



Promethia

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Once upon a time a time once was a
zoo Albee's zoo? Lewis's zoo?
anyone's zoo, with hippopotami,
platypi and

giraffite running
through herds of t.v. antennae forming
cages without their knowing.

In the beginning there was a story and a teller
and a child.

While the Psalms sang of Auld Lang Syne and the
child asking

Is that all there is? Mr. Johnson,

how about Bob Dylan Thomas
dream visions and where are now the outcasts
of Poker flattened to the sky saying

If you want it, Christian

this is the way the world ends,
come and get it

Not with a bang but a
whimper Nine on Water

trouble, trouble everywhere

ain't no one that really cares careful don't get
burnt up in case of emergency Only

Remember if I'd

all the way gone with the wind across the
bridge over troubled waters to another country
where Virginia Woolf is still afraid

of you know yes we know

that Sgt. Pepper has been dismissed
from active duty

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Pepper we regret to inform
you that your son ... while
Captain America is alive and well with people
marching in black armbands and black rage
is all around The Midnight

Cowboy in New York

can you get anything you want
Special fun offer,

you're free only expect
something is going to happen Rock

The Queens would sell marchmellow poems

What is your sign here on the line.

Pay low terms,

it cost your soul

keep it on ice at Alice's where I've heard
that the heart is a lonely hunter
of peace,

war and peace

Like upon a garden

once was it cages without numbers

that were sleeping on the shore

while all the animals (all hippopotami)

all the platypi,

(all giraffite)

hold tails

and hands

and dance

to sing

God bless us Everyone

dot to dot

GENESIS

From formless Void—

Universal Omnipresence, everywhere at all times
Omnipotent Mind - all knowing and all powerful
Took Time and Space - molded the World.

From fathomless Eternity darkness was drawn
and thus came Night
From the flame of a thousand suns came Day.

He saw and it was.

Fingers of Force carved out the world's features
Sweat from the Maker's brow became seas and oceans
A Thought - became - and there was non-conscience

An Eye - saw - and there were soulless thinking
 existence
 beings

An Ear - listened - to the harmony of the
 World

He saw and it was.

Then the Infinite took dust of the world and created-
Finite.

Alpha and Omega shed a tear, it fell plunging downward
into the heart of the new creature.

Awareness swept through it as a flood

- it realized
- it knew

Standing, Man shook a fist upward and shouted,
Oh God give me Freedom.

Then turned and walked away.

Excerpt—From the Chronicles of Creation

THE HUNT

When the heart has sought and finds nowhere to go
Like the frozen hare in the new-blown snow
That seeks for warmth on the hard, cold ground,
 . . . it sits and waits to be found.

When one would come it looks with glee
Through tearful eyes at who would set it free
And tense with each instant it can hear the beat,
The thump, thump, thump of the oncoming feet,
As an echo makes the sound repeat,
And the biting cold makes fear retreat
Then at last there is nothing to do but flee!
In concerted howling of the wind and the hound
Comes the infernal blast of the thundering round!
And it lies there warm on the blood-soaked ground.

When the heart has sought and finds nowhere to go
Like the frozen hare in the new-blown snow
That seeks for warmth on the hard, cold ground,
 . . . it sits and waits to be found.

PROPOSITION

Come, and together we'll make wine, you called to me
as summer-lush patterns danced round your temples,
tickling the thoughts of a morning.
Gather your berries — I'll bring my new apples, bright green
from the orchard —
We'll draw clear water from the back pasture spring
and together they'll mingle to one.
Come — hurry! We neither have enough, but when combined, more
than we'll need
for deep rich draughts when cold autumn comes.
Then I in a meadow, you in your orchard,
hunted the fullest fruits of our summer born,
and running eager neath the sun-height of day, we met
near a glistening spring where water, berries and apples all tumbled
into dark green glass, as by chance we touched in the making.
In six weeks we drank of it, dark and sweet
(the wine that you and I and time had made),
but left some for later, when its richness would come true.

It's still there, I think, buried neath the live oak
near a glistening spring touched by so long ago.
Shall we go back to drink, to see how it tastes? — no,
for you say it's too cold now that autumn has come
to venture there again for deep rich draughts
of the wine that you and I and time once made.

See — the first snow is in the air.

24 November 1969

DEATH

The shape of death—
huge
as an empty gymnasium
the ball stilled on the court
so dark
not even the moon shines in.

The time of death—
slow as summer afternoons
three o'clock and no place to go
then the sun
stands still.
hard and swift
a bullet flaying into downed cheeks.
a laugh cut into by silence.
at any speed it always beats you home.

