

77-78

fioretti



fioretti

MARIAN COLLEGE

Indianapolis, Indiana

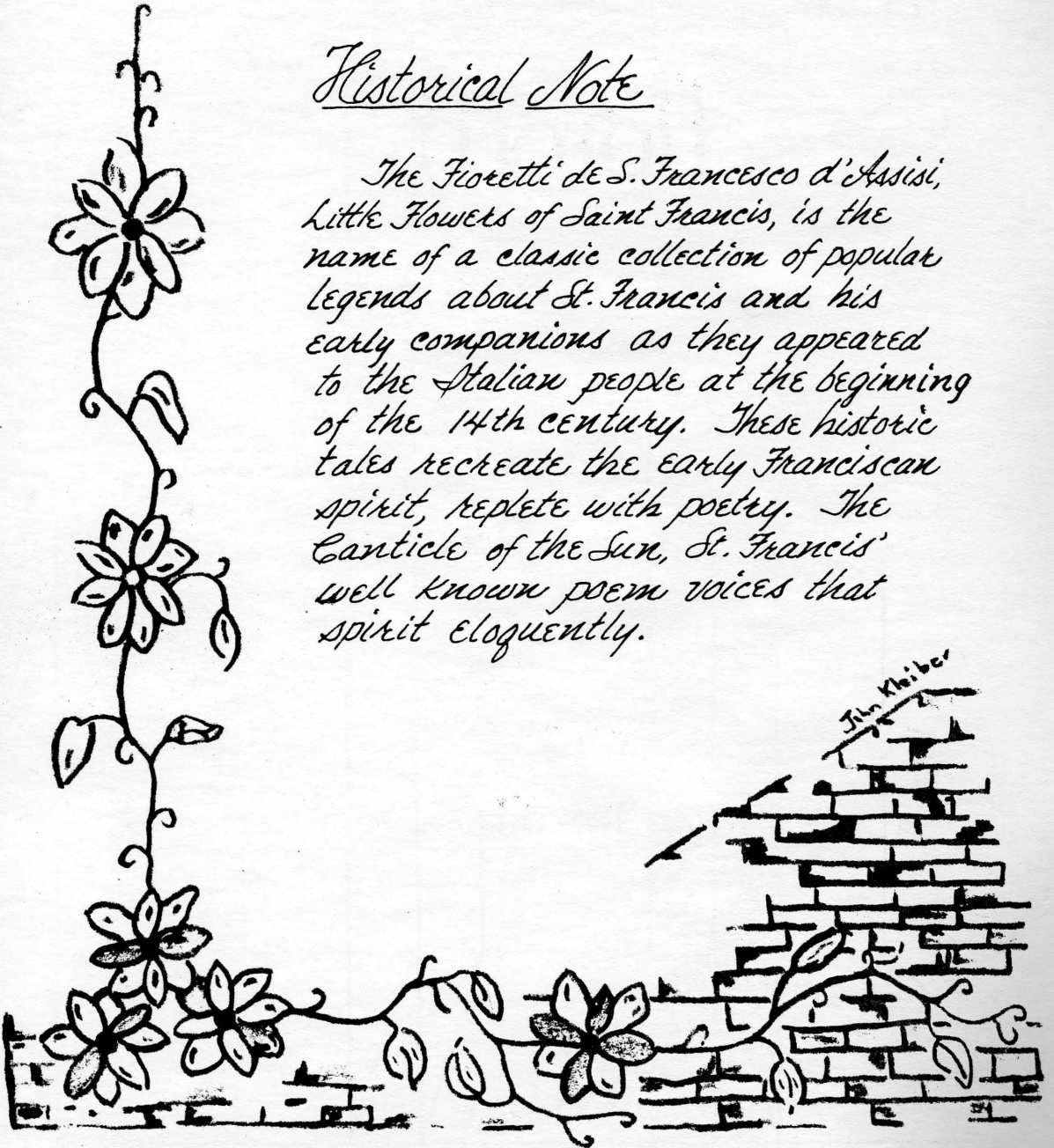
LITERARY ANTHOLOGY

VOLUME 36

1977-1978

Historical Note

The *Fioretti* de S. Francesco d'Assisi, Little Flowers of Saint Francis, is the name of a classic collection of popular legends about St. Francis and his early companions as they appeared to the Italian people at the beginning of the 14th century. These historic tales recreate the early Franciscan spirit, replete with poetry. The Canticle of the Sun, St. Francis' well known poem voices that spirit eloquently.



