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The


LULLABIE

A Collection of
Original Poetry, Prose
and Art

Fall 1982

A Contemporary Accident

I was getting my car filled at the GoCo station. It was a beautiful, sunny day. Against the blue sky a plane was flying overhead. I stood behind the attendant as he put the gas in my car, and mentioned to him that it surely was a beautiful day. He said he'd rather be fishing than pumping a lot of fuckin' gas. Screw him, I thought. An idiot.

Then...WOP...!BAMI! And I was lying against the curb ten feet away. I couldn't catch my breath. It felt like I'd been hit in the nuts with a baseball bat. I tried to get up and vomited on my shirt. I thought, oh this is very bad. I lay still on the concrete. My idiot attendant ran over, screaming. Two other guys came running. One, the manager, wore a complete GoCo uniform.

"Hey buddy, you all right?" he asked.

"Call a goddam ambulance," I gasped.

The idiot attendant started for the phone.

"Just cool it," the manager told him. Then he said to me, "Can you stand up? Take a few deep breaths."

I tried to move. My chest ached. My arms and legs were okay, but my nuts felt like water-filled balloons. My stomach was saying vomit.

The manager and the other attendant helped me up. My knees were wobbly.

"You bastards," I said. "Get me an ambulance."

"You'll be okay," the manager said. "What happened?"

"I saw it," the other attendant said. "A tire fell out of the sky off that there airplane and hit this fellow right in the balls."

"Oh, Jesus!" said the manager. "My insurance. Call Shorty at Petroleum Casualty." The idiot attendant started for the phone again.

"And call a goddam ambulance," I yelled.

"Just sit down and catch your breath," the manager moved a chair into the shade and guided me to it. He bought me a Pepsi.

"Looka this," said the other attendant. He was carrying two big pieces of tire. "Fell right off that there airplane, broke up on the concrete, and hit that fellow on the bounce."

"Give 'em to me," I said. "I'm going to have your asses for this."

The GoCo manager turned serious. He scoffed, "Who's gonna believe a tire fell off an airplane and hit you in the nuts?"

"I would." An old-timer walked up, shaking his cane. "I saw the whole thing," he said. "It was a wheel off an old P-38 World War Two airplane. No mistaking a P-38."

"Hang in there, Dad," I told him. "We're into the big bucks."

I got up and walked around. I was feeling a lot better. Just a little headache. I found another piece of tire. Every now and then I groaned and doubled over a little. The manager flinched.

Then Shorty came running across the street in his shirtsleeves, carrying a briefcase. He and the manager walked off by themselves to talk. Shorty got a stricken look on his face and smacked his forehead with his palm.

I heard the manager say, "What's this gonna do to my premium, Shorty?"

"Your premium?" Shorty said. "You gotta be kidding. Your premium?"

The old man winked at me. He looked a lot like my father. Maybe I looked like a son to him. So much the better. I winked back.

"You young fellas probably wouldn't recognize one of them old P-38s," he said. "But I flew them babies in Burma. Flew over the Hump many a time. The tires were always falling off them sonsobitches."

"Sure they were," said Shorty. "And they always hit people in the nuts. That's how we won the war. We dropped tires on their nuts."

"Very funny," said the old-timer.

Shorty turned to me. "We get a lot of hit-in-the-nuts claims from people in your age group. They're all outrageous but they're impossible to disprove in court. Petroleum Casualty doesn't go up against odds like that or we'd lose our ass every time. I'm ready to give you a check for fifty thousand right now if you'll sign a medical release."

The manager of the GoCo station groaned. The idiot attendant and the other attendant stood in the background chewing gum. The old-timer caught his breath and then grinned like a possum eating shit.

I went to the Men's Room and examined my nuts. Both were a little puffy and bruised, but the nausea had gone and I didn't think the damage was too serious. I took a leak and didn't feel a thing. No sweat! Then I thought: maybe I ought to masturbate. Check out the whole works.

That was when I saw a big salamander blinking up at me from behind the toilet. Probably he had slipped into the Men's Room from the woods nearby. I felt foolish. Frankly, I believe animals make value judgements the same as people. Why should I demean myself by jerking-off in front of a reptile?

Besides, part of me said: what the hell? Be cool. Gamble something. Maybe you'll never get another erection, but accept the check calmly and examine it carefully. As though you didn't give a damn. Make sure all the zeroes are there. The decimal point in the right place.

I washed my face and combed my hair. I straightened my tie. I'd rest up a couple of days and feel good as new. I could spend the time deciding how to blow the fifty grand. Fifty thousand dollars! I danced around the Men's Room and made faces in the mirror. The fools. I was rich!

So Shorty gave me the check and I signed the release. Then the GoCo manager gave me a certificate for a hundred gallons of free gas. I had seen the manager's own car back out back by the Men's Room. In addition to the tire, something else had fallen off the plane and had ripped open the roof of his car and gone straight through into the concrete below. I saw no reason to mention this.

"Come on, Dad," I told the old-timer. "We're going downtown." Even without him, I probably would have gotten the fifty grand, but I felt he expected something. Five grand? One grand? I decided I would give him a couple hundred. No, I'd buy him a few drinks and listen to his World War Two stories for a while.

I'd have a few drinks myself.

By Joseph Nicholson

Dreamtime (song lyric)

*My angel and me were walking down to the sea,
To the place where the moon is dark and souls are free.
To where there is room for honesty
And nothing matters except Purity.*

*Her eyes flashed yellow,
Her breath was glitter against the sea.
Words spilled out and spattered on the sand.
It was a lightning bolt when she touched my hand.*

*"Aha," she said with abandon,
"The stars are cold, the night's demanding.
Let's build a fire with our flesh together."
It seemed that nothing else would matter.*

*She touched my finger with golden lips.
I kissed her mouth where honey dripped.
She ran her finger across my face,
I knew that we had found the place
Where the moon is dark and souls are free,
Where nothing matters except Purity.*

*I closed my eyes, we began transcending.
My body was fire. My mind was spinning.
Gravity seemed a past perception,
We rose together, we were perfection.
The universe was her and me.
That night we touched eternity.*

*Where the moon is dark and souls are free,
Where nothing matters except Purity.*

By Brian Hunt





In Search of Chemical Happiness (a salute to frats)

He clutched the cracked cup clumsily in his left hand, unaware of the thin bead of beer escaping from the bottom of the crack. The beer ran undetected down from the palm and wrist where it met with the perspiration of the underside of his forearm. Blended, the lukewarm mixture teemed from his elbow and splattered into either the small pool at his feet or the trousers of an occasional passerby who pressed by him on the way back and forth from the keg. With his right hand, dirty and moist from the musty walls and humid atmosphere of the crowded basement, he pulled his matted bangs from his eyes.

