



Gudi Owen 69

Promethia

We of Promethia present this gathering of thoughts to the People of Oral Roberts University, as our gift of love. To us, this thought is personal truth and praises to God for giving man his mind.

Advice	Bill Bowden	Editor	Tena Docter
Literary Editor	-----		Karlyne Lutke
Cover Design	-----		Judy Ervin
Art Editor	-----		Judy Ervin
Drama Editor	-----		Michael LeWey
Business Manager	-----		Al Williams
Photographer	-----		David Paton

And the people who did everything else. . .

The Camraderie	-----	Dr. Eperson
Donna Gross		Donna Ratcliff
Carolyn Shipley		Craig Hatcher
Ralph Bendel		

Surely thou desirest truth in the inner self, and Thou makest me to understand hidden wisdom.

Psalms

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To Carolyn Shipley and Blanton Seward,
two of O. R. U.'s very special art people--we
dedicate Promethia 1969. . . Special because,
although they're only two among many, they
embody creative versatility in the finer arts.
As the first graduating seniors of the finer arts,
Carolyn and Blanton have between the two of
them covered the wide range of their general
field, including drama, industrial art, archi-
tecture, painting, sculpture and commercial
art. . . And now. . . our Promethia for you
and for the two.

Tentative steps —

From circling round youthful selves —

Impatient of discipline, early movements of concern:

Reaching for faces behind facades,
Touching, tracing the person who
Is becoming, by loving, in the
Rhythms of receiving and giving,
Listening for the whisper of the form
Shattering all forms.

Here a name is entrusted to you
Here a young hand reaches to touch

that you
and he
Together

May Become.

And the Dance of the Pilgrims
Begins Anew

In response to the rhythms
of the will of God.

Epperson

'1963'

Enter, kind partner, this world of dreams.
If you've time to spare you'll find nothing easier.
Dreams, schemes, smoky imaginings,
Lost arts, common thoughts,
Merry-go-round rings and
Starving children with brown eyes.
Colors, shapes, careless hate;
See and pass us if you can

Because we have plumbed the debts of Spring
Finding of childishness part gone;
Delicious and sweet maturity of mind
Fills the need unbeautifully strong.
We have guarded too, our joys desire,
The swift sight of our eyes all-knowing
Feeling the wind of February warm as fire;
It is all ours, alone, alone blowing
Mere for pennies, penniless hands holding.
To be knocked about, but eased, expectant sure-
To feel already the press of limbs folding!
To be held, but no longer a child or pure.
The horrid, scalding, uncooling blaze
Falls fully red; then flame
Most solemn light and boundless haze.
Blind love, yet unloving game.

But where to go, and what to do?
And horror worse, worse than nothing.
We will not despair, we will sing a few,
A few good ones of something.
Skip then from store with mouth of candy.
The mind forgets - the body *will* remember.
All comes back; sun, grass, Knees sandy;
Child to childishness from January to December.
The still sun-warm cover - Oh Mother!
Where is the sun-tipped awakening of dawn?
Another sleepless night oh lover,

Now morning gaze and half-hid yawn.
But where is the child? We must not despair.
She is probably laughing at dragons in the sky
Or untangling pine pieces from her long brown hair.
Not of love - don't despair, though we
won't know why.

Though the limbs of the trees like a cup
hold my sun.

And I . . . What? Am a moth to the pain?
Youthlike, my heart says run, run,
But image of running denies it my brain.

And so, dear reader, I leave you
With the serious business of living to perform.
If my poetic eighteenth summer hears you,
It is because we are all of one storm,
We are one with the hill; black silhouettes
Of sun slanted flesh and mist shrouded walls.
I have no mind for this.

The sun will go on its dispassionate way
Without the Battle of Boswell
Or historical dates.
For these my body's unbending ambition
Restricted leaves softful in no one's mind.
To make a poem is to self-destroy;
Most frightened of women sits alone
But would rather act the domesticate
Than all the sonnets of romance.
Oh I see us, see us all, fair literary ladies,
Holding out to Make the World a Better Place.
My mind keeps me away.
Yes, yes, I would say;
But there is no answering, 'come'.
It is strange, it is sad;
The poets business being to don
The inanities of the mother-land
Like a king wears a crown.