Editors:

John Kleiber

Pam Bertolasi

Advisors:

Sister Stella Gampfer, OSF

Paul Fox

Lettering:

Sister Stella Gampfer

Pam Bertolasi

Mary Holste

Contents

Past Tense / Larry Atwood	7
Thoughts on Detente / E. Peter Method	7
Cycles / Fran Long	8
Big Smile Now / Phyllis McAffee	10
Haiku / Drew Appleby	12
Dreaming / Pam Bertolasi	13
Penny for your Thoughts / Pam Gialanella	14
My Friend Jack / Phyllis McAffee	16
One Only Things / Fran Long	19
There's a Kind of Hush... / Sister Francesca Thompson	20
In a Crowded Room / Fran Long	21
As Beauty Only Skin Deep? / Liane Brookhart	22
Upon a Golden Road / Pam Bertolasi	22
Today / How So... / Sherry Huffman	23
And my Mind Rolls out the Door / Jill Krider	26
Symphony and Ballet / Elsa M. McLaughlin	30
The Manticore / Larry Atwood	32
One Day Soon / Sherry Huffman	36
Only After Storms / Regina Navatta	38
Smoke Holds No Magic / Larry Atwood	39
The Jester / Pam Bertolasi	40
Song for a Gray Day / Regina Navatta	42
Winter Haiku / Drew Appleby	43
Wintry Solace / Larry Atwood	44
The Thought That Counts / Jill Krider	46

Photography

Liane Brookhart	6
Drew Appleby	12
Johanna Lundani	18, 43
Sister Stella Gampfer	24
Jill Krider	29
Sharon McCarthy	31
Ann Maitzen	37

Art Work

Jill Krider	Cover, 47
John Kleiber	2, 17, 48
Ichiro Inaki	15, 41

Awards

<u>Poetry</u> : Larry Atwood	7, 39
<u>Essay</u> : Phyllis McAfee	16
<u>Fiction</u> : Jill Krider	46
<u>Photography</u> : Liane Brookhart	6
<u>Art Work</u> : Ichiro Inaki	15, 41



The Rocky Coast of New England

photo by Liane Brookhart

Past Tense

Past tense

Trapped tightly in plastic wrap
Which clings tenaciously
To elevations
Subduing crevices and caves
In wavy perambulations
Impossible to pierce

Future perfect

Shrouded darkly in aluminum foil
Glittering falseness
Thru fantastic lies
Of dreams and interwoven lives
Like barnacles and mildew
Riding with decay

by Larry Atwood

Thoughts on Detente

Since man first walked,
Since man first talked,
And talked, and talked, and talked,
We've needed communication.
But no nation
Talks to another.
That a bother.
They do, in fact,
Break up their act,
Snap the wires and pull the plugs,
And listen with microphonic bugs.

C. Peter Method 7

Cycles

Racing the dark to the midnight hour
Bewitching hour
Crescent moon, half moon, full moon
New moon
Starting over again

Beginning with the light of the sun's first beaming;
concluding with twilight's last twinkling,
RUN, HURRY- beat it to the end.

Time stands still at last
in the dark
when all is still
oh, so quiet.

Go on, enjoy the sunshine!
It lasts a life time.
Maybe?
When day is through,
and all that's left is black,
continue creating in soul only spirit.

What's this ~
a fresh horizon, pulsing with new morning sun
such a new born sun.
Whether 'tis weather or not ~
a some One knows.

Blackness
Mid light
Bright sun light
Semi-darkness

Now and forever
to what lengths will we go
to keep the sun in our grasps!
Hold on for awhile
but then let go ~
At last eternity.

by Fran Long

Big Smile Now

That mothers come in all shapes and sizes is true, and throughout time they have been described in a variety of ways. Some mothers are as big and stern as battleships; others are as dainty and soft-spoken as furry mice; while still others are as loud and overbearing as steaming locomotives. I can't deny the fact that, on the whole, mothers are a strange breed. They were created-thank goodness- in such a delightfully intricate way that they can feel and experience things with their offsprings like no father, grandparent, relative or friend-however close-could be so fortunate to endure. But, in all honesty, I must confess that no situation brings out a mother's true personality like taking her child to the photographer.

I am a mother that approaches a trip to the photographer in an organized, logical manner-at least it seems organized and logical to me. If I can get my two-year-old son, Macky, to the local department store's photography studio before an unsightly scuff appears on the toes of his shiny brown shoes, before his navy-blue corduroys turn green from carpet lint, or-most importantly-before a new bruise or abrasion from a misdirected step spoils his picture-perfect forehead, I feel almost triumphant.

Allow me to give you an idea of the photo-flashing experience Macky and I had just last week. After nodding a very matter-of-fact, yet cordial "hello" to the young, female photographer, I promptly surveyed my son's attire. With precision-like movement, I re-tucked his shirt, pulled up his now bluish-green trousers, re-centered his belt, and-oh yes-gave a final pat to the defiant crop of blond hair at his crown. "Ah, such organization," I praised myself, while gently placing Macky on the table in front of the camera. "What? What is this? Macky is crying. Now this certainly is not part of my well-developed plan," I muttered. With two little arms clutching my neck, I half-turned to the waiting

photographer. "He is frightened," I mumbled. "You see, this behavior is quite typical of children Macky's age. According to the psychologist Erik Erikson, my son is just going through the 'sense of autonomy versus shame and doubt' stage of development," I babbled in a feeble attempt to explain his behavior. "As Macky's mother, I want him to know that I understand and accept his feelings. May we just move to the side and let another child have his picture taken now?" I begged off the staring photographer.

