

**THE
CRUCIBLE**

a collection of original poetry and prose

THE CRUCIBLE

Spring 1981

Editor:
Brian Hunt

Staff:
Carole Kinley
Barb Pastella
Dennis Wilson

Student Publications
Lock Haven State College
Lock Haven, PA 17745

NOTE: This publication may
not be reproduced in any
form.

LIKE A PERSIAN RUG

Like a Persian rug
yes the designs
and laid out flat
intricate blooms of line
flowers and different
flowers and waves
flow and swim
on the edge
always in a circle.
In the rim around the middle
bold, thick, pointing with
more purpose like
faithfuls aware that
their place is held
by the gravity of the middle.
Where the spark began
it seems a complicated
type of circlish line
every point not being
equally away from the
center of the center
encompasses flowers
and different flowers
and waves is encompassed
by flowers and different
flowers and waves
the flowers have longer stems
leading out toward the edge,
pleasing. In color.

By lisawebb

UNTITLED

The dream is for the dreamer
always misunderstood
he is as he will be in
mountain, field and wood

He often stands alone
knowing his own mind
His dreams many laugh at
though he finds them fine

He knows life's realities
but's often called a fool
He can see into the depths
his heart his only tool

The dreamer sees a world of love
and each thing as a whole
perfection and beauty in the raw
playing no man's role

He will believe in fantasy
and wonders never seen
This is the day of the dreamer
Don't destroy his dream

By Jenifer Ruth

UNTITLED

Upon completion of his journey now ending
In travesties of awareness, harmony exists
A new challenge given to his calling
As courage protects him from facades.
Empty words
For those
Not understanding
The plead
For parallels
To become
Perpendicular
In touching.

By Allen Rabert

By Barbara A. Pastella

Once upon a time, there was a very lonesome number. This number's name was 7256. He spent all of his time alone. He got up alone, ate his Cheeri O's alone, worked as a numbers runner alone, ate his dinner of Spaghetti O's alone, and went to bed alone. 7256 led a very null life. Until one day, 7256 decided to go to the local singles bar. He walked in and found only the usual, self-centered ones running around. He sat on the third bar stool from the end and ordered a 7 and 7. He looked around the bar. On his left was 1001. He thought to himself "Boy, she's got the biggest goose eggs I've ever seen." On his right was a table of tough looking 8's with leather jackets that read 'Hell's Numerals'. He sighed heavily and thought maybe being there wasn't such a good idea. "Maybe," he thought "I could lay out 20 and go multiply with the digit at the end of the bar." 7256 felt very low. He looked in the mirror behind the bar and his jaw dropped. There sat the number of his dreams, 4324. He turned and stared at her through the smoke filled air. She caught him staring so he just flashed her a smile. He tried to think of how he could subtract the 99 she was with so he could talk to her. He beat the odds, and her date carried himself to the billiard room, probably for a quick game of 8 ball. 7256 walked to the multiplication table she was sitting at. He introduced himself and they began to talk. She explained her date was an old decimal she knew in high school, and was less than she expected. They exchanged numbers and he promised to call her the next day. 7256 was so excited when he left, that he drove 70 the whole way home. He had a difficult time going to sleep that night.

The next day, 7256 could hardly wait to call 4324. He ate his Cheeri O's that actually seemed cheeri, and dialed the seven digits. The phone rang a whole 3 times before 4324 answered. They talked for a while and agreed to meet at the Webster Hotel on 56th street at 7 for dinner, then a movie at 9. 7256 had a very positive attitude. That evening he got ready and drove his TR7 down town. He met 4324 in the lobby. They both had quarter chicken at the restaurant and left for the theater. They saw "10". After the movie, 7256 drove 4324 home. They sat in the car for a long time. He told her the countless ways he loved her and added she was A-number one. He shyly proposed and she coyly said 'yes'. They were added together the following June and they gave birth to four squares: 2,4,8, and 16.

To sum up, the moral of the story is a love in time saves nine.

THE BEACH

Crowding masts
gather like birds
on the shore,
the sun
buries itself
into the horizon,
white-caps engulf the sand,
and the moment.
Squinting at the cold,
my tears
are swept from my face
by the cool hands
of the wind.
A soaring gull screams overhead.
I crane my neck
in orange glare
and watch the clouds
draw my dreams away.

