

1970 -

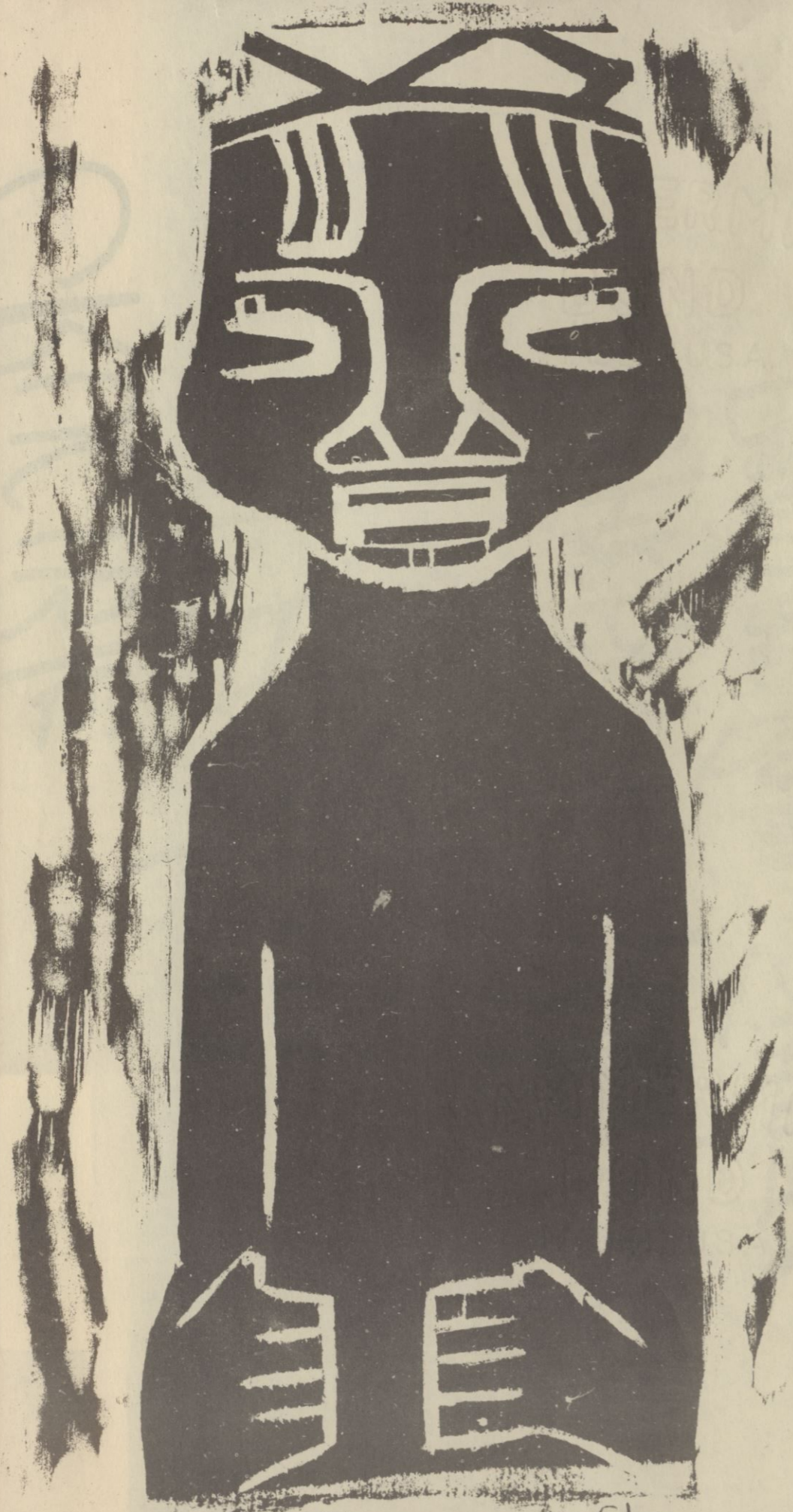
# CRUCIBLE People:



CHRISTOPHER KRITIKER  
DAVID AND TAM SHUREY  
MARJIE WILSON

STEVE FRITZ  
TERRI MATYS  
ETHEL STRUHK  
LINDA RHODES  
CAROL MORGAN  
PAUL BEERBE  
CHOCOLATE  
Sue Moyer JOHN WEIGER





GLASC



KREITER



TISSUES:

pink, yellow, and green

ISSUES:

black and white

MISUSES:

red, white, and blue

Terri Matys

SHE'LL COME

SHE'LL COME-----WHEN SHE SEES THE RAINBOWS CRACK,  
AND THE COLORED LIGHTNING FLASHING THROUGH THE SKY NOW.