Once out of the picture-so to speak-I held Macky close. And, in a tense and much too loud voice, I explained to my quivering son what was taking place before him. As we watched the proceedings, my level of anxiety grew to such proportion that I found myself actually shouting encouragement like "Oh, that will be a really good picture" to the mother whose child was being photographed. When Macky's turn for pictures came again, I became so totally engrossed in the situation that each time the photographer yelled, "Big smile, now," I would smile ear to ear. By the time the camera was finished focusing on my son, he was calm and playful, and I-heaven help me-was bordering on hysteria; my once orderly self had become completely unraveled.

I feel compelled to tell you, by sheer grace, I survived the picture-taking ordeal. Now in retrospect, I must chuckle, "Take heart, mothers, your actions at the photographer's may seem peculiar and even a bit silly to some, but rest assured that your behavior, like mine, is motivated by love- genuine love."

Phyllis McAfee

//



*The full autumn moon,
suspended in the darkness,
lights the smallest weed.*

*Photo and haiku
by Drew Appleby*

Dreaming

by Pam Bertolasi

In midnight's meticulous rhyming
the dreams come too easily
ignoring the timing
of mind and eye,
conceived in despairing hope
and birthed in painful privacy
of a remembering cry.

Too easily they come,
for too much has been known
of losing and laughter
and special-occasioned emptiness
that must prayerfully after
go away, but instead
melts into fluid reality.

Too easily the dream is formed
untouchable by fleshy fingering.
His arrow shot far away
forever but always lingering
to tease unfeeling ignorance,
the shining night mirror
of unreflected images.

Penny For Your Thoughts by Pam Gialanella

The radio played my favorite songs as we rode along -
How can it be that they told of all the things you mean to me,
All the dreams I hoped would be,
Yet I could not even look at you for fear - or was it hope
that you might sense my very thoughts?

There we were - together
Yet so very far away.
There was so much I wanted to say, but my fears got in the way

What are you thinking about?
Am I anywhere in your thoughts?
The songs said it all for me -
And I wonder how much you really heard -
Do you know the pain I feel,
Is this love for real?
Please tell me how you feel.



1. Inaki

My Friend Jack

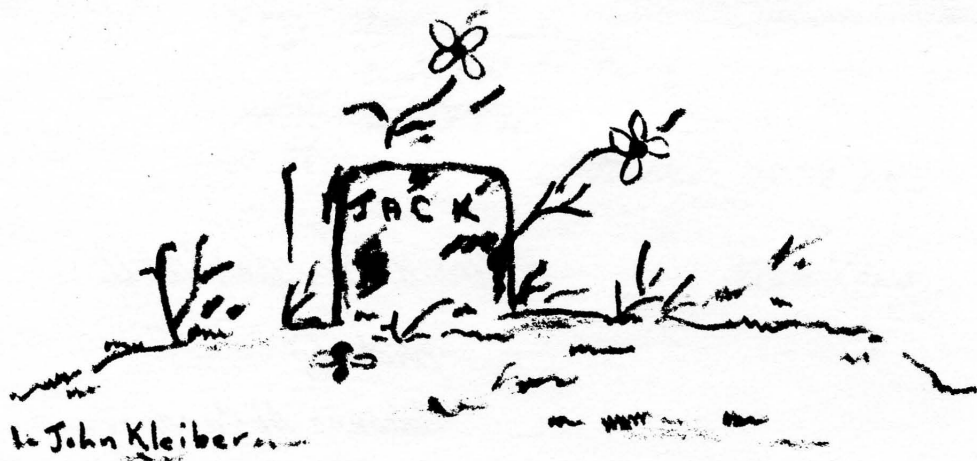
Dinner had just been served when Uncle Jim opened the door and excitedly announced that he wanted us to meet Jack, a new member of our family. I turned and saw him standing close by my uncle's side. Jack, with head slightly bowed, was escorted around the huge oak table and introduced first to one and then another. His body, although slender from too little food, seemed to spring to life as he viewed his adopted family and new home. From this brief meeting, I sensed a warm feeling of friendship for him. In retrospect, I can honestly say that Jack was my first case of "puppy love."

As the years passed, Jack was more than the object of my affection. He was my mentor. From his awareness of our surroundings, I learned to take time to watch the cloud patterns in the sky and to not only look at objects around me, but to color them with imagination. He was also my hero. Once, when in search of giant puffball mushrooms, I strayed too far from the camp. Jack found me and skillfully led me back to safety. But most importantly, Jack was my confidant. For hours I would chatter to him about what dress I planned to wear to the dance or how much I liked Pat Boone's new record, "April Love." I could talk about anything to Jack. He always listened patiently. And, when I thought that life had definitely treated me unjustly, he would prance and strut in such an outrageously silly manner that I would laugh away my gloom.

