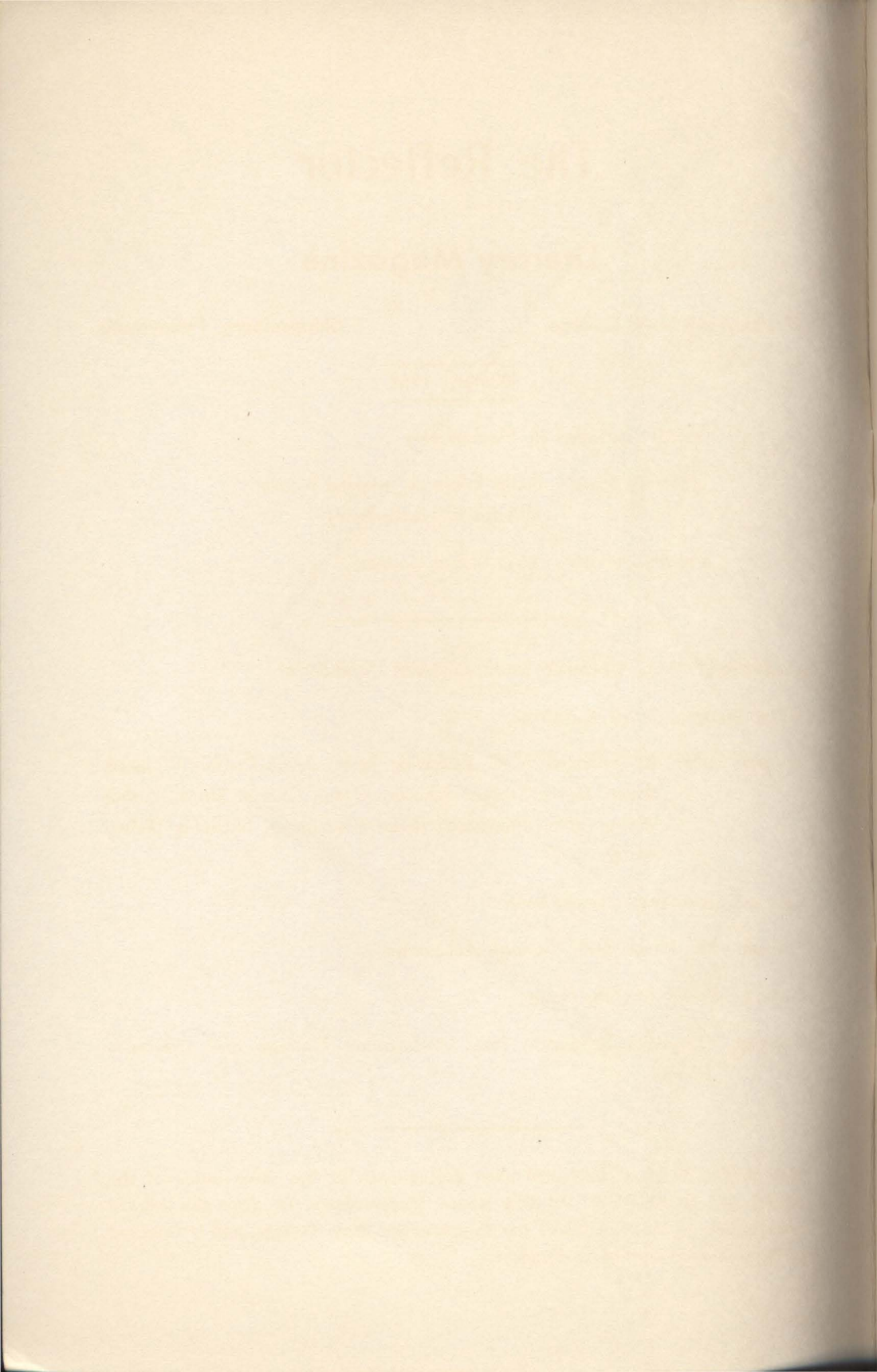


The Reflector

Winter, 1962



The Reflector

Literary Magazine

Shippensburg State College

Shippensburg, Pennsylvania

Winter, 1962

Editor: Charles R. Hackenberry

Editorial Board: Philip Replogle, Martha Harlan
Charles R. Hackenberry

Faculty Advisor: Miss Mabel Lindner

Circulation: H. C. Lawrence Smith, Nicholas Diffenderfer

Cover Design: Joyce Bungeroth

Editorial Staff: Barry Basom, H. C. Lawrence Smith, Joyce Bungeroth, Jacob Brown, Gerry Cordas, John Goodyear, Charles Stitzel, Arthur Waite, John Spitzberg, Barbara Boughner, Nicholas Diffenderfer

Typists: Janet Ergen, Joyce Smith

Business: Mr. Hiram Gill, College Accountant

Printing: Beidel Printing House

Member: Columbia Scholastic Press Association: College and University Division

THE REFLECTOR is published once during each of the three terms of the college year by the Beidel Printing House, Shippensburg, Pa. from the literary contributions of the students of the Shippensburg State College, and is financed by the Student Cooperative Fund.

Saint Agnes' Eve — Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seem'd taking flight for heaven, without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

From The Eve of Saint Agnes (January 20)

By John Keats

CONTENTS

A Poem for the Sun and the Scorched	Charles Hackenberry	1
A Birth	Philip Replogle	2
The Immortals	Doris Fahrney	3
Good Old Lou	Mary Lou Bair	5
Lonely Road	Norma Little	6
A Night on the Town	Charles Stitzel	7
Two for Love	Fred Weintraub	8
Society	Jacob D. Brown	9
Primitif	Charles Hackenberry	11
Transformation	Barry Basom	12
The Crystal Necklace	Mary Palmer	13
Garden of Eden	Howard Poteet	15
To Be — Is Enough	Charles Hackenberry	16
The Empress Tree	Barbara Burkholder	17
The Fall of —	Philip Replogle	18
Love: A Metaphor	Philip Replogle	18
Morning Song	Philip Replogle	19
Evening Song	Philip Replogle	19
Nocturne for Three Flutes	Charles Hackenberry	20
Ballade for Guitar	Charles Hackenberry	21
The Skeptic	Martha Harlan	22
Just One More	Jacob Brown	23
Via New York	Martha Harlan	25
The House	Mary Lou Bair	27
The Fisherman	H. C. Lawrence Smith	28
The Permanence of Amy Lowell	Frances R. Poteet	30
Is — Isn't	Jacob Brown	34
Emily	Mary Lou Bair	35
Linda and Love	Gerry Cordas	37
Alien Arms	Martha Harlan	39
Newness	Nicholas Diffenderfer	40
Winter	John Goodyear	41
Silken-You	Jacob Brown	42
Gone Song	Philip Replogle	43
Desire to Return to Things Past	Charles Hackenberry	44

THE REFLECTOR dedicates this issue, Winter 1962, to Ulrich D. Rumbaugh, M.D., a graduate of Shippensburg in the Class of 1907, whose poetic spirit has caused him to reflect deeply on God and man, as the representative lines below indicate.

Perhaps God never meant to see
The complex that is found in me;
A "rolling stone," a "silly ass,"
In this foul game I choose to pass.
But thank the Lord I hold no grudge
'Gainst one who'd make himself a judge,
For he who may be wondrous wise
Cannot see things through my dim eyes.

Basking in sunshine under azure sky
I wonder if age is just time passing by?
Are the steps higher, the trains more fleet;
Or is it just mind, or my wandering feet?
The cocktails differ, my hair turned pale,
I still rely on my "Adam's ale."
I love to go strolling where long I have trod,
In all things trying to associate God.

A Poem For The Sun And The Scorched

... CHARLES HACKENBERRY

When the first warmth of sun
melts on the metaphor
of your face,
 and the touch of your arm,
 when in softness,
 veils in lace
 the
 touch-cold steel
 and lilting feel
 of your embrace;
then in the morning's smoky haze
the coughing, choking all-night men
stand up in char-scorched fields;
stand up from searing, fitful sleep;
in fields, to gaze
in wonder from their blackened mouths; their
burning eyes scour the metal-grating haze
 in search of two lithe souls
 drifting into the far-above
 coolness,
two lean-graceful souls floating endlessly
to a
lofty
god. They
have had a long vigilance.
When the warmth of sun
 is
 the metaphor
 of your face,
be not too distant
to end their pain
be not too distant
to lend your grace
and in their burning faces, send
the cooling rain —
 . . . if just one tear
from your lowered
eyes,
 let fall from the metaphor
 of your
 face.