The color of death—
lightest whites
dropped into a black pool
sinking
grey edges fall into the dark center.

Death is the last loved person
dropping your hand
for the last time
and no one
ever
picks it up
again.

Death is after—
after the last home you have
the last project you promote
the last wife you love
the last child you marry off
the last wine you drink
the last bread you eat—

Death is after all these.
And death is after the last you
that looks back from a mirror.

Death puts a stop to you.

Death—what means does this end justify?

Let me sit here and be alone he said.
Let me, let me, let me
Alone be, alone be, alone be!

As they must the years have now passed,
And as they do they have gone quickly;
Never-noticing the alone man
Who noticed them
Too late.

FOREST FIRE IN GUANAJUATO

A million Aztec ghosts with flaming red eyes
come riding bronze from out the sun;
Dancing the death of the fair-skinned god
To the transient modulation of their rancid drums!

A fevered tobacco soul has died
Where not a soul, save God, had pried
And started a smoky swell.
Saucy angels with permissive grins
Have caught the lust of summer winds
Forgetting their job of summoning sins
And ventured close to hell.

Soon howling flames with forked tongues
Strange demons, the firstborn of the Sun
Are raping the tender ground.
Devouring passionately all the green
Destroying all that could be seen
That barren mother earth could wean
From her placid bosom round.

The fires are bright, the cracking loud
Bashful angels shy, the demons proud
As they entice their distant cousins well.
No sooner you hear the animals cry
The innocent flesh on their bones will fry
And the winds like the angels sigh
In an incest of hell!

Soon the melee is done, quiet the cries
Sooty angels with mangled robes and bloodshot eyes
And unbraided hair, are flying in line.
Angels daring to be unwise,
Breathless from the orgy, can hardly rise
Winging their way back to Paradise
With the scorched smell of burning pine.

The hosts of ghastly souls again to death retire
Finding their place in the sun,
Their pagan pride has risen higher
For the sacrifice of blood is done;
That flaming race that loves the fire
Has seen the Sun God's wheel of fortune spun.
Guanajuato, Mexico
July 10, 1966



ONE WAY TO HAVE FUN AT THE CIRCUS

The beautiful stranger took gently my hand,
helping me step on the merry-go-round.

(We had barely seen one another when we knew we must hurry
before it started to spin away without us.)

Once on, we chose a horse (the kind that goes upand down upand down)

and he sat me high upon it, the smile by my side.

Then it started to spin.

Super-fantabulous spin spin spin
faster go faster go faster sspppiiiinnngggg me round and round
(and the horse going upand down upand down upand down)

and the smile against the people-blur,

the poor unspinning stillness
— but no, they can come on two by two when

our
spinneroo ride
stops

and we laugh and decide to doitagain because

brass rings are forever.

16 May 1969

BY THE PIER AT OCEAN CITY

He has felt my body and mind,
buying my soul with a pulsating touch.
With His searching reach
He has wiped away the touches of men.
If some have walked beside me,
I am content knowing they will
not remember my passing.
But I will be with Him and
He within me.
And as I step into my walk upon
the ocean, I feel Him explore my body
And breathing Him into my lungs
I am one with another.

NOTES ON A LENTEN EVENING:

Warm from the tempestuous whirling in which I have been walking, while air billows in around curtains that frame the night, Tuesday, February 17, the sixth day of Lent.

For several days, there has been a consciousness of awakening to deep stirrings of the physical life-rhythms hidden within my body. I despised you, body, but a short while ago. Really it was I whom I despised, for not loving you enough as you were — livid, heaving, feverflesh — to help you grow through the very necessary discipline that even a child must sometimes learn to accept.

You, body, are the holy child of my spirit, conceived in mystical love. My spirit adores you now and caresses your yearnings for life through your desire for fulfillment in physical love. Flesh grows tensely firm, with excitement that is building toward the time when you will cradle within you a child, for this will be your ultimate natural fulfillment. You will then know who you are, body, and you will love yourself with the life of your child, even as my spirit loves you now . . . as it yearns to impart to you its own immortality — the immortality received through Jesus Christ, the Only Begotten Son of God, even as He imparts to you, spirit, **His** holy child, His own divine immortality, and now cradles you within His mystical body until the time of your birth to an eternal dawning.

Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and in the hour of our passion.

Time and people and things—
What a strange collection
of odds
and ends
to make a world of.
I wonder what He had in mind.

THE VESSEL

Slate stone beneath your feet,
Touch it girl, with your knees;
Sinking away from yourself, clasp coolness
To your palms, forehead to the cold stone.

