

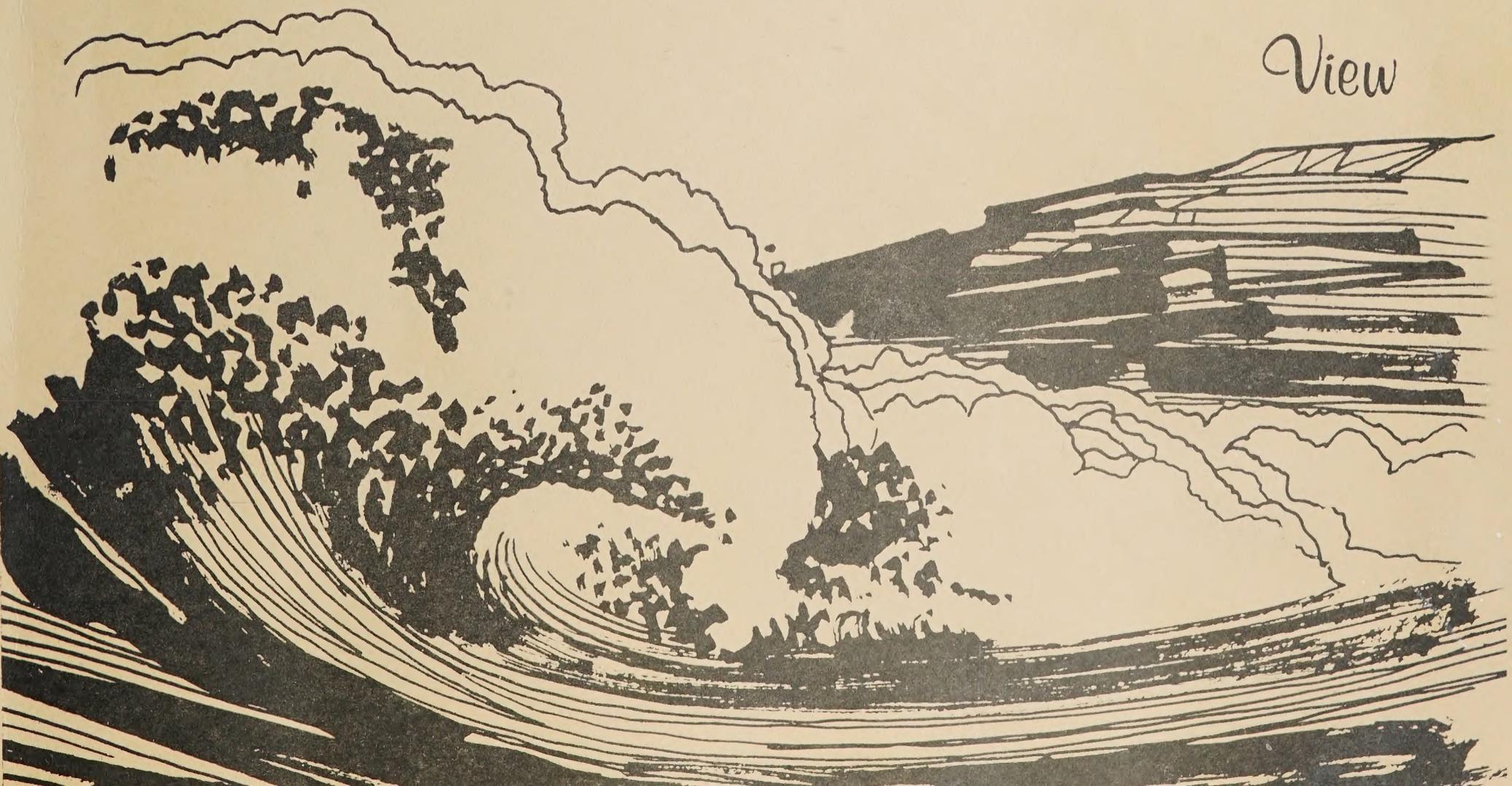


Bird's

Kenneth Bradshaw

Eye

View



BIRD'S EYE VIEW

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Printed in Statesville, North Carolina

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CREATIVE WRITERS' CLUB

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There is no one special person or group to whom we can fairly dedicate the 1975 - 1976 Literary Magazine. Therefore, we dedicate this first edition of "The Bird's Eye-View" to LIFE . . .

We do appreciate all of the help and contributions, and hope to continue the work next year - with your help. Please continue to have an open-mind.

Since the rest of the staff and I agreed not to add any mushy lines, we now leave you with these excellent words of Langston Hughes . . .

" Hold fast to dreams,

for if dreams die,

life is a

brokenwinged bird

that cannot fly."



In friendship,

Your Editors,

Linda S. Gill
Leta M. Alexander
Lisa A. Brown

WE EXPRESS OUR GRATITUDE TO THE FOLLOWING CONTRIBUTORS
WHO HAVE MADE THE PRODUCTION OF THIS MAGAZINE POSSIBLE !

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Kenneth Vaughan

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Williams Boulevard Service

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Our Thanks go also to those Psychology Students who so generously gave of their time to raise the necessary funds for the publication of this magazine.

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- III TRANSPERSONAL PSYCHOLOGY
- IV LOVE
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- VI AMALGAMATED UNLIMITED
- VII LIFE

DEATH

Keith Overcash

Death 1976

- Thanatos -

Keta Alexander

Death 1976

Lynn McNeese

Steve Kivett

lisa beeson

The Fall of Atlanta; The Group

laura boone

Death is but a Horizon

DuDe (Krista Shumake)

Kathy Fox

Upon the First Hearing of My End

"tush frye" (jeanne)

KMA

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Kim Mitcham

EPITATH

Christine

My Own Death

Mike Samuels

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Kathy Cameron

Lisa Beeson

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Lisa Follette

Keith Overcash

Cemetery Soliloquy (ed nauseum)

In honor of Alice Kooper

Dedicated to Sandra Ellis

"Clarissa"

"Apology to Clarissa"

Linda-Wolfenberger-Reigle

The Passing

Bob Holzworth

The Dance of the Dying

Angela Kunkle

The doorbell rang . . .

DEATH 1976

Closets of secrets held closed by the wishes of lavie are now discarded with the superfluous annotations and idioms necessary river in the colisseum of myself. Die. Die. Die. Who cares that the same day, that Pegasus flew to the mountain.

Keith Overcash

How can I describe my feelings about death when I feel so alive? But death is the one experience that no one can avoid. You are dead. I know that. I saw my buddies die in combat, my friend die in a hospital, my mother die at home. I will die. - impossible - I am so alive and promises to keep and miles to go before I sleep. But, today, tommorrow, next year, 1999 - it can happen - Oh Death - You and I will meet, and I am so afraid - so afraid.

-Thanatos -

Life is like a clogged drain with God as the plumber. When he pulls the "plug" life as we know it slowly ebbs away. Sitting alone, I find myself in a state of deep depression. Gloom and despair overshadow me. I burst into tears and I know not why. I feel dreadfully isolated - exiled from everyone and everything. I have become a stranger to life itself. Mechanically, I carry on life's functions, but it no longer seems a companion. The faces of the dead crowd my mind. Theological and psychological theories of life storm my brain. Have we traveled this way before? Has our course been run - or has our "life" not really yet begun?

Keta Alexander

DEATH 1976

death is a dream
when angels and devils come forth
claiming the soul for eternity;
life is over with. only the memories and
happiness left to a few who once
called out your name.
once death occurs it can never be
the same once he finds
the place from whence he came. lynn mcneese

Death is supreme happiness, the end of all problems, the answer to all questions.
I look forward to dying with no fears or anger. Six months from now is soon, but then again, not soon enough for all it offers.
To want to die is morbid; to be prepared and ready is comfort.
"If I die at twenty-three, will you bury me in the sunshine where a tree grows over me?"
steve kivett

THE FALL OF ATLANTA

lisa beeson

Atlanta Wilkes, southern belle, fiery, temptuous
Named after Atlanta, Georgia.
Atlanta, the fiery, temptuous city.

Atlanta Wilkes, the youngest of the children.
Reared by her father.
Rich, beautiful, spoiled.

The Southern Belle. Stoop to anything to get a man.
Men loved her, worshipped her, summoned to her every wish.
All except one . . .
He'd been a passing stranger.
Rich, handsome . . .
Atlanta and he married.
"The perfect marriage." people said.

Little did they know! Right before the war, he left her.

THE GROUP

lisa beeson

We are the group. We are the people who are the reformers. We tried
to make the church a God-fearing place.

A word to all sinners: **STAY OUT! !**

We died. When we moved toward heaven, we were told we were too
narrow-minded to be allowed in, so we started towards hell. We tried
to reform hell, so we were thrown out. Now we have our own little
place for our own little group.

* * * * *

DEATH IS BUT A HORIZON lara boone

Our relationship has been that of a fencing duel. I, fighting with
all my heart, all my energy, and with the resources of my mind.
You fought lightheartedly - even teasingly. Because you knew in the
end that only you could be the victor.

* The usual feints
* I won, you won
* I discovered a new weapon - interest
* I found I could be cold and unemotional
* about you.
* And so defeat you.
* You found John and so defeated me
* And realized my love, teased and tortured him until
* he died.
*
*
*
*
*

DEATH IS BUT A HORIZON (Concluded)

* Times that I thought I would win
*
* Times that I wished you would
*
* But now the battle's over.
*
* Relief.
*
* The peace of not having to fight over again.
*
* Perhaps I will forget what it is to be "strong".
*
* You see, I knew all along.
*
* * * * *

Death is a natural part of living. It should be treated as such. At first I used to view death as a scary and unhappy feeling. Now my views are different and I have come to accept death as being as natural as birth. One word that I find to describe death is relief. I pray to God that my Death will be quick - I resent the suffering and painful stings of death. My death will allow me to find outer and inner peace. There will be flowers blooming and birds singing to remind me that life goes on. I believe in life after death. Death is the ultimate freedom that a person can receive. Tears, unhappy feelings and compliments will probably be a major part of my death but what good will they do me. I never received any of these while living. If I die today or tommorrow the only blemish on my peaceful exit will be that I did not do something constructive for mankind.

DuDe

UPON THE FIRST HEARING OF MY END

Seize the day. This has such meaning for me. But never as much as now.

6 months!

I only hope that when the day comes I can remember laughter, and the fullness of life without having to ask 'What was it all for?' Because the answer should be in me, passing all words or expressions, but just sensing the meaning of my life.

Now that I know the sure what is coming, I can only feel my mind as a collage. I can hear so many voices within me and I can't get the meaning at a certain poem out of my head - it's not how long or what I did with my life that will be remembered.

I have to be the one to symbolize it!

Oh, I'm so afraid.

How long will it be before my friend can think of me not remembering my death but my life.

Kathy Fox

MY OWN DEATH

i often fear you, yet at times of

disillusion i find myself longing

for you.

only recently have i realized i could easily

take you in my hands and

use you;

hold you like a bunch of flowers and feel

the sweetness you possess.

MY OWN DEATH (Concluded)

i realize you are a means of escapement,

of taking refuge in a sweet
slumber of darkness away from
all the ominous threats
which have pervaded me.

are you a perennial peace

are you a certainty in a world of uncertain?

"tush frye
jeanne

≠ 2

Life flows around me like the
crystal-clear mountain stream.

At times it is calm; flowing
peacefully on its predestined course.

It can be filled with ecstasy,
bubbling along happily over small
stones on its way.