The foul draught had long since sculptured a sloppy smile that changed only to reshape at the edge of the cup. He lowered the cup from his lip after carefully clearing the last foam from the inside of the cup with his tongue. Through the tightly-knit crowd of fellow searchers he brought the shiny omnipresence of the tap into blurry focus. He leaned into the crowd which systematically parted to allow the passer passage to the keg. In a measure of time he would surely not remember the next day, he reached the bar. Or at least within two layers of people from the bar. With the urgency of a desperately thirsty man he thrust his cupfilled hand through the shoulders of those in front and sent the cup skittering across the bar top. With that chore successfully accomplished he fell in drunken stupor to the wet floor much as an unpopped kernel sifts to the buttery bottom of the popcorn bowl to lay concealed until the mass from above has been cleared away.

Above, the bartender filled the cracked, plastic cup.....with happiness.
By Brian Boyd

Let's go to Mass (Mind Altering Substances)

*Sometimes, I just stare at the feast -
Nothingness, dripping drops of blank euphoria
down or up, they suck their cups
dry...and they're wet, well-oiled but slow.
primed but blinded*

*Sometimes I just stare at the ritual -
wholeness, touching different tongues with holy measure
here to there, their paper communion enlightens
and they're of, deviant but interesting. Altered but
perfectly*

*Sometimes, I just stare at their life's sustenance -
freedom, passing pleasures from earthly to
supernal presence, now and forever, they light
their candles to the end...and they start
again, dazed but sane, different but special*

*Sometimes, I just stare at the useless alternatives
and usually, I convert quickly, putting faith
in celebration of the life that's all about.*

By Harry Nagle



Photography by Ginny Tinker

A Hero Slain (Circumstances and A Eulogy)

*Under the table he lay
White knuckles gripping a cardboard coaster
(Beer foam and sweat mix so well).
Choking on his vomit he thought
Of the pain he'd added on just in time
(It seems he'd forgotten to check his watch)
His nails couldn't help but slip from the surface.*

*Into the room strode a dreamless barman
His head bent solemnly towards the floor
(In order to survey the tell-tale wet streaks).
"Another shoddy job!" he muttered with a laugh
(He always waited until it broke to fix it).
Just catching the switch, he left for the night.*

By Andrew Ashenfelter

*Given: A does not equal 0 then
If: A plus B equals C and
A minus C equals B and
A equals C then
B must feel pretty damn insignificant.*

By Brian Boyd

The Dream

*Standing on a darkened stage
Raised above an audience
That finally cares so little
About so much.
All can be won
All can be lost.
The props are too dusty and
Locked up for the night.
The spotlight rises
Ten seconds till eternity.*

By Andrew Ashenfelter





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The Steeple Bell

*The oldtimers often tell
Things about the steeple bell
How the metal was cooled in an unholy year
How the bell sometimes rang when noone was near
All their fears of heaven and hell
Rest inside the steeple bell*

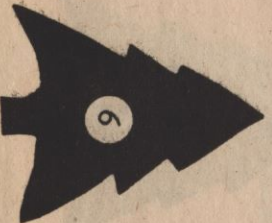
*For someone had decided long ago
(The bell was so heavy, the bell was so slow)
"Let the people be merry, let the people sing
But when these are ended let the steeple bell ring
Let all their fears of heaven and hell
Rest inside the steeple bell."*

*When the cold played on old hearts the people were sure
The steeple bell would always ring more
But when a doll was found crushed from where it fell
People cursed the steeple bell
All their fears of heaven and hell
Rest inside the steeple-bell*

*When glory smiled and opened the door
The steeple bell soon won the war
As soon as the town was bathed in light
The steeple bell was a common sight
All their fears of heaven and hell
Rest inside the steeple bell*

*For now the bell will have to wait
Watching cars go by on the interstate
But it may have to ring quickly in its broken spire
For soon may come frost, soon may come fire
All the fears of heaven and hell
Rest inside the steeple bell*

By Andrew Ashenfelter



Have Supper With Us

*Come on in and sit right down,
Supper's about ready as the sun goes down.
Plenty to eat, and it can't be beat
so pull up a chair and take a load off your feet.*

*Go on, pour yourself a glass of wine
food'll be ready in just about no time.
So how are you doin' and where have you been?
How nice it was that you stopped in.*

*So what've you been doin' these past few days
since we've all gone our separate ways?
You've gotta try them creamed snow peas
They're mighty delicious, pass the chicken please.*

*Now where do you work, how's the wife and kids?
I remember the crazy stuff we did.
We watched a lot of years go by,
but a lot of fun, you can't deny.*

*It wasn't a whole heck of a lot,
but you better believe it hit the spot.
Been a long time since you stopped by,
stay for dessert, it's apple pie!*

By Chris Nelson

The Rock

*The waves bleed the sharpness
from your jagged edge
And the wind sweeps*

*the coldness of your skin
or how little-bit you budge
The days of time and age
will grind you down to sand*

Win the battle of life -

*strength has its faults
Lose the battles of war
to the faultlessness of time
Withstand what you can*

*but one you cannot halt
Bear down on your teeth
grit - as you reach your prime*

*Growing old
and losing weight
The edges*

*no longer straight
Growing old
and weak and feeble*

*The time -
willed you unable*

*One last battle - fought and lost
one last wish - last penny tossed
Time claims both - you and me
as we are washed - away to the sea.*

By K. John Russell

Down by the Seashore

The waves clapped loudly against the waiting stretch of beach while a small crab scurried across the sand, writing his name proudly in the loose peppery pebbles only to have it erased by the avalanches of crashing water commanded by time. A gull circled the pre-dawn pink of the salty air, occasionally landing to explore with its geiger counter-like beak for small aquatic snacks and then launching itself back into the air like a paper glider. Then the gull would scream its name at the passing clouds who didn't care and would blow a gentle breeze of nonchalance back.

