

"Promethia Unbound" is.

"Promethia Unbound" is an experiment.

It is a conceptual blend of literature and artwork.

In four languages and six colors much of "Promethia Unbound" involves you and what you make of it. The order and uses of the pages are up to the individual. Made to be colored in or folded out or simply to be read, this year's "Promethia" involves more action than simply your eyes'.



V. R. McCabe, Editor

Promethia unbound



Jim Bloom

The Staff of this year's Promethia wishes to thank the following:

Our advisor, Grady
our roommates
Will Bowden
Our printer, Frank LePage
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Bill Epperson (for babysitting)
all contributors
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Jo
Margaret
Arleta
Betty
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those who fed us
Jim Moore for caring
Annie, our Boss
Pentangle
Art Guild & J. Don
Yoko
Steve
the future and all it may bring
Matthew C
Mathews Chako & May 2
the Muses
Percy B. Shelley
Ocean Grove
Randy Day for Staying at the gas station with me
the student teachers
& "that special someone"

EDITOR'S

PAGE



Jim Bloom

PROMETHEUS BOUND

A Fear of High Places

The fear of High Places
Of looking forward, upward
Keeps us pondering our toes.

The fear of falling
Keeps us from climbing,
Clinging, white knuckled,
To our low plateau.

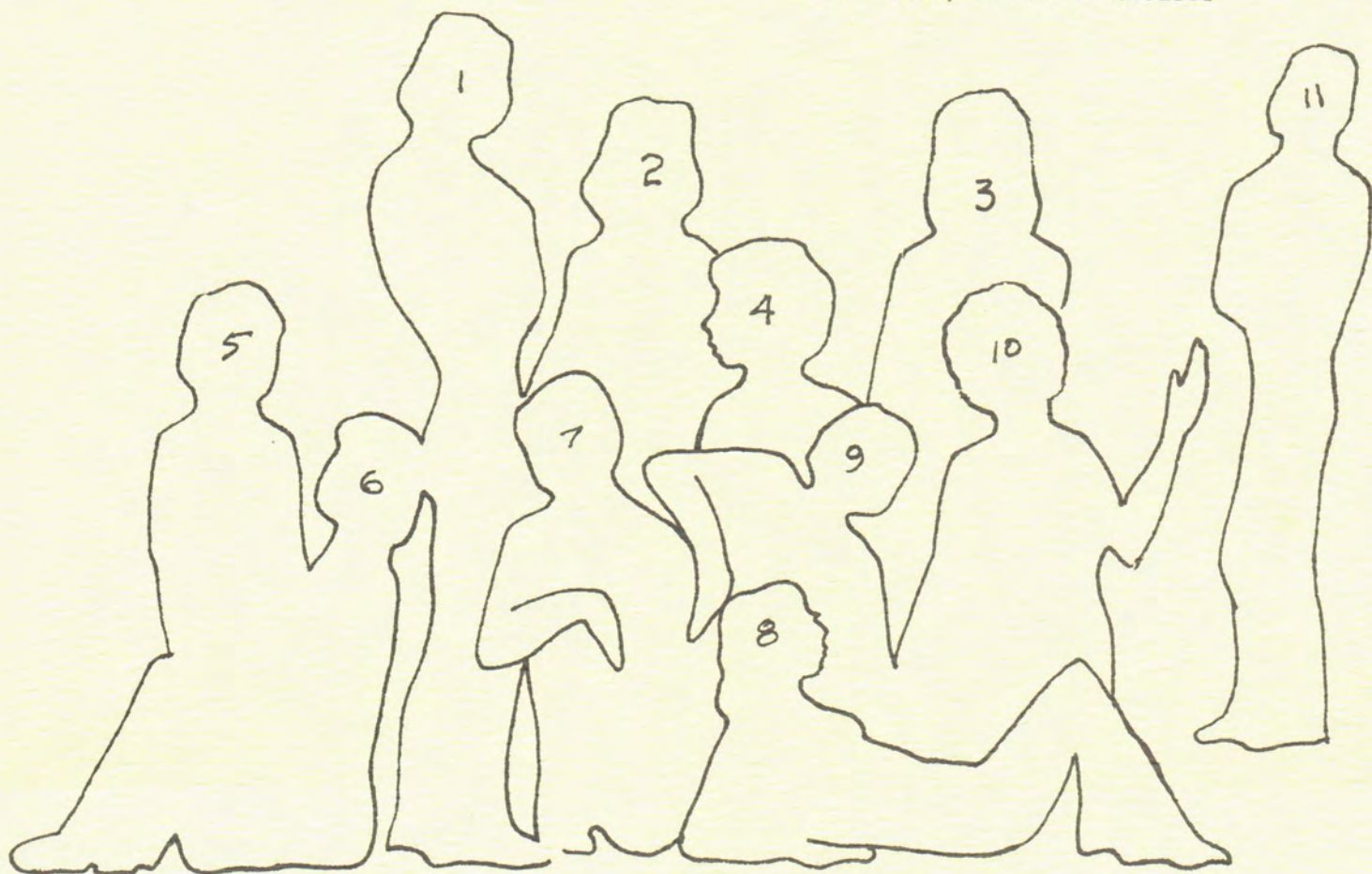
A dizzy delight with our deity,
As we now see him,
Keeps us content
Swinging on a constant rung
Climbing no higher
Not slipping lower
As our vision fades
With the dusk.

V. R. McCabe

C R e d i t S

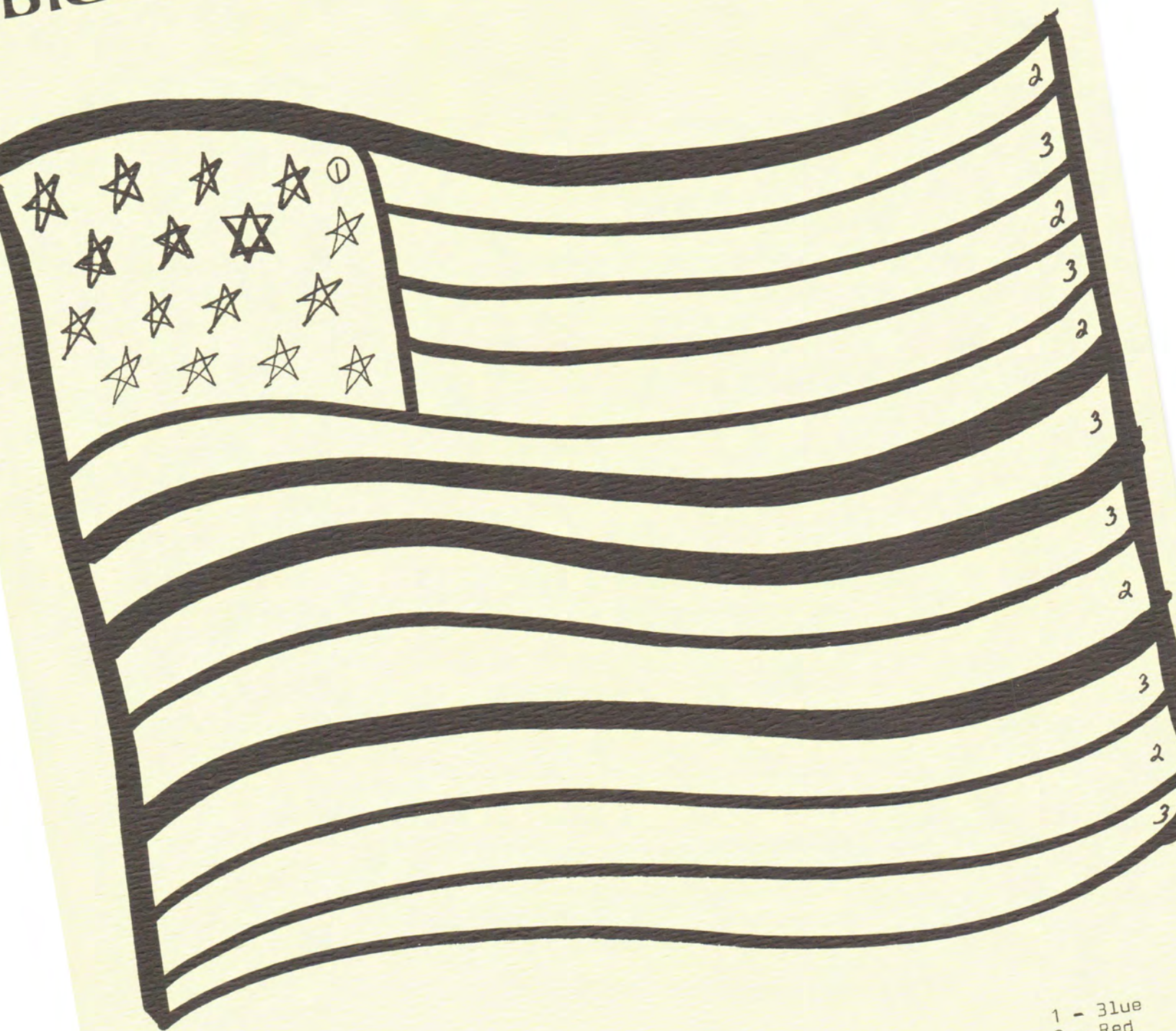
"This Year's Prometheus Staff"

- | | |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| 1. V. R. McCabe - Editor | 6. Doug Marsh - Graphic Consultant |
| 2. Debs Wise - Assistant Editor, Business Manager | 7. Charlie Smits - Layout Consultant |
| 3. Melanie Smith - Assistant Editor, Art | 8. Berty Kennedy - Layout Consultant |
| 4. Michael Stewart - Literary Consultant | 9. Roy Hess - Aide-de-Camp |
| 5. Charlie Aldrich - Art Consultant | 10. Tom Beckwith - Sargent at Arms |
| | 11. Grady Walker - Advisor |



Bicentennial

page

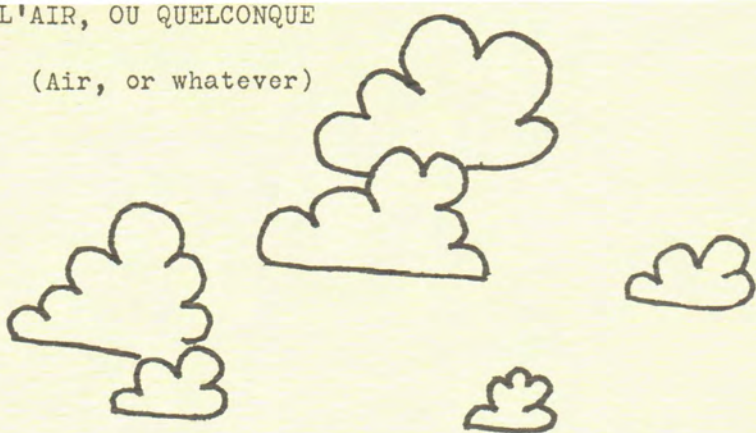


1 - Blue
2 - Red
3 - White

COLOR BY NUMBER!!!