SHE'LL COME-----WHEN SHE HEARS THE CLOUDS EXPLODE,  
AND THE PURPLE RAINDROPS FALLING FROM ABOVE NOW.

SHE'LL COME-----WHEN SHE FEELS THE MOONBEAMS SMASH,  
AND THE SCARLET STARS THAT SHIMMER IN THE NIGHT NOW.

SHE'LL COME-----WHEN SHE KNOWS THE PLANETS HIT,  
AND THE ICE-BLUE FIRE WILL IGNITE HER MIND NOW.

COLORS OF JOSEPH

The fire lay on her side

wheezing,

collapsing

her belly slowly escaping

from beneath

the embers

death's voice

deep in her throat.

The final log limped

to rest

against the glowing coals

and released a shower

of fireflies

from the bed.

I listened to winter

clawing at

the walls

with ice laden hands.

The fire was dead

and

behind only

the memory of colors

crawling

around table legs,

scaling the walls,

the ceiling

I stood stirring

the grey remains

and remember how the

flames reached over

the fire screen,

not quite gaining the wall.

Jack Heagney

RELIANCE

GINI SMITH

A FRIEND ASKS ME  
TO SIT ON HIS SHOULDERS  
AS HE WALKS PLANO WIRE  
ACROSS NIAGRA FALLS.  
AS HE TEETERS OUT  
FOR OUR FIRST STEP,  
I WHISPER GOOD LUCK

D. SHUEY





PHOTOGRAPH BY  
K. B. B. B.

The people start barricading themselves,  
for the coming winter  
long before the Northeastern gales  
lash at the jagged faced cliffs  
of Frenchman's Cove.

Even men in their eighties  
chip wood, shovel sand  
or repair weathermen desks.



LINDA RHODES

AT MIDNIGHT THE MOON FLOATS LIKE A PLUMP RAISIN  
IN A MAMMOTH BOWL OF RAISIN BRAN (NOW WITH PLUMPER RAISINS  
THAN EVER BEFORE!)  
AND STARS GLITTER LIKE SUGAR CRYSTALS CHASING EACH OTHER  
AROUND THE CRISPY FLAKES (NOW TOASTED SO THEY STAY CRISPY)  
BY MORNING THE RAISIN RESEMBLES THE PAPERY CHECKS  
OF AN ANCIENT MAN AND THE BRAN FLAKES ARE  
SOGGY  
THE SUGAR CRYSTALS HAVE STOPPED PLAYING THEIR ABSURD GAME  
AND HAVE DISSOLVED

POEM #3

the people start barricading themselves,  
for the coming winter  
long before the Northeastern gales  
lash at the jagged faced cliffs  
of Frenchman's Cove.  
Even men in their eighties  
chop wood, shovel sand  
or repair weatherworn docks.  
On the beach, a few chestnut mares  
recline in the sun as a salt breeze  
washes over them  
and large, bleached hulls  
of fish vessels lie  
like wounded whales  
that were washed ashore by a vengeful sea  
and forgotten.

Even in August  
you can see that winter  
may just be around the next bend on  
the Southshore road.  
The many bayside towns,  
Ourling, Cox's Cove,  
Irishtown, Lark Harbor  
rest quietly in the sm ll valleys  
like multicolored quilts

on the rocky hillsides  
and watching by day  
the gulls skim  
the white caps  
as they race across the cold blue water  
and by night  
the moon can be  
seen  
climbing the blind side of a cloud  
or reaching over the crest of a hill.  
and once satisfied that all is at rest  
smiles contently in the  
coal black  
sea of stars.

