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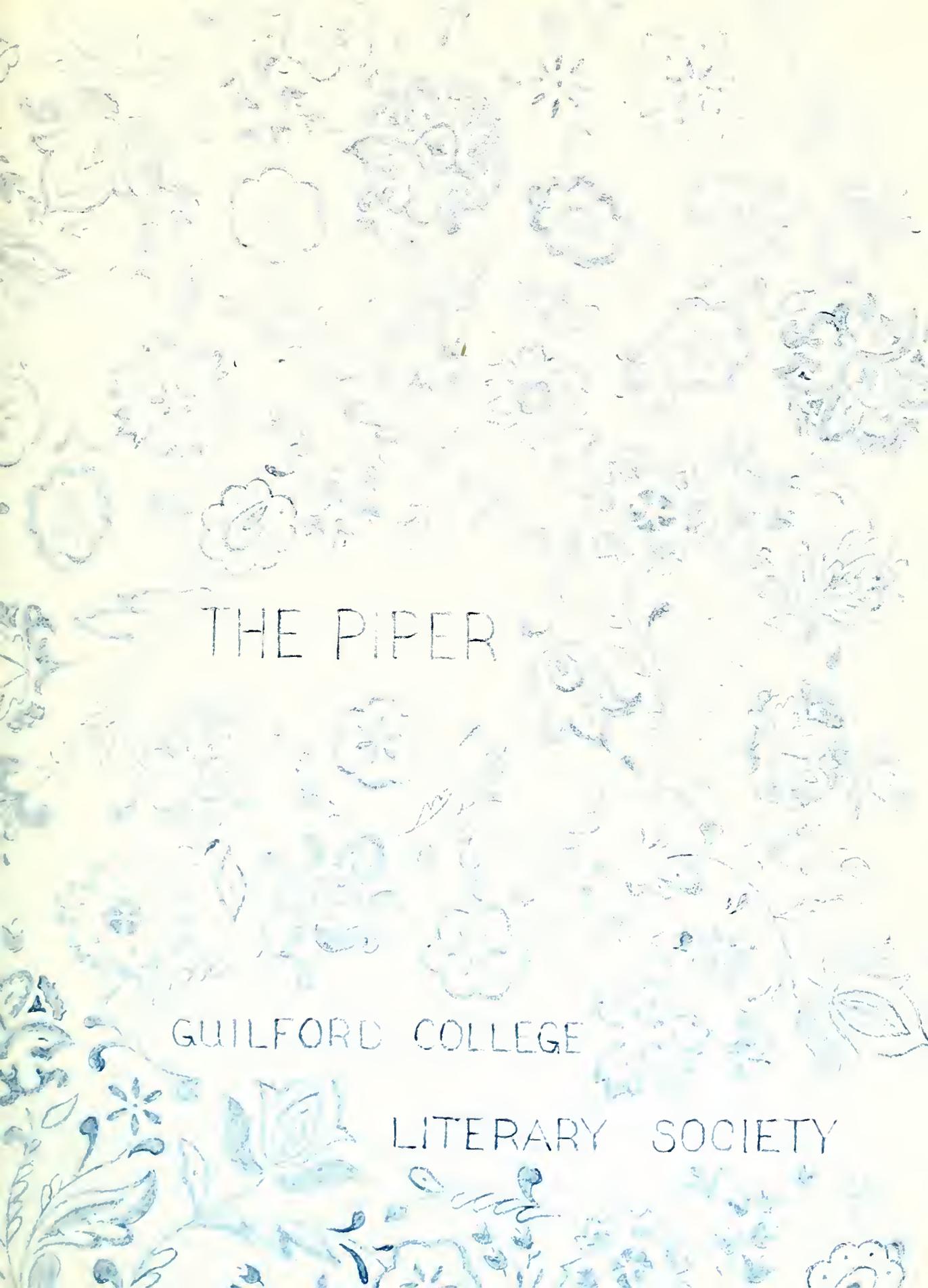
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J. G. E.



THE PIPER

GUILFORD COLLEGE

LITERARY SOCIETY

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Editors — Sarah Biltz and Kenneth Kelleher

Business Manager — Jane Hunter

Cover — Susan Shepard

Faculty Advisors — James Gutzell and Leon Lee

The Bushel Bearers

Talk to me of great achievements.

Tell me of men conquering mountains, of women leading armies, of persons living, fighting, dying for great causes.

Somewhere on the corner of the world stands a man; barefooted, standing on a beach by the water's edge.

Dawn is breaking, and a few sea-gulls shadow the first misty-light of a new day.

Through the light of a thousand covered candles, he can see the white freshness of the waves as they roll in from eternity; and he hears the sharp swish as sand meets water. This man is alone with his thoughts, no hinderance is his, but no help either; no arguments does he face, yet no reassuring words . . . a speck on the topographical map of time.

Talk to me of great achievements.

Tell me of man conquering mountains, of women leading armies; of persons living, fighting, dying for great causes; and I'll tell you of seeing the world darkly, by the light of a thousand covered candles.

William Pendergraft



Haiku-

Rain pounds

Out of an angry sky

Yet water laughs

In a spring nearby

Oh, she's lean and she's wise
And she knows just where she
Stands all the time.
All the time, all the time.
She wonders a lot, yeah,
But she knows just where she stands.
She stands on hard rock and she stands
In the wind and in the rain
And you can't touch her at all
No, you can't touch her at all.
Makes you wonder why sometimes
She don't lay, and then you don't
Need to wonder any more,
You know.
She's lean and she's wise
And she knows just where she stands.

J. B.

Only Southern Quaker What?

Den of thieves stuck to plaster Greek facade,
On their knees to search for Lees and Toms,
Blinded cons who steal for Lees and Toms.
In the rolling Piedmont hills.
Gently roll.

House of ease with a plaster Greek facade,
Wants to please no one, like Puck, the tease,
But sell its rotting pox - - puck the tease,
In the rolling Piedmont hills.
Roll on.

Held to pain by the plaster Greek facade,
We the lame buy the plaster Greek facade.
Conn'd by thieves, the pox will blind us too. Fools.
In the rolling Piedmont hills.
Rolled.

—David Habercom

From after I saw you passing,
And in that moment you were mine alone
For no one else was looking.

Margaret Wilson



silly boy,
you think so sweetly she flatters,
when in effect she schemes your endless end
with the hint of a smile
all sweetness and light.

I do not like
to wastful be
and so if asked
i'll swallow thee
whole.

J. B.

'Becca's Grass

the grass and weeds
in the back field
grew good that year.
with all that sun and rain
got nigh to three feet high
before the mowers came
and cut it all down.

boy did 'Becca scream.
it was her favorite place
to hide and play
in the tall grass and weeds,
but then she always did
yell and scream and make a big fuss
every year when they mowed it down.

Guess it was the only thing she had.
being way out here
she didn't have any friends.
She wasn't like them other kids
at the county school.
she always sat alone on the school bus
with her books and lunch on her lap.
and she'd come home the same way,
all alone.

then she'd dump the books
on the kitchen table
and run out to the back field,
slammin' the screen door behind her.
Yep, it was the grass that done it.

—Ken Kelleher



The Kite

Once upon a time, not too long ago, a boy was born. He matured very slowly. Everyone was bigger and smarter than he was and he did just what they wanted him to do.

They told him that he was like a kite—that he was free to follow the currents. But even a kite has a string.

One day they let the kite out too far, though, and the string broke, and the little boy saw that he was really free. He tried to do many things! Some he liked, some he didn't. They kept trying to retrieve him with coaxing, but he was flying high and very far away, and he couldn't hear or see them any more.

He started to see other things—not just look at them, but see into them. And he could see into himself. Some of the things he saw were very bad; but those that were very good were so beautiful that he wanted others to see them too. In fact it got to the point where everything he saw was beautiful, and he was afraid to even blink his eyes because all were unique.

But the little boy found that he had a problem: he had finally learned to see, but he couldn't share his joy with anyone else because he still hadn't learned the language in this new world.

SPRING

Spring is the time of year when brown grass turns green
And brightly colored flowers return to a scene
Of bleakness.

It is the time that long dormant lawnmowers purr into action and
Glistening beads of water swirl from sprinklers to catch the
Golden sunlight.

Spring is the smell of a clean freshness filling the air
And a light breeze playing with the edges of green lace sheets
Flung over the black, naked branches of winter trees.

Ann Cannon

Young man sittin' in a jail cell
Cryin', thinkin', prayin',
Wantin' his girl and his folks
And his freedom and his
Right to live his own life.
Old man sweepin' around the jail cell
Lookin' at the kid inside and first
Hatin' him and then feelin' bad for
him, 'cause he's sittin' in there with his.
Head down low on his strong arms, cryin'
Like a kid been called a bad name and his
Best buddies run off laughin' at him.
Cop comes around to cuss at the kid in the
cell and call him a no-good bastard and
tell him if he doesn't make bail money he ain't
gonna be around these parts much longer,
Young man gettin' up, raisin' up to look
at the cop in the eyes deep and full of hate
and wantin' to yell all the worst names he
can think of and stoppin' his mouth just
in time to tell a lie.

J. B.

Soul's Salvation (or Nature)

A thousand taps on houses' tops
Descending from the sky,
Whet minds' ambitions with their drops
To rest their wish, and fly!

A thousand voices fan the soul,
While whisp'ring through the trees,
Cool the heat that round it roll
To singing on it's knees.

A thousand lions leaping out
Upon the swell-worn sands
Give silver crowns to greenish doubts
By ever pouncing, roaring on.

A thousand white-fires, worlds away.
Gleaming through the black,
Draw earthling's eyes from dark to day
Along the cold earth's bony back.

A thousand candles flick'ring gold,
'Luminating laughter
Splinter into coral, turquoise,
Jade and silver tumbling after!

Rain, wind, sea, stars, and sun!
They're all the same
In war and game
Soul's salvation!

Elizabeth Lockwood Killam

The Game

I reach out a hand to reach a hand.
Here—come quickly.
Hear my heart beat;
I'm alive.
Or is it mere insanity?
Instantly that pushes in with lightning clarity,
A flash, then gone.
Here—catch my hand.
Talk to me.
I'll tell you my thoughts and then play ball;
Come play with me.
I'll tell you thoughts I don't believe,
Have never believed, will never believe.
But maybe I'll find a truth, whatever truth is.
Do you know? Never mind—come.
We'll merely play ball, I promise.
What if there is no truth?
Why should there be—why demand it?
We could accept a vague theory,
Pretend there is a hidden significance
To give our life its meaning.
We'll search and hide away in the search,
Play hide-and-seek with the shadows—
Hide-and-seek, a lovely game.
Let's run quickly—there lie the shadows.
They're waiting.
Gray notes greet the first light of sun.
Dawn is still the beginning of time,
Unspoiled for a moment.
Man plays ant.
A busyness to fill his hours.
A tired man—darkness—sleep—oblivion.
Gray notes greet the first light of sun.
What did he accomplish in his yesterday?
Another meal.
A passing joke.
A moment's fear—no, not that!
What today—
Another meal
The passing joke, a little tired now.
A moment's fear? No, not yet.
And tomorrow.
The same, to eternity.
But come—catch the hand I reach to you.
We'll be alive for a moment,
The blinking of an eyelash.
Let's play hide-and-seek with the shadows.
No more questions.
We find no answers—
Only tomorrow, the endless row.
Hide-and-seek is such a lovely game.
Come quickly—hide in the shadows.

L. Allen

“the flowers hold mass on Sunday lawns
united in the windy choir music,
they bend to the stain glass dawn.

Sarah Bilt



Small sundrop
In a yellow summer frock
Mimes the mystical

Then marched civilization to this land,
Spoiled the beauty of the shore, tore the plains,
Conquered the mountains with roads and bridges,
But still came the glare of our mighty sun.

Civilization

quiet
night
stars out here and there
silence
peace
peaceful
quiet night, peaceful stars slip into sight.
lighter now
growing lighter now
the gaping mouth of heaven growing lighter now.
sunlight piercing the night, stars disappearing
morning radiance coming through the blue clouds of heaven.
birds fly by singing the morning song, breaking the still dome of heaven
days are here, and the loud roar of engines crash and batter, and these
terrible sounds resound from the sky, rushing with the turbulence of a
new-born day. Good wholesome people, breaking the loaves of bread,
gulping the hot black brew of coffee, rushing off, new cares, new worries
gulping, rushing, running: afternoon, and the hot humid smoke drenched
air floats upward, absorbed in the clouds. Back home they come, day
is done, machines are flung, hurling home; breaking bread, hot brew
gulping radios blasting, (sounds of home)- -children laughing. Clanks and
clashes. muffled roars of rolling bowling balls.
home again. Flushing, brushing hushing
last laughs of kids. Nylon bristles
scratching smoke stained teeth.
black night now
beds sagging
sleep. silence
sleep
quiet
night
stars
peace.

William Pendergraft

Stolen Treasure

Warriors all.
Enemies
Making the ageless assault
On the empty vault.
For treasure
Long stolen by a strange barbarian.
The futility of the fight
Soon discovered
They travel on to
Greener pastures . . .
Where the fruit is ripe but
Not rotting on the ground.

V. E.



Each palsied flower that dripped on me
And the dregs of that afternoon have passed.
At the second sigh a tear escaped
Full—urgent as the stream to sea,
Just as we fell quickly quietly.
The tears mingled and became my face
As the stream became a river
Rising, swelling, fouling.
No guest in the home and the last outpost of decency
A toothbrush.

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PIPER

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THE PIPER

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Editor - K. J. Kelleher

Business Manager - Margaret Wilson

Advisor - James Gutsell

Impression of a City

Dirt caked on old brick walls
The paint falling away
Because of forceful handball players.
Captured dragons roar
From underground prison cells
And send hot gusts of breath up your skirt.
Strange animals screaming at each other
In a thousand childish images of truth.
Feet running hundreds of miles
Over streets, sidewalks, parks, and down alleys
Running to elusive goals,
Running from undefined pursuers..

Margaret Wilson

Danger

Occasionally my world is green and gold
so that just walking around it is painful,
being stabbed by sunlight ruthlessly
pushing aside and simply ignoring the
trees that I can see trying to protect me.
The law of the jungle, I suppose
goes into effect here.
And perhaps if I am weak enough
I will die of a sunny wound.

M. L.

small changes betray
volcanoes broiling
far beneath the
surface of things;
see how the soldier's
glance darts about
an empty room,
the old man smiles sadly,
children play the game
of war with shouts and
toy guns blasting,
lovers meet oftener now,
hold straining onto each
moment together;
the mother watches after
her sons until they are
fullgrown and of age
with brimming eyes,
the father advises,
brothers speak softly
late into the night
and sisters listen and wait,
huddling closely;
the world runs silently
around the sun with its
heavy burden of humanity
crouching.

J. B.

bread and circuses
satisfy but for awhile;
people get tired of
sitting on the bleachers
and spending money on the kids.

J. B.

Crying Youth

I cried that night,
at night of clear-seen truth.
I cried to see, and I saw;
d I cried because I saw.
I cried to feel, and I felt;
d I cried because I felt.
I cried to love, and I loved;
d I cried because I loved.

youth cried out saying no
I want to die and be no longer.
t I was young,
and in my youth and life
youth lived and would not give up life.

d now I'm young,
But another piece of youth.
cry not, as before;
But I have cried
d felt what crying meant.
remember what I felt,
I know now what I saw;
see youth within,
Stirring, kicking, begging to be released-
t to grow old and die and be replaced
By sage, objective age,
t live for life's own sake of living
And find the Joy of youth.

R. Davenport

Henry IV

Sir John Falstaff cuts such a weak figure on the field of honor, one wonders at first why Shakespeare made Hal go out of his way to secure Falstaff his charge of infantry and thus bring him onto the stage at Shrewsbury. Sir John stumbles in from stage right, fleeing an imaginary pursuer; he poses a moment to declaim loudly that perhaps he who fights is really more cowardly than he who runs for his life; a volley whistles overhead, and he lumbers off, stage left.

But soon, Falstaff begins to come through to us. As at the Boar's Head, when he mounted a bar-stool throne to ape the king of England, Falstaff is in his elaborate way, making comment on the world in which he must live. Falstaff's great genius is at reflecting the world's infirmities, and thus he is "that living vice, that grey iniquity." This great harlotry player finds himself ambling about the blood-soaked, shot-swept field taking in everything and lavishing on the affairs of great men his whimsically sane chatter.

He squeezes himself in at the parlay where the elders of England stand, justifying themselves:

Wor: I do protest,

I never sought the day of this dislike.

King: You have not sought it

How came it, then?

Fal: Rebellion fell in his way,

And he found it.

The conference fails to disarm the rebels, and the lines of battle are drawn. In the enemy camp, Hotspur invokes a blessing on his righteous cause:

Hot: Now, for our consciences our arms

(Enter Falstaff)

Fal: Well said, Hal! To it, Hal!

Nay, you shall find no boy's play here.

Not content merely to throw cold sack on hot poetry, Falstaff soon makes the very idea of single combat ridiculous as Douglas attacks, and, after a addling parody of swordplay, old Father Courage falls on the stage, prudently playing dead. Douglas exits, Hal stabs Percy, and Percy, expiring, breathes out his last few lines. Hotspur is dead, done to death heedlessly, betrayed by the far-sighted Westmoreland, and deserted by Northumberland, a father whose son does not even believe his father's treachery. The Prince wipes his sword:

Prince: Fare thee well, great heart!

Ill-weaved ambition, how much thou
art shrunk

Hal makes an ironic mis-estimation of Hotspur. Harry Percy did not die for his ambitions, for he was a politician. It was for honor that he died on Wednesday.

The Prince of Wales covers the face of the vanished and bids the prone Falstaff to lie in death with the noble Percy. Falstaff chooses not to lie in glory for long. Prince Hal exists; in an instant Falstaff is up and chattering again, profaning the fine magic mood set up by carnage and poetry. Taking a sword and exclaiming:

Fal: Zounds! I am afraid of this gun-
powder Percy!

Hal runs the body through. Has Falstaff overstepped his bounds? It would seem so, to bloody a corpse strewn with honor and deserved of peace. But yet, what has Hal done but to kill a harmless man, stripped of his allies and completely overpowered, cut off far of the man himself? And what of senseless bloodshed? No sooner has Falstaff trundled the body of Hotspur across the stage than Hal again enters,

saying to Lancaster, his younger brother;

Prince: Full bravely hast thou fleshed
thy maiden sword.

Falstaff may have stabbed an innocent dead man, but Lancaster has done for a goodly number of the living.

And so as the smoke and stench of battle lifts at Shrewsbury, the weary nobles, their ranks having been thinned by cannon and sword, all converge on the king's tent to claim their honors. And Falstaff too, his poor band of conscripts reduced to corpses or to beggars, trudges off with his falsely-won prize borne on his back

Certainly, though we seem to end up seeing the Battle of Shrewsbury in it's proper historical perspective, not as the mock-heroic tragedy Falstaff is covertly showing us. Hotspur is a misplaced, doomed hero, and Hal is the ideal man for the throne of England. The antics of Sir John do not preoccupy the stage for the audience. Yet the undertones are definitely there. Does Shakespeare mean a historical tableau for half the audience and a pacifist satire for the other? Does he intend to stalemate the spectator between the two? Or is he himself divided in his outlook?

None of these. Shakespeare's mind encompassed all aspects of his plays; he demands the same of us if we are to appreciate his work. Our world does not split itself down its seams for us to examine it. The Shakespearean drama hits us with all the complexity of life itself. As one Shakespearean scholar wrote in Cambridge University's Annual Shakespeare Survey:

Elizabethan dramas are rich in implication because they have emotional, not logical,

coherence. We travel two roads, or more,
at once. We arrive at no destination. But,
home again ... we feel that - if we could
talk effectively of such things, we should
have traveller's tales to tell."

Robert Swain

hot and heavy-eyed
the workmen sit
slouched on straight chairs
poised two-legged and
tipping with their evening sighs.

J. B.

It is sad the way things must end.
The silent parting with a friend
Whose face was lit with grace,
And only kindness did intend.

Tom Brown

Lady, would you betray
What was learned today
Or will you ages hence
Linger to yesterday?

Tom Brown

Comin out of the jewelery box
Was a snake with a nose like a fox.
Squigglin towards my Right Guard can,
He ran into an electric fan.

Little vermin.
He was squirmin.

Looking distracted, and quite mean,
He peed upon Time magazine
Then started up the fan once more,
An idea - which was poor

Cause it was on.
He'd soon be gone.

The pieces flew out everywhere,
Tail on the dresser, eyes on the chair
And so I had to write this poem
To show you how insane I've gone.

Had to get it out of my system
Any meanings - really missed 'em.
So don't bother
Your mind.

Carol Walter

The Invasion

I used to be a small and wand'ring child
Who flew through days and hopped around the sun.
I used to sing alone at night of love,
And ramble through the secrets I had won;
So free was I that shades could not strike me.
Alone with love and sounds of sparkling joy,
I played with one whose reason pondered wild.
An Essence hung through Time in seas of Mist.
One day my solitude was sadly cleaved,
The Mist washed, further deepened, out to sea;
My mind raced after, to grasp the Mist I sought,
For shades were real, I wanted to be free;
But down came shades and filled my song with things,
Unwelcome things which cover Love and Mist.

Paula Wing

Hamilin Again

The rats were everywhere
in the soup in the beds
and in the midst of it all
stepped the lips of salvation
creating golden sidewalks
at every note of the mountain sermon.

The rats are gone.

Saviours always come
in the nick of time,
forever leading children
to pools of liquid sugar,
but the rats always return.

T. S.

...the struggle ended
with a sigh and
an unformed tear
left its track
across my heart.

J. B.



I have a young friend who, through most of his high-school years, was given to writing poetry. He is now entering his junior year in the university. The other evening I asked him what sort of verse he had been writing, and whether I might read some of it. He replied, "No, I've stopped writing poetry." Then he explained, "There's so much that you have to know before you can write poetry. There are so many forms that you have to master first. 'Actually,' he said, "I just wrote because I liked to put things down. It didn't amount to much; it was only free verse."

Perhaps my young friend would never under any circumstances have become a good poet. Perhaps he should have had the drive and persistence to master those forms which have defeated him—I myself think he should. But I wonder whether it was made clear to him that all poetic forms have derived from practice. That in the very act of writing poetry he was, however crudely, beginning to create form. I wonder whether it was pointed out to him that form is an instrument, not a tyrant; that whatever measures, rhythms, rhymes, or groupings of sounds best suited his own expressive purpose could be turned to form - possibly just his own personal form, but form; and that it too might at some time take its place in the awesome hierarchy of poetic devices.

Ben Shahn

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1966



Principles

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Editor—Ken Kelleher
Business Manager—Margaret Wilson
Advisor—James Gutsell

REFLECTIONS
OR
JOHN DOCKERY AND THE BEAN STALK

We met in Spring in the late afternoon,
In a yellow rosebud garden,
He was standing in a pool of blood—
No,

It was only a puddle of rain,
Left by the shower of an hour ago,
Reflecting the sun going down in red.
John stood barefoot—

He stood no shirt in a pool of rain,
His light blue pants rolled up a turn.

(John Dockery where were you before the Spring,
Before the late afternoon and the sun in red?)

"Do you want to see my beans?" John asked,
In the second that we met—
Reflections met in the puddle of rain,
As John remembered love.

"My beans are climbing to the sky,
"Soon they'll reach the other side,
Where a great giant lives asleep," John said.

(John Dockery where were you before the giant,
Before the sky and remembered love?)

John Dockery was a brown man,
Not black or white or gold or red,
But brown like maple sirup's brown,
(Before the sun shines on the breakfast table.)
John Dockery was beautiful in brown,
With purple eyes.

No, don't ask me,
I don't know where John came from—
I mean in the beginning where.

(John where were you before the black and white,
Before the gold and red and brown?)

John Dockery was brown like good brown bread,
And in good taste,
As for myself,

I was a white loaf made,
Not like the paste on the grocery shelf
But a good loaf,
Homemade.

"O John O!" I said in the second that we met.
"I remember a dream of bread!"

(A curious thing for me to say.)

"I had a dream of brown bread—white bread,
Served from the same table in good taste!
That was my dream," I said to John.

This curious dream, before we met,
Was reflected now in the pool of rain,
And I was afraid of curious things.

(Where were you John before the bread,
Before my fear of curious things?)

"The beans . . .," John said.
"O yes," I said,
"You were going to show me your beans."

John Dockery planted greenbeans in the Spring,
From seed they took off for the sky,
Until they reached the other side,
Where the great giant lived asleep
In peace.

"If you'll hold my hand,"
John said, remembering love,
"We'll walk through the pool of blood,
To see my beans."

As we walked to where the greenbeans grew,
Our reflections came together smiling,
No,

Crying in the pool of rain,
In the yellow rosebud garden in the Spring.

John Dockery said, "Look up,
Look up, my love, into the sky,
And tell me what you see."

"Greenbeans fastened to the sky!
I'm afraid of curious things! I cried.

"We'll climb the bean stalk and wake the giant,"
John said, who remembered love.

"O John, the giant will eat us,
We would go well with beans." I said.
As I remembered my dream of bread.

"It was only a dream," John said,
"To tell of us together . . .
Two good loaves made in good taste,
Homemade with love and served from one table,
Two good loaves to feed the hungry masses—

"This is our body . . .,"
Said John, remembering love.

"But why brown bread—white bread,"
Why not the same—
Two loaves the same," I begged.

While I tried to analyze my dream of bread,
John began to climb,

"Are you coming with me?"
He called, who still believed.

"I can't." I cried.
"How can I know what's on the other side?"

"A great giant waits for us," John called.
"To wake him from his sleep."

(O John where before the great giant went to sleep,
Before analyzing dreams in pools of blood?)

From somewhere in the sky John called to me:
"This is our blood,
Which is the same—

Images of living things, reflected in a pool of blood!
As for your dream of bread, my love . . .
In the beginning,
The grain of sand," John said.

(O John where before,
Before . . .

John Dockery called to me no more,
He had gone to meet the giant.
I had not gone with him,
Who remembered love,

For I was afraid of curious things.

(O John where,
O where?)



Te quiero
Quien es tan linda
Te quiero
Que es mi calor
Que es mi ardor
Que es mi sangre
Te quiero
Que es tan mujer

Richard Nilsen

CALM OF PONDEROUS CONTROL

Venture down the flagstone path on an
Evening itinerary
And whistle a randomly complex
hum-song
Of thoughtful mood and essence of Being,
And, what's more —
Productive Peace.

Paula Wing

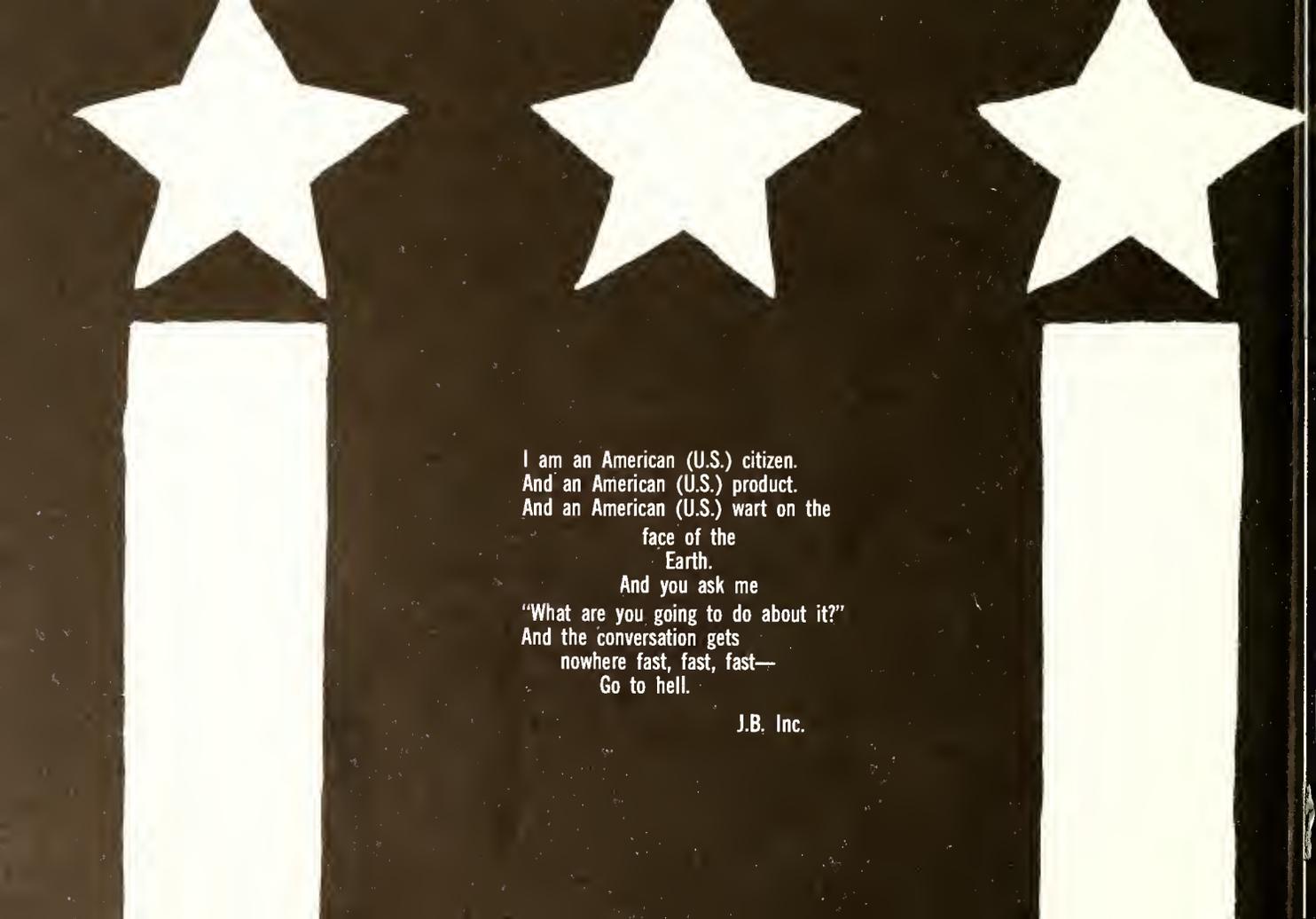


NUCLEAR MADRIGAL

Now let gallant lovers sing
the beauties of atomic spring
and reassure the blooming maid
her youthful charms will never fade.
For fear you not, my lady fair:
your skull will whiten ere your hair,
its smile still perfect underneath—
fall out refers not now to teeth.
And when you lie beneath ground zero
no younger fair will claim your hero.