Connie Hobbs

in the silly days
 when you were here
 and we all were there
 in the quarters on the left

when we sat striking matches
 in the dark down rooms
 each singing the song
 what he sung best

in those silly days
 on the waters side
 with bottles of beer
 to set the tide
 when the moon pulls strong
 and we all would hide
 our tongues in the sand

when we laughed in the street
 and we ran in our gardens
 with the children holding hands
 and the mud on our feet

in those silly-silly days
 when we all could smile
 why did we leave?

R. Bendel

Ten thousand million Hordesmen came
 Slashing swords of Golden red against a
world of fear;
 the yellow eyes afire with power over stiffened limbs
 and fixes stares trampled underneath.
 They came on mounts of flared nostril and
muscle sinew--

hooves clawing the air of victory;
 garment rags of clothes once rich, trailing behind:
 Announcing the arrival of Conquer
 in stone preserved on the great white doors
of the Mosque.

Velvet pillows of purple and orange pile high,
 their tassels gently brushing the stone tiles
of patterns old:
 the burnished mosaics of inside.

Lacy-arches-omate encircle the towering hall like
clasped fingers
 midst columns cold.

An echo could have been heard ten thousand
million whispers away;
 --a candle torch seen only half as far.

Turbaned white, the young boy pauses,
 (fearful of the quieted pad of bare feet):
 Staring at the shiny-dull color of it all he
quietly sighs:

"Is God here?"
 Then turns to drift among the endless sands
of beyond...

...yet
 the answer stays - from shiny floor it bounces
 through the lace-work of pillars tall until
 steeds neigh, eyes flash, swords clank. Is
 God here? Is God here? Is God here?
 Is God?

And the great white doors of the Mosque...
...close.

Jan Dargatz

Remembrance of a Summer two Summers Ago

Sitting in the window sill
still
An ear buzzing from stillness
My breath
a dog barking
door slamming punctuates
the still sentence
a solitarily confined mind.
A train clicks away
carrying somebody.
Somebody?
Actually somebody else
in that world.
People stopped paying rent
and living there - moved out
Ghosts dance there
but memories do haunt
when life moves on.
Now it's just lots of
emptiness
Soul echoing hollow -
Yeh, hollow be thy
name heart
You used to be thick, heart,
solid
Now you sound, well,
like a bell
Clear and open and beautiful
and sad.

Antoinette

THE WINTER BOUGHS BROKE WITH FLIES
KISSING AND WE SWING NORTH TO WEST WITH
THE DUST. . . SUN AND NO SUNCUT/FRAG-
MENTED FLAME THROUGH THE WINTER WEB
OF BRANCH AND NAKED TWIG, POOR MEN'S
STICKS WERE WICKED IN THE NOON WIND AND
WE SWING EAST TO WEST WITH THE ROPE
ABOVE THE DUST WITH MAGOTTS IN OUR EYES.