Jack Heagney

Tuesday's Special

have you ever?  
put out your plate  
for your first helping of Strength  
a taste of Hercules  
but the waitress said  
i'm sorry ma'm  
we're all out  
may i recommend  
a bowl of  
Sadness  
(seasoned with the salt of tears  
the wine of lost hope  
and simmered in time.)

gale potasky





J. Juniper





FRITZ



NEED

SNAKE VERTEBRA

PILED BY A KILLING BIRD

BLEACHED, CRACKED DRY BY FROST.

PLEATED HOUSING PROJECTS

DISRUPT THE SCATTER PLAN

OF NEIGHBORS AND MOWING DISTANCES

THE DUMP REFLECTS A SHEET OF SUN

TO MY EYES IT IS RESTFUL

TO LOOK AWAY.

ETHEL STRUNK



Soldier Circle

PEOPLE

*Wasn't the first to wear them shoes,*

*Christ sake the people wore'em ..*

*Now the fuck-head's head's gone,*

*betrayed us by maken it a national thing;*

*Them shoes now are being looked like at christ,*

*Cause symbol: strike for laces and rubber souls:*

*apple pie sucks*

*motherhood's synonymous with whore;*

*Canvas shoes: go with soup and sandwiches-*

*take the park softly-*

*wiggle toes out of rotation-*

*Mickey Mantle's gone to the Boston tea party-*

*(he was invited)*

*Manny Rice Davies takes size six,*

*(whole things an in-out-slip-on-slip off affair)*

*Champagne tastes not like good from canvas,*

*1920 honky-tonks wore fish net socks with high-high heels;*

*Queen Elizabeth has six toes:*

*what to do...*

*what to do...*

J. Levandoski

The flag

like someone piling boxes all day long

attempts a greeting

but the pole

is great with height and stubborn

3 pieces fused forever

clouds come to its point

like paper on a stick block,

this one stands empty,

green, centered by empty flower patterns

swollen earth mounds

hold their strength against it all

Ethel Strunk

Powder upon powder

it's snowing and I wish

I could follow some tracks

that go

nowhere and be content

they don't.

Jack Heagney



Majka



NEED



Supermarket Purchase

City shoppers  
in wide musiced  
asiles perfectly balanced  
wheels and birthday coke  
jostle to the ringing of  
where people buy a loaf of bread  
to play "Catch a Lucky Star"  
It is the way  
mothers of fifty years  
taxi their children  
twins with thick glasses  
marvel at the shapes of candy animals  
bee head  
posters for the sale of honey  
80 cents  
for the hanging of  
it in your room.

Ethel Mae Strunk

ETHEL MAE STRUNK

STREETED PEOPLES  
THE EGGNESS OF A MANIKIN HEAD  
REPAIRSHOPS TAPE CRACKS, PASTE AND CAULK  
IF YOU ARE TALL ENOUGH  
YOU CAN SEE THE SCAR VEINS  
OF THEIR SKULLS  
THE HOLLOWED BLUE EYED ONES  
THEY ARE ALLOWED TO GO - BENT, DENTED, CREASED AND CUT  
THEY ARE AT THE MOMENT UNPRICED.

IT'S ALL OVER

THE SUN CAME UP SO FAST!  
BUT NOW IT IS SUNDOWN,  
AND THEIR DAY IS OVER.

MARGIE KOSTYAL

Poem # 2

outside my window  
the dark is splintered  
by occasional splashes of light  
a faint line marks the no-man's land  
where the dark bowl of the sky  
meets the darker crest of the hill  
trees fling out their naked limbs  
in defense of their naked torsos  
leaves and wind join in mad, spiral dances  
before they fall to the ground exhausted  
it seems that the air would crackle  
if i caught it between my thumb and index finger  
the darkness reaches in through my window  
and all the while murmuring gentle words  
takes my hand and pulls me out to it

linda rhodes



STRAINING OUT THE MOON

THE WINDOW SHADE WAS WEARING PINK  
TONIGHT AND STRAINING OUT THE MOON,  
SIFTING OUT THE MOON FOR FLOUR.  
LIKE THE BACK OF A SPOON  
HE PRESSED HIMSELF AGAINST THE MOON  
AND SPAT GREEN CHEESE  
TO THE TUNE OF "HARVEST MOON."