Luna, looking at his reflection and being as conceited as he was, didn't want to move from the sky, but raging Sol shot a fiery flare in his direction and he reluctantly departed.

Sol, who was the prince of nature, leaped to his zenith and sent his life-giving warmth toward the tiny stretch of sand and sea. Like the probing hands of a child, Sol's rays circled the prism-like shell of an old lonely sea turtle who, for a short time during which she deposited many white orbs in her carefully made nest, was perfectly happy and content. The rays also discovered tiny shelled creatures who, being ashamed to be seen by his His Highness, Sol, were busily hiding themselves.

The rays also found a piece of yellow crystal that had been washed up against the salt-dried bones of some long extinct race of advanced primates. Inside the crystal, which was really pine sap, was trapped a small anthropod. It was part of a group of anthropods called insects by a race of primates now extinct called Homosapiens. It was a Monarch Butterfly.

As the last rays of light reluctantly left the orange and black wings in the amber, a small crab scurried across the sand, writing his name proudly in the loose peppery pebbles, only to have it erased by the avalanches of crashing water commanded by time, ruler of all.

By John Fedak



Photography by Brian Boyd





Photography by Ginny Tinker

Airing

*Open to Autumn chills
the musty cabin
flapping plastic window covers sneezes.*

*Mice tracks in flour
dot the scratched grey linoleum counter top
like faint early morning stars.*

*Cupboard shelves protesting against emptiness
have rippled and cracked paper linings
littered with black pellets and withered leaves.*

*Wooden floor boards creak
like bare gnarled branches
expanding in the cold.*

*At dawn lake mist with chimney smoke
will rise, fire scent and sunlight
illuminating forest and sky.*

By Edith W. Durham

Winter Splinters

*Red gelatin melts in frosted backyard grass
three feet from a leaning lifeless
weed and rose trellis.*

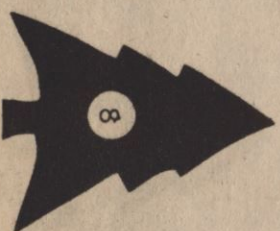
*Voices like balloons float over fences
hammering nails and thumbs pressed
on ignition dead wet car hoods.*

*A man's cough slams a swearing storm door.
An ubiquitous cigar lights on an ice encased
branch spitting ashes in the drive way.*

*A lost child's mitten
finds the door knob and renders
it very wet and tearful.*

*Mom taps a beef Pot-Pie upside
down on a white plate
the gray of her smile humming
along with Lester Lannin
and a hot bath steaming.*

By Edith W. Durham



Harry's Mysterious Paper

Harry Reaske nervously checked his watch again as he rode up the elevator to the newspaper office. Third, fourth, fifth floor, and the door opened to let him out. He rushed into the large, messy room and took his place at his desk in the one corner. At last he sighed and relaxed. He was right on time, as usual. Quickly and expertly, Harry straightened-up his already orderly desk...in-going mail in one slot, stories to write in another, pencils and pens in a round, black container. After his desk was spotless, he carefully unlocked the top right hand drawer of his desk, reached into it, and pulled out a square piece of paper. Harry read it over several times, closed his eyes for a second, then placed the paper back into the drawer. Harry Reaske was ready to start the day.

And each day was exactly the same. Harry Reaske led a very routine life. He had a procedure for everything from cleaning his already meticulous desk to getting dressed in the morning. He was a very neat, clean man. Everyday he wore a freshly-pressed suit, with a crisp, stark, white shirt. His black hair was short and trimmed close to his ears. Thick glasses with black frames completed his appearance. Little beyond this was actually known about Harry Reaske. Other than his obvious neatness, his fellow co-workers only knew that he was a thirty-two-year-old newspaper reporter, he preferred doing articles for the social section of the paper, and he lived alone.

One of the biggest mysteries surrounding Harry Reaske was the strange piece of paper in the top drawer of his desk. The other journalists felt sure that locked in that drawer was the key to understanding Harry. Various stories circulated about the office every day, and everyone had their favorite version. But no one really knew what it was that Harry Reaske read every morning before starting to work.

On this particular Monday, the usual office gossipers were gathered to eat lunch and spread more half-truths about different people. A new reporter, Cindy, was just starting her first day, and everyone wanted to fill her in on the office happenings. As was typical, Harry and his mysterious paper came up for discussion. Marge, a rather tall, plump secretary, began the discussion with her usual comment. "It's a love letter - I'm positive. I mean, O.K., so Harry's a little weird, but that doesn't mean that he couldn't ever have been in love. I think..."

"Oh really," interrupted Beth, the movie critic. "I think you've seen too many movies! Just where is this 'mystery lady' now?"

"She left him," sighed Marge, "for another man - or perhaps she died in a tragic accident! But whatever happened, I really think he still loves her. So, he reads this last love letter from her, everyday... 'My dearest Harry, I love you, but it will never work...' Oh, to find such a romantic man!"

"For Christ's sake, Marge! Aren't you a little ridiculous?" snorted Tina, the short, spunky sports editor, "You're making this into some long, involved story. Now, if you really want to know, I'll tell it to you straight. See, Harry used to work in Mexico - Did you know that? - and all of a sudden he up and quit his job one day. I guess there was some drug bust, and he was in on it. Sounds a little farfetched, but I've heard this from a very reliable source. So, Harry skipped town and moved here, to New York. I guess he'll stay until it all blows over."