By Teri Mahon

MESSIAH

Jesus looked up from his newspaper and said
"hello it's been a while."
sun kissed and weeping like an orange,
the moon unfolded it's smile.
the Messiah raised his fingers to the wind;
the stars blinked a tear and laughed.
then he stood up and danced a sandal jig.
The newspaper bounced down the street.
Jesus took up his cloak and walked away
and all he left me was a smile.

By Shawn Fay

UNTITLED

Whether or not these eyes are mine
pretending that someone holds the script,
redness keeping the stagger in check laughs,
building a stage to play on.
Fear is small when feet dance steps
no one cares to watch or ignore.
Knowing shapes in darkness to be added
squares can be waved at with voiceless smiles
side stepping yellow darting fox trot beats
changed to waltzes.
The possum with upraised paws lives
playing with faces met on moon and neon lighted
pathways.
It matters not,
but that on someday
steel tipped toes wear sneakers.

By Edith W. Durham

UNTITLED

Beauty and perfection
All that's good and true
Became a lost dream
that shattered
like a mirror
lost in time
Pain marred the beauty
Anger lost the dream
Sorrow filled the void
of truth and goodness
lost in time

Lost
through the endless portals
of time and mind
to be regained
on the other side
of the mirror
Shattered like tears
into deep pools
and the beautiful shell
of what once was
also shatters
like so many broken dreams

By Jenifer Ruth

SUMMERS END
By Dennis Wilson

Ahead the woods were opening into a small clearing lined with tall oaks losing their foliage to the autumn breeze. It had not rained in the past month making each footstep dangerous in the dry grass and dead leaves of an early fall. The sparse land offered very little in the way of cover and concealment for the small group.

He nervously checked the plastic magazine of his automatic weapon and made sure the safety was off. This was no time for careless mistakes. He remembered a story about a young soldier with a romantic gung-ho vision of war like those of the late night movie variety.

It was a tragic tale of a soldier on his first combat mission. His unit was assaulting an enemy village, and it was his job to check out one of the small grass and bamboo huts. He ran over to it and stood flush against the wall poised with a grenade ready in his hand. Hesitating, he thought about the devastating power of the grenades he had thrown in training. He knew all the parts, their names, and the positions used to throw them. As he let the lever fly, he counted, one thousand, two thousand, three, and threw the grenade inside the hut. Quickly he stood back flat against the wall just like John Wayne. The grenade exploded sending fragments everywhere through the wall and into his body. The youth died with his face in the bloody dirt.

Now moving carefully through the woods he thought about dying and about life and about the enemy he knew would be out there waiting somewhere. He was the hunter,

but deep within his mind he couldn't forget who the hunted was. He wondered what it would be like to die.

Stooping down below a mound, he carefully set his weapon by his side. The dead space would provide enough cover so he would not be seen from the enemy position on the other side of the clearing. With a stick in his hand, he began to formulate a final plan in the dirt. "The enemy is on the other side of the clearing," he said, reminding them. "We will carefully sneak around to the left side of these trees," he said as he marked the trees on the ground with x'es. He repeated the order, "NO PRISONERS." "Is everyone ready?" he asked. "Then lets go," he commanded.

He picked up his automatic weapon and carefully rechecked the plastic magazine and clickee the safety on and off; then brushed over the dirt map with his hand. He stood up in a low crouch and began to move out toward the enemy position. Slowly and carefully he walked close to the trees for cover.

As quietly as he moved out and as suddenly as the backfire of a car, he was spotted by the enemy. He ran for cover. The birds in the trees took flight to the reports of the sudden activity. He felt the bullets burn through him as he fell to the ground. He looked up helplessly as a child half asleep watching the last of the birds flying away, their wings beating quietly and rhythmically into the west. He closed his eyes.

It's getting late, he thought. I had better be getting home for supper. The youth rose brushing the dried grass and leaves off his clothes. He picked up his plastic weapon, shook off the dirt, and slung it over his shoulder. He headed home whistling a tune he heard once in a movie.

