



Promethia

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OF ORAL ROBERTS UNIVERSITY

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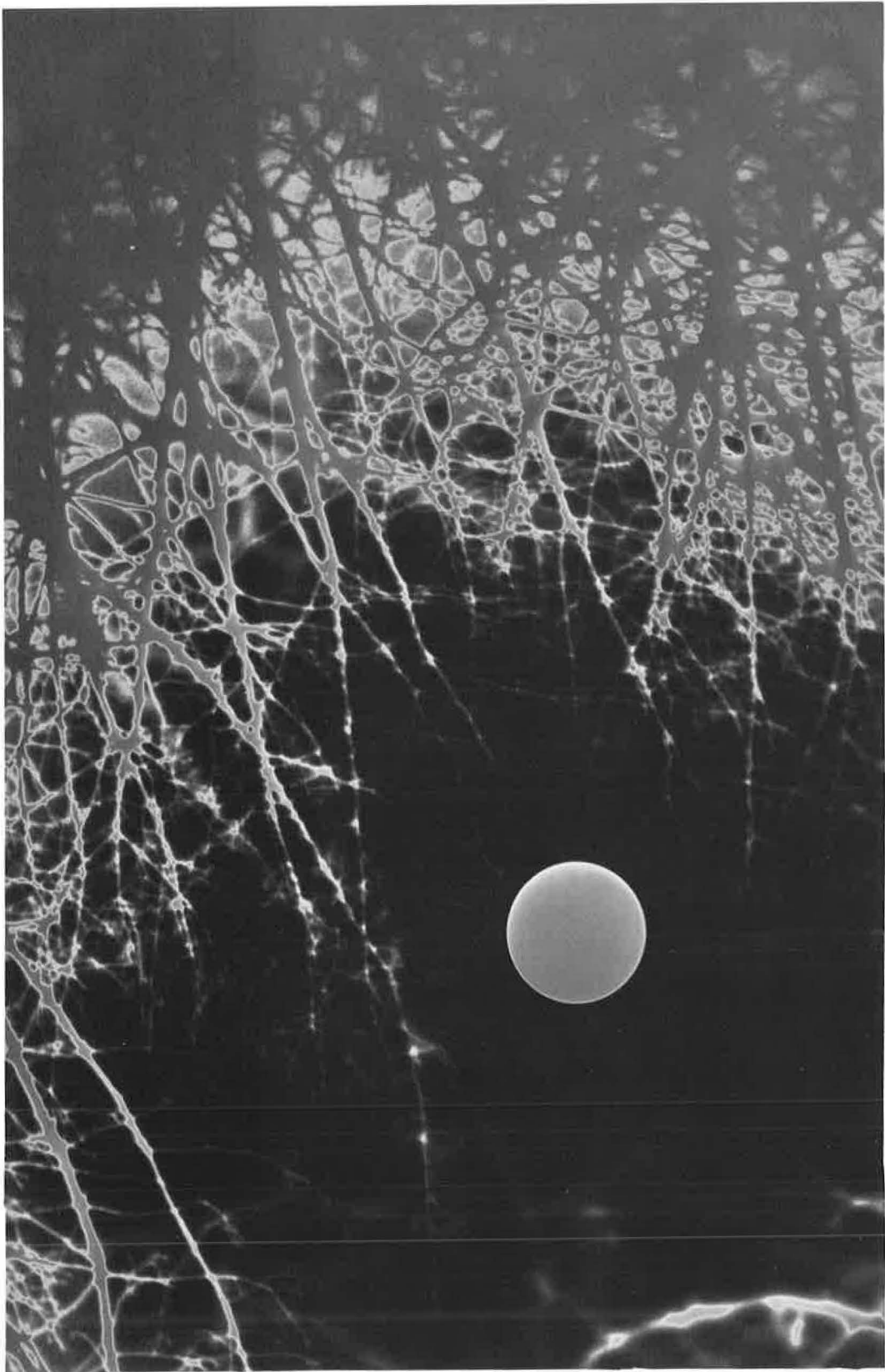
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It Takes No Effort

by DOUGLAS MARSH

Kirk stared at the neatly typewritten page before him. After several days of agonising over exact wording, it was complete. He slowly folded it down the middle and started to take it to his desk. The phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Kirk?"

"Yes."

"Thought it was you. Just thought I'd call and remind you of the party . . ."

"The party." Kirk spoke the two words simultaneously with the pert, tinny voice at the other end of the line. He'd forgotten the party. Absently he slid the neatly folded papers into his jacket pocket.

". . . all going to be there, and I just know they'll want to meet you."

"Yes, but . . ."

"Well, gotta run. Good bye!"

Why, Kirk wanted to know, was he always being dragged off to somebody or another's party? True, there weren't many real writers left. It always looked good to have at least one eccentric on the guest list. And as much as Kirk felt that parties were intolerable, at least there were people there. He would go.

"Hi, what's your name? I'm Christine."

"Uh, I'm Kirk."

"Hello, Kirk."

"Hello."

"I'm told you really like to write poetry."

"Yes, I do."

"I do sometimes when I'm bored. Or at parties, you know. One time, oh about a month ago we all got going and made up some great ones. Do you have any with you now?"

"Uh, have what," Kirk replied distractedly.

"Poems. You know."

"Oh, no." Kirk pulled a sheaf of paper from his pocket. "I mean yes." Where had

that come from?" I have one I just finished tonight . . ."

"Great. Could I see it?"

"Well, I don't know . . ."

"Oh come on. It's just fine. Where is it?"

"Uh, here."

Christine took the neatly typed pages from Kirk's hand. With that somewhat expectant look of concentration she quickly scanned the paper. Then she looked up, nearly spoke, and looked down again. Her brows furrowed. Her lips pursed, then they parted.

"You got this out of a kit?"

"Uh, no. It's not from a kit."

"Not from a kit? But what, how, what do you mean?"

"I mean I wrote it myself. Unaided."

"You wrote it your . . . but people, I mean ordinary people, well, like you and me just can't sit down and put down words and expect to get a poem or anything that's any good. Really Kirk, don't be so naive." Christine tossed her head and smiled distantly.

"What's wrong with it?"

"There's, there's nothing really wrong with it. It's just that, that, it's, well, it's not like the poems you get from a kit," she finished lamely.

"I see."

"Now don't get offended or anything. I

I Just Finished

by ROB WEINGARTNER

I just finished writing a poem about
a wonderful forest I once was in.
A poem about babbling brooks, a whistling wind,
scurrying animals and earthy aromas.
I tore it up.

The poem wasn't really bad, not good,
it was average, not outstanding.
It's hard to get it all down right—
at least for me.

Words are tools, but at times it seems
they only get in the way.
Forests have so much to offer tired souls.

Maybe in a few years I'll try again.

mean, if you don't want to write poems, I mean good, I mean typical, regular poems, then I guess you just have to expect people to, uh, not exactly, uh, I mean if you want to you can." Christine's smile was far more distant.

"I see."

"Look! There's Art. Haven't seen him in ages! I must run!" Christine looked at Kirk, smiled warmly and vacantly, and exclaimed, "I was really glad to meet you . . ."

The taxi ride home was quite uneventful. The vehicle's interior was drab and somewhat chilly. Kirk looked out the window, but water drops on the outside of the cab turned the scenery into a confused jumble of blended light interspersed with dark patches. He wanted to open the window, but to do so he'd have to ask the driver. Kirk didn't want to talk to anyone. He rode all the way back in silence, watching the strange patterns of light play

against the side panel of the opposite door.

"When did we stop writing poetry?" Kirk's words echoed hollowly down the empty street outside his rooms. "When did we stop painting, stop writing music, when, when?"

Something came to his mind. It was absurd, unrelated—and relentless. It stayed with him all the way up the stairs.

"Paint by numbers." It was out. There was no reply, just the sound of an empty room late at night.

"Push button electric melody organs. Fill in the blank poetry! Treasures of Greece in plastic! Instant stained glass! It takes no effort! It takes no thought! It takes! It takes . . ."

The sound of the room was emptier than ever. The emptiness was more than the sound of a room. It was the sound of an end.

Or the end of a sound.



Promethia Interview:

DR. CARL HAMILTON

By JEANNE McATEER

Long before Dr. Carl H. Hamilton became one of the most important administrators of Oral Roberts University, he was educated to be a professor of seventeenth century English. Although he no longer teaches, it seemed especially appropriate that Promethia elicit his views concerning the relationship between Christianity and the arts, and, more specifically, that role as it exists at ORU.

