you were an impotent dirty old locomotive? The ghost of a locomotive?
 The specter and shade of a once powerful and mad American locomotive."

We have all seen that flower. Some of us were privileged to see other flowers. Others of us were privileged only to hate — to hate the American locomotive:

"America I've given you all and now I'm nothing.
 America two dollars and twenty-seven cents
 January 17, 1956.

I can't stand my own mind.

America when will we end the human war?"

Allen Ginsberg is people. He feels the pain and misery of people — his people and feeling it cries

"The weight of the world
 is love"

He cries under his burden, a BURDEN NO ONE ASKED HIM TO CARRY, a self-made cross. He searches, he sees, he cries.

"Yellow, yellow flower, and
 flower of industry,
 tough spiky ugly flower,
 flower nevertheless
 with the form of the great yellow
 Rose in your brain!
 This is the flower of the World."

Song To A Myth

. . . CLAUDIA BAIR

Come to me, Yarilo
Deliver me from barren fields
Bring to me Kupala's dreams, no longer kept
 beside my pillow
Offer once more the blues and browns
 of tender, sinewy love.

Command
 the moss from tree-trunks
Hand
 me the ripples in a stream
Conduct
 the symphony of tingling
 new-born raindrops.

The hue of shadows is too grey.

Come to me, Yarilo
And for your nearness
All the leaves will turn to daisies—
And they to sweet perfume—
And that to warm spring days—
From then on, no more will exist
But on the other side of morning.

The Attack

. . . BERKLEY LAITE

A shell explodes, the charge is sounded.
Sixteen men leap out of ditches, rifles ready.
Feet pounding, hearts screaming,
They dodge to the right, to the left.
They cry, they yell, they scream,
All the time running
Running
Running

To death.

One falls, his life stolen by a bullet.
Blood mixes with dirt.
Fifteen men dodge to the right, to the left,
He dies unnoticed, his body trampled.
Crying, yelling, screaming,
All the time running
Running
Running

To death.

A bomb bursts, throwing destruction everywhere,
Snuffing out three lives, scattering limbs.
A crater remains as a sepulcher.

And twelve men still dodge right and left,
Still crying, yelling, screaming,
And still running
Running
Running
To death.

The enemy counterattacks, surrounds, and penetrates.
Machine gun fire slashes, cuts, and murders,
Until the helpless squad surrenders.
And eight remaining men no longer dodge,
No longer cry, yell, or scream,
But silently start walking
Walking
Walking
To death.

Starvation takes one, disease another,
And an attempted escape, three more,
As the POW camp forces three broken men
Who can no longer dodge,
No longer talk, pray, or cry,
Into working
Working
Working
To death.

Liberation, freedom, and peace
As the allies break the camp.
But the enemy has left
Only one destroyed man who doesn't move,
Who doesn't speak, who doesn't care
For his mind is falling
Falling
Falling
To death.

Love?

. . . NORMA M. MANTZ

Love?

A bundle of letters

remembering . . .

A sparkling smile that

set your heart skimming

over fantasy-filled dreams?

I doubt it

I doubt it

Love?

Maybe it's . . .

a foggy day

Unseen kisses and caresses

Maybe it's spring and

you can hardly bear

the feeling of pleasure you get

from

clasping hands,

laughing, and

skipping with ecstasy

upon the birth of a violet

I don't know

. . . but

I doubt it

I am at best
A translation of you,
And a mirroring of
What you would have
Me be:
Love.

Translation

. . . NOELLE GARBER

Cry!

You cried, "Hunger!"
And I laid a place for you at my table,
Serving treasures of my heart.

You cried, "Thirst!"
And I gathered grapes,
Trampling rare ambrosias of love.

You cried, "Naked!"
and I spun gossamer,
Clothing with raiments of the gods.

You cried, "Alone!"
And I could not help you.

All things undone,
A Ghost sits at my cold table
And wears cloth of ashes
And drinks gall.

Poem

. . . CLAUDIA BAIR

When love was young
When trees were bird-happy
And blue tinsel clouds controlled the universe

We were larks, and jays
And we spent eternities pulling cloud-strings.

Days lasted for weeks
When you were you
And I was I
And we . . .

Then we—
Bent our heads skyward and
Grey clouds looked down
Echoing "Mockingbird!"
What unlovely image did (still we)
In winter birch forest reflect?

And did I say ALL the clouds were grey?
But jays and larks want clouds of tinsel-blue

The Things We Must

. . . GERRY CORDAS

"Margie?"

She sat silently, staring out the window. A far-off star twinkled against the black sky.

"Margie, must it be this way?"

She did not answer his question. Her head was still averted, her eyes still on the distant star. She took a cigarette from its case; a match flared and seconds later a cloud of gray-white surrounded her head.

"Won't you answer me, Margie? Please? — If you know, please tell me!"

She continued smoking her cigarette, blowing streams of smoke out the half-opened window on her side of the car.

"Yes, Ted. It must be this way."

"Why, Margie? Why DOES it?"

"Ted, I don't KNOW why. I wish I did. Maybe then I could straighten everything out."

She turned now and looked intently at him. She studied his face, pained by what she saw. His eyes were wild, wounded. She wanted to cry; she wanted to tell him how she really felt, to make him understand, but the words just weren't there. The ideas weren't there, either — or maybe they were.

"Please don't make this harder than it is, Ted. If you ever loved me — you say you still do — please don't make this so difficult. I can't help what I'm doing. It's just something — something I must do!"

"What did he say, Margie? What did he say that made you change so suddenly? — Oh, why did he have to come into your life — my LIFE?"

"Don't blame him, Ted. This is NOT HIS fault!"

"Yes it is! If you hadn't met him —"

"No! It's not his fault! I think this has been coming for some time; he only brought things to a head."

She pulled out another cigarette. He put a match to it, and then took one for himself. The smoke curled around them both, and the far-off star winked at them.

