

THE CRUCIBLE

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I Smile...

The light from many lanterns spills softly onto the beach.
Far to front of me, the waves begin their ancient race:
They fall at my feet as if they would
The spot

THE CRUCIBLE

My friends
I ignore them; I would rather spy on Nature's power.
And then I see, I catch the
Your beauty, I see, far

Spring 1986

You walk along the water's edge toward where I sit,
And I envision you as angelic in the silver moonlight.
I think I'm in love, but my words don't seem to fit.
What do I say to make this turn out right?

Turn to the sea and breathe deep your perfume.
I smile as you speak, and lead me by the hand...

Editorial Staff:

- David Houston
- Bill Piper
- Kurt Schwalbe
- Sharon Bange
- Molly Grill
- Christa Landas

The Crucible thanks: our advisors, Joe Nicholson and Dr. Douglas Campbell; Matt Connor and Chris Fisher, of the Eagle Eye, for technical assistance; and Jay Zech for lending us his key.

I don't know what that was no
But he is just beaching and phinwood
To mi noin.

I Smile...

The light from many homes spills softly onto the beach.
Far in front of me, the waves begin their ancient race;
They fall at my feet as if they could not reach
The spot on which I sit, brushing sand from my face.

My friends behind enjoy small talk and beer.
I ignore them; I would rather spy on Nature's power.
And then I see, I catch sight of beauty so dear:
Your beauty, I see, far outshines any golden tower.

You walk along the water's edge toward where I sit,
And I envision you as angelic in the silver moonlight.
I think I'm in love, but my words don't seem to fit;
What do I say to make this turn out right?

I turn to the sea and breathe deep your perfume.
I observe your grace as you seat yourself on the sand.
My mind creates an image of you and I in my room;
I smile as you agree, and lead me by the hand...

by Stephen Zoldi

id Wilbur Zoldi

If he was me
Hed hav a rats ass to.

THE CRUCIBLE

Spring 1988

Editorial Staff:
David Houston
Bill Piger
Kurt Schwabe
Steven Bangs
Molly Gill
Christa Landas

The Crucible book was first published in 1951 by
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Revised edition, 1961. Edited by T. W. Higginson.

I dont kno wut that cro no
But he is jst peechi z and pliwood
To mi noin.

ALL MEN
IS AS GOOD AS
BIRDS!

bi Wilbur Gorclo

P.S.
If he was me
Hed hav a rats ass to.

SOUTHERN CROSS

I looked at the setting sun
Bedazzled by the reflection on the ocean
I think of people I met
And the music they played
Their lives went by like this setting sun I am watching

A dazzling glare
A faint change of color
Then a disappearance

by Laurie Guillermin

I am The Hallucinating Boy,
I wrote this.
I am eight years old.

Crash Into Silence

Life.

Like a room full of mirrors

eventually so confusing; confining.

Either you keep running into yourself

or

you never do.

by Karen Eiswert

So they were the monkeys brown and winding
And green was the air as the
Flutes they played,
and it was lovely the
Dancing glade
When yellow was stunning on summer's chair.
Yes summer's a chair,
and butterflies float in it's syrup.

I am The Hallucinating Boy,
I wrote this.
I am eight years old.

FAR OFF THUNDER

FAR OFF THUNDER

A Story by

Nicole Dammeyer

Although I loved him I knew he was not. It didn't stop me from loving him you see, it
 was just a matter of time. There were days that I could forget he was an outlaw. When
 I was with him I would see all sorts of smiles, no matter how
 big or small. A look of hardship would overcome his eyes and that there
 was a man who had been through a lot. When he smiled he looked
 like a man who didn't know his own mind. Not when he smiled.
 I was the one who would wake up nights with him looking and twisting, running from
 something that he would be unable to see. I didn't know what it was. The
 dark times running through his eyes. How I would wonder...

It was not too often that Douglas like those filled my head, only when a familiar
 shadow would be up at night or a change would be in his blue-green eyes.
 But when we were together I felt as if a thing could get to me through him. We took
 care of each other and so did everyone else. What might we find secretly and ride down lonely
 like. I could almost swear they were the same when he rode down that highway. It was a beautiful thing, that
 that saw and understood.

He'd pull up on that beautiful road station, that seemed to ripple in the moonlight, like
 his muscles did and I could see how I had fallen in love with him. Times like those I never
 had to ask myself why.