L'AIR, OU QUELCONQUE

(Air, or whatever)



L'air est une grande chose; simplement, eternal.

Air is a large thing; simply, eternal.

But you can put it in a glass,



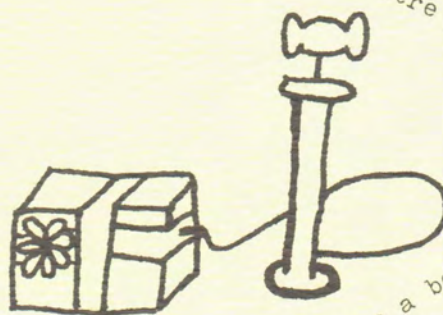
Mais on peut le mettre dans une verre,



ou peut-etre dans le soulier.

or perhaps in your shoe.

On peut le poser dans une boîte pour un cadeau.



You can put it in a box for a gift.



Si on est triste, on doit justement baiser l'air,

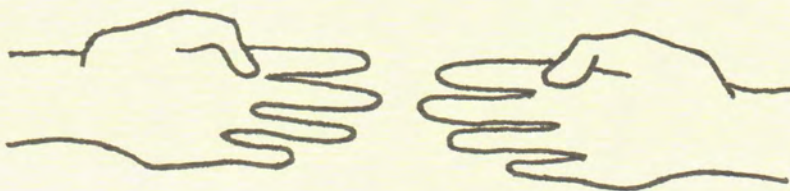
If you are sad, you just have to kiss the air,



ou cligner d'oeil

or wink

Oui, p'tite, si on t'offre de l'air, prends-en deux, ou trois, peut-etre.



Yes little one, if someone offers you some air, take two, or three, maybe.

die green



Charlie Aldrich

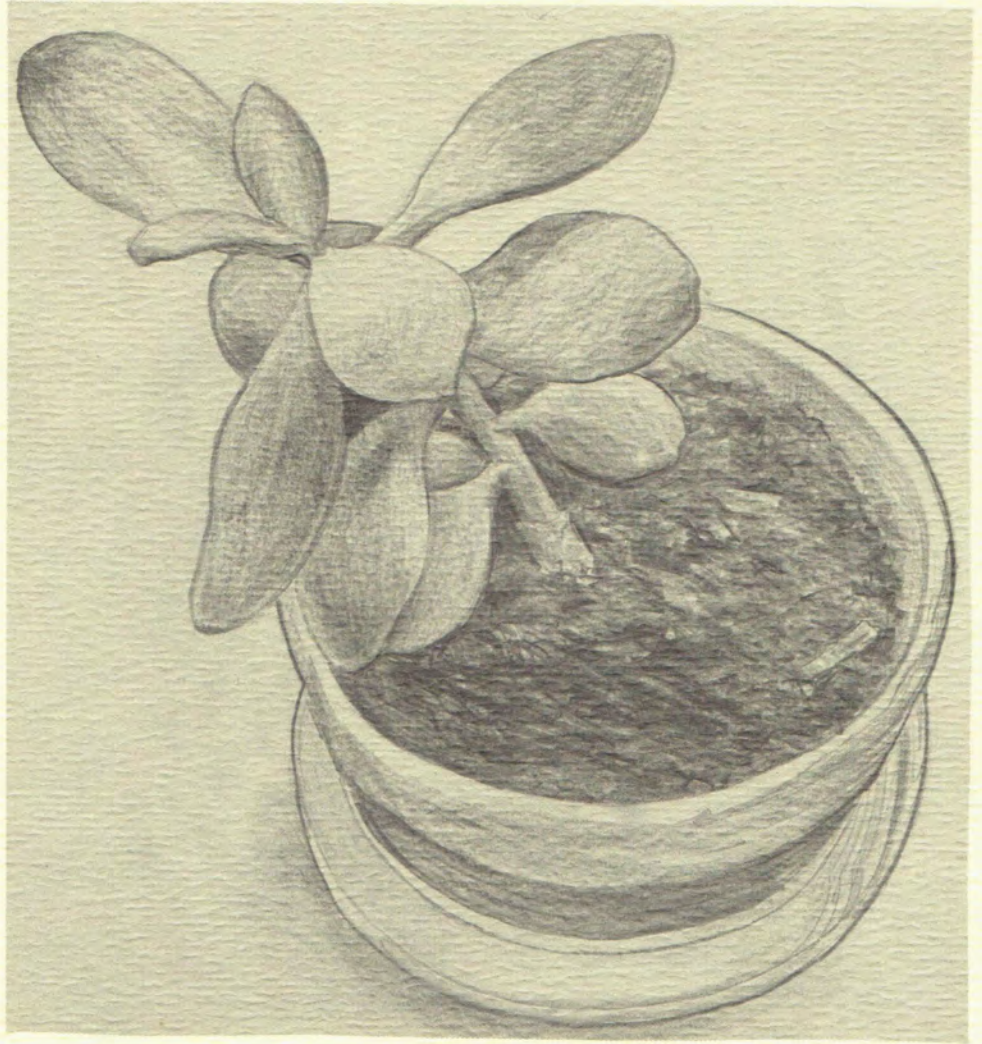
I want to die green like a cacti
leaving memories to startle intruders
grasping for my form
Then quickly in some blind-filled night,
blow suddenly into dust
whirling my way through space
to take a place
To live a new symbol of perpetual substance
dissolved and changed but still remains.
Nature does not destroy
it only reassembles
the miraculous combination
of molecules we are;
at that given moment.

-leif greneforst

I Won't

Send

roses



Knox Crowell

I won't send roses, or hold the door;
I won't remember which dress you wore.
My heart is too much in control,
The lack of romance in my soul,
Will turn you grey, kid,
So stay away, kid,

Forget my shoulder when you're in need,
Forgetting birthdays is guaranteed,
And if I loved you you would be the last to know;
I won't send roses, and roses suit you so.

My pace is frantic, my temper's cross,
With words romantic, I'm at a loss,
I'd be the first to agree
That I'm preoccupied with me
And it's inbred, kid,

In me you'll find things like guts and nerve,
But not the kind things that you deserve,
And so while there's a fighting chance
Just turn and go,
I won't send roses, and roses suit you so.

-Michael Thurber

I. a b c
 d d d
 e f g
 i b c.

non-objective

II klm
 nmp
 qur
 tuv.

Poetry

Robert Galloway



Outscape

David Hartman

f
r
a
c
t
i
o
n
s

2. All's well that ends

5.

Mirror, mirror on the wall,
 Who's the fairest of them all
 Who's the fairest of them all
 Mirror, mirror on the wall,
 Who's the fairest of them all

4.

The greater part of VALOR is (discretion).

6.

Life is just a bowl of cherries!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

3.

is golden.

Doug Marsh

Richard Heinsius



Cual los cantos de un grillo oculto,
llamará el alba poco oscurecido,
que en la altura divise unas manchas
de un pincel divinamente derramado.
Las casitas desiguales parecen
como negras siluetas dibujadas
delante de un cielo azul-anaranjado,
y las copas de las palmeras
florecen en grandeza y agonía
cuando al momento se desvanece
el disco blanquizco y ruin,
con alegre desengaño y un embarazo
en plena eternidad desgarradora:
aguda y rota se incorpora la veleta
a cumbre de una torre nombrada "La Giralda".

As the songs of a hidden cricket,
to disperse the dark will call the dawn,
that may glimpse a few spots in the heavens
divinely spattered of an artist's brush.
The small, unequal houses seem
as blackened silhouettes sketched
on the surface of an orange-blue sky,
and the very tops of the palm trees
blossom in grandeur and agony
when in a moment's time vanishes
the whitish, humble lunar disk,
with reckless disillusion and confusion
in an entirely rending eternity:
sharp and broken rises the weathervane
at the summit of a spire named "La Giralda".

*la madrugada sevillana
daybreak in Seville*

--Gregorio Manuel de Sánchez y Marín



—Martha Webster

Silver and Gold Have I None

Tumbleweed

Wistful, restless
tumbling and rolling
never a root
or a given path to follow
Brittle and broken
sterile, erratic
Without vine or flower
A pointless existence
of continuous denouement
A circle of dusty bones
Moving about, alone.

V. R. McCabe

I

There is an in-between world
 Where the soul touches no shore;
 Where desire has no fulfillment
 And where no birds sing:
 Vacuum, emptiness, netherness.
 Emotions dim and wither,
 And the spirit walks on deserted shores
 As waves of foam, promising life,
 Rush in and fade into dead sand,
 Never really changing it, but only
 Rearranging it and leaving it dead.

The Netherworld

II

In its aloneness the spirit soars
 But finds no other spirit to join it,
 So that even soaring simmers to sickening flutter.
 Where is love? Feeling? Life?
 The Netherworld: a space, a void,
 Where no one comes, where soul
 Flaps wings feebly and beats itself,
 Collapsing into deadness and suspension--echo of nothingness.
 I walk here but leave no footprints,
 Knowing that absence of breath will be
 The only difference when I am dead.