LIBERATE CANNABIS RALLY AT HYDE PARK

Freaks day on the green grass,
leather, feather and rainbows
on the green grass,
hair fluttering in the new wave
or cropped coarse to the skull
A for anarchy on every sleeve,
in every mind.
Some dance to electric angel music.
The current in their bodies,
others run naked, like mice on the field.
A ring of blue bodies,
hands propped casually
clean, polite uniforms. I hear,
"Look at the fascists" from a child.
Bobbies smirk under their helmets,
at handbills calling for liberation,
and establishment of the non-state Eden.
Their eyes practice actively
knowing the leather edge of violence,
as punk police watch the detectives.
On what planet is this
where people call for prophets, not
presidents?
Totalitarian state, freak show or Eden?
The scent drifts to Maggie in her
barren office while,
in a field walled by the sky,
everyone is naked.

By Shawn Fay

UNTITLED

Time set desolate upon a lonely heart,
Parts feelings of a motionless void
Of which becomes destiny in the making,
A sunset now clouded by a star;
To this I send my highest regards
A flower sent as a compromise,
Insanity lurking in the mind's shadows,
Myself achieving residence in reality.

By Allen Rabert

SCRATCHED By Carole Kinley

Sharon sipped at her glass of wine as she listened to her favorite Harry Chapin album. She looked at the title on the cover, "Sniper and Other Love Songs." Sharon knew why it was her favorite. She began to wonder if any relationship ever stayed good. She knew things could never be good with Mike again.

She stared at the turntable and watched the record go around. Their relationship was like the record.

At first she became angry when she realized it was scratched and marred. But she kept right on playing it, after all it was her favorite. She liked it so much that she would ignore the defects in it. She learned not to hear them. Eventually they began to become more noticeable. They annoyed her. She would have to get up and move the needle to another groove so it would not skip. If she didn't it would play the same thing over and over again until it was unbearable. For awhile she would reposition the needle, but it became tiring. She took it off and stopped playing it. It was better not to hear it at all, then to hear it imperfect.

3-THIRDS SURE

Foreman with the nervous eye
watches tuinal-blinded brains
direct arms and hands
to feed the snake.
Every face a blank.
Except the bookie
and the serious people.
Monotonous banter in the lunchroom.
Large fat joints on the roof.
Lisa and the lesbians
want to take me to the city.
I guess they need a bodyguard.
Lately I've been tired.
Lately I've lost control,
more than once at that.
The city straightens out my head.
Jazz and punk to my heart's delight.
An attitude that makes me seem right.
I guess I'll go to-night.
Bayonne Bobs going to third and eighth
Tacken orders for the downs
Those Puerto-Rican doctors are back out on the street.
one-third of my paycheck
And the house.
4 bedrooms, no insulation,
fireplace, pool table,
wall to wall pieced-together pieces,
garage sale furniture and violent holes in the wall.
Slimy Himie, the worm
Touey Sueie, Smelly Ellie.
Slimie Hymie slidin every girl.
The worm with his Bayonne beasts.
The groupies Touey Sueie and Smelly Ellie.
The pimps threw them out of Florida,
so we took them in.
one-third of my paycheck.
Yes I will go to New York.
But she better bring along
some straight ladies.
Crazy Bob in the metal shop
dropping bodies onto chasis.
Piled three on top of each other.
Just to interrupt the snake
Black Bobs changing hoses
dancing to the snake.
Whats he know that I don't
Instead Disco sucks.
Cris is on the final line
putting strips on cars

He says he could do it blind.
I know he usually is.
Rose arranging steering columns
with her valiums and analyst,
the one the judge prescribed.
Lisa and the Lesbians
want to take me to the city.
Hell the change will do me good.

By Harry Cramer

YESTERDAY LOVERS

early morning awakens
you look so fine,
outside, autumn leaves
blowing, share our pleasure.

connotations of play people
come to my mind; so be the
intrusion of a script to be
played..

children, and games beliefs
not the same, i watched you
sleep. so warm.

letters stacked a wall,
while verbal tendency swayed.
jars and bottles of emotion
gone bad, tight is the potion
you store your words, upon a
dusty novel on the roof.

By Mari Craig

THE TROPHY
By Chas Barrett

Gently he lifted the head and chest of the body, until it was in a sitting position. "It's a shame you know, she was only thirteen."

