

STEVENSON LIBRARY LOCK HAVEN UNIV.  
3 3301 00354 3876



**THE**

**Crucible!**

Library  
Lock Haven University  
Lock Haven, PA 17745

1984



1984

THE CRUCIBLE IS:

STEPHEN HICKOFF  
LYNN HOWARD  
CAROLINE WERMUTH  
ROBB WARREN  
WAYNE HARVEY



DRAWINGS BY ROBB WARREN

ADVISORS

JOSEPH NICHOLSON/JOHN WEGEL

## CONCRETE FORESTS

Concrete forests have no trees,  
city engineers fail to include them in their plans.

Trees are uprooted,  
like fish in a trawlers net.

Streams are rerouted,  
until they become no more than a faucet drip.

Cranes pull slabs of concrete toward the sky,  
as the sun once did to the oaks and maples.

Progress clears the land,  
quicker than a forest fire.

by Maureen J. Hogan

Merging shades are  
broken into institutionalized  
black and white.  
A child's innocence is splintered  
with force-fed tradition.

Change is the foe--  
Her offspring feared

The bosom of peace is caressed with  
blood stained hands.  
Her gown--  
lies torn among the rapture of the faceless dead--  
for there is no willing seamstress to repair

The Chosen Ones  
will not permit

Ecstasy swells from past pains.  
Lovers fight each other for pleasure.  
Blood befriends Life and Death, flowing free  
denying both.  
Those different are chastised for similar views.

Brightness dulls the eyes  
Contrast is everything

by Sean Collins



## THE SHORT STORY

He sits alone and cries his silent tears.  
I feel so helpless as I see him there, for  
he is dying, but will not let me share  
in his pain or anger.  
I don't know what he's feeling;  
I don't know what to say,  
but if I have to,  
I'll stay here all day  
just to let him know how very much I care.  
He just lies there--  
staring at the sun  
as it sets in the sky,  
as the day is done.  
Is he thinking how his life, too  
is like an open book?  
Someone else turns the pages;  
we can only look--  
We'll never know when the reader  
will chose to close the story  
and end this mortal's glory.  
His life was full and bright  
but now the end has come,  
and the evening brings a quiet dark.  
As the sky closes its eyes  
so does he.  
I clasp his hand in mine  
as I wait for a sign  
of good-bye--a gentle squeeze  
and then, he's gone.  
The chapter is ended; the book is done.

Life is so precious;  
it makes me wonder how long my novel will run.

by Sherree M. Deen

HAD I ONE MORE DAY

Had I one more day  
I'd like to climb the tallest mountain  
and scream my lungs out in joy.  
And I wouldn't care who heard me  
for all the years I wasted I did care.  
I would change all that  
Had I one more day.

Had I one more day  
I'd marry the man who asked me.  
He loved me, you see,  
but I always wanted someone else.  
All those years I wasted searching.  
I would change all that  
Had I one more day.

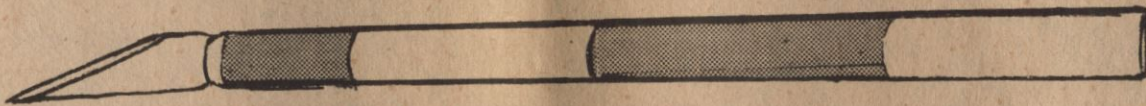
Isn't it rather stupid how  
when you're time is up  
You would change all the things you did  
instead of realizing it when it mattered?  
Life is funny that way  
And, I guess I can't complain.

Had I one more day  
I'd apologize to you  
for the rotten way I treated you.  
Can't understand why I did those things.  
Perhaps you frightened me.  
Well, I'd change all that, my friend,  
Had I one more day.