Suddenly, it becomes
treacherous, angry - violent, rushing,
churning waters overtake it.

Around a narrow bend, however;
life calms itself.

The water flows peacefully on its course,
ending in a vast peaceful sea.

KMA

EPITATH

kim mitcham

Incandescent lights weave through the shadows like
gossamer threads on velvet. Crystal glasses and silverware touch,
one against the other, and fill the room with butterfly sounds.

Silent and pale, like a marble statue, you stood in the
corner. Lights touched your gown and you sparkled and shimmered like
the night that engulfs you. Creakingly, the ancient balding thing
you call "husband" moves closer to you. When you fixed his
scotch, no one noticed the small tablet of poison you dropped
in his drink - - - but me.

Everyone at the party thought I was drunk when I was
shaken by a sudden fit of laughter. You picked the wrong glass.

MY OWN DEATH

I'll hear the tires squealing louder than before
and traffic stopping from every direction
I'll be the center of attraction
and everyone will look down on me
But all I'll see is the clear, black sky.

Hordes will touch me with tender care
And slowly place me on my first soft couch
Then I'll sleep until I must
Face the Maddening Crowd in Saint
Johns Cathedral.

I'll awake thinking that the rain had
fallen upon my face, but all I
will see are those familiar faces
Dropping their debris upon my
clean statue.
Sister why are you crying, Brother
I thought you were a man, and
Men don't cry, but they aren't listening
to me.

It's all over, Mama has taken
off her ugly dress and has let
me be taken away by strangers.

They are placing me among
the soil. I couldn't believe that
mama would let them treat me this
way. Help I cried, but she seemed
not to want me anymore.

At home that night, she thought
I was gone, but as, i will always
be around for I would take
nine months to learn to walk, and
nine seconds to have my feet knocked
from under me.

Christine

(MY OWN DEATH)

CREATION FOREVER

Born into Death,
For there are steps to be made,
Searching for me,
There's a price to be paid.
Like tears of a mother
whose lost a child, sometimes
or another.
Will soon see the light,
in her darkness by
night.
I'm living in hell; for
We all have been cast,
My Death is my life
and my birth from the Earth.
I'll travel on to beauty and
I've learned from my past
So that Breathe I take it
won't be my last; just
the beginning of my
past.

CREATION FOREVER

Mike Samuels

It does not bereave me to leave this material body for I Rejoice at what awaits me. For I will merely step out of the body and ascend to a higher spiritual plane to dwell forever doing my Father's work. My only disappointment will be not completing my mission on this earth. Death does not frighten me for it is merely a passing from one plane to another . . .

kathy cameron

WHERE HAVE ALL THE REBELS GONE ? lisa beeson

Where have all the rebels gone, old one? Where are they?

The handsome young men who didn't give a damn about society - where are they? I've searched and searched; I can't find anymore!

Yes, there used to be a lot around here.
They'd roar their motorcycles - tried to copy Brando and James Dean. Hmmm! I remember them quite well.

How do you know so much old one? You are old and gray; rather conservative. Why are you crying?

Because I was once a rebel . . .

James Dean

you were a legend in your own time. The Pan-God like creature. Golden, handsome, blue-eyed. Loving, motherless.

(my mother died when i was wee -
that is why i am me.)

He loved both men and women. He loved the world; the world did not return the favor. Begging to be loved.
(my mother died when i was wee-

that is why i am me.)

YES, YOU WERE YOU

I'm scared. Death is the most frightening thing to me. I'm young and there are so many things I want to do and places to see. I want to go places and get a chance to experience things I've never done before. It seems unfair to have to die so young. Death seems like it should come when you're old and have had a fulfilling life - when you've accomplished the goals in life that you wanted. Life passes quickly and now i see how foolish I've been in wasting my life. I should have gotten up bright and early instead of sleeping the day away. And all of those days I've spent sitting around bored - just think of all the things I could have done. I've got to get started and really begin to live and see how valuable life is, instead of waiting until it's too late. It's a shame I've waited til now to see how much I really love living and be thankful for the things I've already done and get a taste of life and to have been able to live as long as I have. It could have been shorter

Lisa Follette

"CEMETERY SOLILOQUY" (ed nauseum)

In honor of Alice Cooper

Dedicated to Sandra Ellis

How sometimes I long to be dead.
Marble tombstone marking the place of my head.
Beautiful flowers keeping me company.
Occasionally the song of bird or buzz of bee.

Six feet under is a wonderful place.
Please don't let anyone spit in my face.
The metal of my coffin begins to rust.
Soon I will be nothing but a mound of dust.

Man cannot reach me with his pollution.
But I have to give up the light of the sun.
I am now in the region of the shade.
Where Prosperina was kidnapped while she played.

But when it rains, the grave is a different scene.
You'll have to die to completely know what I mean.
The water seep through my casket.
It comes on its own; I didn't ask it.
My burial suit soon becomes wrinkled.
My skin gets wet and becomes crinkled.
The mud slides down across my nose.
I feel the fungus growing on my toes.

Rivulets of water race down my arm.
Tiny snails float by; they mean no harm.
A large muskrat nibbles my ear.
I wish it would stop; I can't hear.
My eyelashes have become a nest for cockroaches.
When my eyes close, I hear them sing "Buenos Noches."
A gentle old black snake is my only lover.
A swarm of flies and a swarm of gnats above me hover.
My legs become cold; I think I'll freeze.
An ant climbs in my nose; I want to sneeze.

An oak root has broken into my coffin.
This is how all the creatures got in.
Moss is taking over the place of my hair.
I feel the lice crawling around up there.
A sudden gush of water breaks through the hole.
Sweeping into my mouth a large rancid mole.

Finally the water from my tomb drains.
And now I'm cozy until again it rains.
I continue my progress of rapid decay.
Nature is pleased; she wants it this way.

My organs are inevitably beginning to quit.
I scarcely notice the stench filling my pit.
My stomach has become the home of germs.
I begin to regurgitate thousands of worms.

I know you think you'll never die.
There's nothing you can do to stop it; why try?
Before I go, one bad thing about death.
The maggots on my lips have very bad breath.

THE PASSING

Daddy . . . I miss you!

I want to be your little girl
AGAIN . . .
Please come home to me!

Remember . . .

The songs . . .
I sang for you every night;
The Orange Soda . . .
You would buy for me
on our special trips
to town . . .

(DENIAL)

DADDY WHERE ARE YOU?

PLEASE COME TO ME!

I know you are with me . . .
At times . . .
I feel your presence
I sit here crying.

Wanting you to come,
and comfort me.

BUT, YOU DON'T COME . . .

. . . WHY? . . .

(DEPRESSION)

There is only so much time in A LIFE . . .

When, Will it end for me
I will be with you then DADDY!
Only then . . .
Will I be at PEACE!
BUT WILL I?

What of my boys?
Do they really need me?
Not really!

BOB, What will happen to our boys?
Will you love them forever?
you told me that once
was that a passing fancy?
Like most things with us.

What will happen to them without their
MOTHER?
They will go on As I must
DADDY; WITHOUT YOU
 . . . WITHOUT YOU . . .

I LOVED YOU AND ALWAYS WILL!

(REGRETS)

Why didn't we spend our time together?
Talking more instead
We chased words until it was too
LATE.

You knew my love and respect . . .
But what good is it now?

THE PASSING (Continued)

With DEATH . . . you feel nothing.
No Love . . .
You were an unhappy man
If only I could have made
Your life happier . . . but instead
I took the sunshine . . . from your
Last DAYS!

DADDY I'M SORRY . . . BUT I CAN'T DO ANYTHING NOW!

TO SHOW THE SORROW, OR REGRETS FOR THE

CHILDHOOD SHAME FOR
MY AGING FATHER . . .

THERE IS ONLY SO MUCH I CAN DO FOR YOUR

PART IS DONE!

. . . LINDA - WOLFENBERGER - REIGLE . . .

THE DANCE OF THE DYING

Evening flees; its forms dissipate . . .
Night, grief-garlanded appears . . .
Mourning the demise of another day.

Shadowed city streets echo the wail of her
Star-lit elegies.

She dances with DEATH in his ritualistic attire
Stalking barren lands for converts to
their everblossoming creed, Watching together,
They call the troubled masses.

Men rage against diminishing light
They strive to ignore the song, but the lyrics
are carved in their minds.

Names are called the believers will
. . . FOLLOW . . .

Some knowingly, others passing through in silence

The pain remains . . . a reminding companion

The night dance goes on; mourning songs are sung
The living going about the rituals of putting grief
filled aftermaths to REST !

BOB HOLZWORTH

TO BE BORN; A TIME TO DIE." "TO EVERYTHING THERE IS A SEASON A TIME A TIME FOR EVERY PURPOSE UNDER HEAVEN -

" The doorbell rang

in the middle
of the evening. I heard the
front door open and a

neighborhood kid

blurted, "I just found

a white cat in the gutter. I think it's

yours - - I think

it's dead."

angela kunkle

THOUGHTS & FEELINGS

mark fleckenstein

Purple Passions of A Portable Nights
(to nietzsche)

raynelle

Keith Overcash

Oh God, She Found My Stash

Bobby Harris

If I Has

Cathy Brown

We Live; Why; I Believe

Angela Kunkle

Debbie Pierce

The Happy Hour

A. L. Reynolds

(Thoreau) 12:35 am 11/20/75

Debbie Pierce

Mark Bolick

MIRACLES?

Kim Mitcham

The Gift List

mark fleckenstein

The Picture (Thoughts on a Nude
in Black and White)

PURPLE PASSIONS OF A PORTABLE NIGHTS (to nietzsche)

Nietzsche - - o Zarathustra prophet of Prussia
and 1850's diluted victorians morals -
where are you? laboring days merciless in hell, and
staggering by satin sheets nights
come come come - - - - -
 from the sadder moans of sirens of pain
 less sleep and too medicine - stomach of acid
reacting like wrestler
 flexx softbound arms and paper/ink muscles
blasphemies - - - ! Delusions - ! Hallucinations - - - - - ! !
(banished from the womb by sightless eyeball of
MAMA)
 mama where are you? en root and rotted tombstone
of fantastic righteously wrong - - - - -
 lonely moustache father philosophy.

only last night, o angel agnostic - we straddled parkinglots
of idiots and metal searching for truth in cookbooks
answers to life in cigars for love in brothels
(closed for the holidays)
poor sober face - in the unhinged masses of commonly
misinterpretation
 no one will touch the fickle white arm - no softer
hair or finer bones - reeking of wanton zeal
through stores of muZAK haze
and bland feature manager without a face - cashiers touching
reality - clickity clacking numbers registering the life
in dollars sign no cents/sense
(no change)

past the technical unknow how to books
pages and pages and pages and pages and pages and pages and pages
of dried blood and dams of tears
(i feel like family - underdeveloped and over-intellect)
subverted into a new glass or bottle of wine
seeping and sipping somebody's thoughts -----

 the doors slam tight
 shut out and locked in
 air breathless the glass
 eats shadows and movie
 projects reality

with flash of black brooding baby maturity
 suckle and starve -
 the WILL TO POWER is a secret -
and old men prunes and new born raisins -
crave and
 all that is beauty destroys - - - - -
 the sun folds - - - - -

mark fleckenstein

if time weren't so important for my life,
i could do and be just an ordinary wife.
god please say that i am wrong and you,
you are a god that loves a good honest screw.
people of this world fall short in looking
for fear the habit they support is hooking.
we've been all over this god before.
you know it's a bloody damn bore!
the door is always shut and rarely open.
the mind is deep and turbulent like the ocean.
answers fail me, as they often have
of god, i'm sure i'm not bad.
we've wrestled the question too long i fear.
judgement day scares me as it draws near.
so little time for all those special things
i've passed in discontent and agony, i mean
i'm not sure i can face another day of white
padded walls, padded minds dark as night.
god it's awful, and you know why
i want to live fully and then die.
you gave me the talents.
i alone can bury or grow
i can't balance
so i will throw
away the key
to you
and me.

raynelle

OH GOD, SHE FOUND MY STASH

Thunder crackled; lightening flashed.
Giant cracks formed in the earth.
Money lost all of its supposed to be worth.
Sun quit shining; rain quit raining.
Hypochondriacs quit complaining.
The day Mother sifted through my cache
And God, she found my stash.
Oh God, she found my stash.