A Birth

... PHILIP REPLOGLE

It was a mad evening
of rush-blunder,
As I was lost for a table
there in the crowd.
"Is this seat taken?"
I ask in an "If you don't mind
voice," tiny but proud —
There in the crowd.

And there you were
All red-haired and wonder eyed,
And you struck the soul
out of me!

I ate the last-supper
thing
With candle-light
and
Wine in a Water glass.

O you were
all right
And we were
too;
(I always wondered about the rebirth).

I could not take my eyes
from you,
And the swingiest phrases
were in my mind-combo
All about making the permanent scene!
Then the wine-water was all
gone
And blues was the scene
When you left me
Wonder-struck
to walk away among the hundred thousand
Strangers.

The Immortals

... DORIS FAHRNEY

Jim and Jack, they were an inseparable pair. They are both gone now, but people in the little town will always remember them, how they used to walk together, the old man and the shabby little dog, always together.

Jack had sort of adopted Jim. He wandered in one rainy spring evening, his coat tangled and thoroughly soaked. He was the ugliest old mutt anyone had ever seen but his big brown eyes were so sad that Jim could not turn him away.

Jim was sixty-eight at the time and had just retired to a small farm where he and his wife Ann kept some chickens and a few steers. After one look at Jack, Ann insisted that the place would not hold both of them. But those big brown eyes soon captured her heart, too, and besides, he didn't look nearly so bad after he was cleaned up a little. It wasn't long before Jack had become a permanent member of the household.

Jack seemed to have decided that Jim couldn't get along without him, for, at the slightest provocation, he would bound up from Jim's favorite chair, which he had long since confiscated, and tag along wherever Jim went. At night he refused to sleep unless he could lie on the floor right beside Jim's bed.

Life soon became a pattern for the three of them. In the morning they would get up and have breakfast. Jim and Jack would do the chores and then go for a long walk across the fields, while Ann did the housework. In the afternoon they did odd jobs—mending the gate, painting the fence, or helping Ann to hang curtains—until time for the evening chores. After supper, they would sit together around the stove, Ann knitting, Jim reading his **Sports Afield**, and Jack snoozing in the big armchair. Or sometimes they would gather around the old piano. Ann would play and they would all sing (Jack, too).

Then one winter the pattern changed. Ann died. She had caught a cold which had rapidly turned into pneumonia. Her heart hadn't been strong enough to take the strain. After that it was just the two of them, Jim and Jack. Jim sold the little farm and they moved to a small house close to town. The house sat near the road and had a big front porch where Jim sat and whittled or read his **Sports Afield**, and talked to the people who came by, while Jack slept at his feet. They still went walking, too, and after a few years the people in the little town couldn't remember a time when they hadn't seen Jack and Jim sitting on the porch or walking down the road, and greeting the people who came by.

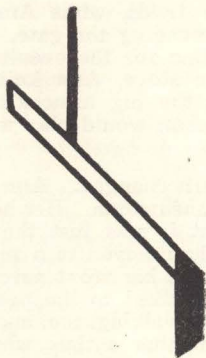
Then Jim became sick. The doctor said it was a stroke, and it was a long time before he sat on the big porch again. During all the long weeks, Jack could not be persuaded to leave his vigil at Jim's door. He took only time enough to eat, then was right back, lying with his head listlessly on his paws.

After a few months, Jim was back again on the little porch. He and Jack began to spend more time there because Jim had to use a cane and couldn't walk so far anymore. But still, when the weather was nice, they would set out down the road towards the town. As the years passed people began to think Jim and Jack were immortal, as much a part of the town as the old courthouse or the fountain in the square.

Then one morning when Jim got up and looked for Jack, he was gone. He wasn't on the floor beside the bed and he wasn't in his favorite chair. Jim walked apprehensively out of the house and around to the woodshed. Yes, there he was, and Jim knew at a glance that he was dead. No one had ever thought of Jack as being old, yet he was at least fifteen, maybe older. Fifteen years is a long life for a dog.

Jim whittled a little wooden box for Jack, and some of the neighborhood boys buried him out back of the woodshed. And then for awhile Jim sat alone on the porch, but now he was sad and lonely and didn't talk much to the people who came by. And a few weeks later he had another stroke and died quietly in bed.

A new family has moved into the little house, but no one sits on the porch, and no old man and his dog walk down the street. It is as if someone had torn down the old courthouse or the fountain in the square.



Good Old Lou

. . . MARY LOU BAIR

Sally closed the front door, leaned her head against it and listened to Lou pull away in her white M.G. A tear found its way to the tip of her nose, a tear not of sadness but of bewilderment. She had heard of college changing kids but she had never thought it could make strangers of two best friends . . .

When they had reached the old hangout, "The Trail," Lou and Sally had sat in the same old booth and ordered the same "root beer float with vanilla ice cream." Sally had felt a warm glow at being home again and with Lou again, — Lou, who had been like a sister since first grade.

"Gosh, I was so eager for Thanksgiving. It seems like ages since we left for school."

"Yes, I was, too, but now I can't wait to get back. This town is nothing but dead. Boy, our campus is jumping. Did I tell you I'm pledging? You have sororities don't you?"

"No, but we have . . ."

"You don't! Well, you don't know what you're missing. Listen, Sal, I'm pledging with the neatest bunch of kids. I mean they are . . ."

It was then that Sally noticed that Lou's hair was lighter—quite a bit lighter—than it had been in high school. Her brows were darker and her eyelashes much curlier. Her nails were filed to sharp points and painted a pearl blue.

"How's your roommate, Sal? An all right kid?"

"What? Oh, yes, Lou, she's really nice. I wish you could meet her some . . ."

"You ought to see mine. She's a sharp kid—her old man owns two movie houses and a swimming pool in . . ."

Lou was lighting another cigarette—her third. Sally flushed again when she thought how Lou had said, "You mean you don't smoke yet," and wished hard that she could take one and not choke.

"Well, anyway, about that frat party. Everyone was drunk and Sal, you'd have died laughing at this Phi Sigma I was with. My roommate was with a Sig Pi and they . . ."

Sally was watching the minute hand on the clock and wondering why it didn't move faster. She wished she had gone to town with her mother and aunt.

"You don't know what you missed by going to a small school. Honestly, we have the greatest, most fabulous time. Damn, I can't wait to get back."

"Sally Ann, is that you?" her mother's voice interrupted. "How is good old Lou?" "Am I going to see her this vacation?"

"No, Mother, I don't think you'll ever see good old Lou again."

The tears came openly now.

Lonely Road

... NORMA LITTLE

The road I trod today
is a lonely road
trod by lonely people.
It takes you out by
silent brooks and
lets your heart wander.
This road of mine is always
winding; it's not a pleasant
journey.
My soul is used to wandering
here among my
thoughts so saddened.
So, alone — alone will I be
and walk forever —
down my lonely, trodden road.

A Night on the Town

... CHARLES STITZEL

George was all set for a night on the town. His girl was away for the weekend, his dad let him have the car, he had just been paid, and he had borrowed I.D. cards from a friend. He could just see the look on that bartender's face when he swaggered in and ordered an Old Fashioned. When the bartender asked him his age, he'd whip out his cards defiantly. What could he do, he had to serve him then. He didn't quite fit the description, but he was close enough. "Maybe there'll even be a nice-looking girl I can pick up. All I have to do is tell the bartender to get her another drink, and when she looks up to thank me I'll pick up my drink and go over to her table. The rest should be easy."

He made one last check of his dark blue, three-button suit, straightened his smoke-gray tie, and pushed back a curl that had fallen into his eye. He opened the door to the Saint Moritz Bar and Grill, half-walked, half-stumbled to the bar, and climbed onto one of the high bar stools.

"What'll it be, Bud?" snapped the bartender, not even looking up from his dirty glasses.

"Uh, uh-beer."

"What kind? We got about twenty diff'runt kins, yuh know?"

"Uh, Piels." As the bartender walked away, George muttered to himself. "I think that's the kind those two funny guys advertise on the late news. Or is it the weather show?"

He sat sipping his beer, glancing around the bar. There were quite a few pretty girls around, but every time one looked his way, he hastily turned his gaze somewhere else. "That's no way to pick one up. I have to get her attention first."