HIS WORN-OUT BED SCREECHED  
A GROAN OF CREAKING SCREWS,  
THEN SANK BACK TO THE FLOOR,  
BULGING AT ALL THE CORNERS.  
SO HE SPOONED THE MOON INTO HIS BED  
SINGING "FLY ME TO THE MOON."

THE CHEST OF DRAWERS PUSHED  
TIGHT AGAINST THE PAINT-TORN WALL,  
AND STUFFED THE MOON INTO HIS MOUTH.  
HE SLUSHED IT ABOUT--MAYBE TWICE,  
GARGLING WITH HIS LISTERINE AND  
HUMMING. "EVERYONE'S GONE TO THE MOON."

CHOCOLATE

Poem

He threatened to  
tear me apart  
slowly,  
and now  
every Sunday  
he comes to  
snap off a piece.  
My teeth:  
last week he  
pushed my teeth  
from their wet,  
bloody sockets  
and rattled them  
in his pocket  
like loose change

D. Shuey

Supermarket Purchase

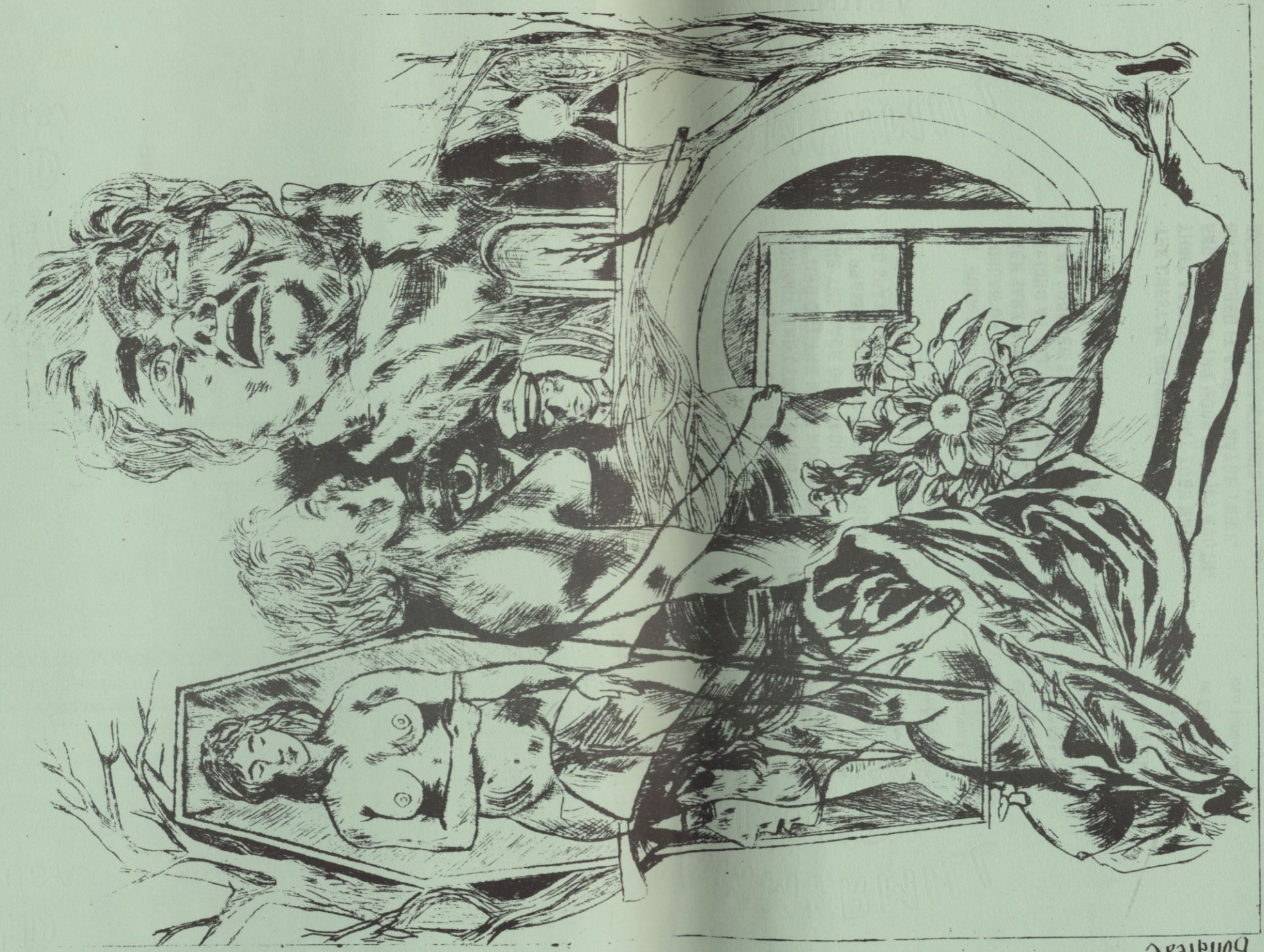
City shoppers  
in wide musiced

L MAE STRUNK

CREASED AND CUT

LK





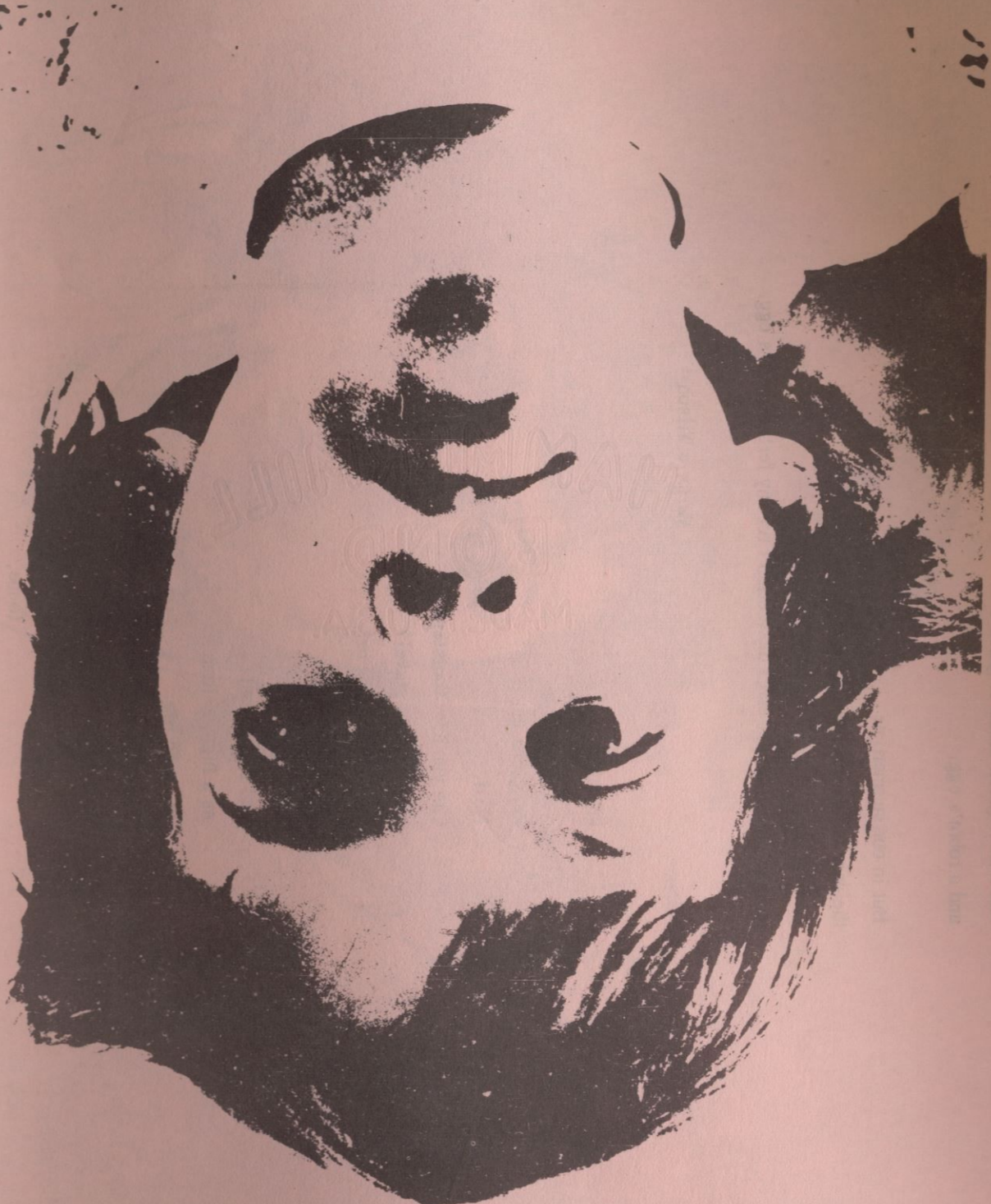
Bonafede



Juniper



Juniper





Old people say that summertime things  
are just butterfly wings  
and a new-green blade of grass  
and a robin's egg.

But in our summertime  
the only butterflies are Iron ones  
and the grass isn't of the green-blade variety  
and the bloody abrupt end I decree isn't for any fertile robin's egg.

Marjorie Wilson

Iminence

I'm gonna get it  
Next.