"Ted, I've had doubts before, but I always shoved them out of my mind and refused to think about them. Joe just shoved things in front of me in such a way that I HAD to think, I HAD to face reality!"

"Reality! Huh — that's a farce!"

"Yes, reality — something maybe you should try to face once in a while. It might do you some good."

"You know I'll never stop loving you, Margie. I'll go to the grave loving you!"

"You're determined to make this as difficult as possible, aren't you?"

"I'm stubborn. You know that. I'll never give up."

"Never is a long time."

He jerked the key in the ignition, and the old Ford coughed into motion and screeched around the corner of the dark building. She lit another cigarette; he did, too. The smoke-mist was a fog, and the far-off star was left behind. They drove in silence over the familiar road. They turned a corner, and her house was coming closer. It reached the Ford, and the car coughed into stillness.

"What are you going to do, Ted?"

"I don't know — I guess I'll go home and talk to Mom."

"Ted, please don't place this responsibility on my shoulders!"

"I won't say it! If it's going to be said — if it must be said — you'll have to say it."

She tossed her cigarette out the window. The smoke-fog lifted; the distant star was left behind. She opened the door of the memory-filled Ford.

"Good-bye, Ted."

The car-door rang in his ears and momentarily jolted him. He watched her as she walked slowly to her door, her head held high. He waited until she was safely inside. He sat numbly for a few moments longer; then once again the old Ford coughed into motion.

Ode to the Legion

. . . FREDERICK J. WEINTRAUB

Roll the Prussian drums of war
Goose-step to the Wall Street band
Raise the flag in all its glory
Hush my child — we're a peaceful land

Build a wall around the people
Bodies melted in the rockets' glare
We are right — there is no other
Hush my child — have not a care

Rally round the eagles claws
October mighty month before
Votes come in, but sorrow follows
Hush my child — loves beyond the door
Paine spoke of freedom in all its glory
Now freedom fells the hallowed pain
Death they say — it now is holy
Hush my child — it's a game

What do you mean my child must follow?
What do you mean my child must die?
Is this the answer to our problems?
Is this the law to which we bide?

Freedom reigns in all its sorrow
Let not your arms decide its fate
Or else the children of tomorrow
Pass through death's eternal gate

Dust To Dust

. . . LARRY KINLEY

Slipping slowly,
Slyly stealing,
Most unconquerable thief.
Never delaying
Through the years:
Abducting innocence,
Plundering beauty,
Bringing ravages
Beyond repair.
I yield to you
O dreadful force —
To the arbiter of life,
To the reaper of youth,
To inevitable Time,
I bow.

From A Poem

. . . PHILIP REPLOGLE

I wondered why I loved you,
 And the questions took form as separate identities,
 Separate images of you and me—
 Sitting or standing or clinging together,
 And they made no sense at all,
 At all.
 My mind passed them in review
 Or shuffled and cut them,
 Playing them singly or in hands of five,
 Or I saw them all at once,
 Together,
 A superimposed, disjointed
 Image, surrealistic in memory,
 Enhanced by time.
 Gone now. It's gone now;
 The surrealism of my haunting memory leaves me.
 Thank you God.

I wondered why I loved you.
 That your face and body are etched in my eyes,
 I can see;
 That your fingers caress my dreams quietly,
 I feel, as the touch of down;
 That your eyes are deeper than night in love,
 I have seen—
 Yet did I love you? Is this all
 That love is—all?

This morning, arising from a dream of you,
 I stepped again
 Into the world
 And read my answer in a moment stolen from you,
 Saw on paper
 That portrait of the mind
 That poetry paints . . .

I knew
 I loved your thoughts.
 I loved that world which exists
 As the only reality,
 In thought of touch and sense . . .
 I loved what you touched and saw.

Badminton

. . . CHARLES HACKENBERRY

The hot sand burned. She lifted her head suddenly, coming out of a scorched night-mare. He was staggering away over the face of a wind rippled dune. Sharp spines of wind-whipped sand bit into her thigh. She looked at her hips, her waist.

She watched him make more foot prints in the sand. He was almost over the rise of the dune. She stood up slowly and started to run after him.

A giant blue sun ground into the particles of sand. The horizon stretched long and lean to the fringes of the mind that even the eye could not see. And everywhere was sand and a gaunt shred of unremembered memory—thin, crisp, and black.

"Hey," she called, not remembering her own voice. "Hey!"

When she was almost behind him he spun in the sand and she heard it crunch beneath his heels.

"Hey!" he screamed, with something flickering in his eyes.

They inspected each other for what may have been a century, an aeon.

"Who are you?" she heard her voice say, but she didn't know why her voice said anything. She must know who he was, for they had just —. She must know him, but she couldn't quite say his name.

"Uh, what's that?" she asked.

A high pitched, screaming laugh startled her. It seemed to come from his eyes, but then she couldn't be sure.

"It's a bottle." he said. His emotion clouded his voice, stained his vision. He looked merely to see and that was what disturbed her about his eyes. He held the green object in front of him. It dazzled in hues of green and blue reflected from scorching sun.

"Wh— Who are you?" she echoed.

"Who are YOU?" he asked, his eyes piercing.

"I'm . . . I —" And she could not remember her name. She knew she had one. She must have a name. EVERYONE had a NAME. It remained in the dizzy distant nightmare. The sand caught in her throat in dry choking stabs.

"You want a drink?" he asked slyly, handing her the bottle.

She accepted the brilliant green glistening object and drank slowly.

"Come have some lemonade," her mother called from the back porch. She put down the badminton racquet, smiled at the young man across the net,

and walked to get the two glasses of lemonade that her mother had left on the porch steps. The glasses left two circles on the gray porch steps. She stood transfixed staring at the two wet rings as they started to spin and form brilliant blue swirling spirals of blinding light.