by Shawn Bingman



1870





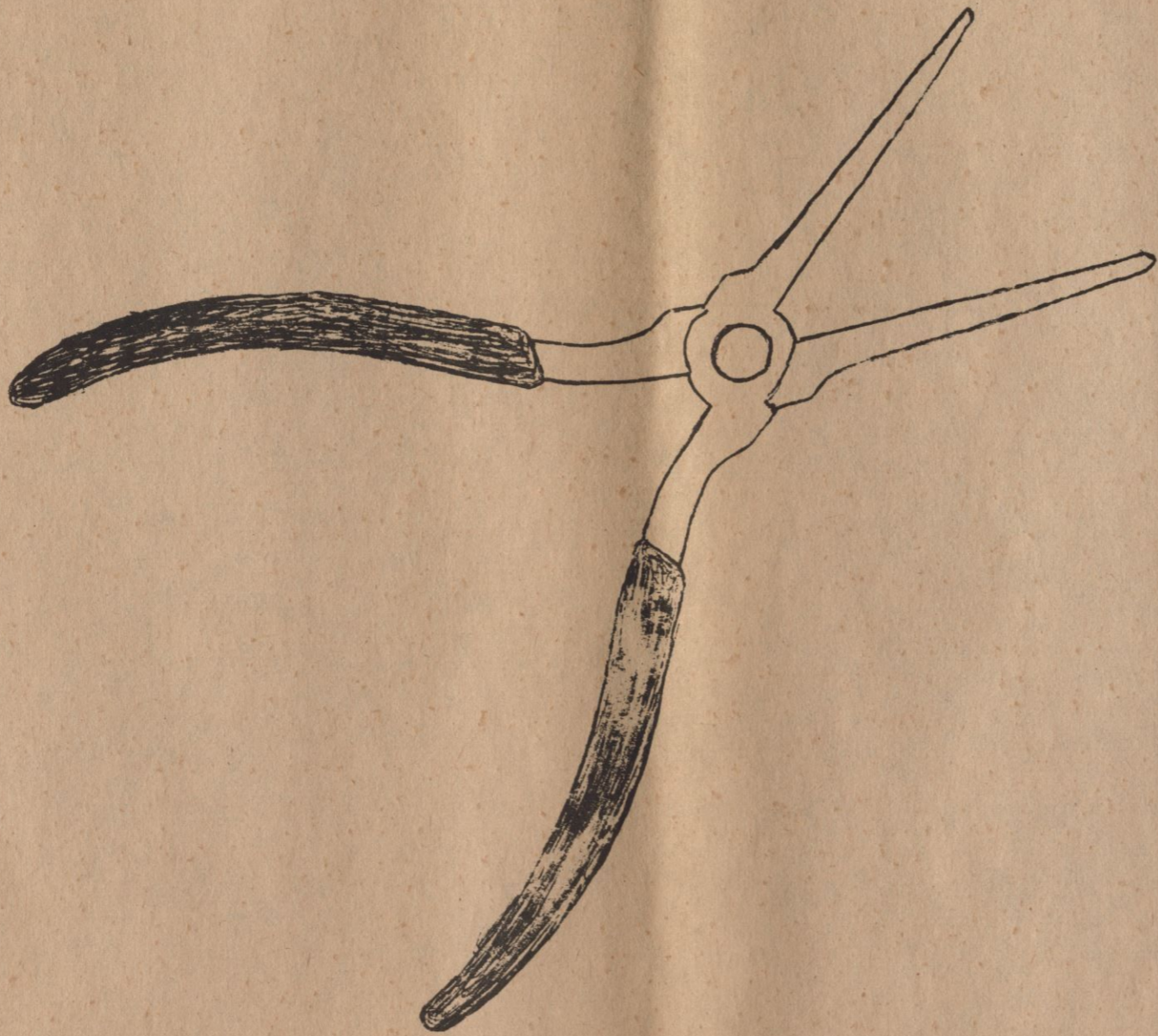
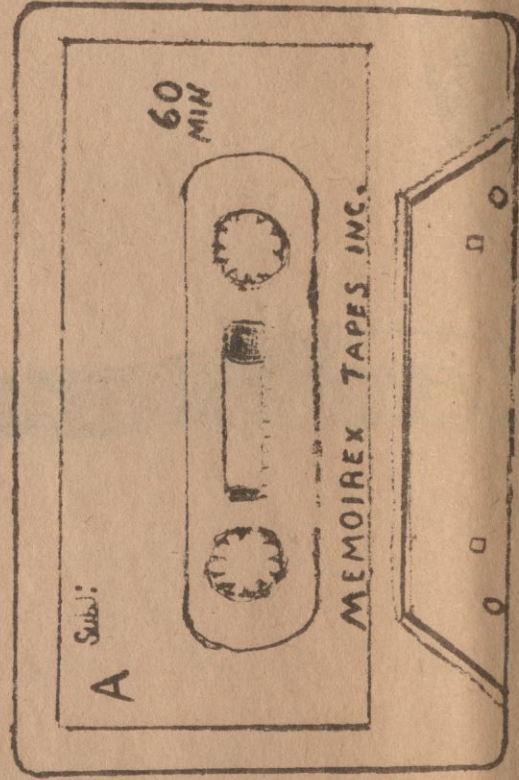


Fig. 101



Robinson



*Scotch*

## THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

I see her  
descend  
from a shadowed corner  
onto a barstool.

She lights.  
Her cigarette  
spins gray ribbons  
across her face.

Dressed in black,  
a pillbox hat  
spills webbing  
over hungry eyes.

She waits--  
Red, streaks her lips  
and hints  
of what will come.

I see him  
drift into the room,  
drawn to her  
on ribbons of gray.

He hovers close,  
Bewildered,  
then hungry eyes  
strike their mark,

and he knows.

She rises.  
Long legs  
carry his eyes  
toward the door.

He follows,  
wrapped in  
gray ribbons  
and pillbox webbing,

and I can  
almost hear  
her whisper,  
"Come into my parlor."

by Sue Harshbarger



DEATH OF A TREE IN SPRING

Arthritic limbs grotesquely stretch  
In twisted crucifixion  
While hungry, greening nature waits  
For final benediction.

by Barry Sullivan

One brown-shadowed leaf  
Netted and webbed  
in the right field Knowing too much the  
unrelatedness of all how  
Quickly distinctions  
distract.  
Strong shapely trees  
vary in muscularity  
but glimmer at the  
same steady rate. Adjust to treespeed  
and bury roots Firmly,  
reach and spread.

Ancient rock greenly  
chipping resting cold  
thin your self and enter  
refresh your breathing.

by Leslie Taggart