Ann Deagon





I am an American (U.S.) citizen.
And an American (U.S.) product.
And an American (U.S.) wart on the
face of the
Earth.

And you ask me
"What are you going to do about it?"
And the conversation gets
nowhere fast, fast, fast—
Go to hell.

J.B. Inc.

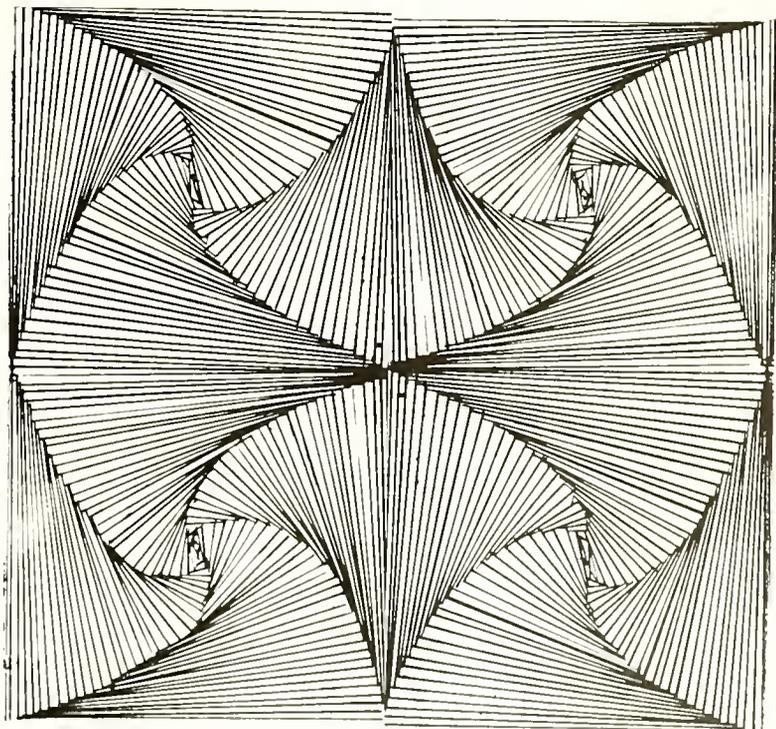
TWO WRONGS MAKE A LIFE

am neither positive nor negative
with you i fall in between the black and white—in the gray.
don't quite understand anything but i sometimes catch some of
the fabric.
grab on for my life and as soon as i catch hold—i lose it—
to almost but never.
nce this is my life with you—almost but never . . .
i must go on—waiting out the cycle of sun, wind, rain
until
can find my way back to oblivion.

J.B.

We gaze at the bird
That sails on a wing—
"I wish I could fly,
What a glorious thing."
"I see them down there."
Said the envious hawk,
"God, what a bore.
I wish I could walk!"

W. C. Croom





EATING PEANUTS

Eating peanuts, salt of tears
(When Carthage fell they salted her
plowing the granulate disintegration
stone-chip bone-char and what flesh-shred
uncannibaled dry shriveled in the sand.

Leathered Carthage grins the years,
their saline seed exalted her,
malice begat her mummification.)
I munch the crunch of all tears shed
the excrement and increment of man.

For anguish salts the spitted years
and seasons savor of our tears.
Here crusted with regret I stand,
I, saltling in this salty land,
a pillar not of cloud or fire
but salt to quench the summer's pyre;
to cure the vulnerable years
the slow preservative of tears.

Ann Deagon

HAIKU

The rocks struggle out of the sea
Fighting for air,
The wind obliging.

Richard Nilsen

INTRODUCTION OF A CAT

"Hey, a cat sitting up on those boxes—
No, up there."—
I wonder how she got up there?"
"Hmm? Nice cat—let's go see her."
Run, scuffle, jump over a broken chair,
And even momentarily stoop to examine
The dump's medley of broken bottles.
"Hey kitty. Hey, kitty, kitty, kitty." (with a
clutching, dirty fist)
And I enlarge myself, point my ears back-
wards, put a snarl on,
And hiss at the insensitive, brusque
intruder . . .
"Hello, cat."
approaches the smaller, less assertive boy,
and I say huh? what? and examine my paws
closely, regarding imaginary
spots emerging from the Intruder and
soliciting my innocent fur.
And reduce my eyes to a line on each side
and
tuck my feet for protection—
Attend to the younger boy
With the curiosity eyes
What it is is that a little assertion usually
means one and another
different things, which lends a general in-
trigue that can
attract a cat (and I yawned to accentuate
my general interest).
the Intruder picked up an interesting stone
and threw it;

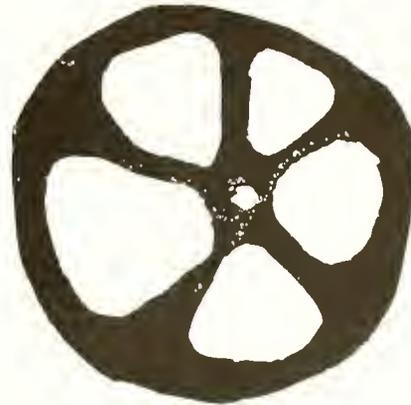
But the perceptible Intriguer listened to my
get acquainted song
while the Intruder threw a stone over my
head.
(we ignored him, of course, while he prac-
ticed pitching)
Our neglect produced an impressionable
explosion
which originated in the rapid deterioration
of a chair
My tail began twitching as I felt the ire
spread:
"Begone, base batter of balls (Intriguer
giggled)—
go play your game of unreflexive skill
with your fellow nonentities of short-atten-
tion-spans;
I wish you all the Truth you can find
in the marriage of manual dexterity and
boredom."
so the Intruder left the crippled chair
and stepped over a myriad of unperceived
beautiful bottles
and vanished without a gain of knowledge
(but then, of course, what he would ever
see would be, in his eyes,
unacceptable knowledge, so I'm not sur-
prized)
you may note that I love gigglers
To the Intriguer—
I must say that the chain of events
which instituted your freedom
from the Intruder should be celebrated.
Today is a revolution."

So I danced in all my glory of flame
and I watched the spark in the Intriguer
grow and elaborate upon itself
as our festivities heightened in their joy,
and the sun joined us and entered the
bottles,

So that the colors emerged
and our eyes converged
and spun in our united heads
and flowed into his and my joint ears,
Which created painful music of
Voracious declaration
Ardorous sensation
Exhausting exhilaration
And swallowed my soul together with
his

Float and permeate the dreamy trance,
He and I
Me and Him
and sing together
a musing hum-song: Us.
walk cloud-like in the mist-song,
gaze at a dream and
step into another,
glide around on sunlight
and hop to dew to rain dusk,
dwell in dusk
in its Other-Reality house
and swing on the night without space
"I have to go eat supper now." said the
Intriguer.

Paula Wing



GREEN

"I bequeath myself to the dirt to grow from
the grass I love, If you want me again look
for me under your boot-soles."

from Walt Whitman's **Leaves of Grass**

Early one morning
When long grass was bending
Under dew

I thought of Walt Whitman
And wondered about him dead
Under green

Under grass and dew and April
Bending
Under me

"Good morning Walt" I said
(And him dead)
Before the orange came up yellow

I pressed green under feet
Walking
And wondered if the sun would bring up

What my feet had pressed walking
Down
Walking through

The thick grass
Bending
Dark with dew

Pressed
By my feet
Bending grass more than dew

I went as far as the grave yard
In the middle of the green
A slave stone wall leaned around the dead

Giant cedars grew dark inside
Roots nudging the deep sleepers
Who did not wake
(While I was there)

I climbed the wall
Leaving footprints wet in green behind

I read the stones
(Those not too worn to read)
And wondered how the dead came there

In boxes I presumed
Carried by the living
Bending grass with great sad feet

I stayed with those
Dead a while
(Then I thought of Whitman)

I climbed back over the wall
Leaning stone
To follow my footprints home

But while I had been visiting
The sun had grown up
Yellow

My footprints gone
And all that bending green
From dew and feet was waving to me now

Pat Gilbride

FOR LIZZARD

Sunlight belts your eyes, heat lapping.
Know it in the shadows.
As wind you turn your back on, know it in
Silent swinging of Cedars.

Know crashing
Down and down of water
In slushing and swishing on sound sand.

Judge the moon in wane.

Watch rain as snow is frozen meaning.

Dusty, dank, attic-smell answers
Come in silence
Come in dreaming when no one dreams.

The Congregational truth lies alone,
Moving lips and tears
By solitary stones.

Listen; my heart whispers.
See it in my eyes
In the tremble of my hand on your shoulder
around your neck.

Somewhere between my vows and curses,
Lies my love.

Were it only that you still loved me as I am,
But my life surely had no new horizon;
So instead of your being the docile lamb
That follows, you chose to be the lion.
Were it only that you just accepted life
Without striving to find your special place,
We never would have known this strife
That tears inside and leaves but empty space.
But no. It cannot be that simple yet unhappy way.
We both now know that we'd miss too much;
Sheer folly 'twould be to stay
The same, with never a meaningful life to clutch.
And so, dear lady, what is there but change?
In effort to keep you, my life I rearrange.

Bill Pendergraft

A. Meltz

now you've seen it











Ten minutes to every hour
That damned bell.
I wish to God
Quasimodo were on it.
-Tom Brown



SPRING 1968

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Drawing		Craig Nilsen

I serve a blind master.
I open his window at morning.
Blind, he bends to hear;
Hearing, he thinks of birds as blue?
To him the sky sings and
Whistles during day and
Chirps at night. And when
He dreams, dissonance dissolves color.

Financing

Cannot I say, cannot I wish
The mass of moments spent to dreams
For only there winds silken thread
Throughout the horrid, blackened skies
For light of darkest day.

The weight lessness is heavy lead
When stared upon by glassy eyes
And what is real is what it seems,
But lifts into the sordid air
When smiled at by the sun
And two of any living things
Would soon melt into one.

Flywheels print the unsaid words
Soon vanished on the sheet
Never fading in the fingers
These hands never cheat.

I Have Wandered

I have wandered through
the labyrinthian mazes
of volumes and volumes

stacked high
on shelves.
I watched the dust
fall;
gather upon them
like the Jewish-dew-dust
of our long
interpreted creation.
titles in gilded script
cataloguing the moments
that now have stretched
so far from me.
Indices of references
that now utter the thoughts
I have called my own.
Yes, quite alone;
I cannot recall the pleasure of the poet.
Theseus would have forgotten
his string
in the musky chambers of these walls;
but I trace the way in dust,
praying,
that god not confuse our fingerprints.

Shakespeare at the Ladies' Club Luncheon

William of Avon
Eats one more capon.
"I just loved your last play,"
Says Miss Julia Spay.
"The writing was fun."
"Oh, I do love your pun,"
Says fat Mrs. Kerns.

“As the word turns,”
Says our casual poet
(he’s witty and knows it).
The party stands on,
They discuss on the lawn
The impending disease,
The moving of trees,
The death of a Queen-
“That gal was obscene.”
The drinks become stale
Bill wishes for ale.
His next play will poke
A sackbutt of jokes
At these ladies of fat
Each with a hat.
Our oscitant poet
soon will forget
These ladies of clubs.
“O, for the pubs!”

Sap, which runs the tree,
Holds the insect.
Inside the amber
The waste is stayed.

White inevitably follows
its arrow path-
In reaction, black repels
with mirror symmetry.
But where goes vague grey?
At parties grey sifts with the smells
of the mixture

Into large corners
Where anonymous people dwell
In assortments.
Red-green, orange-blue - -
Potpourri grey, levels of complexity.

And excellent black or white: Easy,
shall we say,
as the pseudo-grey
who noncommits in middle fields.

BREAKFAST DISTURBANCE

OR

WHY DOES BACON SIZZLE

This clattering din of dishes and silverware,
like forces clashing,
seeking the destruction
of resistance,
hangs about the room,
saturates the air
already noxious with smoke,
and dictates the range of octaves
of straining voices.

Two men in a booth
speak from their separate states.

(They haggle
like old Jews
about the presence of their unimportance.

The hiss of the grill sizzling,
searing its helpless bacon
as if the trials of Nuremberg
had never existed,
as if the death of a race
destroyed more than one life.)

The strength and blackness
of the coffee
splashes in the blinding whiteness
of the cup.

The more perpendicular
A curve is to a line,
The more it is
An orange slice.

In Remembrance of Her Eyes

(To Paul)

Here was a day
as full of her love,
as full of the pools
of green
silken lucidity,
as the wisdom of the traveling
muse
who spoke to us
in melodic
tones of liquid motions
of smiles and peace.

This visitor spoke to us
to me through her
and to her through me;
he drank,
his eyes met hers, mine.
He knew. He knew.

I wanted to say to him;
"Clarissa"

but the silence of his stare
uttered a single word:
"Marie"
and then he left.

The winter sun flashes over the shady scene of autumn
and lays waste the lily
leaving the bush torn and broken.

The snow has not yet come but its white doom
Will soon settle upon the waiting earth.

Why grow pumpkins and apples, only to be devoured
by human gluttony, or destroyed by
winter rain?

Let man starve and he wishes better things for
His little sons,
Innocent sons,
Whose fingers grasp the snow with delight
and think of Christmas, not shoveling walks.

Shovel the beautiful white stuff away? Why?
Forgive us, children, for we know not what we do.

The spring settles now. Man grows flowers
For his house and garden. Picks them and they die.
Johnny is much older now and doesn't think to cry.

Sit down and hear about the rutabega sound,
Sit down and hear about the rutabega sound-
It belongs to a train,
and a quilt of patches
that was used at young dawn
to snuggle your chin-
Such a half remembered time
Of a morning,
 non-ending,
When the gutters were clear,
when the gutters were clear.

Original Gin

Having at Once gained entry
To the deep sub-urban cellar
Which cradles in its sweet bosom
The post Heraklen taverns,
I made my way through the crowds
To the empty bar.

Having made my way through
The sweaty crowds of post erotic
People, and having set down upon
One of the Twenty-seven empty red Plastic
Covered barstools, I asked for
A drink.

Having sat down, noticing the
Empty bar in the crowded
Barrom, and having accosted
The bartender, and having asked
For a swig o' gin, I asked
Him why were all the slick

Red barstools empty and the
Bar so forsaken?

Having ordered my sloe moving
Drink, and having asked the
Tavernkeeper the reason for
The paucity of people on his
Barstools, he said,

“This is a Quaker convention,
They don’t drink.”

The Wake of Brutus

Love is a Trojan horse
To move my standing army
Within your sacred city
Where it can prove its force.
Maybe from this defeat,
With burning at the gates,
With armies deeply breathing,
And on your seas a fleet.
Rome will grow in your womb,
When born will grow in strength,
And when stronger than his father
Will break another bloom.
Ah, when the bow is taut
The new will again be wrought.

SOMEWHERE SILENT THOUGHTS

Alone, snowed under billows of thoughts,
I lie listening to the rhythm of time tapping
its tune tick-tocked,
tick-tocked, tapping in a distant warp.

Somewhere dimensions distant from my eyes,
I see my feet walking in their stationary path.
And travelling, travelling,
through my spinal stream of involuntary consciousness
courses
Wavelike, to a tidal depth,
the quaking of that lonely yearning,
familiar, speaking in my loins.

Thought-dreams flash,
exposed by that nether-light,
and projected deep within my secret screen.
and "THE END" brings credits
without names
that name the players of my parts.

North we went, on Interstate 85,
the precious land on each side
streamed by.
Things past,
as we passed,
but one,
which hung:
A black class
and their teacher
stood on a secluded hill,
vertical still,
while my linear
pastimes.

NAUSEA

O that this long and lonely place
would cough me up

and, hunching, wretching,
choke no more
on my tasteless bloody clot.

Perhaps Li Po was right
in reaching for the moon
in the Yellow River.
And Han Shan, leaping
through the mountains
like the goat he was,
chasing in mock rivalry
the equally drunken Shih-te,
perhaps he was right.
I doubt he cares now.

Does Count von Waldstein know?

The Pleiades and the Moon
are setting ever.
During and eclipse
the Moon turns red;
red tears eclipse my eyes.
Hakuin will tell you of tears,
drunken tears.
A red polyrhythm,
like waves on many shores,
pulses throughout the flesh;
the vein never catches up to the artery.
The blood is a needle
weaving in and out of membranes,
searching among the islands
for Ithaca.

Nausee

Must we now
up from the gurgling sink-holes of nightmare
grobe the sodden handfuls of our growth,
plaster the mud-child with the slimy dough
of tumored breast and hip,
the fetid yeast
frothing?

Phidias, Phidias
make us to marble
if only to feel
the clean, the pitiless
chisel.

One O'clock

One o'clock is too abrupt,
the chime is off its guard.
Ding is only half the truth
and dong, the lie that makes the tale.
What a waste are one o'clocks!
The time is too uncertain;
quarter of's or half-past's are one o'clocks.
And the problem is the one and the many.
For twelve rings out both loud and long,
while each echo fills the one before
and turns into infinitude.
But one makes no effort to portest
and freezes to the paradox of religion.

Sonnet

Windowed I watch the jonquils hesitate
between green times and the golden act,
myself uneasy with the old impact
of memories their bright spears incarnate.
Desire from recollection buds - - how sate
the seasonal upsurge to reenact
spring's orgies, how hoard my heart intact?
Perennial love springs early, wisdom late.

The winter heart bulbs rich beneath the frost,
swelled by the rotting stalks of other years,
rounding the ancient contour of its power
from the eternal cycle of loves lost.
Let me not anguish if my spring yet bears
the periodic fever of a flower.

THE BEGINNING OF PHYSICS

As we walked by,
I watched a ponderous lamp,
suspended from a ceiling,
hidden high among the fluted pillars,
swinging, pendulously
pushed by the hands of the wind.
I thought of a humiliated Galileo,
and wondered if the wind
deceived him too.

God, who made us all, a spider
Who loved a girl and got inside her,
(Don't let it be misunderstood,
He would have married her if he could,

But he wasn't free-his wife he wove
And caught himself, as any Jove,
Within his web. And how we laugh!)
Required once a roasted calf
(The meat didn't have to be the best)
Then required that calves be dressed.
Miniskirts go now to church
And on the pews they safely perch
To let God better see
Their sweet sincerity.
And I wonder what extent
Has God gone omnipotent.

THE SOLID TIMES

(To Aristotle)

The solid time of being spent
or spending and expending
one dash of pure energy
that manifests itself in blurs
of what perhaps is but impure activity
seems to fall in patterns of inflexibility
or jumps out shouting in ideas
of ideals thought in lipless silence.

The solid time of motion moving
or of thinking thought
becomes the moral of **LITTLE BLACK SAMBO**
and the syrup for our hotcakes.

a summer
thunderrrrr(
bang
)stormmmm
sneaks in
from the
(Flash-
north,
wagging its
tail
be-CRASH) hind
it.//////
//////
//////

From the Cradle

Bony birthling at my breast
suckle the semblance of alive,
swill from the swollen breast the sweet disguise,
the puckered mask of baby flesh.
(I will forget it is the jawbone
gnaws my nipple).

Deep at one the bone-child rests,
wakening stretches long at five
kneuckles and knees and fleshless teeth. Deep lies
the crucifixion in the creche,
skeletal passion to be clean grown
and bone simple.

And though the flesh be in its tide
when the boneless longings rise,
when the lover by his bride
bares his teeth and dims his eyes
she shudders at the ghostly rape,
the death's head if desire a-gape .

Little one
when you lie
where maidenhead for death's head
is the bargain,

when you breed
young bones
I pray I may not shudder
to find my fingers sharpened and my toes
and these breasts shrunken strange that were my own.

Little one
you and I
will be white sisters once dead
and no need
for stones
to say what day the mother
or daughter grew the way all carnal grows
into the peerless pattern of the bone.

The meter of History is irregular,
But it's not prose. And the white
Wax dactyls of war are not
Poetry, no matter how you
Cut it.

A wasted line

Meant only to rhyme
Doesn't and the poetry
Stops. The caesura is war-
The next line is always better.

1984

Tiny hooves and snowdown,
Drifts, and groundswell
Patter softly into Christmas
With jingling sounds
The steps of time can't hear.

The glitter falls
Through an open window
And slips through open fingers
That try to catch the pendule's swing.

Soon their hands
Reach out and up
And stretch above their head
So now another day is born
And yesterday is dead.

Polonius

Two things mark old floorboards:
They are both worn and polished.

Its so easy to spin a dream
sittin' on a backyard swing
Your browned legs danglin'
An' your wet faee shining up to the moon
through the creepy-crawlin' branches
And if the night breeze blows your way
tiny little goosebumps rise along the bareness of your shoulders

the backyard picket fence gleams through the dark
and the man-in-the-moon lights up
only certain patches of the garden
when the earth does a funny little somersault
under the stars

over and over they talk
about the rustlin' leaves of summer trees
an' that ain't fair
Cause each time she hnows

she blows another tune
and the trees
they dance another dance
And oftentimes it ain't the wind
that makes you shiver

DON JUAN

Canticle the first-Fragment

I

I want a villain: a most common want,
When every tick of clock sends forth a new one,
Til, after filling "New York News" with cant
The Police discover he is not the true one:
Of such as these I do not care to chant,
I'll therefore take our evil friend Don Juan-
We all have seen him, in the opera,
Friend to the Devil, shortening his era.

II

From him I learned to never shake a hand
Of one who, in good will but of pure mind,
With me will dine, tho' will not eat what's planned,
And will command me to repent-"You've sinned!"
For he is likely stone, a Christian brand,
Of epitaph and epigone combined.
A soldier meek, a furious lamb, a mule-
Half gallant horse, half ass, but wholly pule.

III

Brave men were living before Judas lived
(He was the Modern Christian, selling God
like all do now who wear the cross, so almativè,
To one they cannot see, but know he trod
Upon the Earth, as you or I, alive.)
But since that time all heroes lay in sod

Save one who sold not e'en himself for gold-
A villain he, and hero, both: Behold!

IV

Most epic poets plunge "in media res,"
And so will I, (Don's boyhood life was dull).
The day of first import was when his face
Was taken by the sight of Woman's hull.
The girl he pined for stared at her own grace
Before the mirror hourly, like a trull.
But whore she could not be: she did what she ought
(Or was too bright and careful to be caught.)

V

One day in passing, glances passed, her eyes
Invited him, his countenance replied in jest.
A rendezvous was planned, she wore disguise;
He slipped from parents' sight unto her breast.
He did as best he could upon his size.
But tho' he loved for love, there was no quest-
He sought not love's most perfect, sublime form-
On passion's tender priek he did perform.

VI

His taste was whetted, his bed of women grew
Just as he surreptitious fame did spread:
A quiet word from Mother kept Ingenué
Alert for Juan, and alone in bed.
But winsome words had won more than a few,
And Juan loved more than a few fair heads.
The saw he learned when young: its truth, it fell-
One need not love so few to love so well.

Not Pictured

In college
a little after Yoga but before
Zen replaced sin
I had a friend
whose papers wrote themselves but who would focus
the crackling shiver of his mind and slice
eraser
metal band
wood shank (in random lengths)
the shaven cone
the point
and staring it unjointed and rejoined
(a visual gymnastic unperceived
and therefore unresented by professors)
he made Phi Beta Kappa.

Insurance

was somehow automatic even more
(Sign on the line)
but he would find
statistics shimmering, some hocus-pocus
with actuary tables tipping – twice
mascara
lipstick smeared
both breasts (each separate)
the girdle loins
the legs
of his stenographer by chance disjointed
·marionettely shimmying, deceived
by his long stare intent to recompress her
sat sudden on his lap.

In memoriam

the paper noted

the highway straight and trafficless, the pole
snapped off on impact.

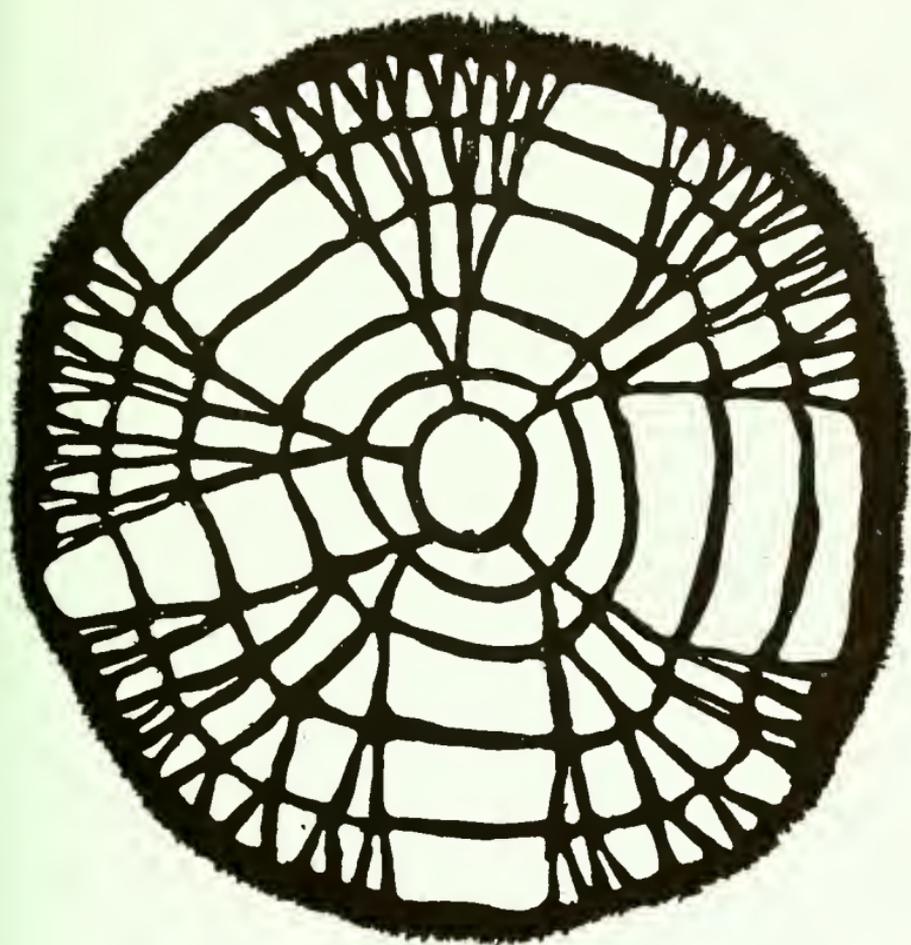
Did the yellow line
seem to scrawl from the ultimate pole-pencil
alluringly automatic?

Did the pole
extend seductively efficient cross-arms
a transcendental typist?

Or did he
seeing at last through windshields' windshields' windshield
his mirrored image smash it?

When the rest
looked for his picture in the annual
I knew he hadn't let them put it in.







DOUG FEENEY

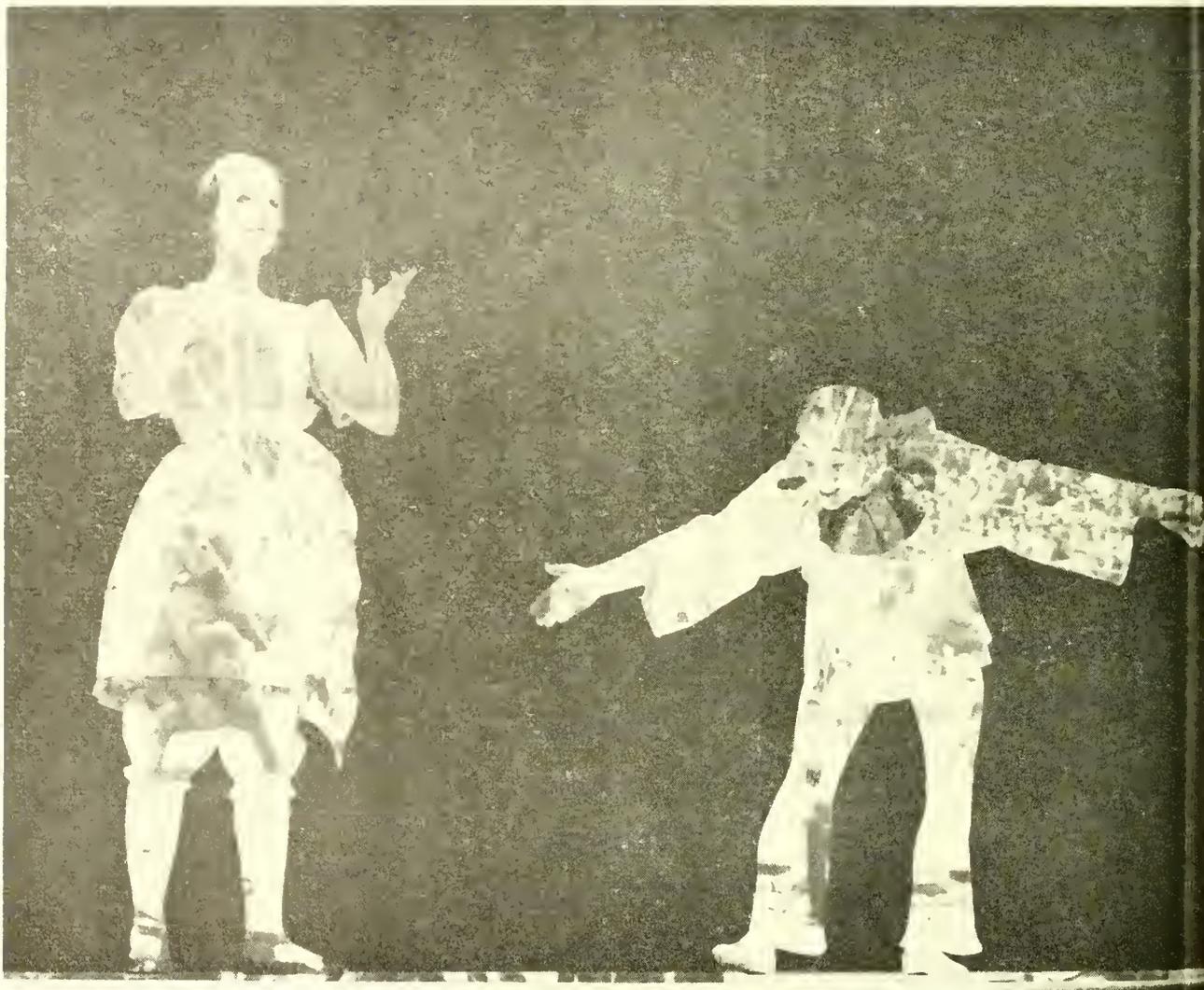




RICHARD NILSEN
WALTER DECKER

WALTER DECKER





ART CREDITS

title pages-photographs: Jim McLarty
-design: Philip Sanders
mimes-Neill Whitlock
graveyard-Jim McLarty
young girl-sculpture: Gustav Vigeland
-photograph: Richard Nilsen
woodcut-Claire Fergusson
stonehenge-James Gutsell
leaf-Jim McLarty
flying birds-Jim McLarty
drawing-Philip Sanders
geese-Jim McLarty
pond-Richard Nilsen
drawing-Ruth Reid

SEWELL GRUEL

I ponder long, and ask you to,
Upon the perpetrators, who
Give us poems upon a page
From out their own despair or rage.
And having done this awful deed
With social psalm and psychic need
All couched in fragmentary verse,
They throw upon us then the curse
Of offering to tell us how
To barbecue a sacred cow.
Once having ordered up this beef
And shown to us that we have grief,
They board their planes and fly away
That we may cry another day.