"O.K., then what's the paper, smart ass?" asked Marge, who didn't believe Tina for one minute.

"Why that's elementary - it's the summons for his arrest in Mexico! Why else would he leave, unless they summoned him first? So, every morning he gets to work, looks at the summons, and plans how to get back to Mexico or something. Maybe he reads it over to try and find a flaw. I don't know, but I do know that it's a summons."

Cindy smiled, then turned to Marge and softly inquired, "What do you think of that?"

"And she thought my story was ridiculous!" whispered Marge between bites of her sandwich, "Listen to her babble!"

Quietly, to the group, Cindy said, "I don't mean to be pushy, and I don't know Harry that well, but he doesn't seem the type to lead such heroic and daredevil lives like you're all giving him credit for. Maybe, and I could be wrong, but just maybe the paper is a prayer or an inspirational saying of some kind. You know, one like, 'You can only live once, but if you live right, once is enough.' or some other such thing."

"Well," said Beth, flipping her long, blonde hair out of her eyes, "You just don't know Harry Reaske as well as we do. You'll see."

"What is that supposed to mean?" queried Cindy.

"Just that he's not as innocent and simple as you seem to think. He's a real devious one, that guy!"

"And just what's your version, Beth," began Marge, "Since you're dying to tell us?"



Photography by Brian Boyd

"Me? Well..." Beth paused for the dramatic presentation she was about to give, "I think it's a will. His mother's. After all, his father's dead and he doesn't have any brothers or sisters. I wouldn't be at all surprised if Harry killed his mother off. I've heard that she's pretty well off, and God knows that Harry could use the money. You've seen that beat-up old apartment he lives in. Anyway, his mother's getting up there in years, and he probably figures that no one would care or notice or anything. He must read that will every morning and try to plan some way to kill her off. That will's probably his only incentive."

"Oh Beth!" exclaimed Marge, "Wherever would you get such an idea? That's absolutely morbid! I'm going to get back to work - I'd just as soon read over the murders and deaths in the newspaper. You can discuss Harry all you want."

Slowly the women separated and went back to work, but each kept a close eye on Harry's desk and the top right hand drawer.

Days went by and weeks passed slowly. Still Harry maintained his routine. He never missed a day's work, and he never moved from his desk without his keys in hand. Then one day it happened.

It had started out as any usual day. Four pairs of eyes watched Harry go through his morning ritual. Four brains speculated as to what that paper said. Four ladies finally went back to work, unsatisfied again. Then at lunchtime Harry stood up, put his dark jacket on, and walked to Marge's desk. All four women watched him carefully. This wasn't in the routine. What was going on?

"Marge, I'm going out for a little while. I left a story for the Editor in my top right hand drawer. Could you give it to him when he comes in? It's very important, so don't forget. Here's my key. Oh, and please lock up when you're done."

"Oh!" exploded Marge, "Why certainly Mr. Reaske! No problem!"

"Thank you, Marge." Then Harry Reaske left the office. No one even noticed the twinkle in his eye and the uncharacteristic smile on his pinched face.

Well, it only took Marge a few seconds to leap from her chair and dash to Harry's desk. And it only took Beth, Cindy, and Tina a few seconds more to join her. The other office workers merely went on with their work. Who knew what that foursome was up to? It was always something.

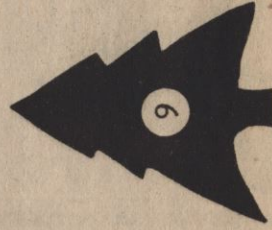
Slowly, with deliberate ceremony, Marge placed the key in the lock and twisted it. She opened the drawer and looked inside. There on top, was a perfectly typed story for the Editor. Marge placed it on Harry's desk. Beneath it was the paper, face down. Marge lifted it from the drawer, read it over once, then fell into Harry's chair. She began to laugh hysterically, much to the other ladies' dismay. Desperately, they all grabbed for the paper.

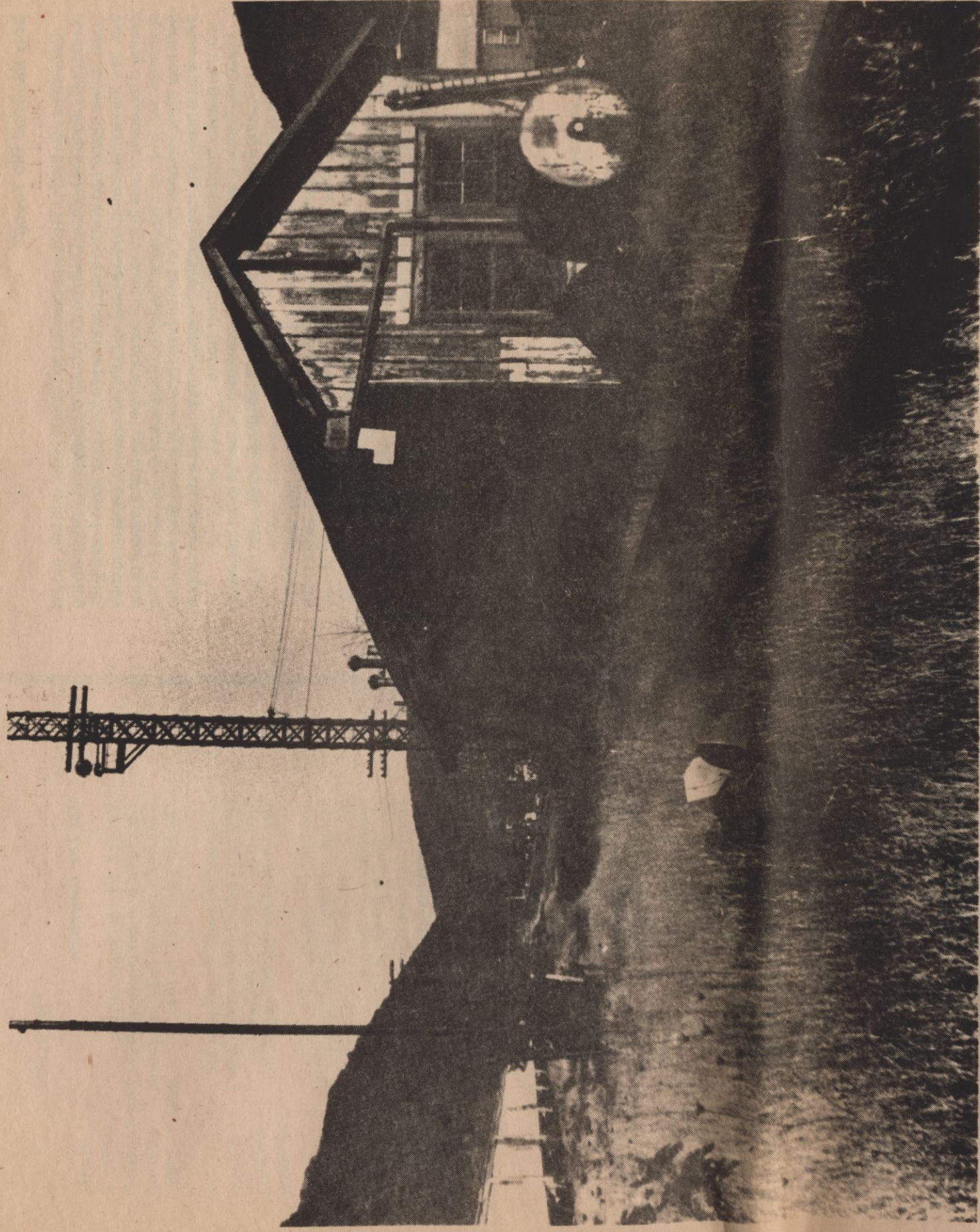
"Oh no!" laughed Marge, "Allow me to put it on the desk where you can all see it at once!"