I wasn't afraid of him but I held on as tight as I could, maybe I was trying to get that
 same feeling of darkness, or maybe I was just hanging on to him because I knew it wouldn't
 be long before I wouldn't anymore. Of course I couldn't have known but I believe deep
 down inside I always knew. I had to.

I would rest my head on his shoulder and our hair would fly with the wind together and
 I would smell the rough, thick aroma of leather. It smelled such a familiar smell to me.
 We'd find something to sit and he'd hold me. Once in a while he would hold me so tight I
 thought I might suffocate and now that I think back I believe he must have known, we
 knew that it wouldn't be long. No, not long before we couldn't do that anymore-- hold
 each other. Whenever he would move I could hear the sound of leather and it always
 reminded me of the sound of rain falling, soft and quiet rain. Or the first voice of thunder
 far off.

Maybe it had something to do with our lives or maybe it sounded that way to you, too. It
 reminded me of the cowboys you saw on TV. That sound always seemed to follow
 them. It followed them too.

So they were the monkeys because they were
 And given over the air as the
 Flutes they played
 and it was just the
 Dancing chords
 When yellow was standing on summer's dirt.
 Yes summer's a check
 and but it's not its story

I am the rollercoasting boy
 I wrote this
 I am eight years old

FAR OFF THUNDER

Although I loved him I knew he was bad. It didn't stop me from loving him you see, it just made it harder at times. There were times that I could forget he was an outlaw. When he smiled he could make everything all right. He had that kind of smile, no matter how angry I was with him all he had to do was crack that all-winning smile and I was lost.

It was when he wasn't smiling that I wondered about his bad side-- it was then that his past would show. A look of hurtful memories would overflow in his eyes and turn them one shade darker. It was really something amazing to watch. Or frightening. It was as if you were watching the change of a season, only instead of going in the normal cycle it went from one extreme to the other-- summer to winter. Just like that. When he smiled he looked young and carefree; you'd never believe half of the things he'd done. Not when he smiled.

He was dark and tall and very muscular. Many people who didn't know him had told me I was lucky he was mine, for he was beautiful on the outside. His eyes were blue with a ring of green that circled their mystery. His face had a few scars from battles of his younger days, when he was a newcomer. He never got scratched now; he was the best. The scars were not ugly and he wore them as though they were medals of hard-won battles. He was proud. No one could ever say he was afraid, no one could ever say he was sorry (if he was, he'd never let them know). But haunted, who could say that?

I was the one who would wake up nights with him tossing and twisting, running from some one or some thing. The only thing he feared and I didn't know what it was. The morning after he would lay beside me his head on my chest and I would wonder of those dark horses running through his eyes. How I would wonder...

It was not too often that thoughts like these filled my head, only when a familiar phantom woke me up at night or a stranger stared at me from blue-green eyes.

But when we were together I felt so safe, nothing could get to me through him. We both knew that and so did everyone else. Warm nights we'd meet secretly and ride down lonely roads on his only companion other than me. His motorcycle. It was a beautiful thing, that bike. I could almost swear they were one when he rode down that highway. It was as if that bike and he could make love. I guess you'd have to see what I meant. But there were some that saw and understood.

He'd pull up on that beautiful steel stallion, that seemed to ripple in the moonlight, like his muscles did and I could see how I had fallen in love with him. Times like those I never had to ask myself why.

I wasn't afraid of bikes but I held on as tight as I could, maybe I was trying to get that same feeling of oneness, or maybe I was just hanging on to him because I knew it wouldn't be long before I couldn't anymore. Of course I couldn't have known but I believe deep down inside I always knew. I had to.

I would rest my head on his shoulder and our hair would fly with the wind together and I would smell the tough, thick aroma of leather. It seemed such a familiar smell to me. We'd find somewhere to sit and he'd hold me. Once in a while he would hold me so tight I thought I might suffocate and now that I think back I believe he must have known, too. Known that it wouldn't be long. No, not long before we couldn't do that anymore-- hold each other. Whenever he would move I could hear the sound of leather and it always reminded me of the sound of rain falling, soft deceptive rain. Or the first voice of thunder far-off.

Maybe it had something to do with our lives or maybe it sounds that way to you, too. It reminded me also of the cowboys you saw on TV. That sound always seemed to follow them. It followed him, too.

