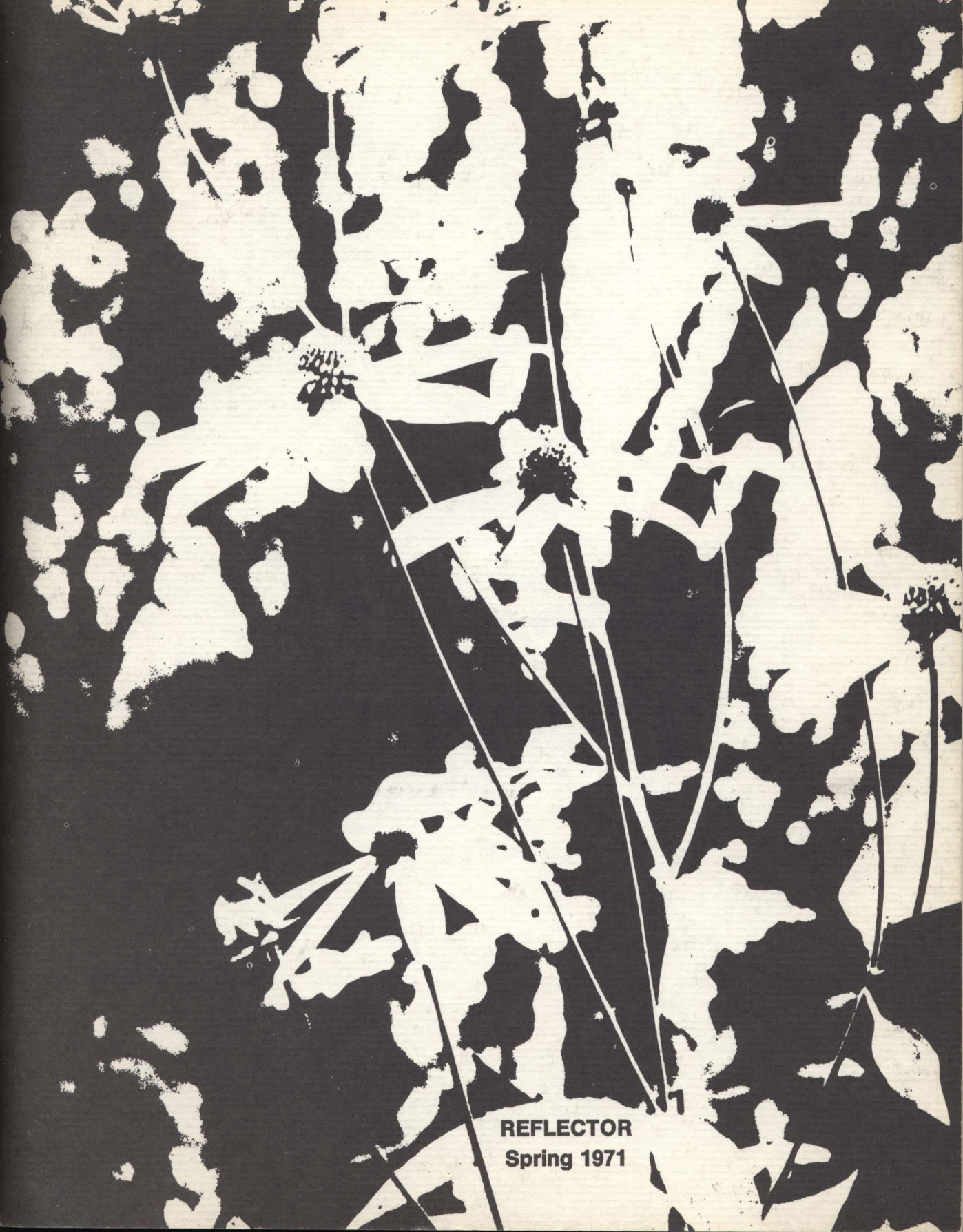




REFLECTOR
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Do I dare

Disturb the universe?

In a minute there is time

For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse.

T. S. Elliot

(from "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock")

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'48 Dodge

. . . D. FUNK

Oedipus Rex walked down a road
Egyptian Highway One, a scenic route
Complete with a questioning Sphinx.

"What's black and white and red all over?"
"Humanity," said the Rex to Sphinx
Wrote it down in India Ink, invented newspapers.
Which caused problems for his parents
Who couldn't read, as many.

Answers came in suffering blood.
Saw it all from my '48 Dodge
Going down the road, on my way to Joy
Where Rex was walking to.

I told him I would've painted the Sphinx blue
About the color of my Dodge,
Dispensed the riddle with fresh paint;
Or agree to answer when Sphinx got
Al Poe's, "Why is a raven like a writing desk?"

Rex laughed, climbed into my Dodge
Said, "Drive on James, man is not murdered!"

Faust waved us down a dark ravine
Asked the price for the old car
Offered to even-trade his El Dorado.
Rex and I bellylaughed—told him
We had historical perspective; thank you anyway,
But it was late to conduct business.
We switched to high beams and were off.
I remarked how white-wash does wear off.
Rex couldn't resist shouting back
"That's one old dodge too many!"
We were really getting in the spirit of things.