Hide in your heart
The glory, little mother,
Cool, rough floor, the earthen pots, the dust
Against the glory.

Who do you hold, little mother?
The fingers grasping yours,
The healing wounds—how do you
Hold their mystery?

Tall grass hides his
Running legs, little mother,
Where do you seek him
When he runs beneath the
Olive trees bordering the meadow.

Catch him with your eyes;
How may you touch him?

The wine, mother, has never
Slaked our thirst;
Pray that he shall show himself.

But hold this hurt to your heart—
And are you bruised, mother?

Mother, whose pain strings the rosary of your tears?
And for whom do your eyes hold their
Fill of sorrow?

The stone beneath your feet,
Touch it, mother, with your knees;
Sink, forehead to the cold slate stone cut for the stranger;

Hide in your heart
The glory, little mother—
The breaking light will shine through
Your broken self which holds the glory.

One night love knocked,
 A corroded hinge prevented expression—
Internal chaos
 External composure—
Truth, a desire
 Lurched against conformity.
Wavered
 Impulses undecyphered
 pulsated throughout.
Shared friendship is Beauty—

THE FATHER

The poor man. He knew not
What his life's lot
Was to be.
He had no power to understand
Only to hear and obey.

Crushed by his betrothed,
He slept a restless sleep
The night full of words
And pain, and sights
And visions.
A stranger appeared
And called him
The lucky winner
For he would marry
The cause of his discomfort
And be known for all of time.
He had no power to understand
Only to hear and obey.

A son was born,
Not his, yet his own
And the occurrences of his birth
Frightened them both a little
For they had no power to understand
Only to hear and obey.

They heard the word
And, obeying once more,
They traveled far and
Much time was spent
To keep that which was Godsent
From perishing
Before his time of Cherishing
was nigh.

That time was gone so
They returned to their
Home and life
Was stretched out before them.
They heard the voice crying
And, as the father
Stood in the shavings
Carpeting his shop,
He was, with all his might, trying
To solve the riddle
That was his son,
His life.
Trying to find why he had
No power to understand.
Only to hear and obey.

The son grew strong
And straight and deepened
Past the point of his father's following.
The mother was closer longer
But soon she too, was
puzzling over her son
The years passed
Quickly and happily, though
As the household grew
And laughter was the
Common denominator.
The son was the father's joy.
He worried, though
As older the son grew
Why he spoke to no one
Of marriage and a sharing of his life.

Then the son left
The house of his youth
And preparation, and
Through his parents' years
Of lowly understanding,
Blessed them both
For the parts they had played
In this
The greatest drama,
And walked away.
The father cursed himself

For he had no power to understand,
Only to hear and obey
The glances of the people
In the town
And the talk of his customers
Convinced him the rumors were sound
And the son
Was the hope of the world.
The months slowly passed
And the light grew bright
As more fuel was added.
Soon, however, time was gone
As was the son.
And the weight of his brief sorrow
Bent the shoulders of the father.

The father, grown old,
Had much time to ponder
Over things of wonder
And in his own careful way
He finally pieced his long life together
And stepped back
To look
To see what it meant.
He had thought himself
To be a man
Lower than most
For he couldn't understand
His own son.
Looking at his life
He heard a word
And saw himself
For who he was,

A man above,
A man whose faith
Allowed him
Without understanding
To hear and obey.
He, too, was chosen of God.

DAY-GLO

All limitless fields of Heaven
May hang upon the autumn sycamore,
And all cramped hell be
Strung on the winter hawthorne.