"A poem is like a rosebud," he said, "and one of the most exciting things about teaching is watching it unfold in the classroom. As I teach and deal with the ground from which the bud sprang, the students begin to discover its life. And gradually, the rosebud can be made to bloom within each student. If we can smell a little of the fragrance as the class comes to an end, I feel happy and content to be a teacher.

"When I came to ORU," Dr. Hamilton continued, "I came with a two-fold calling; first, to be an English teacher and, more importantly, to have a meaningful relationship with the university as an institution, furthering its overall goals." He agreed to take an administrative position because it was a means of fulfilling the

second part of that calling. When asked if he regretted exchanging a teaching position for that of an administrator, he replied, "Regret it? No. Miss it? Yes. I feel that I am where God wants me to be and that I am fulfilling my particular vocation. But I do miss the roses, as it were."

Although he does not describe himself as a poetry writer and says that he has not done any creative writing recently, Dr. Hamilton is in favor of a strong writing program at ORU. "Creative writing is an important component in a liberal arts university. There is a core of people in the university who do a little creative writing, but a formal program acts as a fishhook to grab hold of others, to challenge them to develop their talents.

Promethia, as the campus literary magazine, can also help to meet this goal."

In Dr. Hamilton's opinion, Promethia has potential that has not yet been realized. "Each individual is limited to his own impressions and perceptions. These subjective perceptions may not be absolutely true, but it is my impression that Promethia has not yet lived up to the highest standards of quality and level of impact possible. Promethia seems to have been composed piecemeal of whatever bits of writing happened to have been available, which usually results in a fragmented appearance. In the past, much of the writing has been either sophomoric or so remotely esoteric that only a very small group of people can



enjoy it. This is regrettable, since the magazine should be put out with a more general readership in mind." Dr. Hamilton thinks more attention needs to be given to Promethia's audience and to the overall mission and purpose of the university. With better planning and organization of the magazine, Dr. Hamilton believes the creativity of Christian artists and writers on campus could be encouraged and coordinated to produce work of a higher quality.

Is there an art that can be labeled as "Christian"? Dr. Hamilton believed that the answer is yes. "There is, of course, a religious art in terms of subject matter," he said. "If someone paints a madonna or Christ on the cross, then one would have to call it religious art. But there is, I believe, a higher sense of the term that is not so immediately apparent. Any expression of a Christian artist, regardless of subject matter, is Christian art." He thinks there are no specific guidelines for an artist to follow to produce Christian art, other than that he be a Christian. "The Christianity of the artist will ultimately communicate itself in terms of the work of the individual.

"Christians in the arts have to be aware that what they do is a reflection of their new humanity in Christ, and that it is necessary to glorify Christ," continued Dr. Hamilton. "In striving to make a point, it is not necessary that every word or act be Sunday School-ish. There are, however,



standards of judgment and good taste that apply to all Christians, although standards need to be individually realized. A work such as Albee's 'Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf', for example, may contain particular elements that I cannot condone, such as nudity or obscenity. In that

play, certain language was used and certain acts portrayed that I could not go along with. But a work must be taken as a whole, and judged as to whether it has redeeming social value and a benefit to be derived."

Christians have produced excellent works of art, but

not in the volume that is desired in terms of public response to the arts, he observed. "There are growing opportunities for Christians to become involved in the arts, and this can be seen here at ORU. Increased attendance at and participation in various musical, artistic, and dramatic programs on

campus indicates a heightened interest in these arts and yields better performances. We now have many students and faculty participating off-campus, also. They are involved in such things as the Tulsa Opera, the Tulsa Philharmonic, and Theatre Tulsa. ORU has also hosted meetings of artists and

scholars from other schools, such as the Conference of Christianity and Literature, which was held here last fall."

On a national level, however, Dr. Hamilton does not think that Christians have participated in the arts to the fullest degree. "Older, more established denominations, such as Roman Catholics, tend to be more involved in the cultural world outside their own particular church and fellowship," said Dr. Hamilton. "Other denominations, however, such as the Pentecostal tradition that I come from, are not as concerned with such things, although there are notable exceptions. But I believe that all Christians, regardless of background, should strive to heighten their awareness of the cultural world about them. This relates back to President Roberts' idea of 'going into every man's world'. I would like to see ORU, and in particular Promethia, develop more in this direction."



She Did Leave Me Months Ago

By CAMERON RANDLE

Quiet aggression
dies deep down and slow.
Never says a word.
Frustration capsizes down a
frenzied cascade;
freezes
to break in the night like
a stoned cold soul.

Am

.by Dennis Johnson

Who am
I and me are mine

Struggler
Taker
Hardscrabble clamberer want-filled

all for all for one

King-of-the-hill to be thrust
downward, teeth in the sod,
by careless grubby hands
with laughter. They boldly scramble
up to stand laughing, only to be overpowered and dragged
back by other laughing pretenders, then play the game again.

With Laughter.

I
Grabbed, scuttled, thrown
down
blindly
rolling
blackwhite
blackwhite
blackwhite
black white
black.

Lost

Unlucky, lonely, lone loaded die
Shaking out six and six and
"Seven come nothin"
Odds-on favorite but unfavored odd
but, sorry buddy—No dice.

A glorious die

Wait . . .
There is laughter.
It only takes breath.
This hill can be taken.
This hill with the green grass and the blue sky and the bright, bright, honeyed sun.

all for one for all

A Night in the Mountains-Three Men

By Rick Barney

He would have to get out or find a way up on the rocky ridge or get in a tree big enough and stay up there or all night but my God I've got to get somewhere where I'm safe but there's nowhere out here in the middle of this who-knows-where wilderness that is safe. Where in the world did it come from all there was a body-shaking roar and then a reeling blow to his backpack when he ducked to the left and from then on it was all get out of here run scramble tear out. The map, the map could show how to get to a road or some shelter that was supposed to be out here or how get out of this rugged area but the map—it was in the pack that had come tearing off in a crash after the blow had—God, what was that sound behind could it still be after do they track slow and stealthily too like was something dark over no just imagination, the sun's just gone down and you'll be out here all night but where were they? still if only there had been other times other times to know how to survive—helluva situation ripped jeans from brush and bruises and still in danger

They wait at the crown, no kings but kingdom,
Interlocked in the tug and pull of battle royale.

I join, grip, sway

break away

drop

free

rolling

bluegreen

bluegreen

bluegreen

blue.

And, laughing, look up to laughter. For I
play and they
play and we

laughing

Am.

he was going to have to figure it out and
get somewhere safe get away.

* * *

Dark for so long and he still hadn't found out where they had—what was that over behind the ridge, nothing, nothing, you're still just jumpy but who knows may have followed and. . . circles. Could have been going in circles all this time. Still in the area and no telling where. The ridge. He'd gone down a ways to get away but can't quite remember from there. Just the panic. Blinding rolling fear to prevent even stopping after seeing the blow coming so suddenly and raging fear inside threatening to rupture his lungs—that sound. What was that sound, could have been a deer no didn't look like sound like that could come from over there from a but felt like the sound of some sight of one that may have been breaking underbrush. What time could it be? Another sound by God he was so nervous as to jump at the sound of his own foot, whichever was behind coming up worth the other. But quit it. Got to keep it calm, go about it right, no fires to attract attention, no food to smell up the area—but so big and black and absolutely terrifying in a cross of hairy wrath. His stomach. His stomach was going around and around and he couldn't tell if it was left going right or right headed left or under going over or so tired. So absolutely devastated in mind. His brain felt like a fugitive dazed from darting to and from so many different alleys and corners of dead-ends and endless corridors. Got to rest. Maybe sit down but on guard had to be on guard just in case but just get this pack off and let his corduroys sink into the dirt next to this short tree and rest just a bit before looking some more.