K
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A small brown jar, hidden in a box,
Stapled together, bound by two locks,
Buried in a section of my floor
Concealed from sight by a two-by-four.
Kept out of sight by a two-by-four.
Mom vacuumed one day; the board came up.
Found the box, curious as a pup,
She opened the box and looked inside
And saw what I'd vainly tried to hide,
She saw what I'd tried vainly to hide.
An ounce of hash, several hits of speed
Acid, blotter, and of course some weed,
When I drifted in from school that day,
Mother looked at me in a very strange way.
Handed me the jar, said not a word.
Thoughts in her eyes were all that I heard.

The only feeling I had was shock.
Speechless, we both listened to the clock.
Standing there, we listened to the clock.
Finally she said quite tearfully,
"Would you mind explaining this to me?
I said "Nothing really to explain."
"I'm asking you only once again."
"I'm going to ask you once again."
I walked to my room, refused to speak.
Angrily she screamed "You little sneak!"

I calmly started packing my things.
My cloths, my tapes, my pictures, my rings,
Especially my tapes and my rings,
Piled all my belongings in the car.
Mother yelled "You won't get very far."

I climbed in the car and said "Good-bye,"
And that is when she started to cry.

And that is when I started to cry.

I cranked up and put the car in gear.
"If you need me, you can reach me here."

Gave her an address and drove away.
Mother went in and started to pray.

WENT IN THE HOUSE AND STARTED
TO PRAY.

IF I HAD

Reprinted from the Broughton Messenger

If I had freedom I would be so glad to be at home with my mother and father. Broughton is alright with its locked doors and keys, but people love freedom. Freedom to run around, play with friends, to ride a bicycle on a warm day, to relax at home. Freedom to go trick or treating on Halloween to visit friends and have parties. If I had freedom, what a wonderful gift.

- Bobby Harris -

WE LIVE

We awake each morning with
A feeling of awareness,
With joy in our hearts we
Challenge the world.
With the past behind, the
Future ahead, we live for
Today, for yesterday is
Gone and tomorrow may be too late

WHY

Why do I laugh when
I want to cry?
Why can't I be happy
Do you know WHY?

I BELIEVE

I believe in love
I believe the world's a great place
I believe (sometimes) in myself.
I believe in believing.
Even when I'm in a skeptical mood
Believing is more fun than not.
It lifts me up. It makes me smile.
Even when the joke's on me.
I Believe!

Reprinted from the
BROUGHTON **MESSENGER**

Cathy Brown

Kicking an empty can down

the road, flashbacks of a past life are being re-run on the
screen within her mind.

She stares at the can and
visualizes herself as an empty confused shell of a person being
kicked and trampled by anyone or anything.

She fights her realities by pretending to live in fantasies,
but then accidentally looks at two

distorted hands
and her fantasies break open as that of a wound,
partially healed, but opened, allowing the wound to ooze and
fester - - draining its power to heal.

Her thoughts have been interrupted
by voices - - five - - seven -no nine heads appear to eye level, as
they climb

the incline to the road.

Mentally her mind screams - - - RUN - HIDE - but, no, she must not, she has
to face the obstacles even though she has repeatedly
been persecuted

by such "developed" remarks - dozens of

Times.

* RETARD, FREAK,* they scream to her disfigured face, she
can only use her and allow them to be reflectors of her
inward thoughts and feelings.

she does not cleave within herself

nor does she defend

NOT NOW . . .

She has power none would expect
within those eyes. You know, it's enough - - for eventually

those

people stopped their name callings and mockeries - they can only
use their eyes and allow them to be reflectors
of their inward thoughts and feelings.

ANGELA KUNKLE

THE HAPPY HOUR

It was part of the day when we sat searching for the
Unhidden secrets of our own existence. A time when we met
Ourselves face to face and let our hearts in on some secrets
Our minds had hidden on the right side of our soul. In
Search for ourselves, we found others hidden there also
As we took flight on butterflies wings to deep waters and
Shiny bright stars. No bars could hold in life or keep
Out death . . . we were content in our completeness, and it did
Not matter that Merry Christmas hung high above us. For some
The hour lasted one day, for others it lasted one month,
But all came to the last second while love clasped hands
As our emotions left the scene . . . It was all completed in our
11:35 journey.

DEBBIE PIERCE

The wind that blows,
Is all that anybody knows (Thoreau)
- such is life -

My water glass is empty
the low bowl I've smoked
in the pipe turned bitter
and the
coffee is cold
So I'll order a (with onions)
junior cheeseburger
A major decision of life i guess

I turn on my smile for the waitress
(mrs. moose)
she has allowed me to camp in the
corner with my books
exams tommorrow
and I feel smooth and loose
The tests? no sweat.

I feel very much like the fellow
George Harrison sang about;

And he rolled across the floor,

Through the hall and out the door.
Into the land of perpetual mirth,
And he rolled for all he was worth.

i think that's how it goes.
The junior cheeseburger has ARRIVED!
(with onions)
Eaten, it wasn't bad. coffee and the pipe now.

A.L. Reynolds

* * * * *

Heat rises high on a cold pane. Noises surround the
corners of the hall.
Lonely hearts swing high from the tree tops and fall hard
on the ground.
Clouds disappear behind ice cold smiles . . . all is disturbing.

debbie pierce

12:35 a.m.

11/20/75

The cream in my coffee

swirls like the
Smoke from my pipe.
Its shape is true, yet formless.
For it is natural!

I was lazy today, for I had taken no shower.
So I decided to be a bum.
Snacking under the great Old oak tree
I contemplated making another cannon of Coke cans.
The first one I made worked pretty well
until I sat on it.

I'm cold but the heat just came on.
The window on my right chills me
while the port side is warm
and sleepy.
Fire and Ice I guess.
The coffee is bitter without sugar.
but sugar makes me sleepy, relaxed,
contented

like

Cynthia.

Warm was she, like the port side.
Contented she made me after love.
Secure she binds me
with my thoughts of her in the east.

Hard was her frame, soft like well-worn
sheets was her skin.

Dark I remember her; the year round permanent
sun tan.

Caring she was like a doe for its fawn
Love and understanding she gave me,
ignored like the fatherly advice
given to his teenager.

I am sorry and enlightened now and
better learned of injustice done to her,

Cynthia.

Cynthi
You kissed hard with affection and intent,
shallow with tongue
and yet loved deep with personal dependance
experience and desire.

I can love you now, looking back, and desire
you even more in hopes of returning

what was given in so great
an amount.

interruption

cop just sat down beside me
I'm no longer
alone

with your thoughts

Al Reynolds



MIRACLES?

Mark Bolick

Daddy, why is mommy crying?

Son, she went to the doctor today:
He said she's dying.

Daddy, you said God was always
right.

Son, she has cancer. She just might
go tonight.

Daddy, you said God was powerful and good.

Son, Some things I don't understand
Either.

Daddy, what are we going to do?

Son, we'll survive even if it is
only you and me.

Son, go to your room and pray.

Maybe mommy will make it through another
day . . .

Daddy, do miracles come true?

Son, the preacher said they do.

Daddy, mommy has stopped crying.

Son, she may be dying. No, the pain
has quit.

Son, it's like inside me a candle was
lit.

Daddy, please don't cry, she'll live.

Yes, I know. God will give and give.

Son, always remember God is alive and well.

Daddy, to the world this I will tell.

THE PICTURE (THOUGHTS ON A NUDE IN BLACK AND WHITE)

philosophical and teary eyed (the window holds no light
the slumbering rays glance through outside in
glaring gentle cutting dull)
she hosts the room statuesque and drab - a single fixation
the room barren and half hostile gives nothing
and takes no more it remains of itself
a chip of TIME displaced into the moment
like a flower long since past and dry bloom'd

her hair silent and cries her shoulder she is hideous
twitching muscular reflexx of buttocks and scanty naked skin
idle and standing (what holds her up she stands upon)
ache of no emotion no myriad of sequence of alterior
actions waxing into reaction only wired still
like an unflame match
the window bears her like a mother or blanket
a transcending of security firmly insecurity

*mark fleckenstein

TRANSPERSONAL PSYCHOLOGY

BO

mark fleckenstein

Bob Holzworth

Lou Ann Earp

Larry E. Parker

Glenn Lorenzo McClettie

martha cushman-holzworth

diem (d.m. seymour)

Bob Holzworth

RLM (Richard Lyon Morgan)

JHNeely

Gino Parker

LP, Tampa Florida

Goldie Macaroni (Glenn McClettie)

Randy Kimberlain

Derinda

H.Castine (Rowe)

L.T.E. (lou ann earp)

Ted Chapin

The Kid (Dennis Elledge)

Dexter Funderburk

sweet pea (linda gill)

SB

Richard Morgan

Patty Fox

Memories

Freud's Visit To America

Masterpiece

Midnight Ramblings

How Do I Feel?

What I want to Be

What I Want To Be

Despair . . . an experience in awareness

Deliverance

Here is Now

War Stories (Used by permission of Poet)

In My Life

Travels in Time

Back Again and Down

Unaware

Transpersonal Psychology 1986

Ten Years from Now

1976-1986

"CLOCK"

In Ten Years

ME

1986 - UNREALITY

The Next Ten Years

MEMORIES

Candle grease on borrowed carpets

Pictures drawn from students' lives

Laughter in the midst of boredom

One who knocked at closed doors

* * * * *

Darkened room with machines galore

Ancient pictures climbing through the paint

Drafting materials where once was joy

Where have all the flowers gone?