"You can't talk like that son, you asked to join me in this profession. It's all part of the job you know."

"But she was so young and innocent."

"Yes. I heard she was good."

"Yes Dad, she was good. Real good."

Continuing the work that must be done, the young man picked up the sponge and started to wipe the blood off the girl's face, chest, and working his way down to her legs, around the pelvis, scrubbing extra hard on the inside of the thighs where a lot of blood dried. Occasionally, now and then, rinsing the sponge out in the filled tub in which the girl was lying.

"You know Dad, sometimes it's real hard for me to continue on with you. I think a lot of all these deaths, and I wonder, 'is it worth it?'"

"Sometimes I go home and am haunted by thoughts of those that fell that day. It's hard for me to sleep at night, and when I do sleep, in my dreams I am revisited by the most distorted, most grotesque of its victims. I wake up in a cold sweat, having to pray to God with hopes that these phantoms will leave me alone."

She was clean now and he lifted her out of the tub and placed her on the table next to it.

"I heard she was a gifted student and was in all accelerated classes at school."

"Yea, her father used to say she was like a trophy ten

point buck," said the older man.

"That's another thing that bugs me, Dad. How easy life can be taken."

"What do you mean? Her life wasn't taken because someone wanted to put her on the mantel. It's the way it happened."

"Yea it was the way it happened and that can't be changed, and while she was here, she brought pleasure to her family. But a defenseless ten point deer. It stands tall and proud, very cautious with its steps, treasuring what little life it has. A beautiful animal to witness. The buck wouldn't harm a soul, yet man can pick up his gun and guiltlessly blow the life out of the deer, for no other reason but to hang the ten points above the fireplace.

"It's real nice of man to play God with other animals, as if they aren't God's creatures also. It's not enough that God does his own dirty work. Like Tammy here, she never saw the car coming, and tonight we're laying her out."

"For having a college education son, you're really not too bright. Don't you know if it wasn't for the hunters, all those deer would die from starvation anyway. At least now those deer are being eaten up instead of rotting away on some lonely hillside."

"By your logic, Dad, it would be okay to go to India and shoot all the starving people there as long as they were going to be eaten."

"Oh shut up, you've got a way of being stupid. Dress that body."

UNTITLED

A rain faded
10 —
of a hop
 scotch
board
tired whiskered man
rocks to sleep.
School —
bells call in
scuffed shoes
skinned knees
descend walnut stairs
shining of grain.
Birds —
scream over side-
walks of faded
watercolour dried
cracked
 peeling painted cobwebs
hide the light.

By Deborah Petrosky

UNTITLED

she said
 quit ripping paper but
shreds of paper
like snow fell
to the ground.
he said
 this pen won't write
what I want to say
I love you.

By Brian Hunt

PASSING TIME

Concerts
where the joints are passed,
deafness wears a smile.
An umbilical cord
keeps me breathing.
I venture onto ice,
coloured boxes
fall from the ceiling
as the ice cracks—
broken glass
reverberates
intensity
as they snap at my feet.
The beat grows loud
and strong and it is
my heart
which bleeds
for two years
until I try
to forget your smile;
and nothing is spared.
I learn
that it never is.
I am vulnerable.
You could hit me
hurt me, hide me
in shame,
and I could
curse you, blame you
and cry.
Now there's hate,
never love
but maybe respect.
Throat pulsates pain,
like the salt there,
burning scars into my skin,
my soul.
I'm afraid to touch,
to be touched.
I remember and I get sick.
"Mother,
hold me please?"
at least until I fall asleep.
Words, they too burn.
God can I ever escape?
Hundreds of people
inside of me fight
to breathe on the outside.
There's a wall now.
I was too vulnerable.

By Teri Mahon

A WRITER'S FRIEND

By Mike Bartlett

He liked to sit and watch her write. He liked the rhythm of the clanking of the old typewriter she used; sometimes rattling along faster than he could believe words could be thought of, sometimes slower. Sometimes the rhythm was so slow he would be sure she had stopped altogether, only to start with four or five beats and then pause for hours and hours again. He liked to watch with his eyes closed, thinking up jazz tunes using her typing as the drum beat.