Unfortunately, Jack grew to adulthood more quickly than I. When his attention turned to Jacqueline, I must admit that I was more than a little jealous. However, a house was soon built for him next to ours. When Doug, Susie, and Baby Jack Junior came along, his new family became mine, too.

Now as I sit beside the weathered rock over his grave,
my memory allows me to again visualize Jack with his
overly large ears that seemed to accentuate his stubby,
bowed legs. I can also see his coal-colored hair that
was invariably in disarray and his dark, laughing eyes
that always warmed me. Aglow with remembrance of our
time shared, I gently brush the soil from the stone's
inscription. I smile as I read, "My friend--my dog,
Jack."

Phyllis McAfee





Allison Wonderland

photo by

Johanna M. Cundari

One Only Things

Rubber ball
give a call,
with a bounce, let it say
some one please
come out so we can play.

Coloring book
come and look
pictures in shades of blue
wouldn't they
be better drawn by two?

A jump rope
my last hope
tie this end to a tree
maybe then
a friend will jump with me.

Fran Long

There's a Kind of a Hush...

Your silence
Is not golden nor good
In fact
In act
It shadows
My sensiate
Living
And so
Because you
Shall not speak
My quiet world
Un-quicken'd by
Your word
Heavily "hushed"
Hurts my heart
Whether you
Are physically present
Or we
Are far apart
Allow not
Silence, so severe

Stony, stoic, solid
Block to union—
Communication
To cut me
Off
Or shut me out
Hold the
Hot-line
Tight
Between my—
Your—my heart
Open wide
I want
To hear
you—
I do so need
AUDIO as
Well as
VISUAL
.....aid!

SISTER FRANCESCA THOMPSON
"Inspiring Communication
Instructor"

In a Crowded Room

A L O N E

in a crowded room

room full of people, persons, objects, things

Everyone talking

Everyone talking

Everyone talking at once

yet, no one talking to me

Not a foreign language,

do they speak?

But it well might as be.

I am here

who

would

ever

know?

Fran Long

Is Beauty Only Skin Deep?

Is beauty only skin deep?
Ah, there must be another kind
For I look at you
And beauty is all I can find.

It's deep inside you
It must be your soul ...
by Liane Brookhart

Upon a Golden Road
by Pam Bertolasi

Upon a golden road I've walked and seen
and whispered gallant sonnets to the green
and held the hand of soft and sweetened air
and smoothed a touch of skipping pebbled hair.

Along this mountain river I have sailed
and drowned in dusty tears when so I've failed,
for thinking true that I could grasp to be,
this timeless path, instead, has guided me.

Today

Today I walked through drifts of white;
the snowflakes fell silently.

Through their brightness,

I discovered how

clearly

like a snowflake

you are...

unique,

perhaps sometimes falling

but always shining.

Constantly,

you form little

drifts

within my heart...

How so...

How so like a man am I,

and yet,

how very

different...

For men often times,

will touch

without really feeling,

But I,

I feel,

with hardly a touch.

sherry Huffman 23



Lake Superior
in August
photo by S.M. Stella Gampter, OS

... And My Mind Rolls out the Door

The room is quiet.

Lit by artificial light.

It is no comparison to the sun.

The brightness shines outside

and I rest my head on my hand,

and my mind rolls out the door.

Totally conscious of the void in the room,
I can hear the air flowing inside.

The wind doesn't blow the white clouds

On the cornflower-blue sky,

and I rest my head on my hand,

my elbow on the table,

and my mind rolls out the door.

I feel stiffness in the quietness,

For I know there are sounds outside.

The laughter of the sunlight sings,

Playing with the music of the warm, clean air

and I rest my head on my hand,

my elbow on the table,

my feet crossed in my lap,

and my mind rolls out the door.

Darkness dances in the cool shadows.

The sunlight springs off the buildings, trees and ground,

It reflects the colors of God's rainbow

Harmonizing the chorus of hues

and I rest my head on my hand,
my elbow on the table,
my feet crossed in my lap,
a pencil in my fist,
and my mind rolls out the door.

My eyes glaze out the window.
The symphony plays outside.
The choruses sing in harmony;
Hoods, strings and brass join in
and I rest my head in my hand,
my elbow on the table,
my feet crossed in my lap,
a pencil in my fist,
conducting the natural symphony,
and my mind rolls out the door.

I take a fairyland journey as my mind rolls on and
I dance like a prima ballerina —
A blanket of greenness beneath my feet.
My soul dances in the music; my body stays inside
and I rest my head in my hand,
my elbow on the table,
my feet crossed in my lap,
a pencil in my fist,
conducting the natural symphony,
fingers tapping on my head, keeping an imaginary
beat,
and my mind rolls out the door.