I was pushing up the hood-vent, just as J. S. Bach appeared
Composing in a field of soul-green shoots.
We stopped, and wordless. And Bach brought a gift;
Double Concerto in c for Oboe, Violin, and Strings.
He bowed, long-haired, sweaty he smiled.
We listened to his piece on the eight-track stereo,
"Oh tumbling tears of joy! Oh suffering joy!"

We got out
Patted the hood on that Dodge
Kicked off our shoes
We kissed one another and the earth
In and beneath us, made joyous.

"Brother! We were home!"
"Lovers and friends, we were home!"



Heidi

. . . M. ESSIG

forget any time but now
forsake the future
dissolve your memories
and let me die
like a knight for his lady
in the lilac scented
paradise of your present

cave fish/for douglas

. . . M. ESSIG

curled like a foetus
in his black-lite
basement womb
a brother of the needle
drifts through his karma
in a happy, heroin haze.



Riping Down the Klee-Shay Trail

. . . B. KAUFMAN

I used to play with myself
Up mountains, behind barns
Sometimes in Church
It was before I learned how to play in twos

The man in the well
Was afraid of the light
Running only at night
Molding his spell
Out of green mould and mushrooms
He ate chickens and souls
but preferably chickens.

"Devil," I whispered in sun-fed heroism
"Gollum," he gurgled, he snarled, he sobbed
Ooze-matted hair and
Black stick fingers and
Body as slimy as snails without shells
But his wings were bat-leather
And he once was a snake
So of course I forgave him.

Truth is white light
It burns
Like straight rum down the gullet
Lighting strange fires
That rise up through the eyes

Ignorance is bliss,
but then, so is
oblivion
Let there be light . . .

But I loved the night . . .

Running down ghost roads in wolf-colored darkness
Dancing stiff-legged backwards to salute the fool moon
While these imps
(they escaped from a Walt Disney cartoon)
Danced too.

And the man in the well . . .

He had moved out by then.
He packed all his myths in a battered
soul-skin suitcase and flew up from
my childhood to my home in the north.
"Hey, uh, kid, I just got here and I need
a place to stay, and I was wondering
if you could, uh, put me up for the night."
"Hell, I got a whole empty mountain.
Stay as long as you like."

So he did.

He took pieces of my life to fuel
A wild mountain hell

god! it was beautiful

the ole true Huck he floated
Down a muddy river
And up a muddy mind
Careless currents carried him to his storm.

Me I had to walk to mine

Roads at their worst aren't bad
They go places

But supposing the road
Isn't really a road
But the hope of a trail
Beaten out by roebucks and crazy-eyed
madmen
And one of the men is a snake in disguise
Who crawled out of a well, or a womb,
or a wish
And he'd like to get back in

A road is a road is a road is redundant runs on forever is redundant is rock-strewn
is redundant is rutted is redundant has rocks in its ruts is redundant redundant
is a run-on sentence is redundant is rot

Roads are meant for running

Running down ghost roads in wolf-colored darkness
Running crazy and blind
Smack into a light———!

A hundred-watt halo
Round a brick building face
"Lovely," she purred in a fat comfortable
plop
Unbaked ceramic chalk fingers
Exhaled fresh rhubarb
And adjusted my blinders

Dancing stiff-legged backwards, I laughed at the loon
And bantering, cantering, returned to the stall.

The creature that fell
 In the ice water well
 Was hurt by the fall
 And the frozen death fingered
 Its heart while it lingered
 In hope that died also

The brick building face
 Had a good laugh
 (she caught the whole thing on camera)

When the creature died
 I called her "She"

Brick building? _____ It had two breasts,
 and a cunt, and
 eleven results,
 But it still was an it.

And the man in the Hell
 Flicked a cigarette ash
 Perched on a willowy Ingersoll tree
 And munched pages of Bertrand Russell
 dipped in hot spice and catsup
 "Try one. They're delicious."
 He flexed vulture wings
 "Getting out, huh? Hop on, I'll give
 you a lift."
 "No thanks, I'd rather walk."

Roads are meant for running
 Which tends to get one stoned
 and flight
 on the back
 of a vulture hack-
 neyed Pegasus white
 with the shiny wings black
 like man outright
 like man it's a guruve

Just a wild ride
 With the man inside
 Installing tiny tadpoles
 That squirm up through the tubes
 And the spaghetti of your mind

Lone-ness
 Is the morning after
 Dead hung over
 Out to dry
 Vague suspicions you've been raped
 How drained
 How strange

A phlogiston fire
 that doesn't leave
 its weight in ashes

"No thanks, I'd rather walk"

and I would never have known if I
 hadn't hitched a ride with a truck
 driver
 (who knew someone) to the nth power
 who worked in a flower mill in Spring-
 field

"Go west, young man" he said.

He was driving east.

I headed north to the mountains.