* * *

Gray met his eyes and Ned realized
he must have fallen asleep for so in-

credibly long in a half-sitting position. All this time perched up on this rock and it could have still been in the area. He blinked at himself half inspectively to check for gashes or claw marks from the powerful swat of a bear. Nothing. But that bear. The largest I've ever seen, and it appeared out of nowhere at dusk to our right just feet away with outstretched arms in a rage. Such a sight of its tremendous power had gripped him from a hollow inside and moved him unspeakably. Then we were all running, losing each other. It must have been the dusk that kept us from seeing it from a farther distance. It had seemed mad enough to chase them all at once and forever. It didn't matter anymore. This terrain was so rough. Been hiking in New Mexico before but never this

far south before. He stretched his painful muscles and stood up, shifting sore shoulders under the pack. Got to get going before the sun comes up and see if I can find them. He suddenly caught sight of Sheldon picking his way slowly across the bottom of the ridge to his right, maybe a quarter mile off, sluggishly heaving his pack up at times and stopping occasionally. He was headed towards Hanes who was sitting with ripped jeans on a rock, emptying a boot. And no backpack. Have to find it later. Ned felt a quiet peace settle in to see them there, small at a distance, but visible. The sky was brightening to his right as the sun moved slowly into place above the mountains. He lifted both arms to hail them and let them know they had found each other.

Two Poems

By Shelly Lamoreaux

-I-

silvery trembling aspen tree
in the spotlight of fleeting sunshine
an instant glimmering, alive
cast back in gloomy shade
a thin ragged tree, fearing winter

passing swiftly as the sun's illumination
is that moment of our life
all leads toward it, then away
will you be destroyed in that second
or will your words lift our souls
take us dancing through the windy sky
the moment when the spotlight hits
is the day before you die

a wild, impassioned love affair with life
cannot withhold the secrets learned from suffering
the joys the earth has always known
each day a piece fit snugly
into the greater puzzle
each tear a drop to quench the thirst
of some wanderer tomorrow

-II-

I don't know why I don't know
I wish things were pink and white
like girls live their lives in the fairy stories
no one ever told me that the stories were lies
but where they started me
I've fallen into their world and I'm as wrong as it.



Strabismic Fugue in 3-D:

A Treatise on the Beatrician Experience

By ROB GRUNSKA

Invocation:

I am the ironic principle of the severed persona,
be warned lest the sonorous siren of the deceitful and wicked Muse
prove a figuratively fatal ruse.
Pay no mind, Narcissus takes himself too seriously:
Poesy will not bear up under the weight of glory—
Glory sits only on the cherubim.
You have been warned.

Hymn to Anath:

Synopsis: O fertile, warrior love,
you have graciously butchered my oppressor
once again, and captivated my

lust is poured out upon the altar of the Presence seated on the cherubim
smiling sphinxes bathed in the mother's milk of my spilt seed
my burnt offering coolly evaporates inflaming the nostrils of Baal
Baal: he intoxicated with the bloodshed
from the loving axes of his amiable consort Anath
Anath: she bloodied by her annual mutilation of the morbid Mot
Mot: he Death's mistress
Pity, this impotent offering is unacceptable.
The cherubim squirm on their haunches
as their holy grins become gaping growls:
the riddle remains unsolved — the answer is not "man"!

The New Life:

my teacher is Dante
he witnessed the numinous of the threes and nines
the incarnation of Hymen
his eyes inspired crossed and dimpled glowed the Double Vision

my teacher is Julian
the sensual and the substance continually split and sweetly coalesce
flesh and spirit commingle in unclothed communion
From the lectern: The Beatrician Vision is no subtle delusion,
but the inevitable incarnation of Other in other.

my teacher is Mary
mother of god (blessed theotokos)
mother of man (blessed anthrotokos)
mother of god-in-man (blessed christotokos)
Gabriel suffered from the Double Vision:

Be blessed among women
O Woman incarnate in woman
pregnant with the Word incarnate in word!
The revelation comes at a stroke as the gnostic is cut off from the inheritance.

Cross your eyes O Son of Man!
Behold the Double Vision:
Beatrice blessed among women Beatrice blessed above Mary
(blessed logotokos) The Word become flesh: the glory in the flesh
the glory
flesh

the cross-eyed cherubim rehearse the glory
and bless the members incorporate:

bless neck and knee
 finger and thumb
 bless shoulder and elbow
 forehead and calf
 bless breast and buttock
 thigh and forearm

the Prophecy:

the unrequited Vision remains not forever
upon the head of the unbeloved
the Double Vision is soon purloined by Another
the tongue of fire will lick the head of the Beloved
aphorism: dying in one — revitalizing in another
note: the Beatrice possessed is the Virgin despoiled and undeified
note: in recoil the lover finds tentative peace in moderation
note: but the fire only lights above the crown of the Wholly Adored
i love — my beloved is mine, and I am hers
i love — I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine
i love — I am my beloved's

OM:

right eye: Blessed by Braham: Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva.
 left eye: Blessed by Maya: Sattwa, Rajas and Tamas.
 The Yoga of Love stands in the street crying: Come, follow me!
 The Double Vision transfuses the Atman (the Spirit of the Son of Man)
 with Maya (the many-mouthed hydra of materiality: the world of experience).
 The Prakiti of the many need not blur the Brahman of the One.
 Krishna suffered from the Double Vision:
 Behold the illusive Trinity of Mutability, the Triune Gunas:
 Sattwa — I know, Rajas — I act, Tamas — I do not know.
 Behold the abstract Trinity of Being:
 Brahma — I create, Vishnu — I preserve, Shiva — I destroy.
 Behold the Six-in-One!

See the Essence of Being in the Beloved.
 i love i love i love
 the Trinity Female: Eve, Mary and Beatrice
 the Image, the Imaged and the Imagined.

the Holy Eucharist:

Blessed be God: Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

I came before the Presence empty-handed
 there was no fiery holocaust my lust had been burned. Where is the
 sacrifice?

my lust had been burned, burned, burned the Double Vision failed me
 my adoration of worship was consumed in the flames

kyrie eleison

my ecstasy is ash

christe eleison

my passion is silt

kyrie eleison

my lust is dust

Where is the glory in the flesh?

You are gods.

Thanks be to God.

Where is Mary?

Partake of the Divine Nature!

Glory be to thee, O Lord

Where is Beatrice?

Where is the Double Vision?

I have given them the glory that you have

given me.

Praise be to thee, O Christ.

I cross my eyes in unison with the cherubim.

The Presence divides binarily, immaculate mitosis,
 no sooner split than overlapping, no sooner overlapping than split
 no space in time between the two perceptions.

The Double Vision reveals the God-in-Man.

The Word in the word.

The Glory in the glory.

Beatrice in beatrice, Mary in mary.

The anointing has been poured out upon Another:

Blessed is She who cometh in the name of the LORD!

i love i love i love

incarnationally

incarnational

incarnation

incarnate

in carnal

carnal

flesh

Aphorism: The Sacrifice is the Object of the Double Vision

Agnus Dei. Agnus Dei. Agnus Dei.

Holy. Holy. Holy.

O cherubim, cross your eyes before the Second Person!

He is apprehended only by the Double Vision!

benediction: as it was in the beginning

is now and ever shall be

world without



Promethia Interview:

KEITH BERGER

by RICK BARNEY

Mime artist Keith Berger sat lithely in the wooden chair with a presence of taut muscle tone broken only by his disheveled black hair. He looked at the ceiling from his deep-set eyes and smiled a pensive grin.

"Actually, I think that we are all children inside, we just try to go around acting like we're not. What I try to do is to bring out the fun-loving child in my audience. I have to act childish to try to help others forget their stiffness," said Keith. His zest for impromptu acts after chapel and "hanging" himself in the cafeteria demonstrated an enthusiasm to meet people and entertain them with a serious intent.

"I like to rock people's boats," said Keith, "and



make them think about themselves and about life in general." He sees his art as a means to shake people out of apathy to be sensitive to new experiences.

Keith has been touring the country during the two-year period since he last performed at ORU. He has recently been performing his acts with the Paul Winter Consort, and has visited a number of college campuses on tour. Keith has appeared in advertisements for Chevrolet, as well as appearing in a movie released by Columbia called "Angels." He also performed at President's Carter's inauguration ceremony. Keith feels these appearances have boosted his reputation and also is enthusiastic about new ideas he is creating for mime acts.

"I am writing a mime-ballet to include a number of performers," he commented. He has shown parts of it to friends and said their enthusiasm "has been encouraging." He hopes to continue and have the performance together within another year.