Blended notes reach a climax.
The pounding sun, its last few beats.
The trees play a mellow bassoon; grasses play the reeds.
And the wind is a delicate harp
And I rest my head in my hand,
my elbow on the table,
my feet crossed in my lap,
a pencil in my fist,
conducting a natural symphony,
fingers tapping on my head, keeping an imaginary
beat,
my eyes watch the beautiful music,
and my mind rolls out the door.

I daze into the music.
The notes are softening now.
A hand on my shoulder clashes symbols in my ears
Tells me I can go now.
So I take my head off my hand,
my elbow off the table,
I put the pencil down,
and finally the symphony ends;
the beat has ceased,
the music stops,
and I leave the artificial environment
to follow my mind rolling out the door.

j.k.krider



Photo by Jill Krider

Symphony and Ballet

It is a beautiful day for a leisurely stroll in the woods, with nature, solitude, my senses and my innermost thoughts to accompany me. The day is light-jacket crisp but with a strong hint of the approaching winter.

Nature has prepared a special autumn premiere showing that is free for the asking. It's time to be seated, the show is about to begin. A stump or a fallen log serve as nature's bleachers.

The harmony, percision, color, and balance of theme, in nature, hold the mind and soul in spellbound anticipation and wonderment. The symphony and ballet of nature engulf all of the body's senses and lift them to dizzying heights of pleasure and relaxation.

The stage is set, the woods are ablaze with the brilliant russets, crimsons, and golds, which are then mellowed by the subtle umbers and browns. The gentle breeze wafts the aroma of butning leaves, from far off.

A woodpecker taps a tree, reminding me of a conductor preparing to warm up the orchestra in preparation for the performance. The music of nature calms, soothes, and relaxes the mind and body. The strains swell with the blending of the following sounds: the wind rustles gently through the drying leaves, there is the rush of small animals scurrying about, the chattering of squirrels, the distant barking of a dog, the fluttering wings and wild call of all the species of migrating fowl, the swishing of the upper branches in the wind, the calm bubbling of water over the stones in the winding brook, and the violin-tones of lingering crickets and grasshoppers, and the basal tones of the bullfrog in a nearby pond. These tones combine to form a melody which even the greatest orchestra leader must appreciate in a

wistful manner of respect and admiration.

The Ballet company makes its entrance. The first preformer is a gentle doe who ambulates unafraid and with a proud and steady gait past my vantage point. A family of squirrels busily gathering a bounty of nuts for winter storage, chattering all the while. One of the squirrels drops a nut near my foot, as if inviting me to sample the tastes that nature is providing of this wonderous day. Those migrating birds drift, glide, and sway with form and rhythm that would be envied by any human ballet company counterpart.

The symphony of nature has lifted the mind, soul, and spirits of this weary refugee, from the pressures of civilization, to the point of peace and contentment. It is with much reluctance, that I arise and leave this special place, but the impending darkness closes the curtain on another of nature's spectacular productions.

Take heart, my friend, for I shall return to this spot many times to watch and listen as Mother Nature plays out her never-ending dramas of season and life. My wish for you, is that you, too, will someday find a special place of your own where you can take the time to enjoy the true essence of life.

Elsa M. McLaughlin

*Japanese Teahouse
on Marian's Campus*

photo by

Sharon McParthy



The Manticore

by Larry Attwood

Old Lady Tyndale prized her silver tea set above everything. It was an heirloom, easily traceable back four or five generations, and she could (and often did) speak with warm rapture of a faded social prestige in which it first made its appearance at a fashionable soiree of her wealthy Philadelphian forbears. It caused me a great deal of anguish and concern-- so much so, in fact, that I stalked the streets for two nights ravenous with hunger before I saw the dire necessity of borrowing it. It would have broken her heart had she heard the pawnbroker's judgement-- "antiquated, of little use, an inexpensive alloy with silver plating--four dollars." I know it would have crushed her; it very nearly did me in. I cajoled and pleaded, cursed and spat, but took the four dollars at last and promised to revenge myself upon this greedy scoundrel at some future date.

It was a meagre sum. Indeed, a pittance. But I am an accomplished fellow at stretching money until my pockets wear thin. Six full days passed before the dreadful need set in again. And if I had been apprehended lifting that loaf of bread at the market day before yesterday--as I very nearly was--my problems would have been solved for a time. Very unsatisfactorily, it's true, for I tend to become melancholic and pine away in captivity.

So I possessed the need and the knowledge of the means required; all that was lacking was my benefactor. This could prove to be a bit of a problem. My neighborhood was heavily played out, as I well knew, and I have always harbored a dislike, you might very accurately say fear, toward being forced through necessity into unknown regions. It's so easy to find yourself run up a tree in an unfamiliar area. And the police tend to disapprove of the poor foraging outside their limits.