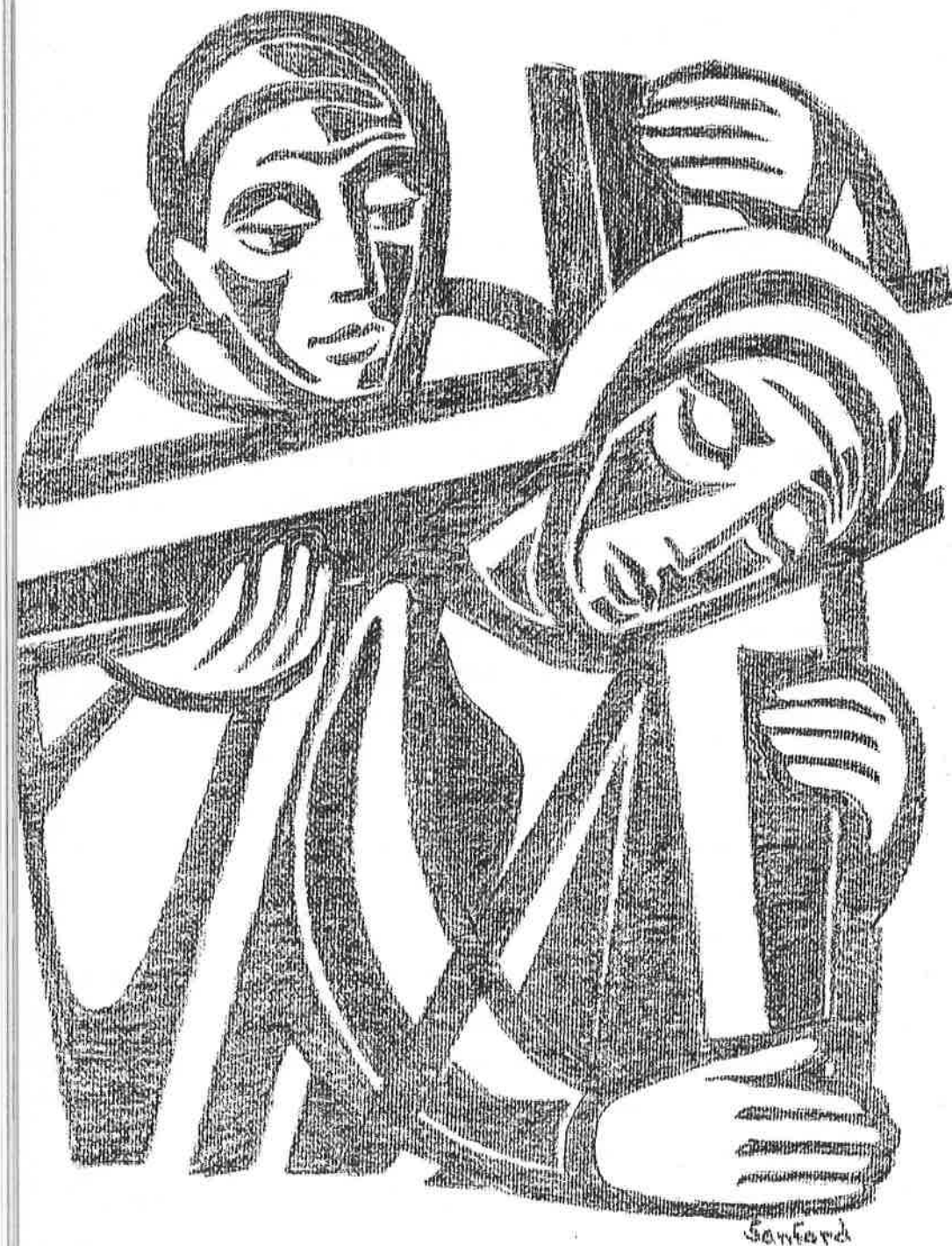


WAITING FOR THE SUN REVIVAL

waiting for the sun revival
darkened edge of
verdant waiting realms are
burst on us like the sky
run with me
flying to hold
favor of the sun—
raise our cup
in worship to the decree of red
fall through and come
cry softly to my ear
and I will forget
the sound of fire
far too distant in the sky to be remembered

LENTEN EXERCISE 1969

my God, what's happening to me, he thought as he gazed down at the heads below. He could barely see them because of the awkward position of his head, throbbing now, throbbing . . . and the blood slowly trickled into his eye and hardened there, in the corner. It reminded him of waking at dawn when he was a child in Nazareth, his eyes still brimful of sleepiness. It all seemed so cool and beautiful and far-away at this moment of throbbing inside his head and hatred down there below him, on the ground. Father, forgive them . . . **they** don't know what they're doing. He thought how absurd, how ironic, it was for all this to be happening to him. They thought they were killing him, nailing down his purpose and his life even as they had nailed down both hands. Well, in a sense maybe they are, he mused, but they're really only making my life more definite than it is now. And then another sea of dizziness swept over him, making the motley assortment spin into a kaleidoscope of life and color. It's beginning now, he sensed, as the whirling increased faster and faster, and then slowly subsided. For a second his eyes come into focus and he saw the two women, their faces strained and burdened, and the young man there beside them. She needed someone, after he was gone. Woman, behold thy son. But now he must concentrate on dying . . . and on the whirling kaleidoscope that was changing into a horrible whirling nothingness. He whose life meant a fullness, a richness, shuddered at this nothingness. But he knew that it all must happen and that it was good. And then he knew that it was over.