He pulled the bottle from her lips, spilling some of the liquid in the hollow between her breasts.

"Don't drink it all!" he yelled. He held the bottle to the sunlight to see how much was left.

"Wh—Where are we?" she asked, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand.

"We're . . . Here!" he whispered, almost as though someone or something might hear him. He scanned the horizon with his strange eyes, and she noticed for the first time that his hair was as long as hers.

She could find no answer in his reply. Neither could she find another question.

"It's so hot," she said, if only to express anything.

"Yeah," he said, coming around the net. "This lemonade ought to cool us off though." They had been playing badminton for over an hour. She tired of the game after playing for only fifteen minutes, but she continued because she knew he enjoyed the game. Now she was exhausted and overheated. She noticed the beads of perspiration on his leg.

He wiped the trickling drops of perspiration from his leg and ran his hand through his long brown hair. "It's always hot. You'll get used to it, maybe. Some don't though. Some go out of their minds with the heat. Or rather, they go back to their minds."

His high-pitched laugh sounded almost mechanical now. It was so strange to be standing here talking to someone whose name she couldn't remember. She had known him for as long as—she almost thought since eternity. Her face formed a question.

He saw the look and recognized it. He doubled up into a frightful pantomime of harlequin mirth.

"You still don't know! You still don't!" he laughed, his lips quivering in what might have been anguish.

She felt a strange sensation in her side. She rubbed her ribs with her hand and felt a strange white welt forming there. It looked almost like a scar. The blue sun burned into her white hair.

"My side!" Panic siezed her by the entrails.

His joy was ecstatic. "Oh yes! Yes! We'll get to that in a minute. Now sit down here and I'll tell you again. I'll tell you forever!"

They sat under the pear tree and he held her hand. "I'll tell you forever. I love you," he said. She thought of the long time they had waited to get married. The endless weeks that she had worked in the office while he finished college, medical school, internship. It seemed like eternity.

"It's like an endless game," he said with a madman's glee. You think that everything's wrong and that everything's backwards!"

They sat with crossed legs in the blue-scorched sand, searching each other's faces, their bodies absorbing the violet heat. "And the best part . . . the best part is that you never remember!"

"No . . . that can't be true."

A frozen smile was painted on his sharp features. "Oh no? Look at your side, the eternal proof."

She looked at her side and a partially-healed wound had replaced the old scar. She bit her lips as she looked at him anxiously. The pain was the blue sun imbedded in her flesh.

"It was a ruptured appendix," he told her mother in the hospital. "I assisted . . . Oh my God." He could not even cry. What was it worth without her?

"It's almost time now," He mocked as he stood.

"Time?"

"Yes, time . . . that little particle of sand that you will never comprehend." The sand which he scooped into his clenched fist slowly escaped to the place from which it came. Won't you ever see? It's like this sand. Time must flow down, not up."

"I — I don't understand."

"Yes, I know you don't understand. You'll never comprehend. Your idea of time is backward. It goes the wrong way. That is because you don't know that the end and the beginning are the same." His eyes flickered for a moment, then he broke the bottle in some mysterious way which she could not understand.

By the time she saw him lunge at her with the jagged glass, it was too late to move. She felt the flesh tear and explode in her right side. Before she fainted she put her hand on the screaming pain, only to find it vanished before her fingertips. There was no mark on her white side.

"Isn't it hell?" he said, leering over her, his saliva dripping on her neck. "Isn't it hell!"

The hot sun burned her breasts. She lifted her head suddenly coming out of a scorching nightmare. He was staggering away over the face of a wind-rippled dune. She looked at her hips, her waist.

She stood up slowly and started to run after him.

A giant blue sun ground into the particles of sand. The horizon stretched long and lean to the fringes of the mind that even the eye could not see. And everywhere was sand and a gaunt shred of unremembered memory — thin, crisp and black.

"Hey," she called, not remembering her own voice. "Hey!"

After Seeing "Last Year"

. . . PHILIP REPLOGLE

Waiting for you,
 Walking these endless halls
 Into rooms empty
 Or courted by the black
 Of people,
 I have been a year
 In stillness of suffocating
 Formality
 A year
 Patterned and planned
 By some cruel
 Invisible hand and ruler,
 Some insane player of compasses
 And drawing boards,
 Rigid formality,
 Labyrinth of gardens
 And gravel paths,
 Of deserted hallways
 And entombed society,
 Statues mocking with
 Ironic parody . . .
 I loved you last year.
 You remember when,
 You must remember . . .
 The cup and spiced tea,
 The bronze stairway,
 Its end leading into laughter . . .
 Remember?
 Waiting for you,
 Walking these endless halls
 Of patterned labyrinth
 Until one becomes lost
 Unable to be free.

In Fields of Sun

. . . CLAUDIA BAIR

The cool west wind upon my face did brush
And rain descended down upon my brow.
The maple tree I sat beneath became
My shroud. And I, protected, as it were,
Began my reverie.

It was as though I never knew till then
What beauty this familiar, (so I thought),
Beguiling countryside contained 'neath all
The superficial glaze and glossy finish
One now expects to see.

Among that clump of trees o'er yonder there's
A little vacant, grassy tryst, where once,
When we were lovers seeking truth, we counted
Every leaf on that fair linden branch
That hung above our heads.

And here beneath my walk-worn feet there lies
The soft, moisture-cooled earth, the same
Soft earth o'er which I lithely ran that day
You brought to me my first camelia, and
You asked a gift of me.

"I ask you in return," you said, "to tell
Me always every thought or dream, for now
Your thoughts are yours and mine are mine alone,
Communion lacking, lest a simple crime
Should one disclose to th' other."

I gave to you that day a promise true—
To always bring, no matter whether small,
Each muse or apprehension. That was as
Your hair I smoothed, which had been cruelly mussed
By that unmindful wind.