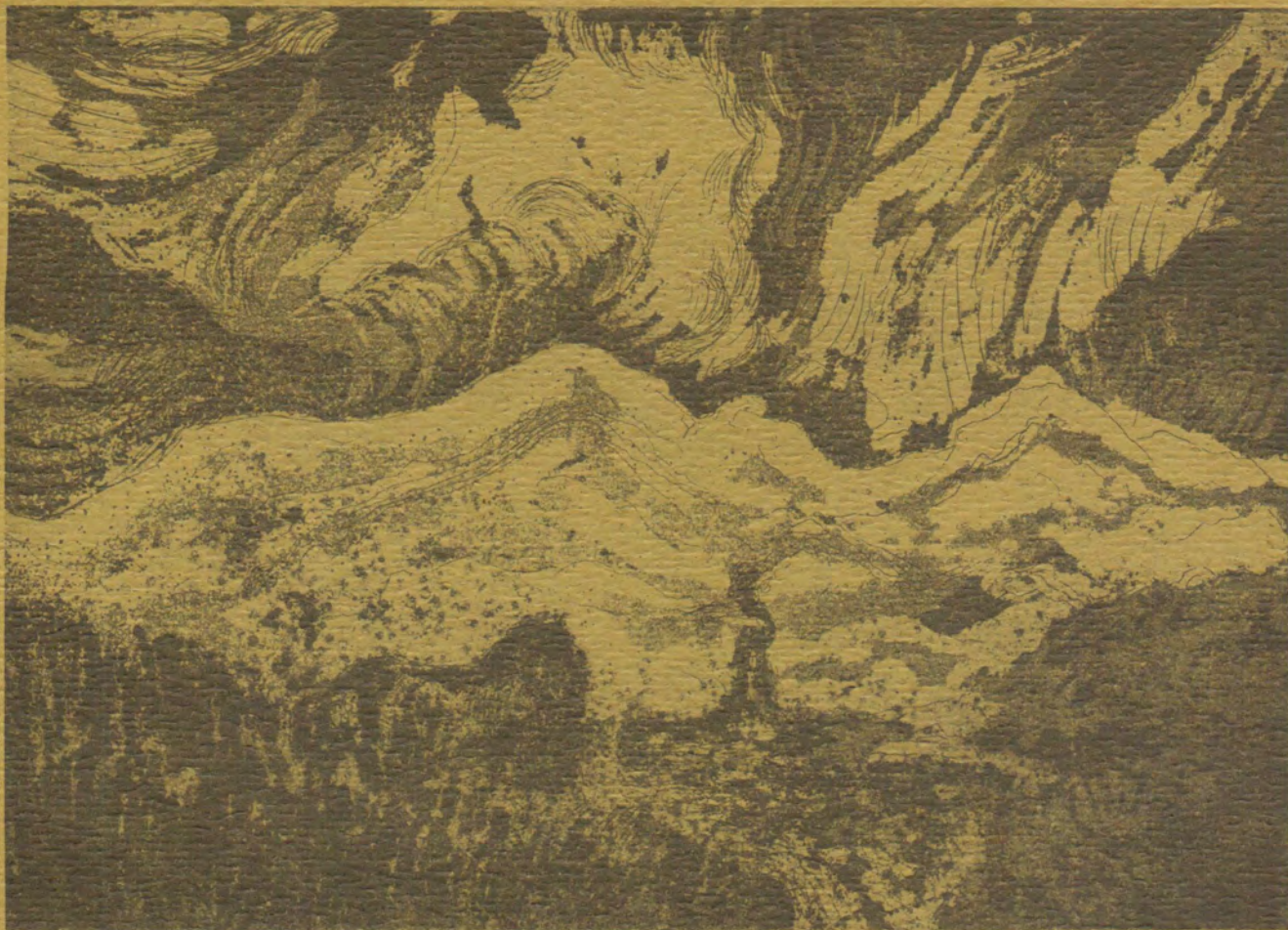
Melanie Smith



III

Hollow corridors in the mind,
 Liquid distortion, constriction, and contraction,
 Walls that elude when approached;
 Waving mazes leading nowhere,
 Grim trap of invisible boundaries
 I scream, but no sound falls,
 Not even to me, for the walls of my self
 Allow no communication or communion.
 The walls are enormous, and thick and
 Impenetrable; sadly, too, of my own building:
 Machine-man, drowning in nothingness.

-Grady Walker



Ursula Trieschman

LIGHTNING FLASH (It only takes one.)

Rain driven
I run bending,
Thunder-trembling
From the shelter
Of the tree.
Lightning-lashed
I fall careening,
Mud-caked leaning
Down the hillside
To the sea.

Michael Stewart



Melanie Smith

Daddy's Song

ENCOUNTER

He looked at me
through the broken pane of misted time;
and smiled.
His hand jutted out
of a vague familiarity
like a dead leaves crept in
on a windblown walk.
I clasped the hand.
But to recall was not enough;
allowing no more a stranger,
than a civil greeting,
and slight exchange.
I let go of his hand.
Forever.

Rick Barney

SEPARATION

Righteous

Forsaken friendship falling victim of righteousness
and pious platitudes,
A turned back, a retracted hand,
fearful resignation from my contamination.
Gnawing teeth grinding pain of embarrassment
and shameful wounds, a tear streaked face,
A cowering slump, a tear streaked face,
Remorseful contemplation of your hesitation
God bearing both acclaim and accusation
your emancipation, my incarceration.
But now, for the love of God, I can forgive.

Mark Ryckley

Epitaph

Gaunt scar!

I'm not afraid of your mute threat,

Let my former beauty usher in newfound bestiality,

I do not fret,

Nor will I in the morning.

You are forced to testify to a trial

And are only its landmark of healing.

As one turtle dove has been offered, the other has flown free.

Ugly skin!

Don't shout; I hear another voice

Judging you the tombstone of a death;

And the engraving is only the tidying up after the resurrection,

As white men sweep the street after the parade.

-Chip Wheeler



Cathy Clarke

BAYOU RIVER

The Spirit held life's liquid promise,
A face upon the waters
Humanity mirrored in soft eyes,
All from a single vessel.
From creation's womb, flowing,
Bending to the brother land
Caressing wind, air,
This eternal force grew free.
Its face would smile, yawn,
And grimace and growl
Before moist voice took form
Responding both to heaven and hell.
Knowing omnipotent force,
Old waters spawned The River;
A new child, never to release
Master umbilical cord in power.
Confined to course as chance would make,
Contour destiny of endless quest,
River led all nature's hopes
In holding life within one's shell.
Forgetting friendships formed in peace,
Devouring favors of man's progression
With savage skill in hydronic science,
Imaged lamb would roar and change to beast.
Wet compromise with promise, love remains.

-leif greneforst



Dawn Kurka



Penelope

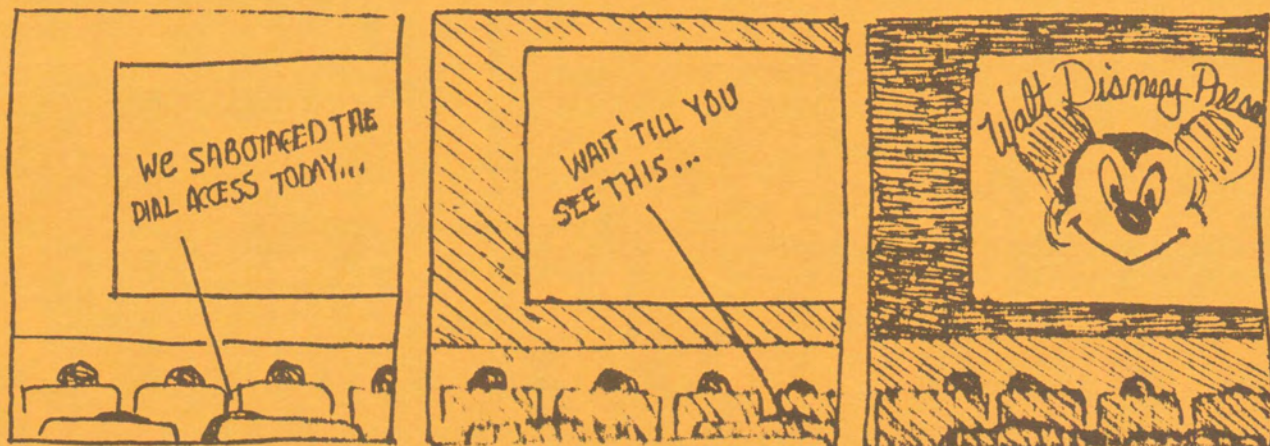
-Chuck Bartlett

Saw a scar through wrinkles
Borne by his traveling, her enduring.

Does that slight mark of flesh
Make time and space so mesh?

-Epperson

Cartoon



Knox Crowell

At Four O'Clock

We all got in a circle

And God dropped the handkerchief

Behind me. I'm still running.

Epperson

None Such Love

We welcome

Any third party

For we've none such love
as that

That longs to be alone

Our passion

Is so clumsy

That we always bring a friend.

V. R. McCabe

LONELY

The million little boxes
packed inside my head
all smush together
And melt into the fog.

I'm left-----again.
And through the damp
and blurry rubbleheap
an echo screams
"ALONE! "

-Rhonda Lund

IMPORTANT TRIVIA

Important trivia and minor details
Your favorite color and what you ate for lunch.

Wait! I'm talking, who's listening?
It ain't you
'Cause you're spewing some static that
You must think will be music to my ears-
Important trivia and minor details.

As far as I'm concerned
You're just another planet and
You might have the decency to
Keep your atmosphere to yourself.

And when you die, what are you going to say to God?
That you saw the Sound of Music eight times
And that your high school put the first man on the moon.
Important trivia, minor details.

You'd better keep talking
'Cause if you don't,
He might get a word in edgewise.

Listen to me God!

My turn God!

You got any divine trivia God?

Why don't you hush,
I can't hear what I'm saying.

So what if you did hit a home run in third grade.
I hate secret codes and minor details.

-Claudia Haney



BODY PRINT

-Charles Aldrich



-Mac Thigpen

Untouched Dreams

I lie in bed,
In my room,
In the dark,
I hear only,
The heavy breathing
Of one who shares
My sleep.
Together we dream
Perhaps of the other.
We long to greet,
to embrace,
But we dare not,
For fear
We would not dream
And after all,
Tomorrow we will not remember
Or so we will say.

Scott Aycock

saying with frosted breath,
like pious incense,
you'd do anything for me.
you reek of purity
and invade my memory uninvited.

-marty phillips

GOING HOME

The rain fell this morning
In the desert.
A most unique event in this
Land where I'm a stranger.
A rainbow appears nicely tied
To the ends of the valley.
Here even a pot of gold could
Be found for the adventurer.



Margie Golden

And yet in this fairyland of sand,
Mountains, and grass,
I am reminded of the place I
Knew as home.
For in a valley that is arid, only my
Heart is parched.
It longs for the friendships that
Had given it joy and love.

Looking back where the threatening
Clouds with silver linings had
Not reached, the sun still shines
Brightly with life.
Reflected from the scorched sand,
Two paths of concrete weave
Up the mountains, climbing to
The top and then no more.