Giving the "No Access" street sign a healthy sideways kick with my foot to wake it up, I turned into the entrance of the ragged brownstone where I spend most of my time. The hallway was dark and shabby, giving no lie to the impression presented to be had from without. I stood for a minute to adjust my eyes to the light when I noticed curious Mr. Holzart stepping outside his door and turning to lock it. He turned half around, but then turned back and gave the door a shove to make sure it was locked. Quickly and with as little noise as possible, I jumped up the stairs two at a time and was sprawled on my bed before I heard the entrance door close lightly behind him. Of all the tenants in this building, he was the only one to command my respect. There is a special saintliness in quiet, self-sufficient people which I admire greatly. Closing my eyes for a short nap, I considered how delightfully unassuming and, you might almost say, eccentric Holzart was. After a rest, I made up my mind to visit his humble abode.

When I awoke it was that period at dusk when city dwellers breathe the cool air and half-willingly smile at their neighbors. Making my way downstairs, I heard a group conversing lightly outside on the steps. Like a shadow I slipped easily into Holzart's room. I stood inside the door for a moment to catch the feeling of the place. Across from me there appeared to be a pulsating white mass. It would sort of glow brightly for a minute, then dim. I thought that it must be some trick my eyes were playing on me, so I rubbed them until there were glowing spots when I looked around again. But it was still there. And now and again there were two blue spots that were going on and off at the top of the whitishness. I approached it carefully with one hand extended in front of me. It became brighter, and just as I was about to touch it, there was a flurry of unearthly noise and a flash of light that left me reeling.

"Seems that your share of mankind's scanty virtues is not an especially heavy burden."

The Manticore (cont'd)

I looked in the direction of his voice, spoken so casually, and there stood a...well, it's difficult to describe and even more difficult to believe, but there was this thing...an animal, or rather half-an-animal. It was a lion with a man's head and a tail like a scorpion, and it was lying in one of the armchairs switching its tail back and forth like a mischievous kitten.

"Besides obviously lacking any vestige of honesty, it seems as if your virginity is a bit tattered, shall we say. What's the matter, my good fellow? Have you never seen the likes of me? Well, well, perhaps not. Allow me to introduce myself. I am Grimauld. And you are...."

"Jake," I managed to jerk out of my sheer terror.

"Ah, Jake, a simple name, a bit colorless, but probably suits you perfectly. Now, Jake--Jake, short for Jacob? Yes? Well then, I'll call you Jacob. Has more style, much more heartiness, you know--Now, Jacob, there is really no need to stand there cowering--we shan't eat you, you know, leastways I won't."

I tried to look more relaxed, but I'm afraid my heart wasn't in it.

"You realize that you have scared away poor gentle Laura. She is a most beautiful unicorn, and it's part of her nature to be repelled by non-virgins. I rather imagine you've given her as much a start as you've received yourself. On the whole, we're not accustomed to unannounced visitors."

I stood there entranced by the ramblings of this strange creature. Behind him I noticed a high bookcase which held an array of large bulky volumes and cadaver-filled bottles such as you could see for a quarter in the freak exhibits at the traveling carnivals.

"Ah, forgive me, forgive me. I have failed to introduce you to the various reposing members of the good doctor's

menagerie." Arching his back and stretching with voluptuous feline grace, Grimault motioned with one forepaw for me to come closer. I approached curiously, but ready to snap back like a springboard. "Here we have an aged griffin, quite a terror in his time but now as timid as a dormouse; and several jars here which appear to be cloudy are actually a family--minus--one of wraiths; and this hairy little beast here is the embryo of a royal line of Potsdam loup-garous; and here" (pointing to a tiny jar in which I could see nothing but a few ashes) "is the doctor's pride and joy."

He seemed prepared to wait forever for my inquiry, so I got it over quickly by asking what it might be.

"Who was the fool who proclaimed the blessedness of the ignorant? Have you no idea?" I was dumbfounded and it showed. "This, my lad," he went on, "is nothing less than the ashes of the legendary phoenix--that surpassingly beautiful bird which consumed itself in fire after 500 years and rose renewed from its ashes. The doctor captured it long ago at what you might call its moment of truth and, in so doing, deprived the world of one of its nobler splendours. Of all that the doctor has done, the justification of this one act alone has not been revealed to me. Undoubtly, he has reasons, but I cannot accept them--whatever they may be. To so brazenly enslave one of the links to my--I could as easily say--our past through man's detestable instinct to collect and catalogue...ah, well, perhaps now that you're here we might be able to..."

The rasping noise of a key searching for the lock interrupted him. Our eyes met with what seemed to me to be a secret agreement, and Grimault hastily shoved me toward a closed door to my left. I slipped inside and pushed the door to behind me. It was a stark, bare room with a guttering candle on a table in the middle of the floor. In the corner there lay curled a huge man resting his grotesque bearded head on his arms. The single eye in his forehead squinted at me.