The rain's now stopped and once again the earth's
Become illuminated by the silv'ry
Drops which fell upon each inch of space
Around me here. The sky has given forth
A penetrating light.

As I extend my arm and let my hair
Fall free, the wind so very gently picks
Me up and lets me down again. I play
That I'm a milkweed tuft. And look, you'll see
I've brought my parasol.

Lullaby

. . . PHILIP REPLOGLE

Go to sleep now little baby,
Your bed is soft and warm;
Go to sleep now little baby,
The day has come and gone.

Go to sleep and suffer morrow
To laugh and sing for you
Of love you bore for sorrow,
Of peace you never knew.

Hush now softly with thy sighing,
Let sunrise make a day
With no loss of joy or crying
That love has passed away.

The Dream Egg

. . . CAROLE BRUNER

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS AN EGG. An egg that didn't want attention but got too much. An egg that rolled and rolled but wanted only to lie in the moss. An egg that was saving something, itself perhaps, for something, a dream maybe. An egg that saw much and was frightened. An egg that saw too much and become cynical. An egg that feared to offend because it had been offended too much. An egg that was considered too sensitive which made the egg's shell hard so that none could see through to the something that the egg hid deep within.

One day—it was a day of spring—a dream hunter came by the edge of the mass and saw the egg. The egg looked and was surprised to see the hint of a "maybe" in the smile of the hunter. "Do I dare?" questioned the egg. But what's the use? Why smile, for that might break my shell and I would expose my something for a roving hunter that would, as the others have, drop me into the pit of the well.

The hunter, after a long journey, sat down beside the egg and sang a song.

The egg, being fond of singing and singers, joined in and before realizing it the egg's shell broke slightly. The egg became aware of the smile on the hunter's face and wondered if the hunter was a "maybe" after all.

The egg being sensitive and cynical hesitated, "Do I dare?" After much deliberation the egg decided that it must find out, for the hunter was far too much like the dream not to find out.

The hunter took the egg to those places where the shadows of love play. To the egg, the hunter was far too careless to be a real dream.

The egg cried, "Will the shell be able to protect the Within, keep the perhaps, save it for the "maybe," if the hunter probes deeply only to find the something he wanted from the egg nothing after all?"

The egg carelessly turned the pages of its mind to find thoughts to guide its shell:

The daisies play with the wind,
The birds sing to the world,
The fireflies light the night,
The heart gives comfort to souls.
Some daisies are torn by their playmates,
Some birds are rebuked for their song,
Fireflies defeated by the sun.
The heart is bruised by the soul.
The surge of life goes on
And the comforts we find are few,
But not being a part of the surge is to wither.
So all must be bruised in receiving
The right to live.

Circles

. . . ELAINE KAUFFMAN

Things — moving in
 endless cycles of
 Birth, Life, Death, Birth —
 Nature's truths
 in a circle —

No beginning — no ending.

Herald of morning
 turns night to day —
 the circle half completed
 Turns day to night —

Which begins? which ends?

Chapel — God's holy hour —
 last week is this
 in the circle of days —
 Man works to rest —

Begins the new? ends the old?

Spring — fire bright and fresh —
 summer's gaudy hues
 probing autumn's mellowed tones —
 Blackened white winter

Joins the circle? begins the arc?

Micro-seed — man's greatest
 fruit that grows —
 waxes strong — lives —

To love — to die — the circle ever ending
 in life again — yet —
 never ending.

in the heritage of the forest pales
 in the ecstasy of half-forgotten
 ripples and rifts of jazz-tones
 found:
 the testy and careless touch of the wind
 a laboring sigh —————
 perhaps?

**Three
 Short
 Poems**

The sea beneath my window—
 I cannot care but know
 He is there for Me

I know my urgent lover
 Beckons
 the sounds of Gulls screeching
 sad songs against the walled sunset

wax, wane, falter, surge, beckon, beckon
 silver tipped and Siren-like
 the swoop of the Gull to the
 outstretched limbs of the sea-lover.

NOELLE S. GARBER

I call you and you come to me
 Your serpent eyes sealing me against
 One of the infinities.
 The end is almost in sight
 The poison — a rare ambrosia
 Almost like the dew that falls from
 Rosepetal moons
 In the wind harp night love

Only Memories

. . . SHARON HORTER

Memories —
Sad, sweet recallings of
Days beside the stream
And
Nights beside the sky.

Our moon was spun of soft silver.
Its beams played harp-like on the trees
And wove melod'ies of gossamer elegance
On shimmering waters.

Now —
Is an empty blank.
Five minutes an eternity to remember.

I want to write about now
But only memories answer my pen.

The Last Doll

. . . ELAINE KAUFFMAN

It was a hot lazy day in mid July. Laurie finished the last page of her book and laid it down beside her on the swing. She sat a few minutes listening to the screech of the old swing hooks as she absent-mindedly pushed it back — and forth — with her foot. She caught a glimpse of her cousin Janie running, as though pursued, in the general direction of Nancy's house. Since Laurie was quite sure it was nap time for the younger cousins, she decided to go next door to see what Aunt Biney was doing.

She stepped from the awning-shaded porch into the blazing mid-afternoon sun. It seemed to engulf her, almost blinding her for a moment. The heat was oppressive as she picked her way across the garden that separated the two houses. The cracked ground sent up small clouds of yellow dust as sneakered feet met the unyielding hardness of shriveled earth. As she found a path between the dust-grayed vines, Laurie stooped to pluck a newly red tomato. She wiped the dusty coat off the tomato onto her shirt tail and bit into its juicy warmth.