* * * * *

Progress is such an important thing

Buildings, machines, technology

Mortar, not mortals, programs, not people

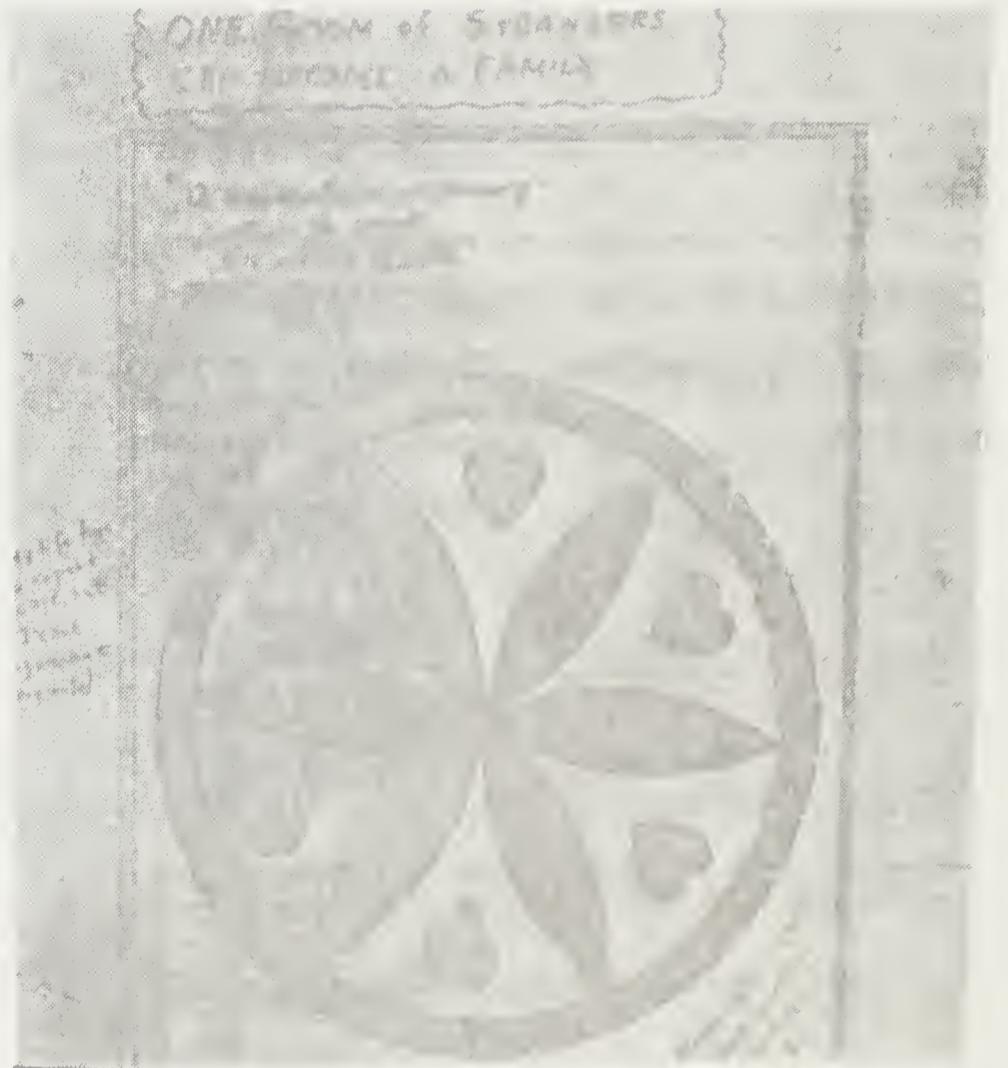
And the sadness of unhealed hearts

* * * * *

LORD, WHY HAST THOU ALLOWED?

THE ENCOUNTER ROOM Psychology Lab

MITCHELL COMMUNITY COLLEGE



FREUD'S VISIT TO AMERICA

(hail Sigmund - furry father psychology - Freud - - - - -
super sexual analysis of dream situations - i'm quizzical
of my loveless leanings not dissimilar to boards of support
as a bra supports breasts, but i support only words and
only as a volition.)

lacey skirts of platinum ideal - wooly eyes of brown/blue/
green water-like haze - shadows of eyebrows - hair of other
lovers twisted into the brain - leggy amazons torturing
male starving sex eyes that promote nudity and proffer rape-
over endowed and underweight, slinky like slippery snakes
they FLASH- - - - (yellow electricity- momentarily illuminating
the spirit)

i am the last mountain of humane tragedies - of broken
box spring mattress affairs-secure in their jeans and invisible
shoes with toes of confidence light stepping
my present at nineteen six months of analysis and \$1000
in bills lacking payment-
a roomful of empty telephone calls, they ring in a black void
of mid-afternoon

and all surrounded by days of pseudo-intellectual pursuit-
delving into books of ignorance and teachers with mouths of
past history worthless for all moments
and six ounces of hope and a few friends distracted into
new homes away from home - enjoying their transience
and one lavish pursuit- altered in time for the being
and radiating through telepathic phone calls
all dimensions revert into themselves- back four years
like steps on the moon

poems of praise for life and a grant to eternal sufferance
and lack of privacy- selling out to the world
gladly would i starve the physical body for the touch
of slight hands - - - - -

(we have slept together in our differences- a holy ship
for space

spending loose change on almond eyes and dark skin
sleeping naked in crummy room of bugs and perfume
snoring with wonderful mouth- lips open - - - - -
delicate eyes sensing light and closing - - - - -
we have frozen together eaten cold meat and nearly
died from lack of everything essential to humanity
but you went on fleeing to knowledgible pastures
and presumed all - now there is only a memory of you
i am stating mu eulogy drunk with nameless body
she is thin and has no face only a glowing neon smile
we've spent days in physical conversation not speaking
only communicating-

i am certain that all the wine wasn't but savored
in the head blasting machine-guns of thoughts to
her nothingness and essence.

i am in love.

mark fleckenstein

HOW DO I FEEL ?

So many times I've walked down the hall and heard,

"How are you?"

And as expected I give the usual response,

"Fine thanks, and you?"

But is this really the way I feel?

Exactly how do I feel?

Sometimes I feel like I'm stuck in a whirlwind
That constantly goes round and round
And when I try my best to get out,
I feel depression, anxiety, hopelessness, and doubt.

At other times I'm way up - as high as cloud nine.
Weather doesn't effect me - I see only sunshine.
On days such as this nothing goes wrong.
Everything's great - the whole world's a song.

Lou Ann Earp

WHAT I WANT TO BE

I want to be the kind of person you can call a friend until the end.
I want to be known as Larry, and not as anyone else. I want to be BLACK.
I want to be a man who can accept life as it comes and goes. I want
everybody as a friend. I want to be cheerful in every way that I can and
to be a success regardless of the mess. I want to be able to accept
responsibility and know how to handle it. But, most of all, what I most
want from life is: I WANT TO BE FREE.

Larry E. PARKER

WHAT I WANT TO BE

I want to be strong like a giant oak planted by a river - - -
I want to be brave, so when fear arrives, I won't quiver.
I want to be sound, in mind, body, and soul - - -
I want to grow wiser, each day I grow old.
I want my thoughts to be like the Grand Canyon, long and deep - - -
I want to wake up after a good night's sleep.
I want to make friends in times of strife - - -
I want to be free and enjoy life.
I want to be a true Black Man - - -
I want to be some lovely woman's husband.
I want to be a good father, as my father was to me - - -
I want to be able to love my enemy.
All these things I'd truly love to be,
But most of all, I want to be me - - -

Glenn

Lorenzo

McClettie

DESPAIR . . .

an experience in

awareness . . .

Despair, Despair, i see it everywhere
i see it in that man over there
sitting still, his body lumped on a stool
is he wondering if he is Life's greatest fool?
i wonder how he feels inside himself
his shoulders are slumped as if being dragged
by an incredible burden, yet,
his eyes stare out seemingly above and beyond
his being, the world: into what?
a world of fantasy, hostility, but always escape?
his hair kind of stands where it falls -
a ha - a contradiction
his fingers knarled and knotted with
all the inner pains seeking release,
yet, his mind is in there working,
directing those fingers to precision action.
lined face, protruding middle, laboured walk.
Yet, when he speaks and smiles
i know
there is still somebody really fantastic here!

7/31/75

DELIVERANCE

martha cushman-holzworth

Gentle breezes flowing through my mind
Oh God, how I'm glad to be alive!
Thank you for the blessed grace you gave
For calming those terrible, tempestuous waves.
Thank you for chart drawn with sweat and blood
And the compass which centers on Christ Jesus' love
Thank you for courage to hold on as I swayed
For the tears that washed my wounds away
Please now not let me be blinded once more
As I attempt to traverse Your charted course
Please bless me and never let me stray
From You and Christ Jesus: the world's onlyWay.

8/11/75

HERE IS NOW

Here is now, not then or when
Or there or the hereafter
It is now I cherish here.
What is here is now?
It is awareness of
my senses
my body
my entire unique being
it is feeling and sharing
this is listening and laughing
and talking and thinking
together: we become!

8/22/75

WAR STORIES

returned from our own private battles

we gather to cleanse old wounds

casting off our armor

laying bare the base

we halve

quarter

share

the spoils of war

the laughter from our secret sorrows

mem'ries of long hidden scars

cortege has now conceived

a gentle birth of love

(if not the touching

then the glancing kind)

just as ravaged empires crumbled

shall these things too pass away?

a touch of autumn in the air . . .

diem

(dm seymour)
8/21-22/74

Used by permission of the poet.

IN MY LIFE

Relentless yearning devoured me, Stripped away
The well placed veneer of my world, left me standing
In mirrors of reflected ugliness.

Mind-years of spewed images destroyed and left me
dredging the gutters, my spirit screaming in the
graveling guilt.

I crawled before worlds, dreams broken
no new ones in sight
Uttering syllables trying to right the wrongs, LIFE . . .
remained and seemed and expression

Obsessing thoughts galded/persecuted at heart
I'D BOUGHT AND SOLD a thousand times.

Yielding again to the love of well worn avenues, ESCAPE
Reaching toward the schemes that unwind reality.
Exposed again . . . jolted mind roaming . . . across winds
of drug tranced time, my unforgotten home.
Fantasies came in roaring colors, Heads melting on the
ground . . . friends found and lost for chiding
by the chosen cronies of the hour into sinking wells,
fallen perches, shrinking towers of time.

Twisted signals rushing in the night, panic minded rains
beating the ground, driving me further into sewers of the
soul.

The chosen vehicle of escape had crowned me to linger
for centuries, in my tortured state of my own
EXCLUSIVE HELL!

TRAVELS IN TIME

Conquering imposing wills minds set free to travel
other realms, aimed toward distant plains, where the cosmic
knowledge is met and explored.

Spinning worlds scatter me; the particles falling asunder
touching in brief encounters . . . ending the sojourn.

Spinning particles . . . energized and searching as the catalyst
propels them once more to the borderless horizon and catches
me up in its rainbowed colors.

Colors that melt and merge . . . pure energy travels
timed circuits of total endurance, seas of particulated logic . . .
assess me . . . bombard me with answers . . . to questions which
I haven't asked . . . Whirled into another axis a man-child presents
himself before me and I know where his thoughts will lead, His
past retained as a part within me . . . his cycles learned, govern
my future foundations; Wails of confusion pull at my fiber weaving
me deeper into his web . . . torn and tormented by the sting of his sadness

TRAVELS IN TIME (Concluded)

. . . tears of salt river past me . . . flashed into his childhood
of unmet needs . . . Left at odds with my own . . . drowning
in the waterfall of his youth . . . pulled out by strands of
maturity . . . Emerging to father my own . . .

TO FATHER, MY OWN!

BACK AGAIN AND DOWN

Cold loneliness, my companion, and I walked through snow-
chilled wintry streets, embracing weariness, embarking on my
venture. Gazing onto LIFE's side streets, for a tint of heart
felt flames. Numbd by icy shadows calling to closed windows
I am called by chimed winds . . . lonely shrill hellos from
Building tops of man's steel towers . . . entrap me in their far
reaching shadows that mask the human light. Night sounds
prick my thoughts, pushing me closer toward previously known
PATHS.

Stillness crushes my throbbing skull
The vague form of release hovers in
my palm enticing me toward its
alternative to . . . loneliness. Touched
And Tasted . . .

Taken for token, inward peace I wait . . .

FRIENDLY COLORS APPEAR

lonely buildings melt into oblivion and my perceptions heighten
AND DISSIPATE!