As they each read the paper over, different reactions took place. Tina laughed with Marge, Cindy shook her head, sighed, then went to her desk to resume working, and Beth just simply stared. There, written on the paper, was one simple, little phrase: "I before e, except after c."

Harry Reaske was, after all, a newspaper man.

By Joy Anderson





Photography by Patrick Leone

*Standing on a streetcorner
is the only job in this city
life is getting harder
the future holds no pity*

*How can I win
Nothing's here to begin with
of many things I've never known
hope, love, and a home
I'm tugging at your fur coats
Please throw a scrap down to me
You pledge towards justice for all
that can't be talkin' 'bout me*

By Harry Nagle

My Sister

*Growing up. I saw
her bones and flesh dissolve
into that liquid poison hate
which they'd poured unceasingly down
her gullet (forced at first) so often
that she soon craved it unceasingly.*

*I saw them recycle their essence,
instilling it in her, seeding off her
submission and nearly throwing up
at my lack of it.
She hates me now, they all do,
and pray incessantly for my salvation.
And I....their's.*

By Harry Nagle

*The alarm clock rings
the stage is set
another day of acting
lies and regrets*

*I face the mirror
and put on my mask
don my costume
and get ready for my tasks*

*With each day
my talent grows
I've become so good
that the real me never shows
I've mastered the game
the game of life
so well that no one
notices my internal strife*

*I take off my mask
my costume then
for a few hours
I am myself again*

By Gwendolyn Ziegler



Only the Good Die Young?

Everywhere was black, the sky was overcast and clouds, heavy with rain, moved ponderously along the horizon. Down on the ground two little ants were scurrying home as their mother had warned them not to be late for supper again. Looking up, they saw the storm brewing and debated as to the wiseness of continuing their journey. They could shelter in the forest under some tree bark until the worst of the storm was over. Even as they spoke the first full, fat drops of rain spattered on the earth near them. However the ants remembered how angry their mother would be if they arrived home late. They decided to press on regardless and bravely plunged into the grassy field that led to their home.

Lightening flashed and thunder crashed, weakening the resolve in our little heroes' hearts, but looking at each other they took courage and ploughed on. Their mother would be proud of them.

Still the rain fell, faster now, no longer big drops but piercing, slate-like torrents stabbing the ground and, sweeping anything in their path, they in turn swept down the hill to the swollen river. After several long minutes the clouds, relieved of their load, moved on, pushed by a refreshing west wind and the sun's rays shone weakly onto the assuaged foliage. But what of the two stout fellows struggling home? Searching hard we find them, together at the end, still clinging desperately to a coarse grass stalk in an effort to save themselves from drowning. Unfortunately the rain had fallen too heavily and too fast for them to climb up the stalk. There their little corpses lie to be mourned by mother, "Alas, alas, why didn't they think to stay in the shelter of the forest?"

Notes of a Basic Computer Operator:

```
10 Input, I love you.  
20 Print  
30 End
```

Run...

```
Syntax Error in Line 10...Does not  
COMPUTE...Try Again.
```

```
10 Input Y  
20 A equals (Y) "I love you!"  
30 Print A  
40 Go to 20
```

Run

```
I love you!  
I love you!  
I love you!  
I love you!  
I love you!  
I love you!  
I love you!  
I love you!  
I love you!  
I love you!  
I love you!
```

By V. Farese

A note found on a piece of scratch paper in the library-----

I feel hopelessly alone in a world full of impersonal souls, and we're all drifting about hoping for something good or emotionally redeeming to happen. If you feel this way I hope we eventually drift together.