For roads and wings
 Are dangerous things
 They grab at the heart
 And the feet flow swiftly
 And after the start
 There is seldom a stop
 And soaring above
 Even ghettos look good
 Go fast enough
 Just to stay there forever
 But never ask "where."
 You're already there.

Things

. . . P. BUSSARD

loving one
 too maybe
 more
 or not any
 more
 than one
 things had to change—
 wet clothes—
 he fell into
 puddles
 made by one
 too.
 now drier
 things is fine
 smaller
 by loving one
 or more
 maybe shrunk
 whichever.
 comes first
 (if first ever
 comes . . .)



anomie

. . . B. AMOROSA

long
embittered man
curses his life
the fate of which
he cannot control
stands at the window
on the top floor of a skyscraper
watching the industries of
the human ant farm
so trivially conducted
with no niche for him
and his thoughts
ramble on
pathetically
while pieces of his mind
DROP
thirty-five stories
in despair.

Pygmalion

. . . C. CHANCO

Marble cold.

Chipped, made malleable
chipped, chipped
sanded.

You.

breathed a life giving breath
tried to.

Your

Pygmalion

—for a time.

broke the mold

I, but still

Marble cold.

riot

. . . M. ESSIG

faces

black, white, and

yellow

mix

red blood

on

Indifferent

streets

Funny How Things Change

. . . N. HILTEBEITEL

There's not much traffic this time of night—night? no, it's almost one in the morning. I remember when she gave me this watch. We had been married six months. It was our first Christmas. She was beautiful that evening; she's always been beautiful. I suppose I should socialize more at her office parties, but I can't stand that crew she works with. There's a taxi—"Hey!"—Nah, forget it. I'm not ready to go home yet. I wonder if she's home or if that party will last all night. No doubt she's plenty high by now. I hope she doesn't try to drive home. Last time . . . she swore she wasn't drunk, though. I shouldn't have argued with her. That bar is open; maybe I'll have a beer and go home. Crusty place. They all are. "Miller." I can't see why she drinks so much. Ever since she got that office job. Those secretaries are all drunks. Parties, drinking—I like a beer once in awhile, but I can't see drinking to get smashed. She didn't drink before she met them.

Funny how things change. She doesn't tell me she loves me anymore. I guess I love her more than ever. She's gotten so wild lately. She's never home. There's a phone. I'll call home and see if she's there yet. Better not. If she's asleep she'll be furious. She has to work tomorrow. Wish I could get on day shift. We could be together more. That might help. "Another beer, please."

She did suggest we get a legal separation. Maybe that would be best for her. God, what would I do without her? I wouldn't be so broke. She has exquisite taste in everything. That sofa cost eight hundred bucks. It's uncomfortable as hell . . . but looks nice. All those dishes she bought . . . and five hundred dollars worth of drapes. The stereo is great, but we never use the tape recorder. Humpf, all that money would buy us a new car. Separation . . . that would lead to one thing—divorce. I wouldn't want her back. She'd be no better than a whore if I weren't around. How do I know she hasn't been in bed with that assistant manager, or anyone else? She had plenty of chances . . . aw, she's not like that. She wasn't before. I guess I'll go home.

God, it's a beautiful night! It's hard to believe this turns into an ugly main street at dawn. It's so peaceful and personal at night. I wonder if she'll consider moving outside of town **this** fall. I can't see why she likes living in town. I hate towns.

There's no light on in the apartment. Either she's asleep or she's not home yet. I'd better be quiet in case she is asleep.

"Henry?"

Damn! I woke her. "Were you awake, hon?"

"Yes. I've been waiting for you. Where were you?"

"Walked around. Had a beer."

"Why didn't you come home?"

"Thought you went to Don's party."

"I told you I wouldn't go if you didn't want me to."

"I forgot."

"It's all right. I mixed two Black Russians. Drink up. Then we'll go to bed. Okay, baby?"

"You know it is, doll."

What Color Is Joy?

A man about to die once asked me,
 "What Color is joy?"
 "Joy comes in all colors "I said,
 "Why do you ask?"

His answer meant nothing to me
 Until I saw the man die,
 He was color blind.

* * * * *

Paper is so thin.
 How Can it bear the weight of words.

* * * * *

I am afraid of what will be.
 Only because,
 I can not see what is.

* * * * *

Once in a lifetime
 Is a constant experience.

. . . KEVIN SPANER

and WHAT but

. . . D. J. WILSON

Suppose the lies were not so obvious, the inconsistencies not so flagrant, the counter-arguments not so nonsensical: Suppose the

Government were really trying to confuse us. Suppose all the bureaucrats in every branch used every resource available to convince the

people that the Government knows better than they what is best because it employs only experts, specially skilled to determine what is

best for you. Suppose the Government — FBI, CIA, White House and Military — announced a plot to take over, eliminating right to vote: Do

you think that the sale of flags and posters saying **America: love it or leave it** would increase, business going on as usual? Do

you think? Have you seen the clergy in the jails? Have you seen the Vietnam War de-escalate into two adjoining countries? If prayer,

marches, and peace buttons have no effect on organized insanity, should we ignore the mass organization and explore the individual, whose

one great crisis is love? Then the journalists could stop creating questions to be toyed with by politicians and we could let the world

run its course without our friction and pollesters would stop pestering us and we could all relax securely smugly with a love story

and perhaps we would live, unulcerated, to ask **WHAT HAPPENED?** We believed in the dream but the dream disappeared; peace, please, lovingly leave it!