I used to wonder what it was that made ladies love outlaws. I tried really hard to understand, I even had a million theories on the subject. But I wasn't close. Not at all. Outlaws draw you to them. Just standing close to one, you can feel the danger. *That* follows them, too. It's like a thrill I used to get when I'd get really close to a wild animal. A beautiful buck or a wild horse. Well, these are the last of the wild, the Outlaws, and I felt that same thrill when I was next to him. I can't even begin to explain how I felt when I was closer.

You find yourself amazed at many times. Amazed at their gentleness, their knowledge, their values, or even their ability to care and love. I know I did. But he was wild and I knew that and he did too, it wasn't his fault. And I will always love him. No one could ever make me see different.

I feel that I have experienced something no one could ever imagine, a love like no other. And I have something to remember him by-- a child. Our little boy. He is dark and has blue eyes with a ring of green fire around them. I see those phantoms in his eyes too, and I hope he doesn't leave me as his father did.

On hot nights of summer, I sit at my window and hold my child, our child, while I stare at the highway. Thinking of an outlaw on a bike of ghostly chrome and wondering if those dark horses have finally left his eyes or if now he is being chased by one stronger than before-- the dark horse of love lost.

A GIFT

I have determined
The solitary carnation
At the edge of the lawn
As yours.

Take care of it.

Do not place its petals
In reaching some silly
Scholarship's rhyme,
And do not decapitate it
With pronounced scissors
Of acceptable suburban lawn.

Let it live its life
Whichever way it knows
I have given it to you.

2 Poems

By Ed Chatterton

Watching Eyes

I feel like an animal,
A beast of prey,
Lurking, watching her,
Not to harm her,
But to capture her soul.

I mimic and imitate
Like all the other predators
And I mimic their ways,
A slavish, fussy habit.

Yet I feel somehow different,
A hunting animal,
A hunted animal,
A hunted man.

Yesterday she told me I had
"Nice hazel eyes."

Kind of funny, isn't it?
A predator with nice hazel eyes.

A GIFT

I have designated
The solitary dandelion
At the edge of the lawn
As yours.

Take care of it.

Do not pluck its petals
In reciting some silly
Schoolgirl's rhyme,
And do not decapitate it
With preconceived notions
Of acceptable suburban lawns.

Let it live its life
Whether or not it knows
I have given it to you.

Watching Eyes

I feel like an animal,
A beast of prey,
Lurking, watching her,
Not to harm her,
But to capture her soul.

I mingle and meander
Like all the other predators
And I mimic their ways,
A thousand funny habits.

Yet I feel somehow different,
A hunting animal,
A hunted animal,
A haunted man.

Yesterday she told me I had
"Nice hazel eyes."

Kind of funny, isn't it?
A predator with nice hazel eyes.

How to keep alive and thriving at age 100

Get Rich



Deal with problems of low blood pressure



ART



BILLY HOCK

DANCE



S.F.