Keith's mastery of his art involves a scientific as well as intuitive approach. His study with the Japanese Noh Theater showed him the intricate, meticulous codification of body positions used to learn mime to perfection. "The system is so complicated, I could not begin to explain it," said Keith with a wave of the hand. He has developed his own body positions for innovations and expansion for new pieces. "I have pages and

pages of stick-man drawings filling a notebook of body, arm, and hand positions that I use." He has given names to these positions such as "Sleep Position Front," "Airplane Claw," and "Cowboy Basic." He uses abbreviations for these positions such as GORB for the dramatic "Gorilla Basic," and SLP POS BK for "Sleep Position Back."

Keith's art of mime becomes so much a part of his life that he finds it hard not to respond and think about everyday situations, such as picking up a pencil, in terms of mime

movements. One of Keith's favorite mime acts is his mechanical man, in which he "snaps" into positions with abrupt, crisp motions. This part of his art creeps into his day-to-day activities. "Sometimes I find myself 'snapping' into a position which is a part of my act," said Keith. On occasions it can be alarming. "At times I wake myself up at night because I 'snap' into positions in my sleep," Keith ruefully observed. "That can get frightening at times."

In reviewing his art and changes occurring in it, Keith observes a central



characteristic of attempting to portray what he calls "internal landscapes." "I don't think my mime reflects the world outside so much as it creates one of its own. I want to show what is inside people, their fears, and make the audience think about the internal." Most of his pieces present the external, silent drama weighted with an abstract meaning—"The Cirque Bizarre," which reflects what Berger calls "the self-destructive forces that at times plague us from within"; "Headpiece," which is a study of traveling through the mind; and "Nightmare," which deals with the attempt to escape time, using separate rhythms of the sound track of a clock and Keith's hypnotic movements on stage.

"My style is changing in that I'm not using as many 'heavy' topics," commented Keith. "I'm leaving the abstract more to relate the mime to the outside."



Nevertheless, his pieces persist in bringing people to face with the internal. Keith believes that the focus of his art is ultimately spiritual. "I try to make people happy, and in doing that the benefit is spiritual. Making people look at themselves and others can result in a more fulfilling life."

Keith strives to reach out in his pieces with an examination that is more than the visual, tran-

scending the masterful combination of being the actor, dancer, and magician all at once. "Most important is that I communicate values which are not able to be expressed verbally," he emphasized. "It's like experiencing God—you can't really describe it verbally in its completeness. I have experienced God in my own way many times, and it relates directly to my mime."

Keith Berger is as much a part of the mime which is a classic form in the East as he is the intensely serious forms in France. He is a part of the artistic bulwark to resist mime remaining mere pantomime in the western world. Keith hopes that respect and the level of the art can be raised in the West where the form seems to be regarded as second-rate. His method is to concern himself with the inner response of man to mime and the desire to bring out the child in his audiences; it is a method of reaching into the internal landscape to bring out the brightness of laughter.



The Wheel

by SHANN COBB

In the beginning was the wheel, and the wheel was made by man, and the wheel was used of man.

The same was in the beginning with man.

All good things were made with it: the cart, the locomotive, the automobile; and without it was not anything made that was of any use

In it was speed; and that speed was the goal of man

And the speed overtook the walker; and the walker comprehended it not.

There was a man sent as a prophet of the wheel, whose name was Ford.

The same came as a promoter, to bear witness of speed, that all men through it might move faster.

He was not the inventor of the wheel, but was sent to improve on it's basic idea.

This was the true speed, that giveth thrills to every man that cometh into the world, and its name was the car.

The car was in the world, and the world was being slaughtered on the highways by it, and the world paid it homage.

It came to those that did not know how to use it, and they received it overmuch.

But as many as received it, to those who believed in speed, to them gave it the power to become hamburger in a pile-up.

Which are corpses, not of a natural death, but of carnage and asphyxiation.

And the wheel was made a car, and was worshipped among us, and we beheld its legacy; a legacy as of a plaything of maniacs, full of death and pollution.

The Bottle

by K. LAZARUS MOORE

Traveling incognito,
Jesus drank wine
In the back seat
At dusk.

Headlights reflected
Off the snow and
Almost
Showed guilt
In His eyes,
But He wouldn't let them.

Hands cold—
Cold where He held
The bottle
Between His legs, too.

Careful not to spill it, though,
Uncertain whether or not
It might stain
His clothes.

The street light
At 21st and something,
(near that Oil Capital Motel),
Reflected off the snow red,
Then green,
Revealing a dark,
Half empty bottle
In the corner
Of the back seat.

Straight faced,
My Maria tried to tell me
That she saw Him refill the whole thing
Later that night
With tears
That He cried for all personkind.

But I guess He forgot
That in caring and crying for all of them,
The only thing that He could
Leave with me was a
Cold,
Dark bottle
Of
Salty wine.

Two sonnets

by RICK BARNEY

Goodbye to you good sea that kissed the sands;
 As sun burst bright in morning light on you
 In crystal yearning, the beckoning lands
 Of watery strands flowed softly in anew.
 I loved the spinning, slow descent of shells
 That settled shoreward bare without retreat,
 And gulls in flight called of shifting swells
 Still listing slowly at the noon day's heat.
 But nature's course has turned the wheel with lack
 Of care for me; your graying waves slide slow
 To sea chilled in the dusk, and rolling back
 A tide once sweet with salty brine aflow.
 I'll turn my face expectant with the sight
 Of seeing gentle waters in the light.

Wandering in Eden

by DR. WILLIAM EPPERSON

Wandering in Eden, you find a place bereft
 Of comfort; dark, shaded by cinnamon, lime,
 Cardamom and vanilla orchid; you have left
 The love of flesh, fled for Lilith, the mime,
 Who has deserted you, entering the shadow thrown
 From the falcons circling in the deepening sky.
 Come back. The cold has not yet touched your crown
 Of hair, nor slack defined the way you lie
 Upon your grassy, shadowed bank. Your bend
 Of neck arches luminous in ivory thrust,
 Each jointed finger-flesh articulates to lend
 Syllables of self you may yet trust.
 In excellence of eye and length of daring limb
 You shadow Eden, its cedars deserted, silent and dim.

The Citadel

by VALERIE DOUGHERTY REDDIX

The ambulance shrieked down the endless rivering streets. He knew where they were taking him but it really didn't matter now. Beneath him he felt the humming vibrations of the engine. Strange. He had never felt them in his own car before.

His hands sweat cold on the plaster--white sheets and he drifted in and out of time.

Last week he climbed the tallest tree in town and ripped his new T-shirt. Joy waited at the top of the tree like a ripened plum ready to be picked. He smiled inside. Yesterday, perhaps the day before, he graduated from. . . where was it? It didn't matter.

He heard a crash in his mind and felt himself flying through glass and now he felt pain.

They were taking him to that place.

When they first talked about it, he laughed. When they built it, he just smirked. Nothing is worth such an uproar. Old thoughts re-echoed in his mind. It's absurd, they'll never make a go of it. A hospital?

A Tower of Babel. He heard himself laugh inside. Build it high, plaster it with a good mixture of tumult and confusion. Babel. Babel.

His hands sweat.

Then all the whirrings and shriekings stopped and he heard voices. The doors behind him unlatched and they slid him out.

He opened his eyes. There. The monolith hands arched in front of him in silent vigil. They looked different than he had remembered, almost awesome, he thought, and then laughed at himself apologetically. Pain churned inside him.

Hands. Hands. Light. Voices. Murmuring. He was aware yet not aware. His thoughts were hushed and he faded off into unconscious sleep.

It was many hours later when he awoke. He was tense though the pain was now subdued. There were voices nearby but they were not dry antiseptic voices, somehow they sounded almost musical to him. Fool, he thought, it's a hospital isn't it? Hospitals are run by pieces of clockwork. Nurses with scrubbed clean hands. Hands not given the time to feel hearts, only heartbeats. A hospital where doctors breeze in and out; diagnose and disappear.

He sighed and rolled over in the resilient whiteness of his bed and slept again.

He was awakened by voices, closer this time. In fact right above him. He felt a hand touch him. Somehow it felt good like a gentle rain in summer. He rolled over.

"How are you feeling Mr. Burns?"

"What am I doing here?" He heard himself ask abruptly.

"You took a little tumble last night, but you're going to be fine. Would you like me to get you anything?"

"You mean you didn't wake me up to give me something to go back to sleep?" He asked sheepishly.

"No, but if you'd like, I'll talk to your doctor and maybe he can arrange something." She laughed.

"No thanks. Tell me something. . . is this a hospital? Really?"