UNAWARE

WOKE UP scorning the sun's rudeness, their misconceptions
of my intentions . . . verbal onslaught ensued: Of rotten day

Lousy meals . . their thoughts are out . . . to get

Me . . all that is : except Frankly, the book worm, my friend . . . helps
me over the rough spots. They locked me here . . . against self -
destruction . . . Told them: "I don't want to die; I just don't want to
LIVE"

Couldn't understand what I meant
so here I am . . . Manic-depressive label, everyone watches; following my
every move . . . WHY?

FRANKLY; You do understand, Don't you?

live in books tell me, What they say, My behavior . . . Strange? . . . well
it's just me. Ah, but then they don't know me the way you do. They
watch . . . constantly, but can't see you there . . . in the back of my mind,
MY SHIELD, against their

probing . . . dehumanizing remarks. They'll know one of these days when
I've walked away, and left them in their sadistic havens,
They'll be the ones . . . living in their shells of reality and won't see that you
and I dwell; safely, in a well of hidden thoughts,
where We can't be caught

U
N
AWARE!

BOB HOLZWORTH

In August at the meeting hall, the people held a costume ball.
Each wore a mask upon his face, and clothed himself in coloured lace.
They stood in groups of three or four, and tapped their feet upon the floor;
And crossed their arms and blinked their eyes
And from their mouths came predicted lies.

When the sticky, heated air
Demanded more than he could bare,
One of them slid his black mask down
And bared his face from chin to crown;
And when they saw his naked face
They seized and dragged him from that place
And turned and barred the heavy door
And shook their heads and crossed the floor.

RLM: 1967

Will it matter that I was?
Yes, it will matter because I was
It will matter to those who aren't
Who find me a constant threat
It will matter to those who seek
to be, not exist
But most of all it matters to me
That I became the ME I wanted to be.

RLM: 1976

TRANSPERSONAL PSYCHOLOGY 1986

Old and grey and stooped and aged
another leaf upon life's page
Still waiting to be what I'm not
So many dreams that I never caught.
My children grown, new paths to seek.
Can I make it through another week?
Ten more years of life have flown
And older is all that I have grown.

JHNeely

Mitchell, a few years from now will most likely have thrown in the towel.
She has tried to destroy our creativity, but we have struck back with
healthy activity.

The lecturer gets a lecture all his own. Minds grow stronger day by day -
Open the door, throw up the window. We walk out of our mental dungeon
into a better way . . .

Gino Parker

TEN YEARS FROM NOW

I would be in my home town
I would be just coming down
I would be where I want to be
I would see all that I want to see
And the thing that I would see
Would be me.

LP, Tampa, Florida

1976 - 1986

Ten years have gone by,
I stand here and wonder why.
Someone tells me I'm a machine
I stop and tell them I'm a human being.
I tell them I operate on love, strife
and toil,
And not on some cheap 3 - A motor oil.
I try to lay down a plan
For those who can't find the answer in their hand.
True liberty in learning all over the world,
Justice in the minds of every man, woman,
boy, and girl . . .

GOLDIE MACARONI

Glenn McClettie

Ten years from today I can't see myself physically only a person,
peace of mind, no worries about life, knowing where I am going.

CLOCK

Tick tock the hands move fast
Tick tock the hands move slow
Tick tock which way will they go
Tick tock nobody knows
Tick tock move the hands forward
Tick tock move them backwards
Tick tock don't be afraid/

Randy
Kimberlain

IN TEN YEARS DERINDA

In ten years I'll be twenty-nine,
I hope that Johnny will be mine
I see us in our happy home
and several children of our own.
A bed of roses our life may not be,
But a better future we can see.

My motorized rocking chair will promote
increased circulation.
My pacemaker will keep my heart going
without cessation -
The golden Age Club will go to the moon
on our summer vacation.
With face lift, and silicone
our age is a matter for debate;
Free from work, free from gestation.
Life is a life of excitement - future exploration.

H. Castine (Rowe)

Sitting here in a classroom, projecting myself ahead
In ten years from now, will I be dead or alive?
Everyone has aims and goals of how they want to be
But no one can be sure - they just have to wait and see.
As for myself, teaching is my goal;
Furthering others' education will be my goal.
Ten years seems to me such a long time away,
But I know they'll pass quickly and I'll soon be in that day.

L.T.E. (lou ann earp)

ME

I find myself ten years older but ten years wiser.
Statesville is nothing but a memory. I have discovered
a new set of ideals, and new friends; I am free at last.

peace

With

Self

Ted Chapin

I see myself as a married man
Teaching, coaching the best I can
I see myself as a skinny guy
With a couple of children running around
with a cry;
I see myself in the bedroom at night
making love to my beautiful wife,
in the dark of the night.

THE KID

Dennis Elledge

A city of electricity
with bodies of elasticity
the twinkle of the wire
stimulates and makes one desire
Wires, wires, computers and brains
The world will never be the same
Cards for this, cards for that
No meat, no weight, definitely no fat
Damn. Shit, abandoned from our place

There never was such a
thing as the

HUMAN

RACE.

Dexter
Funderburk

1986 - UNREALITY

sweat pea

In 1986, maybe I'll look like me.
people now are such hypocrites,
They can't see the forest through the trees.

I'll probably have six children,
And travel around the world.
But first taking care of them,
Making sure they don't get hurt.

Hurt by the way I was!
Hurt by the one's who don't care.
Keeping all my family from those crazy mentalic wars.

I can't really say how I'll look.
My husband-who says he's around?
I'll care for the real things in life,
And not just stories from books.
My surroundings will always be different;
Two and one-half years in any one town.
Maybe I'm following footsteps,
But at least with the ones I'll love best!

The **FUTURITY** of **LIFE** is at **STAKE**,

AND

HOPE to GOD I don't BREAK !

THE NEXT TEN YEARS

SB

Relaxed and happy and satisfied with life,
I hope not fat and round as usually happens.
A little more experienced with the knowledge
of living; giving and taking and believing in myself . . .

* * * * *

above all the endless chatter, chatter and patter, patter of
teacher voices; there is still hope that the tiny spark of creativity
in every soul can emerge from the minds of students like these. Hope
springs eternal My God, what have we done to these kids?

Richard Morgan
a teacher who left
for the right.

* * * * *

Ten years from now my hair is still naturally the same.
(maybe only a few grey streaks.)
I will be married and most likely a mother and homemaker. I may
live in Statesville or the surrounding area. I will have been out
of school for a while. My physical appearance looks about the same,
I hope. I see myself as happy and enjoying life. I really don't
see very many changes in my personality. The year is 1986. Things
around me have changed, as far as time is concerned. Newer businesses
and ways of life are evident.

Patty Fox

LOVE

sweet pea
Anonymously dedicated to sweet pea

Wash Out to Barry
Flower Garden 1975

sweet pea

Summer Sun

Trixie
sweet pea
debbie pierce

Broken Dreams

Melanie Fulp
Charlie Parks
KMA
Phil Dulin

Love

Love

sweet pea
debbie pierce

Rx PRESCRIPTION
Moments

KMA

No. 6

sweet pea

Moments

WASH OUT

To Barry

Eight months before we met
You knew me.

You said you worshipped me
From afar.

“ A bottle of shampoo and her face . . . ”

No one could say who I was.

I was all in your brain they said.

But then we met !
In town - in a grocery store where you worked.
Where I shopped.

“ Another bottle of shampoo and my face. ”

Finally you knew who I was.

But discovered your dream was taken. You were brokenhearted, but
Determined to win your prize ! Your world soon became whole again.

Our hearts became entwined. Forever we'd be together. No more

NAZARATH ' S for us.

“ Another bottle of shampoo and our faces. ”

sweet pea

Our love was like a rose-bud - small, wrapped into self
Allowing nothing to go out and very little to go in.
But our love grew. Passion, trust, and a sharing of aloneness
Caused the bud to open, and soon our love overflowed into
The sky. Gradually our love became like a full-blown rose; not
Once did I notice how gently time had treated us and how
Fragile the petals of our love really were. But then, one day,
A wind storm came and blew the petals away.
Now all I have left is the torn . . .

Anonymously dedicated
To sweet pea

BROKEN DREAMS

I've always been told, that
someday,
that special
someone
will come and sweep me off my feet,
and carry me off to a world
of happiness. What do you say when you've already been
swept
under the rug . . .

To Debbie

TRIXIE

Learning from the past
My goodness! What a bore!
Finding out when cave men wrote
And painted on the walls.

sweet pea

Music slowly forms . . . existing before it was born.
And is sung on every tongue as each person awaits the Tune.

debbie pierce

SUMMER SUN (J.E.M.)

Sea breeze and sweet songs of birds.
Thinking of you and basking in the summer sun.
Memories of when we were together . . .

Ocean waves - gulls flying high above while
Miles of sand opened an eternity for us.
You explained your secret to me and I in
Turn shared mine.

That night, during the quiet hours before
Winter dawn,
We opened our hearts.
Scared and frightened of the future, we
Plunged our love onward.

The future came too suddenly!
Now, separated! Often I think
Of you and the memories of

When we were together.

Sea breeze and sweet songs of birds.
Thinking of you and basking in the summer sun.

sweet pea

March 1976

LOVE

What is love? A feeling, a sweet
spectacle of life, or the longing a sense in
my heart? Can love be that joy a view in
so many faces, and still be the unreachable
star in my life? How can love exist in
everyone's world, giving them someone who cares
for them and one who wants to share their inner
being with glorious expectations and fulfillment,
and yet pass me by without a single word
of encouragement or a single hello.

Melanie Fulp

Quiet,
they're just staring.
Crying,
please don't cry.
Can't you understand.
I wasn't free.
My dreams and hopes,
no purpose.
Love?
I am gone.

Deep, steady Silence,
surrounded by darkness.
Visions of peace.
No movement,
nobody.
Freedom.
I have found my saviour,
Myself.

Charlie Parks

LOVE

The hands tenderly caressed me,
The fingers slipped through my thin strands of graying hair
My head was gently lowered,
The fabric lovingly folded over me.
I feel a sensation - my body is lifted.
I fall into secure, loving arms.
My eyes are opened - my spirit transformed.
Through death, I have gained a love
once lost.

KMA

Love can be beautiful
Love can be sad
It was sad,
For a long, long time
Now it is nothing
But it will be beautiful, again.

Love comes and goes.

Phil Dulin

(Rx) PRESCRIPTION

I felt it when we met . . .
Every bone in my body twinged;
Metabolism flowed sky-high.
You agreed we were meant for each other . . .

My silly laughs and dimples . . .
My poetry was great to you, even if it didn't pass the tests.
Those walks at the lake . . .

But it's all over now !
Although I still believe it was right.
Ruined because of a small misunderstanding on our parts . . .

Can't we patch it up?

With a small dosage of LOVE and UNDERSTANDING for
medicine, and a little CARE for the recuperating period . . .

sweet pea

MOMENTS

Time is oblivious to the dying of a new born day . . .
Dying to the past I make a sacrifice for the future
Today is all being of one experience of existence
Opening the dawn to the dark night . . .
One single star outshines the moon with the glow of the
fountain,
Crowded on lonely halls where a tall tree stands
Open the door, accept who walks out to make
Your present be found in all the bleakness of never
Ending eternity.

debbie pierce

He asks for nothing but all we have to give. He led me
Through the mystery of the world and asked me to leave it
Unsolved. Love looked through many doors and saw nothing
But darkness. The light gleamed through in a single ray
And was more refreshing than the fragrance of a rose.
Time stood still while I was in Love's arms . . . He protected me
From the dawning of new stars. Nothing seems right in the
Darkness of time which separates Love from Loneliness.

debbie pierce

I Can never again see your face
But I'll never forget your tender embrace.