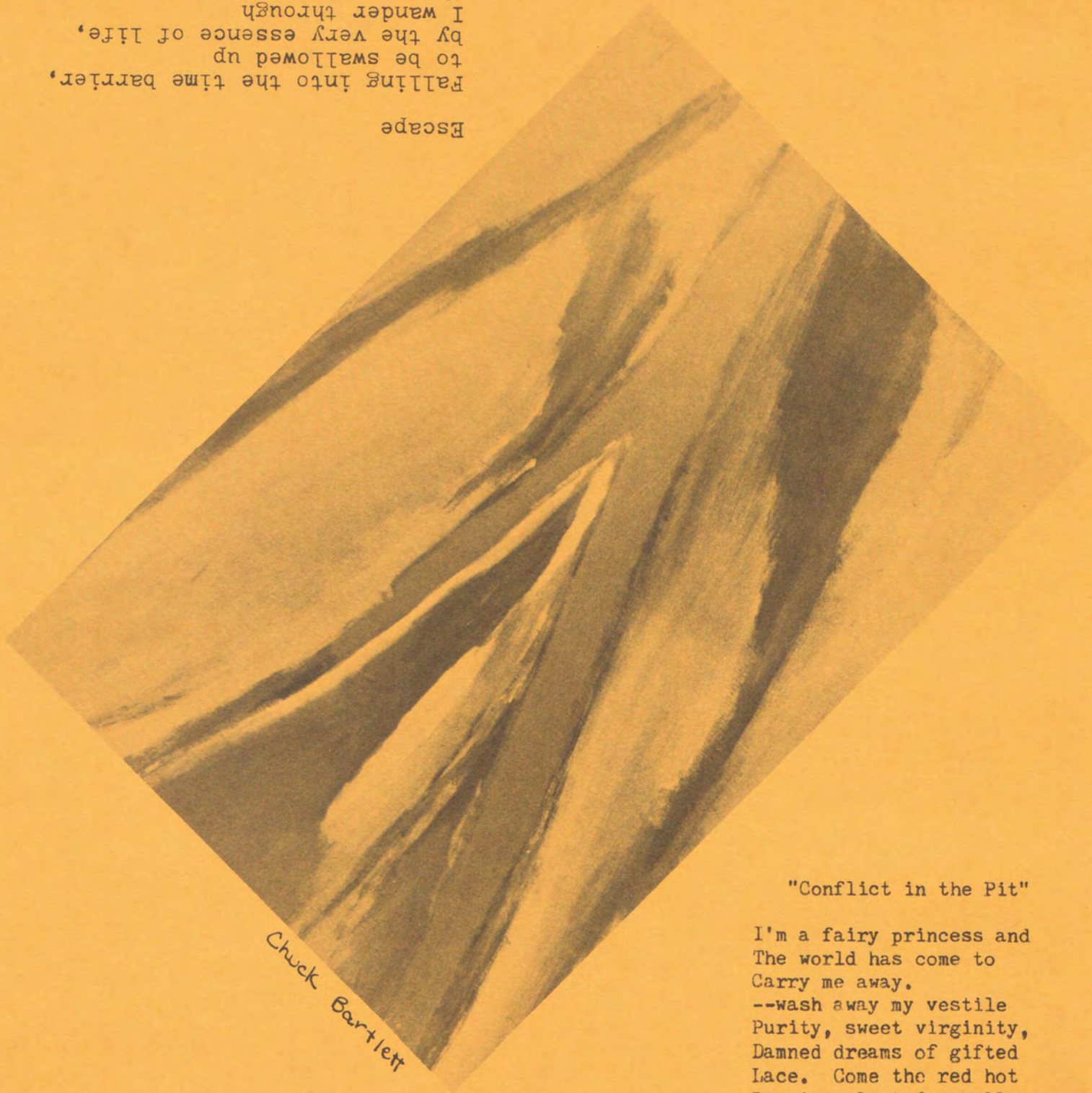
This path over the barren
Mountains is one which I must travel;
To travel to the place...
(No not a place)
I must return to people,
Friends, and memories.
This is what my heart longs for;
This is where my home lies.

-Paul R. Hamilton

-Mac Thiipen

Falling into the time barrier,
to be swallowed up
by the very essence of life,
I wander through
the entanglement of dreams.
But here the eternity that is spent
is merely seconds
in time.

Escape



Chuck Bartlett

"Conflict in the Pit"

I'm a fairy princess and
The world has come to
Carry me away.
--wash away my vestile
Purity, sweet virginity,
Damned dreams of gifted
lace. Come the red hot
Passion, lust for hollow
Sounds of endless voices
--who will win at the
Marketing of my soul.

Oh God, understand me!
Reach for me!

Endless, endless anxiety--

-N. Crooks

ENCOUNTER

He looked at me
through the broken pane of misted time;
and smiled.
His hand jutted out
of a vague familiarity
and a recollection crept in
like dead leaves grating in
on a windblown walk.
I clasped the hand.
But to recall was not enough;
past intimacy was a stranger,
allowing no civil more
than a slight greeting,
and slight exchange.
I let go of his hand.
Forever.

Rick Barney

Righteous

SEPARATION

Forsaken friendship falling victim of righteousness
and pious platitudes,
A turned back, a retracted hand,
fearful resignation from my contamination.
Gnawing teeth grinding pain of embarrassment
and shameful wounds,
A cowering slump, a tear streaked face,
remorseful contemplation of your hesitation.
God bearing both acclaim and accusation
your emancipation, my incarceration.
But now, for the love of God, I can forgive.

Mark Ryckley

The Etymology of

“ok”

Many etymologists maintain that the very common abbreviation, "O.K.", derives from the old Choctaw hoke or okeh or oke.¹ All mean "it is so", "everything in order" or "all right".² Even Funk and Wagnalls think it probably was a telegrapher's misreading of "O.R." or "ordered recorded".³ So it eventually meant "oll korrekt" or "all correct" as the lie wandered further from the truth.

However, the real truth follows. "O.K." is taken from the O.K. Club of the Democratic party of the late 1830's. The club was named for Martin Van Buren, president of the U.S., 1837-1841. Van Buren hailed from Kinderhook, Columbia County, New York, a small town near Albany, where he was born.⁴ So it follows that his constituents called him Old Kinderhook.

Thus the term came into common usage. Happily for its brevity, it will probably stay in common English usage for a long time to come. Even the Oklahomans think their state is "O.K."

Chip Wheeler

¹Dr. Ernest Klein, A COMPREHENSIVE ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE (Amsterdam, London, New York: Elsevier Publishing Co., 1967).

²C.T. Onions, THE SHORTER OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1959), II.

³Funk and Wagnalls, ed., NEW STANDARD DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE (New York: Funk and Wagnalls, 1962).

⁴Eric Partridge, ORIGINS: A SHORT ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY OF MODERN ENGLISH (New York: The Macmillan Co., 1963).



A PENNY FOR A PRAYER

Charlie Aldrich

Stop.....a moment.....on your way
the world will understand
Prayer came first
before the land.
Creation grew, not just 'was',
even an atheist will concede.
For each moment new to birth
We know life has just begun
and someone we call "God"
is whispering in our ear,
(though we do not often hear).
He knows our weak excuse to doubt
"Show me, then will I believe,"
and gentle Father, He is,
The One who sighs and tries again.

-leif greneforst

UNTITLED

Quiet walks,
Brisk runs,
The feel of your plausible, gritty surface
 beneath my feet.

The quiet of your calm,
The roar of the storm,
Gentle splashes against my naked sunburned legs,
Or frightening pulls of your unseen tides;
I yearn for them all.

The lights of your hot summer nights,
Or the deafening rumble of roller coasters,
Sickening smell of cotton candy,
Feel of sticky caramel apples—
They are not what draw me back to you.

These are the times that I have felt you closest.
Times to laugh alone with you,
To cry out my troubles to a sympathetic ear,
To sing my praises with one willing to join,
Or to simply stand in awe at your majesty.

The welcome lonesome times when the crowds
 have all gone home
Leaving you unnoticed to spill up your drifting wood,
Smooth cut glass
Or remnants of disasters long ago.

The sea,
Written about through all ages;
Worshipped, feared, abused,
Exploited, sought after,
Bearer of life,
Agent of death.
I feel your unending ebb
Draw me to your white-capped smiles.

Other bonds we share besides memories.
You, as a mirror, reflect the sun's light
 back into his face.
I, an earthen clay vessel,
Reflecting an ever more radiant light,
Back to a more radiant Son.

—Berty Kennedy



Knox Crowell

Simple Fare

Truth does not reside in castles
 built upon the ruin of war and slavery,
 She does not walk in daylight
 to be stopped and questioned by each casual passer-by.
 Finding is neither in
 Abstinence
 or
 Pleasure
 for self-sake;
 Nor even in love
 as it chases after her
 as hounds after the tiring harts.
 Forever she comes unbidden to feast at eventide...
 when the fare is simple,
 but forthright.
 Bread and wine may speak more eloquently than table
 laden with a kingly feast,
 And child sleeping peacefully amidst squalor may portray
 what no seer could grasp in mystic trance.
 Chased she flees,
 but in amity and peace
 she may sup with you,
 if you have the courage to see...
 Bread and wine
 your nature
 transfigured.

Bert Voorhees

As long ago and
As hard to recall
As it is,
I still resent my old man's
Reproach after he found
The rusted hammer I'd
Forgotten across the brook,
When winter's cover withdrew.
And just 3 days ago
My T-square wasn't in its place
So I tracked it down to my son's playroom
And beat the bandit with it.
Now the ~~memory~~'s growing like
Athlete's foot of the
Rusted Hammer Rebuke
And I wish I had learned sooner not to repeat
My Father's mistake.
For my son's afraid of me and I
Regret not having known 3 days ago
What I learned just now.

-Chip Wheeler

~~REGRET~~



Knox Crowell

Eine Exotisch

Ich seh einen Man, welcher nicht stehen konnte
Er erzählte mir von einem fernen Land
Aber von seine Glorie gibt es mir,
Eine Anziehung nur auf Intrige.

Die Märchen die er erzählte liesson mich doch kalt
Aber sie machten das Land und all seine Glorie
Befraglich als eine Traumwelt.

Das Land warscheinlich werde ich nie sehen
Aber wird es immer für mich erhalten
Eine starke Anziehung auf Intrige.



HARTMAN 75

Mr. and Mrs.