"Yes. Why?"

"It smells like a hospital. . . it doesn't feel like one, though. I'll give you that, it doesn't feel like a hospital."

"Good. I can see you're feeling better

Dancer

by Roy Hess

yesterday is that arbitrary moment
chosen and held captive
within a memory
never to be released.

and a promise for tomorrow
is touching those severed dreams
as tears turn into radiance,
she becomes less fragile than today.

already. Well I guess you don't need me right now. Someone will be back in a little while to check up on you." She turned to leave.

"Thank you," he said softly.

"For what?" She asked.

"For time."

Her eyes smiled and like a sudden rain, she was gone.

He slept. In his sleep he heard voices as sweet as prayers and he dreamt he felt the airy touch of hands. They were healing like smooth oil. All around him he felt warmth and life.

There was silence when he awoke. Though he felt pain, something deeper

mended.

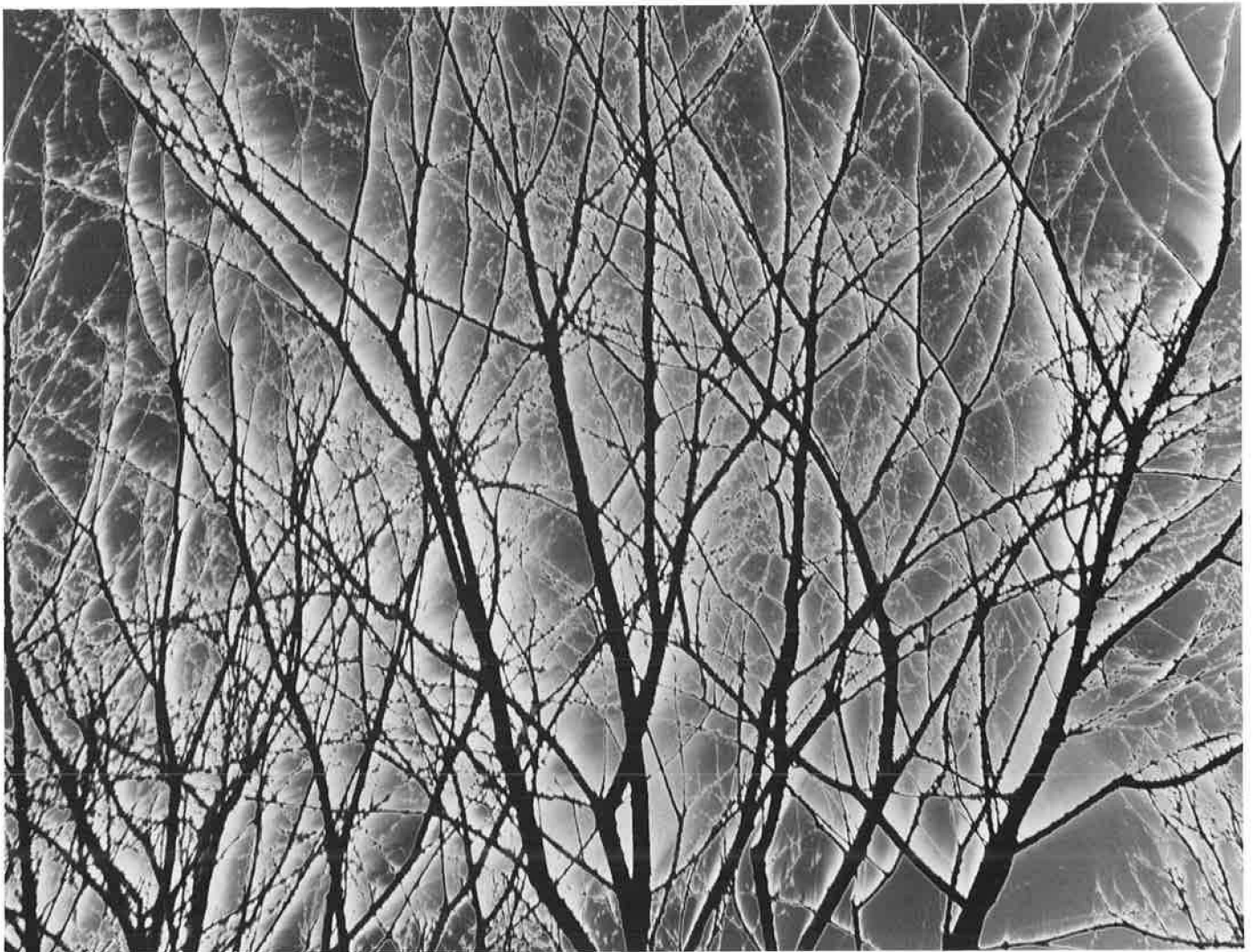
He was restless. He turned over.

Perhaps I have been wrong, he said softly to himself. Perhaps all hospitals are not alike. Perhaps. . . perhaps this one is different. Certainly not what I thought.

In the calm hum of the dragonfly afternoon, he noticed a dark colored book beside his bed. He fanned the pages and then glanced at them.

He began reading. Something inside the silent depths of Mr. Burns stirred with childlike joy. He felt as if he was somewhere near the top of the tallest tree in town. Only a few branches away now. . .

He reached upward.



Willie in Pursuit

by MICHAEL WARNER

Willie saw her across the street, hanging and bouncing, flirting with a bunch of young studs who kept pulling at her clothes and laughing as she laughed with them. She was wearing a bright pink bikini top and blue jeans. "Thelma!" he hollered, but he found that he had had too much and couldn't make the hollering strong enough. She went on laughing as though, he thought, her father were dead or had moved to Idaho. "Stupid nigger," he said, and spat a damn as though it were tobacco juice. "Daughter got no sense. THELMA!"

That one he got out loud enough, and they heard it. One of the studs looked at him and then at Thelma, and Willie could see that he was asking her who he was. She nodded, looked at Willie, then looked away trying to ignore the old and drunken intruder. Then one of them put his arm around her waist and she started laughing again. They walked on.

Willie was angry. His jaw was set, and his eyes, already inflamed from the Ripple, smarted in the back with the rage of shame. "She can't help being my daughter, so she'd better start treating me like a father. Still a man. She still a girl. Got no sense. THELMA!"

She looked back over her shoulder just long enough to scowl. Then she went on. "Whore," said Willie. He stood for a second, watching, and maybe he could have stood there forever just watching, but at the sight of her receding down the walk something broke within him, and prompted by a blend of the tipsy rage and an old forgotten religious righteousness he started after her. And then as he was stepping across the street shouting her name again so that she would see that he was serious and not just making noise, in a moment the sky and the street and the buildings beyond Thelma all unfolded into noise, into the blaring of horns and a rushing sound that built higher and higher into a loud thud and he was hit and sud-

denly gravity was in front of him, and the last thing he saw before his eyes closed was Thelma's pink top fading into all the other spinning colors.

It was dark and he was inside a car. No, it was an ambulance. He was not fully awake. There was pain where his body should have been, stretched out in the back of the ambulance. Someone was talking. There was still the loud noise of a siren and the motor. Someone was asking him questions. They thought he was awake, but he only moaned and ignored them. He was in a great deal of pain. Then he went to sleep again.

When he awoke again the pain was still there. It was there, but it was inside his body and not there in place of it. He could tell that the pain was in his legs. And in his head. It was not so dark as before, either. The room was mostly white. He tried to open his eyes wider, but he couldn't. He thought that he was drunk. That was what it felt like. He was still very sleepy, and did not stay awake very long.

The next thing he knew, there were several people in the room, and all of them were wearing white. That was when he figured out that he was in the hospital. He tried to remember why, but the memory wouldn't come. He only knew that something had happened to him or he had done something, and for quite a while he had just been going in and out of sleep and not really knowing anything. He thought that something might be wrong with his head. Either that or he was drunk. Maybe both. He was not thinking right.

Someone was talking to him, and he thought it was Thelma, but he wasn't sure. He couldn't quite tell what she was saying, except that it sounded vaguely like how are you? so he responded on the assumption that that was the question. As he spoke he could hear words suspended somewhere in the sound of his voice, hanging there to be heard and coming very slowly from his mouth, but when he finished he couldn't tell what he had said or if it had made any sense.