Together, the moments we spent
Seemed almost heaven sent.

Just being with you brought me such pleasure;
Those years are ones I will always treasure.

Now those happy times have passed.
It's a shame they could not last.

Time has passed and we have gone our separate ways.
But the warmth of our love will remain to brighten all of my days.

KMA

MOMENTS

Twenty minutes with you seems like an eternity . . .

MOMENTS OF LOVE -

STROLLS IN THE PARK

RIDES IN THE COUNTRY

MOMENTS OF HAPPINESS -

FEEDING THE DUCKS

PAYING THE BILLS

PLAYING WITH THE CHILDREN

MOMENTS ALONE -

IN YOUR ARMS

IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT

AT THE LAKE

IN OUR OWN HOME

MOMENTS OF US . . .

sweet pea

MADNESS

Richard Laing

We Are The Insane Ones

Keith Overcash

Performance
Havoc/and or Chaos
"Death of the Night"
Permanent Vacation

Melanie Fulp

My First Dance at a Mental Hospital

Raynelle Navey

W
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V
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L L
G O N E
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Z
Y
L A T E L Y

WE ARE THE INSANE ONES

by

Richard Laing

We came from our sane world to join with these fools in dance
Somewhat afraid, somewhat scared, a little unsure
Watching across the room of fools we took a glance.
But then, Paul Jones, somewhat turned on the lights,
And a room of strangers and fools became a human family
On that rainy, eerie, strangest of nights.

Young and old, mad and sane, black and white
Embraced - spoke softly - cried - and clung
No one had ever seen such a wonderful sight

No walls in that room, although they locked the doors
Masks were dropped, and people "saw" people
The minutes seemed like eternity across those brown floors

What a miracle! What joy! The human family was there
We forgot ourselves, reached out to touch a broken hand,
Wanting only to show these souls that we do care

But I left with one burning, lifelong cry
Oh God, why, why, why, why, why, why, why
Are these human beings left there to die?

"SOMETIMES NAKED, SOMETIMES MAD
NOW AS A SCHOLAR, NOW AS A FOOL
THUS THEY APPEAR ON EARTH
THE FREE PEOPLE"

Hindu Proverb

" DEATH OF THE NIGHT "

(concluded)

VII

The water became dry.
People began to cry.
The sun got very mad.
People got very sad.

VIII

Night, night will you come back?
The world began to crack.
The earth began to burn.
The night said "I'll return"

IX

Darkness attacked the light.
Everyone watched the fight.
Bone crunched, much blood splattered.
Seas wept; heavens scattered.

X

The war was short, trying.
The night crept off, dying.
The day said "Hail to me!"
Now all can really see!

XI

The sun shown in glory.
End of mankind's story.
The world turned to ashes.
Day blinked its eyelashes.

KEITH

OVERCASH

* * * * *

"PERMANENT VACATION"

Hello, Sid, you know who I am.
You know why I am here.
You just unloaded the scam.
In that bottle of beer,
You know you can't cheat us Sid.
You can't lie, you know that's so.
You know we know what you did.
You can choose your method though.

Would you prefer to be shot
Or maybe stabbed with a knife?
Only ten minutes have you got
Until I end your unworthy life.

Tie you to the stairs and burn the house down.
Or would you enjoy being hung?
What's the verdict, you lousy louse,
Or maybe an electric prod, be stung.

Time's up! Now I get to choose.
I'll cut off your nose to spite your face.
Who cares! What have I got to lose.
Then I'll tear down the place.

I'll turn your head round as a locket.
Then I will shoot you in the right knee.
I'll stick your finger in the socket.
And then very dead you will be.

I'm sorry I had to lie.
But, Sid, you had to die.
So you couldn't tell on me.
Or I would be you, you see.

Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha.

I'll take you on a permanent vacation.
Far, far away from here.
Totally devoid of recreation.
Far, far away from here.
Very little relaxation,
Far, far away from here.

My First Dance at a Mental Hospital

Melanie Fulp

I realize that - too much of life we all pass by with
heedless ear and careless eye. Bent with our cares
we plod along, blind to the beauty, and deaf to the song

But moments there are when we pause to rest and turn our
eyes from the goals for crest. We become aware of the wayside
flowers, and sense God's hand in this world of ours.
We hear a refrain, see a rainbow end, or we look into the
heart of a friend. We feel at one with mankind. We share his griefs
and glories, joys and care.

The sun flecks gold through the sheltering trees, and we
shoulder our burdens with twice the ease. Peace and content
and a world that sings - The moment of true awareness begins!

WE'VE ALL GONE CRAZY LATELY

Raynelle Navey

I gave you roses; you gave me stones
I felt your body; you broke my bones
I heard your laughter, you made me cry
I wanted your love, you made me die

Oh, you didn't cut my throat
But you watched me slowly bleed
Over snide remarks you'd gloat
Alone now you find your need
Some warm, sensitive fool
Who will give you love, sympathy,
Whom you can scorn and be cruel

Flowers die without sun and rain.
People die from constant hurt and pain .
The shock is too great for the beautiful
Left remaining is the impressive dull
I gave you a rose, and you
Took my soul and stomped it through.

AMALGAMATED UNLIMITED

mattha cushman-holzworth

EXODUS: One-Nine-Seven-Five
FEAR: One-Nine-Seven-Five
HATRED: One-Nine-Seven—five

Debbie Pierce
Angela Kunkle
Debbie Pierce

June Potter
Kim Mitcham
KMA

Sunshine Promises & Broken Dreams
Love

Debbie Pierce
Angela Kunkle

People ignoring her, . . .

Angela Kunkle
KMA
sweet pea
Kim Mitcham

"Thoughts are like the chaff in which the . . .
No. 3
DREAMS
THE SPIDER

Keith Overcash

"Hell on Heels"
Ice-Skating on the Sun to Vicki
"TESTIMONY"

EXODUS: One-Nine-Seven-Five

Another crisis, here and now
What has happened, where and why?
Here I am, confronting thee
In awe and fear, who cowers? Not me.
I submit my being, my total self
To plunge head on into the roaring storm.
Here come the raindrops striking hard
I feel the urgency and pressure, my God.
I cannot hear, I cannot see, I only feel
Terror and anxiety striking me.
I go to depression and wear it well
Fearing not for the unpleasantness it tells.
I now see anger deep within
I accept this and decide to deal with the din.
I ask myself what is it I want to do
To cast away this demon so I can touch you.
Now there is anxiety, is it all for naught?
I pray and this too fades from my thoughts.
Next comes fear and along with this,
pressure on my mind this isn't bliss.
Again and again I ask myself
"What is really happening here?"
I feel all these things in my mind and body
In every nerve and sinew of me.
I let my body tense and shrug and
Move however I feel.
Angry, afraid, but not afraid
to be afraid, not afraid to fear.
Here comes a false sense of well-being
I elevate into a manic state
Aware, I catch myself, I do not wish
To waste precious energy here.
I let my mind go, and when I perceive
My body protesting against a new thought
Hold firm, explore, evaluate
Things that were buried deep within,
Long forgotten, prickly thorns with
Calloused skin laid over and over the wound.
I begin to strip this skin away
Faster, and faster, with fear, yet determination
I'm nervous, I shake, from the core of my being
I make notes, many of them, and talk a little
To friends whom I have learned to love and trust.
Most of all, my entire being knows stability
In being in total communion with God.
I'm tired, dead tired, I want to pass out
Black out, forget it all, yet, nervousness
wracks my being, tears at me, and
makes me more determined.
I'm going to win this one, no matter
How much it costs; I've made it this far
I am committed; I shall see this battle through.
Totally, completely, I yield myself in prayer.
I submit, I know with complete faith
He will bring me safely through the storm.
Waves begin to settle, the wind dies down
The inner churning ceases and
Gentle breezes flow through my mind.
I go to encounter a loving friend
My defenses down, the pain again begins.

He says, this friend of mine
"we are unique, for we can crylaugh."
But what is it - I have been given a glimmering
Yes, here it is
This then, is the pain - so much to give
I have been endowed with
And it hurts so much to keep it inside so much
for so very many years!
All this energy, love and creativity - so deep within
Is this well so deep it won't run dry?

But Lord, I need to let this flow freely
Lest the dam break and pour destructively
Over all who I love
Or shall this dam be a source of energy
For those you love?
I feel this power - I stand in awe
Of you my Creator-You, my Lord and God.
I feel fear for the power that
Fills my being to the ends of every nerve
Of every cell - I see, I hear, with clarity
I understand all of these blocks must go
I must sweat and bleed and cry and grow
All of it, every single nit must be picked [I
hear you telling me I cannot compress
The past and ~~relegate~~ it away. ...
It must all be seen, owned to and dealt with
Fear, hatred, false love, vanity, jealousy.
I hear you telling me that the only way
To cleanse my soul is to let You transform me.
I acknowledge Your Presence, and shaking,
But willing, I face the things You tell me to see.
No, I don't want to look at some of these
It's been hell enough living through it all
It has hurt enough to go through it once-WHY TWICE?
Because "Ye must be born again."
So I become once more as a child.
I strip away the layers which time has
Pounded and shaped into something
I didn't want to become.
I feel peace now, the tautness has been drained
Tautness so intense a muscle was pulled.
Awareness of my body, my mind, my being
Knowing the battle is not quite done.
I understand now what it is to be a Christian Soldier
I'll march under the Cross of Jesus
Now and Forever more.

martha
cushman -
holzworth

8/23/75

FEAR: ONE-NINE-SEVEN-FIVE

I see them flitter and flutter about
 Rumors go forth and spread far
 Ten laid off, no, fifty, no eighty
 What will happen tomorrow?
 It isn't yet part of the statistics
 Squeezed in with all the bad news
 It is here and now and very real
 "How will I pay my bills?"
 "Maybe it won't be me after all."
 "She runs more seconds than me."
 "Maybe I ought to go and tell
 The boss all the things I see."
 Huddling together, sharing the
 Misfortunes yet untold
 They talk and worry: fear.
 Panic is almost imminent
 Jealousy is rampant now.
 Insecurity, deep insecurity,
 Rearing its ugly head
 One called to the office
 And then another: discussion
 "Who will be next?"
 Corporation men move down
 The corporate ladder
 In an effort to save and keep going.
 Speculation and more gossip
 "What will happen to me?
 "What about her - she's alone
 With three children . . .?"
 And on and on it goes
 It doesn't stop here where
 We can see it - it started
 Months and months ago.
 "But things were getting better."
 "They've announced a future raise."
 "They're stopping more machines."
 "They're changing jobs around."
 "WE ARE SCARED AS HELL!" .
 All this multiplied
 By numbers and what is told?
 Many many workers:
 All left out in the cold.
 Here, there and everywhere,
 Workers left out in the cold.
 It sounds like an ancient Greek opera:
 The chorus goes on and on,
 "Workers left out in the cold."
 "My family is hungry, hungry, now."
 "How will I pay my bills?"
 "What's happening to America"
 "WILL SOMEBODY TELL THE TRUTH?"
 "Maybe I better go and tell
 The boss all the things I see."
 Recession, depression, call it what you will
 I call it degradation
 I say rise and care all men and women
 Fear not and follow God!
 "God? God? Why follow Him?"
 "If He's so good why did this happen?"