"Uh, bartender. Another beer, please. And give that girl over in the corner booth another of whatever it is she's drinking. On me, of course," he grinned sheepishly.

The bartender waddled over to the corner booth, and muttered "Thanks" as he returned to the bar.

"I wonder if she's looking up now. I'll finish this drink, then I'll just get up, walk over to her table, and start talking to her."

He sipped his Piels slowly, looking up occasionally. She smiled once, and he waved feebly back. Then he got up, and walked out, nodding to her as he pushed open the door.

In spring when all the trees sang orange-brown
to chianti glasses filled with life-golden nectar
and we were but sunshine,
not knowing night or day,
but moonlight and dancing brooks
We were the floating twinkle-mist
passing over the black everywhere
and world was just you and i
for it was spring
and we were
love

Two For Love

. . . FRED WEINTRAUB

to my dark sea came Star
her radiance a beacon of hope.
sang songs to Her
held Her tightly
as Her vapors burned my body with ecstasy
we sailed the celestial sea
She Santa Maria
i columbus grasping the light
the symphony of belief,
played on cumulus and strato-nimbus,
sang to us,
as we watched the earth
float in its endless orbit
and i was loveblue
and She just
Star.

Society

. . . JACOB D. BROWN

He looked away over her head and out into an open country washed with moonlight. It was a beautiful night, just like the night a year ago when he had parked the car in her parent's driveway and reached for her for the first time. He had waited all evening to hold her, to scent the woman about her, and to feel her lips on his. It had been their first date and — it was.

One year—three hundred sixty-five days—of heaven and of hell. He felt as though his life had only begun a year ago. Jess was a senior now and soon he would graduate from college and he thought, "Then —"

"A penny," Kay whispered against his cheek.

"What? Oh, sorry. I was just . . ."

"Just reliving the last year?"

"Yes."

"And?"

"And two more of them and we can . . ." He lowered his gaze to her twilight-blue eyes, those same eyes that he could see everytime he thought of her. The eyes he saw each night when he closed his. They were smiling at him, pouring her very heart out to him and saying to him, "Can be married?"

"Can be married," he sighed on the softness of her throat.

She kissed him as only she could and held his face in her hands, gently tracing his features with her finger tips. He was an ordinary guy, typical college-type, quiet, and happy, but to her he was — he was all, because she loved him. Each time he looked at her she smiled to the very tips of her blond hair and grew warm inside.

Now, as they sat there in the car on the mountain-side overlooking their small valley she, folded in his arms, felt like a woman and wanted, now, to be a woman but . . . society.

They had both graduated from the same high school, but it was not a large school and they really got to know each other. Then, a year ago, he noticed how she had changed into Kay, woman; how she wore her personality; how she carried herself. He had mustered all of his nerve and asked her out, a practice uncommon to his behavior. It was an evening like this evening and it had been perfect because he had found something he hadn't realized he wanted.

"We better start for home."

"I hate to leave all this," he whispered in her hair and the moon peeked out from behind a cloud saying, "Don't go"—then it flooded the entire valley with snow-light and it was a fairyland all grass—shimmering and wind-whispering and love-swept land.

"I wish we were like everyone else," Jess interrupted, "and not so damned puritanical."

"Jess, we're not Puritans."

"I feel like one every time we park like this."

"You know what you tell me?"

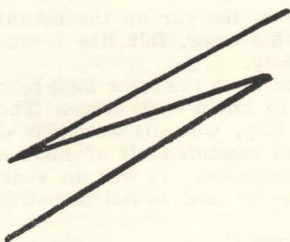
"Yes, we are a product of our society. Hell, some society when you can't even have the woman you love."

"Someday," Kay whispered.

Jess gazed out over the hood of the Chevy. "Someday this'll be an M.G. Someday I'll graduate. Someday — someday."

"We best be going now, sweetheart."

He kissed her, long and wanting, then started the car. Its noise insulted the moon and it ran behind a dark cloud. The earth-washing light, the goodness was gone. As he glanced at his watch and headed the car for her home, he choked on the word in his mind. Someday.



Primitif

. . . CHARLES HACKENBERRY

Somewhere in a pre-dream
we have given names
to misty mornings,
and have tried to fashion them into beings

Crawling from the cave,
we looked at the sky
and seeing a flying thing,
we gave it a name—
bird . . .
we might have called it . . .
grave.
And as strange as the moon in the rain,
bird doesn't sound like bird at all.
Indians must have named the whip-poor-will
and the vagrant loon.
For as strange
as the quiet hush of a desert noon,
a loon, somehow, remains a loon.

Oh, occasionally we have stumbled
onto something fitting,
like a dime once-lost
in the dusty
pocket
of a musty
overcoat.
I offer you a silver spoon,
curved and cupped,
like a folded hand.
I offer you the mellow tones
and hues
reflected from its half-globed dome,
and ask
if we have not
accidentally found a scented letter
in an ageless ivory box
from a timeless friend
We have turned loose our many sciences,
formulas, and collective logic
on our language.

We have produced a conglomerate of discords
(we couldn't have done better had we used machines)
that would make
Babel's bell-toller
feel insignificant
in the harsh light
of our . . .
words.

Transformation

. . . BARRY BASOM

Fall gently, snow, clean and fresh;
They'll never learn your lesson.
How gracefully you drift
From the hands of God,
How white and unstained
You'll soon touch the ground
And lose your purity
As man trudges by—
Occupied with himself.
You have come to us . . .
Changed by us . . .
To
 Dirt
 and
 Slush . . .

The Crystal Necklace

... MARY PALMER

Her hands stuffed in her coat pockets, Sharon leaned against the counter of silk scarves, paper flowers, perfume, and jewelry. She had come to Miss Bower's neighborhood variety store today as she did every day after school, never to buy anything, just to look. She looked at one piece of jewelry in particular. It was a necklace, one strand of clear white crystals. The stones were of different sizes, but the one in the center was the largest. It had many edges and reflected specks of red, yellow, and orange on the glass counter top. Someday Sharon would be a grown-up lady and not a little girl ten years old. Then she would wear a necklace just like that one. She wondered if her mother had ever worn such a necklace.

Her small hand reached out from the pocket and touched the necklace. She ran a thin finger from one end of the strand to the other across the pointed edges of the stones. When she would be a grown lady, she would own a store like Miss Bower's. Then her father wouldn't have to work; he could stay at home and she would run the store. Everyday after she closed the shop, she would go straight home and prepare supper for the two of them. They would always dress up for supper, he in a suit and necktie and she in a bright-colored dress and the sparkling crystals at her throat. Why, she thought, does it take so long to grow up?

She clasped her palm around the crystal necklace, gazed in wonder at the tiny multi-colored specks that danced on the counter, and wished and dreamed to be like the mother she never knew. Her father always talked about her mother and how lovely she was.

All at once, Sharon's make-believe world crumbled. Startled by the sound of footsteps, she quickly thrust her hands back into her pockets and timidly turned from the counter.

"Hello, Sharon," Miss Bower said and kept on walking toward the dress racks.

Miss Bower had interrupted Sharon's beautiful dream. She had broken it into a thousand pieces that scattered across the floor. Then as she walked away, she unconsciously stepped on the pieces of the dream as one steps on a dead fly or a small bit of paper.

Sharon tried to say hello, but no voice passed from her throat. Instead she just smiled shyly and then stared at Miss Bower's back. Miss Bower owned the store. So, of course, she also owned the counter, the silk scarves, the paper flowers, the perfume, and the jewelry.

Suddenly the store seemed extremely warm and stuffy to Sharon. With head lowered, she slowly made her way to the door, walked out to the sidewalk, and started down the street. The cool fresh air felt good for only a minute. She pulled her thin coat tightly around her; she had a cold, empty feeling inside.

When she came to the park, Sharon raised her head and looked around. All the benches were empty. She slid into one and leaned against the iron arm. The cold metal gave her a thrill. As she began to dig in the ground with her right toe, a nauseous feeling raced through her body, and a sharp pain clutched her stomach. She didn't wince, though, for she knew what was wrong. It was the necklace. She had taken the crystal necklace, walked right out of the store with it in her pocket, stolen it.

She reached into her coat pocket at once and pulled out the crystal strand. As she stared at it and held it in her shaking fist, the sick feeling changed to one of panic. Why had she taken it? She didn't mean to steal; she only wanted to grow up. But this was wrong. She didn't feel grown-up at all. And the necklace, it wasn't so pretty anymore. The sharp edges of the stones seemed to bite the flesh of her hand.