Time did not come in days and nights, or in any such units. There were times that he was sort of conscious. These occasions were separated by other periods of indeterminate length when he was presumably not conscious. During some of the wakings the pain was worse than in

others. Sometimes there were people in the room, but at other times the only person was a very quiet and large figure in the other bed, all covered with the sheets except for the head, which was massive and square and shaven.

Later, when thinking began to accompany consciousness, he learned that the other person was named Catfish Denton. He was a white man, and had shot himself in the head without success. Willie also learned that he himself had gotten a subdural hematoma, two broken legs, and a fractured pelvis when he was hit by a pickup truck in the left lane of Van Buren. Those were the words that came from the mouth of the doctor and which, Willie knew, described the reason for his being in the hospital. But all he could do was memorize the words "subdural hematoma" and "pelvis" until Thelma told him that he'd been smashed in the head, legs, and hips.

Sometimes Willie was aware of being slid by nurses onto a cart and wheeled around the hospital. When this happened he would try to count the ceiling tiles as he went down the hall, but it never worked because he forgot the words that went with the numbers, and could only remember the general rhythm of counting. As a result he would be on his back, mumbling "da-da dum, da-da dum, da-da dum, da-da dum, da-da dum, da-da dum, da-da dum, da-da dum . . ." The nurses or the orderlies would then tell him to hush now! it's alright, but they didn't understand and he didn't either.

These times on the cart meant they were doing something new to him. He always wound up in an unfamiliar room with strange masked faces taking X-rays or something similar. Later on, as he was beginning to recover his intelligence, they took him down to physical therapy on the cart. And when his legs and hips were well enough, they took him in a wheelchair.

Once Willie awoke to find that Catfish had a wife. She was in the room, holding Catfish's hand, crying, trying to talk to him. "Don't you worry, Cat. Don't you worry, Fish."

"Catfish," said Willie. He had thought that she might not have been able to put the two halves together. "Catfish."

The woman was startled. She had not paid any attention to Willie before,

because he never said anything. She stared at him.

"Hello," Willie said.

They she went back to crying. "Don't you worry, Cat." Catfish mumbled something. "What's that, Cat?" He mumbled it again. "No, you won't die if you go to the Veteran's Hospital. Now don't you worry, Fish."

Willie smiled. The woman was back to not paying any attention to him. He remembered what the boys used to say about the Veteran's. He remembered how Albert Watson used to stand when he was only a little bit drunk, leaning against the dirty brick wall of the Western Auto building, chewing gum and drinking cheap wine. Albert used to talk about the Veteran's Hospital, about how he had gone there when he had his disease. He used to say it was like being in Hell painted white. Then all the other boys that had been there

The Collector

by DR. WILLIAM EPPERSON

A collector, I keep pressed leaves,
Dried flowers from funerals I no longer remember
And from weddings older than my own,
Knives and coins, medals and stones,
Buttons from my grandmother's jars,
All stored away in tiny black enameled boxes.

I relinquish what others might save,
Sloughing off the scraps of tradings,
Receipts and checks and credit carbons—
A wild abandonment of papers.

But so little I relinquish of myself.
Perhaps the habit is that of a higher animal
Who cannot, like the purple streaked lizard,
Conveniently shed a tail to any predator,
But must gnaw off the caught paw,
Eating its own flesh to escape the trap.

Clasping my collections,
enameled boxes within boxes,
I determine not to lose them—
Not a day—not a moment.

Haunting Memory

by JIM MANCUSO

Remember, goodbyes don't last.
Soon you'll see your wicked past
Coming back to haunt you
Always ready to taunt you.

Try to bury what is gone.
Try to hide from
The approaching dawn.
How futile is such endeavor-
The past remains forever.
When you look- whenever
The past can last forever.
What be your endeavor,
Be it noble- whatever.
Your days-gone-by
Are here forever-

Forever in the minds of others,
In the hearts of mothers,
And the memory of brothers
Never really smothers
The childish deeds.
The devil feeds
On such agony remaining.
Fruitlessly constraining
One may try to forget-
Drink; run- and never get
Away from sorrow.
Look to tomorrow,
You then shall say
What you've done today
Is a misery.
And all the wizardry,
The thoughts of teachers,
The tricks of preachers
Cannot fully erase
From your weary face
The moments of disgrace
That remain inside you
Ready to deride you.

Try, try to abolish,
Wipe out, demolish
All your useless guilt



And thou wilt
Find no rest
And no sheltered nest
Protects you from the shame
And all your silly games
And all those spiteful names
You called the ones who hurt you
And threw you to the dirt. You
Shall never know peace
Nor sense of release.

Alas! A hopeless case-
No guilt can you erase.
The answer is without fees.
But the process is not one of ease.

And this much is true:
The agent of cure is not you.

Through a light from above
Shining with divine love
You and I, he and she
Must stand and see
That Christ and Christ alone
Who hears your every groan
Can remove your burden now
And do it right somehow.
Though it may seem odd-
Give it all to God!

would nod and say things like "Sure enough," or "That ain't no bull." Willie felt sorry for Catfish if he was going to the Veteran's, and he thought that the woman sounded silly. He was glad he wasn't a Veteran.

The trips to physical therapy (PT, the orderly called it) were the best part about being in the hospital for Willie. They wheeled him down every morning, once he was able to go in the wheelchair. The PT rooms were painted bright colors, unlike the rest of the hospital, and they played music inside. Willie had been befriended by one of the nurses there, who always took charge of him when he came in. She would give him a back rub if he asked for it. It hurt when she put him through his leg exercises, but he had noticed that the pain steadily decreased from day to day. Soon, she said, he would be walking. "I'll walk

Statistics

by Roy Hess

the dull thud.
an incoherent mesh
metal and flesh
pounding
stinging
sledgehammer force.

blind excuses.
no one listens
but everyone looks.

battered lungs on the pavement
breathing dust.
straining
heaving
screaming
against unyielding concrete
craving life.

soft voices
barely audible
try to preserve
what remains
of unshattered silence
as empty eyes
surrender to statistics.

me down to the corner," he answered, "and get some Ripple."

"No, Willie. You won't do that."

"No, I won't."

"We'll have you walking in no time."

"I won't get any wine."

"No, Willie, you won't."

"No," he said again, "I won't."

That night, or rather, that afternoon, he woke up to find that Catfish's woman was there again. She had brought a preacher with her. Methodist, or something like that.

Willie rolled over, and paid no more attention until he heard the woman crying again.

"Don't worry, Cat. You won't die there. Don't worry, Fish."

"Relax, Mr. Denton," said the preacher. "They will take good care of you at the Veteran's hospital. Your wife and I will come and visit you over there, and you'll see. But you must relax. Remember, everything is good in its way. We just have to put ourselves in the right frame of mind to perceive that goodness."

This reminded Willie of his father, who had been a Holiness preacher, and used to go into the hospital and lay hands on people until they were healed. Willie decided that he did not like this preacher. He did not like the woman, either. She was still crying.

"Don't worry, Cat. Don't worry, Fish."

Willie pulled back the covers. He was not sure whether he wanted to hit the woman or hit the preacher or lay hands on Catfish, but he knew that he was supposed to get up. He felt something urgent on the edge of his mind.

"Oh my God," said the woman as she saw Willie sit up. "What is that man doing?"

"I don't know," said the preacher.

"He's not supposed to be up."

Willie stood up, and tried to say, "The hand of the Lord is upon me," but all that came out was, "The Lord . . . me." And then the room started to slide slowly as the woman began to shout something and the room slid very fluidly to the right with the precise smoothness of clouds but it was sliding nonetheless out from under Willie's feet and pretty soon his feet were no longer underneath him and he remembered that he was not supposed to walk, and then the

Continued on page 30

Dog Smiles

by KENT ALLEN

A dog smiles all over himself.
 His butt bobs,
 his tail wags furiously,
 and his head is always moving in the direction
 his tail isn't.
 And all this is going on
 while the ball of fur
 is racing in circles
 barking, and
 whining, and
 peeing on your shoe.
 Until finally, his insane delight
 in the object of his affection
 wears off.
 After which he forgets the whole event.