The grass of Aunt Biney's yard was seared brown. She stamped her feet to shake off the garden's dust but only succeeded in stirring up more. She started toward the back porch, but stopped short as her eyes fell on an object tossed carelessly in the middle of the yard. Almost as if pulled against her will by some unseen force, Laurie moved slowly toward the object. She stood silent for a moment, then stifling a cry, she bent down and picked it up. It was almost unrecognizable — her beautiful doll — body dirty and torn, completely void of clothing, hair wild, with one of the eyes pushed back into its head. As she held the doll tenderly in her arms, Laurie felt the warmth of a remembered Christmas flow over her —.

She had awakened early that Christmas morning and crept stealthily down the stairs from her bedroom on the third floor. She didn't want to waken anyone. She wanted the magic of those first moments of "discovery" all for herself. Pausing a few moments on the landing to take in the beauty of the sparkling rainbow-hued tree, Laurie descended the rest of the stairs expectantly. She couldn't remember now what all the glittering packages had held, but she could still see the beautiful walnut desk she had wanted so badly, and sitting on its

matching chair — the doll. It was a lovely doll, eighteen inches tall with blonde curly hair, eyes that opened and closed, a soft cuddly body, and a dainty lace-trimmed blue organdy dress. It was the most beautiful doll Laurie had ever owned —.

Standing there in the hot sun it occurred to her that it had also been the very last doll that she had owned, for the desk and the doll that Christmas had silently signified an ending and a beginning. The doll had been a gesture to childhood, prompted by her parents' unconscious desire to keep their child a child. The desk had been a gesture to young womanhood, their subconscious realization that a girl-child must grow into a woman.

Laurie had kept the doll immaculate until a few weeks ago. After much inner conflict, she had given the doll to Janie, her young cousin, exhorting her to take special care to keep it clean and beautiful. Janie had solemnly promised.

Forgetting about her visit with Aunt Biney and still clutching the bedraggled doll, Laurie started toward home. At the edge of the garden she stopped, looking once more at the pathetic object in her arms. She turned, retracing her steps to an abandoned doll carriage, and gently laid the doll in it. She began to run toward home again, stumbling across the garden that she could not see through the hot salty tears, back to the refuge of the darkened porch and the comforting old swing.

Answer to a Lark

. . . SHARON HORTER

You ask me why I do not speak
And why I hide my song.
Because its melody is bleak
I do not think this wrong.

My tune is not a pretty thing.
That's why I hide it so.
It's made for only me to sing
And only me to know.

Then why sing I at all you say
If I don't show the world?
And why think I it's best this way
To keep my banner furled?

I sing to while away the hours
And make the sun go by,
But, see you, I have not the powers
To make another cry.

Can not you see it's love for you
That keeps my song inside?
Your voice comes through so clear and true
That mine must stay and hide.

You think I'm such a pretty thing.
You like the way I fly.
You love to rest upon my wing
And watch the moon go by.

Were I to sing aloud my song
The image would be gone
As those who to the night belong
Flee quickly with the dawn.

Should not the May give way to June
And winter yield to spring?
Should not the starlings hide their tune
And let the larks to sing?

Dawn Was Long Ago

. . . SHARON HORTER

I

Dawn
Was long ago.
I loved then —
To dawn depths
 None has touched
But the dawn is
 Too clean—
 Too early—
 Too innocent—
And dawn love
Is too misty to last
You loved then too.
Perhaps—
 you thought dawn was gone
And
The clear light of day
 Had come
 At last,
And you opened the door
And rushed out into the world
Too soon

II

Noontime is
 Busy,
 Harsh,
 Glaring.

There is no room
 For love here.
 Now a time for
 Sorting—
 Finding—
 Doing—

And trying paths
 Which the morning mist
 Obscured.

Mourn not the dawn.
 'Twas long ago
 And it brought
 The light.
 Were the day all dawn,
 All life would be gone.

III

Twilight is
 Dawn's darling—
 Noon's protege
 Life's peace.

Twilight love
 Is
 Flavored by dawn's pureness,
 But more lasting—
 Educated by noon's clarity,
 But more delicate.
 'Tis the highest moment
 Day
 Has to offer—
 Not yet night—
 The forever time.

Location 2

Day

Time

Observed ...