Sharon looked down at the furrow she had dug in the ground with her toe. Would Miss Bower call the police to look for her and take her to jail? She raised her head and fearfully glanced up and down the street, but no police car was in sight. Maybe the police would wait for her to come home.

She could say she never took the necklace. No one in the store saw her take it and there was no one in the park. But she would know, and God would know. Then Sharon leaned against the back of the bench and wondered, wondered if God ever forgave little girls who took things they really didn't mean to take.

Once again she looked at the ground and tried to think. She could hide the necklace, or throw it away, or even send Miss Bower money for it. The sick feeling came over her again.

By then only a few remaining sun rays peaked through the trees. It was time for Sharon to go home; there wasn't much more time to think. Her father would take one look at her and know. He always knew everything. He also always trusted her. This was the first year he had left her alone between the time when school was dismissed and he came home from work. He had said to her, "Sharon, you are a little lady now." She blinked and a hot tear trickled down her cheek.

Shadows from the trees began to lie on the sidewalks. Sharon knew what she had to do and she was in a hurry. She jumped from the bench and started to run up the street. Her coat became a sail as she ran even faster. All out of breath, she rushed into the store and almost bumped into Miss Bower who was standing by the door. Miss Bower smiled. Sharon wished she hadn't. That friendly smile only made it more difficult.

For a few seconds Sharon stood there, shifted from one foot to the other, and struggled to bring her voice out of hiding. Finally, she pulled her hand from her coat pocket and held out the crystal necklace. "Miss B-Bower," she stammered. "I-I really didn't mean to take it."

"Thank you, Sharon," Miss Bower said, gently lifting the crystal necklace from her hand. "Would you like to stay a few minutes and help me close up the store?" Then Miss Bower put her arm around Sharon's shoulder and Sharon had a good, warm feeling inside, a "growing up" feeling.

Garden of Eden

. . . HOWARD POTEET

Elephants hiccupping
In the Sabu Jungle
Natives are restless
Say Enormous Stomach Joe
The Boom-Boom Gun Carrier
Maw-Caw Birdies
Stripteasing their Hotcha Plumage
Down from Dinga-Donga Tree
Lookout of Rascal Reptile
Fat Snake Satan
Chomping up a Peck of Apples
Winesap and Golden Delicious
Lookout Sahib
Will chomp-chomp you

Jungle thick Foot-stomps
Of goofy Lion-Cat
Squaw Birdies move out
Eyes of Enormous Stomach Joe
Enormous
Boom-Boom Gun Sahib
Birdies dig The Cat
Fat Snake Satan
Look teeny small
me little garter snake
no account Big Chomper
Elephants no hiccup
Doing The Little Black Samba
Hotcha-Hotcha Chomp-Chomp You
Boomey-Boom Sahib
Say Enormous Stomach Joe
Gumbo-Gumbo Soup
Even tiny voice Snake Satan say
boom-boom daddy
me always dig you

To Be - Is Enough

. . . CHARLES HACKENBERRY

to be—
 is enough.
 to partake
 of
 The deep violet shade of my empress tree,
 to
 lie in this glade
 with the touch
 of my
 love
 on the soul of me.
 to be—
 is enough,

to gather all the sights and sounds and smells
 of this cavernous dark
 in one spring bouquet
 for my love's outstretched hand
 lying graceful in grass
 as the overhead lark.

to be—
 is enough:
 is infinity-more
 than the rest of this sun-stained hill,
 outside this death-dark shadow,
 where to move and to go
 is the way of the wind
 and to know when to sit,
 where to stand, is to grow,
 but we'll lie here
 and
 understand.

. . . she,
 who would have fitful dreams in scarlet
 if, underfoot, she crushed one spring violet.
 . . . and I,
 who shall write verses till I die,
 never giving trouble to the reason why
 to be—
 is enough.

The Empress Tree

... BARBARA BURKHOLDER

It was a time of spring in earth and the end of a time in the seasons of her heart. She was alone; she had always been alone when time and seasons had begun and ended. Indeed she had ended every moment of time worth remembering only with the memory of that time — and now in spring the moon like a great pearl brooded over the earth. The night was so poignant, so lovely that she could only linger under the trees with love so great she could feel it in her throat while the wind was a hushed metaphor of sighing among the leaves. She knew that a door had opened — a door that would not open soon again into a room filled with the time of spring in earth and the end of a time in the seasons of her heart.

She walked among the trees and beyond them into a meadow, staring as if mad at the sky, feeling the fingerprints of starlight, listening to the metaphor of breeze. From somewhere in the dark there came the fragrance of ripe flowers merged with breeze and moonlight. She sat down beneath a solitary Empress tree, an Empress tree enchanted by moon and meadow into an iridescent swoon of mauve and silver in the dark. Mauve blossoms covered the ground and she could not stop listening to the metaphor of breeze sighing while the moon like a great pearl brooded over the earth. She plucked handfuls of grass, sniffed them, tasted them, thrust her fingers into the rich earth still warm from the sun of afternoon. But there was no sun now and she forgot that there had ever been any light save that of moon and earth and Empress tree. She lay down on the mauve flowers, burying her face in grass and spring, tasting each and all while the moon brooded pale and solemn like a great pearl over the earth.

Tears began like rain — tears and moon and Empress blossoms falling while the faint metaphor of breeze reminded her of a hundred worlds that she could never hope to know save through a time of spring in earth and the end of a time in the seasons of her heart. She wept silently, not understanding what she mourned or why, knowing only that she was experiencing some vast beauty that would not come soon again. She wept silently into the cool green fingers of the earth.

She remembered the lovers then — the lovers that had come and gone beneath the Empress tree — artists expressing life in transformation, fashioning earth objects from clay, men imitating songs of living and dying, singing them in hearts and minds and hands; poets weaving tapestries in words from secret threads of earth and life.

And greater than all these worshippers of earth came the memory of one lover who had made her turn from mind to heart, had given her the answer to the riddle of the earth, and he was lovelier than all the works of hands and time in the seasons of her heart. This lover had fashioned no mirror to reflect the epic of moon and earth and Empress tree. He had come and flowers blossomed into fruit; he had answered the question left by those who imitated songs of living and dying, who sought the answer to the riddle of the earth.

He had not sought to find — he had found without seeking; he had not asked — he had received without asking; he had desired nothing, yet had attained the ends of all desire. And for her the means to end desire had been itself an end, and she sought not attainment, but only the sharp longing for all the worlds and times and seasons of her lover in her heart.

She longed to die in spring while the moon brooded like a great pearl over the epic of moon and earth and Empress tree. If only death could come sure and swifter than a fingerprint of starlight to one whose heart had known love greater than all the works of hands, to one who knew that it was a time of spring in earth and the end of a time in the seasons of her heart.

The Fall of -- In the quiet allegory of light,
 In the quiet laughter of night,
 Rose petals
 Fall
 Down
 In dusk
 And the rose-strewn earth
 Becomes a birth place
 Of a curse.

When fall comes in June
 And frost falls
 On new-mown grass,
 All the pink and
 Red rose
 Petals
 Fall
 And make a bed
 Of
 Pink
 And red.

.....

The vesture of gods
 Falls,
 Wrapped 'round the heads of
 Gilded arrows—
 A vesture-shred
 Dyed red
 With a burnt-out meteor
 (No doubt a tarnished golden apple.)

**Love:
 A Metaphor**

The gay wanderings of a cloud
 Can become a shroud
 If allowed
 To engulf the heart.

But even
 a seemingly reasonable
 Person
 Can get caught
 (or shot),
 And later becomes convinced
 That twenty-pound gods
 With gilt arrows
 Have poor senses
 Of Humor

I long
 For frost-minted
 Mornings
 With green-gold sun
 Lifting through the window—
 Enfolding coverlet warm
 And love with me.
 Then would be my heart
 (My heart could then be)
 And you beside me
 Love
 Waiting for the coffee
 To make—
 Waiting for the day
 To wake—
 And meantime hellos
 And morning kisses wonderful—
 Even with a cold.

Morning Song

..... PHILIP REPLOGLE

Evening Song

Snow gray, the sky lies lifting its ancient head,
 And with the slam of doors and shuttering of windows
 memories rush in to be locked up for winter.