SAY ♥ I LOVE YOU ♥



LOOK ON BRIGHT SIDE

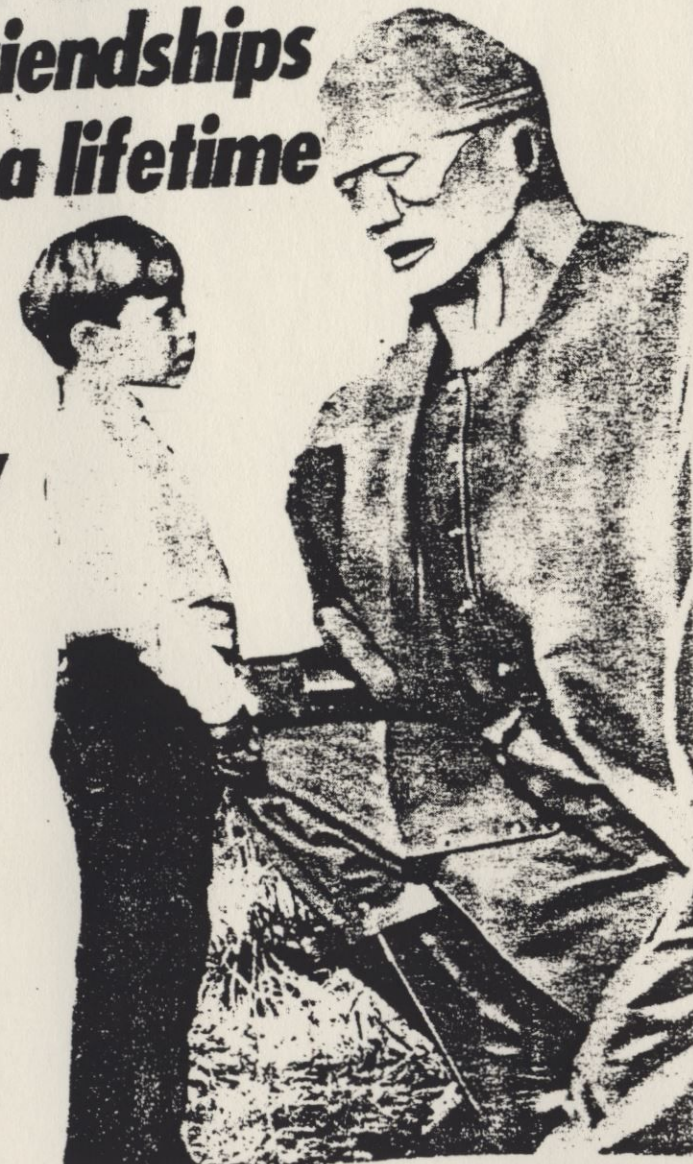


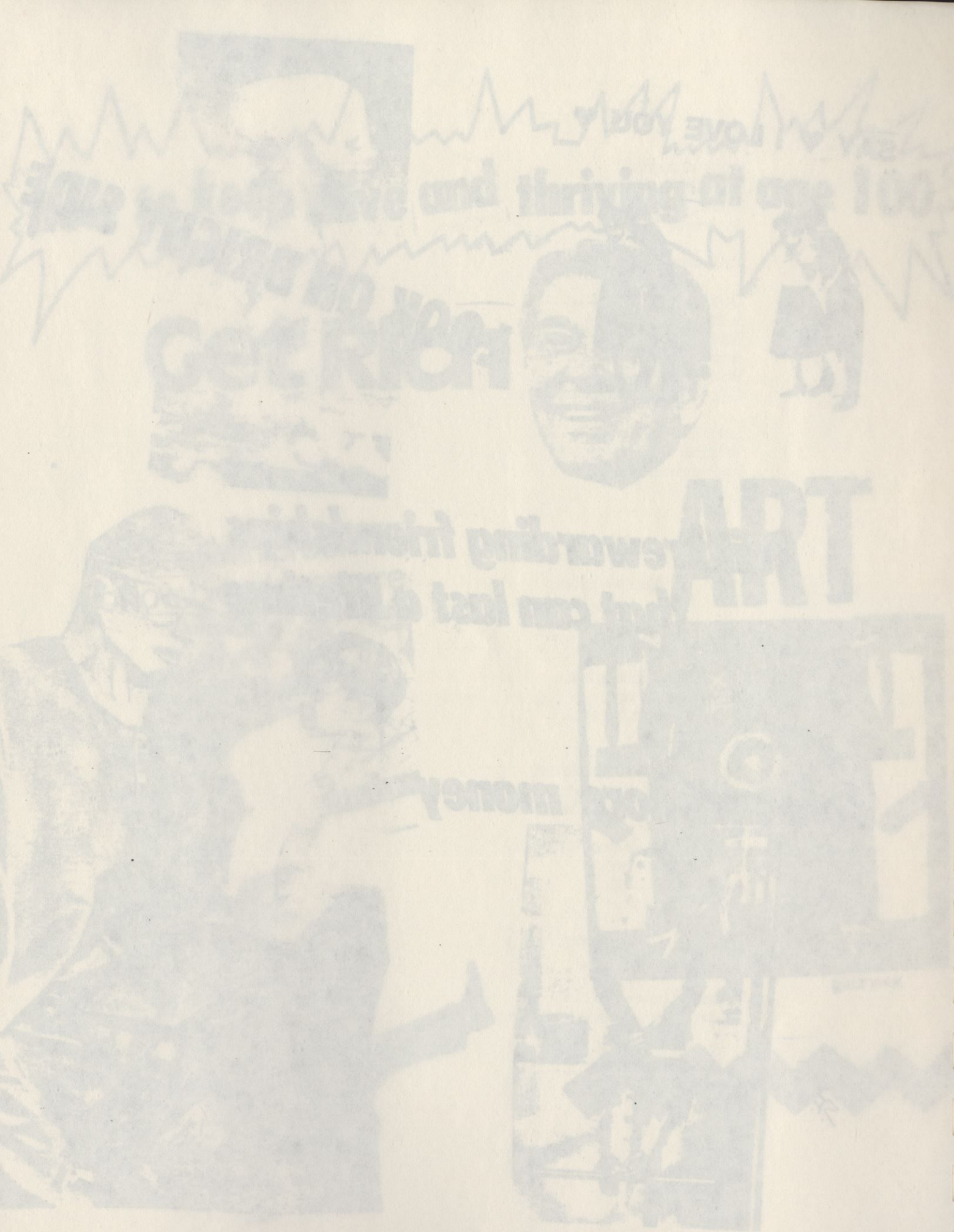
build rewarding friendships that can last a lifetime