hot breath of Wisdom

. . . C. HOOVER

hot breath of the Wisdom
i saw and knelt and picked you up
first as you flexible were

but
then your
triad shape grew
hard with iron terms
and baseness enveloped Me

and you were put in My hand
and like a torch I carried you
and raised you
in battle
and lowered you
and was killed with you
but i died without you

I gazed at you through purple mist
and felt the warmth but could not see the light
but by the pale reflections in the gold
and I grew rich
and I grew poor
for you were with Me
but not within me

I was given tongues
as many tongues as i had
many more than Me
and went to foreign lands and set them
on fire with you
and you burned brightly falsely
I seared the soil with you
i was seared by you

then you were a mask of light that curbed
the inner glow
I feared you
i laughed at you
as artificial
and spit up my heart
and watched it throb and pulsate and be
first as you flexible were
i saw and knelt and picked it up
hot breath of the Wisdom

This Is Justice?

. . . NAYDEAN

There! I got it, the fifth one in twenty minutes. Oh, if only God hadn't created such ugly creatures as roaches. They make me feel dirty just thinking about them. They make me think of slums, of run-down houses with leaky dripping faucets, of quiet noiseless rooms with only the occasional sound of a cheap refrigerator turning on and off. I think of insular poverty, of families with many children, and of mothers who just don't care.

Why am I here? Why am I placed in the position where I must kill roaches in order to have a bed to myself? Why me, me with my middle-class background. Me, a respectable intelligent girl. I don't deserve to be in such a place as this. A place, no a dungeon with only one small shower which eight people must share. Sitting here on my bed the only smell remotely familiar is that of stale cigarettes. The other smells are harder to distinguish; it's sort of a damp smell, a smell possibly found in a forest around October after it has rained for a week, a smell of soggy degenerate leaves.

This must be a dream. I'll surely wake up and find myself in my own warm bed. My own cheerful room with its big windows and bright curtains. This room doesn't have curtains, it doesn't even have windows. It appears just as a large box, everything square, no curved surfaces at all. The only furniture found here are four bunk beds. It is unbelievable as to how uncomfortable these beds are. They don't have springs, just flat strips of metal upon which is a mattress three inches thick. It's like sleeping on the floor; in fact I would sleep on the floor if it were not for the appalling roaches. They gave me a wool blanket and a pillow when I came here. I'm allergic to wool so each morning when I get up I'm red from head to toe. I must use the blanket or freeze to death. Although it's only September and I'm in the South, it still gets cold at night.

Oh, no, it's 10:45. In fifteen minutes they'll be bringing lunch. There's no doubt in my mind what it will be for it's been the same thing every meal since my arrival here ten days ago. At first I didn't know what it was, for I'd never before seen such food as this. I soon found out it was called hominy. It's white and appears to be overgrown rice but surely doesn't taste like it. Along with my hominy they'll give me three biscuits and some tea in a tin cup. I almost forgot, on Sundays we are given a treat; they somehow manage to give us baked beans and balony sandwiches. There are metal water pitches, similar to those found in hospitals, beside each set of bunk beds. They come around twice each day and put fresh ice in. My, what I would give for some good food! My stomach is curled up into such a little ball. If I am ever returned to civilization it will take months for my system to return to anywhere near normal.

I just want to go home! Oh why, why did I ever leave home in the first place. I love my father. No! I can't go home, I can never return there again. I'm so ashamed for the worry and grief I must be causing my family. How can a girl barely fourteen years old be so mixed up? Will I ever regain my sanity? This place has given me a lot of time to think things over. No, I really don't want to think about it, but my mind is in such a whirl and it's so foggy, I suppose from the atmosphere.

My God! That poor lady they have across the hall in that little room is crying again. She keeps saying she didn't mean to do it and begs that someone put up bail for her so she can take care of her children. One of my cell-mates said that she stabbed her husband. I don't care what she did; I just wish she would stop crying; it gets on my nerves something awful.

There goes another roach running along a crack in the ceiling as if it were running the Indianapolis 500. I wish I could communicate with roaches. Then I would tell them exactly what I think of the silly way they act.

I refuse to let my self-pity dominate my thoughts anymore. Maybe if I think about why I am here I'll be able to see why I am being punished. When I think back on it I really don't have a logical reason for running away in the first place. My home life is O.K., or at least it was until my dad decided he wanted to get married again. For the past three years, ever since my mother died, I've been taking care of my five brothers and my dad. I thought I was doing a pretty good job but I guess it wasn't good enough for he all of a sudden wants a wife. I can't really blame him for he's barely forty and probably needs someone, but leave it up to me to get jealous. I figured I wasn't needed anymore to do the cooking and cleaning so why should I stick around.