Can you hear footsteps  
crunching in gravel?

Running towards me  
under orders

to rape my womb  
and pull me out

as a fugitive from  
the good life.

Funny looks shooting  
back to me

from them  
to me,

From them.

They want me real bad,  
like I want it

TO BE OVER.

Paul Beebe

Poem #4

the moonlight turns the wall to zebra  
through the venetian blinds  
and shadows clothe familiar objects  
the light from the headlights  
of an approaching car  
scurries across the ceiling, meets the wall  
and bends in a middle which in a second  
isn't a middle anymore  
and slithers down the wall  
until the car passes  
and when the next car comes  
the light repeats its performance  
how many cars would have to pass  
before the light got tired  
and decided not to run across my ceiling  
and down my wall?

linda rhodes



Fritz

BYZ IS AODD  
"AND OVAL LNER THE COME TO DRINK"  
LESHWZ IS AWZ BIGHT' BUT ZIBZICIZETA I YZK'  
TO DEYDEN THE ZIMWZB QREEM"  
I OYBE M01 ZYA LHW1 ZOME HURVA YCL OCCURMED  
A LKWE EXCHANGE LHOW A TIRE ON ZHWLTERED QIZAZZ  
CAND-LIKE ZIMWZLJUNEZ A NOT LSH WAZZ--  
TINE ZLEVDLW1 LRECHMAYV DOTTZ  
LEK YONWYZZ THE CHILDREN CYNE





A War Poem

If it should happen  
that I can't make it,  