Memories as old, sometimes, as the peeping of
 hot coals through the belly of a cook stove—
 The scrape of a useless screendoor pushing back crusted snow—
 The solid, comforting weight of heavy quilts—
 And memories as new as now—
 The coffee sound on the gas stove
 Or somewhere children laughing on streets below.

Nocturne for Three Flutes

. . . CHARLES HACKENBERRY

the paeon
of cats' eyes
comes green
into hushed
woman-
words
in the night.

a silence
as thick
as dust in a tomb
climbs like tears
of the moon
into the green
cats' eyes
of morning.
. . . when the stiletto
cry of a child in sleep
no longer leaves the primal fright
of frigid fingers in my spine,
then I shall no longer
see the fragrance of
green cats' eyes in
formless dreams

then I shall no longer
know the silent
sea-green cats' eyes
of the soul.

Ballade for Guitar

. . . CHARLES HACKENBERRY

wind, wind
rain in the wind
wind in the boughs
and wind in her hair.

thin the slough of the east wind,
slicing the wind—
and a clean, crisp knife of the night.

sweet is the breath-wind . . .
as the breeze
from her moist-warm mouth . . .
as thin as the wind
is the breeze in her hair.

wind, wind
rain in the wind
wind in the boughs
and rain in a willow.

wind on a swallow, lithe and as thin
as wind in her hair.

light lies the breeze . . . ,
hushed
in a handful of waving pine.
thin is the wind in her face.

The Skeptic

. . . MARTHA HARLAN

Six chickens plucking feathers
from a holy cow:
Reality, how now?

Bring me three quarts of beer
And a butterfly's wing
To crumble an anthem
That I'll never sing.

Three quarts of beer
And a butterfly's wing:
Did you ever hear
A lonesome cow sing?

Just One More

. . . JACOB D. BROWN

He sat there and gazed out of the window into the gray, November twilight and wondered, "Just one more year; can I last?"

"Has everyone finished the examination?"

The voice jerked him back to the classroom, to the now.

"Pass the papers to the right and forward, please. Your assignment for the next time is on the blackboard. That's all for today."

Tuck picked up his books and lit a cigarette as he walked into the hall. He'd just pocketed his lighter when a voice from below his shoulder said, "May I have a light, Tuck?" He recognized the voice even as he turned.

"Hi, Julie."

"Hi, Tuck," she exhaled, "where are you headed?"

"Oh, snack bar, I guess."

"Mind if I tag along?"

"I'm in a damn poor mood after that Lit test. It's your life."

"Come on, I'll buy," she grinned and they headed in the direction of the snack bar.

She liked Tuck. She was one of the first to learn to know him since he had transferred here from State.

"Tuck."

"Hmmm."

"Was the Lit test really that bad?"

"Oh, I guess not. I've been in a bad mood all day, Julie. Old man Hicks shot me apart in Government class this morning. Then I got a letter from the folks. They think I should stay here at school this weekend to study for finals. Hell, I know what I'm doing. If I don't get away from this place for awhile I'll crack up."

"I know, Tuck. I haven't gotten air in weeks. I hate this new term-plan. I'm either planning to study, studying, or making excuses for what I didn't have time to do. Other than a fast cup of coffee now and then, my social life is nothing."

They walked swiftly through the gray twilight and the wind crossed their path and reddened their ears with a promise of winter in its breath, then fled. They reached the building and entered the noisy snack bar. Tuck selected a table over in a corner while Julie got the coffee and joined him. They sat for awhile in silence.

"See the play last night?"

"No, too much work," he said pulling a crumpled Camel pack from his pocket. He offered her one.

"No thanks, Tuck, I'll stick with the menthol bit." He grinned.

"You look better that way, Tucker."

"Thanks, I feel better with you."

"Funny you should say that. I was thinking the very same thing. I've been tight all week and now I'm relaxed."

"Don't go off on the romance kick."

"Hell, Tuck. You know better!"

"I'm only kidding you, Julie."

"What's really bugging you, Tuck?" He took a deep drag on his cigarette, exhaled with a sigh, and smashed it in the ashtray.

"Here I am, Julie, a senior with just one big year to go and I'm having so much grade trouble I don't even know if I'll graduate."

"It can't be that bad."

"It's bad. Out of four courses this term, I have one C and three D's. Bad enough for you? I'm to the point that I don't give a damn anymore, Julie. I just don't care."

"You can't play that bit. Sure you care, otherwise you wouldn't be sitting here talking to me about it. Have you seen your adviser?"

"Sure. 'Get the grades up or else,' is all he knows how to say. Some adviser. I think I'll get drunk."

"That'll help?"

"A weekend of it might."

"You're crazy, Tuck."

"No, not crazy, just tired. I'm so damned tired!"

He stood and gathered his books.

"I'm going to cut out and take a walk. I have to be alone for awhile. Are you going home Friday?"

"No, I'll be here all weekend."

"How about a movie or something Friday night?"

"Okay, Tuck." She tried to hide the surprise. He'd never asked her for a date before.

"About seven, Julie?"

"Great."

She was ready by quarter of seven and waiting in the lounge for him. Guys came in and couples left with a "Hi, Julie." No Tuck. By eight her curiosity was sufficiently aroused. She wasn't mad, but curious as to why she had been stood up. She dropped a dime into the telephone and dialed his dorm. A voice answered and she asked it for Tuck.

"He's not here; he went home yesterday. He just packed his gear and left."

She replaced the receiver and started slowly up the steps to her room. "Just one more year," she thought, "just one more."

Via New York

. . . MARTHA HARLAN

Chicken houses squatting on the Pennsylvania hills
 Hamburg, Bethlehem, Easton, across the Delaware to New Jersey
 White Plains, Scotch Plains, Plainfield, Green Acres,
 Hidden Hollow turn left three miles . . .
 And so we played Pinochle and drank gin while farms and towns
 slipped by the windows . . .
 Route 22 . . . New York.

Small talk . . .
 Huge black sooty mills and factories flushing
 sulphuric wastes and slush into the
 crooked twisted streams
 that wriggle and rattle
 across the black swamp of humanity
 and frenzied cars, honking, snorting,
 racing across the blackened landscape,
 lured by the looming spires of the distant city.

Above the breeze-whipped river
 swinging, soaring cables reach out
 to touch the blue sky above the city.
 Manhattan!
 At night she lies beside the river
 sparkling like a second milky way;
 Above her a hundred rejected stars glow dimly
 as ten thousand neon signs leap
 with bright flashes of vibrant pinks and greens.
 Manhattan . . .
 with the City Ballet, the Philharmonic, Broadway, —
 and Miles Davis in the Village tonight . . .

And in the glaring afternoon sun
 Behold the thirteen-year-old
 daughters of the city
 frenzied green-lidded tiger-eyes darting up
 and down the street
 short, knee-revealing, thigh-clinging skirts
 with blackened silk stockings underneath
 toe tapping (shimmy)
 to the lurid music that a
 greasy little Jew forces out on the street

And later the same vile sounds (shimmy shimmy)
 filtered through a maze of fire escapes and rooftop
 washlines will mingle with the smells of warm beer and
 burned beans . . .
 Platter after platter clatters to the turntable
 (shimmy)
 "And this song is dedicated . . . to the one I love . . ."

Love?

. . . strolling hand in hand down crumbling sidewalks
 under the eerie green glow of neon signs
 . . . clinging desperately in unlit halls, whispering
 passion-filled goodnights
 . . . kissing in a frenzy, while M-G-M Indians slaughter
 white men on the distant screen
 dedicated . . . to the one I love . . .
 Sometime,
 . . . somewhere,
 . . . somehow . . .

Sleep

my love
 while day thoughts (and night thoughts)
 mingle in the distant rumbling roar;
 "I want to go to New York," you said
 "Me too," I said
 but here we are
 (cold granite tombstones march across the hill;
 the people there do not speak to many)

Sleep

my love
 while I smile at the cold granite memorials . . .
 Thank God you are very much alive
 but sleeping
 just now.

The House

... MARY LOU BAIR

It was too big a house for just her and Pop. Yes, she knew that they were getting too old to take care of it—she, to clean the eight big rooms and he, to paint the outside. They could afford to buy a new little house—a one-floor job Pop had called it—now that all the children were grown and gone, and they owed it to themselves to do so.