One Day Soon

One day soon

I want to be able to say

I know you...

not because

of your popularity

or your looks;

But instead,

because of the way you

draw so closely

into yourself

whenever I come around.

To me you are a challenge

because I know there is so much more

than the external you

who tells jokes,

and gathers crowds.

One day soon

I will be able to say

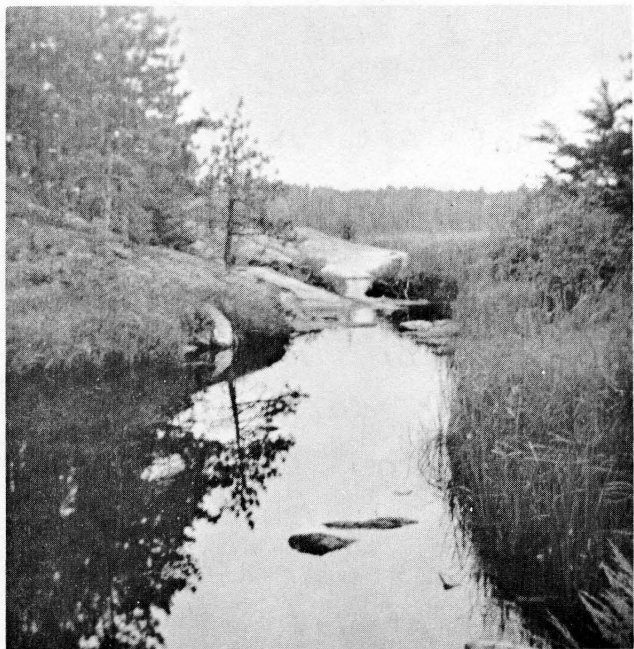
I know you...

not the person who jokes

and laughs,

but the silent someone beneath,

the one who cries...



Seeking

photo by Ann Maitzen

Only After Storms

At times I feel like I am all alone
And nowhere can I find a friend to share
the feelings that I have, the thoughts I own,
the burdens that are mine alone to bear.
As if I were removed or far away,
I cannot sense the needs of those nearby.
The doors are closed - there's nothing left to say.
I sit alone and for my self I sigh.
But as the night is dark, the dawn is bright,
and only after storms can rainbows shine.
So like the clouds, my fears are gone from sight.
The radiant sun brings warmth - now love is mine.
A smile and song of joy belong to me
because I know that heaven holds the key.

Regina Navarra

Smoke Holds No Magic

Smoke holds no magic
In the lilting fancies of a vanished world.
Panic lives in apathy
On the stark frontiers of morbid visions.

Yet beyond the dark
Past the curled clusters of homespun stars
Something must watch
For the brightening of the quiescent spark of fear
... or faith

Reaching to the ears
To illuminate the vistas
Unseen
Blinded and refused

A careless cherrypicker
Pruned the edges of sight
Into a narrow furrow
Of desire

... or need

Larry Atwood

The Jester
by Pam Bertolasi

Some have said to me
that love
is
but a game,
a thing for fools,
and such choose not
to seek it.
If this be true
then
I am a playful jester.
Poor
and sad
am I.
But each day
I become richer
for my gain
is to see you
laugh at my joking
and smile at my music.
My performance
is my gift
to you
and in my dance
there shall be
no other partner.



Song for a Gray Day

It's a gray day
what a cold day,
as the chilling winds do blow-
But I'm happy
oh, so happy
for the love that I now know-
Someone loves me
Someone loves me!
I want to sing to all I see
Be it a gray day
or a cold day
There's yet a warmth inside of me.
And I can share it
If you will let me
The love was given to me free
for as my love goes
so then my love grows
And I'm in love with all I see.
When someone loves you
And someone loves you
Then you can give so graciously-
And come a cold day
or a gray day,
The warmth will keep your heart
at peace.

Regina Navarra



photo by Tokanna
Cundari

Winter Haiku by Drew Appleby

Drifting quietly,
The first snow turns my yard
Into a strange place.

I awoke to hear
Wind sharpening my window's
Ice teeth.

Winter sunset hurls
Knives of light across the snow
At my squinting eyes.

* Wintery Solace

Driving the ol' Questing Beast in the winter is a compelling lesson in the foolishness of attempting cold weather survival. She runs fine and only grumbles casually when you have the audacity to wake her after she's rested in some wind-blast, cold-infested spot for a few hours of eternity. And, of course, her joints are a bit stiff and ache some when you rumble over a railroad crossing or dodge to avoid on chuckhole so that you can test her agility at hopping irrigation ditches. But that's to be expected and accepted. What is unkind and thoughtless of her is how she frosts up on all of the windows and refuses to be reasonable about it. Not content to be merely "frosted up", she deposits layer upon layer of unchippable, unscrapable ice, so thick that it is impossible to gain more than a porthole or two to peer out of.