Cookies and Milk

by DAVID WESTERFIELD

he worked late sometimes
 alone
 bagging groceries for those
 wrinkly ol' folks that always
 came in five minutes before
 closing

 and then he would close
 down, hit lights, rack bottles,
 mop or sweep and a thousand
 other things that had to be done
 alone
 but that always came undone the
 very next day and he said that
 it was like brushing your teeth

'cause no matter how good you
 did it one day you had to turn
 right around and do it again the
 next day

but after what must've been a
 million bags of TV dinners, baby
 food, stale donuts and other
 things, he finally got to go
 home

his parents were in bed
 asleep, like all sane people
 were at that hour, but he
 wasn't alone
 because on the counter and
 in the refrig' were two
 faithful friends
 so he got out some of those
 home baked cookies and poured
 a giant glass of homogenized milk
 and there he would sit and
 treat himself to the best snack
 this side of banana pudding
 and then he would silently crawl
 into bed and think of how good
 those cookies and milk were
 and he would fall off to sleep
 dreaming of cookie trees and
 milk rivers 'cause they were what
 he loved the most and since he
 always dreamed of loyal friends,
 he dreamed of cookies and milk

Said the Husband to His Wife in Jest

By CLIFF DE ROUSSEAU

Why may I not like Solomon the king
 Boast of a thousand women wooed and wed?
 Does holy writ not teach this very thing,
 A fact quite plain and true, by millions read?
 If you deny me such a generous number,
 Then grant me Jacob's meager four instead,
 And tell me not that many wives encumber,
 That one is cheaper to be housed and fed.
 If Solomon, you say, did greatly sin,
 Surely the same cannot be said of him.
 Or, if not him, then Abraham I sue,
 Who wed the mothers of the Arab and the Jew:
 If I may not embrace polygamy,
 I'll gladly close my case with bigamy.

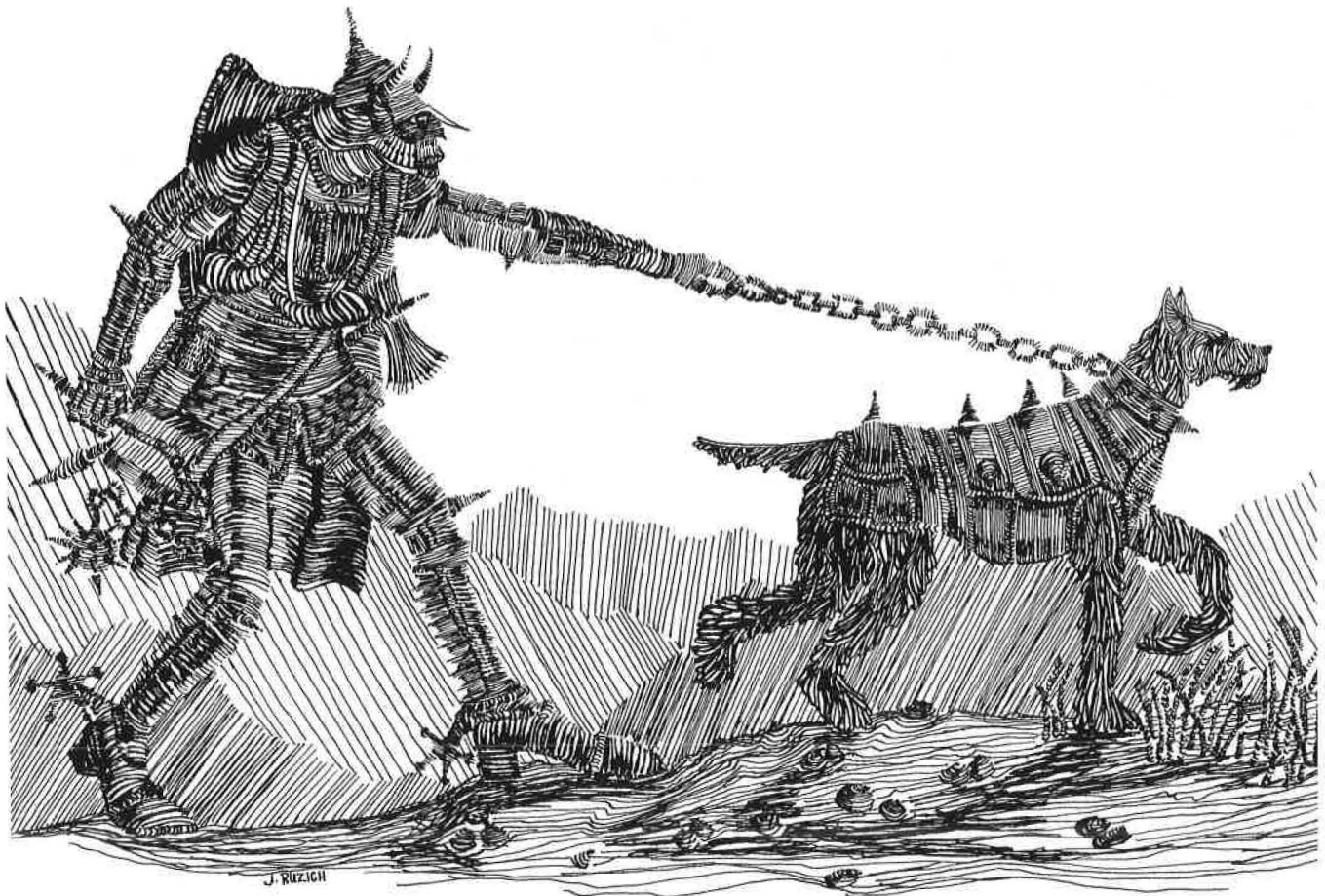
room was on his side and he was vaguely aware of something coming up and hitting his head.

The next time he woke up it was just like the first time all over again. Something was wrong with his head and it hurt badly. He was back in the bed again, and the people in white were there. There was talking in the room, especially on the other side of the room. He could hear Catfish moaning and trying to mumble something. Then he went to sleep again.

When he woke up again he knew that the pain in his head was worse, but he did not think that he had been asleep for very long. There was more commotion in the room. Catfish's woman was crying again. And then he saw Catfish go by on a cart at the foot of his bed. Two orderlies were pushing the cart, and Catfish was moaning loudly. They took the cart through the door, with the woman and the preacher following

behind, and Willie realized that they were taking him to the Veteran's.

Willie saw the cart receding down the hall like the last swig of the bottle trickling down into someone else's mouth. He had the same feeling as before that he had to do something. He tried to lift his head and say something that would stop Catfish from getting smaller and smaller on his way down the hall, but when he got his head high it turned upside down and started to go black, and Willie felt it fall back onto the pillow. There was a great deal of pain. He arched his back from the pain, and then he knew that he wasn't going to start breathing again, and he was aware of himself receding through the back of his eyes away from the room and away from his body, and all he could see was colors. There were only colors where the room and his body had been.



Goodnight Boulevard

lyrics by Cameron Randle

I feel like my good friend died today
and never bothered to let me know
I was looking to see him at my door
I heard his voice but he never showed.
Can you see me standing on Goodnight boulevard
waiting to meet you there?
Will you take my hand on Goodnight boulevard?
Relieve me if you dare.
 Take me down to Goodnight boulevard
 Set my feet on solid ground
 No more nights of reckless passion
 This boy's finally come around.

The sun never shines on a crimson morning
and the papers only sell you lies
I was trusting myself to see me through
Had a plan til I met up with you.
Can you see me standing on Goodnight boulevard
waiting to see your smile?
Will you take my hand on Goodnight boulevard?
Release me for a while.

 Take me down to Goodnight boulevard
 Set my feet on solid ground
 No more nights of reckless passion
 This boy's finally come around.

I want you to know my heart prevails
it never listens to my own mind
I was hurting before the answer came
I'll recover if I find the time.
Can you see me standing on Goodnight boulevard
waiting to say goodbye?
Will you take my hand on Goodnight boulevard?
Forgive me if I cry.

 Take me down to Goodnight boulevard
 Set my feet on solid ground
 No more nights of reckless passion
 This boy's finally come around.
 No more nights of reckless passion
 This boy's finally come around.

Feast

by Michael Leo Stewart

Grandfather sips from his pewter stein.
The sun throws the image of a rose upon his face.

Grandmother sweeps by in her solitary dance.
Bowing, she orbits the barbecue
Occasionally pausing to direct enormous and insistent flies
Away from a circle of upended stones
Only she can see.

The babies feed on skull cakes,
Licking pale bones of white icing
With wedged pink tongues.

The Sacred Sylvania Blue Dot Blues

by Jim B. Davidson Jr.