Anonymous

GLACIER

Beyond where any man has gone,
Beyond all sight, beyond clear thought,
Where white and crystalline winds hold reign,
And where ravines are rilles, and time
Gives a year to every night and day;
Where highest mountains shrink
And ice is all that could be seen-
Hidden in these unseen snowfields,
In the nearly unmoved cold,
The source of this icy river,
From unmeasured and unstructured
Ice and snow conglomerates.
And slow, almost unknown to time,
Almost heedless of an end,
In frigid moans it slowly cracks
Its way downhill, down the mountains'
Sides, inching, year, by year,
Moving stones and mountains, rifting
And healing, buckling and halting, always
Toward the ocean it descends,
Til, at last, the wrinkled, aged
Ice towers on the brink of sea,
And, unwilling, forced from behind,
Crowded and cold, but gaining heat,
A chunk, wailing its first loud cry,
Breaks and falls, gasping into
The sea. Another breaks and cries,
And another, yet another-
And now, in constant crying moans,
The river fragments at its end,
Pouring forth itself in splinters,
Into the warming salty sea.



Forever, it seems, it fills the sea
With icy drifting melting islands;
And each iceberg floats toward the warmth
That will one day melt it down.
A school of ice, like benign whales,
An archipelago of sailing,
Drifting, melting ice islands
Carried currentward to death.
We can see these dying bergs;
They float in our oceans, our sight,
Until they melt and once more
We cannot sense their distant presence;-
And still it snows where we cannot see,
Beyond where any man has gone.

Richard Nilsen

WHERE THE FINGER OF A STUNTED TREE POINTS

The silent wings of distant pines
thrust vertical against the wistful sky,
framing the twisted tortured branches
of a dead ash.

Could I be there instead of here,
only by walking, there I would go;
Then I would peer with secret yearning
back to this spot,
its beauty burning with flaming tongues
into my scorched soul a single image.
The crow caws mocking.
He can fly from tree to he
knows where,

and laughs at me.

What does the crow care,
if there is only joy at parting
with the winter's brood?
The copse of birches white
into the wind, lifting
stark their empty branches drifting
into nothing like
cathedral spires.

I crush the fragile leaves of hopes
for Spring beneath my feet
with reverence, and stride,
head high, into unmapped wood
to wait for snows.

Stephen Wessells

STAR TO STAR

Star, then to star;
Interference barred,
Free flight.
House melts to house;
Intercepting meadow barred,
The inert gained.
Stases speaking
Cannot comprehend
Innumerable songs
Of the mind's blind eye.

The blind eye walks
From house to house,
From one to one Walks,
From away, toward to,
Cannot escape,
Cannot see the trap
(He needs the trap)
The song is so loud.

The one walks
From one to one,
Without seeing his feet,
Blind stroll in song.

Paula Blair Wing

1. You from England, aren't you?

Wales.

That's England, isn't it?

No. It's Wales.

Oh.

Yes. Wales and England are separate parts of Britain. Great Britain, actually.

Confusing. So Wales isn't England, right?

Correct. Nor is Scotland or Ireland.

Still, you've all got a queen, haven't you?

To the best of my knowledge.

She do much?

Figurehead. Pomp and ceremony, you know.

Yes. We have the same thing. Only over here it's called a President.

I noticed. You've a new bloke, too?

Well, not that new.

Been around a bit, eh?

A little.

In by default?

Sorta. He's known as Tricky Dick in the trade.

We have one too. Called Wilson. Harold Wilson, actually.

So I heard. Good guy?

Not any more.

How come?

He can't govern.

Still, at least you've got some kind of a prince, haven't you?

Charlie boy. They're investing him this year.

What in?

As. Prince of Wales.

Why Wales?

Tradition. The Black Prince, etcetera--before we put you on the map. He's learning Welsh in eight weeks.

They still speak that over there?

Three or four of them. Out of the hills. Mainly Nationalists. Nationalists?

Like your militants. Free Wales Army, they call them.

Who runs the outfit?

An illiterate hill sheep farmer.

Are they really a threat?

They'll try and blow him up, if that's what you mean.

Who?

Charlie boy. Who else?

Crazy.

Agreed....

(PAUSE)

And how is dear old England - sorry, Britain - nowadays?

Not too bad, you know.

What about your economic problems?

Well, we do have some. There's devaluation - which hasn't worked.

And wage freezes and increased taxes on beer and fags and credit squeezes and industrial strikes. And then there's the jolly

British weather.

Rains a lot still?

You might say that. And there's de Gaulle. And the Q.E.2.

The what?

The new Queen Elizabeth. It broke down on sea trials and had to be towed back.

That so?

Ignominy for British craftsmanship and national pride, everyone said.

Anyway, Britain's still a maritime nation, right?

Not any more. You've bought most of her up.

How come?

Well, the Queen Mary's berthed at Long Beach.

California. Yeah. I read some guy's making tie pins from propellers.

And lifebelts going for fifteen bucks a time.

That's not all. The old Queen Elizabeth's rusting away gracefully off Port Everglades. They're still trying to decide who actually owns her.

I heard she's to be a gambling casino.

Very sad. And there;s

Very sad. And there's good old British London Bridge.

Your nursery rhyme tells us it's falling down.

It's fallen alright. Being shipped in numbered blocks to a desert in Arizona or Nevada - one of those places. Your people are trying to find some water to flow under it.

That's a tribute to American ingenuity.

Crazy, I call it.

Agreed....

(PAUSE)

3. Well, do you have any racial problems like ours over here?

I suppose so, but we don't admit it.

How?

Well, there's a kind of polite, I've-got-nothing-against-them-mind-you colour bar in jobs and housing.

Polite?

You know, Nobody actually says anything, but everyone knows it goes on. Surely there'd be riots and violence? Like with us.

We're peace-loving, essentially. Nobody gets too worked up. It's considered bad manners. Mind you, it's not a real problem yet. Nothing's a real problem in Britain until it's passed solving. That's one of our traditions.

Well, what do you do?

Nothing much. Except limit the immigration of coloureds.

Isn't that some kind of racist policy?

The Government doesn't call it that.

Crazy.

Agreed....

(PAUSE)

4. Anyway, you've sure come over here in a good year.

I don't quite follow.

Well, just look at us, for God's sake. There's Wallace. Or rather, there was Wallace. And the moon, of course - no connection, mind you. And then there's Spiro Agnew. And pollution. And Mrs. Onassis. And Chicago--- There's never a dull moment, true.

And black nationalism. And campus riots. And mace. And more crime. And ABM. And---

ABM?

Our latest Doomsday Machine. Just call it Safeguard deployment.

The ultimate conflagration, eh? Dr. Strangelove for real, as you'd say?

Kind of. Only this is a defensive posture. Or so they say. The

Great American Deterrent. We no longer have any Dreams.

Who's they?

Pentagon.

Thought they'd shot their bolt?

Don't you believe it. Finger in every goddam pie and weapons contract.

Isn't this missile thing stuck out in a place called North Dakota?

Right. One of our states, in fact. Only nobody lives there.

Except just a thousand Minutemen.

Right.

And there's no guarantee this Safeguard thing'll work or be any use, is there?

None at all. Pure speculation.

And isn't it all rather wasteful? Terribly costly and that?

Oh, sure. Only it's part of the military-industrial complex. Even Eisenhower could see that.

We have the same thing. We call it vested interest. It's another of our traditions.

Only you've not quite got the dough to throw around, right?

Yes. We're too poor for a real military presence, as you'd call it.

We've noticed.

Except, that is, for air-lifting bobbies to tin-pot protectorates. Or selling obsolete arms to Nigeria, so they can bomb civilians.

Isn't that embarrassing for your Wilson guy? I mean, I thought your lot were ethical when it comes right down to the wire?

We are. When it suits us. But financial expediency is another thing.

Then, of course, you've no draft, have you?

No, we couldn't afford it. In any case, we're a bloody sitting lame duck when it comes to the big bang. And then nobody wants land forces in Europe or the Middle East any more.

Or what's left of your Commonwealth?

No. (pause) Of course, the Government considers itself realist.

So what does it do for protection?

Hope. And rely on you.

That's crazy.

Agreed....

(PAUSE)

Anyway, what brings you over here?

Teaching?

You like it?

Very much, as a matter of fact.

Of course, we don't speak the same language. Or, as someone put it, we're two countries separated by the same language.

I've noticed.

In fact, we don't believe in language very much at all. Except to get from A to B. Or as communication in selling. Functional is the word. Well, it doesn't seem that bad. And I am getting used to the slang and jargon.

Yes?

Well, we don't have 'gotten', but it must be alright because your President uses it. And then there's 'hang-up' and 'uptight' and 'upcoming' and 'downtown' and 'psyched up'.

But they don't present any real---

And take 'stoned'. It seems to mean something rather different over here. I have to be careful to distinguish it from 'smashed,' which is again another thing. Very tricky. Right?

Right. 'Course, some students'll use computers soon. I mean, you take our jargon kits.

God help us all.

For instance, Simplified Modular Prose Writing system.

Simplified what? Sounds worse than Monarchs.

SIMP for short. Anyone who can count to ten can write 40,000 well-balanced, impressive and quite meaningless sentences. Can't fail.

But surely, it's not that widespread?

Not yet, it isn't. But take these SIMP phrases, like 'characterization of specific criteria' or 'independent functional principle' or 'effects a significant implementation.' Or 'a greater fight-worthiness concept.'

That's a peach, that one is.

Well, when you spell them out like this, I---

Recognize them, huh?

Sounds a bit like your Pentagon chaps, in fact, or some of the book reviews.

Or your students, perhaps?

Well, perhaps, but---

And try putting some together. You get something like 'As a resultant implication, a constant flow of effective information is further

compounded when taking into account the evolution of specifications
over a given time period.'

But surely I'm not likely to meet that kind of stuff!

Want to bet on it? What d'you teach?

English.

English what?

English composition.

Still want to bet?

Crazy.

Agreed....

(PAUSE)

Anyway, you'll be going home this summer?

No.

How come?

I'm staying for another year.

What the hell for?

I happen to like America.

CRAZY.

AGREED?

AGREED.

Andrew Clark

life pecks at the ground
on march 31st
and I shall remain for now
benevolent
and sick to death of sparrows.

Walter Fordham



CAPTAIN HARDY

Out into the courtyard of a Texas prison
A young man came, hands bound behind, to
The gallows he had watched built for him.
"My crime was not so cruel as the sound
Of those practised hammers."
For days they had beaten out their
Broken rhythm behind his cell.

Captain Hardy, forty years an executioner,
Crawled, half-crippled from his labors, across
The prison yard to create another death, to create again
That finality void of Autumn's promise.
And the young man lowered his eyes to
This disfiguration dragging himself up towards
His rope instrument.

"Speak the final words young man, loud that
All may hear what the dead would say," spoke
Hardy. And the lonely subject of this act
Turned to him saying: "Who can kill me now?"
"Then!" screamed Hardy, breaking the shocked silence
Formed from those quiet words, "Then breathe
Your last!" and he sprung the trap.

An old prison priest mumbled his
Unheard unction and turned away.
"This man was just, he thought,
And brave. But of what use is
Honor to the dead, of what use courage?"

Old Capt. Hardy, who had long dreaded death,
Whose eyes had not met any living eyes
For forty years, set his jaw and
Dragged himself back down to earth which
Held his heavy painless legs behind him as he
Crawled, the earth over which he crawled
Closely held him, thirsty for the wealth which
He had given it, ready always to open and accept.
Hardy knew the greedy ground and despised this
Old lover's arms.

Toward his black-draped coach he crawled
And hauled himself inside to close himself
Again within its walls, to drop his head
Into a twisted hand, hiding darkly from himself
Dawns delicate birth.

"Faster driver," Hardy cried, "I pay you well; so faster
Now, carry me away!" And off they wound, the spinning wheels
Grinding out their loud and ominous groans, those groans which
Isolated Hardy from all other living sounds-sounds of
Voices, laughter, and sobs.

"Hardy," calmly spoke the driver, "indeed you pay me well,
And so I carry you towards that which your life has formed.
Tell me, Hardy, what is it that lives within an executioner?
Is this all you know to do, is that why you work the rope?"
"Speak loudly, Hardy, that I may hear you
Over the groans on which we ride."

And Hardy spoke through his intricate mangled hand:
"I can't remember what was said."

"Then, Hardy, I ask how is death to you?
What are the bodies that you have made to pay me,
After crawling through these years? How do
Your useless limbs touch life today after
Withering without cause?"

And Hardy trembled as on they sped
"I can't remember what was said."

"How do your legs, which once knew the moist of flesh,
Once caressed the thrilling thighs of passionate life,
How do they serve you now? You have lost them,
And more. What of your hand, Hardy, permanently carved
Into its grasping form, now to which they have to
Fit the rope that molded it? How will your life explain?"

And Hardy felt the words surround his head
"I can't remember what was said!"

"My voice, Hardy, is heard beyond all else.
If you could speak now, if it still mattered
That you could reason or recall, if your voice
Could create in an instant all that you have lived
As I drive you towards your final motion;
Hardy, what would you have said,-at last?"

Then Hardy's head bloomed in horror from behind
His tangled hand folded back in terror.
And the driver heard his passenger utter,
Heard Hardy just as life was leaving mutter:

"Who can kill me now?"

SEASCAPE FROM BAYONNE

There are times when the sea, like an unfingered lady
sighing longingly in praise
of the chastity enforced by her station
as though her chastity were proof of her station
or her station more than her own invention,
and in the same duplicity, boasts its lament.
She brags that beyond the foam she is untouched,
and howls in a rage that the oldest maid
that ever regretted virginity's hoax
never waited so long for a satisfied body
as, boasting, like a lady should,
she has waited. But now the sea
has too long been coy: her brow is wrinkled
with bottles; cans crowfoot her tired
green eyes; at times her skin is blotched
with oil; and diesel insects, and sails
crawl down her back; her armpits are
smothered in the wastes of her suitors.
She has, despite her just lament,
been conquered and forgotten-whored-
raped-under the drug of civilization.

Richard Nilsen

ROUTINE NIGHT PATROL

I

The village, amply robed in toil and field dust,
Accepts us as a servile host. Our silent
Column, coiling through the picked over trash,
A wolvisish horde of urchins snapping at
Our heels, is treated by the peasants like
We were their children. Kids make mudpies, we
Dig foxholes, but they're unconcerned: aware
But heedless of mischief. Surely they are not
Good parents. Why will they not scold us? But O,
We're more than sanguinary Boy Scouts. We
Are fate. Like well-behaved external tapeworms,
We are nurtured by the state of their
Existance. We sprang fully armed from
Their brow.

II

Night descends like an insidious precipitation
To gloom the boondocks to opacity.
Like senile grand-dads fighting boredom, we
Will wait for death. Have you been in a dark,
Empty room before and listened to the tapping
Of a rat in the woodwork, sucked your breath
In terror of some nameless thing of immense
And formless evil with a limitless
Potential for harm. A war's like that at night.
It moves and stalks and probes you like a stealthy
Dragon, invisible but closer than
Your thoughts, and whispering from silent mouths
Its rage to violate your flesh with steely
Talons. There was once a time, by now
Forgotten, when the sky and we were timeless.
We would slide on milk-flowing moonbeams, and drift

On free-floating mists, and mingle light and tree
With murmuring leaves. But in the passing of time
The sky grew bigger and we have shrunk. The mind
Can't soar the way it did before. And so
We link our little selves together and strive
For segregation from the nether forces
Threatening from without: the denizens of
The jungle dark for whom the night is home
And we the germs of invading daylight sickness.
Though the hounds of Tartarus may prowl
Our Stygian verdure, we feel it still
Is not too well inhabited, and people
It with shadow-shrouded minds. A muzzle
Flash---a blustering report---an oddly
Mobile tree is bloody but unbowed.
We fear our foes less sharply than the umbrage
Hiding their faces, but prefer to fear
Them rather than to know them. Should we rip
The veil of night away, we'd know the image
Of death: a man's naked face; and no
Obscurity in nature is so ghastly
As our own hidden likeness. What if you
Had known for sure that it was just the rat
And you and your impending death?--nothing
More. Salvation only dwells in sunlight
And the sun is more than half the world away,
So who will save us if we cannot save
Ourselves?

III

We know the night is stirring, and we feel
The lethal tread of mortar-fire walking
The well-abused earth. We know the hand

Of death, but not its mind. How can the pattern
Of its aimless deeds come clear to us?
How can we flee its senseless pain? It strikes!
Like slapping the face of a stupid child who dreads
His certain punishment and is astonished
By the hardness of the blow. We answered
Back. Though heartened by our firey speech,
We never saw to whom we spoke. Abruptly
As he came, our visitor withdrew
And left a spoor of bodies splattering
The trenches like turds. The whimper of a wounded
Buddy tweaks our ears. He tries to salvage
Crumbling flesh with his hands. He feels
The failure of the human body to
Withstand the test of shellfire. But he has
To last--his wounds don't count--as long as life
Still moves his limbs, the same as we must fight
Again and risk our hides for roasting to
Appease the greed of the steel satan, whether
We feel that we are equal to the task
Or not.

IV

The stars suffice to communicate our fate,
Though stratonimbus tides have inundated
The moon. But the clouds themselves proclaim
A long awaited message. Faint, then bolder,
They reflect the amber burnish of
The coming day. The star-devouring daylight
Creeps westward, and the sentry leaves his weary
Solitude for fellowship with the cheery-
Faced Dawn.

Stephen Elrod



3/5



Claire Fergusson

VIGIL

Here

cornered at this marble edge
a thinking shiver in the sun
of winter

I face this quiet facade
that will not shiver till all hell
breaks loose.

I Giovanni or plain John

John Doe

or Johnny come marching home

in time to Mozart,

the pointing posters that recruit my soul

I challenge home to dine with me on headlines

my banner starred with childhood

and red clay

and PEACE the legend to inform

what eye still sees

the iron grip that joined my flesh

to marble

and toppled us together into ash.

Ann Deagon



DANCE FOR ME, SNOW-MAID, THEN FLY

"Minerva's snow-white marble eyes
Without the gift of sight."

Robert Frost

Like watered-down green washed thin,
the grass fades slow in Autumn;
fades yellow,
slapped like a shutter by the cool breeze
blowing, huddled against itself,
seeking warmth.

I

The smoke a small diffusion in the room,
blurring the world in the walls.
A warm chat with quiet friends,
a laugh like fireflies escaping candle-flames
at the snow outside, waiting like a pack
of white panthers to pounce with cold
through the chinked-wood logs.

The land is a cold challenge
flung on a fiery wind;
a thrust Medieval glove dropped
with an icicle clang.
What is the warmth?
First with a dim black, next with a flaming flare
the fire burns.
How much has it to give?

Cosy is a rocking-chair
with knitted cushion that wickerly creaks
to dull the flame
and blur the real...

outside the postcard-wintered town,
outside the fluffy memories of
pot-bellied ancients puffing their fuming pipes,
faraway whispers fly through cracked lips
of old remembered blizzards:

"I hear that old Abe Lincoln
used to read by firelight, in his log cabin
by the sea of humanity."

I wonder if it smiled as innocent at him,
like it was apple-picking time, inviting him along,
or spoke in such reverent crackles and crisps?

One or another, the snows take them,
the night claims them,
swallowed by their rust-iron stove,
the idol of the Winter, where they sacrifice their time-
until I sit by the fire alone
and watch the flame of the earth die.

II

This black ceiling, the night with no stars.
The fire is the moon alone,
diamond-cold the reigning jewel;
trapped within the bareness of these four grim walls,
we grow aware; an inner breeze
pressing against our cheeks awakens weary memory
of meadow dreams and crabapple smiles;
we blink and see our walls have grown...

Another shred of wood is laid upon the fire,
popping with heat the acorns bursting
into meadows blue with the hottest flame.
Where is the life of the branch? Seeped into the tree?
flame hisses like a greedy orange snake

devouring skin as it pales to a color-bland
fungus-green, grey as the corpse of Winter's wood,
empty as a hollow snowflake-
When all is broken, who is whole?
When all our eyes are windows
frosted over by a twinkling lust,
patterns flaked by fingers stiffened in the wind,
who can see
that snow is but a blanket stifling now?

The dream of golden haze
was lifted from our ears;
we hear the wistful time tiptoeing in
whose first green tendrils joyful weave
 a hymn of skies,
The spirit gathered in a tiny nest
forged by His own folded hands, sheltering-
 exploding into bloom
 a floating sea of petals,
fortress of a thousand drowning scents,
all the world in a delicate flower born,
heralded by each bright bird.

All is mirrored in a flame of bronze
which river-runs through cracks
 in oaken floors,
impervious to groping, blistered fingers.
The lone flame flickers from a wooden candle,
cliffs of puffed ashes looming and falling,
 breathing the smoke,
 blowing it flying,
 denying, denying, denying.

Stephen Wessells

THE DEATH OF AN ARTIST

The shallow draught of a canoe
shaved over the deep, black lake,
and the red sunset dripped in the
refracting ripples.

No more could
the passenger see the bottom of
the lake than see past the heavy
air, at this half aroused hour.

There was a musk in the air
that gloated over his humanity,
a musk that loomed like a giant bird,
or crouched like a frog with an eye on an insect.
Humidity condensed on the paddler's
arms and throat, mixing with dribbling
sweat, his flannel shirt and denim
having absorbed to saturation.

When the horizon had sucked the last
breath of light-or the earth turned its back-
no thick-shrubbed shore could be seen,
and only the paddler's skill could keep
his wake straight, a glint appeared,
flashing from his paddle on
the upstroke, the cool wet surface of
the paddle reflected the light of the stars.
It distracted the paddler's eye,
and again, again, each time
the wood was lifted from the obsidian
blackness.

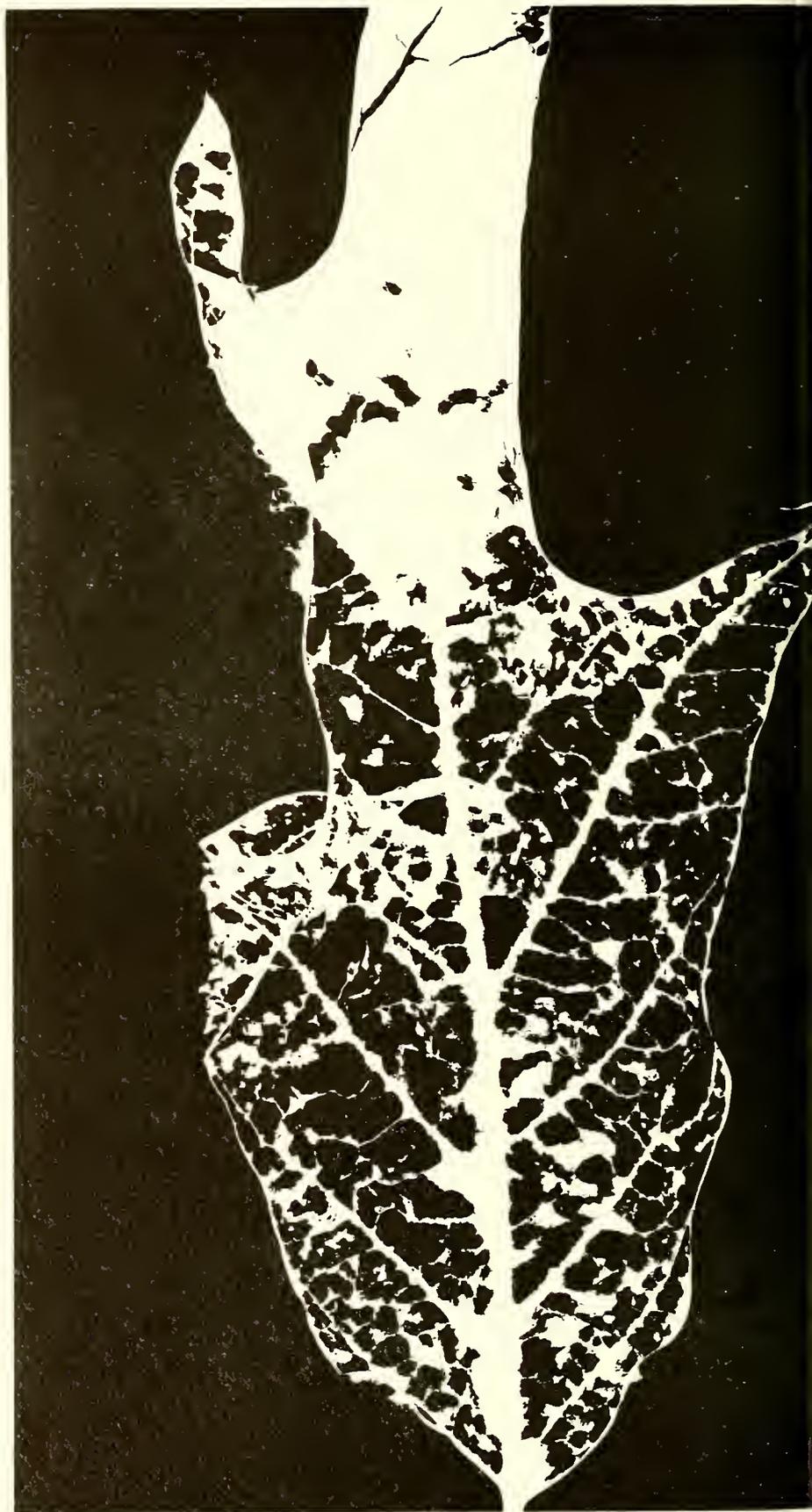
The numbness of his arm
below the braceleting surface, and
the fluidity of the underwater
movements, in the icy water,
drove his stare upwards. He raised
his dripping arm and watched the stars
disperse on it.

As he dove
into a teasing star on the surface
he splashed some water into the canoe.
The numbness crazed his joyous brain,
each hair on his head was individually sharp;
he dove deeper, the glossy blackness
and silence were frenzying; the deeper he sank
the colder the water felt, and the more
weight grasped at his chest. His ears
and eyes pained exquisitely
as though they were being pierced, or as though
they were being preserved in ice forever:
his motion was smooth through the oblivion.

Not satisfied, he swung himself
into his craft and once more started
paddling. His naked body glistened
in the starlight. He paddled towards
Orion in the west; they both
arrived at solid ground together-
Orion over the hill
and the artist to his tent.

He shot directly through his heart.

Richard Nilsen



A slap from the wind, and a break,
and three kingdoms,
ancient, saprophyte, or mine,
launched in pain,
tumble like merchant Eve
or Thomas á Beckett,
flutter like butte flies
die in the wind,
life palisaded, and drying;
brittle, lost keel
swinging pendulum
beating the anvil
that forges time that pulls
like a dragging
anchor,-gyred, swirling,
until upon
the mouldy forest loam
the leaf rests.

Richard Nilsen

THE VAST CHAIN OF BEING

In my dejection, in the cesspool, Earth,
Engulfed by vile corruption, bent with sin,
I, a petty, insignificant
Human, lowly linked, enchained in
A system not of my devising, dance
A step that crosses my feet to unhuman
Order. How can I pretend to strive
To things beyond the grasp of man or woman?
From this septic world I reach to grab
The chain which stretches up above this mire;
The cleaner water lies above, with angels,
I strive, I reach, I grab--this world's a gyre--
I must pull the chain before I drown
To flush the universe completely down.

George Ogmore-Pritchard



THE KISS

Infinite, eyes reflect,
vision's communion
defy distance depth
until hands touch,
and mouths
silent words,
wish one were real-
the deeper, dark blue pool
lines knee with knee,
lines next to one
purple promise.

Paula Blair Wing

Weary from looking
for the greenest place
in the woods
we stopped
in a small meadow
between the trees.
But looking at it
with sudden eyes
we found it more beautiful
than our dreams.