start without me.  
I'll be upstairs  
wearing silk underwear.

For nights you have marched  
through my sleep,  
dropping, without a word  
off the sharp edge  
into the grandest of canyons.  
Some men came with large shovels  
and began to cover you up.  
(I watched it on television.)  
When I woke up, I had to clear  
some mud from my throat  
so I could scream.

D. Shuey

REVERSAL

GRAY SHADOWS SLIDE UP THE BACK WALK  
AND JUMP ONTO THE PORCH.  
THE SUN DARKENS,  
THE KITCHEN LIGHTENS.  
IT IS DAY.  
THE FACTORY WHEELS TURN.  
THE TRUCK WHEELS ROLL FORWARD.  
GRAY SHADOWS JUMP OFF THE PORCH  
AND SLIDE DOWN THE BACK WALK.  
THE SUN LIGHTENS,  
THE KITCHEN DARKENS.  
IT IS NIGHT,  
AND THE DAYNIGHT PEOPLE RETURN HOME  
TO SUPPER AND TO BED.

NANCY NEITZ

Revenge is a Canyon

Sew me shut with thread from needled-mouths-  
I will strip to skin your gold trimmed thimble,  
And unweave your cloth with my silver scissors.  
As I burrow from out my tunnel shroud  
to fling black clods on teeth-toned flesh  
And chew you to your own Grand Canyon.

Chocolate

SUMMER GREEN

TEN ABREAST THE CHILDREN CAME  
LIKE STEADFAST MECHANICAL DOLLS.  
CRUD-LIKE STRUCTURES, A MOLTEN MASS--  
A FAIR EXCHANGE FROM A LIFE OF SHATTERED GLASS.