Because we failed to yield to Him
 To let Him pilot us over the sea.
 Fear: bringing out the insecurities,
 The jealousies. the desperate longings
 For not just love, but scant survival:
 "What if we have to sell the Tv?"
 "Double-burger, Double-burger, ALL THE WAY!"
 "BUY A BIG HOME AT TEGA CAY!"
 This isn't just the little man's bug
 It's hitting the white-collar, too
 "Give here, give there . . ."
 "Buy here, here, here . . ."
 "No-deposit-no-return . . ."
 "What if we run out of chlorine?"
 "Light bill, gas bill, phone bill . . .?"
 "What? \$80.00, \$60.00, \$90.00 . . .?"
 "Utilities for the good of the public?"
 But they are - I've seen them and wonder
 If it isn't a miracle we have them at all.
 Pollution . . . Solutution?
 Overpopulation . . . birth control . . .
 Abortion . . . Euthanasia . . .?
 Radios, Televisions blaring . . .
 Buy, buy, buy . . .
 Be sexy, masculine, free, free . . .

FREE?
 The most expensive thing in the world
 is freedom.

but money can't buy it.

Then what are we working for?
 survival.

What are we living for?
 survival.

Isn't Life supposed
 to
 be
 more than
 THAT?

martha cushman-holzworth

8/26/75

HATRED: ONE-NINE-SEVEN-FIVE

I boil! I am boiling! I am boiled!

Over and outward:

Hatred spewed forth!
In words and expression:

I hate you! I hate me!

Don't tell me you didn't want:
I didn't get what I wanted!
I didn't, I didn't !!!
I tried, tried so hard -
To be good, warm and loving -
You walked over me -
But I let you.
It wasn't I was doing wrong;
It was I didn't do it your way;
And you didn't do it my way;

We never found an "OUR" way.

I kept feeling I couldn't -
Do anything right - ever.

Meanwhile, I took the abuse,
And shut it away -
Deep inside my mind and body;
It ended up in my soul:

PURE HATE

And threatened to destroy -
Me.
It blinded me, I could not see;
It deafened me, I could not hear;
It confused me, I could not think;
It hardened me, I could not cry;
It oppressed me, I could not be;
It divided me, and anxiety prevailed.

My tongue became sharp;
My mind suspicious;
My body ached all over.
Until a day came, when,
I dragged, with this heavy burden:

One I didn't even know was there.
Months of search and
years of travel
through a journey traveled alone.
Yet, not alone.

One day I woke up and -
learned God had been watching;
Jesus was calling; and,
I answered - Voice weak, eyes barely seeing.
And so, I began to heal. I began to see, and hear
and be. He helped me to get it all out. He helped me to
own to it., then, when I cried, He held me close to his
breast. He took the burden from me.

And bid me: "GO NOW, IN PEACE."

I write this note to the world and invite all to enter into
The halls that surround the pictures on the walls . . . and if
A light is found, please turn it on so that all can see that
Which was never looked at before, because you were afraid of
What you saw, when the truth was heard through the painting
Of your own picture.

My life is like a book with a shiny new cover, and a clever
Title . . . many check it out, but find the pages empty and the
author unknown . . . All may share my thoughts, if you think them
Out for yourselves.

debbie pierce

* * * * *

Sometimes I wonder how people can even say

“America is beautiful”

and then from their own lips sing,

“O beautiful for spacious

skies . . . ” without feeling a quality

of hurt within.

Sometimes I wonder how they can even shout

“Make room for progress”

and then use it as a subtle way of trying to cover up for
a politicians mistake in a pseudo promise - - - - -

But yet within these

problems of progress, false

hopes and mistakes, still even then, people

openly cry

“Love America or Leave It,”

I wonder - - - - -

Do They?

angela kunkle

* * * * *

Our words touched as our hands felt the tenderness in each
Of our hearts . . . but our minds could not quite grasp what was
Being said, nor could they quite hear what each thought tried
To express through the smiles . . . yet in some unexplainable glow
We know that it was meant to be that way, yet we could
Not understand why?

debbie pierce

I experienced a book that was hidden in the open space . . .
Many walked by but did not take the time to search through
The pages of truth. Some could not find it because they
Wasted their effort looking between thistles and under rocks,
Some even sought a new Author, a different cover, a more
"Peaceful" theme in their stormy winds . . . Sadly enough,
Many tried to buy the priceless book, but found they did not
Have enough money, for it was free. Light as a feather, so
Gentle to the soul, yet many could not lift the contents, and
Some who did, could not read the message because they would
Not accept the language.

debbie pierce

A friend came to me tonight
looking for some help.
I gave him a cup of coffee
some practice advice
and some cheering up for awhile.

I should have let him cry . . .

june potter

SUNSHINE PROMISES and BROKEN DREAMS

If I said love was sharing, would you share with me?
If I said love was laughing, would you laugh with me?
But, if I said love was setting me free, would you love me?

kim mitcham

LOVE KMA

Love is - - -

a touch, a whisper, a look.

Love is - - -

a smile, a helping hand.

Love is - - -

YOU !

ARE YOU THERE?

"yes"

WHERE?

"here"

ARE YOU BUSY?

"no"

WILL YOU HELP ME?

W H Y ? ? ?

debbie pierce

* * *

People ignoring her, within their talk,
forming
imaginary circles of "little cliques", placing her as the
subject of their conversation . . .
just talk they claim . . .

Realizing friction within herself as she encounters
those people, she begins to form her own circle of thoughts
building an invulnerable wall
around a defenseless mind.

Even in her early years, she realized, compared to
others, she was classified - - - loner - - -. She is the gardener
planting the seeds of depression, heaviness
in which she allows to grow, ever feeding and increasing its
growth daily until its full bloom is as a
small bud planted in winter growing to maturity, has developed
leafy shoots through summer heat.

People ignoring her, within their talk,
forming
imaginary circles of "Little cliques", placing her as the
subject of their conversation . . .
just talk?

angela kunkle

Thoughts are like the chaff in which the
winds blow away - - - never constant now stable, but yet thoughts
complete the mere existence of living.

Lying in a hammock in a summer night waiting for a
star
to introduce me to the face of God
vast thoughts come to
my mind with it wonder - While lying in the darkness only
to be illuminated by the ray of starlights, I remember
how at one time I was afraid to sit alone in complete
darkness,
afraid of the various versions of ghosts and vampires
closing in on me only close enough to allow me an
escape to the house - - - - - silly thoughts?
But really, are they?
Children - thoughts never towards taxes, bills, laws, living
and surviving in a world of their own which can be a thought
harder and crueler than any other part of their life - - -
silly thoughts?

Angela Kunkle

DREAMS

Dreams weaving in and out
of my brain.
I'm over my head with thoughts
of him . . .

Wasting my time, they say. sweet pea
Maybe . . .
But for now, I'm staying
here in my dream world.

He's all I need; I do believe in him.
(We realize we want and need it this way.)
It makes us whole. Love makes us S T R O N G.

=# 3

Stand apart ye men of God
Shout praises and sing
Look above ye laborers,
For soon shall come the King.

KMA

THE SPIDER

Frightened, it spins silver cables
That touch and cling yo my mind.
Lightly, it creeps into my soul
Cradling its darkness
Black and lonely like me.

Kim Mitcham

"HELL on HEELS"

Hey man what's wrong with your eyes
Look like that see if I care.
Don't listen to all those lies.
People like you I despise.
So what if I've frosted hair.
Guess I'll teach you not to stare.

Cause I'm Hell, Hell, Hell on heels.
Don't make the laws, make no deals.
Say something wrong, then one feels
Why I'm Hell, Hell, Hell on heels.

I think it's time that you go.
I've killed one; let's make it two.
I'll have mercy on you though
But you want to fight, say so.
What if I don't know Kung-fu?
I am still not scared of you.

Don't mess with my friends or me.
We're just out to see the sight.
So I suggest that ya'll flee.
If alive you want to be.
We will meet again, some night.
My bark is worse than your bite.

"HITCHHICKING HOOKER"

She wore a low cut dress,
Obviously no bra.
She stood along the road.
She raked in the moolah.

I stopped right beside her,
She climbed into the car
She was all over me
And we did not go far.

We pulled off the road,
Into a clump of wood.
She said "Are you ready?"
And she gave me the goods.

She knocked me into the stars.
She hit me like a train,
We stopped to catch our breath
And then we went down again.

We travelled to Paris.
We stopped by to see Rome.
We landed in Moscow
And laughed all the way home.

Late that night she said bye.
I paid her what I owed.
She walked back through the woods
And stopped beside the road.

"Ice-Skating On the Sun" To Vicki

We were ice-skating on the sun,
You said that you were having fun.
We were together all that day,
But, alas, no, you could not stay.

Yes it is impossible to ice-skate on the sun
Because it will never even rain.
But, is it also impossible for us to ever be
In love, as we were, again?

We went skiing in the Gobi,
I was happy; you were with me.
We were together all that day,
But, alas, no, you could not stay.

Yes it is impossible to ski in the Gobi
Because it will never even rain.
But, is it also impossible for us to ever be
In love, as we were, again?

In the desert, we made mud pies.
You said you loved me with your eyes,
We were together all that day,
But, alas, no, you could not stay.

Yes, it is impossible for mud in the desert
Because it will never even rain.
But is it also impossible for us to ever be
In love, as we were, again?

"TESTIMONY"

Down in the depths I can hear the roar,
The actions in the arena guaranteed not to bore,
The lions and the bears have been starving for days,
The shouting drives the gladiators into a craze,
I hear the opening of the heavily sealed stone door,
A screaming someone is being drug across the floor,
My little barred cage is very lonely and cold,
I meet my doom when I'm twenty-three years old,
To tell of my awful plight I must soon begin,
To curse my captors and killers would be a sin,
I am doomed to die because I believe in God.
I believe he created me, them, animals, and sod.
If I denied my faith, I would then be set free,
Instead I began to pray to God on bended knee.
I was whipped viciously for being so bold,
I had always before done as I was told.
They've come for me; it's now my turn to go,
The wind from the outside does very coldly blow.
The sunlight is so bright shining in my face,
The blood of the others makes this a Holy Place.
My murderer advances with a mace in his hand,
He kicks me, like a dog; I lay grovelling in the sand.
One swing of the mace completely smashes my head.
The crowd shouts its approval; they know I'm dead.

KEITH OVERCASH

LIFE

sweet pea

Sing For Life (Dedicated to Noreen)

June Potter
T-BONE (Johnny Ray Turner)

In the beginning, Mr. Kelly created Biology . . .

sweet pea
KMA

MUSIC-MY WEALTH
The Spider

Debbie Pierce

Lisa Beeson
KMA
June Potter

DISAPPOINTMENT
No. 5
Silly boy . . .

sweet pea

PARADISE

sweet pea

UNDERSTANDING

martha cushman-holzworth

"Just a little while ago . . .
HELP! My Body Is Screaming 7/22/75

Mark Fleckenstein

"the forgotten pantomime of sheets . . .
WOODEN LANDINGS

THE END

Sing - For Life

(Dedicated to Noreen)

Sing a song for life.
Sing it for your brothers.
Why not sing aloud?
Condemnation's forbidden!
None will hurt you;
For they too will be
Singing their own songs.

So, come brothers.
Ye sisters too!
Come share with me
Your problems and
Together we'll solve
Them with songs.