Tonight after work was no different. I scraped away at the windshield with little improvement until my fingertips informed me that it was time to move on. I flicked the lights on, shifted into gear, and maneuvered around the corner into the alley with all the grace and precision of a barge. A car followed me through the alley while I cursed his insolence and lack of imagination. I hate being followed when I'm having to struggle to see what's in front of me, let alone worrying about the fool nudging me from behind.

Right on Evanston half a block to the light. It's still green and I scamper through it turning left onto 46th. Scraping my windshield up to the stop light on Keystone. Course I hit it just right so that I have to sit through an entire pattern. Finally it changes and I turn right, swinging wide into the left-hand lane partly because that's the lane I want and partly because I don't want to hit the curb, whose whereabouts is merely conjecture and hope. Flashing red and white lights behind me. I pull over and stop, blindly. It's not the ambulance I had hoped it was

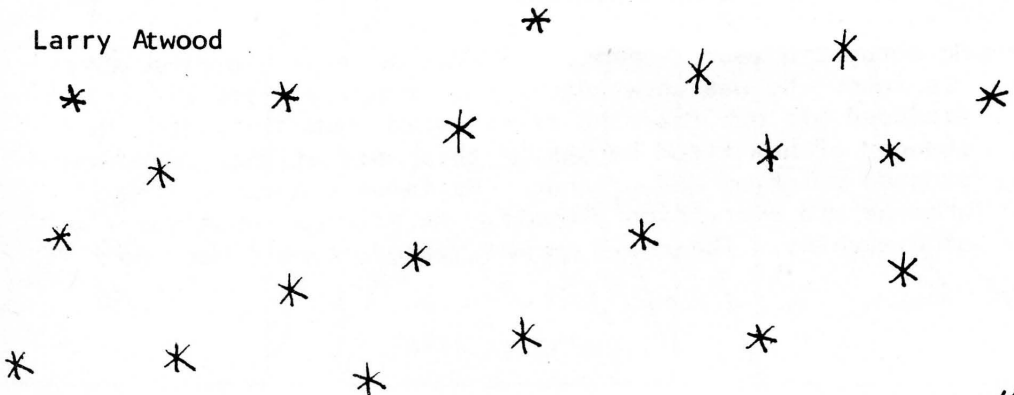
for it stops behind me. All is lost. I get out and walk back to the patrol car, mustering my fading dignity and attempting to look properly remorseful.

How can you see out of that windshield?--It's not easy, accompanied with a sickly smile.--I was watching you back there...what were you doing?--I work at the warehouse there. I'd just got back and parked the truck.--Identification. Take it out. What business is it you have there?--McElnod's Supplies.--Okay, pull over there and let it warm up awhile.

Keystone Avenue at the rush hour. And he wants me to pull across two lanes of traffic into a parking lot which appears to be on the other side of the world, trusting in the courtesy of my fellow man not to further cripple and lame the poor, sightless Beast. I murmur brave incantations to her and she begins to move, only to be jerked to a halt by a barrage of horns and screaming tires. The flashing red light comes on again, and he angles across the road to block the traffic for me. I toss the reins to the Beast and she jumps into the parking lot, giving second thoughts to a possible skirmish with a phone booth which impolitely refuses to yield.

After sitting for a time (which can be translated as waiting until the cop is out of sight), I went home. The image of that officer in his warm, heated patrol car, laughing as he stopped traffic for me, little warms the cockles of my heart.

Larry Atwood



The Thought That Counts

He was happy in his modern, automated world or at least that is what he thought. Everything of his pleasure was at the convenience of a brain wave. If he wanted food or wine or a cigarette all he had to do was think it. And he didn't need to think of every little detail because they were already "pre-thought". If he forgot to think of what he wanted for breakfast, a tone would sound and without any consciousness what he wanted would be cooked.

Machinery did everything, as well at his work. He, an engineer, who at one time needed a pencil and paper for thinking now merely needed an idea and a computer would transform it into a product of his thought. Even the laborers thought out their work; each factory worker lined up next to each other thinking a separate and individual assembly step. Every machine needed a brain wave from a human; every human a machine to work-out his thoughts.

Not only labor but man's arts could be produced by a single thought. All he needed to do was think an abstract in a phrase or a picture in his mind and it was produced. The artwork was sometimes produced in plastic sculpture, sometimes designed acrylic on a canvas-like surface. The literature, in prose, poem or play, was recorded onto a brain wave tape --to be played to soothe or tickle the mind whenever it was rethought. He could even communicate in this matter far much faster than printed letter or spoken phrase because he could be anywhere to communicate, without a single word spoken.

He thought a tear. A machine produced a single drop upon his face. He was angered; it was promptly wiped off. He produced his own tear and it streaked down his face. He thought of how tired he was of this automation; a computer stopped clicking and groaned. He thought about a time when he did everything himself. He cried without the aid of a machine. The chair he was seated in reclined; he

looked at the ceiling. He knew he could not go back;
he thought his last thought.

He was killed easily and quickly, left to lie there
until someone else came along.....