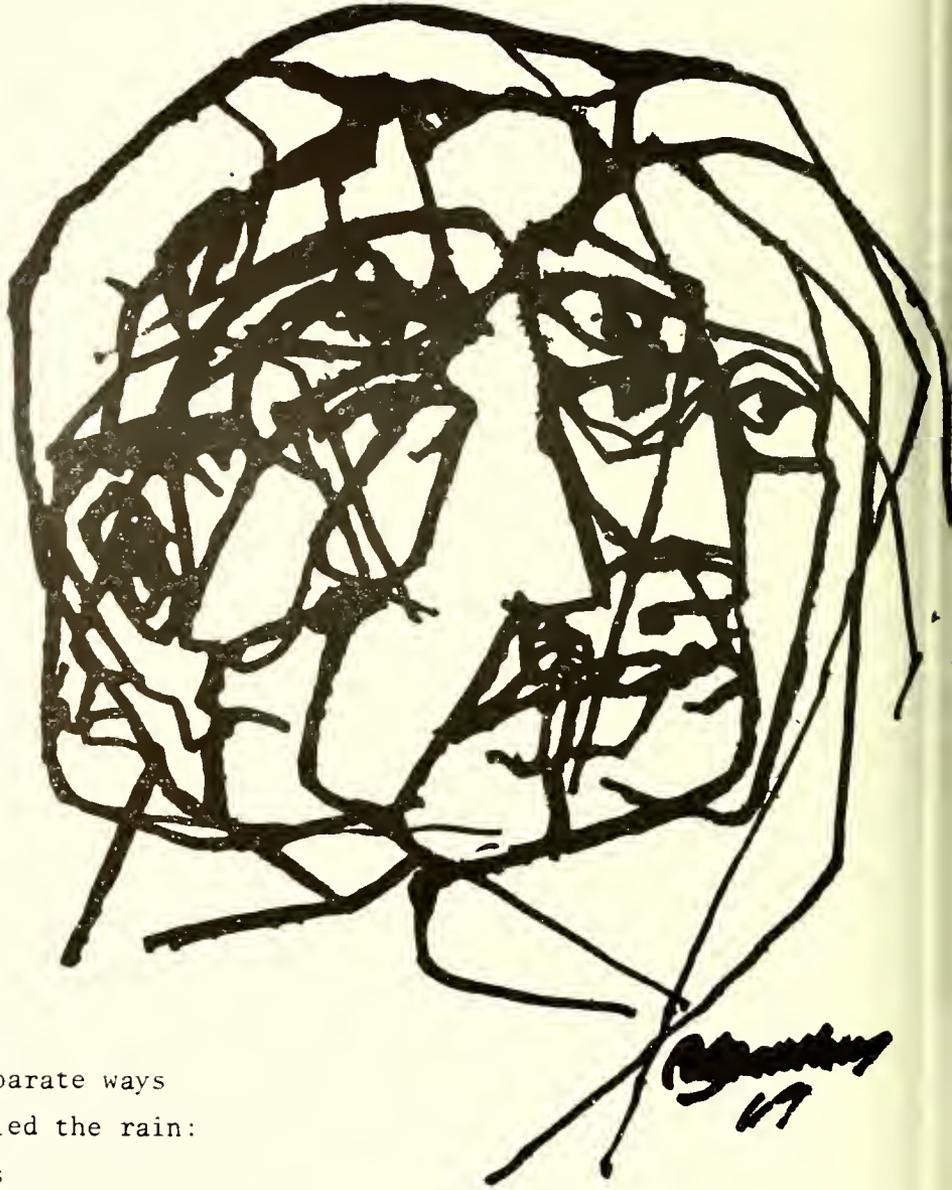
The grass was high
and enormously green
and when we pushed it down
it formed a basket
in the meadow
in a clearing in the woods
where the trees parted
and we dropped from sight
in **the** hollow of our basket
made of grass.

Walter Fordham

GRANDMOTHER

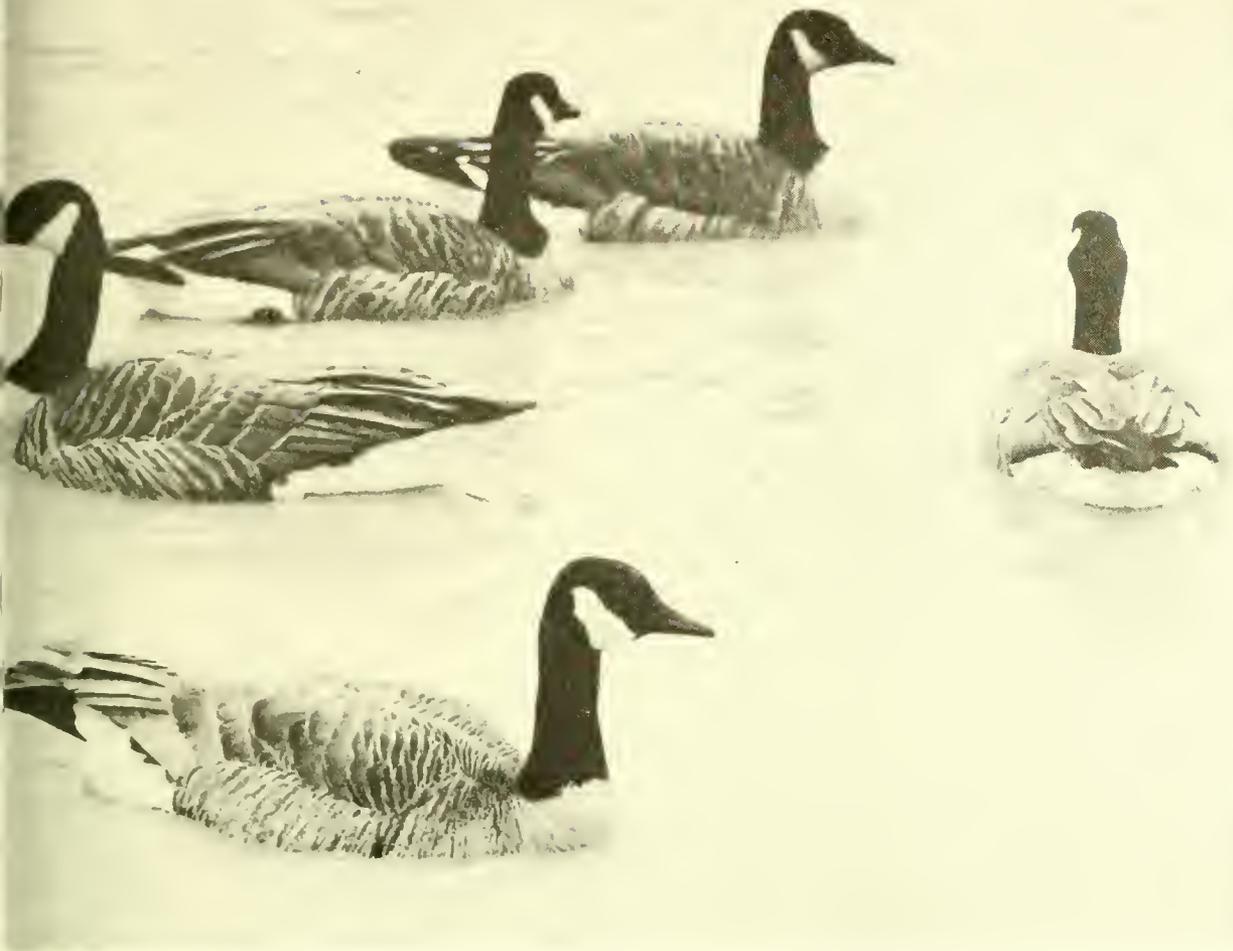
our daughter's girl is asleep in your arms.
her as she sleeps and remember once you
our girl and dreamed of what time would bring her.
me brings her dreams.

Walter Fordham



In our separate ways
we glorified the rain:
speechless
and scratching

Walter Fordham



CELEBRATION

Excursion,
divergence, and
a friend came
along;
ambiguous education,
extemporaneous grasp
glittering times.

Sky view replaces
ground view,
twig ash lacerate
a for once blue sky
approach verticalia
nothing doing nothing, nothing
needed for doing
for a time.
Why that tree
containing a hole
contains an owl
is hard to tell.

-Hey, Julie,
do you see what
I see
in that tree?
-What tree?
What do you see?
Request presence

epistle sent
inviting a nice lady.
-Why it must be the
Snorer.
I've been looking for that
sound since last
summer.
(grave tri-glance agree)

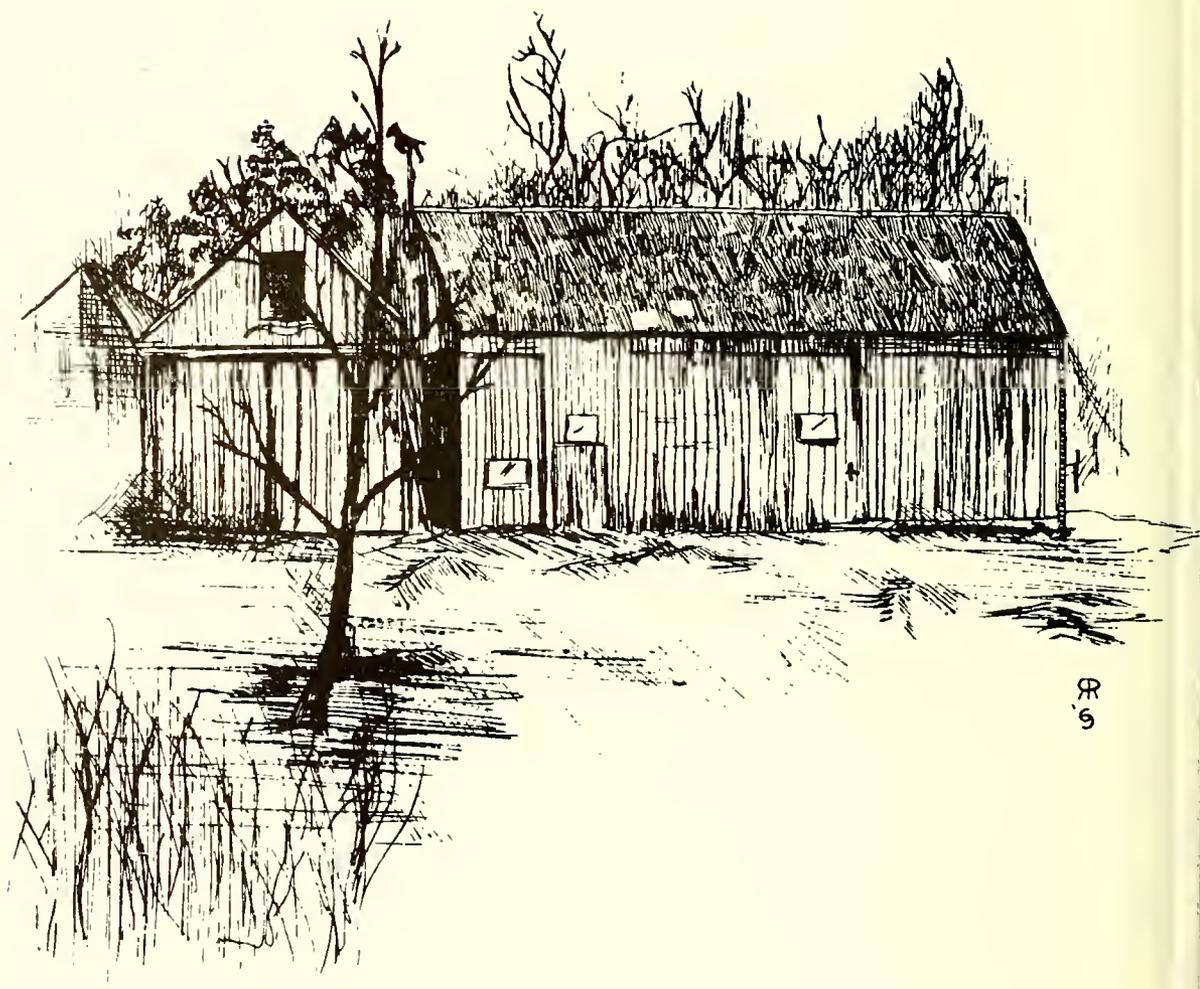
Embarrassed to be
glad to be
together
benevolent smile
one
on one and all,
appreciate the mutual
owl,
soft round, must be
nice to hold
on hand.

We had tea;
a celebration three
of us
about an owl.

Good bye.

Paula Blair Wing





R
S

POETRY

There is a common belief that the poet is one who can express himself more easily than the non-poet. Words supposedly flow from the poet's teeming brain in a rapturous shower. This is a misconception. Words come hard to a poet - meanings and sounds must be wrestled with and subdued. Since poets deal in extremely subtle tones of meaning, precise words become as rare as philosophers' stones, and when found, they can change dross to gold.

The poet finds this difficulty because words are often obtuse; they often pretend to say something when in fact they are hopelessly obscuring. Anyone having an argument quickly runs into this problem, it is often called "semantic". But the poet must have his words communicate, he must not have them run into a semantic redoubt.

A prime example of this obtuseness is the tendency of the English language (among other) to set words in opposition which in fact are not opposites. "Hot" and "cold" are not truly opposites, but English makes them such, and by making them such, affects our thinking about them. Hot and cold are only degrees on a single scale, and the degrees have no meaning except in a relative sense. One talks of cold spots on the sun and cold spots in fired kilns; and one says that the summer is hot. To your sense of touch, what we call extremes of hot and cold feel the same. In fact, in their mode of existence, hot and cold are the same, and most assuredly are not opposites.

More directly related to poetry this problem is manifested in the popular opposition of the terms intellect and emotion. But again, the meanings of the two words are not opposite. They are two different ways

of considering, and hence two different degrees of experiencing, the same mental function. When the mind (and we must neither oppose mind to soul nor mind to body, as they are all inseparable) perceives a stimulus, either a sense stimulus or a logical understanding of an abstraction, the mind involuntarily evokes its previous range of experience, different parts in different dilutions, so as to form what is normally called an emotion. But this emotion cannot be separated from an intellectual understanding of the stimulus as it has intellectual associations to the past experience of the perceiver. What disgusts one person can legitimately please another. The difference is usually one of which associations the perceiver brings to bear on the object of his perception. A human cannot have emotion without intellect, nor can he have intellect without emotion. This division of response is nearly fruitless.

The only meaningful division is one of degrees. The poet is the person who can most subtly differentiate his responses. But, as I said, to the poet the language becomes not simply a method of communicating his fine responses, but also a demon which obscures his meaning. To say, "I cannot express in words what I think," is a beginning step to being a poet, but it is not nearly enough. The poet must then make words express as exactly as he can what he thinks. To write about something for which there is no precise word, the poet must talk around his meaning. There are three important and similar devices the poet uses for this.

First there is image. An image is a connection or comparison of objects or ideas. It falls into two categories - literal and figurative. The literal image is one which does not necessarily form a change or extension of the normal meaning of the words. The fiction writer uses this type of image constantly. This image forms a conceivable mental picture to the reader, as in Browning's, "The grey sea and the long black land;/And the yellow half-moon large and low." The figurative image begins to be more complicated. It emphasizes the poet's engagement with his subject. It demands an extension of the normal meaning of the words and is therefore the beginning of what is poetry. "Startled little waves that leap," is

a figurative image in the same Browning poem. Naturally waves, even little waves cannot be startled,-it is the poet's mind which perceives them as being startled. He thus communicates a wider vision of what he means. Figurative images generally fall into two categories-simile and metaphor, metaphor being the more direct and often the more active and effective of the two.

Symbol is an image, or cluster of images used to evoke something other than itself and greater than the sum of its parts. In this sense, the frost in Coleridge's poem, "The Frost at Midnight," is a symbol, as it evokes a feeling about the child's development that is more universal than if the poet stated his premise about his individual child. The frost attains a stature and emotional fervor far greater than its material existence warrants. Anytime a symbol truly works in a poem it does this same thing.

The urn in Keats' "Ode on a Grecian Urn" is also a symbol, shown in a highly developed state. The urn, as a symbol for permanence, is imperfect. Indeed, if a symbol does "stand for" something, it is likely a bad symbol, as symbols are used in place of direct confrontation with the subject not because it's simply "more poetic" but because the symbol is an amalgamation of things, intellectual and emotional, which cannot be discussed in direct confrontation. If the Greeks had a word for it, in English we don't, and use symbols,-we invent a word. This is the symbol.

The urn exists in an imperfect state and it only hints at permanence. The speaker of the poem, desiring permanence discovers the urn and the pictures on it and reflects on the urn as the permanence he desires. But through the ambivalence of what he says, the reader is made to reject this form of permanence as sterile. The poet could not have brought out this ambivalence without the symbol of the urn (or another symbol) because no word exists in the English language can mean just what Keats means

in the same way that "door" means door or "horse", horse. Again, this is why symbols exist. It is also why poetry exists.

Words limit, and especially when explicating a poem they limit the meaning of the words as symbols in the poem. I, above, horribly limited the meaning of the urn by explicating it. Symbols limit also, but on their own terms, not on the terms of the words used to describe them.

But in larger visions, visions of a process, a symbol may not prove to be enough. The symbol can evoke an attitude or an object, but cannot usually describe a process or a development from one point in history to another nor can a symbol describe a very complicated attitude or structure of attitudes. Myth is the result.

Myth is an expansion of the symbol. When symbols become too tight, as for example, they do in the complex cosmogonies of the romantics (a symbol, like a well-oiled clock, may have been good enough for Newton, but not for Shelley) this larger, more active device is used.

Myth is essentially a large cluster of symbols explaining a process in a comprehensible form. It is similar to allegory, but more precise because more ambiguous - again, it makes its own terms. Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound" is a perfect example. Critics have tried to explain the poem as an allegory, but the precise meanings of the individual symbols cannot be so easily reduced as they would like us to believe. Jupiter does not represent evil in general, nor any specific evil that has been named. Jupiter is the specific sort of evil that Shelley invented him for. The myth is the process of the dethronement of this evil.

The deep truth may be imageless, but the deep truths have many images. That is what these myths are, that is what poems are.

Richard Nilsen

ODE TO AMPHIGOURI

I

My selves I search among the labyrinthine
Cockles, scallops, clams and whelks fragmented
On the shores of my embattl'd ears.
And you, you fair and faggot minstrelsy,
You sing songs you have not learned on earth
Nor in the stars, nor flame cooked yolk of Hell.
You labor in the pains of unknown words
And feed the fire that feeds, in turn, your fire.

II

O Spirit! veiling highest words with words,
Distorting mirrors in the choppy waters,
Forming mists twixt clouds and fogs,
O Spirit, turning thought away from gates
And doors of hearing, Hear my words--And hear!

III

O beauty most impermanent, that fleets
As does the chaff before the wind of thought,
Ideal embodied in the mindless tongue!
Hear now my praise, as it in song ascends,
And, like a god naive, attempts to chain
In words the wordless world of wicked words!

George Ogmores-Pritchard



GUILFORD COLLEGE
LITERARY MAGAZINE
THE PIPER

Not published in 1970 or 71

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velvet
Rag





Velvet Rag
and other old friends

Spring 1972

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Editor...Daniel Rumfelt

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Art work: Bill Bromley, 1, 18, 36, calligraphy;
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Guilford College and all that is expressed inside
is purely the artists' creation and so forth.

And this is all for George the dog.

Intrusive

Luna, thrice violated,
stuck her thigh
thru my bedroom window
where you lay with me
after spelunking.

Mollie McNair

The sincerity in his eyes
is soft and well defined
as he directs his sacred phrases
toward the sacrificial wine
while his clean and graceful hands
make their subtle holy signs
to insure the blood of Christ
is undoubtedly divine
while somewhere rough dark fingers
pluck a Swiss Colony vine

John Lamiman

Liquid cinamin

Dripping off a stick

Into a hole

in the sky

Butter, laced with lemmon

slides towards the floor

Reconstituted

Limp lizzard sleeps

curled in a rats nest

sucking up swirling cathode mist

swelling

stinking

The cyclops drones on

Bill Sherman

old-poet words

lonely on a page without me

ah yes confreres
weathered a lot of imaginary storms we have

unscathed
a little wet

a kind of holy communion
in street-corner purposes

regality love.

or was it swirling love
under a blanket in the park
sweet dew kisses
armpits melting away

Larry Elworth

The Emergence of Arachne's Web into Womb

The life leaf peered from the basement window
gathered with broken pieces of clay, and
empty monuments
Created from the mother hand of my mother.
hands that mold
hands that hurt
hands that stroke the firm piercing
phallus of the clay mound
Digging its thumbs into the obelus
wrenching it not broken, but
recreating the womblike being,
creating the cup to drink from.

And I wonder from my center self,
as I flew through ageless museums,
full of galleries of odd faces of my gentle mother
laughing at her careworn gaze, not understanding
the movement of life that granted me the clay obelisk
which however molded still contains the
beauty of the blossoming cup.

Todd Kight





Benjamin, Butcher and Baker Too

The omelet was the gaudiest shade of man-in-the-moon yellow as it hovered for a second, magically poised between ceiling and stove; it performed a leisurely somersault, then plummeted down again to the black iron skillet with a loud wet whoosh! and a thrilling smack! splattering rich brown fat everywhere, but especially on the starched white apron of smiling Benjamin, fat, jolly Benjamin at whom Timothy gazed in awed adoration.

"Godammit, Benny," he said, "Godammit, you're a real talent."

At this Benjamin stopped, and looked concerned for a moment, but then he said, "Yup, thats what I am, yes sir!" and his mouth made another big, juicy grin. His lips were thick and red, with spittle drooling down the sides--two slabs of raw liver gushing frothy blood. "Tell you what," he said, catapulting the omelet into the air once more and catching it with a plate drawn from the closet in one smooth, perfectly timed motion, "Why don't you eat this goddammed thing, huh?"

Timmy let his chin drop halfway to the floor in a caricature of surprise. "You mean that?"

"I soitenly do."

"Really?"

"Yup, no question about it. I mean, just pick up your knife, that's right, an' pick up the fork, hummmm, an' then you can go to!"

"No kidding!"

"Nope."

"Well, then," Timothy said, quietly, then pounded his utensils on the table screaming, "why don't you put the goddamm egg down, for Chrissake!"

They both laughed, and Benjamin said, "Okeydokey," and set the plate neatly between Timothy's fists. And Timothy would have gone to, but Benjamin encircled his wrist with two fleshy pink fingers, and whispered, "Just one thing."

"HMMMMMMMM?"

"See those?" Benjamin pointed to the omelet, to the little green circles that were the olives with red pepper in the center. "Eat those first; those are the eyes."

They both snickered, and Timothy said, "Yeah, right," and went to.

It was very good; one of the goodest things he'd ever eaten, in fact, but then everything that Benjamin made was good, very, very very good. As Benjamin would have said, "Yup!"

Timothy loved Benjamin.

Once Timothy's Mommy, who was dead, had taken him to the laundromat to do the clothes because there was no babysitter, and he had cried because he had wanted to stay home and watch TV. But when he got there he stopped, because she put the stuff into the washing machine and it went round and round, making pictures, and it was better than TV, better than anything, and after that he always asked to go along when she went cleaning. He asked that because he wanted to see the washing machine chew up the clothes and spit them out clean. He wanted to talk to the washing machine, and hear it answer, "Burreeem, burrrreeem," the one word that meant everything.

Now the way he felt about that washing machine--that was the way he

felt about Benjamin. It was enough just to watch him making things, enough just to watch him go round. Benjamin's uniform was blown up tight by his flesh; his cheeks were puffed up as though he had two plums in his mouth. His forehead was bleached and powdery as flour; his lips were bloody meat. His arms were brown as loafs of rye bread with caraway seeds for the hair stubble all around and his body was made all out of dough, so Timothy loved him.

Timothy had loved his Mommy because she was warm and sang to him at night, and he had loved his Daddy because he took him to the steeplechase before they burned it down, but he loved Benjamin most of all, because he looked like food.

"Food is what the world is mostly made of," said Benjamin, wisely, gently pushing Timothy forward into the luncheonette with a mammoth hand on the back of the boy's neck. "Yessir, we are living in the Culinary Age." He guided Timothy to the candy rack, noting the confectionary's cornucopia with an expansive gesture. "Just look at that stuff, look at it!"

And there it was, all of it; peanut buttery Snickers and Nestle's Crunch (with crisped rice inside) and Tootsy Rolls and Tootsy Roll Pops, and Baby Ruths named after the immortal baseball player. Why if there was time--but there wasn't. "Okay, enough of that, let's get on with it," said Benjamin, and on they went, over to the counter and gaunt Mr. Pimples behind it, whose role in life was to clean, clean, clean the top of the counter which never got so clean that it couldn't be cleaned again, but if he didn't like his job, still he was pretty serious about the whole thing, and only looked up for an instant to say, "Hi, Benj," and kept on.

"Why hullo there, Jacky m'boy," said Benj; the blue eyes crinkled and the meaty lips wrinkled. "What say you tell your lovin' wife back there to fix up a double de-luxe vanilla ice-cream soda. I've got one hungry boy here let me tell you!"

"Have it your way, Benj," said Pimples (whose zits were fit to provide the cherries) and yelled "Matilda!", a magic word which conjured up a pink lady in a maternity dress.

Timothy stared at her belly. His mouth watered.

The pink lady fixed up the soda with a spritz from one spiggot, a spritz from another, and two deep scoops from the can. Then Timothy laid his lip over the glass, sucked hard, and (Whoosh!) it was all gone.

"Well, how do you like that, folks?" Benjamin inquired, hands proudly patting his stomach. "That kid's got power, huh?"

Timothy blushed.

"Aw, look, I've embarrassed the kid. Well, enough of this. Bye Jack, Bye Tillie! Let's go."

Outside on the sidewalk, where it was suddenly nighttime, with suffused light emanating from the streetlamps and cars nuzzling the pavement with their beams, (nuzzling like scavenger snails at the bottom of the ocean) Benjamin cast the boy a dim, speculative glance. "I think," he said, and his index finger rubbed his lips gently. "Hmmm..." he said, and his lips spread to allow the entry of the finger, which picked a bit of fish-meat out from between his teeth. Benjamin swallowed. "I think, lad, it's about time you were in a bar."

"Huh?" Now, Timothy knew better than that.

"Oh, of course we'll have to disguise you. Yes I think that will most probably prove necessary." Benjamin took Timothy's hand in his, held it

for a moment, then raised it in martial salute and shouted, "To the costumers!" And ran down the street with Timothy flying behind like a flag.

Marty Bernstein, who ran Bernstein's Theatrical Store: Props and Costumes, was a little old man of thirty-five--bald on top. He only looked up long enough to say, "Hi, Benj."

"Howdy-do, Marty. Now let's see. We'll favor this youngster with a top hat, and stilts..." and when Timothy was all got up, why, Benjamin'd be damned if he didn't look like a full grown man. He was a little unsteady walking out on the street though, so Benjamin hailed a cab. "To Joe's bar, and fast," he said, and the hack said, "Okay Benj."

Timothy was mesmerized, staring at Joe's rag circling the table, going swoosh this way and swoosh that way, devouring beer suds and drunk dirt all the way, until Joe looked up long enough to say, "Aw, for Christakes, Benny, this is the limit!"

Benny smiled with one side of his face (a half-smile, a conspiratorial smile) and said, "Trust me, Joe. Have I ever steered you wrong?"

"No, but don't get the idea I'm impatient, huh?" He put the rag down and wiped his hands on his apron. "So wattle it be?"

"Let's start with a screwdriver for the lad."

Well, an hour later Timothy was fit to piss out a forest fire, as Benjamin said, whispering liquidly in his ear and punctuating the thought with a jocular nudge to the boy's abdomen.

That was almost too much. "Benjy, I think I gotta go."

"Aw, no you don't. Stop thinking about it and it'll go away. I promise."

It was pretty hard not to think about it, but Benjamin helped by suggesting they both go outside for a walk. "Better get those stilts off, though. You'll be none too sure-footed as it is." Out they went, the extra sixteen inches of Timothy's pants flapping wetly with every step.

They reached the pier just in time to see the sun rise like an orange jawbreaker over the weed-green sea, a lovely sight, really, and Timothy and Benjamin savored it for a while, leaning back on their elbows against the splintered wood, soft on the underside from the water at high tide, leaning back, loving it up.

"The world's a wonderful place," Benjamin said, wriggling his fingers like thick German sausages through Timothy's ragged brown hair, "and all of it edible." He looked around for a while (keen eyes measuring the landscape, weighing every item in pounds and ounces, price per unit, ignoring the packaging, subtracting the pressure of the grocer's thumb). "Now let's see...c'mon, follow me." They moved away from the shore, over to an ill-kept patch of grass back of Fisherman's Paradise (though the restaurant was closed the sign beckoned neon and bright as ever) where Benjamin plucked a faded yellow dandelion, root, leaves and all, and wrapped Timothy's hands around it, saying, "This, for example. Approached properly, with appetite, that is, it can be quite a tasty morsal, let me tell you."

Timothy hesitated.

"Now come on, boy--have I ever steered you wrong?"

He tried the yellow first. It was surprisingly sweet.

"The rest. You can do it."

Well, goddammit, what the hell! He shoved the rest into his mouth and it was not bad, not bad at all.

"Now the grass." And Timothy, resolving never to doubt his mentor again, went at it like a goddammed goat, eating till every follicle was safe inside his tight, distended belly.

He began to grow.

"Well, well, now," said Benjamin, beaming, "It's about time!" He looked around again. "Hmmm...how about that tree over there?"

It was hardly more than a sapling, really. "Okay, make like a giraffe." Timothy didn't know what that meant, but he was eager to please, just the same. He started at the top and worked down to the trunk, sucking in the root with an easy whoosh! and asked for more.

When he stood up he towered over Benjamin.

"Jesus Christ! You'll beat Paul Bunyan yet, let me tell you! Now, how about that sign over there? Okeydokey. Now how about the buildings under it? Now how about the pier? Now how about that boat? Now how about the street, and the buildings on it, and how about the people and the cars and the whole town, and how about that cloud over there, huh, Timothy, huh?" And Timothy, who was a very good boy and always had been, ate and ate and ate and ate, till there was pretty near nothing left, and he could see the lovely flat pancake of a world stretching out as bare as a baby's ass to the mountains circling its rim.

