
The Crucible

A COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL POETRY AND PROSE

THE CRUCIBLE

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EDITOR:

Stephen R. Hickoff

FACULTY ADVISOR:

Franklin H. Vaughn

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'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,' — that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

John Keats
'Ode On a Grecian Urn'

W. L. Crews

Poetry

Is the unknown animals in blind night
Which are neither friend nor foe till perceived
As sound they make their way into my light
And reveal that only one is received.

One like Anyone — a beautiful lady
Causing my inner desires to grow
Caressing in pleasing ways — this lady —
And within eagerness to know.

Another like Emily the old hag
Takes in ballet; I know nothing of this
Dressed as coherent as a shredded rag
No wish to stay in this confusing mist.

Like or dislike this animal of mine
According to the web spun in your mind.

**FOR THE GIRL WHO LIKES
GUYS WITH PONYTAILS**

Chris Flynn

I'm a man of words
Who cannot speak.
A man of sight
Who cannot see.
A man of sounds
Who cannot hear,
But sees your mind
And knows its thoughts,
But cannot hold your heart.

A BUSINESS LETTER

Julie Javens

No, it's not true—
Can't you see you do?
But if I gave the rest
it would be giving up,
And eventually going down.
So, you see, you do—
And I love you.

TREES

Keith Grant

I know what it is to win.
I know the pain of losing.
Trees never let me forget.
They are always first to pick me last.
Not that I am weak or even a freak
but something I do not understand.

When I climb a tree to feel
a cool breeze in my mind, my
soul fills with joy. I thank the
tree for giving me what I need most.
I find that it no longer wants me
in its branches. My soul weeps. I dare
not climb another tree.

OMNIPRESENT

Pete Fox

walking alone,
the muggy attackers
pummeling against it all—
my brain,
that bewildered mass
perplexed, seeks retreat
only to be confronted
by you,
my nemesis—
reality.

UNTITLED

Edith W. Durham

Og made the wheel,
Ug, the plow and steam shovel.
Stu boiled rubber
and Mel beat out a car.
Greed drove it up and down
across mountain and plain,
That is why
leisure suits and plastic
ride in fat cigars
and belch at beauty.

WIZARD OF THE MOUNTAIN

Allen Rabert

O old and wise wizard of the mountain
Why do you spend your life in such solitude?
Isolated from our contrived reality
Of what we call modern civilization;
Then as I ask for words of wisdom
All you do is keep lips of silence;
Is there something to this game of yours?
Or is it that mankind plays insignificant games
Never finding the answers, but going in circles
Round and round, loosing sight of truth.
This question puzzles my inward desires
Bringing forth a renewed strength in myself
With the realization that you are wiser than I
With your concealed lips that frustrate me.

BARFLY MURAL

Stephen R. Hickoff

Apostrophe in observation, so certain
in dusk-lit perception, this side-street
tavern encircles;
I regard this inclination, half-blind in ale
This tendency a dull chiseled square, dun-grey
within heavy air; light-spent shoveling rolled under;
A moth-eaten refuge within a wooden cedar-framed shadow:

Two silver-haired men, content
in whiskey-eyed ease, sit: blunt shades of haze
The vortex
a dusty opaque eye of mist
smoke and soft lamps concealing
that being solely theirs.
Later,

reeling over passionate split-seas
Tossing off yet another, Drunk:
They address sad chords to the others acceptance;

Unsure in question one leans
to the other and speaks; he whispers
And with deafened ears I cannot hear.

UNTITLED

Edith W. Durham

The leaf looked a bird
thinking I ran to catch
but a twig took flight
and there did land
a pile of snow white feathers
like a bed.

Not twice did this happen
in the cloud bank of storm
that I rose lo
and walked the stones of a brain
infected with freezing.

High and game this was
with supper on the stove
and trees blowing gnats like scavengers.

Twice I looked into the sky
where a buzz saw swift
was covering the sun with boards.

Alone I saw Horace saluting someone's General
but he knew not walking.

Branches grew thick like clover,
I stumbled seeing nothing.

UNTITLED

P. L. Mease

our love is a flower
undying in winter
it sways beneath warm
blue

skies
or weeping skies
that sing

only
grey.

you and i are earth
mingling together with
life's

elements
we nurture the flower
in hope of strengthening
its roots

so that it may forever grow
and
grow.

ETERNITY OR INEVITABLE?

chas

As the grey stars twinkle desperately through the dust filmed skies,
And the greyish blue moon rises in the desolate southeast,
And the bare trees standing silently, bearing the early
autumn breeze,
Sight would no longer exist in anyone's eyes.

MY WAY

linda marenski

You've left me forever
simple love
made you drift away

I no longer can
hold you
in my arms in my way.

You treat me
as rummage
passed from hand to bag.

Some little
"thing" am I
that has tried to make you glad.

But I am
recycled now
for you shall hinder me not.

Although I'll always
love you
the battle was silently fought.

You drifted
to what
you call your friends.

Wrap them 'round
your finger
and then

You'll be lost
without a song
and you'll be alone again.

UNTITLED

Lois Showalter

People are only wrapped inside eggs
thin shelled and untouchable.

Only to crack.
Yet we must handle them with care
less they break
spilling themselves messingly
into our hands.

THE PIT

P. L. Mease

There exists an emptiness
in my belly
like that of a pit
So vacant and hollow
it lacks even a pendulum
What frightens me is
the thought of venturing
too far within my self
For if I do
I might stumble upon affairs
or awkward truths that stab at
my balance
Until finally I fall
into the oblivion of my own soul.

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