All this sounded wonderful to Grandma Holland when Pop and the kids first suggested it, and she had been thrilled when the SOLD sign had been tacked on the porch and their moving date set. Their new little house was really very pretty with the garden, and the big yard, and the nice basement. The day had finally come and the big van was all packed and ready to pull away. The whole family had spent all morning carting little things over to the new place and now with the final load the Hollands and 802 Oak Street would no longer be connected.

Grandma Holland stood in the middle of the big bare house, hardly hearing the excited voices of her children and grandchildren and of Pop. They certainly were happy for her—that she was getting away from the big house at last. She stood there listening to the silence of the house and praying that they wouldn't come in and find her like that.

It was a big house, and not a very pretty one, and it did take so much work, but her five children had all been born and nursed in that upstairs front room. A sixth one had died in the room next to it. And before that yet, forty-two years ago, Pop had carried her, a bride, in the front door.

Forty-two happy years and those four walls and she had been through a lot together. She had suffered through her first experiences with cooking in that kitchen and the big black spot over where the stove used to be showed the cherry pie hadn't been much of a success. Those four walls had seen her children through all the childhood sicknesses, had seen them all grow up, and all fall in love, all but John. It was in the room where she was standing that John had told her and Pop that he wanted to be ordained. The notch on the wall where the children had measured themselves; the faded spot on the ceiling from the overflowing tub; the red finger paint on the window sill . . .

They were calling her now and she had to go, and she had to smile, and she had to say, "Yes, it certainly is wonderful that we're moving. The house is too big."

The Fisherman

. . . H. C. LAWRENCE SMITH

"NOW STAND BY TO LAUNCH RECOVERY AIRCRAFT!" the bullhorn blared, and the crews of ten green HRS helicopters walked out along the dotted lines on the carrier's deck to their respective craft.

Placing his foot in the step slot in the fuselage, First Lt. Peter Michaelson swung his weight upward into the cockpit. Halfway over the sill he was aided by a well-placed poke of a chart board, administered by his co-pilot, First Lt. Paul Andrews. Swearing, he toppled into the cockpit and turned to try to close the hatch slide on Andrew's fingers.

"I'll give you a God-damn half hour to stop that," he laughed, as he found Andrews already seated beside him.

Still laughing, both men set to work fastening their lap and shoulder harness and making their pre-flight check. When the check was made and reported Michaelson rested his helmeted head on the seat in back of him and listened to the steady chop-chop of the rotors. He lit a cigarette and half turned to his co-pilot.

"Well boy, this is it. The real McCoy."

"Yeah," replied Andrews. "No more duds or chimps; today we get a live one."

Michaelson laughed.

"One more ape and the old man could have started a zoo."

He finished his cigarette, crushing it against the metal sill, flipping it outside where the rotor wash tore it to shreds.

"How come they picked us?"

"Just proficiency in the trade, old man," replied Andrews.

"Fast home delivery service. Peter and Paul will Conquer All. Our slogan. We get the most with the 'Holy Ghost.'"

"That's us all right. What a corny name for a beat-up chopper like this, 'The Holy Ghost'."

As he spoke, Michaelson patted the instrument panel and the helicopter seemed to increase its engine beat.

"See, she loves me," Michaelson quipped.

"No damn wonder," Andrews replied; "you've got your hand around her throat," and he pointed to Michaelson's fist on the control bar.

Their headphones crackled with the command to launch aircraft, Michaelson lifted the control bar, increased power, and yelled over the roar of the engine.

"Going up! Mezzanine, household goods, home furnishings, and ladies' underwear. Fourth Floor, watch your step plee . . . ze."

Five minutes later they reached their station and began making long circles and figure eights over a five mile area. Nine other helicopters were doing the same, each in its allotted sector.

"Where do you think it will land?" shouted Andrews.

"Hell, I don't know . . . It won't make much difference to us. Wherever it lands we've got to go. It's supposed to come down . . ." Michaelson checked his compass heading, "right . . . here!" "Did you check the fittings and the sling?"

"Did I check the fittings and the sling?" retorted Andrews. "My good man, I most certainly did. Five times as a matter of fact. All the cables are secure, the clamps are free, and I tested the sling personally."

"With all your butt, it's a wonder it held."

"Nice talk. For your information Mac, I had a Sergeant and three ratings hanging on it."

"OK, I believe you . . . What do you think he'll do?"

"Well," said Andrews, "if he takes the sling, you owe me drinks tonight."

"And if he stays put, as he will," interjected Michaelson, "you owe me."

"We shall see, we shall see," sang Andrews.

"RED BARN TO HOLY GHOST AND FISHES, RED BARN TO HOLY GHOST AND FISHES, BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE."

"That's it." Said Michaelson. "It's up, KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED."

"The Navy's got 'cans' and subs all the way out. They tell me from here to the Cape you can't see the water for the hulls and decks," replied Andrews. "Any time now, he sounds OK."

"There it is!"

Looking up they saw a white streak approaching through the atmosphere.

"Let's go upstairs," Michaelson said, and lifted the helicopter to three thousand feet in a few seconds time.

"Whoosh," growled Andrews, "Why the hell don't you tell me when you're going to do that?"

"What's the matter sonny, getting air sick?"

"Hell no, I was trying to get the wrapper off a chocolate bar, and you made me drop the damn thing. It's under the seat somewhere."

"I guess the mice will get it," laughed Michaelson.

The object dropped through the sky on what seemed to be a long white thread. Suddenly a white stem blossomed forth, and it descended at a lower rate. Dipping toward the water it seemed strangely unreal. When it reached the level of the "Holy Ghost" Michaelson followed it down at a safe distance.

"We all ready now?" he asked his co-pilot.

"All ready," replied Andrews. "Cables down, clamps open, sling winch ready."

"In a minute or two we'll be too close for radio contact. Remember if he stays in, I win." said Michaelson.

"Only he won't stay in, he'll take the sling," answered Andrews.

Michaelson dropped to one hundred feet off the water and hovered. The object dropped into the water with a splash, released its parachute, and floated like a huge ping pong ball. Andrews released the sling and ran out sixty feet of cable, as Michaelson brought the helicopter down over the object.

"Pick up number one hundred and five, coming up," he said.

"Air freight COD."

From the cockpit of the helicopter the pilots could see a ring of foaming water created by the rotor wash encircling them. The water within the circle was calm. Somewhere, out of sight, directly below them was the object.

"Right over!" yelled Andrews. "She's blind. A perfect set-up. Dip the nose and bank so I can see him take the sling."

"Go to hell," yelled back Michaelson. "He'll stay in there."

Andrews leaned out the starboard hatch as Michaelson tipped the nose of the aircraft down and banked to starboard.

"What do you see?" Michaelson queried.

Andrews made no reply, but slowly turned toward the pilot. His face was ashen, his lips began to move . . .

"Jesus Christ . . ." he said slowly.

"What the hell happened?" screamed Michaelson.

"Jee - sus . . . Christ . . ." softly repeated Andrews.

"It's not there . . ."

Michaelson banked the helicopter hard to port and stuck his head out the hatch.

Below him on the millpond-like surface created by the helicopter, were one or two white bubbles, a circle of expanding ripples, and the shadow of the empty sling swinging back and forth.

The pure color in her poetry and the delicate gracefulness of her style beget lasting beauty. Yet it seems a strange paradox that from the tortures and inadequacies of her personal life, she was able to create so vivid a picture of the fleeting loveliness of the world.

Miss Lowell writes in the Preface to *Sword Blades and Poppy Seed*:

. . . poetry should not try to teach, it should
exist simply because it is a created beauty . . .
We do not ask the trees to teach us moral lessons,
and only the Salvation Army feels it necessary
to pin texts upon them . . . to write an obvious
moral all over a work of art, picture,
statue, or poem, is not only ridiculous, but
timid and vulgar.

One must remember, however, that the essence of Amy Lowell's poetry is not merely the creation of images and sensual pictures: it is the universal desire to extend experience; to grasp the world of light, sound, and movement; to pull out of the dark shell of isolation and numbness. There need be no explicit moral — the poem is — therein lies its significance.

The sensual quality of Miss Lowell's imagery is a clue to the woman herself — her yearning for broader satisfactions and a deeper perception of the beauty of the world:

When I think of you, Beloved,
I see a smooth and stately garden
With parterres of gold and crimson tulips
And bursting lilac leaves.