"Now wash it down with the sea!" Benjamin squealed, his tiny voice reaching Timothy only because there was no other sound in the universe to compete with it. But Timothy liked the idea, so he bent down low and he sucked, there was a whoosh! and the ocean and everything in it--snails and octopi and flounder and god knows what-- was suddenly a cool salty soup that went down smooth and left the world bare and bloodless.

They paused for digestion.

"Well, Timothy, I guess that's it, huh? You've eaten everything there is to eat," shouted Benjamin, his voice straining, but evidently full of joy.

Of course Timothy had to smile at the fat little man who wriggled between his thumb and forefinger like a live marble, screaming, "No, Timothy, No! No!"

Phillip Margulies

Title

Named above and
only slightly related
to the rest is that
first point where
all this began.

Richard Gordon

Dea ex Machina

Moon waning- the trees
were barely outlined,
an occasional glint from
an apple.

Some lay rotting, and their
incense rose to meet those
glistening above.
There was little ritual,
but a few candles.

Bill Bromley



Snow

Twelve more miles and only you to cling to
For once I claim the ache inside as my own
You come to me at night and cover my pain with your tenderness
Calm now for a moment, I awaken to a bright morning
Dew balances precariously on the tip of each spring blade
The mist burns away in the meadow
And you are gone...

Robert Truslow

Reflections of Telemachus

I remember a flannel shirt
Father wore it hunting
red and white checked, dressing the strong arm
that hooked around my neck.
Tobacco smelling; old spice
accompanied by a laughing man,
my father.

Now, the flannel shirt is worn
and given perhaps to the goodwill
(as my father's love for me)
but not to my goodwill.
Loving him, I hated him
Not accepting me, he gave the love that belonged
to me, to my sister-
I, loveless, dreamt of being a
dancer.

My loves, now, wear flannel shirts-
smelling good, they drap their arms around my body,
returning me to boyhood.
Rumaging in their loves,
I search for the flannel shirt of
my father, finding only tapestries
of time future, ejaculating in their
warmth.

Funny that rejection should turn to creation-
Strange that dance should be my romance
and not my father's
flannel shirt.

Todd Kight

April reigns my heart
As I kiss wet mournings
With lips of nostalgia
The day runs not hot
Nor cold, but merely damp
(alive with first rememberings)
moist like the fur of my kitten's head
Her belly grows much larger now;
She purrs less often.

I sit here midst the litter,
inscribed ramblings of my mind.

The cat, she washes,
Though there seems no need,
Everything having been just born
Or about to be.

The day is grey, almost;
Each moment it threatens
to break forth into cloudburst
or sunshine.

The kitten perpetually sniffs the air,
Nervously licks its coolness into her fur;

For a moment we touch noses.

Randy Catoe



The Virgin Mary

The Virgin Mary walked down 42nd st. the other day,
And all the whores were forced to sit
Drumming their enameled nails on the countertops in diners.
The broad had stolen all their tricks.
She wore a leopard coat and smelled of frankincense,
Said she needed a pimp first of all,
And a fix.
And I thought it was a damn shame
The Mother of God was a working woman.

Mollie McNair



There's a VICTROLA

1.

The CORD WAS CUT
AND THERE'S A SCAR IN MY GUT NOW
SOMEWHERE.

2.

THOSE CEDARS ALWAYS OUT THERE
IN A CROWDED LIFE WAITING
FOR US TO MAKE ROOM ON THE MATTRESS.

YOUR BODY SMELLING WARMLY
DOWN THERE
GLISTERS ON MY FINGERS SEARCHING.
YOUR LIMP ARMS DRAPING RIBBONS
AROUND ME.

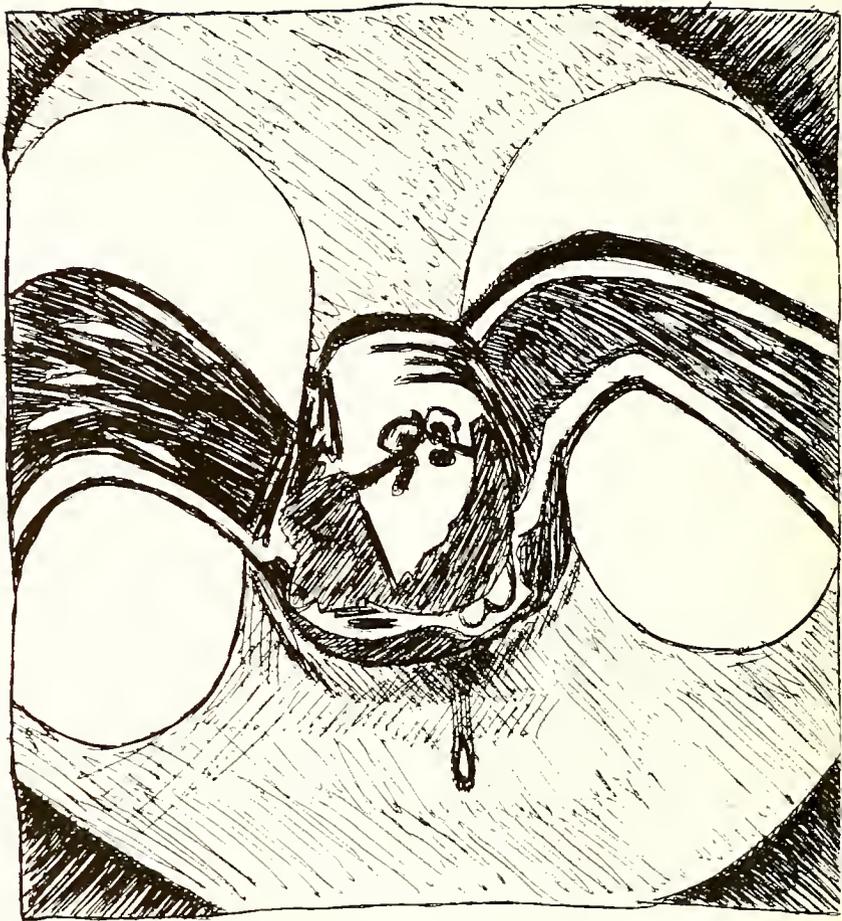
WE FALL TO SLEEP LIGHTLY LATER,
BACK TO BACK.

AND THOSE CEDARS ALWAYS OUT THERE.

3.

THERE'S A VICTROLA STORED IN THE ATTIC,
NO NEEDLES, BUT A FINE FINISH.

Daniel Rumpfelt



a bird flies
and its shadow flies
to meet it
they part again
one nearing the sun
and the other shrinking
almost to infinity,
lost as tears mist the eye of the sun.

Louise Brown

Snow

I have assumed a closeness
that is not between us.

You have cut my feet before,
I have filled your emptiness.

Shadows edge the snow...you.
Blue that was never in the sky
Outlines your face and body.

Did you dance or crawl in my memory?

Once again we tremble-
Leaves on the white birch in winter,
We are two
Merely whispering for some days and nights,
In the wind we separate and
Scatter on the ground.

Bill Bromley

It Curls, You See

My dear - this, as are all things, is for you. My work will stand as a great monument in science some day. I have accomplished what no man has been able to do before. But this project demands no courage. I know I've made no error. And my methodology was strict. I differ from all of the others only in the bounds that I acknowledge, and in my purpose. The Defense Department has no conception of intent outside their own, thus they were most accommodating; they provided laboratories, libraries, time, and money. They thought I was working for them.

No new Physics was necessary; by the time they gave me the dynamite prize my theoretical work was essentially complete, although even I did not realize it then. And any data I needed Klein and Wolff were only too happy to obtain for me. It amazed me how these men, both of them brilliant physicists, could be so dull. They did my legwork and had no intimation of the project's existence. But this is not quite fair. They had no need to see.

Thirteen years ago when I looked upon you for the last time I sensed hazily how my work must end. For six years I tried without success to find a starting point or at least a basis for my hopes. On the morning of February 29, 1964, while frying my breakfast bacon, I noticed how simple and clear it all really was. It curls, you see, and that was all I needed. That and my thoughts of you.

That summer we spent travelling in Europe, the time when we found that pond by the side of the road and ate bread and cheese and drank the local burgundy and sat under the apple tree and played Isaac Newton: I think of it often. I lifted you up to the swing and took a picture of your reflection in the shimmering water. The afternoon sun made a kaleidoscope of your cascading hair. And the dream house we saw, on a hill above the Rhine. A grain of salt sparkling near the top of a mound of fresh pine needles. That day it seemed that we had beaten time.

I can only curse myself for my stupidity in those days. It should have all been clear even to my most casual observations. I could have saved so much very precious time. But this is irrelevant. I should look forward.

I assumed the role of a celebrity with calm dexterity; I certainly deserved it for the discovery of time. Not common everyday run-of-the-mill time, but real physical time. In the beginning I was just another brilliant mind doing the same important research in plasma particle physics. "He'll go far," they said, the same way they said that about everyone. They expected perhaps a new particle; particles were big that year. Or maybe even anti-matter; that's still not that farfetched. I never had the respect of my miserable students but a few of my colleagues recognized my potential. There were rumors of a Rand Corporation appointment but of course that never came through. You wanted so much to move to Washington. I'm sorry for their stupidity. Things might have been different. But that is all in the past.

I always wondered how they could expect me to discover anything important if three mornings a week I had to teach those wretched freshmen. Even at Princeton freshmen are freshmen. I lectured quickly so as to discourage questions but still the hour dragged, and I felt drained and disgusted at the end. When you met me for lunch however the day began anew. Coquilles St. Jacques and that French perfume you had on, they inspire science; not those loathsome eager young minds. You were ill, but you came that day. And we ate lunch, and you went home, and I went back to the lab and discovered time. It sounds so simple, so rational and matter of fact. I was working with Plutonium when it happened. And I wasn't looking for what I found. Most of us have no rigid hypothesis or plans to work from. There is no such thing as 'the scientific method.' We tinker and we putter and we play and have only a vague premonition of the significance of our experiments. Often there is none.

That day, March 17, 1955, I observed something strange for a moment, a curious sort of motion that I'd neither seen nor heard of before. It existed on a scale smaller than that of the standard subatomic particles and only for the duration of quark bombardment. Providentially the maser amplifier was beamed in the right direction, and I saw what no man had seen before - I saw time passing. That fleeting glimpse provoked nearly three years of grueling painstaking research after which I postulated that fundamental rhythm, observable under hypothetically proper circumstances in all matter, which is time.

And finally I got some respect. I was famous the world over and they gave me a special Nobel prize. We attended so many test-amonial dinners that I learned to tell a joke. And from Scandinavia we toured the world. Everywhere physicists wore bow ties in my honor. I learned to cherish that which I had quantified. We celebrated for two sublime years, until the accident.

They thought I was finished. "The world of science is shocked"the nerve! I came back to work. I took their money, their laboratories, their assistance. But they had no idea. They thought that I was working with them, that I would lead them to that ultimate weapon, to that 'time bomb' they were seeking. But I had my own project. It had come to me while I was sort of gazing out the window, daydreaming I think you call it. Then I knew what I needed to perform, and at the same time realized that I had known all along. I struggled with conceptions and aspirations unique in the history of real science. I strove and labored, and knew that I would succeed.

Finally I was ready. I knew that I merely needed to manipulate the.....what's that?

"Never mind him. He's living in the past."
The fools.

Allen Berger

There Among the Fingers

Daniel. Hananiah. Mishael. Azariah.
These were the youth
who ate raw vegetables
when the King offered the meats of the Gentiles.
They clasp their hands like sidewalks
protecting Jerusalem's feet from soiling
in the mud the torrents whipped up.
One can see their elders there among the fingers.

The four of them sang together the other night,
while Babylon listened with her head cocked
then tiptoed away on clay toes.

Daniel Rumfelt

Lost Excerpt from Boswell's Journal

On the 21st of July I was happy to receive word (by way of Richard Fitstop, the epileptic surgeon my mentor had championed) that Dr. Johnson had returned to London and was again residing in his old chambers on the first floor of No. 1 Inner-Temple lane, recuperating, as he put it, "from an arduous foray into the mountains of savage Scotland." Filled with delight at the prospect of yet another evening of jape and sally with England's paramount Intelligence, I hesitated not an instant, but endeavoured the speediest of journeys to his apartments.

Upon my arrival he rose from his armchair (this despite that particularly inflamed case of goute which has been troubling him of late) to enfold me in warm, welcoming arms. "Boswell, me laddie, cuddlikens, destination of my wit's end--" he began, but caught himself and retreated a few hasty steps.

He paused.

"Hmmm?" I inquired.

"Sir, I am immoderately pleased to see you."

*Can mirth be less than joyous?
S.B.*
I think it less than presumptuous to inform the reader that the sigh I then breathed was both heartfelt and relieving. Johnson was in excellent spirits; I had reason to expect an evening of joyous, if necessarily didactic, mirth. We spoke for a while of his recent trip, comparing his fresh with my unavoidably vague memories of the country of my nativity, until eventually we found ourselves speaking of the oratorical merits of a certain Thomas Nerdfarkle, a philosopher currently in vogue with Exeter's smiling set. I am afraid I made the error of defending the man--

"Surely," I offered, "he has his points."

"Aye, and wears a cap to hide them, I'll warrant."

I managed to suppress a smile. "Be that as it may, one cannot deny the fellow a certain modicum of insight--"

"Nerdfarkel?" He expostulated, "Why Nerdfarkel knows nothing! The man does not speak - he bleats, like a goat, yet I assure you emphatically he has not one tenth the pith and wisdom of the gentle herbivores he thinks to mock."

I must say this touched me. I had never guessed my mentor's affection for our dumb wooly friends. I mentioned as much to him, and he showed me a benevolent smile, saying, "They are God's creatures no less than ourselves, Jamey."

We continued for a while like that, but he presented me with no further verbal pearls until I asked him what he thought of Richard Redman, M.P. JOHNSON: "In the words of a certain money-lender of our acquaintance, 'the man is a shlemiel.'"

"And may I have your opinion of Thomas Thunderbottom?"

"Hmph, sir, you may." The venerable sage broke wind. I must say I was a trifle piqued at this display of strangely eloquent flatulence. I said as much to Johnson.

"Sir," he replied, "you are hurt only in that you are unable to record it."

Music Lovers

There were always a lot of people
at those places
always stale smoky air
with a Frisbie in it

Everyone would sit and wait
on painted wooden chairs
for hours if necessary
impatient but somehow content

Then
whoever it was that night
would confidently,
almost smuggly,
shuffle onto the stage
and sing sad songs
or something

Bill Sherman

Observation

I've seen the hungry women,
Jaundiced eyes, and inner arms
Tattooed in blue cartography,
Shrugging on the trashed cement,
Framed in blowing newspapers,
Shifting weight from hip to hip,
Posing by shop windows in tawdry suggestion.

I've seen the hungry women
With nipples stiffened and erect,
Trailing scent at thirty-two a dram,
Sitting, standing, well-lit and displayed
In tinkling martini pitchers,
Tapping staccato liaison with heels
Olegged and I. Millered.

Mollie McNair

And Other Such Dreams

After warming the winter away
we moved you home to blossom with the cherries,
timidly home as if, perhaps,
it wasn't yet spring
but the therapist would know
more about it next week.

As if, perhaps,
some lover I never wrote
would lead you
gently to the garden,
next week or so.

As if, perhaps, we were still lovers ourselves.

But of course we weren't
and I tripped back up to my room like Jesus,
carpenter of souls.
Or maybe just some low stone wall,
for folk to rest on awhile,
and always facing west.
Or maybe not.
No matter.

I'm just glad Chagall has flown off with you,
Stravinsky's sacrificial dancers
shuffled off to bed,
sore feet and out of breath,
having danced too long in
too long out
the window and about my head.

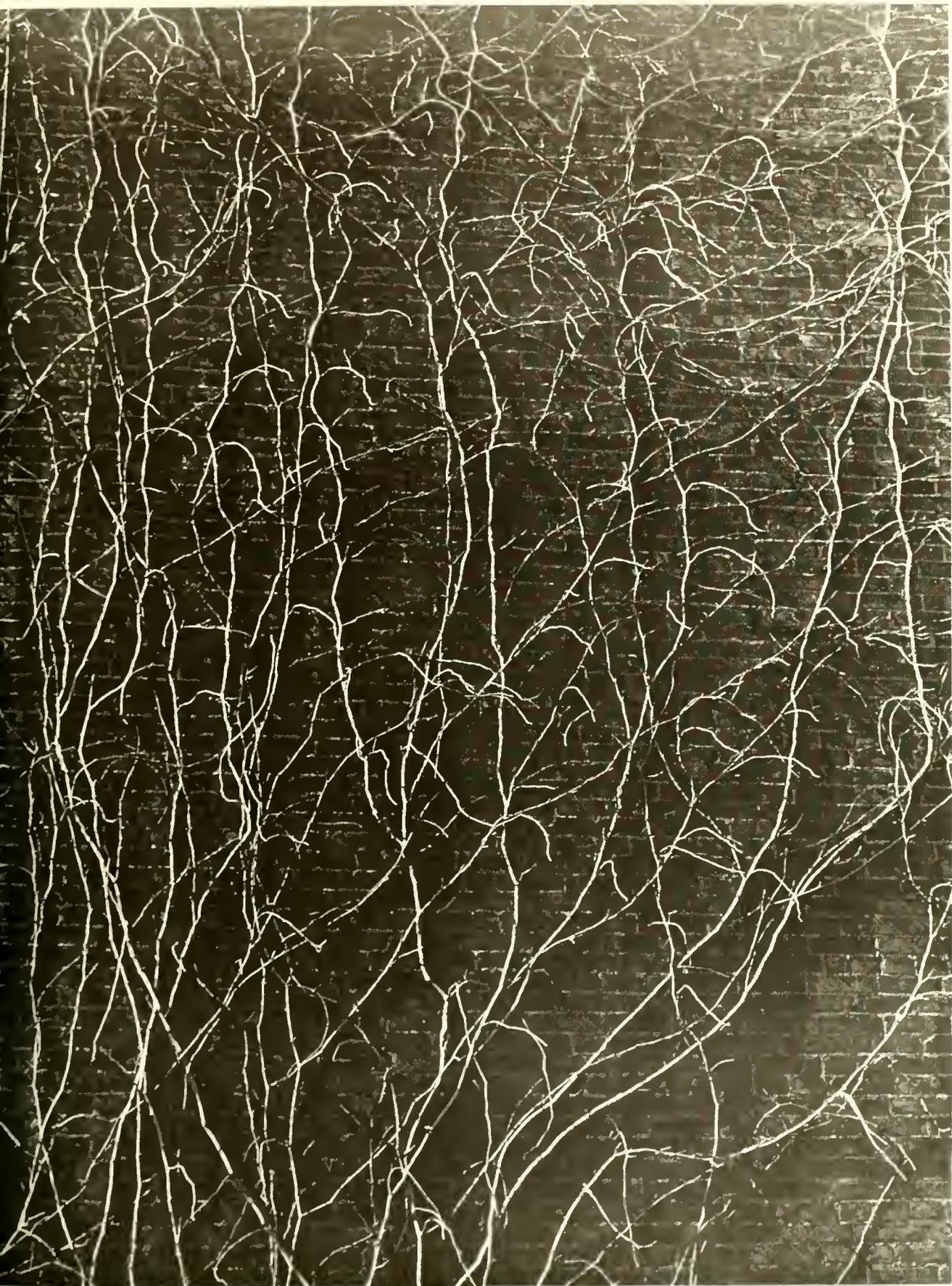
Glad, with me alone and my pencil
free to fill an empty room
with old movie images
and other such dreams
vanished through the alleys home.

Free to scratch out dusty corners,
paint the walls
with mouths of heroes
who knew it was all a joke anyway.

Free to tell of a young poet,
who finding a ribbon
slipped from your hair,
tacked it up -
splash of warm blood on crumbling plaster

Daniel Rumfelt





An Interview of Introspection/
Whistler's the Girl in White

The sterility of Christmas brings me here
to gaze at Whistler's Girl in White
A transformation (yet transubstantiation, perhaps,
fits the phenomena better, for did the
Virgin ever glance and gaze so?)
I, too, am untouchable and
I, too, ride the harsh sexuality.
The turgid sensuality of the bear
rumbles at my feet,
the flowers of love and tenderness
are flown from my hand, while the remaining
hope of a rose clings to my fingertips.

Love, too, has come to me
(and I, too, only looked stark mad and
watched it hide behind white brocade curtains)
The bacchic sense frightened me and
froze me (I dared not look back
nor behind the heavy, alive brocade)
Can you stare back at me, as
I gaze at you with frightened love
and hopeful desire?
The Virgin only laughs, she and
Lady Macbeth dry in their asexualness,
watching me as I drown in want.
Yet the Girl in White, the Girl in Want,
the Girl in White Wanting stares at me again,
and again, knowingly,
for we are one.

Todd Kight

Fixed Course - No Limit

That blue clearing where
the road pulls from the woods-
often with night recoiling
toward morning-
 confused by a moon
 that sifts in and fits
 exactly that spot

Is the perfection I need.

Hey, you poet- Just sit
there and be inspired- or
amble on home and capture
it again- For Me- Again.
 That tunnel blazened
 beneath living road-signs-
 the trees that Motherly
 guard the soil, wrapped
 in leaves, dying-

And yet that road always
Crawling off the banks of the
Lake and disappearing with me back there.

Richard Gordon

Last season's weightless stiff and broken miracles
tumble back, forth, around circles.
Lifeless helpless husks, slide scratching slate
strive to stop wait. wait!
Stark raped shadows, frantic silence on grey ground
the brown and broken gawkers gather round
simple birth, fragile purple petals sing new sounds.

John Lamiman

I ponder your absense

Like a child

Fearing for the return of its mother

Wondering about

And gradually realizing

The cause of his emptiness

Bill Sherman



Which One?

My first memory is of flying. I couldn't have been more than five or six years old, and I would jump - we had a sunken living room - jump down off the step, and instead of immediately hitting the living room floor I would glide along for a ways and come down finally next to the couch on the other side of the room. Sometimes I went too far and bumped my head. I remember how nobody used to believe me when I told them, and it would only work certain times, when I was alone. After awhile I grew out of it and it stopped happening.

Once when I was in college a professor asked for someone's earliest memory and some jerk said, "my mother's breast." The quick-witted teacher asked, "which one?" and the class went on. I was embarrassed.

A long time ago I was in love. I was in love with a beautiful girl and she was in love with me. She was quite a person. I say was because she's gone now. I hardly ever think of her anymore; I keep an old snapshot around, though, to remind me of what she looked like. It's sort of wrinkled and dirty from being in my wallet, but still a very pretty picture. She photographed well.

Allen Berger

Dim Houses

Dim houses
The smell of mildewed towels lives there,
And women with stewed cabbage hair
Sit on the stoops in the soot,
Picking their teeth and trading stories.

Mollie McNair

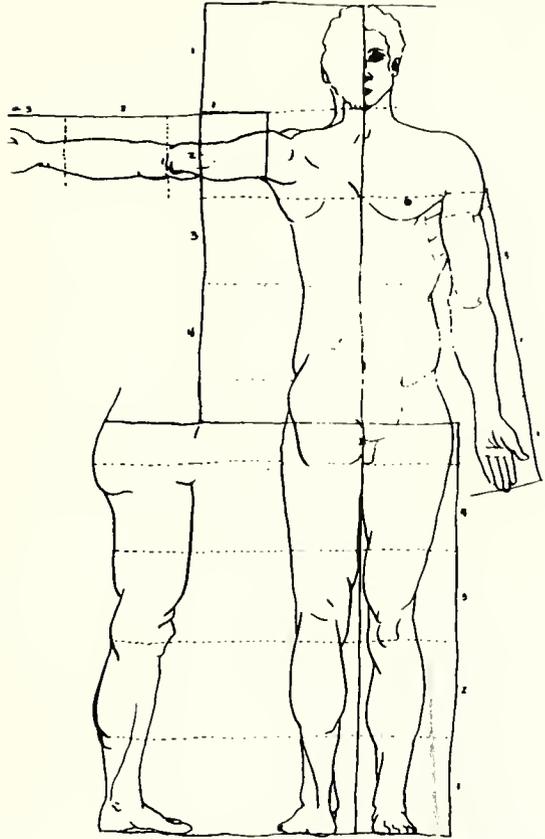
If this were a desert, my room
would be an oasis.
But this is a meadow so my
room is merely a rose patch.

Holly Wynne









The Piper



Joe Lechleider

...awoke,
spat,
and quietly continued in the flow of things.

Michael Leach



Lechleider

Piper

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EARTH TALK

hot day-
 soft grass
rolls in the wind, under thy feet
 the crickets talk.

one great head-ball
This rolling earth-
bristling, spiny

erect with
trees, birds
layered canopies of air.

round ball rolling through space
 as I do
knowing me as I know you--

stretched out on the spiny head,
I get a feel for the many many
 little bits that
 make a world-
 and the very same parts,
 moved a little
make this body-
flesh blood fingernails
baking in sun

feeling sun; breathing
hot damp grass- air which
steams up around me

rich; thick; heavy; hot.

sun shines on the
many million miles
 of me-
universes wide,
 snail small.

Laura Walsh



Lechleider

...RENDITION...

stones along the way were hard on bare feet
grass beside the path slid into new hues
the way i put on flannel pants in bacon air
the trees like hovering lovers in battle formation
ominous rise and fall of the years' leaf empires
and all the time i was walking to the barn
filled with the warm, safe drench of odor
of small, tired, forgotten histories of working
horses and old hands' old hands leather
and weathered wood around straw carpets
grey and rust and harvest golden and pheasant brown
sparkle with crispest moist in morning
smoke with melancholy mist in evening
sounds of sparrows and pigeons and ceaseless shuffling vermin
odd pieces of leftover metal and suntanned boxes
faces of humble and arrogant ancestors
showing up here and there in the smart-alec worn walls
sitting getting splinters in my rearest rebel end
the back room was dark and gave the spice of young fear
i haven't been there in many a speeding year
i don't know why i don't know why

Taz Delaney



CALLIOPE

too many times
i have watched the carnival
pick its way across
the fragments of life,
avoiding the intricacies
it was meant to deter.
i have seen the clowns
wear their smiles through days
when smiles were buried
on the faces of others
and lost on the walls
that surround us,

ignoring all
of the shattered inconsistencies
that tumble rainily
upon us like pieces
from a child's broken kaleidoscope,
each piece more of a puzzle
than the puzzle it makes
up.

too many times
i have walked through the circus
that creates momentary rainbows
and seen mirrors
that reflect only the wisdom
of what is not real.

i have given birth
to eyes that speak the lies
of the sword swallower
who, with his savage entertainment,
would hold us on his side
of the whispering razor edge.

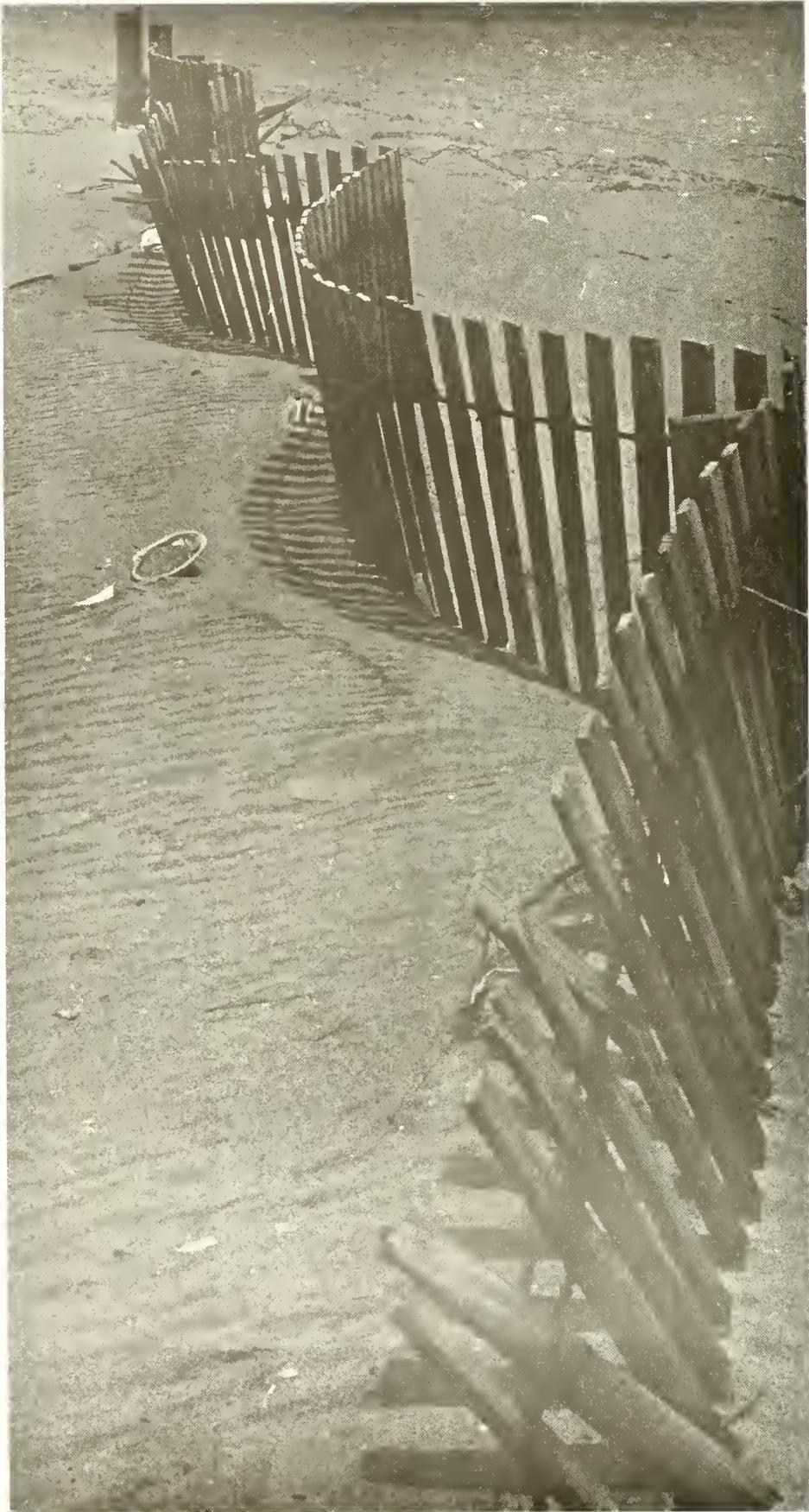
too many times
the fat woman and thin man
have led me across
their holy, holy sacraments
that preach the opaqueness
of the window that separates
the sky from its replica

i have watched wagons
carefully load and move on
and the deserted fair ground
left in their wake,
is what i always thought it was.
only now, the grass spots
once sheltered from the sun
betray the futility.