David Hartman



Sonnet: M I A

For the past twenty years we've gone
To a small little country run by Viet Cong.
We were there to kill and fight,
While you at home discussed the right.
We went for days without food to eat;
You never heard us gripe about the price of meat.
We carried our buddies on our backs;
They lost their legs in a mortar attack.
We tried but you kept our hands tied
With your political talk of peace.
We wrote letters and signed them, "Your Son,"
Yet you were too busy to send your love.
So don't blame them for your son's dying,
You started this; why are you crying?

-Randy Bradshaw

David Troutman

Numenor Rising

Ancient mystery born in the silent womb of the All Consuming
Face dimly seen by ancient poet
in rock and wave and sand

Illusive hero of epic and saga,
Prophesied in primitive rites, 'neath blood red moon,
whose features, both sad and joyful,
whispered its tales to the winds
which crying across fen and moor
spoke tragic and clear to servants of Night and Day.

"What say you to the day?", cried the priests, cloaked in Stygian black,
Silent...swept past the warning wind of spring...
the night soothed
would bloom as at noonday.

"What say you to the night?", cried the Priests, robed in Unblemished White,
Loud cursed the bleakest wind of the midnight Sun...
...freezing the marrow...
that would bring winter's rule in the late watches.

In twilight
upon the shores of ancient Atlantis
to priests keeping ritual with Nature and Anu-the Over-All,
To Tigris and Euphrates
wherein the seed of Atlantis slept...
By stars
mapped and charted in Druidic rites,
enacted under the protective wings of Mothers at Stonehenge,
Through sand-sifted moonlight over an arid desert
sang the wind...
Curse and blessing,
Life and Death

When will ben' Adam find One?
Through birth after birth
the stage is set,
and only Druids and prophets,
by stars and events, chart man's
course to destiny with the Infinite.

O, Child, torn by the wastes of time and ravaged by war
yours is the hope of wizard...
prophet, priest, and king,
to run the legendary trace of the evening Star
to enter that holiest of sacred groves spoken of by ancient oracles of Apollo,
to soar as the eagle in ecstatic lordship over the smoke fires of Pompeii,
to run as the rabbit in her heart-pound-escape from the hounds of Death,
to swim as one to whom sunken Numenor's halls are old friends,
to live as one not born,
to die unto death,
to lead us Home.

embryo

When time erased itself
from the movement of the universe
And all power was transformed,
our hearts became immovable...
transfixed one upon the other,
The likeness became reality...
unchangeable...
inscribed in the heavens,
by those who rejoice.

Tears...
cross crystal mountain caves...
safe hideaways of those
who blame the pain of life,
deceived...and now
and now
remains.

Dry eyes of those who know
days...too late for acquaintances,
are too early for commitments.
The sun will fade...leaves
burning flames
that flicker often,
but ever burn...
pure...
desired.

- elise morley



TRISH GRIFFIN

"HAIKU?"



Melanie Smith

no - more like

New born kitten whines;
Piano next door
Thumps out diligent scales
On a bland weeknight in summer
As Kobe wanes dark after dinner.

-Chip Wheeler

waka.

V. R. McCabe

As with spring,
When the sun's summer heat
disguises the earth's lingering chill,
And your hair, gleaming in daylight,
Is buffeted by the deceptive breeze,
So does your apparent warmth
Excite and, finally, repel
this hopeful human nature worshipping
when your inner ice
Invades me by the layer,
Penetrating through to the bone.

so with him a remembrance of fire

My heart is a fire inside
but carried in a chilly pocket of sense
and cooled with the caution of experience.

I have mended
the moments of too much intensity
when sudden fire blazed far within.

This subtle glow
whose stirring embers are tempests not allowed
remind me of the amber moon
who hides her face in clouds.

-Darlene York



Quietly Digressing

Turning quietly inside myself,
I observe this season of sparrows,
This time for flying to the highest branch alone,
Alone where none, not even you, can coax me from.

Tired of your games, of living a pawn's life,
I seek my own.
I go, I fly, I soar inward to the remotest branch of being,
Inward to the inner sanctum of my selfhood.

Welcome to a richer decay, a season of sparrows,
A season of singlehood, of solo air rides.
I do not reproach you, myself, or the season,
For this is just another season, a season of sparrows.

-Claudia Haney

Parting

These shortened days draw to an early close
And I am left alone to wish for more,
To now repent my days of dull repose
I gazed with folded hands to half-ignore
The quiet beauty of your gentle face.
For now, dear love, my hands reach out to hold
But time too swift the sweet designs erase.
If I had seen the story's dream unfold
And known the pleasures of my tender part
This day; I would not sigh as now I do.
'Tis sad to know the love that touched our hearts
Soon must seek fresh again where our love grew.
These foolish hands that touch you with a sigh
Will brush a tear, and turn to wave goodbye.

-Darlene York

SCULPTURE

We are Amity
I, face to North
You, open acceptance, South.
I bend towards East
You courtesy-curve West.

Here we stand
Within an intimate inch
For an eternity as two.
Division of blue sky
A breath between lips.

Each hour's reflection
Sharing the Sun, Moon
And flickering Star-candles
Our image of together, apart.

-leif greneforst



martha Webster

DEAD OR ~~IN~~ TULSA

It's so late
And I'm so tired
That I must be
dead
OR in ~~Tulsa~~
by now

EITHER WAY
I'm dealing in
Dust.

—mick

COMPAÑERO

Don Quijote, en tus ojos admiro la fe
que del poder de creación no agota ni rastro;
y los que te llaman "hombre sin alma",
que no te estorben éstos que mueren.
Pues, dime que en paz el rumbo que sigues
es un sueño real, real sea tu dominio
del mundo, de los cielos, alcanza lo más.
Si batallando prosigues, un molino a matar,
camino polvorientos no menos a reemplazar;
no descorazonas, porque andando voy
mismo soñador de íntima realidad.

COMPANION

Don Quijote, in your eyes I admire the faith
of no traces to be erased from creation's power;
and those that will dub you "man of no soul",
may never they hinder you, for soon they die.
Then tell me that the path you choose in peace
is a dream, as true as may be your domain
in the world, in the heavens, to obtain the goal.
If battling a windmill you desire to conquer,
or at least to retrace those dusty roads,
do not dishearten, for I am walking by your side
as you, a dreamer of a conversant truth.

--Gregorio Manuel de Sánchez y Marín

Charlie Aldrich



Penelope

Exoticism

I saw a man who could not stand
He told me of a distant land.
But of its glories it holds for me
An attraction only of intrigue.

The tales he told just left me cold
But the land and all its glory
Made me doubt his morning story.

The land I guess I'll never see
But it will always hold for me
A strong attraction of intrigue.

-John Mark Brewer

When Nature in her angry days
Seeks to discipline her ways
She storms with wind the guileless trees
And stains the ground with crimson leaves.

And I have wondered what sin severe
Could make such beauty a solemn bier
And at the height of splendor why
Such blood be conquered and left to die.

-Darlene York

punishment

rapture

Ecstasy - unleashed joy
the awakening of stunning reality

As life unfolds under our feet
like a white carpet...

For down the aisle of Time we go,
a maiden in white

Representatives of purity -
one and all, we live on.

Through everything, we dwell
knowing with all faith

That there is no vanity in
life with the Bridegroom

And we all see the altar...

Ecstasy, rapturous Joy!
hold out your hand.

Cathy Booth

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In the morning,
 Morning figures walk
 And think themselves essentially alone.
 They pass each other almost touching
 And counter movement gracefully
 With opposite motion.
 Like stone is smoothed by water's rush,
 Each face is smoothed by morning's light,
 Made free of line and angle. Each pair of eyes,
 A pair of beacons, trained to search the far horizon.

But at their feet,
 Shadow figures grow with morning's growing light;
 Long against the pavement, they follow at their heels,
 Their shapes and movements starkly intertwining
 To catch the upright figures overlap
 These shadow persons dancing,
 In frenzied, flattened forms who fear to touch or meet,
 And join those striding forms at their feet.
 In silent, tangled patterns

-Michael Stewart

In the

MORNING

AFTERNOON

Walking the Ravine

The ravine's bunched and tumbled boulders, washed with light in falling stream,
 Shine—presences rising from the mosses, darkly green and gold and grey,
 Granite light edged with lichen. Does light flow from them? From me?
 Or quiet to each, a Shine which holds us as a stream
 Shreds and flows the gleamings on the stones in hurtling strings of light?

The breaking sun which blinds me— a fading shimmer of your shook hair.
 The flung and tumbled stars— a flutter of your will.
 The caught light on my instep arch, shot from flint pebbles underneath—
 My Lord of steady eyes!
 the fire of your desiring.

-Epperson

gallery

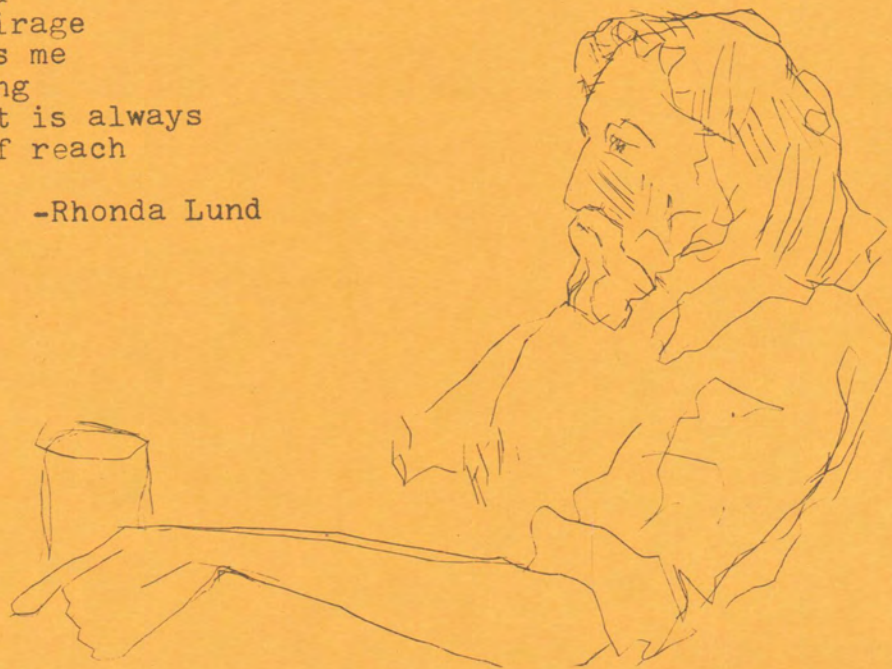
Visions
Clouds of being
That float by
 and never settle
Long enough to grasp

Shadows
All I could have been
If the pages had been
 written
With a different shade of ink

Gazing
At that other me
The one that faded
 out
Before the camera
 finally clicked

Hypnotized
By some mirage
That keeps me
 chasing
After what is always
 out of reach

-Rhonda Lund



Charlie Aldrich

man with glass

My Life

My life has been like the sea,
Tossing and turning with each wave,
Rising to meet every storm,
Restless in the darkness.