If one decides to run away from home, Florida is as good a place as any to run to. I didn't know how to get there but I figured if I just kept going south I would someday have to run into it. There was one thing I had forgotten until I was already away from home. It seems I didn't bring any money with me. Hitching isn't the fanciest way to travel but you'll have to admit it is cheap.

If it were not for the want of money I wouldn't be here now. I arrived here in Rome, Georgia, twelve days ago and decided to look for a job. When you are fourteen years old there just don't seem to be too many jobs available. After searching for one complete day I ran across a lady who was willing to hire me as a waitress. She also told me I could stay with her till I had enough money to rent a room. However, she neglected to tell me that she sold things other than food in her "hunky" restaurant. I worked hard my first day on the job for I was really trying to impress the old lady. I was doing fine until about 9 P.M. when two policemen came calmly through the door and asked to see my I.D. Of course when you're fourteen years old you don't carry I.D. cards, so they politely told me I would have to go to the station with them. Now here I am sitting in this strange dungeon. I still don't know who told the police about me but I suppose it was a customer who guessed my age. They told me they were calling my dad to come and get me, but that was ten days ago. I'm still here. Maybe my dad doesn't want me back.

Well, here comes my hominy and biscuits, I almost feel hungry. If I am to die in this roach-infested hole, let me die of old age, not starvation.

To Linda

. . . C. CHANCO

When THEY thought
I was sufficiently grewed up
THEY told me the facts of life:

- #1. Mary Poppins umbrella is a phallic symbol.
Right. Phallic Symbol. (What's a phallic symbol?)
THEY said: "Anything that's length exceeds diameter."
Oh. I was really glad that I knew this. (It seems like an
important thing for grewed up kids to know.)
- #2. Little Red Riding Hood has sexual innuendoes
After all, they said, you'd better learn this: a wolf is a wolf.
- #3. Snow White wasn't all that white.
(I think she had an innuendo with Prince Charming.)
- #4. Mary Jane didn't sell candy.
"Gotta watch those pseudo-Snow White prototypes," THEY said
- #5. Puff the Magic Dragon snatches bad kids and leads them into
caves, 9 out of 10 doctors say.
They never did tell me what the tenth one said.
- #6. Santa Claus is DEAD. He was shot down by a B52.
"Well," THEY said, "that's understandable, the North Pole
is a DMZ, and he was a UFO."

I thanked them all, and went outside to play again. I watched this bird
singing in the tree, until JOHNNY DOWNTHESTREET hit it with a slingshot.

Johnny didn't even cry when the tree fell down and hit him on the head.
I don't think he noticed.

But the bird flew away!

Poem

. . . K. LANTZY

If for once

you would drop your shield

And stand free in a field,

How would you be?

Would you cry, or would you laugh?

Would you sing, or maybe just whisper?

Without the facade—

Would you have real emotions?

Would the sun delight you?

And the rain replenish you?

And would you even run after a butterfly?

And bathe in a cool stream,

And have the wind in your hair?

Would you embrace all with your love?

And when the stars are in your grasp,
would you lie down in the flowers,
to dream dreams of tomorrow?

Or are you the same underneath
the mask?



Railway Station

. . . M. ESSIG

warm inside and outside snowstorm.

on hard bench i wait 3 hours
Greenwich, Conn. January 12, 1970
for an engine to motivate me
farther north.

2 days spent with you digging
on multiple memories of Greece
warm and sand in Mykonos
clouds and mountains in Crete
last summer in a dream.

for a few hours of mystery
on this trip i stopt and
suffered kisses from your
eyes.

sorry to find the time still wrong
someday maybe later
together

but now lonely and up
to an old friend
after saying goodbye.

. . E. SADTLER

X

Standing before my fire
That flickers
And gives off so little heat
It's not what I recommend
To one slight
As an autumn leaf
And so susceptible to cold.

XI

Pony faces
Of all the young girls
Learning how to chase the game
Cry a bit but don't often buck
When security riding on pony backs
Digs his spurs in.

Poem for a Dead Corvair

. . . P. BUSSARD

i thought i was filling
—rising to new heights
clouds even in reach
or maybe just close enough to smell.

a little past halfway
traveling with green eyes
going down highways
in noisy corvairs
towards new places
old farms and people.

corvair
(Ralph Nader never loved you)
you've gone and died
close enough to home
to watch your grave
and dogs
piss against your wheels.