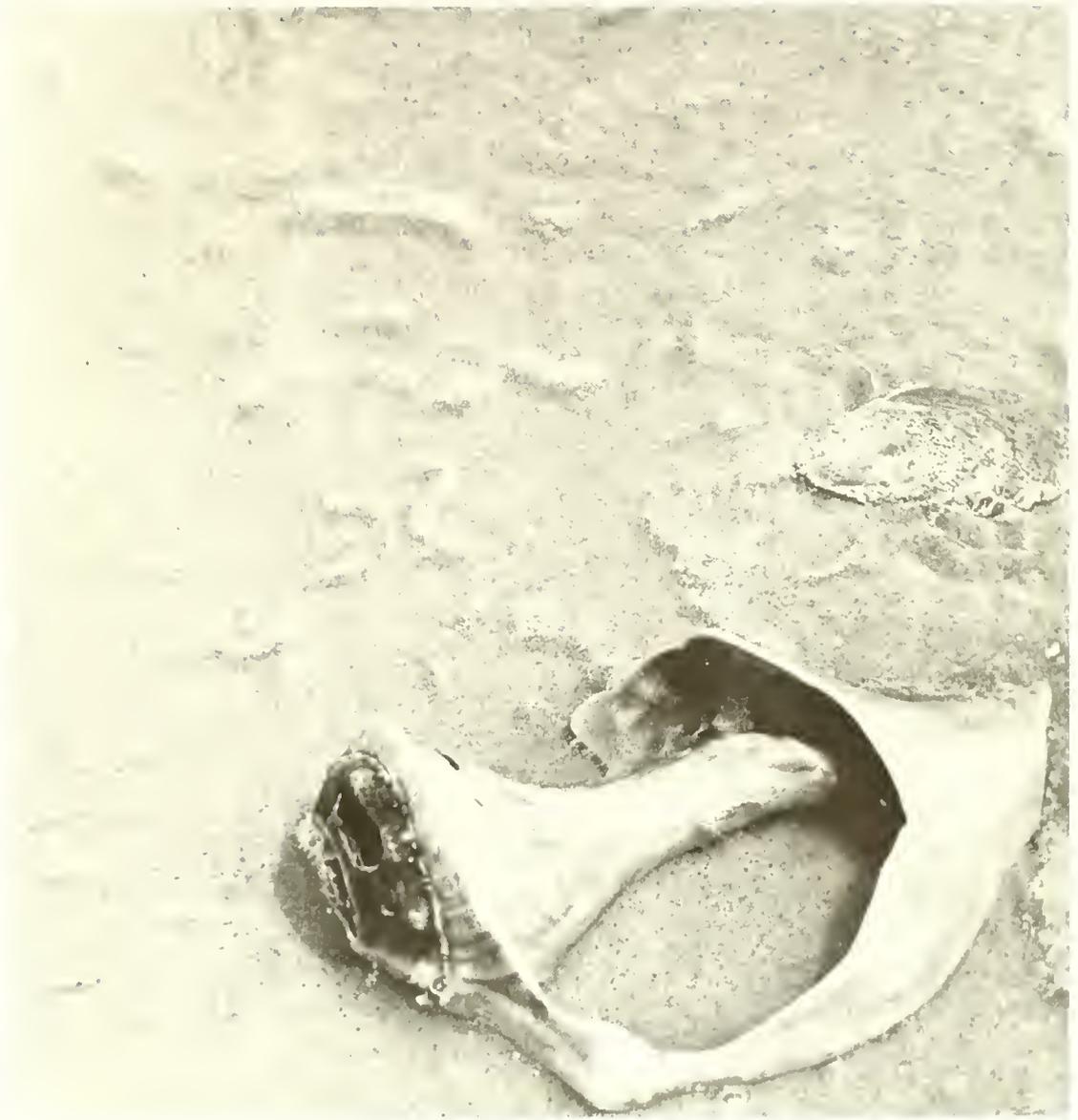
Cyndie Baskett



James McMill



Lechleider



Lechleider

TO WALT WHITMAN

"Shoulder your duds, dear son, and I will mine, and let us hasten forth,
Wonderful cities and free nations we shall fetch as we go."

1

I am a sot.
Like those who sing, sitting on hydrants
off Broadway.
Sort of.
My whiskers aren't as coarse as some,
you will know where I'm not from.
My dark eyes and skin sort of gypsy.
This city is hot.
I lean and hungry dance for an audience
of fat men all afternoon.
Sing a sip of gin, a sip of sin.
No quarter, lust, no crust
do they offer as they finger their ties at the collar.
For my shirt is beautiful
over my limber shoulder.
For I dance like a joy rag who doesn't eat.
Beautiful. With embroidered flowers.
Why feed me then?
I am weak.
Smiling, I trip and break the bottle
they did not see. Smiling.
There is a puddle in my pocket I could show easily.
But no.
I am forgotten.
Here on our seasoned and well-met sidewalk
I sneeze and after awhile
wipe my nose with a red kerchief.
The fat men kind of laugh and clap
and I am alone
with a penny dropped and a dime and another dime.

Some old and smelly man then squats beside me,
 hums a bit and strokes my forehead
 with sticky fingers.

I am a stranger. He is you.
 I shiver the length of me mumbling: what the hell,
 you queer, mister?
 I might turn away or even stay and bust you
 and bloody your beard.

But no.
 I have been dancing and drinking for those fat men
 and maybe I'm drunk.

Of course I am.
 You spread my shirt and hum a bit
 and mop the sweat of my breast.

I protest with a grimace and a wave,
 you simply kiss my slender, coarse fingers.

Beautiful. It lingers.
 Yes. I drink it straight with no hurry.

I've travelled all the America between us
 like a gypsy. Like joy.

And you have kept a bowl of stew, hot and ample?

You will share it after a shower,
 there is a cold one on the first floor of home.

Yes.
 I must smell like so much else than me.

Maybe even God will smile a welcome, shake my hand.
 I will come.

We laugh a bit as you lift me to my feet,
 hook your left arm round my waist.

I sway, I'm drunk,
 and cling with both hands to your hairy neck
 and sneeze.

We walk.
 Slowly round the corner as the fat men
 buy a Times and buy a Hershey's
 at the station.

Daniel Rumfelt



David Stanley

CARNEY BARKERS LIE

"Step right up!" cries the carney barker,
"You can step into fantastic worlds
That glitter silver and glimmer ruby.
Just put your money down and you can be:

A knight in shining armour rescuing damsels;
As wise as King Solomon of darkest Africa,
Or you can rocket through the stars.
Just step right through this gate to Never-Never Land
And you can be anyone your ever wanted to be."

And so raves the barker
Waving cane and fist as it gets darker.
I stand on sawdust midway,
I've been here since midday.
I see all the people locked in their cage
Which is in reality flashing carnival stage.

Colors will dim and flick out
When your wallet has run out
And you must live your own life
With all its grinds and strife.

On corners and streets I walk my beat
Begging cold silver from men and wives
To pay for flimsy paper lives.
In the dusty dusk of the close bookshop
Dry hands flipping pages ring calliope bop
To tunes of the carney calling,
From gaudy bookcovers calling.

Joel Tornquist



Mollie McNair



McMillan

Bob is typing something -
A line of letters
That would have some meaning tomorrow

His hair must be drifting
Between his eyes
And his glasses
His mind must be shifting
Between words, expressions
I don't know
I can only hear his tic, tic, tic

Disordered
Doubt and silence forever
Then the fingers dance
Lively
A moment
Then rhythmically, like a march
Periods

They closed the door
I can't hear the music
"Only love can break your heart"
They were singing
Like footsteps on the grass
Only quietness in the immensity
Calm in the silence
And the murmur

Good night, said Wallace
It is eleven thirty and a small light
In my room
Me, on my bed, alone
Listening to Bob

The Americans shout at night
Do they do the same at day time?

The Overture of Tchaikovsky has silenced
Lovers of peace
Compose your music
Not all is patriotism

I will let my pencil flow till tomorrow
Between grave words and minute spaces
Without glory nor griefs
Nor marks or points at the end

Bob has decided
to finish today
Or appears to be

The atmosphere outside
Doesn't enter to here
The temperature
Is chosen by me
That is called: civilization

Tomorrow will come
The coldness will turn warm
And the Americans will rise
Cheerful
To work
The air will turn fresh
And the speaker of the radio
Will voice: Today is a good day!

People know
What has happened
And know, more or less
What will happen to them
If death doesn't come to interrupt

Bob types no more
My pencil has no point
My mind flies no more
Over the grass
I'll read again

Sao Kiin Ieong Leonffu



Meredith Baynham

In the kitchen of the very old
the June days move quickly.
Out of the bodies of hefty bankers
the coffee breath sweeps through afternoons.
Alcoholic alleys steam and rise
and wrap themselves about high judicial architraves,
and the June days ferment in a wake of tired yeast.

How very old are the women of our month-
arms bulging with fruit,
white flour trapped in grooved brown foreheads,
and the swollen summer
crawling like a leprosy through fatty fingers.
They lie panting beside their men
in the June month of red,
and the long drone of lawn mowers
carries them through the heat,
and, later, moaning into the night.
The great yards, seamed with vulgar fences,
bend and heave and fracture their boundaries
and spill their gravels like hot lava
into the asphalt sea,
and **the** moon, darker in the dark ceiling,
grinds and sighs a rhythm of senseless hips
The night has its own court-sense of justice-
all fevered bodies racing to recline,
grand prostrate collection of horizontals
sentenced by the dark judge
to serve an ancient lethargy.

Every face suckles a mad June reverie,
the earth swells its sore breasts,
and at first heat black mass bruises itself
on the edge of the same sun.
New children come to the June days
stiff and sore from June nights,
and they boil with whirlpools in their eyes
and busy themselves in older kitchens.

Michael Leach



McMillan



Baynham



Lechleider

TAFFY

the sun with eyes
would blind itself

Shaw Messner

THE PARADISE HOTEL

Flesh can be moist,
But the air conditioner dries out
 all of love's excretions
 in this cheap hotel.
I admit I have a predilection
 for old warehouses,
But baby I never painted advertisements
 on my broad side,
And I never fancied I'd end up
 in a storage bin for the night
 in the Paradise Hotel.

Mollie McNair

Ocean
Eating at my country's edges,
Hurry up.

Jerry Carr

my head is in a
 prison
you've given me
 the key
but i can't see
 the lock.

my head is in a
 straitjacket
my body's in an
 empty room
no door, no fighting
 room.
how can i help myself
 while unmovable?

Shaw Messner



Dimpy Kirkland

I caught the elusive odor
of your vanished presence
hov'ring round the bedclothes.

In eager pursuit,
I lost the trace,
and was left with only the scent of clean sheets.

Louise Brown

Through the picture frame of a window
I watch a primeval forest that is long ago;
Just hard grey trees and death brown leaves clinging on,
Blown by a cold hoarse wind to swaying graceful curves.

"In the room the women come and go
Talking of Michelangelo."

People come and go with rosy cheeks, muskrat coats,
Relaxing in the warmth, say its cold outside, "I froze."
But my picture of time past does not shiver me
For I sit in horse hair armchair with drawing room air;
All comings and goings ignore me.

Birds fly. Quick. Flit. Hop onto a branch to rest.
Hop. Quick. Flit. Birds fly
Through the perspective depths of oiled canvas,
Limbs of trees, crackled grey bark, leaves of dust
Blown on by the breath of life;
Sway they the graceful curves of my love's supple flesh
For she, too, is in some time that is not.

Joel Tornquist



Sue Meeker



McMillan

HOMECOMING NIGHT

Right now, stand by the door and let the light
Shine outside from behind you
Look to me now; this time I promise to you
I won't stand festering in the street light
There is no longer any car to lean against in fake dejection (inviting)

Of course I can sense softly-lit movement inside your house.
I always have and it is only this which I dwell upon.
This which prompts me to get up on that street-light stage
And ruin perfectly good songs for me to you.

So if I can pick my way through the mighty-abandoned toys and low struggling plans
And come again to your threshold and stand in your light,
If I can take these freezing hands out of my pockets and not look anywhere but to you
I will try to shut up, forget all waves, stars, and ideas of walking away,
getting in the last shot,
And hope to receive whatever you can offer.

Peter Larson

I awoke too early.
the morning was only
the smoldering ash
of yesterday.

but,
like the Phoenix
 out of the flame

i rose,
wings
 singed and smoking
 like a diesel engine.

god love me.
i made breakfast.

Pat Loody

the soul would
have no rainbow
had the eyes no tears

Shaw Messner

THANKSGIVING TIME AT THE MALL

One bewildered walk around the fountain
wondering why,
watching real merchant marines flounder by
Giving thanks
for Thanksgiving
sales and central charge
to a gracious God;
preparing to celebrate His son
with soccerballs and skis,
stockings, soft scented candles
and smelly cheese.

A quiet smile, a saddened sigh,
I separate myself, Whitmanlike, to watch
a woman, womb ripe with the whispered word of life,
stroll calmly through a sea of floundering frowns
past a lost looking trio of package-burdened businessmen
undistracted by the buoyant bosomed maids
threading through the waning tide of people.

The smell of cheese,
thoughts of soccerballs and skis;
soft scented cheeks touched in the smile of young lips,
stockinged thighs and quivering breasts,
move me floundering in the currents
with the rest.

John Lamiman

REFLECTIONS

My past seems
but a few old poems
grown stale with the dust of time,
Just a few faded memories...

But polish the dull mirrors of time
and they become bright stones
little bits caught like insects in amber,
smooth and honey-golden.

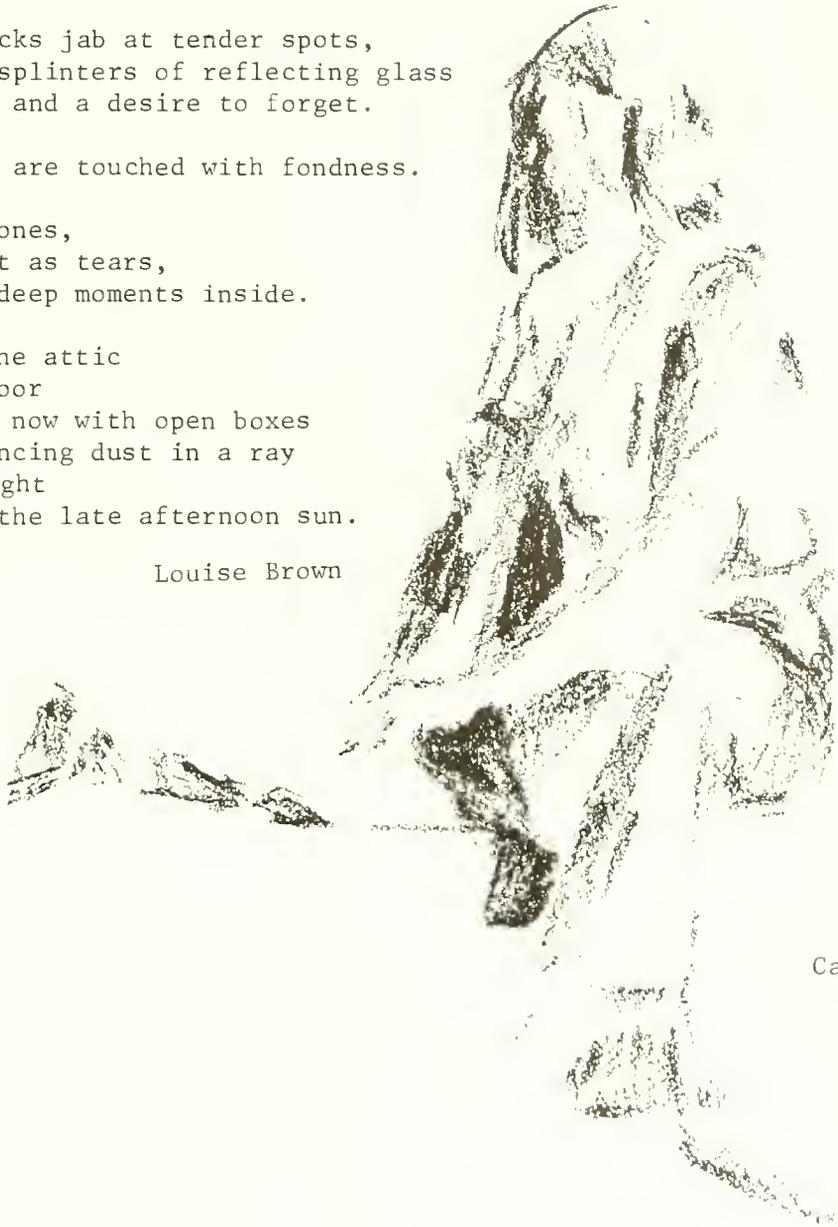
Gravel-sharp rocks jab at tender spots,
near-invisible splinters of reflecting glass
bring pain and a desire to forget.

Shiny sapphires are touched with fondness.

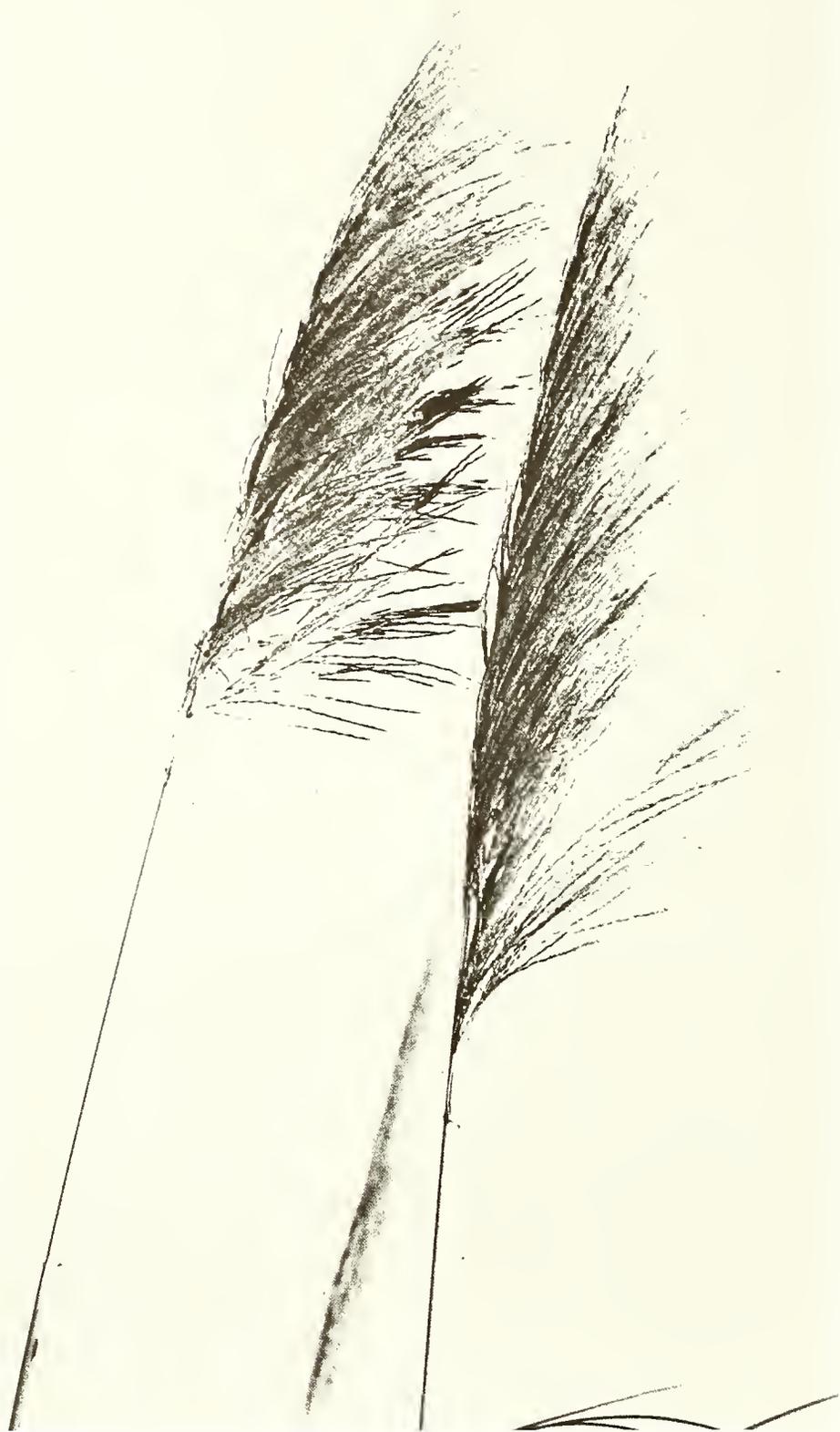
Smooth round stones,
transparent as tears,
hold deep moments inside.

I sit in the attic
on the dusty floor
surrounded now with open boxes
watching the dancing dust in a ray
of light
from the late afternoon sun.

Louise Brown



Carrie Taylor



Milton Colindres

MOLLIE

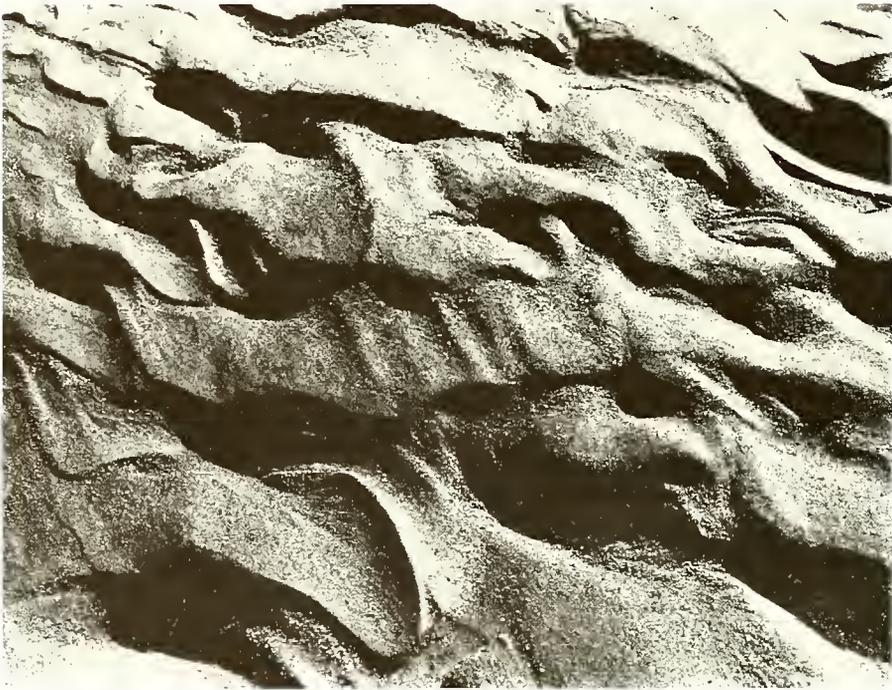
I am moving

I am moving
as a glacier moves, stretching laborious and intent,
its back lain out
- I could not say it left from where it came.
It comes, simply comes -
scrubbing down boulders of limestone and sand
as the eyes lift on the hill and just there see the body.
As our lips close and are warm
I come to your doorstep and I will be warm
I will be smiling.
The scratch of a leaf over flagstone and grass
that snatches the voice of God into that bit of space
- What have I heard but movement?
A leaf is soundless
as I must be now,
as I must be now -
As the mountain building ocean I am moving
and the cap of spray that shudders down
like the sway of the willow branch
- Soundless -
and the shoulder
- as I must be now,
I come to your doorstep
and there is our kiss -
The milkweed pouncing
from the pouch like the warm voice of God,
like a cat stretched into air ice eyed or like the whippoorwill
in flight and already at your doorstep pecking at pebbles
- Yes,
I greet you as I come. I have called out your name: Mollie
and again Mollie -
As you slip your glasses into your breast pocket.
As you lay down your reading of your book
and reach out your hand.

Daniel Rumfelt

Clouds gliding across night sky I watch -
Flowing toward a bright gibbous moon
And like a rock slows stream water,
Clouds get stuck
Slowing down
Torn open
Finally dragging themselves past it
Clouds limp forever nightward on.

Joel Tornquist



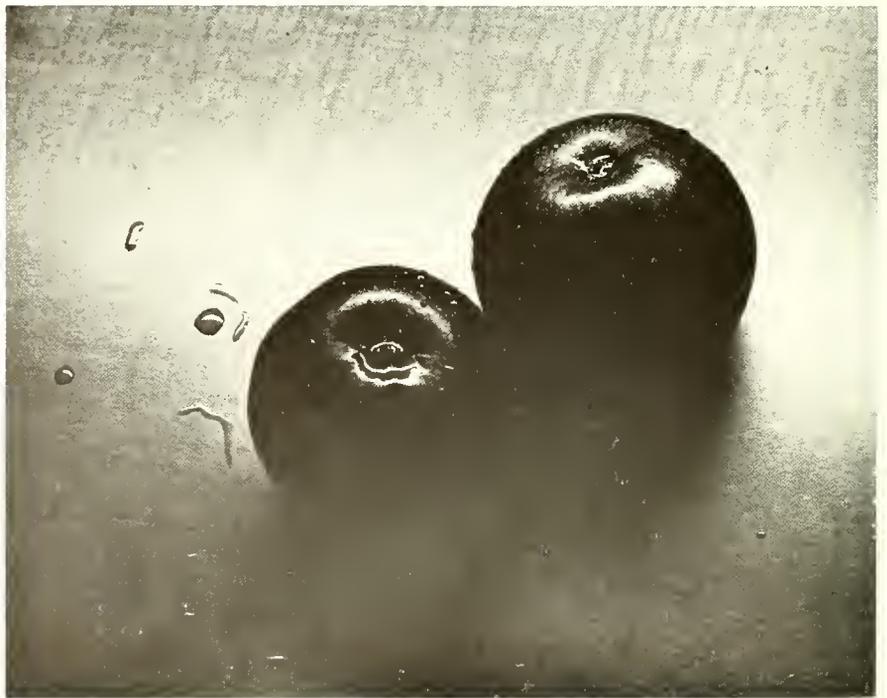
Baynham

I must have swept a million leaves
And put them into that box
Which says: PUSH
Without any consideration

They just spread out freely on the ground
And I look at them, yet sleepy
With my broom in my hand
They are so many
In front of the steps
I must have liked to
Pick one up
And hold it in my hand
But, I'll have to drop it
Anyway
And I will feel more sad
Than I am
And if I pick up one
That would be only one saved
Anyway
The others
Will have to end in that box
And there will be nothing
That I can do
For them

Perhaps there will be one day
When there will be no leaves in front of the steps
No songs in the mornings
No typings
But silence
What can I write, then
About silence?

Sao Kiin Ieong Leonffu



Colindres



Lechleider

SHADOW OF A GREAT ROCK

Excerpts from a dramatic reading, the characters being a Father, Mother, Andrew and Abram (their sons), and Ellen (Andrew's wife).

Dean Regenos

Andrew:

Howl ye trees,
Howl ye trees and tell the world that the West is still alive.
Tell the plains and the warty Appalachians
To lie bawd before the Rockies.
The final West. The mountain West.
A man's place in this weary land.
Ah howl ye trees and tell the world
That the forest of the vintage is not yet come down.

My father said these things
Yesterday, I believe,
Or long ago, They are the same.
Yesterday my father's anger lived in this land. This West.
Daring the mountains to do their damndest.
Raging out his life.
Now he is upstairs. His lips move, but there is little sound.
He lifts himself up slightly, but falls back.
His West has narrowed to a room.

Howl ye trees, he said.
The howls have diminished to a whisper.
Howl ye trees,
But he will die just the same.

It was love I had for my father.
And for my mother, too, I guess.
Oh, I know it is ridiculous to talk of love now.
In these times when it does not exist
When everyone laughs.
But I do not care.
It was a feeling of love I had
And I am not ashamed.

There were good times in this sad house,
And out on the land.

Andrew:

It is a straight line I try to walk.
A lie.
For no life is straight.
The world is made up of angles
Obtuse and sharp
And our lives bend
But we cannot choose.
It would be good to turn at each corner
To predict the shape of it
And then walk it to its end,
But my life flows like water spilled
From crack to crack
Accepting each movement
Till finally the inevitable drought
And my soul diffuses.
I have no goal.
And I swim in the liquid of my life
About to drown for no forward motion
But always hanging to what I know.
Always believing that the swirl will toss me soon.
But till then waiting.
Waiting.
Perhaps it is wrong to wait.
But I know no other way.

Abram:

Hello, dog.
Glad I ran into you back there.
Do you realize that you're the most ignorant thing I've seen today?
Do you know you're just a dog and not human?
No, I guess not.
But be glad you're not.
People are strange.
But you, hound, you're as uncomplicated as they come.
You just beg for food for quiet and for love.
People do that, too, but they're too proud to admit it.
They spend their lives avoiding it.
And then find out.
Perhaps it would be better if they never knew.
And damned if you aren't the homeliest thing I ever saw.
That flopping tail and that woebegone look.
You look like somebody I used to know.
That's a female look you have, dog.
That special 'do something for me' look.
Or maybe it's that sappy male look as a girl passes by.
Maybe that's it.
I guess we're all lechers in the end.
But if you're man's best friend, hound, I'll give up.
Nothing is as crummy looking as you.