THE MAN

Standing,
Erect and Tall,
Strong,
Silent,
yet, articulate in Love.
Aglow, Sincere,
Caring, and Desiring the
best.
In despair,
an arm extended,
Hand outstretched,
holding securely
another -
pale, faint, and helpless.
A Smile, a Sparkle;
Joy o'erflowing to
the soul's depth -
drawing one to
Reality and Peace and Strength.

FRIENDS?

Sitting in an orange shell,
Partaking of life's needs;
Surrounded by moving images;
Nothing's good.

There are some,
An eye is cast—
But teeth don't shine;
They aren't mine.

Walking on blue . . .
Below the flame,
A name is thrown, but
Caught by another.

Still looking, but
No one is wearing glasses;
Only look through kaleidoscopes.
Is the microscope broken?

THROUGH THE FINGERLACE

Through the fingerlace
And dusts
The giant ants are crawling
And the stumbled bottles wet
From neck to nectar's dew
Await the lover's sip
And thirst

As of season's stringly strut
The summer's molten spray
Is fallen into autumn's
Whithered sea
And the stollen grains
Of harvest grown
From winter's broth decayed
Await the lover's thirst

And now to dust
The thirst of spring
Strangled in the lover's sip
And bloody spilled
Through salt-weeds spread
And fingers pressed: is fallen
To love the lover's thirst
To earth the drying bones.

YESTERDAY

Baltimore's glow
Funnygirl show
Sure I know,
Love

Freedom calls
A baby bawls
Armor falls,
Goodbye.

Listen to me a moment, my son -
When the promises
Are only thigh-deep,
(And believe me, those
can be found anywhere,
everywhere, anyone,
everybody.)

Beware.

Though, it's fine, I think
There just has to be more
to it all than deep-thigh
promises.

Let them say what
They will.
A little time and a little thought
Will move mountains
and remove promises
thigh-deep, deep, deep-thigh
promises which aren't
promises but
deceptions deeper than thigh.

(Hamburg, June, 1967)

JAPANESE AUTUMN

City glow—street lites and snow
from the 14th Street Bridge
Gulf and sun, casting lite-streaked darts between
wind-chased clouds
Mountains bleeding with laurel and oak
Spring-life renewed—is where you are
Life—a map of seasons

Where she came from God alone could tell:
From the massive maple standing overhead,
From one of the branches piled here dead,
Or on wings of the wind from heaven instead?

A warm spring rain had started the swell
Of the growing life that was bursting inside;
A new pink sprout too innocent to hide
Came pulsating life where thousands had died.

But the pregnancy that's bred in hell
Conceived in deceit, and borne in pride,
Inherently has a curse implied,
And the ultimate gift of life denied.

The lying spring rain deceived her well:
For the smiling sun falling faintly down
Was followed by the snow blowing fiercely around
That froze her fetus to the hard, cold ground.

NO PLACE TO RUN...

THE PRAYER

Why have You come to me
In the velvet dark,
Warm breath of stars above
Why can't we gather in our hands
The Universe, to take home and view
In sunlight, Flowers of Light
And marvel at Your wisdom?
Who are we, to judge your footstool
As the lowliest of many,
When each of us has light
Of his own to show?

IN THE EMPTINESS OF SOLITUDE

In the emptiness of solitude
I sit at sunset's dawn
Remembering names and faces
From which all my life is drawn.
In two golden shades of gloom
Walking ever toward the end—
Never knowing, as the way it goes,
How my life to it will bend.
In the mirror of existence
I have seen this face before,
And to hide it from exposure
I must walk a different shore.

I perched lonely on that rock
till the moment you came
and reached out
'Cross the blank of my mind;
Touching a spirit within
with careful fingers
and strong grasp.
And I looked up and laughed.
You smiled;
From then we weren't apart.
I spoke a word now and then;
You listened and smiled once.
But words were not needed for a long time
we could just sit
and drift
in and out
of each other's fantasy,
Offering a hand when needed,
Beckoning, skipping, tiptoeing
along new paths
with daring rather than skill.
And it was all new to us there,
Not the first time,
And not the last, probably
Yet, fresh and with a bitter-sweet tingle
laced throughout.
For a time
I forgot to wonder and peer into the future.
I didn't measure how much to give
By how much I would receive.
For a time I saw only you.
Was it because
you saw only me?



I want now to seek strangely
the fullness of that fragile vapor;
So let me cut the shadow
of my soul
for the dreaming time
has gone
and the living time
has come.

Weave well my precious days,
you weavers of fate
and let there be no
flaws in your warp
for I have no more
of this material to give.

And let me find someone
who will seek with me
and who understands how
short the season of that flower is.

For the dreaming time has gone
And the living time has come.



I sit on the sun
To see neither a sunrise
..... nor a sunset