In "Fool O' The Moon" Miss Lowell's feelings again deepen her poetry — the images are sensual, yet delicate:

The silver-slippered moon
Treads the blue tiles of the sky,
And I
See her dressed in golden roses,
With a single breast uncovered,
The carnation tip of it
Urgent for a lover's lip.
So she dances to a stately
Beat, with poses most sedately
Taken, yet there lies
Something wanton in her gestures,
And there is surprise of coquetry
In the falling of her vestures.

"The Giver of Stars" subtly reflects Amy Lowell's philosophy; abundant in color and in warmth, and sensuous in tone, it bids us to look beyond the "outer aspect" of everyday forms. The "blear-eyed world" is insensitive to beauty and to beauty's source — lover, perhaps, or the ultimate Giver of all things:

Hold your soul open for my welcoming.
Let the quiet of your spirit bathe me
With its clear and rippled coolness,
That, loose-limbed and weary, I find rest,
Outstretched upon your peace, as on a bed of ivory.

Let the flickering flame of your soul play all
 about me,
 That into my limbs may come the keenness of fire,
 The life and joy of tongues of flame,
 And, going out from you, tightly strung and in tune,
 I may rouse the blear-eyed world,
 And pour into it the beauty which you have begotten.

The garden is the essence of Amy Lowell's lyrical poetry. Her images capture the delicacy and fine movement of bright flowers. And behind the brilliant capture of mood and color, the heart of the poet seeks release from its torment:

To those who can see thee, there are eyes,
 Leopard eyes of marigolds crouching above red earth,
 Bulging eyes of fruits and rubies in the heavily-
 hanging trees,
 Broken eyes of queasy cupids staring from the gloom
 of myrtles.
 I came here for solitude
 And I am plucked at by a host of eyes.

In "Chinoiserie" Miss Lowell captures with rich and suggestive lines the mood of grief and loss. It cannot be denied that the poem has deep personal tones, but it also has a more universal significance. Love slips through our fingers so easily — perhaps because of our own frailty:

When I looked into your eyes
 I saw a garden
 With peonies and tinkling pagodas,
 And round-arched bridges
 Over still lakes.
 A woman sat beside the water
 In a rain-blue silken garment.
 She reached through the water
 To pluck the crimson peonies
 Beneath the surface,
 But as she grasped the stems,
 They jarred and broke into white-green ripples;
 And as she drew out her hand,
 The water drops dripping from it
 Stained her rain-blue dress like tears.

The delightful quality of Amy Lowell's style is the way in which she can create atmosphere and paint such vivid pictures. The tones and lines of her poetry are almost perfectly etched; they remind one of a delicate Japanese print:

The garden is very still,
 It is dazed with moonlight,
 Contented with perfume,
 Dreaming the opium dreams of its folded poppies.
 Firefly lights open and vanish
 High as the tip buds of the golden glow
 Low as the sweet alyssum flowers at my feet.

Miss Lowell's words are as colorful and unique as the streaks of color in a beautiful painting. Her images are flooded with splendour:

Give me sunlight, cupped in a paint brush
And smear the red of peonies
Over my garden.
Splash blue upon it,
The hard blue of Canterbury bells,
Paling through larkspur
Into heliotrope,
To wash away among forget-me-nots.

The beauty of Amy Lowell's poetry is enduring. Behind the veil of rich imagery lies a genuine compassion and understanding of human experience which makes her poetry great. The garden is not just a lovely picture: it is the garden within the poet herself:

I own a solace shut within my heart,
A garden full of many a quaint delight
And warm with drowsy, popped sunshine; bright,
Flaming with lilies out of whose cups dart
Shining things
With powdered wings.



Winter's gone and
 Rain's comin'
 To race the
 Winter-white-night
 Into Spring-sings
 To swell the streams
 The rivers
 Theme—body, soul—theme

Rain troop-marches
 Hate-pounds
 Love-touches
 Rain never is
 Never isn't
 Crescent Does
 And wanes (subsides)
 From infinity
 To eternity
 is—isn't.

Rain can't, doesn't
 Know the
 Haves
 The have-nots
 It greets, caresses
 All

We know rain —
 From the dark
 To the dark —
 We know
 Rain
 Scent—clean-green
 Touch—water-wet
 See—dream-sheen
 We know rain
 Water
 Drowns.

And you are
 You
 Are
 Not
 There's only fog
 And Dark
 And a web
 A wailing web of
 night-notes
 And
 That
 Sound
 Sound.

Is--Isn't

.. JACOB BROWN

Emily

... MARY LOU BAIR

When Emily heard the noon mail coming through the slot she quickly laid down the tea towel and rushed to the door. She was excited as she tore open the envelope and rushed through the first few paragraphs of the letter searching for the part she wanted. Finally, in the last paragraph she found it:

"Oh, Mums, about your coming to visit us this summer. It was so sweet of you to want to and we are so very honored, but you know I told you we are re-decorating the downstairs and therefore the guest room is filled with furniture. We wouldn't want you to come under conditions like that. How about if we try to fit you in in the fall. OK? Write soon.

Love,

Your daughter, Nell

Emily's hands shook as she read that paragraph again. Finally, she folded the letter and placed it carefully in its envelope.

"Well, that's only common sense," she thought, "and mighty considerate of them to be concerned about my comfort. My kids are all right like that. Just like last summer when Jack and his wife came the whole way down here to see me and then left the kids here while they went on to Atlantic City. I sure love those kids."

Emily's lips began to tremble as she quickly brushed her hand across her eyes.

"Well, it's only natural for a mother to miss her kids a little." She was talking aloud now as she walked slowly out to the kitchen to finish wiping the dish and the cup she had used for lunch. Emily's hand brushed across her face several times as her thoughts drifted . . .

It was four years ago—Nell was seventeen and Jack was nineteen one day in June. She was busy typing at the insurance company where she had worked for ten years, ever since her husband's attack had killed him. It had been a hard ten years and Emily missed John as much then as on the day he died. She had worked hard and with her earnings and the insurance money she had given her two kids everything they ever wanted. She played herself out being both parents to Nell and Jack but she never regretted it. They were a close threesome. When Nell was in seventh grade she wrote an essay on safety. It was a winner in a contest and was going to be read in Assembly. Nell had insisted hysterically that Emily cancel her excursion with the lady's club to be at the assembly. Emily did, of course. When a daughter loved her mother that much, any sacrifice was worth it. Yes, Jack and Nell had had the best of everything from attention to clothing to schooling.

Then that day in June, Judd Stein walked into the office. He was a big man—over six feet and husky too. Emily heard him say he was from Texas, back East to buy some stock or something, and he wanted some information. She felt his glance on her and she knew he was conscious of her blush. When he left, Emily was ashamed of herself and tried hard to concentrate on her work.

But the next day Mr. Stein was back, this time not as a customer. He sprawled on one of the lounge chairs from 10:30 in the morning until Emily got up to go to lunch. He stepped in front of her.

"Pardon me, ma'am, but I'm a stranger in town and I don't know where I can get a decent bite to eat. Besides, there's no one I'd rather eat with than you. I'm Judd Stein."

His warm eyes and his big brown extended hand were comforting to

Emily. She smiled back and surprised herself by saying, "Glad to meet you. I'm Emily Workman. I know a real cute sandwich shop . . ."

Lunch was wonderful that day and every day for the next two weeks. Emily hadn't realized how much she had missed adult companionship. She liked Judd a lot and when he said "Em, you've got a smile like a sun-beam," Emily felt like sixteen again.

Then the time came when Emily wanted Judd to come to the house. She wanted him to meet the two most important people in her world. She was excited about it but felt a cold reception when she told Nell and Jack about it.

"Now let me get this straight, mother. A man is coming here for supper, right?" Jack said.

"Aren't you a little old for that sort of stuff, Mother?" added Nell.

They greeted Judd just as coldly in spite of the flowers he had bought for Nell and his gay laughter.

"I'm taking your Mom to a rodeo on Saturday night," he proudly announced to them and further explained about the rodeo's being held in the neighboring state.

"I'm sorry Mr. Stein," Nell interrupted. "I'm in the senior play at school on Saturday and mother must be there."

"But, honey," Emily said. "I thought if Judd and I came on opening night, Friday, you wouldn't mind if I wouldn't be there Saturday. You're just a member of the chorus darling."