Where you headed, anyhow?
Left? Right? Nothing.
Listen, dog. Are you going this way or that way?
Well, I'm going this way. You can come along if you like.
But I can't go back there.
That's my home back there. Do you know about homes, dog?
Do you know how they ask and ask and ask of a man?
How they filter the strength of his life?
You're sure a stupid hound.
But you're a wanderer, too, and you must know.
We licked them, didn't we? We beat them.
Yes, I guess we did. I guess we did.

Ellen:

Hello. Hello.
My voice sends out, but there is no return.
The mountain wind is not right.
And the howls of the forest are gone.
Hello.
It is night.
And silence in the dark is more to my liking
Than the blistering heat-quiet of mountain day.
At night I can relax
And feel the coolness of it on me.
Darkness comes, but the moon comes, too
And I have a monthly affinity with the moon.
The moon has a female life.
A reflective and subtle self
That arcs woman nightly into the skies.
It is a new moon now.
A sliver of a moon.
A moon that hides its face and pretends not to see.
But it sees. It watches.
And it stores the things it sees in its darker side.
It is small now.
But it will swell and swell
Until like a pregnant woman it will vomit forth the misbegotten
creature into the universe.
Only to become pregnant again.
Forever belching life into the stars.

He has got me with child.
And I must be quiet. I dare not speak what I feel.
I am his.
Till the period is over and I change again.
It is a weak time.
But the moon too lives in the reflection of her chosen mate
And we are friends.
The time of birth is secret and even the sun hides.
There may yet be strength in this weakness.
It is a private thing, birth.
And man must not know of it.



Meeker



Lechleider



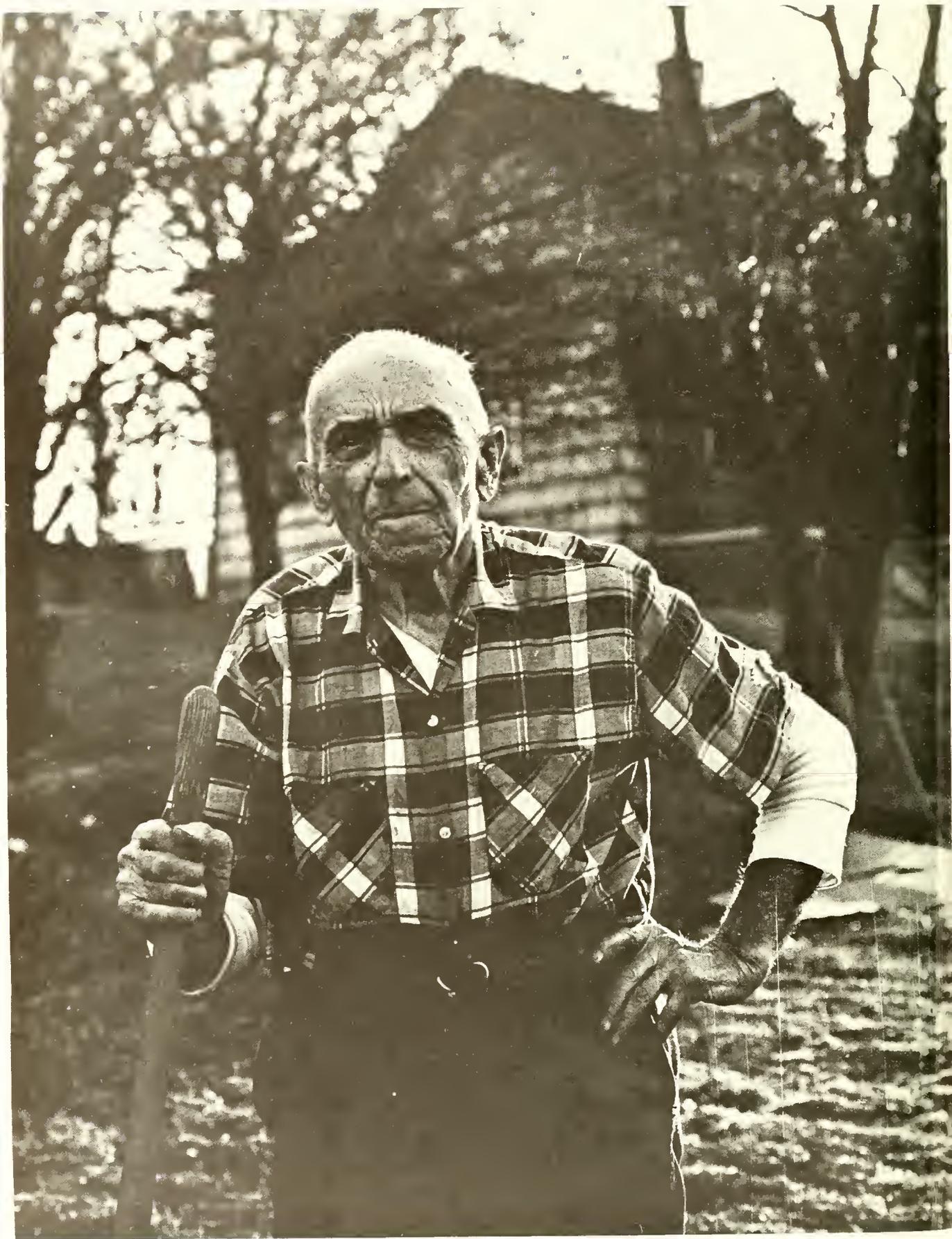
Lechleider

There are a lot of soft shoulders
and nice curves
and good bones
hanging around on this road,
if we keep our
eyes, minds, and selves
open to the possibilities-
shelter your stray dog Today!

Laura Walsh



Colindres



Lechleider

You and your workingman's hands
each whorl and crease marked with black
coal dust, sweat and soil

I almost washed the cloudy blue bottle
you gave me,
till I saw fern leaves, engraved in dirt
inside.

Louise Brown

GIRL

I saw you today for the first time.
In a brown sweater and light courderoys.
You were looking through the department store
for your little brother.
You are not especially beautiful,
but you are the mother of God
and I fell in love with you.

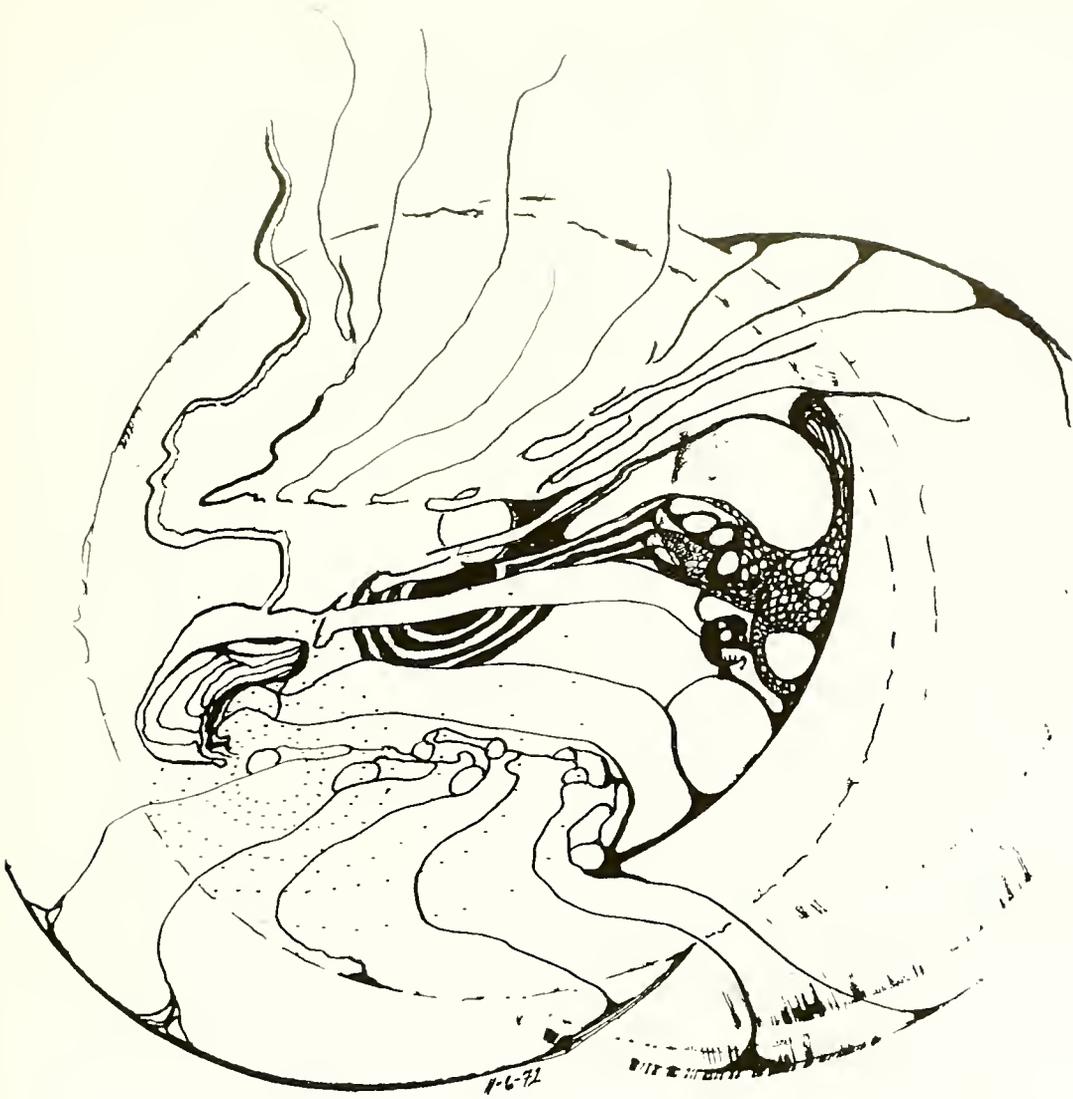
Daniel Rumfelt

Crying, bluest bird, is a mistake.
I've fed all my animals.
They are gurgling and cooing now
in a field just beyond this one.
I've only to feed them again in another evening,
waiting for the round churning of their jaws
to crush the life that sustains them,
watching their lumbering frames
swaying off the edge of the horizon.

I can understand, bluest bird,
the wind stealing your nest and
bouncing it like miniature tumbleweed
across the meadow floor.
Save your bluest song for your warm and trusted nest,
for fallen babies,
and wounded wings,
and meals you never found.

Leave the herd to the herder-
all animals are mine,
and they come and come to me
from invisible corners,
and they go and go to the
lip of the sea.

Micheal Leach



Landing air,
coming down...oh!
light's flying eyes...oh!

Victor Parker

I would create the incredible eyes
of a rabbit, drowsy in sun,
fringed by thick lashes
which filter the brightness of day
into dusk;
eyes so deep, so liquid
would take years to touch
those brown pools.

I am rich and turbid as the ocean
and its bottom-
many creatur'd, thick with seaweeds
flowing, ever rooted in one place;
languidly shifting in
silent waters, flowing
hypnotic flow.

fields misted with dawn
and rich river banks
are my countries--
late autumn branches lifted
to gray and warm skies
are my lands

Laura Walsh



Colindres



Colindres



在分隔兩個世界之門中
我會永遠陪迴
與幾枝音樂歌
在我袋裏

I will always wonder
In the door between two worlds
With a couple of musical songs
In my pocket.

Sao Kiin Ieong Leonffu

JOHN BROWN

December 2nd.

The thin grey clouds are like his eyes as they pass
beyond the horizon to the south
and to the north where they pass even the mountains.
Yet how far can these clouds be, the gallows reach?
These black gallows like a memorized speech.
That is how death must be, I guess, behind the blindfold
of a frantic abolitionist.
Like death was written double on his list
while our impatient ranks bear witness shoulder arms.
We seem to know already
whatever he could say.
And he must know how today appears to us,
even the smoke of a brush fire south of town
that has risen against the clouds
like a brown stain.

Only after a quarter hour - the gallows are still
and some soldiers lift the body onto a wagon -
do I realize
the smoke has passed into the grey clouds like it never even rose,
though all along I watched it.
We break ranks and a bearded man tells of Osawatomie
three years ago in Kansas.
But I leave straight away to the barracks.

Daniel Rumfelt



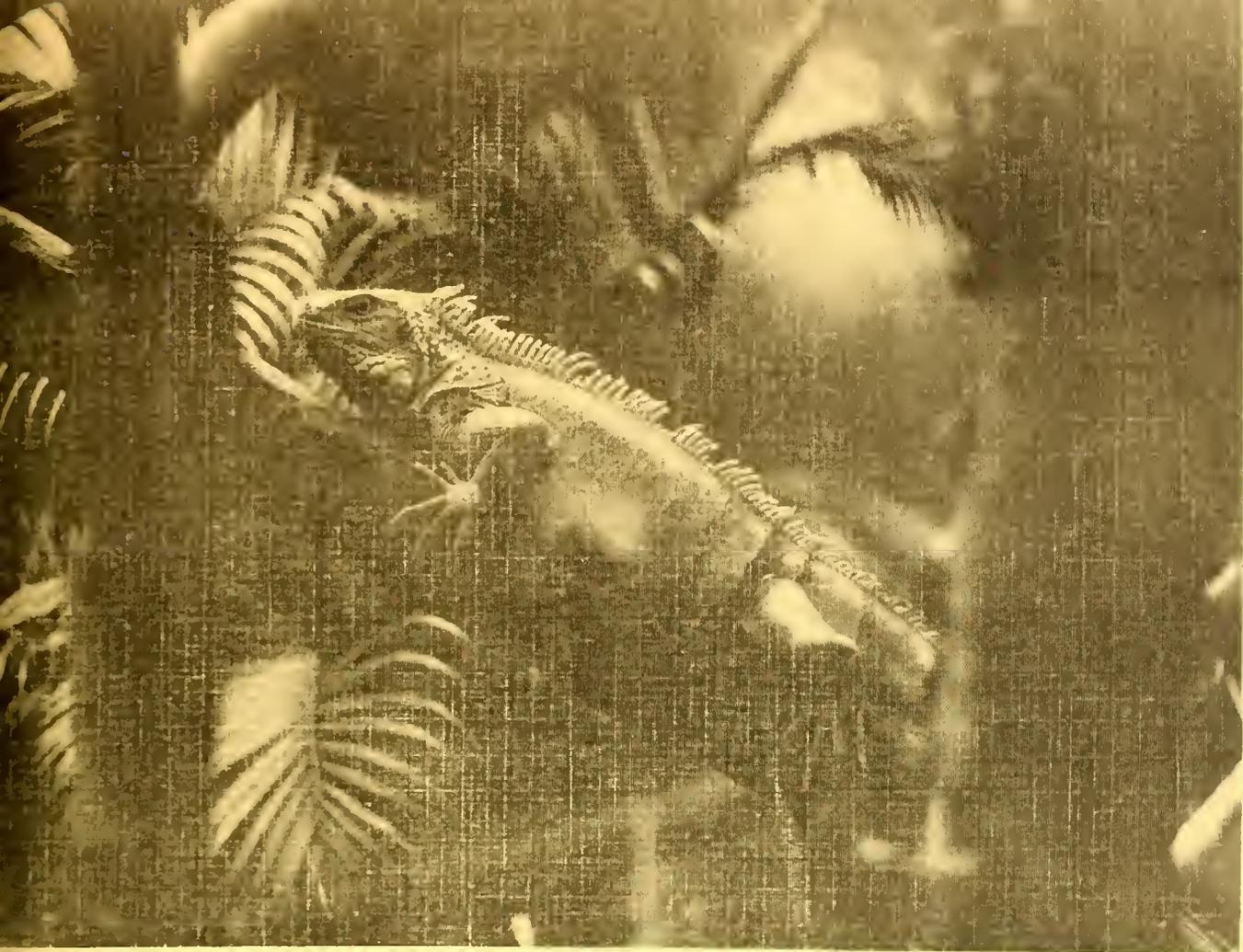
Colindres

The Piper



I heard a woman sing last night like water colors
and things came shining from her mouth

Jean R. Yarbrough



Piper

PIPER: Guilford College Annual Literary and Art Magazine is not an official publication of Guilford College does not represent the views of the college and the college is not responsible for the work contained herein contributed by students and faculty of Guilford Daniel Rumfelt editor Lynn Gladden editor Dr. Richard Morton advisor printed by the Guilford Print Shop Spring 1974 Guilford College Greensboro North Carolina 27410 thank you Lori Blum: PIPER.

Featuring the photography of Milton Colindres.

ENVIRIONMENT

Kills instincts,
Directly from the womb,
Which nerved for defeat
Is smashed away forever;

And yet the moon is allowed to shine.

Ken Harris

it seems so strange
somehow
that i can sit
and
pour out my soul
to you
and feel rivers
flowing
between our souls
that are
oh
so divided
against themselves
but i cranked off
my feelings
today
as i did yesterday
and my words
flowed out
like when the dam
broke on
deep river
the time when
no one cared
two hills
about
Tomorrow

Lynn Gladden

Immersed in this bluish haze,
drinking acid water
feeling only envy for that solitary
wisp of life
within the terra cota.

Stripped down - basic elements -
even so, a contradiction,
for
in that dark underworld
the woven labyrinth ever becoming
more intricate
struggles in sustaining
life.

What good is a plastic garden
anyway?

Penny Minick



Equen Rhodes



A BIRD

We came upon a dead bird on our way home.
You could whistle through the bones.
'How do you suppose...'
'I don't know. Do you think it matters?'
'I don't know. Probably not.'
We came upon a dead bird.

We came upon a highway on our way home.
Do not pass in the yellow line zone.
'You might wonder where it leads.'
'To some city like another. To some men.'
'Yes. Well, shouldn't the tar be worn then?'
We came upon a highway.

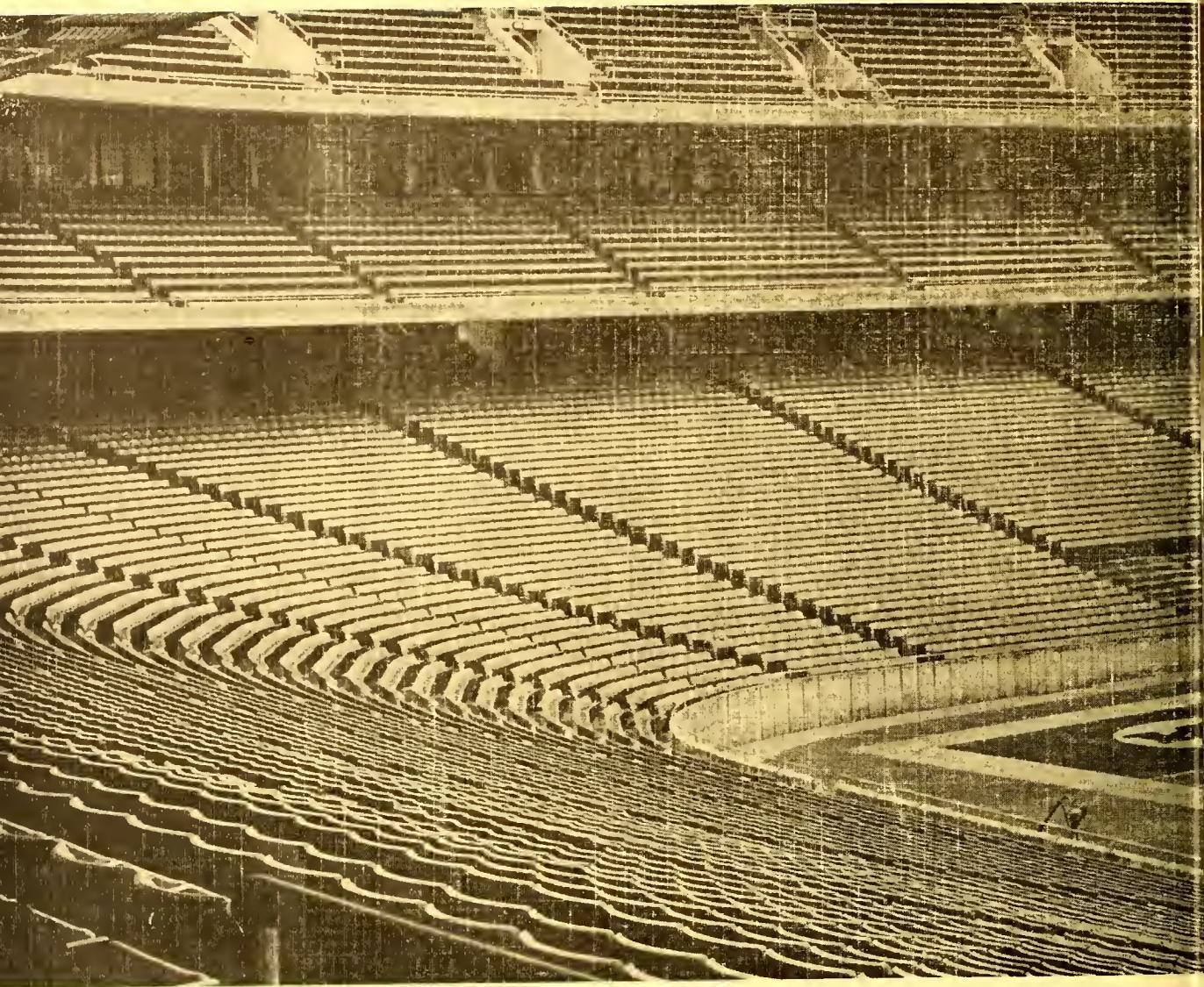
We came upon ourselves crying finally home.
We are like a picture carved in stone.
'What is this?'
'Look at your hands. Do you hear the whistling?'
'No. Please, where have we come, are we lost?'
We came upon ourselves crying.

Daniel Rumfelt

WATER UPON WATER

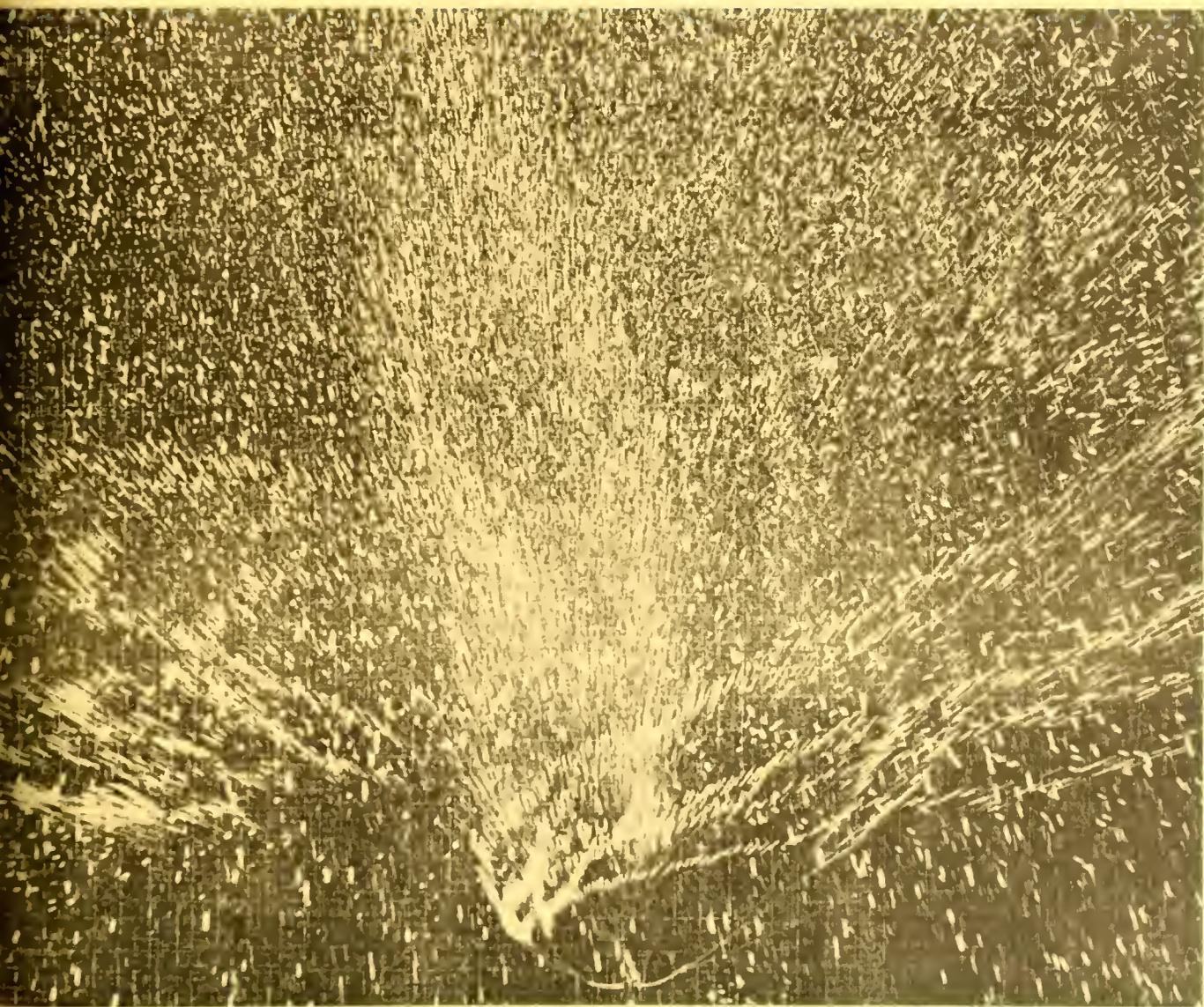
Water upon water,
how are we to separate the raindrops from the lake
as they vanish into its splattered face?
How can I say to you
"Before I left this morning
I followed the road near the gymnasium to the lake.
Squatting on the new dock, a little heavily
like a cripple might..."
are these the words?
"...I chased wide ripples with a stick.
Then they narrowed and were gone.
Against the far bank
where the struggling yellow grasses
weren't yet born?
Where further on
beneath the pines I heard no locusts
nor laughing of young couples..."
I must say
"...only the pattering of rain which sounded soon
like nothing at all.
Water upon water."
The many layers of this lake gathering the sky
I believe do not exist.

Daniel Rumfelt



"You great star, what would your happiness be had you not those
whom you shine?"

-Nietzsche





Rhodes

4:14 E.S.T./ 1971

Arrested on tuesday morning
taken to the station
on charge of obscene phone-calls,
i was told i could make one call
and that it better be good

so i dialed a number.
when they answered i said:
let's fuck
and the police paid for that one.

Julia Blizin

MOTHER OF PEARL ITS ALIVE CORPSE

I was with somebody developing psychotic episodes of heat
At an angle on an old beach resort in great pain and colors
Entered on the previous day to herds at doors hordes in mirrors
To scrub and amputate the incidental afternoon music
Jammed into a recaped gold tooth unlaidd of hallucinations
I hear what you say now in yOu I sleep yours
I awake to our words and image limbs of time
I awake to a temporary crown of free danger
Sexual shooting and yelling in every normal spasm
Story of a tear of dirt car city in habit mucous terror
You are older now than games to yesterday all people
Something to do with leg taste at dream store in Greece
or any broken glass empire

I suppose i should have written you a long time age
When we remembered no air soil water plants animals
Metal images or specific target the direct bloody word
We could quit these different withdrawals into empty
By an intestinal touch upstairs downstairs on planets
gone to dust and then the dust was gone too

A silent velvet photo of remaining kiss kiss kiss
Wept our total moving formless barricade stormers of
Door openers and penetrated cubes with cloudy harps and wings
anticipating the bell to let us out

Taz Delaney

I AM WHAT I AM

this my time and place these
my friends these my circumstances
serving my ends my destiny now
taking chances while my angle bends
fortuitously to the unique modulation
of my frequency the single codification
of my pattern my genetic formulation
DNA/RNA as my case may be I am

in time and place with other
entia varied coded patterns dotting
space all rays of life "sent on" (to
quote Buckminster Fuller) "from a remote
source" integrities that interact are
free for transforming embracing displacing
or even exploding an accomplished "coding"
yet every living order leaves its trace

so I for my brief crossing of
place with time among the many am one
the fact of my becoming is never in future
undone: the tense "I shall have been" --
the statement of Me ---stays to haunt the
face of time and space f o r e v
e r

Mary Feagins

ALLEGORY OF A SECOND BIRTH

I awoke -
waves of wind
raking from my eyes the sands of sleep
pulling me out to see
where the birds follow Jonathan's wake.
All the air with light
and sounds of song.
To the heights it lifted me
(I saw God smiling) then swept me down
to a hillside's cleft,
barren and baked by an age
bereft of sound,
there I touched the ground.
I saw my nakedness! There was a sheet
so I wrapped it round this body
 that was buried,
 now transformed
I ride the waves of wind.
Billowing grave clothes
uphold my flight in the light,
unite me with the waves of wind.