demand more money



S.F.





LIKE NO ONE ELSE

Life never gives us enough time to share all the love that
we hold,
Never enough time to let those who've shaped our lives like
sculptor's clay, know we care.
I want to let you, especially you, the sculptor who
has defined my entire being, know,
That you have shown me what real love is,
I have reached to you with all that has meaning to me,
And you have answered my troubles with a kind word and a
smile,
A gesture of real love grows only where it can be fed,
You have sown that love, whose roots now lie so deeply
within my soul.
You are to me what no other man in my life will ever be,
You are my father.

2 Poems

By Molly Grill

LIKE NO ONE ELSE

Life never gives us enough time to share all the love that
we hold,
Never enough time to let those who've shaped our lives like
sculptor's clay, know we care.
I want to let you, especially you, the sculptor who
has defined my entire being, know,
That you have shown me what real love is,
I have reached to you with all that has meaning to me,
And you have answered my troubles with a kind word and a
smile.
A gesture of real love grows only where it can be fed.
You have sown that love, whose roots now lie so deeply
within my soul.
You are to me what no other man in my life will ever be,
You are my father.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

You've awoken,
To you, this room is a stranger,
To me, a friend.
You feign sleep,
Partly for lack of anything to say,
Also to cover your embarrassment.
I,
want nothing more than to hold you
close, and tell you that I love you.
You,
start to dress, even still silent and
insecure.
My smile,
as you leave, is so full of love.
You,
just see it as a case of mistaken
identity.

DREAM

(from the Spanish of Juan Ramón Jiménez)

And when
I dream of you
I dream of you
I dream of you

Life is a dream
And I am a dreamer
I dream of you
I dream of you

Like the stars of the firmament
That light the night
And what you have done
I dream I was lifted from off the earth.

And now in the quiet
I dream of you
I dream of you
I dream of you

How happy my chamber
was for that night,
For the burning kiss
With which and with
Your smiling lip
Composed.

3 Poems

By Bill Piper

Dog

Dog is pet. Dog is man with 4 legs. Dog is imprint of man's desire. Dog is alienated observer-- watching, nervous yelping, pacing. Dog offers to attack. Dog is a misunderstood singer.

Gorilla Suit

"King Kong died for your sins," she joked. Putting a baby on a her back. She bent her head in supplication. The rails of the porch were lined with empty wine bottles. Night came to us. I heard a sound in her heart like desire. In my gorilla suit now I felt the noose slacken and my trembling diffuse.

Blues

Blues screech and bounce as we drive along a flat highway in North Carolina. Words written in saxophone lines. Solo horn raised high. Carolina pine break land so dull-- your music paints tears on my cheek.

Cheap Paintings

Bathed in glow the mountains look like cheap paintings. I wonder, is there a personal God in this impersonal matter? Mountains, bathed in glow that washes trees to a pure unified green.

Horse

He walks up to the cashier and carefully exposes his wound, begging "Please give me a ride you could be the best horse of all men."

Out The Door

We were tired and her veil was torn. She was no longer shrouded from the heat and couldn't imagine the possibility of survival. I felt like a relic, like an elephant swaying in the heavy midday air. We drank beer in my narrow bed. You were a prisoner when light streaked your face. This was more than an ordinary compulsion. Everything else went out the door. We sat in a position of infinite compassion. Your spine was as smooth as light on water. Your tight flushed body was skimming, wrinkling the skin of sand.

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