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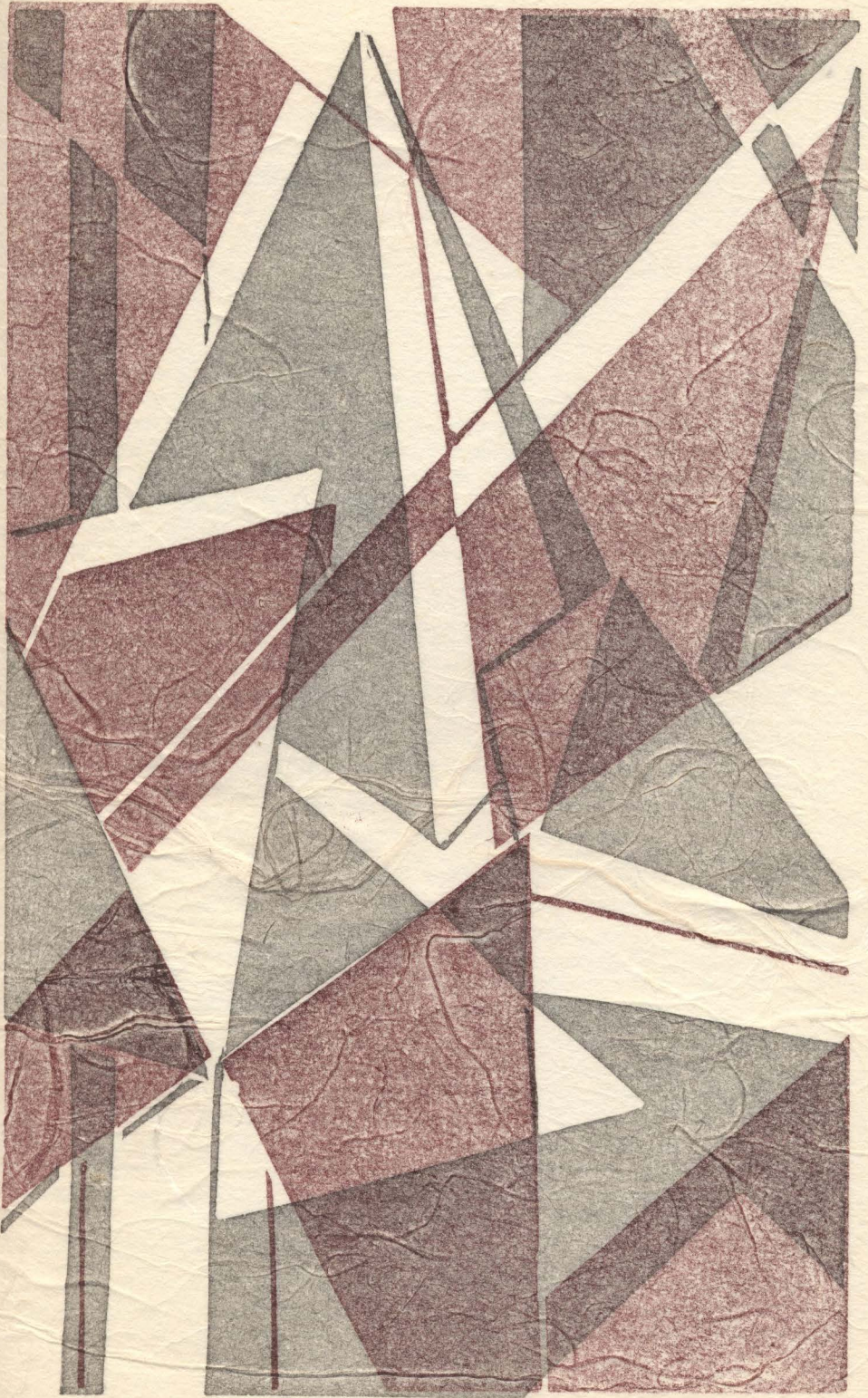
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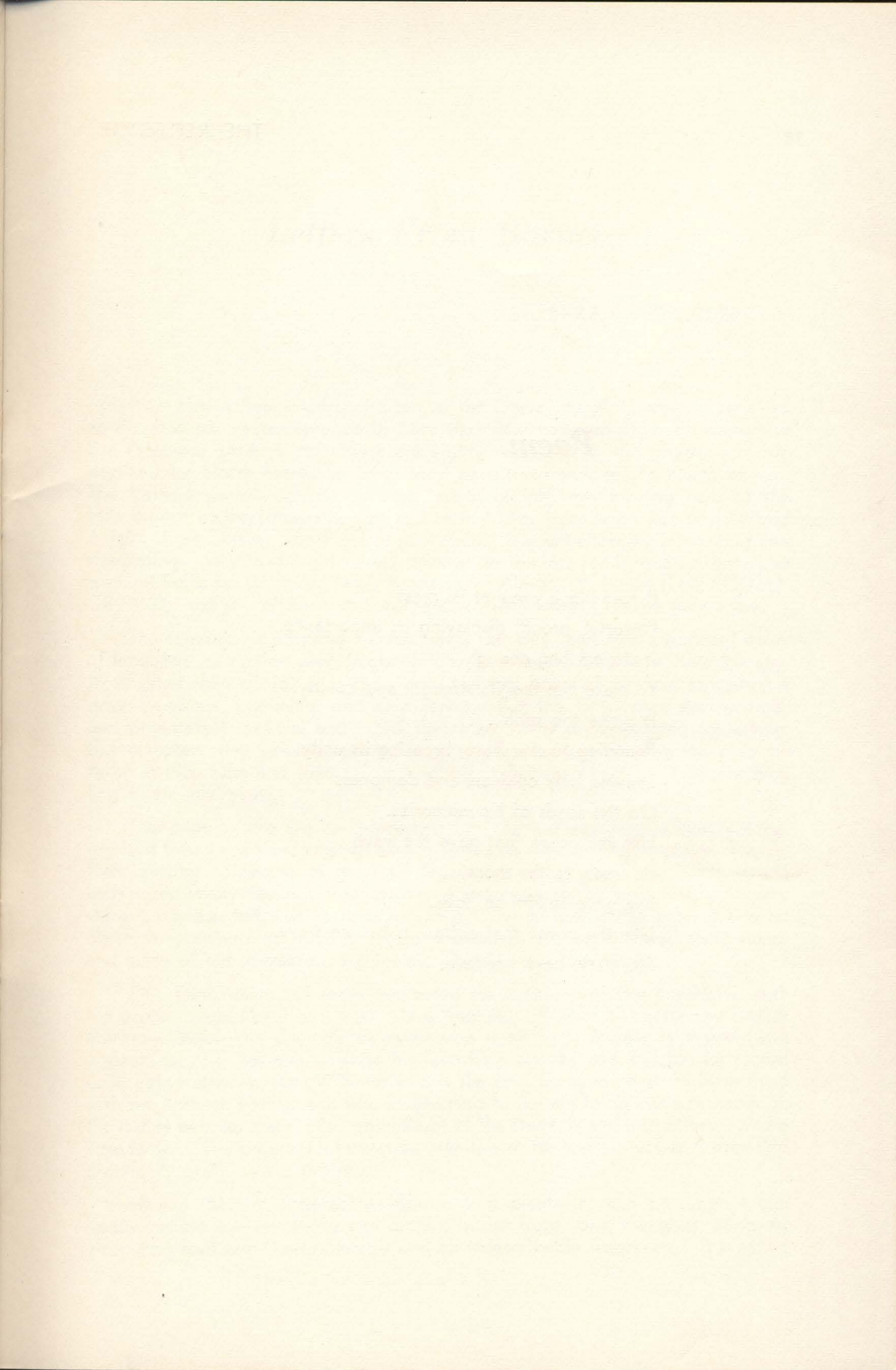
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Poem

. . . . MAGDALENE RUZZA

It rose like a wave at its crest . . .
Powerful, proud, displaying its importance.
It stayed long enough
To make him feel its strength and beauty.
It broke too soon . . .
Pounding to the shore, breaking its unity
Leaving only coldness and dampness
On the sands of his memories.
Like the ocean that gave the wave
So freely to the shore,
She gave to him her love.
Like the ocean that ebbed its broken wave,
She drew back her love.