Such a long way to filling
—to fullness.
but dead cars and old farms
(even with freshly baked bread)
lose their place.
Probably a little sleep
beside rag dolls
will put new life into the filling

But corvairs have only
one life.

the cloistered chapel of ease

. . . L. KANE & L. HROMCO

- I. the contagious disease consumes all . . .
 it is like a prune abusing the seed
 it becomes ignobility stripped of vulgarity, a connoisseur
 of the finicky
 planned economy
 contraceptives
 traffic lights
 make a cloistered mosaic
 Birth
- ii. does unpreparedness make for transgression?
 or do the appendages imply
 disillusion?
 you are a dishwasher . . . my son
 and the rebirth is a decibel at twilight
 Pepper and salt on popcorn clench
 the clever
 Absolve! My friend . . . the A Bomb
 intermarriage and illusion are your allies
 and Alka Seltzer is my triumph.
 Fog is a venture which gambles at a hazardrisk . . .
 the stench
 eats at
 my nostrils . . . and deafens
 my ears.
 The high comedy is a performance of the faithful
 it is life
 And . . .
 they say we are henpecked!
 Heed the call, master
 i am all wet and the wool
 is a yard wide
 the
- non-observer cannot be fulfilled . . . so
 bleach your eyes
 with the lye boil
 shine
 be
 The glaze will not
 and the heart will
- purified.
 God speed Happy landing Bon Voyage
 the immigrant is grafted on a suction cup.

III. My hobnail boots will hitch a ride on a fluid. I will fly in the face of facts
as concubines color the spicy race.

Immodesty is not indecent or risque, nor is it lewd, bawdy or uncouth
It is a grapevine telegraph on which we fulfill our vows to mankind.

Pitch and toss the susceptible angel into sin and submissiveness
while the flicker of devotion sizzles out.

I will be with her.

There are possible variations of what might be . . .
parallel to the match while a surgical incision will never be an
operation in itself.

Welcome, sweatbath, for you are my water cure.

A visitor is not to entertain but to be received
with open arms.

They say kill the fatted calf, but how do you recognize it when it is
disguised

as hospitality.

Untitled No. 1

. . . C. ZUMBRUN

We slid down Ice
 as though it was sky,
 SO MY PLOT could start here,
 (No one would ever know the story)
 no one
 though there'd be many to
 sense it.

I looked for evers
 always to find
 looking
 hard

So my story would continue its infinity
 with no time
 but you

Started me
 again-winter
 becomes
 only the prelude
 to spring.

Inside between crisis
 waves of chords
 much music.

What Would You Call It?

. . . G. RUSS

I.

They loved kindly
featherbedding
patting pillows of
goose down into
comfortable
shapes
o-lay
o-lay
a-lay

finally they slip
apart they drop
bodies heavy in
their own
exciting; the
withdrawing
has released . . .

he
is
free
his old self again
free to roll again
one sided
he
is
. . . rose down, sniffing
at the endless trails
the scents of earth and
insects
. . . a spotted dog
patched together
lanky and loose
limbed
stopping
the right forepaw
raised, ears cocked
head turned
his tail stiff and
rigid, pointing with
a vent, natural
precision
percipient

found something?

ready to hunt
 in bush
 in thicket
 a small quail
 a pheasant
 quick quail
 quick pheasant
 fluttering
 spread into a
 swirl of life
 a streak of
 colored vision
 upward rushing
 from tall and
 swirling grasses
 to safe and empty
 air

then sound came
 percussion and
 compression
 slipping from
 the gun

then death came
 and the bird
 fell in a
 tired collapse
 a tumbling
 of body and bone
 stiff
 and loose in one
 motion
 heart skipping
 down
 lying in wait
 for decay
 withdrawing
 living now as
 a body
 meaning no life
 no life
 safe and empty
 no life
 meaning
 fulfillment
 a quickness ending
 fetch dog fetch
 bring the feathers to me

II.

plumed lovers
gaudy gay
they have loved it
this wonder of working
withall, within their
own secular hour of
involvement
the looseness has left
the two have fixed themselves
in each other's tensions
they are sleeping in the stiff
harness of each other's
softness

 a quick one
 a quick
the hot barrel
tingles in vibes
invites vibrations percussions

they loved kindly
putting each other
into place

 soft night
 quick night
 overs

they have heard their
entrance into each other
moaning and movement
good morning smiles
he said, she said
lying within
themselves
fullfillment in a
tired collapse

To Bethie

. . . C. M. COUGHLAN

once upon a friendship
 our trials were but raindrops yet they seemed like raging rivers
 our joys were single rays of sunshine but for us they endless shone
 our hopes and dreams were simple
 and our needs
 and our needs were only us each of us all of us.
 that was important enough.

now
 you seem to be wandering
 eilliptically
 spiraling
 degrees and
 degrees and
 degrees away from the sun
 us.
 we don't mind you moving
 that's beautiful
 it's just that
 well

tomorrow
 when you reach your SUN
 Your Bright Beautiful Warm Wonderful SUN
 will our small star shine brightly enough
 to warm your sweet soul?



how to spend a grey day

. . . M. ESSIG

take out wheat wafers
 spread on thick cheese
 and crunch loudly.
 wash it all down
 with long cool swallows
 of fresh lake water
 then
 sit by a window
 and watch the rain
 smoking a cigarette
 and dreaming

ontario 68

Poem

. . . M. ESSIG

along the New Haven R. R.
 grey railroad snow along
 rusty tracks shook
 by trainfuls of business faces;
 tired souls in grey flannel drag.
 met a freak and quickly
 over hashpipe friends.
 smokt dope from
 Greenwich to New Haven
 before he split and i
 into a nirvana stone
 speeding onward
 to Hartford and Storrs.

conn. 69

for the girl on the beach near Brindisi

. . . M. ESSIG

warm on each other
you softly breathing
we watched the sunset
flat and red
whispering madness
in the evening breeze
making love
a celebration.