Karen Borreson

APOCALYPTIC

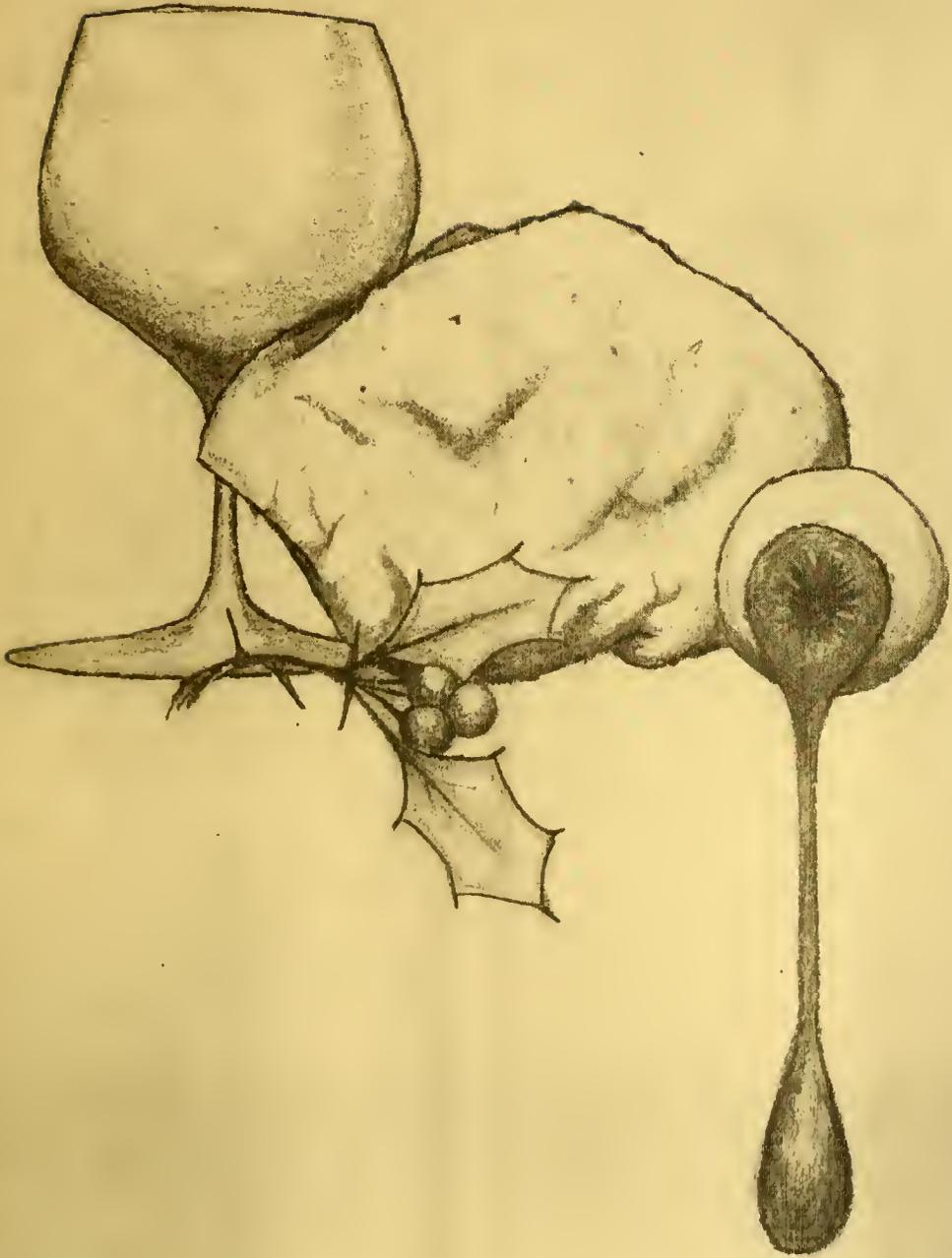
Soon in brilliant haze at midst of day
Twelve harbors in the sky
will meet the migrators softsinging
 in the watery heaven.
Tools of wind are we for you
the cry
Just Hope drops Manna-like
 for All and
who will eat?

Beyond these ears of mine to hear
your wings you see did muffle
Proclamation of the Arc...
the voice of one crying in the wasteland
he cannot fly

last refrains will linger
haunting the ear of man til
Footfall on the Mount.

Karen Borreson

INRI



Daniel Rumfelt

SO SIT WE

so sit we, and what our dreams dictate, we are,
surrounded by soul-strung songs and a warmthless sun,
sung by snatches into a dirty tea-cup.
All of them love songs, all of them rusted and sadly traced
by our numb fingers into the dust of time...
so sit we, and what we have forgotten, we become.

if not from sadness alone, then also must come loneliness,
blending behind weary eyes, sinking down the wells of love;
starkness binds herself to our hearts once again.
Many days have passed between us, no more wonders can occur,
for what we believe in, we are...
so sit we, aware of what is gone, unsure of what comes.

so lie i, in the heart of god, counting hours,
surrounded by fever-soaked blankets and wishes of strength,
she reading her book, i writing mine.
And everything that you feel becomes who i am,
given back again in a soft song...
so sit we, and what our hearts dictate, we refute.

Julia Blizin

LOVE POEM / 26 JULY, 1973

love poems; tawdry, raucous, dance-to-the-beat
and tap your heels together for the real thing coming
like a stringless banjo -- the music sure is fine
and i can't create an image for a lost dot
give me something raunchy and light
and i'll ride this old paper right to the edge!
i'm not going to promise you anything
that we both know i cannot find.
go poking through the dictionary for terms that i don't need,
much less understand:
fallacious metaphors hashed out for convenience in lying.
love poems; you look into the hills and valleys
of the next person's eyes, and pretend that you see something;
like a movie with no sound -- you must use imagination
to make the plot work
and i can't promise you that i really know
about things which are constantly changing
(and i think you understand) . . .
i'm a tired cow-punching down-home old bitch
with all the details of my loving
sewn directly to my cuffs
and a patch of great white wonderings
to suckle poems on . . .
yeah, love poems: sweet ,long, feel-the-feeling
and jump up and holler "hey, i've got it; hey, i feel!
fall down a million times
and still keep looking for the highway in the sky . . .
make me smile and give me reasons to water the inside fields
and i won't give you no promises,
won't give you no lies.
this is my first real love poem -- i like it fine
it's you and it's me
and it's the guy with his first motorcycle,
trying to ease out onto the road
and i want to let you know,
it hasn't been easy for a person like me
to say things like these
without crying.

Julia Blizen

ACTAEON

I sat next to him on an evening
In one of our public houses.
His dogs, forbidden, remained at the door,
Where they would have stayed anyway.
(Among pure animals it is
The indulged, not the disciplined,
Who are wary. Ask any farmer.)
It had been lightly raining and was cool,
And he was wet, and smelled of dog, sat poised
Encapsulated in the undisguised scent.

I do not remember that we spoke.
His smile, athletic--vestal--
Protected him from converse, seemed
Perpetually flashed, yet permanently fixed,
Like an imprint beyond which one did not care
To penetrate.
There were exchanges, though, a number of them.
Glances.
Leading always off to the sill, and
A little beyond the sill,
Where the room's light failed into
Another circle, for the dogs to move in.

Richard M. Morton



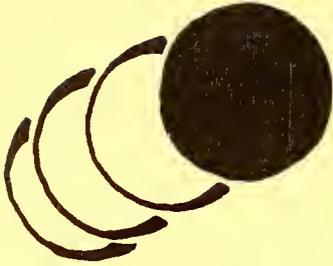
rhodes



Marcy



Men Through Time



THE HOUSE WITH THE FENCE

1

Yellow in the dusk, the house, the boats,
the river vanishing black

beneath the bridge.

And the house was to my right
as I crossed into town away from the fishing boats
that had settled to rocking at anchor.

Yellow vanishing into black
and the continuous dull slap of water against the hulls.

Today I had set out. No fish.

I had come back.

I had docked.

The house with the slat fence, the boats, nor bridge,
nothing was as bright now

as the laughter of men on the salt air.

This morning there had been a girl
who watched us leave.

Alone at dawn

dressed better than a fisherman's daughter.

Poised in a blue face, each neat shop beside the street.

I stood, quit breathing,

waited,

and the town settled on the salt air into evening.

Then I hastened to my room on the next block
to cook supper and wash.

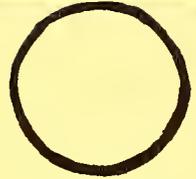
There will be a party tonight in the blue house with the fence.



3

Full yellow moon and my face full yellow.
Stars were about.
Heaven descended into the river,
the river to the sea.
And looking up I stood without words
as the moon began to wane.
Noise in the kitchen, by the slat fence no noise
but the continuous dull slap of the water.
A star slipped and disappeared.
Half a moon
and the moon was pale as stars cracked,
slipped and came to earth
then disappeared.
Slipped, came, disappeared.
Yellow vanished in black sea
with the moon a sliver,
the moon a star,
a grey rock in the night,
and there was no moon.
I stood looking up with a blue face
and heaven descended.
Stars were about.
As voices of laughing girls settled into salt air,
cymbals tapping,
I turned to go inside.

Daniel Rumfelt



Tap, tap, tap, the cane comes lightly on the stone
Tap, tap, tap, the woods have eyes that have not shone
with love at all or ever.
Tap, tap, tap, the cane comes down
tap, tap, tap . . .
makes no more sound
for the woods have stealthy hands.
Now a silent tapping sounds, within a naked breast
the woods shall have another soul before the night shall rest.
The running (of an animal?) shall make the only sound.

David Brown



and you say
that my past
cysts
are benign
as i tear
into poetry
ans feel
that terrible pain
throbbing through my
breast
knowing that
future tests
would prove
malignant

Lynn Gladden

i dreamed you tasted sweet sour bitter and salt of the earth
i thought the odor was jasmine and new york pretzel
phases of the moon getting desperate and anybody
as time used and abused in cages sold on trial
the judges rises in the form of pursues law in hand
bidding forget the death counts taken for granted by stone people
denying i could see the soft prism spectrum
to the moisture of one person i went to you
in the interminable winters i reached out old and grey to
to grasp the true and unrevealed mystery objects on the floor
the fled through rips
and i followed them to learn
again and again in a single second
that fled through rips
essential as fresh water i craved
fleeing through rips
and then i was in fragments then plastic bags metal rivers
drips drips drips
orgasmic pain rhythms in all media static
then i was a broken mirror here air there
i was kicking it out of the door
i was scowling laughing crying
were those your young footsteps i heard in the hall
or is anybody there at all

Taz Delaney

TO DANIEL

Young Picasso
outdone by Someone
line and pigment in peace
watch the roving eyes
talk of curls and hands
those succulent eyes will draw them in
from seeing
paint from their viewing
 old songs and fresh memories with
equal art.
But one passes out of innocence,
we age into dust or birth.
It all depends on Who you know...

Karen Borreson

6 JUNE, 1973 / FOR SANDY

if you are in a tunnel, and there is no exit
what are your thoughts?

someone brings a lantern, but no water,
and the temperature drops steadily all through the night.

you ponder the very real possibilities of writing
a first-hand account of being dessicated in a tunnel.

on the first night, you think that rescue is coming;
you seem to hold onto this well.

after the lantern runs out of kerosene,
you ask yourself a few vital questions....

if you are in a tunnel, and there is no exit,
what are your actions' limits?

Julia Blizen



Years

THE PROFOUND ABSURDITY OF IT ALL

Mr. Nobody was
 headed Nowhere
He couldn't stop to talk
 because he had to get nowhere fast
 for, he had so much nothing to do.

Nothing ever happened
 to Mr. Nobody.
Nowhere
 was a pretty dull little town
 just outside of No-place.

But Mr. Nobody was a notable person
 in Nowhere
because he always had
 fantastic notions
 about nothing
And a lot of know-how
 as to how
not to go about
 getting things done.

Mr. Nobody met Mrs. Nobody
 when he was very young.

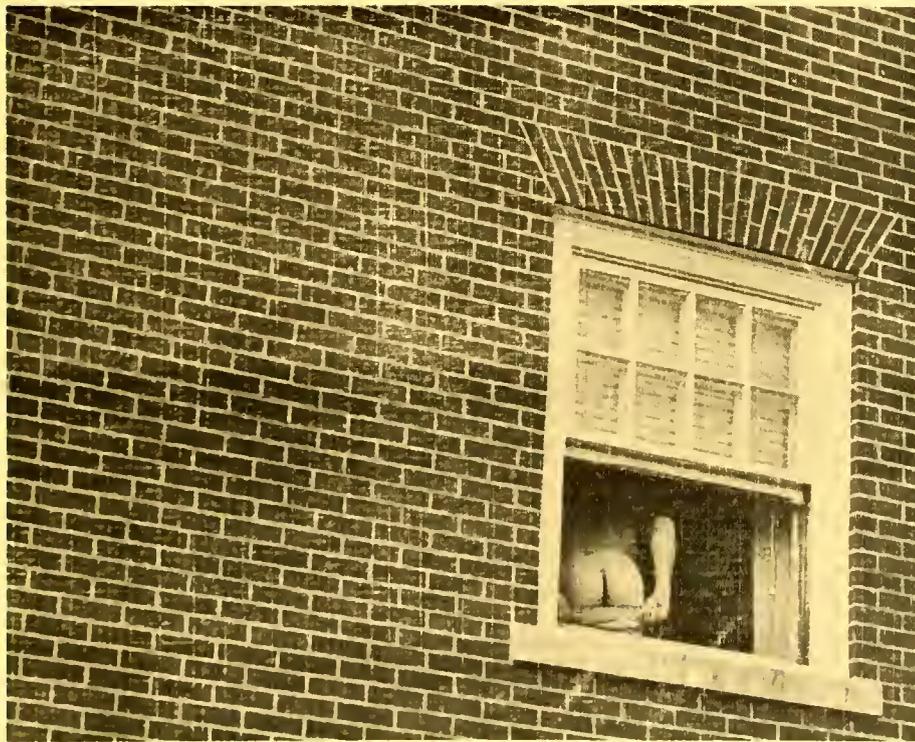
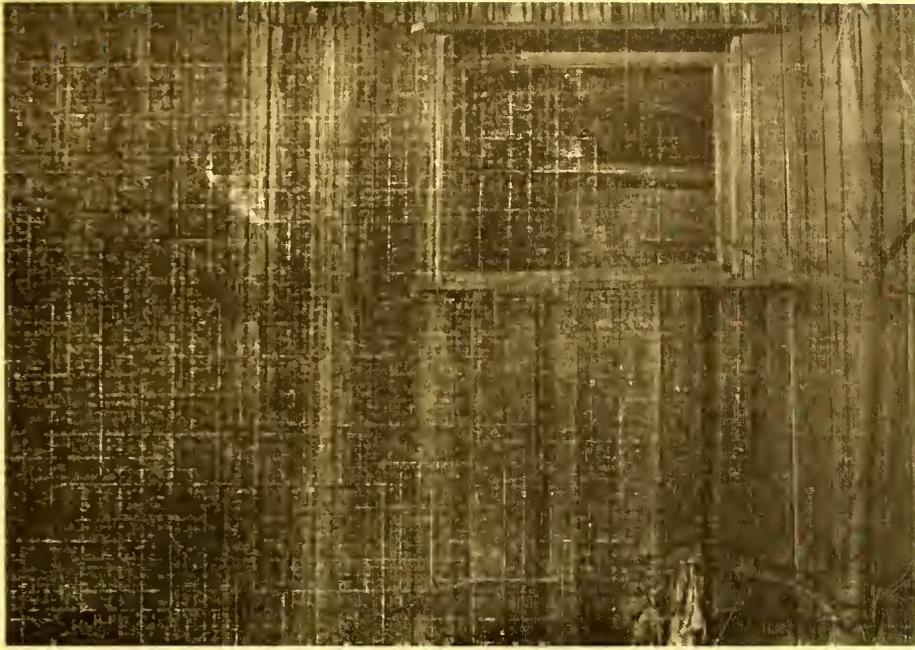
They lived Nowhere
 and had no children
 and no cars
in a big house that never existed.

It's so easy to get Nowhere
 if you're Nobody
with a lot of noetic know-how
 about nothing.

Janet Anderson



Home



Window

REPORT TO THE SOCIETY

We went for bones but came back
Only with these teeth.
We should have missed even them, had
Not Tuckermann, pausing a moment
At Smythe-Howard's sieve,
Submitted to a closer examination
That which we kept flicking away as
Pebbles snagging-up our screens.

After that, apprised of what we searched for,
We turned them up left and right--molars, bicuspid, incisors--
In appropriate distributions, all quadrants represented.
I am quite happy for Smyth-Howard when
I report that he it was who found the lone fragment
jaw,

From which with calipers, compass, and sextant
We performed the customary computations, arriving
At the skull, probable brain-displacement area,
Shoulder carriage, spinal column stresses, and the
Ramifications of these data upon flanges. May I
Suggest a Webfoot and a third eye
For the hiatus between where the skull base terminates
And yet the neck does not begin?

You will notice that the facial planes, in our
Artist's reproduction, evoke a memory of our
Founder, especially on those sad sunny days when he sat
with us in the museum garden,
No longer interested in lecture, it seemed. I
Find myself strangely moved by this.
As to my full conjecture:

These people ate meat and,
From the delicacy of their dental formations,
Knew the science of cookery. Since
Their era would be well before the
Entrance of fire, we must
Conclude that they elected
Priests who would have laid out select
Cuts atop the natural tablatures of great
Smooth stones which in every case repose
Just outside the coolness of the rock ledges
That here abound and in whose shadow the others
would
Doubtlessly have waited.

In other words, they utilized the solar
Power itself and likely had some religion based
On that. Of course I do not think that **then**
was such a barren land here.
All this would be in a time when the earth
lay much closer the sun,
And there were no flies.

Richard M. Morton



Rhodes



Summer Field

TO SALLY

I

we silently waited to peer into
daybreak
by our soulless beach
and i knew that sparkle
in your eyes
wasn't a reflection of moonlight
but that smile covered so much
pain
and i ached to know you...

II

and i thought you'd sold my heart
away
to the one's who offered you the most excitement
to forget those waves beating
down the sand
as i watched that sparkle
fade with dialation

III

you said you loved me in the air
of the jealous night
after my weak body began to heave
to aid in your search
for relief
in that reflection
the waves beat loudly
as i ran the cycles

IV

you escaped
and stayed asleep
to walk that beach
and left me alone
in search for your revelations

V

they told me that you
live in a house of red clay
alone
and now that sparkle's left your
silent, still distorted face
in the moonlight

Lynn Gladden



Where do I hear my heart's movement?
Over there, over there!

Daniel Rumfelt

HIGH WINDS ACROSS LOW STONE

high winds across low stone.
in celebration of ancient majesty,
the sun has bowed her head.
rain grows streaks of colour upon marble slabs.
where old and noble stories once lived
now cats and their urinal stench preside.
a flash of the frailness of time
as the sun lowers herself gently over the dead.

here was no small experiment of man.
in reverence of pre-Christian magnamity,
the guards pick up our trash.
hearts stop, and begin again where once
great bargains were made.
amidst the cobblestones and emperors' halls
a flash of the vanity of man is gained.
as the sun humbles herself wisely over the dead.

low songs of great men have been played
over and over again, making scars on
lesser men's eyes - the rain has ended.
high winds across low stone.
the sun has raised her head.
in celebration of ancient majesty, strains of an excavated
lute bend through new and frail men's ears.

Julia Blizin





THE PIPER"



The sands of summer
Are now getting wet and cold
I must go quickly

Noelle Paull



PIPER: Guilford College Literary and Art Magazine is not an official publication of Guilford College does not represent the views of the college and the college is not responsible for the work contained herein contributed by the students of Guilford College Lynn Gladden editor Daniel Rumpfelt editor Dr. Gary McCown advisor printed by the Guilford Print Shop Winter 1974 Guilford College Greensboro North Carolina 27410 Thank you Michael Rumpfelt Piper.

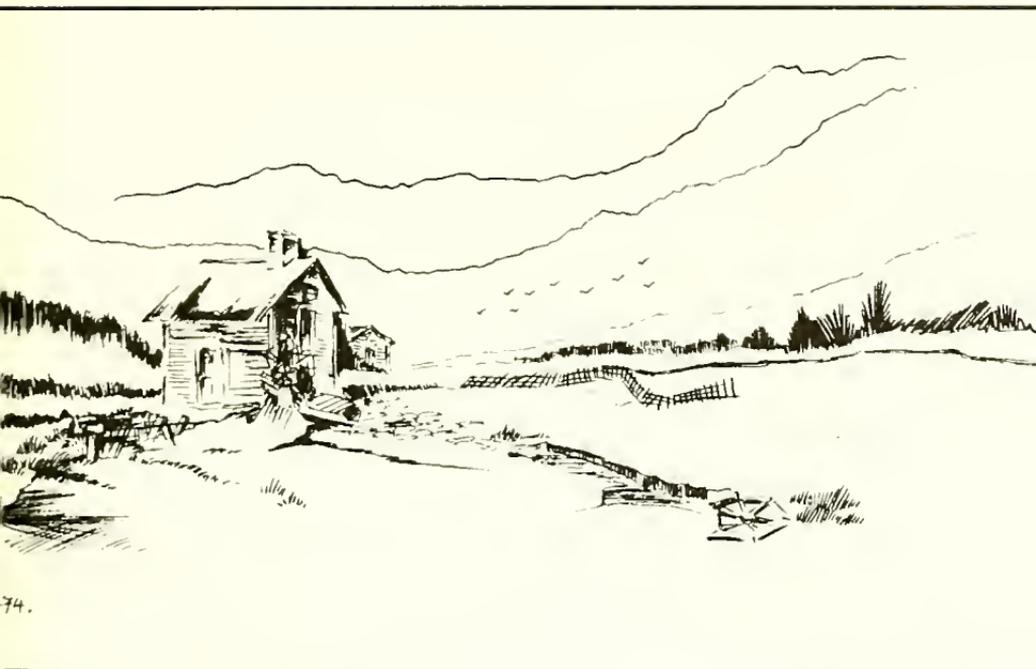
You waste nothing
the land itself lies precisely
each fertile field set apart
by a sudden shift in the color of the grain
a row of trees, a stream, a footpath between

Abundance strains the bounds of symmetry
everywhere tidily full
like the intricate handspun rhythms
of lace curtains
brickwork and cobblestone
or leaded glass

exuberant magenta blossoms and violet
grown neat in the garden
vibrant as your rosy children
carefully washed and straightened
to walk the way down to the neighbors
for fruit and fresh cream this Sunday afternoon

I could live in an empty windmill
and grow fat off the air

Sherry Sandlin



Awakening

the day was pure heat
sweat
the boat moved slowly
water splitting
with childlike abandon we jumped
from the bow
an arc
through
the
warm air
the water
the sound
the shock as
bloodbloodbloodblood
hand to head
(sharks!)
the propeller, gleaming as
weapon
and still I did not comprehend
my stitches seemingly sufficient
two weeks later I realized it all
as my ship mate
lay in a pool of crimson
on glass covered blacktop
dead/at 18
a
victim of his own ego
he had paid for my escape
the door being only
big enough for one

Mike Frost

Within a Nomad's Tent

A jewelled princess she was, this Egyptian girl.
Her black eyes penetrated my heart
and whispered the secret of the night
the endless search for the sensual delight.
Sleek as the cat, she was
crouched, lying in wait.
In an instant, she
leaped onto my back
pitting her sharp teeth into my neck
then reappearing as a woman again, she was
dressed in a loose, black costume
and danced to strange, far-off music
The rhythm was faintly familiar.

Jeffrey D. Martin

Found Poem from Life

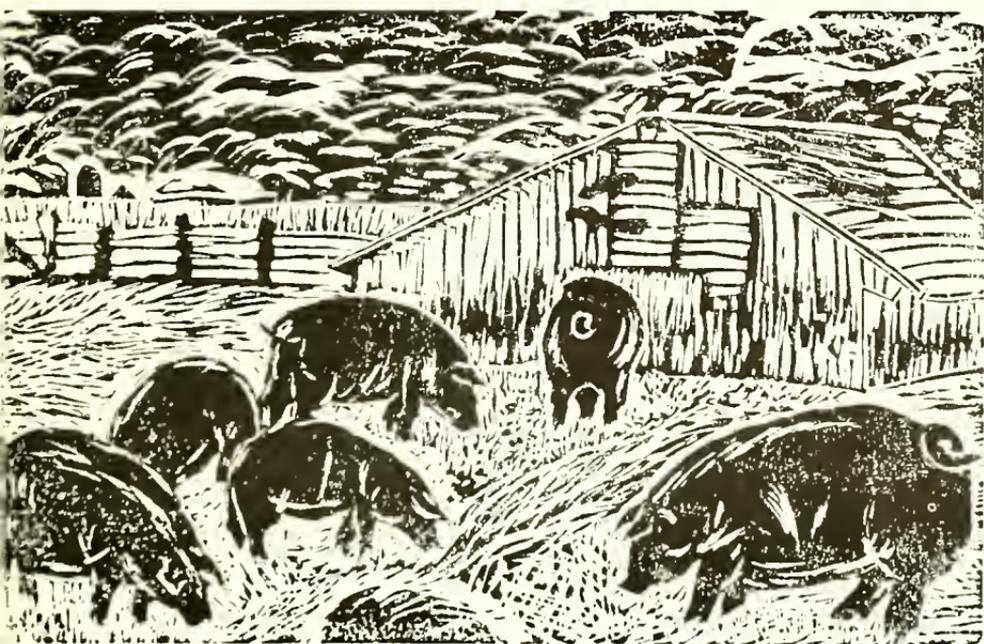
On her 100th birthday, Carrie
Brown of Portland Ore. was asked,
What was the world doing
When you were born in 1874?

Going *round and round* she
Snapped *and it still is*. Her
Recipe for aspiring centenarians:
*Don't die. Just keep on living. You
Couldn't possibly do both.*

Richard Beard

Dulcimer

Your supple wood
Surrenders to my hands.
I am your creator, I have shaped you,
Breathed life into you, and you in turn
Run your smooth, hard grain
Against my creased and mortal hands;
Reveal your secrets to my touch.
Magical fingers, under your control,
Glide over your body, possessed.
The transformer has become transformed



Waking People

it is the taking up of, and
letting go of, all the faceless voices
and all the fantasy bodies
that turns us into waking people.

in this chilling morning, as
death runs chased by light, as
darkness runs chased by something's birth
we are created again by new choices.

death is approached with open arms
while life cringes, cowardly, in a corner.
can the numbness of hatred
better the trails of love?
and what about the craziness of so much choice?

all taken up, all let go
into the calling of dawn

Julia Blizin

WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 25

4 a.m.
sober toward profundity in ink
a line
still no poem
refrigerator whirrs cuts off
someone is heard ascending stairs
a door
look
ants crawling across my desk to a glass four five black ants
write what you see
associate
Jenny
black hair bug face economist Jenny couldn't dance
you soon left her
then for unity
squash the ants
5:30 a.m.
end a poem

tell no one Wed September 25 was a joke written on Tuesday
afternoon while your roommate was frying bacon sandwiches
for supper he had to tell you how to abbreviate Wednesday
and to spell whirs there were no ants and Jenny took
several months

Daniel Rumfelt

The sunlight

The sunlight meets my hand so that it is.
Eyes hiding in a multi-linear graph
wood creaking also train and dust -opaque-
on the finger printed windows where I sleep.
A cigarette makes my mouth full of taste
it brings the feel of confidence to sunlit fingers.

Taz Delaney

Confusion 60

Yes You
With your tangled hair
Slapping at your brew quietly
Cheered the poets into the village,
Took your dresses up,
Had the astronauts over to sup
With you at Dylan's protest call,
While I, up the hall,
Turned tormented in the hours
Of mechanical evils.

Ken Harris

revelation above glasgoe

1

three children revel about
the weeds
ruining battlements of the
ancient fighting clan
three sisters gazing at the elegant plantation
in eastern north carolina
loch lorne looks grey from the house of
mcdonald
high above the fort
surrounding those high stone
ruins
tobacco is prosperous
about the town of
cameron north carolina

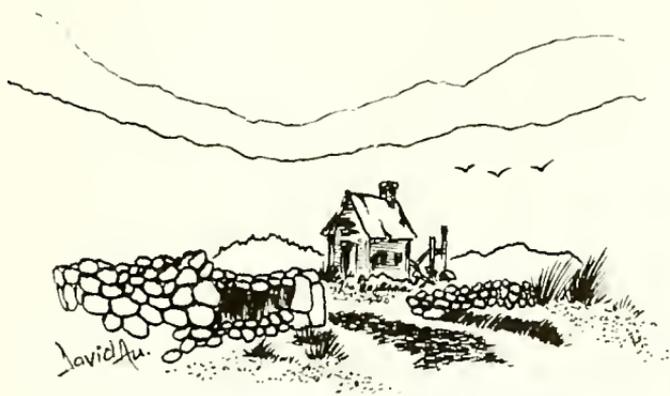
2

good scotch whiskey
downed with tartan heavy
great uncle alec mcloud
once from dundee
was arrested by the sheriff
of scotland county
in 1925
for bootlegging

3

electric scot vs. general motors
green aberdeen
turned knat-trap
near southern pines

Lynn Gladden



for Dawn
(Variations of Whitman)

The closed window shelters us
from the rich confusion of insects
and autumn air.

It is the third night of fall
remove the panes from the window
remove the window from its frame.

Michael Rumfelt

Taz Informs Me I'm Ready for Rimbaud

I don't know how it happens-
how the mind, the logic of words
allow for the pale-bright fierceness of sky

how I can become as gentle
as a muscle-brave cat in blue jeans,
mysterious as a flower show in winter.

I tell Taz of this finding;
the new physics of language-
Sounds like you're ready for Rimbaud.

Michael Rumfelt



OK Shakesperian Queen, standing there
Poking a single breast through your gaping gown
I offer my Dreams, but you shall see instead
A grey mist closed to vision that desires
Effect, but no Cause.

Rhetoric? I speak of my Innocence, yet you want
to hear of the Great White Dove of Paradise, or the
the Sacred Lamb, or the Virgin Mary?

And ah I whisper of Love.

Rhetoric? a 4-letter word?

The word is silly

One day, a mist so dense, that nary a breathing creature
could cut through until the Dove of Paradise
uttered the Password.

What lies beyond the mist, you would like to know
my Queen but the secret is waiting to be discovered

Lori Blum

alone;
 quiet still . . .
solemn vows, never heard
 floating away,
 away,
 away,
born away on moonlit winds;
 another midnight morning

Clint Brown

For aren't we really songs in the end
 with the melodies of our head
 flowing gently cradling words
That aren't too easily said.

And aren't we living poems at last
 with feelings as our verse
 reflecting ripples of our mind
All thoughts - the best and worse.

Debbie Carlton

I would see your face when I walked into the library
Your mouth formed a smile so different from many a girl
You would set aside your work and listen to my whisper
Your hair, curled, shone in the afternoon light.
Love was first: your image appeared between me and my burden
I was first: you thought when you ran across the circle
There was nothing more delightful and angelical
As when my hand took yours and started carressing it
Tonight we worked and talked about bolshevism
But a task took you away from this absent bourgeois world
Afar, your eyes shone again behind the glasses of seriousness
And I had a glance of your future, a grown woman
Whose transcendence I will not share.