Often I've found the harbors of calm waters,
Where I can rest til the tide takes me again,
To be beaten against the shore,
To crash against the crude, rough rocks.

"And He rebuked the wind and the sea
And it was calm, and peace returned."
"What manner of man is this,
That even the wind and the sea obey Him?"

March 14, 1975
Charles P. Smits

"To You"

Whisper truth and I
Shall listen.
You're my friend, my
Life shall glisten.

-N. Crooks

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 And counter movement gracefully
 With opposite motion.
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 Each face of line and angle. Each pair of eyes,
 Made free of beacons, trained to search the far horizon.
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 But at their feet,
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 The flung and tumbled stars-- a flutter of your will.
 The caught light on my instep arch, shot from flint pebbles underneath--
 My Lord of steady eyes!
 the fire of your desiring.

-Epperson

South

C
a
r
o
l
i
n
a

Each word of your song
drips liquid pain
over my mind

Sitting by the stereo

Long, long time ago
and mother in the back room
and daddy in his grave.

Every so often
I stumble on these memories
Cached in an unmerciful brain
Then I shrivel some
Time cracks and

I'm sitting by the stereo
Long long time ago
And mama's in the bedroom
And daddy's in his grave.

The room is dark
time recedes
backward, ever backward

Your eyes are empty highways
I'm running along.
The odor of your cologne
says you're there
real
But you've fallen away
receding
I try to follow
to your dark pools
But you retreat
from me
toward him?

How could you stand the pain
and not scream and rail
and curse and damn?

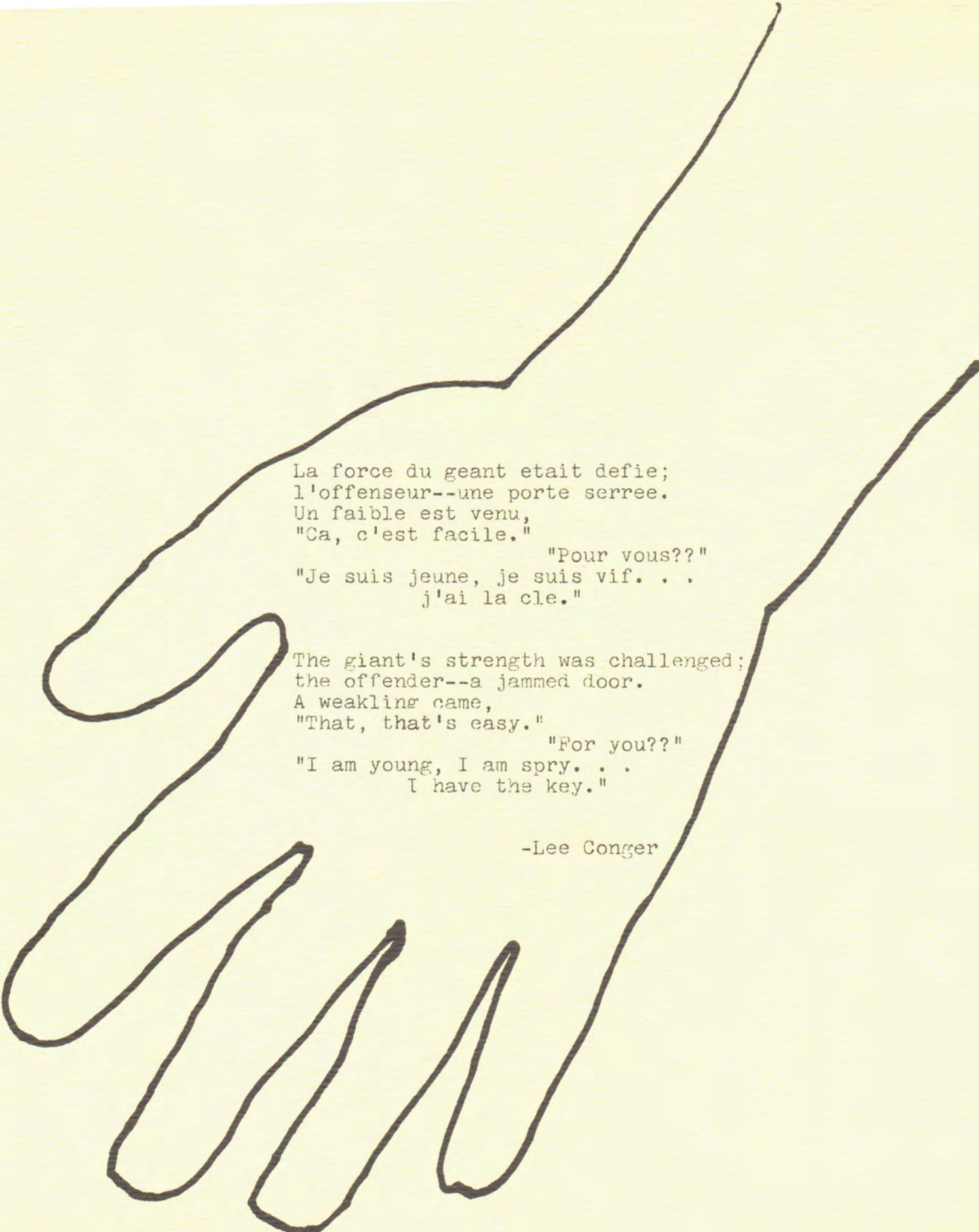
You were crushed
You lay down
You sickened
You died
and left me with your highways
down which to run

and run

and run
chasing your eyes
to erect castles out of chaos
on the shoulders
as I run by.

I've remade my life, Mom.
Would you were here to rebuild yours.

-Tom Beckwith



La force du geant etait defie;
l'offenseur--une porte serree.
Un faible est venu,
"Ca, c'est facile."

"Pour vous??"

"Je suis jeune, je suis vif. . .
j'ai la cle."

The giant's strength was challenged;
the offender--a jammed door.
A weakling came,
"That, that's easy."

"For you??"

"I am young, I am spry. . .
I have the key."

-Lee Conger

CREATE-A-POEM

See if you can invent new, tantalizing images for the following:

Example:

"Whose _____s are these

I _____ I _____

His _____ is in the _____ though,

He will not _____ me _____ing here

To _____ his _____ fill up with _____.

Could contain these words:

shoes, dance, know, fern, milkshake, wallpaper, dredging,

bake, gum, banjo

to create a new idea.

Now you try:

I _____ that I shall never _____

A _____ as _____ly as a _____

A _____ that _____s at _____ all _____

And _____s its leafy _____s to pray

_____s are made by _____s like me

But only _____ can _____ a _____.

HIS SONG

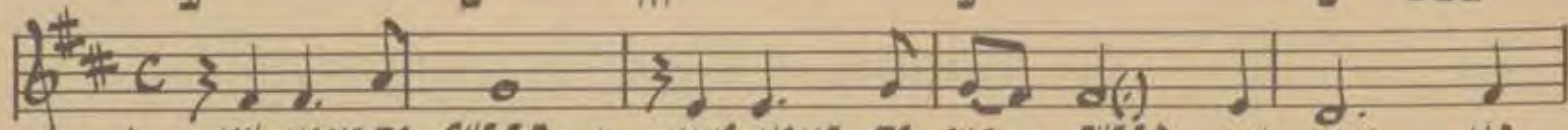
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G OSE

D

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A7

D



1. MY NAME IS SHEEP; YOUR NAME IS SHEPHERD YOU LEAD ME

2. MY NAME IS CLAY; YOUR NAME IS POTTER, MOLD ME

3. NOW I AM YOURS FOR YOU HAVE BOUGHT ME WITH YOUR

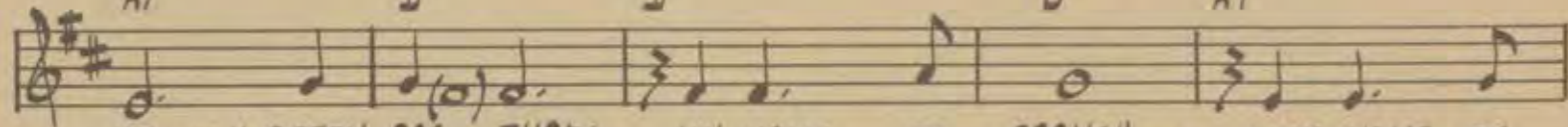
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A7



THROUGH GREEN PASTURES, MY NAME IS BRANCH; YOUR NAME IS

AS YOU WILL, I AM REDEEMED; YOU ARE RE-

OWN LIFE-BLOOD. I'LL LIVE FOR YOU WITH-HOLD-ING

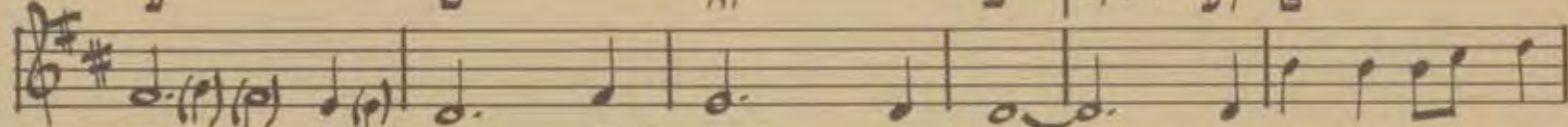
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1, 2. D7 G



VINE AND YOU GIVE LIFE TO ME, WHAT MORE CAN ANY MAN

DEEM - ER LET ME KNOW THE COST, NOTHING, FOR YOU GAVE ALL FOR ME.