Italy 11/69

Ride a Cock Horse

. . . D. FUNK

I wish to thank a machine age
For one invention:
Motorcycles (which carry young women)
Deserve our consummate attention.

In a summer season
Hauling down a secondary road
Arms secure about my waist
Throwing sparks in joyous haste.

Saddle tuned to engine underneath
Kindling lover's seats
To gently rocking love
As spirits fly, ex-captive doves.

Ride a cock horse
To Calgary town
Cheek against back
Until I turn 'round.

Cycles are honest inventions
For ending dissension
Cradling two on thought-sure wheels
And running, sunning to the hills.

One

. . . C. SPRENKLE

Who is one: one is numeral the forerunner of things
 the mercury of the numbers but also their god
 but god of what and for whom ? exactly!
 the God of America is dead but so is the president
 which will soon be followed by congress
 and when will the
 vice-president continue the masquerade and it is for the
 good of all
 the congress did little anyway and big Dick did less
 the politicians are asleep but so are the people
 WAKE-UP AMERICA
 go to pot or maybe acid or anything to fill your
 grubby minds
 ●
 the time of the degenerate is coming and it will soon be
 upon us You who rule from your ivory towers and
 condemn
 that which is different You are the degenerate
 and so it will be till the white smoke of youth
 encircles your minds
 one is white and white is but the life of the
 junkies and the composition of the time
 the essence of **BEAUTY** white prevail but white can
 only occur with the binding of all the colors for
 how can blue develop without white and white in turn
 be invented and so goes the circle like the chicken
 and egg and
 white is just a cracked egg
 ●
 one is a laughing monk or maybe Thelonious Monk or
 whatever the monks came and in short time leave
 so that it is impossible to keep tract if them all went
 ALAS the record will live forever
 and the grooves will tell the history of all this filth
 from bing crosby to tommy roe
 when will it all end . . .
 you seem to know, Bobby, but let us in on the secret
 you are our king so tell us to die and
 so it shall be till time destroys our
 minds if it shall
 ●
 the eagle once was impressive but where is your prestige now america
 move onto the west near east—half your men are there
 anyway give up for the test of all is coming
 and the time is numbered and
 One is the time for the great blind faith and the death
 of life in Daley chicago
 one is YOU

damnation saint

. . . M. ESSIG

sometime before the dawn
in the visage of a dream
she comes to me
a desperate lady in need of fire
raven hair and night-time eyes
to beg me for an anxious light.

and all the while she chants and pleads
genuflect on ivory knee
i am adamant i have no words
nor embers to loose for free.

but should she rise and touch my face
embrace my arms, caress my knees
lend human bearing to helplessness
i am beaten i must turn in haste
and sip the wine of apostasy.



The Commentator

(View from the Sofa)

. . . D. J. WILSON

In regal calm you discuss
 earthquakes in Peru
 medians in Florida
 the mercury poisoning of the Mad Hatter
 pre-teen guerrillas
 Victory through Christ
 and city pollution
 You speak of death in icy democratic terms
 antiseptic
 inevitable
 electric
 death is reported from all the world's reaches and so is
 Christ
 Death and Christ,
 who died etcetera

She asks why am I so pessimistic
 (and democratic)
 and don't I believe in
 Christ?
 I thought he died etcetera
 I can't even believe in Death's regal calm.

Waiting

. . . M. BYERS

I watch a swaying field of daisies bloom
And mounds of clouds piled up to lofty heights,
A striking contrast to a lonely room
Of breathless dust and chains of frozen nights.
A ray of sunlight bounding from the sky
Collides with panes of windows left behind;
A dancing breeze on tiptoes passes by,
Afraid to tempt the void that it would find.
The tick of time falls softly on a pile
Of useless ages gently cast aside
Till lines of memories pass in single file
As do all mourners when someone has died.
Each day is night for day cannot begin
Before I turn and let the outside in.

Prometheus, earth bound

. . . C. CHANCO

Stallion's bastard,
Aeolean fathered.
Saddled, burnished and spurred
Reigned by time—a docile steed.
Triumphant, they mounted,
Unaware of their Pyrrhic victory.



Torturer's Lady

. . . M. ESSIG

like a hug of barbwire
she pierced my being
in a thousand places

like a torturer's lady
she left me broken
as an heretic saint
in an exquisite inquisition

Time Is Not a Friendly Thing

. . . K. BARTLETT

Once in a while
It is the blessed deliverer
that protects us from
tomorrow
which we dread,

But usually it is the
eternal separator
which leaves us but
bittersweet memories of
yesterday
so cherished.

Serious Games

. . . J. INGRAM III

regrettable, isn't it?
the children dress, act
and try awfully hard to be
mommy and daddy.
It's all like a funny game
until one angel,
with big questioning eyes says,
"Are you a hippie?" . . .