Letters From Borneo

. . . BARBARA BURKHOLDER

I am now a Peace Corps trainee at the University of Hawaii. I received notification of my acceptance in May and flew non-stop from Pittsburgh to San Francisco on June 15. There are eighty volunteers in this project who are destined for North Borneo or Sarawan; I have been assigned to North Borneo. The training period consists of eight weeks of intensive training here at the Hilo Branch of the University: instruction in Malay (four hours per day), World Affairs, Area Studies, and Physical Education. It is unbelievably interesting and stimulating. We have eight native Bornean instructors for language study and General Esposito, Dr. Neff (Yale), Ambassador Allison, Dr. Denny (THE LONELY CROWD), and Dr. Williams of San Francisco University, to name only a few.

The schedule is intensive — ten hours per day, plus two additional hours of language instruction every night six days a week. I have little time for anything other than classes or study. We have two hours of physical education a day, — hiking, swimming, and calisthenics. But the long hours are mentally and physically beneficial and I feel that I am really accomplishing something. If I complete the training satisfactorily, I will receive a ten-day leave to be taken in Honolulu, and then off to a school in Borneo where I will be teaching English for two years.

The people here are an interesting lot; the average age is twenty-three. My best friend is a Vanderbilt University graduate, also an English major. Finally, I am getting a glimpse of the New South first hand, and I am beginning to understand many feelings that appeared only vaguely before. Almost every state is represented, but there is only one Oriental boy in the project and no other racial minorities. The Borneans themselves are of Oriental background, and many of our instructors are Malay, Chinese, and Japanese.

One thing which has really impressed me is that everyone connected with the project looks like what he is: Dave Englund, athletics instructor, an English literature major and Olympic swimmer who is typically Nordic in manner and appearance; Dr. Solheim, a white hunter who looks like one and has instructed us in native dances; Dr. Williams who is the only European ever to have lived with the Bornean natives and who is returning to Borneo to do more research on the native peoples there. The enthusiasm of the students and instructors is also a vital factor. The program is operating smoothly so far and instruction is provided practically gratis by the professors.

Hawaii itself is a paradise—flowers and plants in such profusion I can hardly believe it,—gardenias and orchids in our front yard, mangoes, papayas, etc. And fruit and flowers merge into an indescribable fragrance. The native

peoples are exceptionally congenial and are a very easy-going and friendly lot. They have an almost incomprehensible love for the islands and don't hesitate to express this in language which we on the mainland seem to avoid. My swimming instructor is particularly interesting, one of the few full-blooded Hawaiians left. He has traveled extensively and his actual occupation is that of truck-driving from California to Maine, but every year he returns to the islands for three months and it is he who has explained the native attitudes to me. He wears a good luck diving-God charm which he fashioned of lava from a volcanic eruption which can (and did) save him from death as he dived from the reefs of Samoa or Somewhere. Very fascinating accounts of volcano gods and water gods he has related at length. I am keeping a journal so as not to forget any of them.

* * * *

Finally I have some time to write—this is my last day of leave; I have completed training successfully and am embarking for North Borneo tomorrow.

There is just so much to tell, I can hardly begin to convey the multitude of impressions I have assimilated during these past months. I taught at a school up in the Kona hills amidst coffee plantations for three weeks, SECOND grade, of all things. My students were Oriental-Hawaiian-Caucasian children of plantation workers. It was one of the most memorable experiences I've ever had—NO conflicts of any kind.

Right now we are in Honolulu, which is beautiful but too gaudy and commercial to be really at all desirable. This is a tourist attraction, and not at all like Hawaii. The Kona coast is truly an island paradise, and I am certain I shall return in two years. If ONLY I could capture it here, fairytale land of stark lava fingers trailing into opalescent seas and inlets, water the color of moonstone and crystal merged. Each day it was like waking up to a new world. We lived during teaching in an abandoned school five hundred feet up in the coffee hills in full view of the sea, and I will never quite get used to the splendor of the land, at dawn and twilight particularly. We hiked through most of the island during training—magnificent caves, lava wastelands stark as mooncraters—lush vegetation heavy with sickening green fragrance—ivory and ebony beaches and the sea broods over and around all of it—you can hear its hushed whisperings soothing the atmosphere into a pervasive calm.

I think of you often and want so much to tell you ALL of everything—but there is so little time for anything other than Corps activities. There are just too many impressions to sift and capture in words at present . . . they are almost overwhelming.

About my place or sense of belonging with the Corps, I am still far in the pillared dark; I have still not been asked and am still out for stars. But I feel closer to many of the members than I have to any group before. I hope and believe I am making the right decision about these next two years. I have weighed the situation carefully and feel that it is what I want most.

* * * *

Finally I'm settled here in Borneo (sounds incredible, doesn't it?). I will begin from our arrival, and fill you in on everything to date.

We arrived on August 28 and stayed in Jesselton where we received instruction on teaching English as a second language. At the end of three weeks, I arrived in Beaufort, a small town fifty-six miles from Jesselton and accessible only by rail. I am fortunate enough to be teaching in an English Medium Catholic School complete with a Chinese priest—my students or predominantly Chinese, although there are some Malay, Indians, Deeseens, and one LOVELY Murut (hill people). Their ages range from fourteen to twenty-one. I'm teaching secondary literature, composition, poetry comprehension, history, and one class in spoken English, so I'm kept quite busy. There is a real scarcity of reference and classroom materials here, but I'm managing. We have classes from eight A. M. to one P. M. since it is just too hot to do anything in the afternoons.