Sing a song for life.
Sing it for your brothers.
Music is Freedom.
FREEDOM IS LIFE - - SING!

sweet pea

In the beginning, Mr. Kelly created Biology.

And the biology was without acceptance, and disputed, and darkness was upon the face of Mr. Kelly. And the spirit of Mr. Kelly was running around in hysterics.

And Mr. Kelly said, "Let there be students." And there were students.

And Mr. Kelly saw that the students were. . . so-so. And Mr. Kelly divided the smart students from the dumb ones. And Mr. Kelly saw that the smart students were scientists and the dumb ones were English majors. And Mr. Kelly said, "Let there be labs." And there were labs. And Mr. Kelly said, "Let the true scientists appear." And it was so.

And Mr. Kelly said, "Let this be a dictatorship, and let my word be law, and let those who do not understand keep silent and major in English." And it was so. And Mr. Kelly thought that this was good.

And Mr. Kelly said, "Let this class study two immortal souls - two beings who have had the breath of life, and now have the breath of formaldehyde. Let the class be duly impressed by their amazing body structures and processes, which have been pickled for this purpose. And let these beings be called . . . the frog and the starfish." And it was so. And Mr. Kelly . . . wondered if this was good.

And then Mr. Kelly looked over his work, and he was pleased. And Mr. Kelly leaned back in his chair, took his forceps and scapel in hand, and said, "This is good."

JUNE POTTER

Without the love of a woman
Where would Man be today
For without the love we would
Only wish, wish with our last dying
breath, wish for the love only a woman
Could possibly give.

Without the love the days would
pass like nights, summers like winters.

This is what would be called a
Corrupt Society.

Without their warm touch, and their
sweet and tender smile, everything would
die after awhile.

We should thank you God for
putting them on this earth: For they
really do surpass their worth.

T-BONE (Johnny Ray Turner)

MUSIC - MY WEALTH

Music, the source of all my wealth has yet to cause me pain
Continuously changing from day to day, it helps to calm my brain.

FRUSTRATIONS overwhelming!

SOCIETY devastating!

But once in my humble abode, sweet sounds of music will fill the
hollow self of a left-over hard-boiled egg.

an egg - left without music for too long!
now spoiled - but nonconforming.
never again to be the same.

Without music? "Why?" he asks, with no reply. "Society, why does
it do that?"

The dead song ponders the question. Wonders
Why. "Why does society hate us?"
Many musical guesses, but no real answers.

Why? Because there are none. SOCIETY HATES ITSELF.

When once again Society loves itself, Then
music will again play aloud - without secrecy,
calming brains and causing

No pain - as never it did . . .

sweet pea

The Spider

I watched the little brown body busily
spinning a thin thread across my basin.

I watched curiously as the little fellow
struggled to attach the thread to the
opposite side.

Suddenly a drop of water caught the
web and the little body fell on the slippery
basin.

The little spider ceased to move and
I felt an overwhelming feeling
of remorse creeping over me.

I realized that man was like this
little creature, for he struggles
all his life, only to find his
efforts destroyed by his own
Immortality.

KMA

Take a look at what you feel when you thaw from the cold
nightmare.

Trees are dressing for summer, the birds have found their
way back . . .

This time to stay!

The sun has been reborn to bring warmth, and glitter
and shadows.

I approach the present to spend my heart with all that
is a part of me

I cannot feel sorry for anyone . . . not even myself.

debbie pierce

He took my hand and said that He would always be around -
AND HE HAS!

I have let Him down so many times and it hurts me when
I look up into His eyes, but He always smiles.

So kind, and understanding . . .

THANK YOU LORD!

debbie pierce

Have I nothing but an empty cross still standing on a hillside
With dried blood and evaporated sweat and tears? **NO !** I have
A Christ who was risen from the dead, I do not have an empty
Cross, I have an empty tomb, an empty tomb full of Life, and
an Empty tomb which has no room for tears . . . no stale odors or
Dried up flowers, for in this tomblife is full of Christ !

debbie pierce

God is love of life that life loves . . . for without Love
Life cannot exist, but without life, Love has always been living
Even before it existed.

debbie pierce

DISSAPPOINTMENT

The day was hot and sultry. They were a pickin' cotton.
The little girl danced from row to row.

"On the good ship, Lollipop."

She was a delicately built child with curly hair, white
as snow, and large blue eyes.

She danced from row to row. Maybe a talent scout would
discover her. She'd be another Shirley Temple. She might get
to meet Clark Gable . . .

She silently begged, "Please talent scout, come!"

A large black car stopped at the cotton field.

"Hello." he smiled, surveying her.

Her chance had come! "Howdy," she curtsyed.

"What's your name?"

"Frances."

"Well, Frances, you call your daddy over here, and please
tell him I'd like a word with him. I'm a salesman. Oh,
hello sir! I"

Frances heard no more. She sank into a cotton field.
Defeated, disappointed

lisa beeson

5

As I entered the small cottage,

I became aware of the stern,
cold surroundings facing me.

Suddenly from a separate room,
there appeared a number of
young children who were
abandoned by society.

Each young face reflected a desire to be loved -
A desire to know and to be known.

They all clung to me as though
I was their only hope - their
only means of escaping the
prison within themselves.

As I left them, their happy,
yearning faces made an
everlasting impression on my mind.

I had given them a sense of
HOPE - a desire for life . . .

KMA

Silly boy.

Plastic man in a glittering world
where everything gleams of neon
and everything screams with money
and all the people are covered with
cellophane
to protect them from themselves.

Rich man, poor man, beggar man, chief;
all the little boys with their big bellies
and cigars
come out to play

JUNE POTTER

PARADISE

Let's fly away !

Away to a forbidden Paradise;
Just you and me - alone
We'll eat the succulent fruit
And sleep in the aromatic grass.
Love - yes - we'll love !

We are love !
There where there is only love;
An untouched "Society."
Nothing can hurt us.

No three way triangles, ..
And no memories.
Only us - the present time.

We'll walk hand-in-hand
Down Eden's pathways.
We'll lie side-by-side near
The streams, and at night
Gaze with marvel at the
Coloured heavens.

Many aeons will pass.
Our love-making will bring a
Glorious abundance of offspring.
As trees bear fruit - so we do !

Our children rebel !
They want to be free !!
We have grown tired with age.
Our Paradise has developed
Into a hateful Society

Let's fly away !

Away to a forbidden Paradise;

Just you and me - alone.

Only our LOVE can save us now . . .

sweet pea

UNDERSTANDING

sweet pea

The heavens watch down on us.
They seem to understand.
One can find comfort in the
Sky - if one has Faith.

"Faith can move mountains,"
They say.
Mountains of worry and pain
Have been lifted from my chest
Since you came around.
Moons, skies, planets; they all
Stare with wonder and merriment.

True love!
Love at a first glance!
Great God above, don't destroy
This heaven-made relationship!

"It's just begun!" the stars shout.
"It'll last!" so say the planets.
The Goddess of Love, Aphrodite gives
Her commendation to this couple.

"WE HAVE HER BLESSINGS ! ! "

Yes, the heavens understand.
Love was meant for us.
Here the two of us are happy;

But have many "earthly" problems.
We depend on the night
And day - the times when,
We together can watch the
World go on around us - for us !

We have just received great news!
Ecstactically we jump for joy!
Faces glow like ten million
Diamond clusters.

Family and friends cry - sadness.
We cry - Jubilantly !

We've been notified of our matrimonial
Wish - - -
A place to live where we'll experience
No earthly problems and be forever
HAPPY - - - - - HEAVEN.

Just a little while ago
My daughter spoke to me
"Mommy, do you love me much?"
I bid her turn to thee.

"Child, you know how God loves you,
He is always with us,
That is too how I love you,
Just as our Lord loves us."

I tucked her in and
Kissed her goodnight;
Went to my to my own meditation,
And asked my Lord,
"Forgive me please, for
not seeing this temptation."
I always knew you were
My God, and shall
Forever be it so.

Yet never before
Have I felt like this
Knowing my Father in heaven.
In knowing that, I've
Also learned, You're
My Father here on earth.
Just as I cuddle my child
In my arms, so You
Comfort me in Yours.
Years ago You said to
Your people, the Hebrews,
"I will be your God,
If you will be my people."
To that the only response
I can give is
"Yes, my Lord,
I will be your child,
If you will be my Father."

I understand now
What this relationship is
And what you expect of me.
As You bid me go,
And do Thy work,
My Father, I obey.

Help! My Body is Screaming!

Help! My body is screaming!
My muscles are pulled taut
My organs feel constricted
My mind says please be still
Yet all the turmoil is directed
To every cell and nerve of me
I want to move, let this
Misdirected energy out
But it is too late
The children sleep and
It is dark outside
I've done my day of work
Few hours last until morning
Meanwhile my body moans
And clings to the mattress
Legs wrapped around the pillow
Gripping it frantically.

Help! My body is weeping!
As I settle the conflict
Racing through my mind
Crashing thoughts of the past
With the present and
Trying to watch for
What lies ahead
I've learned what it is within me
I feel I've thought it through
As far as I can for this night
So I begin to pray
"Now I lay me down to sleep"
Tears rush to my eyes
With knowledge that He feels
This intensity even as I do
I ask for strength and courage
To handle these painfull discoveries.

Now! My body is crying!
Please, I need someone to touch
I'm not afraid to fight my battles
But sometimes I need someone
To serve as my aide de camp
Ah, it is he! Here He is!
His presønce tells me
Go to Sleep!
He lifts this burden from my shoulders
This burden so heavy that
My limbs can hold no more
But lie on my bed
I feel it all inside me
When it is time I'll find release
Then my psyche will flow with energy
Control will be as I please
Id, Ego, Superego: in balance - I rest.

7/22/75

martha cushman-holzworth

the forgotten pantomime of sheets and stilted air drawings
rests humble thrown at the morning
(i am sorry - yesterday creaks and rusty fyes blink silence
spontaneous love dance the leftover wine is expensive vinegar now)
to hell with your silence - midnight will not awaken with your
scream of blood eyes - daybreak lies within silken coffins

II

today i allowed myself the pleasure virgin hairy mirror sexuality
naked - total obscurity-austerity of painless flesh
(helter-skelter optic images)
crystal dimension - self portraits of 3 d
she entered (a perfect tone of silence - bloody flood
of lipless speech telepathy she passed like a dream - the
result of hollow morning fuzzy reflections
she dried me off with a towel.

III

Eldorado - i am lavish in my soltitude - and whenever the moment without
ears appears i see her - in her paper clothes invisible
with my being
inside there is love
somewhere beyond cheap brick windows
my drunken empty bottles of wicker
cased Chianti -
my wretched human-ness
of American Steel (molten)
Ideal
and i will leave the hideously ugly carnival or cars and plastic tele -
phones of insincere dimes and nickles and quarters - - - - -
drifting in a stream of consciousness
my sail-full blown i am a wanderer.
the river is blue
and with many personalities
facets and faucets.

* mark fleckenstein

WOODEN LANDINGS

lead dray - the stage is settled
a subterranean submarine of blackness
bearing one loose shadow.
it twitches with reflex (hands like
electronic waves arc or butterflies folding flight)
a queer thread of light,
discolored by dust particles,
needles and impression - - - - -
a black/white
make-up actor
portrays himself
via word patterns.
an eclectic drama (a custom peace)
of empty doorways
muffled staircases, broken
and limp three legged chairs.

* mark fleckenstein