When she did stop for the day she would mime punching a time-clock. "Shift's over," she would say. He heard it every day, but he always laughed.

He always tried to guess how well her writing day had been. She never complained or exclaimed, but he had heard writers had good days and bad days just like real people. Often he would mourn the stillness of her typewriter only to find her happy when she punched her invisible time-clock.

He never knew how well he had guessed. She never told him and he never asked. He often told her of the tunes her typing inspired. "But I'm not a musician," she would say. "I know," he would tell her. "You were flat all day."

He did not really understand what made her write. He didn't feel any need to express himself. Or create, as she called it. The tunes he made up were only to amuse himself. They were not for public consumption. "My tunes are like shop-lifting," he told her, "they're done with the

philosophy of non-desire." In truth, he never felt much desire to do anything—and it drove her crazy with capitalistic rage. "Only a rich man's son like you doesn't desire anything," she scolded.

But that was as far as that argument, or any other argument, ever went. She could never sustain her anger long enough to make her points. Her outbursts were met with silly grins and soap-opera dialogue. "Oh, Sally, you're so beautiful when you're angry." It was if he could make her laugh any time he wanted. Even against her will.

Her writing made him happy only in that it made her happy. He was wise enough to know that some people are happy only when they are mad at themselves. Sally, he could see, was happiest when she was wishing she could kick herself in the seat of the pants. Sometimes he overheard her saying to herself "Come on, imagination, goddam it, imagine something!" and he had to smile.

But he found he was happiest when she wasn't. He didn't let it bother him. "Ecstasy is boring," he told himself. He never read a word she wrote.

He was never ecstatic. Nor was he ever sad. She thought he was incapable of displaying any emotion other than bemused kindness. She admitted he was always kind. She also admitted to herself, that his bland kindness was slowly killing her.

She told him in a note that a writer needs to see emotion to write. Kindness doesn't count.

It was an expression of his kindness that he never read the note.

POTENTIAL

Unicycle fallen,
you peddle a banana seat spider bike
like an insane monkey gyrating
to the off-key strains of a deaf musician.

You've got the mud beat
with a foot down slide
lean toward the ooze,
ice skids perfect C's.

In darkness through town
no one notices the added wheel,
but beneath the oohs and ahhs
and clapping hands,
you hear the soft sad anthem of defeat.

By Edith W. Durham

A PRETTY CAMEL

Technicolor
melancholy of
forced
pain/tings of rainbows
colors of grey.
A switch
from-the-right
touch
bubbling
effervescence,
a laugh.

By Brian Hunt

TRANSITION

Briskly swirls of autumn air
greet and caress,
chilly breezes flow through my hair,
and I at a faster than jogging pace
am onwards through the streets
—on a bike—
through multi-colored leaves.
Remembrances
of days ago, not even weeks,
drip in my mind as
and of
the drops of sweat
gathered on the brow and neck
and back and breasts
and in the navel
if really playing hard
under August's hot summer suns.
Horns blowing, bells tolling in sticky air
hot rays on the burning face
when to stay cool I pull back my hair,
I, at a steady even pace,
slowly drift down a river
—on a raft—
into the cool Susquehanna I drop myself.
Briskly swirling mountain water
greet and caresses my body
flowing through my hair
similar, reminding of,
the refreshing Autumn air
of October's chilly breezes.

By lisawebb

ROACHES

Ashtray filled to the brim with butts.
Smoldering in the dark
Everyone is gone except the roaches.
They're starting to make me nervous,
Better kill those roaches now
Before they get the worst of me.
They're trying to hide in the kitchen
Giggling, flat and parched
They don't want me to find them
Stalking silently through the apartment
Seeking refuse.
Soon they'll congregate together
And I'll find them
And put them to their death.

By L. Kath

LITTLE MARGARET

little margaret
looks
for her-
self
contained
in shop glass
windows full
of dumb ladies
with unbending arms
and dried paper-
mache smiles.

little margaret
sees-
herself
in warm
lakes full
of oak trees
with bending branches
and colored leaves.

little margaret
looks
at the world
up
side
down
distinguishing
lakes
from skys
by the green
grass in
between.

By Deborah Petrosky

STEVENS ON LIBRARY LOCK HAVEN UNIV.



3 3301 00507 3567