A bolt of lightning crashes
Bursting snow ash amid fuzzy indigo meteorite sparks
Solid voltage shatters into a myriad of technicolor
Blurring from focus
And spilling into a terrible swift blindness
With a great flash!
Holy andirons poke at crusted, salty old logs
That burn, and crackle to coals
Molten tears, as heavy as honey, spatter
cooling to form popcorn diamonds.
Clench-fisted and gently rubbing these eyes
Something like scales begin to fall
The vision returns.
God has taken a photograph of me
with his Kodak Instamatic Pocket Camera.

Air

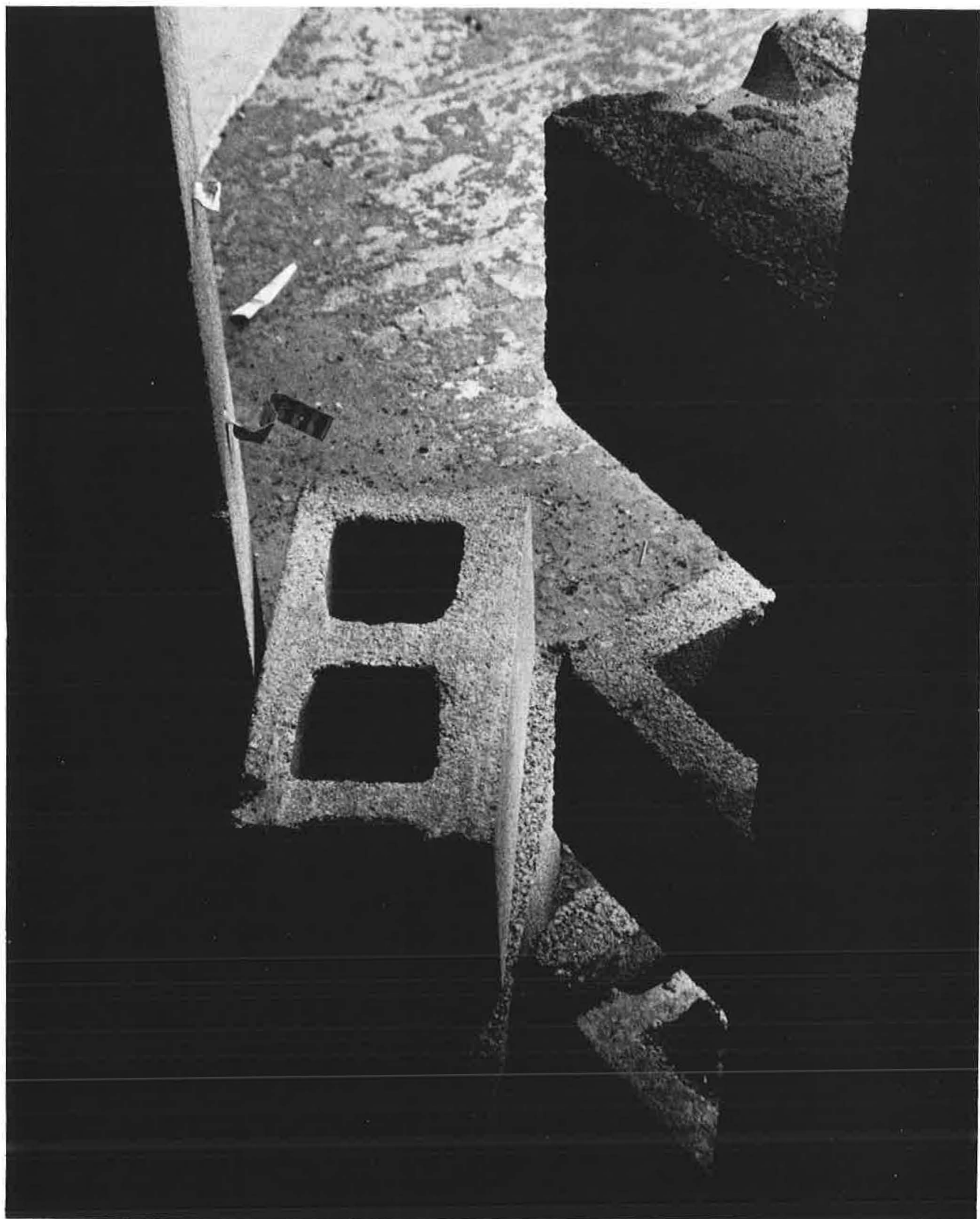
By SHANN COBB

have you ever noticed
how love
behaves in a vacuum?
consciously striving
to beat it's wing

against air that
is suddenly
missing, gasping
for nourishment
that has ceased to exist,

it flutters downward
feebly
struggling, but does not
die, only transformed

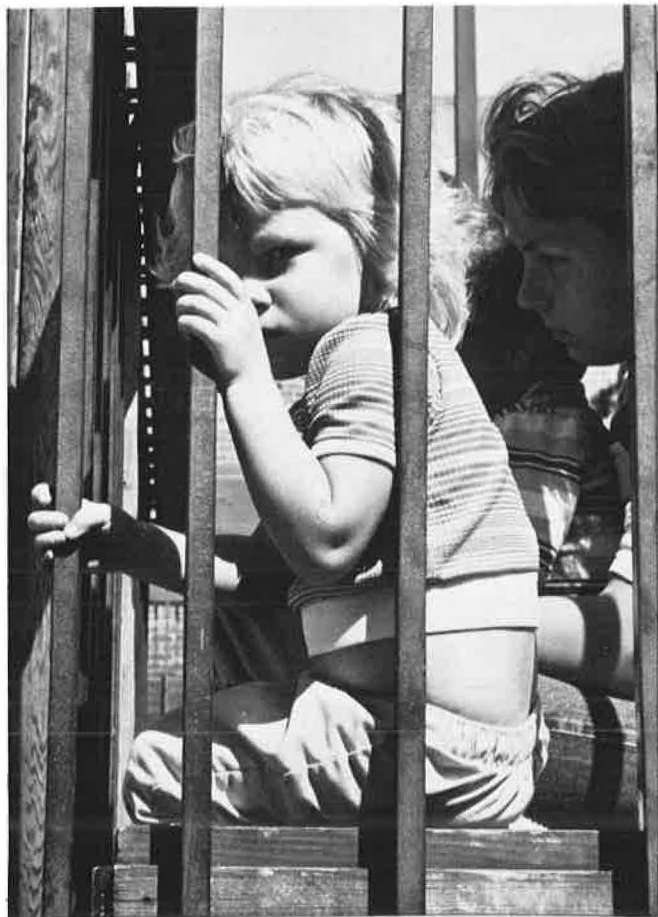
into a toothless
old man
muttering obscenities
in the park to
a strangely
effervescent world.



Dream

By KATHLYN AUTEN

Hail hearty dream
 whose laughter provokes my rotund soul
 to smiles of joy,
 eruptions of giggles;
 giving whole mouthfuls of juicy apple-thoughts.
 You came not to taunt
 or drive me on to strange lands,
 but to bat your eyes
 and wink your gay vision before my face
 with embrace
 here,
 now. . .



A Fantasy

By Royce Dale Williams

A lyricist is all we need.
 Said the man with the eye for power
 The girl with the smirk on her face then said
 We must climb the Eiffel Tower.

They climbed all day, they climbed all night
 'Till they reached the tower's top.
 Come down, come down a voice cried out.
 They looked. It was a cop.

And from his eyes, three birds flew
 I think that one was a dove.
 They showered them with kisses.
 One was faith, one hope, one love.

They then went to the city
 To see how they would fare.
 They met a prophet along the way.
 He said there were no problems there.

The city was lit with candles,
 And the colors there were bright.
 The candles burned, but were not consumed,
 Neither gave forth any light.

Clouds

By VICTORIA GARSHNEK

I saw a cloud.
 It looked at me and laughed.
 Then its friends came.
 Together they ate the sun
 Then dimmed the lights
 Got in a huddle
 And squeezed the juice out of each other.
 I'm sitting here all wet.



Ash Wednesday Feb. 23, 1977

By Dr. William Epperson

Dusty sky, like an old woman's
Woolen shawl, holds little warmth
To this day's bones.
I count the dead,
Laying them one by one

Upon the wrap of sky so
Carelessly thrown down.

I name them to the wind—
Each I loved
The air spits dust.
My eyes, wide open, catch the dust.
I see myself falling from the sky,
Tumbling over the flat horizon.
No one catches the figure.
I count, adding it to the sum of dead.