Living conditions are adequate. I'm staying with a Chinese couple from Singapore in a small but comfortable house where we have electricity, cold running water, and indoor (though Asian) sanitary facilities. This place is really a melting pot; all races (except Negro), religions, and languages of the Orient are represented here. The Chinese people are the enterprising ones and comprise the merchant and intellectual strata of the population. There are about a dozen Europeans—all English—who are twice as TRYING as the natives. I am the only American, so I must remain tactful throughout stuffy Colonial cocktail parties, etc. There is a British girl of my age with whom I get along VERY well—she saw "The Connection" when it played in London, if that is any valid standard of comparison, but we have very similar tastes, really, and so we are seldom bored or homesick.

Lately, I have become intrigued with Bronowski, the English physicist, and his concern with unity in hidden likenesses. His book, "Science and Human Values," appeals to my sense of morals; this quote is from W. K. Clifford:

"If I steal money from any person, there may be no harm done by mere transfer of possession . . ." "But I cannot help doing this great wrong towards Man, that I make myself dishonest. What hurts society is not that it should lose its property, but that it should become a den of thieves; for then it must cease to be society. This is why we ought not to do evil that good may come; for at any rate this great evil has come that we have done evil, and made wicked thereby."

Suddenly I understood in an instant what I have been unable to realize for a long time. Science and logic may be two of my weakest subjects (academically at least), but this book related them to the arts, and it is about the most revealing thing I've ever read. Also, I re-read the Bhagavad-Gita, and the idea of non-involvement as an ultimate goal both intrigues and frightens me; it is so contrary to what the West believes and so I am slowly gaining some understanding of what, at first, seemed to be the incomprehensible "calm" of people like the ancient women in the marketplace.

Although I have always paid lip service to tolerance and respect for others I am only now beginning to practice them to a greater degree than before . . . and somehow, I think it all ties in with my Oriental environment.

There is much to relate with regard to daily life in darkest Borneo . . . We have by now celebrated three New Years — a European one, the Chinese New Year, Hari Raya Puasa (Malay); even the Hindus have one of their very own, although nobody takes great notice of it here. Since I am Chinese oriented, that particular New Year was celebrated to a greater degree than the European one. New Year's eve we had a great variety of food in greater quantity than usual, — young shark (tastes like chicken), crabs, and minced pork sweet Chinese sausage, mushrooms and rice cake, also seaweed jelly (horrible stuff), and finally bitter Chinese wine. On New Year's day the traditional orthodox Chinese bathe in rose petals and will not sweep or use a broom. They also set off seemingly endless strings of red firecrackers at each door in the house to chase evil spirits away, lest they ruin chances for goodluck in the New Year. There is a great deal of gambling, and the professional "sharpies" sit behind tables checkered with signs of the Oriental Zodiac, the rabbit, lion, dragon, etc. They appear wholly detached except for their restless eyes, darting from the dice to the animal figures, and if they win, they may flash a quick goldtoothed smile, but more often they gather their winnings covetously to their corner of the table and begin again, their fingers endlessly twisting small pamele leaves which are certain to bring good luck. Then in the evening there is a dragon dance. Ours was performed under the trees in the village square by semi-professional dancers. There was a magnificent full moon, and the two dragons pirouetted and pranced, accompanied by Chinese gongs and roaring firecrackers which raised a great deal of smoke. The colored shreds from the crackers provided a carpet for the dancers, and they eventually made a transition from the fierce guise of the dragon to exhibitions of skillfully controlled Chinese wrestling.

My letter to TIME appeared only in the Asia edition, by the way, and I haven't a copy of it, although my mother got one.

How about "Milk Train?" And what is the one by Pinter? Both of these sound like they'd be worth seeing. I saw "Streetcar" (the film) and went away completely pleased with Brando (per usual) and Williams, who is still one of my favorites. They really ruined Capote in "Breakfast at Tiffany's" but I didn't expect any more from Hollywood. He is just TOO beautiful for movies. I doubt if the Hollywood version could ever capture the full impact of his delicacy of expression. It seems you must SEE the words and savor them. Somehow they become not words at all, but some delicious fragrance; some of McCullers have the same effect on me.

Dr. McCrosson sent me some lovely photographs of her new home — and I felt a sudden stab of nostalgia thinking of snow and the surety of winter fires. I often think how beautiful it is to live in a land of four seasons — and I would not trade winter snows for the tropics. But the thought that my tropic ventures are merely temporary makes perpetual summer quite pleasant for the time being.

Windsong

. . . DOTTY FIELDS

Whispers and caresses
From a lover
With unruly and illusive character
Make my cheeks flush and flame
When I enter the house with
Hair as wild and unruly as he is.

We met again this afternoon
He chases me and shoves me along in the sunlight
And runs ahead like a child
Playfully tearing away from his mother
Only to return again
With a kiss for my cheek.
He mumbles in my ear
Humming coarse low notes till finally
He shrieks, so delighted
To be my fickle-hearted lover.

I Saw God Yesterday

. . . SHARON HORTER

I saw God yesterday.
He was sitting on a fence post
Along a deserted, dusty roadway
And when he saw me, he flew away
Winding his way to eternity
Saying, "Follow me if you dare."

I saw God last night.
He came through my window
And shone on my pillow
Like a spotlight from heaven.
Then a night cloud grew pealous
And hid his light from me.

I saw God this morning.
He came in the open window
With the sunshine
And caressed my face with gentle fingers.
He tousled my hair
And asked, "Now do you believe?"

I closed the window
And he was gone.