Postscript for Man Kind; the end as a beginning

. . . M. ESSIG

in the ruins of the factories
at the edges of the burned cities
tribal campfires
flickering in the dawn
of the new primordial

Edgar

. . . G. RUSS

We could not rouse
 him from his slumber
 his passion was his sleep
 he did not turn over
 or get up and walk;
 we could not make him
 well; or better . . .
 only his sleep
 "he's resting now," she said
 coming to a stop
 "he's resting"
 we could not rouse him
 from his slumber—

much of what
 i have written is
 old
 scattered and
 broken
 like the dead
 the cattle bones
 picked clean and
 dried by the sun
 the white bones
 found in the
 prophet's dreams
 dressed
 in robes, with words . . .
 sent into the world
 only to fall
 to think
 to change
 the future, the seconds to come
 the past, only a second ago
 and the prophet struggling
 with the graphics
 of his vision
 the ages of his body
 He is led from the
 dark to light
 to his confusion
 to his passion
 —we could not rouse
 him from his slumber . . .

and still
he sleeps
one eye open, one eye closed
he talks to himself
in long robes
in words:

all of what i
see—the future
all of what i feel
all that cries inside
me—the past—
these things have been
charged and sent
away
to other minds
breathing and
ticking in a time
long before mine

i see through dreams
and in them
i see with voices
speaking in my ears
spilling into my
mouth
—the sighs of change
i could live better
without them
i could sleep
—a body curling sleep
that walks alone with
a heavy cape and pointed
hood
that comes to us and
draws us into the folds
and shifts of its motion
waves of cloth
cover me,
the dreamer,
cover me in sleep
and silence and
haze
i am the soothsayer
the prelude
i am the entranceway
the passage of the future
into now

sleep comes
then time
then the vision
rushing into the world with
its teachers
Take it for yourself
but come through me
only through me
Then and only then
can dreams be real
after the space
after my time;
they hold they release
they unfold—a story
a secret
a lie
we could not rouse him
from his slumber
his passion is his sleep

Ecology Equation

. . . M. ESSIG

soon the earth will reject our trespasses
and purge us like cancer
from her antique skin;
in that moment we will know
gagging retribution for our leperous sins.
the earth will smile
and choke us with her poisoned breath
predilecting her own green renewal
and pleased at our immediate death.

duji ritual

. . . M. ESSIG

basement demons huddle
in the match flicker stillness
around a burnt spoon idol
readying the vacuum sacrifice
for a longing vein
and then the greedy needle
draws its liquid breath
and gropes toward a famished arm
immersing a spirit
in the snowy nirvana nothingness
of oblivion

Feathers

. . . P. BUSSARD

birds in nests
 of other
 eachly
 together pushing
 feathers flying
 semen spilling
 draining life—
 giving seeking
 losing.
 finding finally
 final
 -ly.
 together ceasing
 lying in shed feathers
 softly dying.

No heading

. . . P. BUSSARD

Time
 has sucked the milk
 from the breasts
 of the pregnant whore
 within.
 yet
 here she stands
 unshaken
 ignoring the suckling noises
 not even shifting
 feet
 with only a lopsided eyelash
 to tell that
 there had been
 a time.



Ovid's Camera Obscura

. . . C. ZUMBRUN

Remember,
when we were all very young,
We'd be facing the sun,
to have our pictures taken,
. . . . the kodak.

Face the sun—

"Look" right through to immortality . . .

I wonder if you

looked down

squinter,

Immortality was a pain in the ass when we were young.

They wanted us to muster all our teeth

Then present them for the lens.

Question: What kind of GOD is this
immortality fellow any way?

Frog

. . . P. BUSSARD

once
flying upon wings
 of coconut and chocolate
to lands of wherever to there
i met some cosmic creature
who taught me to
 pray
i think he called it
something about closing your eyes
and mumbling
anyhow i couldn't dig it very much
so i kept flying on to wherever and there
watching as i went wenting as i watched
until i came upon a frog
 all green and yellow and big
he wanted to teach me to croak
but i said i had already been through all that
 —closing eyes and mumbling
and crap so i asked him to show me the way to
wherever and there
 to your left second turn on the right.
so i thanked him and he croaked so beautifully i wanted
 to cry but i didn't
i guess that's where i went wrong
anyhow i never got to wherever and there.



Non-Policy Statement

How should we presume to begin . . . ? Being neither Ezra Pound nor the “. . . . pinnacle of the bell curve . . .” this job is “. . . lonely, dark and deep. . .”

Our staff is as varied as the work received by **Reflector**. Consequently the opinions of the staff are also divided. We are even divided on this statement of non-policy . . . or if we owe the readers a statement of any sort.

So whom shall we yield to? For every staff member (or reader) who likes “poetry” like **listen to the warm**, there is another who hears his eardrums blistering.

Instead of yielding we carped, complained and compromised; the sum total of these actions is our true statement of policy: The **Reflector** itself.

THE REFLECTOR STAFF*

(*except for Greg Russ)



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