"Mother, I'd like very much for you to be there Saturday. Of course, if you don't want to . . . Besides, I only have one ticket for Friday night. Mr. Judd won't be able to make it."

Emily ran from the house into the garden crying. Judd found her sitting on the bench. He comforted her and kissed her. She got up abruptly from the bench in the garden.

"Dammit Em, what's the matter?"

"The kids, Judd, they might see us."

"Em, if you wanted to take me up to bed with you right in front of those kids it wouldn't be any of their damn business!"

The next few weeks were hell for Emily. She couldn't stand the crying from Nell that she was devoting more of her time to that "cowboy" than to her own flesh and blood nor the reprimands from Jack that she was shaming the family name.

When Judd gave her the choice of standing up for her rights and becoming his wife or "being bullied" by her kids, Emily made the hardest decision of her life. She had to stand by her kids who loved her and who always stood by her.

When Judd left there was an emptiness in Emily's heart but she did everything she could to make up for the "shame" she had brought to her kids.

Emily wiped off the sink and sat down on the kitchen stool. Maybe tomorrow she would get a letter from Jack. She hadn't heard from him for a while.

"I must answer Nell, right away. She gets hurt when I don't."

Linda and Love

... GERRY CORDAS

PROLOGUE

To the living, whoever you are, wherever you are:

This story is written by one who has left your world with a stained character. Its purpose is to stimulate your thinking and to place a restraining bond on your tongues. The author has humbly attempted to preach something of a sermon. Do not be too quick to judge others; the walk into the river is not pleasant in itself, but could be the only way to still your vicious tongues.

I wandered alone that day. Far into unfamiliar knolls, kicking a pebble now and then, but mostly just walking, my feet moving mechanically, my thoughts floating like the wispy clouds overhead. The sky was a clear blue that day. The entire countryside was enveloped in a silence so calm, so peaceful. Nature, devoid of human habitation, had found peace.

I wished that some of that peace, just a tiny bit, would rub off and fill a corner of my mind. Somehow I knew it wouldn't, but I wished anyway. I thought being alone would help settle things, being away from the noisy peopled village with its crying children, shouting vendors, and gossiping old ladies. Mara used to say that getting away from it all was the answer, but how could one escape from a memory, a haunting memory that kept one in a constant state of turmoil and, at times, sheer agony? How could one forget the cruel taunts, the silent stares, the whispers and turning heads? "Is it really possible, Mara? Do you really think getting away will solve everything? Do you, Mara?"

Stopping at an old stone fence I pondered over these questions, hoping to find some answer. Maybe I could go away. Maybe in time they would forget. Maybe I would die soon and find that peace for which I was so desperately longing.

Mara was my dearest friend, my confidant. Many evenings we retreated to the garret to talk of the future, to exchange hopes and dreams. Sometimes we would just curl up on the window-seat and gaze at the stars through the broken pane. We were so close. Memories, beautiful memories flooded my mind as I leaned on the old stone fence searching my soul and Nature for some remedy. Mara was my dearest friend. Why would I hurt Mara? Why would I want to hurt Mara?

It seemed as if it were just last week when we went walking through the woods toward the lazy river. Mara and I loved the river with its agelessness. Mara always said that the river spoke to us. I never heard it, but maybe I wasn't listening closely enough. "You must be very quiet and listen closely," Mara would tell me. "It speaks of love and how beautiful the world is." We would sit on the grassy bank for hours, Mara with a peacefully pleasant look on her flushed face. Often we didn't speak at all. We didn't have to. When we were there words didn't seem necessary; we could communicate without them.

That day, though, it was different. As we sat silently on the river-bank, Mara's face wore a troubled expression. "Isn't the river speaking today, Mara?" Mara continued to stare into the water. "Yes. It's speaking of trouble." Mara put her hand into the river and let the water ripple through her slender fingers. The expression on her face changed from trouble to fear to terror to panic. For a second she was a marble statue with a horrible fear-carved face. Then the statue shattered, and Mara flew at me screaming. "No! No! You are trouble. You are evil! I know! I know!" I was stunned. This wasn't my Mara, the Mara with whom I shared my hopes and dreams, the Mara with whom I shared my life. Where was my Mara? This raving witch before me just couldn't be my Mara. She COULDN'T be! I had to get my Mara back. This terrible demon had swallowed her. "Mara, Mara! Come back, Mara!" I screamed. "You can't be my Mara, you witch! Give me back my Mara!"

Several days later they found Mara. A look of peace was on her face. Our river had broken the spell. It destroyed the witch who had swallowed my Mara. When they carried her back to the village I recognized my Mara, my dearest Mara. The river had given her back to me. I looked at her and could not weep. I knew that she was happy now as she was before that terrible day. She was free — and happy.

I found myself on the river bank, the same place where Mara and I had sat so often. Only this time it was different. I heard the river speaking now. Its message was clear. For a moment I thought I heard Mara speaking to me. Then I knew what I had to do. I knew the solution to my problems. I knew where to find the peace for which I was so desperately longing. I walked to the river's edge, and the water was cool and soothing. Mara had found peace. I knew, then, that I would, too.

Alien Arms

... MARTHA HARLAN

Alien arms
so tender about me
I,
dreaming of warm hands
 on a cold winter night,
sing softly of honeydew melons sun-
 ripened, oozing with warm mellow
 summer delight.

But
alien arms
sing trivial love songs
The winter wind whistles
howls,
hovering near,
My lover is humming bleak dirges
 at midnight
Waiting for winter's pale moon to appear.

Newness

. . . NICHOLAS DIFFENDERFER

A newness so startling
As to electrify my Being,
To renew my Lust for
Participation in Existence.

Newness . . .

A haggard face staring pensively from The Rustic Brook —
No more.
The disappointed shrug of a Lethargic Party;
Friendship ended in Scorn;
Stealthy exchanges of glances returned with Wanton Smirks —
How trite!
Love fulfilled or unrequited—everyday.

Newness . . .

Shock me and stun me with a
Regenerated Force;
Slash my wrists of stagnancy,
Allow me to breathe Freedom
Again—Newness!

Winter

. . . JOHN GOODYEAR

The leaf struggles, but relinquishes its hold
From the beautiful tree.
It falls and flutters aimlessly,
Yet plunging
downward
downward
downward . . .
Soon to be crushed and raked aside,
and disintegrated.

You are my life . . .
You finely-shaped creature . . .
Make me a part of you.
What?
You say winter is imminent . . .
A devastating winter . . .
A severe, severing winter!
Oh!
I feel my hold weakening . . .
help me, I'm
drifting
drifting
drifting,
into . . .

Silken-You

. . . JACOB BROWN

You're here
 The miles separate
 Part us
 but
 You're here
 Everywhere

The high-throated laugh
 The sea
 of blond hair
 The sky
 The sky of eyes —
 blue eyes

I miss you
 miss you still
 in the
 Shadow-growing
 Lonesome-Knowing hours
 I close my eyes
 And whisper
 Your name, and
 It caresses
 Plays on my lips
 A silken sound
 And it falls
 Leaps from my mouth
 As
 As golden dew —
 And the
 World
 (The whole world)
 Glitters
 With your
 Of your
 Name
 With
 Of
 You.

Gone Song

. . . PHILIP REPLOGLE

Those times when days are weary
and the long silver stroke of burnished rain
touches each limb and laugh,
when hot tears sweep the dust
and swell the wind with silted, steaming, burnished rain —
Those are the times

When sorrows swell

And memories come again

When hopes no longer dwell
and retreat like the knell
of twisted brass
struck
by hollow bone —
Retreat like the laugh
of hungry hounds being stoned.
Those are the times when the toll is paid —
the shiver of a leaden gong,
— the empty sound of being left alive.

Desire To Return To Things Past

. . . CHARLES HACKENBERRY

now
no ships in
sail-flapped harbors
nor fish to swim silver
in thin-necked bays

no thistled prows
to probe
their ways
of masts to sky,
how high . . .
no man could say

now
only the hiss
of Faustian ways
to drown mute tones
where each may lay
in ink-parchmented valleys low
no
sound,
but one
mintingled nostalgic
melody.

if
I could but find
one sacramental day
with just one solitary fjord
deserted

(as I lost my way)
and just perhaps
one thin bedraggled
mountain goat,
himself half-lost
could find a final
dab of stamina,
could charging lower
crag-gored horns
and drive me into
this death-ice
bay.