By Mild Lee Depressed

The Lost Generation

*Hooded, the challenger arrives,
The crowd is in anticipation.
"The boy's suppose ta be...sensation."
The boy's just try'n to live.*

*Ever since he shook hands with life
He's been sort of lost in the struggle;
Lost in life's big how-do-ya-do
Slap-on-the-back attaboy generation.*

*The Lost Generation,
So lost, so far away,
But here, because
Somebody's gotta do it.
He slips off his hood
To talk through his mouthpiece,
"A 20th century man -
but I don't wanna die one."*

*So he tries to defend his generation.
Uppercuts hurt, but he considers the source.
Haymakers aren't to be laughed at.
Bob-n-weave, Bob-n-weave, jab jab jab.*

*They're comin from his heart.
He's smokin, he's hurt, he's out.
He's lost. All that generation.
The lost generation.*

By Mike Glantz

Paper Killer

*Mama -- I just killed a man today
shot him down in ink and he just
faded away.*

*He begged for mercy on his name,
but I wrote him down all the same
and printed him anyway.*

*I had no regrets about what I did.
He had no real reason to live.
When an evil man takes off his mask,
he's a man like you or I.
Did he have to die?*

*Politician man gave a speech today,
I just stood there watching and blew him away.*

*He had no shelter, no place to run.
I just fired my typewriter like a machine gun.
That's the price you pay...*

*When you're in the public eye
Watch out or you're gonna die.
Paper killer's going to be watching you
...and your family, too.*

By Chris Nelson



"Oversight"

flower.
& petal.
lying tramped upon
on the
welcome mat.

a
miracle
crushed
underfoot.

By Robert Quiggle III

"Gruesome Reflection"

all the tears shed
& all the blood bled;
all the lives led, &
all the lives dead.

&

etc. goes the day
in a meaningless way

,but
;with my eyes shut
I can at last see:
a butterfly, a rainbow
an evergreen tree. (

there's no harm done
in doing no harm,
in learning to see living
in its own simple charm

)&

still there are those, &
still there are they
who feel they must always
wreck the day.

By Robert Quiggle III

Monopoly

An old kind hand guides
touches sand grey wet with waves
picks up a shell
draws near a small simple ear.

Motel hot neon signs jab the sky
truck's roaring stench and scream
obliterates the surf's crisp gauze spray.

He walks up the beach
and down
leading the child away
from brown seaweed mounds
where the weak lie gasping.

By Edith W. Durham

Wishful Thinking

You occupy my every waking moment
and sometimes
I can't bear the pain of not being near you,
I feel so empty.
I'd love to wisk you away into my fantasy world...
but reality prevails.

Even when you're cold and indifferent to me
at least I can see your face
and hold you in my mind.
My eyes caress your troubled brow and you'd look at me...
through me...
then our minds would embrace
and it would be as if we never had to say another word.

Yet,
I sit alone in my room
wondering if...
praying that...
you're thinking of me the way you used to.

By Karin Hammler

YOUR MUSIC LULLS ME TO SLEEP

I think
and I comprise
images and despise

You're a world away
relapsed by time
all in the mind

Your tune
is playing to me,
is lulling me to sleep,
and my dreams start to creep
back into my head
through my ears,
through my eyes,
through my hair,
and I rejoice-
there is music in the air.

By K. John Russell



*

Mind Games

The jagged peaks of the Skylarr range on the dark side of the Moon rose up out of the Death Mist like sentinels guarding against encroaching doom, for the Skylarr range marked the edge of man's domination of the moon. Man's march over the dusty plains and their poisonous pits had been baffled by the Death Mists. Violent mental anguish leading to death resulted from any form of contact with them. The Mists affected the sensory parts of the mind, creating hallucinations and illusions. People affected

by the gas were mindless for a period of an hour and then suddenly died. And yet, here were two dim spacesuited figures crawling and maneuvering in the midst of them, one slightly behind the other and taking care not to be seen.

A shroud of the violet-colored mist swirled around James T. Cheddar, a mild mannered man who somehow displayed a great inner strength, felt but never seen. The effect of the mist on Cheddar was minimal, yet it killed others instantly. He had discovered his power at the Academy of Law Enforcement, under the teachings of Dr. Farouk.

"Strange," he thought, "that a man could change so much in a short period of time." Dr. Farouk had been a kind man and had helped James along with his ESP powers, but he was now a ruthless perfectionist in his field.

Dr. Farouk's rough, coarse exterior belied a lumberjack or construction worker, but Lareate's Disease had stooped his shoulders and back, giving a scornful look to his face. Silvery grey hair covered his forehead and his impending brow, making him a foreboding figure.

James T. Cheddar watched Farouk climb slowly onto a hillock and then revealed himself.

The air glowed electric-blue around Farouk's head and gave James time to prepare himself for the mental onslaught. It came but not as strong as it once had, and Cheddar blocked it easily. Sending a quick unconcentrated bolt and then a direct, channeled shot brought Farouk to his knees.

No word was said between the two men, and none was needed. Farouk knew another attack could kill him, and he surrendered meekly.

Strolling down the corridor to his superior's office with Farouk, he noticed that only three out of the ten fluorescent panels were on, and these were faintly glowing red. The colony was fifty years old and in varied sections, showing neglect and disrepair.

In a good humor from his escape from the Mists, James didn't notice the commotion in the outer office and proceeded to Lydia Longhorn's office unannounced.

"I grabbed the Profess..." James was halted in midsentence, never to complete it.

In the office sat three imposing figures, Lydia Longhorn, Cheddar's glowering superior, and Sylvan Landorf and Rochefort Limburger.

The former was known quite well by James, and the latter two he knew from various newsreels and files. First, Sylvan Landorf was the richest woman on the moon (and the shrewdest). Landorf had made her fortune by the exportation of Moon dust (Moon dust was found to be a great source of energy in the late 20th's). Her companion was equally well known, but not because of respect but through fear.

Rochefort Limburger, body guard to Landorf, had met James before on the training grounds of the Academy. Limburger was ruthlessly disposing of his competitors in fencing, when James appeared. Armed only with a short club, he kept Rochefort at bay until he determined the man was going to rush him, and then, using his unique abilities, he levitated himself over Limburger, sending him sprawling. Limburger had sworn revenge for this and had tried to achieve it a number of times.

"Come in, Cheddar, we were just talking about you," sneered Rochefort. He was balancing his 260 pound frame on the back legs of a protesting chair, and his feet against the far wall, six feet away.

"Sure," said James as he pulled Farouk in from the corridor and caused pandemonium to break loose in the small office.