A

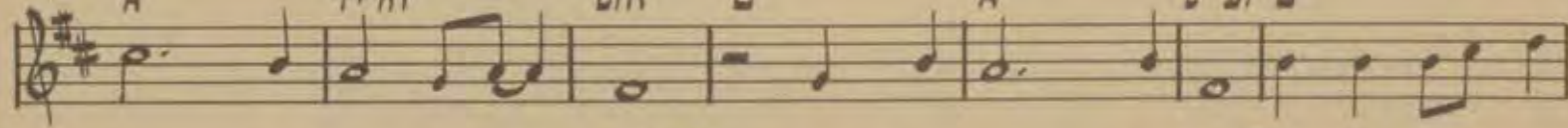
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A

D D7 G



DO THAN LAY DOWN HIS LIFE? WHAT MORE CAN HE GIVE? YOU HAVE GIVEN YOUR

A

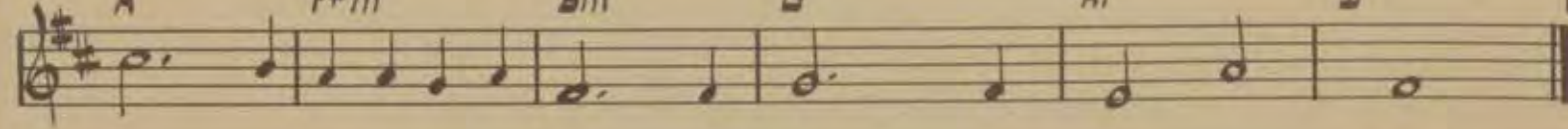
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LIFE BE-CAUSE OF LOVE FOR ME NOW I WILL FOLLOW YOU.

3.

D

G

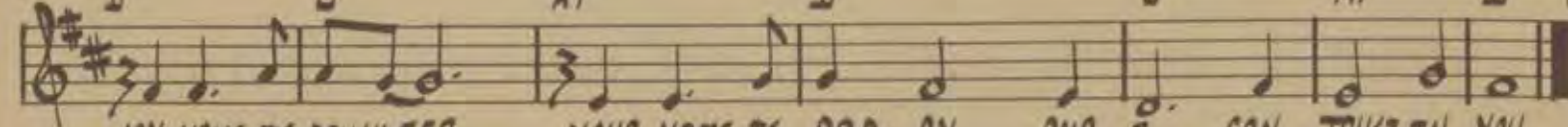
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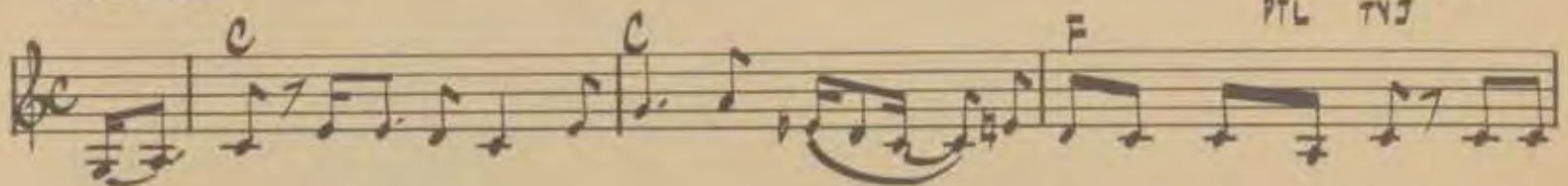


MY NAME IS DAUGHTER YOUR NAME IS DADDY AND I CAN TRUST IN YOU.

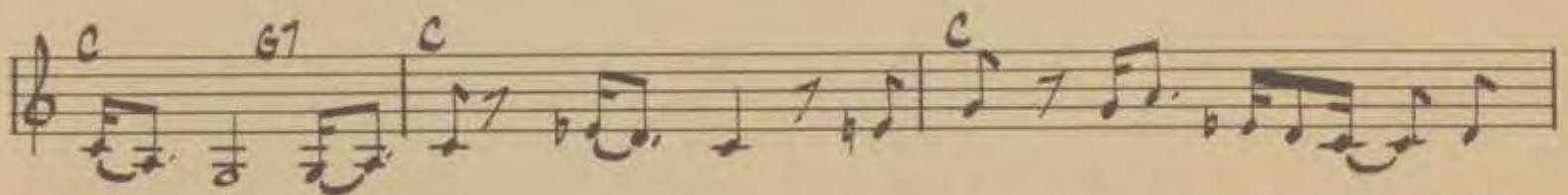
The Shepherd's Psalm

PSALM 23

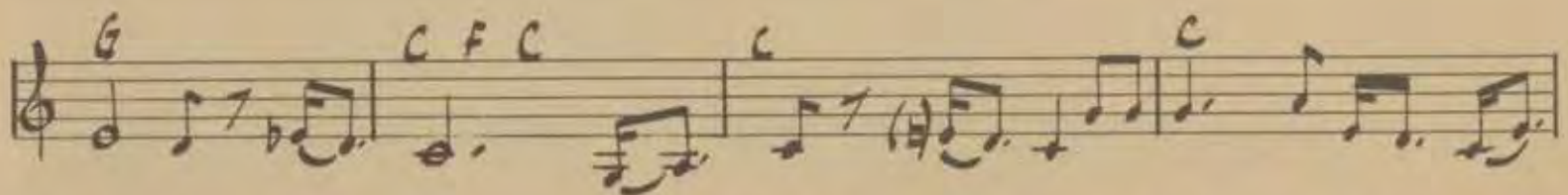
DEBRA MOREY
PTL TVJ



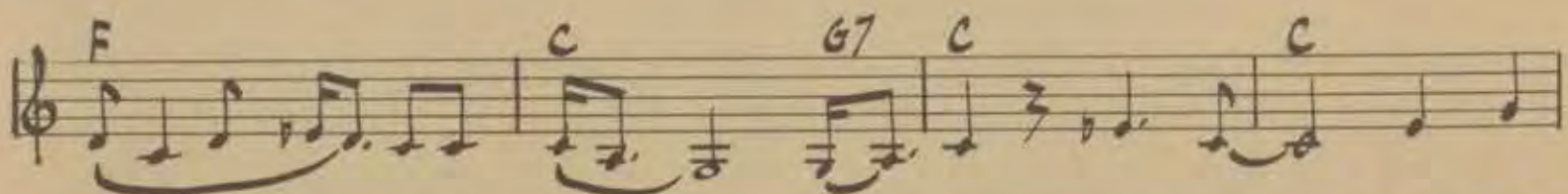
THE LORD IS MY SHE-PHERD I SHALL NOT WANT HE MAKES ME TO LIE DOWN IN GREEN



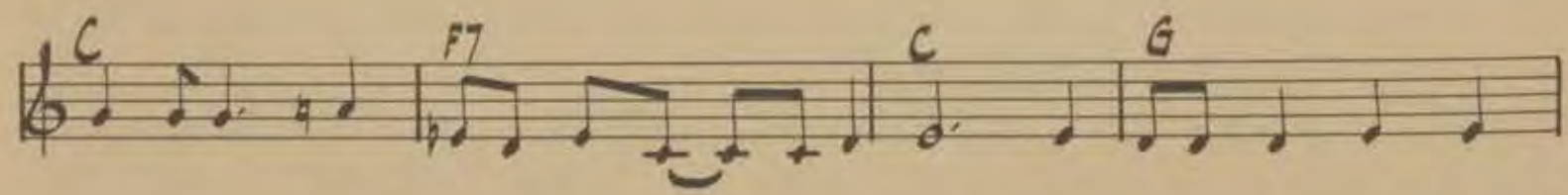
PAS-TURES HE LEAD-ETH ME BE-SIDE THE STILL WA-TERS HE RE-



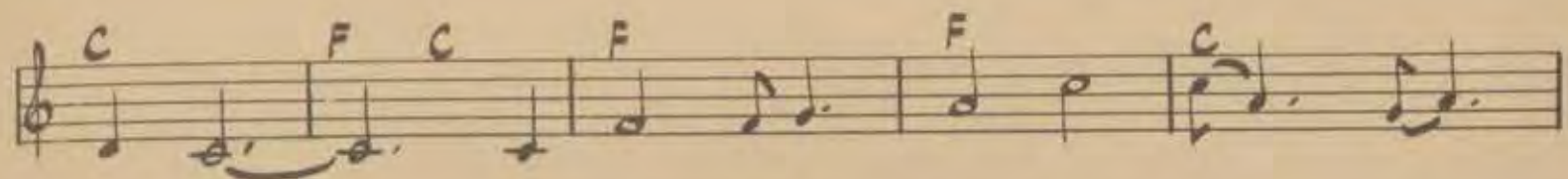
STOR-ETH MY SOUL HE LEAD-ETH ME IN THE PATHS OF RIGHT-EUS-NESS



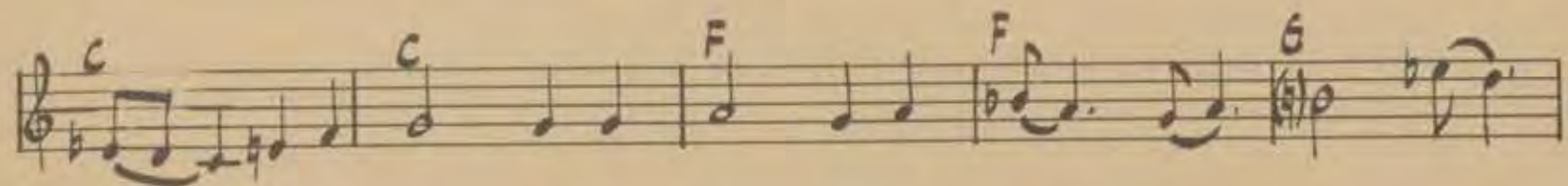
FOR HIS NAME'S SAKE YEA THOUGH I WALK THROUGH THE