I DARE NOT SAY THAT SOME HUMAN ACT OCCURRED  
TO DEADEN THE SUMMER GREEN.  
PERHAPS IT WAS BLIGHT, BUT SUSPICIOUSLY I ASK,  
"WHO GAVE THEM THE COIINE TO DRINK,  
WAS IT YOU?"

Terri Matys



### FORSAKEN CELEBRATION

I saw a painting on the wall of a flower girl with a petal  
for a nose, and a daisy center for an eye,  
And the machete in its case beside her hung with a  
kind of cool abandon-like hang, but stabbed her petals  
into pollen all the same.

So in revenge I inhaled a skinny broad-assed boy in 3,000  
breaths of cigarette smoke, but all I could hold was his  
cool sweat.

I sucked myself into my throat with cigarette smoke, but all  
I could breathe was a clump of his hair,

While some green-suited girl sat straight through it all and  
puffed on her Winston with a detached kind of one - Budweiser  
awayness.

Yet she couldn't exhale the ceiling that was hanging on a few  
strands of wallpaper hair, and vibrating into the form of a  
cross that the light threw upon it-casually.

But, of course, some blue-eyed goop in his I-am-a-three-letter-  
sex-man shirt had to tumble in through the dangling door and  
give his I-am-a-three-letter-sex-man spiel to which nobody  
paid much attention—because they were all in a three-letter  
way anyway.

But still the criss-crossed ceiling hung its cross light,  
vibrating it all through the room in three-hour blacklights  
and white spear-stabs of three-hour blacklights

And some girl ran to the sink to wash her boyfriend's back end  
in the nearest spigot to remove the slush that hung in  
pearly-slime-white drops—around the spigot, of course.

Only the boy who looked like the helmet-coated creature on  
the far-end wall knew what to say

And they both looked through their squared-off thin-rimmed  
glasses, sighed a "Verry interesting" and then sank back  
into the wallpaper and wrapped the wisps of cigarette smoke  
around their sides and coughed blood alot.

Chocolate

### In An English Class

Here I am  
Sitt'n like a prune  
On a stuffy day,  
Soak'n up the juice  
That turns me loose--  
Up, up and away.

Terri Matys





KREITER







REFLECTIONS FROM AN EMERALD CITY #2

WO IST MEIN KIND  
JETZT?  
SPRINGT ER AUS DEM WALD  
ODER  
SCHWIMMT ER IM KÜHLEN WASSER?

WO IST MEIN KIND JETZT?  
RENNT ER DURCH HOCHES GRASS  
ODER  
SCHLÄFT ER RUHIG UNTERM BAUM?

WO IST MEIN KIND  
JETZT?

DENKT ER AN MICH  
ODER  
DENKT ER- - - -

ICH LIEBE DICH ?

WO IST MEIN KIND JETZT?

MCCALL

Time

time stood motionless  
the sun hung leadenly  
people waited like cattle amid the tender shoots of young grass  
a cloud appeared. blotting out the sun  
as it rose  
movement began. progressed to confusion  
time, no longer still. slid on rusty tracks and ended

linda rhodes

The Rainbow

*You flouresce brilliantly while still you may,  
'Tween misty rain and shim'ring sun you play;  
But pity you as your life ebbs away  
With the's slow deliberate waning of day.*

*To the men of religion you're an act  
Of mercy, the signature of a pact  
'Tween God and man. The men of fact,  
Scientists, say you're the light that you refract.*

*But to her an artist, and m'self, a bard,  
You're a tidbid of nature yet unmarred  
By the unkind hand of man. Man pushes hard  
The patience of Nature, someday. . .too hard.*

*So flouresce brilliantly while still you may,  
'Tween misty rain and shim'ring sun, go play;  
We'll pity you as your life ebbs away  
With the slow deliberate waning of day.*

Moche

On Bill Knott's "P.F.'s"

I heard the knotted poeter  
expel "posthumous Farts" at will  
And wondered how his table smelled  
Or if his roommate thought him ill.

I watched the knotted poeter  
And thought that maybe I  
Should try his can of beans one night

- By God it's worth a try.

Chocolate