"Where..." started Landorf.

"How..." exclaimed Longhorn.

"Why you stin..." growled Limburger.

"Now everybody just calm down," James butted in. "I had a tough enough time getting him here. First the Mists and then nearly tripping over him in that corridor of yours!" He addressed Lydia, "Why aren't the lights on?"

"Because we're on emergency systems due to our 'friends' here." Longhorn explained as if he were talking to a child. "Landorf made plans to take over the Colony, only they backfired. She was going to use the Death Mist to take control of the power plant and then set herself up as dictator for life. But she didn't plan on the heat from the power plant melting the container of Mist and destroying all the power before she could take control, and she was trapped in an elevator on her way to the Administrative Offices."

"And you want me to go into the plant and clean it up?" asked James. "How many people were in the plant when it happened? A dozen? A hundred?"

Sylvan replied gloomily, "Four hundred."

James whistled a long, low note, as he was accustomed to doing when he was impressed. "Okay, I'll do it, but with that many victims, I'll need three crucial things. First, a cart like they use to repair the athletic fields, so I don't have to walk the whole four miles. Second, a new laser to replace the one I lost in the Mist. And third, and most important, I'll need a pay raise."

"If I start now, I can get the job done in a few hours and be back for dancing with you at eight," he winked at Lydia.

"Famous last words," muttered Rochefort.

Winding his way down the levels, Cheddar wondered how he was going to pull this off. Reaching the bottom, he clambered into the little three wheeled vehicle, shouldered his laser and drove off into a maze of tunnels.

The tunnels were waste dumps for the Colony and were so clogged at some points that he had to get out of his cart and push it through the sewage for long minutes in order to get the vehicle through.

Suddenly, he heard a yell of pain and fear off to his left. Swinging the cart around, he was almost on top of her before he knew it. Or maybe it was the other way around.

The glazed look in her eyes and the speechless movements of her mouth told him that this was his first victim. Unfortunately, there was nothing he could do for her except leave her alone.

She moved as if to attack him, but then with a sob, she fell to the cold stone floor, dead.

James sat there for many minutes, stunned at the swiftness of her death. Whunng...A pipe slammed into the wall beside his head, jolting him from his reverie. He stood up and faced the being that confronted him. This had once been a man, thought James, as he circled warily. He was shocked at what the greed of Landorf had done to these innocents. The man was swaying drunkenly, the remains of his uniform soiled and dirty, barely covering his gaunt frame. Eyes that lived at the end of a tunnel stared out blindly at Cheddar.

The man swung the pipe again, this time at Cheddar. His tattered name tag glittered mockingly at James, driving him into an uncontrollable rage. A solid bolt of energy lanced through the dim light, holding the two in its eerie glow. For a second, Cheddar saw the light of reason come into the young man's eyes, then it faded and he crumpled beside the girl.

Still shaking from his grisly encounters, James climbed back into the cart and drove aimlessly. Finally, taking his bearings from a shaft above him, he turned to his task again.

About forty-five minutes later, he saw some people on the ground were watching him, and then he noticed that he had picked up a small group on his journey.

About a mile from the core of the power plant, tired and careworn, he was unrecognizable. Dirty, bleeding from a myriad of cuts from an encounter with a dog, (heaven knows how that got here,) his usually happy-go-lucky countenance replaced by a grim visage that he had seen only on the faces of those that had died the Death, his cart veered wildly toward the wall, the steering was gone, and before he could throw himself from it, it slammed home.

Trudging onward with a dull ringing in his ears, he began to feel the Mist at last. It numbed him to his pain, but it also dulled his wits and reflexes.

He saw a group of people skulking around to his left and fancied they were coming to his aid. But when he saw the sticks in their hands, he turned and with all his remaining energy, ran.

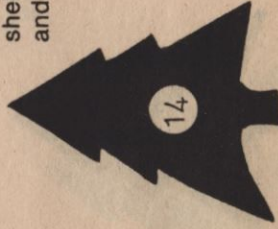
They were on his heels as he entered the main control room. Some threw hunks of concrete broken into huge slabs with the superhuman power of madmen.

He disliked the thought of unleashing another bolt of mind energy like he did in the tunnel, and he couldn't bring himself to do it - to kill all those innocent people.

Then he thought of Landorf and Rochefort safe in the Colony above, and anger welled up inside him. It grew and grew, and he could feel it drawing all of his strength, and then it exploded in an overwhelming bolt of pure red energy, killing all in the room instantly.

Staggering now, he lurched into the alcove where the controls for the air vents were. The blue lever on the far wall opened the vents to the surface, emptying the power plant of air. The red lever, near the doorway, opened the vents into the city. He tried to reach the far wall, but almost there, his will failed, and he collapsed against the wall and he clawed blindly for the lever. He found one and with his remaining strength, pulled it. Smiling at the thought that he had completed his task, he died, still clutching the red lever.

The cold night sky witnessed a strange spectacle. The great dome that sheltered the Colony filled with a cacophony of colors, a feeling of madness, and the Death Mist.



**Paper Airplane
(A Mini-Concert of Creation)**

He's building a paper airplane;
I don't know why
For the wings seem too long,
It's likely to spiral,
The nose will take it down-
They seldom fly long anyway.
But he's building a paper airplane,
Hoping it will fly.