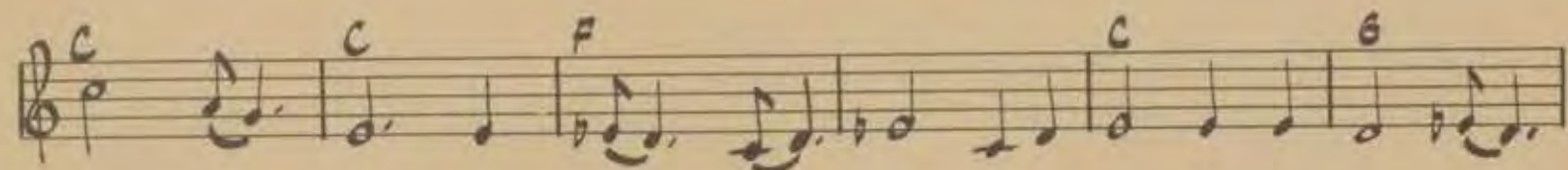
VAL-LEY OF THE SHA-DOW OF DEATH I WILL FEAR NO E-VIL FOR THOU ART



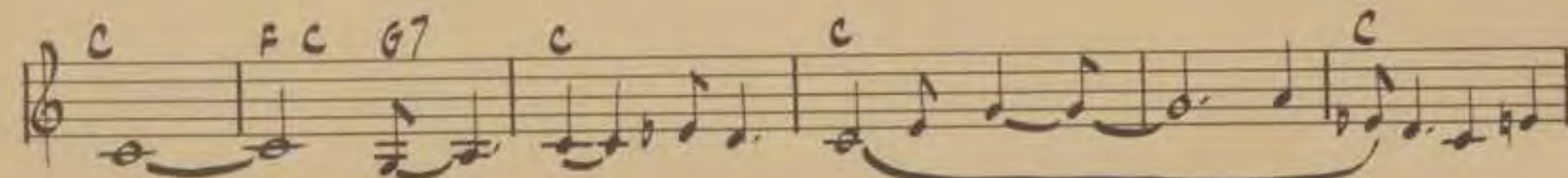
WITH ME THY ROD AND THY STAFF THEY COM-FORT



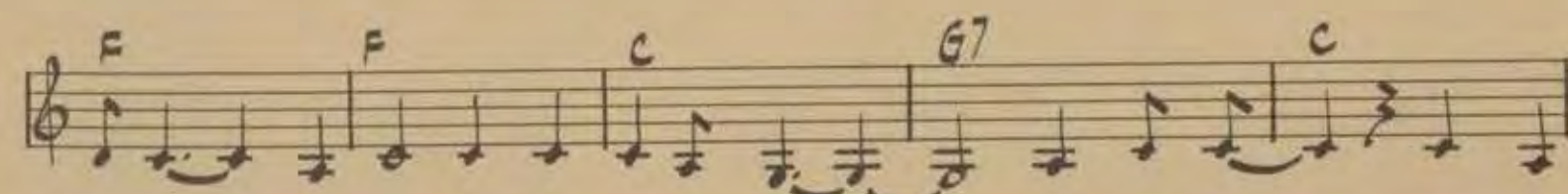
ME THOU PRE-PAR-EST A TA-BLE BE-FORE ME IN THE



PRE-SENCE OF MINE E-NE-MIES THOU A-NOINT-EST MY HEAD WITH



OIL MY CUP RUN-NETH O-VER SURE-LY



GOOD-NESS AND MER-CY SHALL FOL-LOW ME ALL THE DAYS OF MY



LIFE AND I WILL DWELL IN THE HOUSE OF THE LORD FOR E-VIL

FIGURES IN CHALK

Paul and Celia had not wanted to leave New York, but conditions had become unbearable. The phone calls had started again, along with the whispers in the hallway and Celia's dreams. Sunny had returned from school one day minus her books, with a bleeding nose and ragged knuckles. And yet they would probably still have been debating the move now if not for the "pranks". Whoever had written the numbers on the door of the now empty apartment next door had begun to scrawl nightly on their door. The chalk figures were not hard to wipe away. That was not the problem. What frightened Paul when he stepped into the hallway each morning for the newspaper was more than the numbers themselves. It was the change in the numbers from night to night. At first, the numerical climb had been sudden, as though the "prankster" had been too impatient to count in normal sequence. Celia had not really worried after the first few nights, had not wanted to consider the implications. However, as the winter passed, the "progression", as she and Paul termed it, had become stamped upon her memory: "1, 100, 200, 300, 310, 320, 330...470, 480, 490, 500, 501, 502, 503..." The night before last had been "504", but this morning the figure had jumped to "604". There was no question about it now. The move was inevitable.

On the last day of February, Paul went to Sunny's school and signed the withdrawal papers. The next day, Sunny entered the small village school near the summer cottage, their new home.

Paul returned to the city early the following month to give official notice of his resignation at the office and to clean out the apartment. As always, his fellow workers studiously ignored him. The landlady barely shrugged when he handed her the key and said good-bye. As he drove away from the suburbs he was relieved that he had not had to use the elaborate lie he had fabricated to explain his leaving the city.

As the weeks passed they became adjusted to country life. Paul found work at the village grocery and Celia took a nursing job at a retirement home a few miles away. Sunny's grades gradually improved and she suffered no more bloody noses.

By the time summer had fully arrived they had at last begun to feel safe. The cottage was well stocked with canned and dried foods and Celia began to buy a gallon jug of water each week on her shopping trip. She soon had quite a sizeable stockpile of provisions and the knowledge of it comforted her.

After their new home had been put into some semblance of order, Celia began to work again on her book, driving out to the state forest and writing, seated in the shade of the ancient pines along the roadway. It was good to be working on the manuscript again, even if it did involve the short drive out to the forest each morning. Celia knew better than to risk writing at the cottage. As it was, she sometimes wondered if anyone might find the sheaf of pages under the camping gear locked in the trunk of the car.

Sunny had been lonely for the first few days after the move from the city, but had quickly become friends with Marie, a beautiful young girl who lived in a small cabin-like house on the fringes of the state forest. Paul and Celia had never met her parents, but Marie spoke of them constantly. After listening carefully to a few days of the girls' chatter, Paul knew that Marie's parents could be trusted. Marie had revealed much about her life without being questioned, enough to prove that she and her parents enjoyed the isolation of the country, and for the same reason as Paul and Celia.

Everything went smoothly until late September. It was a Sunday morning and Paul was relaxing in the living room over a cup of hot tea. Celia had gone out for the mail, and while walking back up the gravel drive, noticed what appeared to be a smudge near the bottom of the front door. Paul rose from his chair when he heard the small moan from the porch. When he reached the door, he saw her on her knees, shaking and dabbing at the chalk figure with one of the advertisements from the mailbox. The number was "605". Paul lifted her gently and held her tightly for several moments.

That evening, Paul walked to Marie's house at the edge of the forest. Even though they had never met, Paul felt at ease with Marie's parents soon after he stepped through the door. They greeted him warmly and began to converse with him about Sunny as though she were their own daughter. After two or three false starts, Paul told them why he had come. They were silent for a few moments, then Dennis, Marie's father, walked slowly across the room, stopped and embraced Paul in a crushing, reassuring grip. Helena, Dennis' wife, invited Paul and Celia to the house for dinner the next evening. Paul accepted gratefully, warmed by the knowledge that at last he and Celia had friends to confide in and a place to go for help if the need arose.

Celia looked out all that night from the upstairs bedroom window as Paul slept quietly on the other side of the bed. No one walked up the drive and there were no numbers on the door when the morning came.

The next afternoon, after Celia returned from work, she went with Paul to meet Marie's parents. Somehow, as they sat in the brightly lit kitchen, the knowledge of the forest outside the window made the house seem safe, secure. Dennis spoke of the increased incidence of "pranks" in the nearby towns. Paul told him about the problems of life in the city and of the early "pranks" which necessitated the move to the country. Dennis listened gravely and offered his help, if ever it was needed, no matter what the circumstances. He told Celia of a stockpile of food in a tiny, ancient cabin deep in the forest, drawing a small map on a piece of newspaper. The cabin was near the great pine that Celia often used for shade while writing. She decided to move her own cache of emergency supplies from the storage room in the cottage to the cabin in the forest. It would be safer there. When they returned home, later that evening, they found Sunny standing on the porch, pointing at the number "607" scrawled across the front door.

The next few weeks were difficult, but no worse. Even if someone watched the door day and night, the "progression" continued. Whenever they turned from the window, if only for an instant, they knew that they had given the "prankster" a chance to run from the shadows and scrawl a number on the door. Even the mornings when they found no number offered no respite. A lapse of two days in numbering meant that the next number to appear would be two higher. Someone was keeping count and there seemed to be no escape from the game.

Early in November, the manager of the market where Paul worked told him about the new state employment code. Paul knew he could not comply with the code and later that month resigned. Celia was faced with the same choice at the retirement home. She too resigned. Paul and Celia began to live on the small savings they had put by, sitting quietly in the kitchen while Sunny was at school, desperately trying to plan a way to make their future work, a way to survive.

On the first Sunday of November, conscious of increasing danger, Celia decided that she must destroy her book. When she opened the trunk of the car to get it, it was gone. The book was dangerous and someone had it! It was the story of herself, of Paul and of Sunny. It went beyond the telling of activities which were looked upon with disapproval; it told of activities and plans, hopes and dreams which were forbidden.

Paul ran quickly to the car when he heard Celia call, but did not stop to check the trunk. He went immediately to Dennis' house, the house at the edge of the forest. Taking the stairs three at a time, he knocked at the heavy oak door. It was locked. He knocked more loudly, but no one came. When he got home, Celia was still standing in the drive. They walked slowly into the house past the number on the door. They did not bother to wipe it away. It was the number "656".

For the next three days Paul drove to the house by the forest. He soon lost count of the number of times he tried the door. At last, when he could no longer bear the waiting, he jimmied the lock. Inside, there was no sign of Dennis, Helena or Marie. Wherever they had gone, whatever had happened to them, Paul realized that they could no longer help.

While driving home, he began to plan. Sunny would not return to school. Two days later his preparations were complete. Late in the evening they began to drive, quietly and slowly, to the forest. Celia and Sunny sat huddled next to him in the front seat. In the back, Paul had piled some of their books and a few bed-pillows.

They drove silently past Marie's house, which stood, tiny and black, against the lesser darkness of the forest. The cabin was where Dennis had said it would be. It was rough going with the flashlight, but at last they made it to the door and stumbled inside. Later, Paul returned to the road, drove the car a little distance and sent it crashing to the bottom of a deep ravine. It would not be found for some time. For the next six days they waited, hoping for the sound of Dennis' car, knowing that unless he came, unless he could help them, they were trapped.

Twelve days after their disappearance, Dennis, Helena and Marie returned home. In the evening, Dennis watched from his front porch as the fire truck returned slowly from the forest. Later, the ambulance drove by. It needed no siren or lights and was as silent as its cargo. Marie came quickly when he called. Helena was just a little slower. She had stopped at the kitchen window to watch the remainder of the smoke twist slowly away from the small spot at the center of the forest and to read the last sentence of Celia's book.

Michael Stewart



I am forever the fourth wise man.
Arriving empty-handed,
embarrassed
And a bit too late
to offer just myself.

Aldrich

York