By Andrew Ashenfelter

Night School

*Though grey-haired and stooped
He hid his years well
As he paced back and forth
Ignoring the heat and chalk dust,
For he was intent on the Ages
Which rose and fell with the swing
Of his arm.
But as he began to repeat things*

*He lost most of the class,
They'd already been looking
At his performance with distant eyes
Which, instead, turned inward and
Laughed to themselves "Who's he kidding
We've been in the real world
And if we still have 'miles to go'
It's between nine and five."
Slowly heads turned to the door and counted the tiles*

By Andrew Ashenfelter

One Day In Class

*My eyelids are heavy
the board.
the board?
Flourescent light blinds me
showing drowsy truths to all
I am an exception
My eyelids are heavy
must stop?
can't stop!
My sights sway me as
my name slips through the movie
(QUICK) the question
"Question? What question?"
Shit!*

By Harry Nagle

A Picnic Professional

Yes, I know who you're talking about. That fellow in the big straw hat over by the Kool-Aid tank. His name, though we were just introduced, escapes me. Actually, I don't want to remember his name because I know the man is a professional killer. See him helping the children fill their Kool-Aid mugs? Don't fool yourself. If the price were right, he would slit a baby's throat. That's merely a figure of speech. Babies don't have a lot of enemies and the ones they do have can easily polish off a defenseless baby themselves with never a question asked. They don't pay somebody else to do it. The same way with a man's mother. People say of a person, "Why, he's so mean, he'd kill his own mother." Of course. Every man does in his own mother; you don't hire somebody else for a job like that.

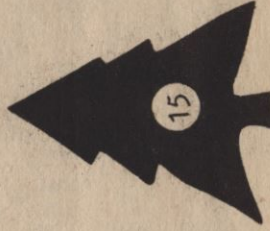
But I'm sure you get my point. That fellow in the straw hat is as ruthless as they come. Probably he's here to kill one of us. Probably the man he's going to kill doesn't even know he's the victim; he doesn't know he's living his last moments eating a chili dog or drinking a coke. You don't get away from a picnic professional.

By Joseph Nicholson

Old Slant Fang

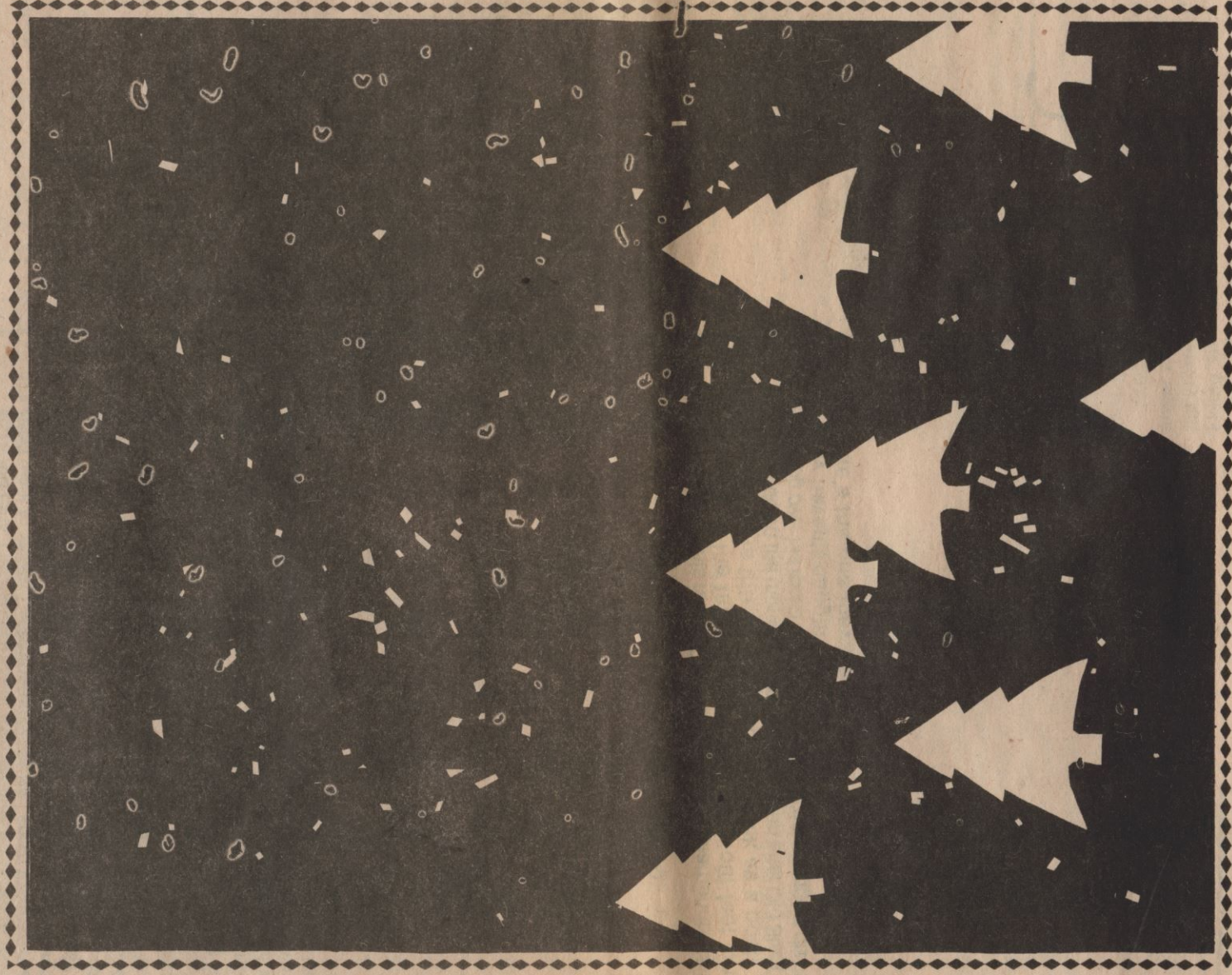
Hidden in his rocks, Old Slant Fang the diamondback breathes slowly and dreams of the time when he was only four feet long.
Now he is fifteen feet long and thick as a post.
Far down the mountain they're coming up after Old Slant Fang again this year, turning over his rocks with their sticks. He's the biggest diamondback around and they haven't caught him yet.
He's the one they want.

By Joseph Nicholson



The Crucible is a student publication. It is put out by students and for students. If you would like to see any of your poetry, fiction, photography or art work in next semester's edition, feel free to make submissions. Next semester's issue should be out at the beginning of May, so start polishing up your work now. Submissions should be typed. They can be submitted to Brian Boyd in Room 327 Gross Hall or to Ginny Farese in room 418 McEntire Hall any time during the semester.

SEASON'S



GREETINGS