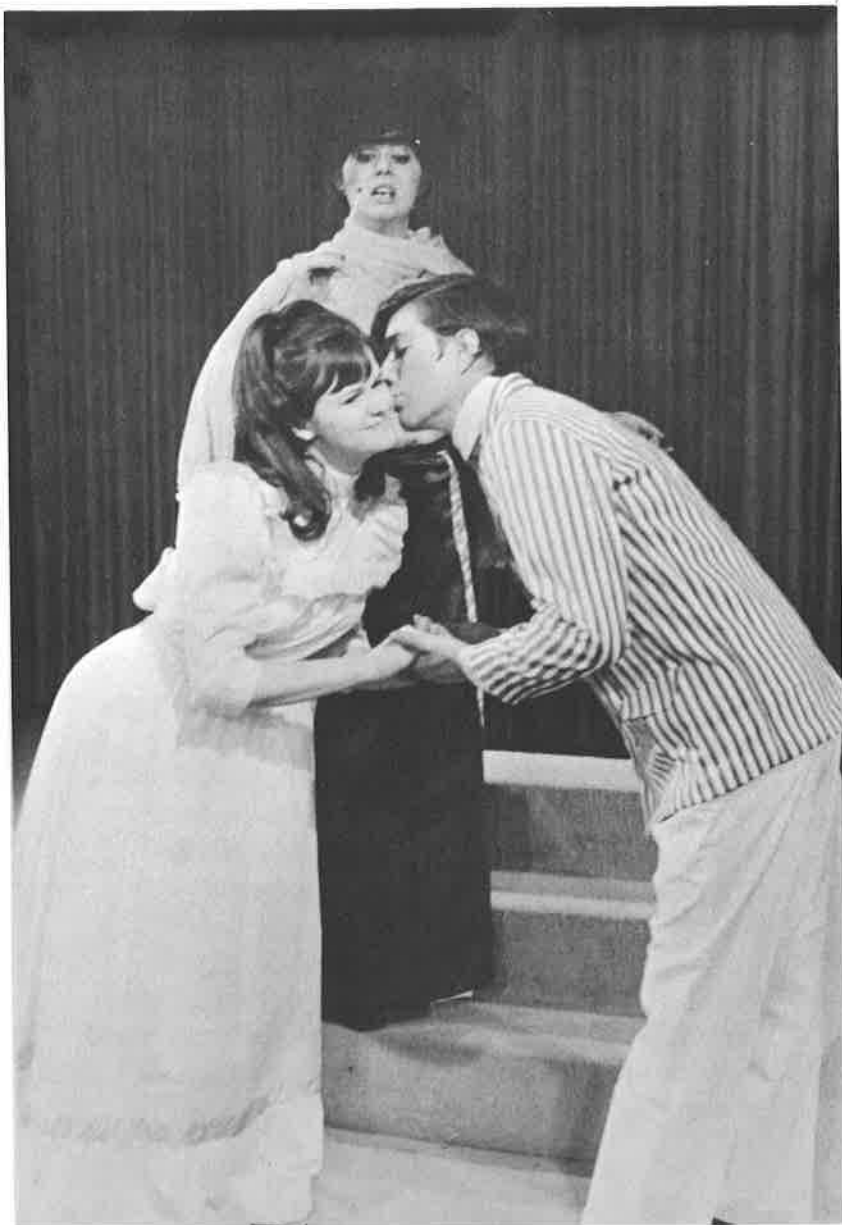
1968 - Chicago

words edged in the regimented nite
and the patterns were spelled before the fight
as we bordered on the sun

yet the feeble ruled the halls
with masked pawns and screaming sticks
stringing blood and barb/while bitches
barked behind the gate.

gayly barking bitches...stalely barking...Daley
barking, Daley at five while the children stood
and the children SANG, and frustration...
is for the dying.

Ben Del



ERNEST REVIEW

REVIEW: THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST

Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest*, the O. R. U. Theatre Department's final adult presentation of the season, is an interesting combination of social commentary, satire, and subtle farce. While no one can have difficulty in placing the play in Victorian England, the farce has lost none of its humor, the satire none of its bite, and the social commentary remains surprisingly relevant to modern society.

Briefly, *Earnest's* plot is a bit too involved to be summarized briefly. It centers primarily around the efforts of John Worthing, played by Jim Rodriguez, to marry the elegant Miss Gwendoline Fairfax, Lisa Johnson, over the dead body of her mother, the even more elegant Lady Bracknell, strutted on stage by Joyce Klapstein, and the august spirit of Victorian snobbery. Tangled with the main story line are one-and-a-half more romances (Moncrieff-Cardew, and, I think, Chasuble-Prism), all hampered to an extreme degree by the inability of the principles to bear the slightest contact with the truth. If you want more, read the play and untangle the mess yourself.

The overall effect of the O. R. U. production, directed by Professor Raymond Lewandowski, was somewhat more than adequate. The players were clearly above the general run of college actors, with Rodriguez doing a rather good job as Worthing. Steve Nickerson, as the empty-headed Victorian buck Moncrieff, and Miss Klapstein, as the domineering Imperial Lady Bracknell, seemed especially well-fitted for their parts.

While the cast achieved occasional interesting variations with their English accents and your reviewer had to endure the usual talkative and giggly O. R. U. audience, I have no hesitation in commending *The Importance of Being Earnest* as a generally admirable performance and the evidence of solid progress in the Drama Department.

MICHAEL LEWEY

APPLECART

I would rather live in an applecart
Where I can thrash,
And stems scratch my face.
Where I can dive beneath;
Apples in my arms,
Apples around my head.
I could see the sky in so many odd shapes;
Through geometric spaces,
To bits of blue;
Yet smelling and feeling apples.

II

I would rather live in an applecart
Than stand on the beach an observant nothing.
Watching foaming layers sink at my toes;
Claw at the wind and never hold anything
But nothing.
Rather dive in wet sand that clings
Like a lover, and hugs
Like a gown of gray glitters.

Teri Lalaian

LITTLE ONES

They are loose.
Their names, many.
Their goals, the same.

We have built
Our crumbling castles,
Our shoddy palaces,
And called ourselves "noble."

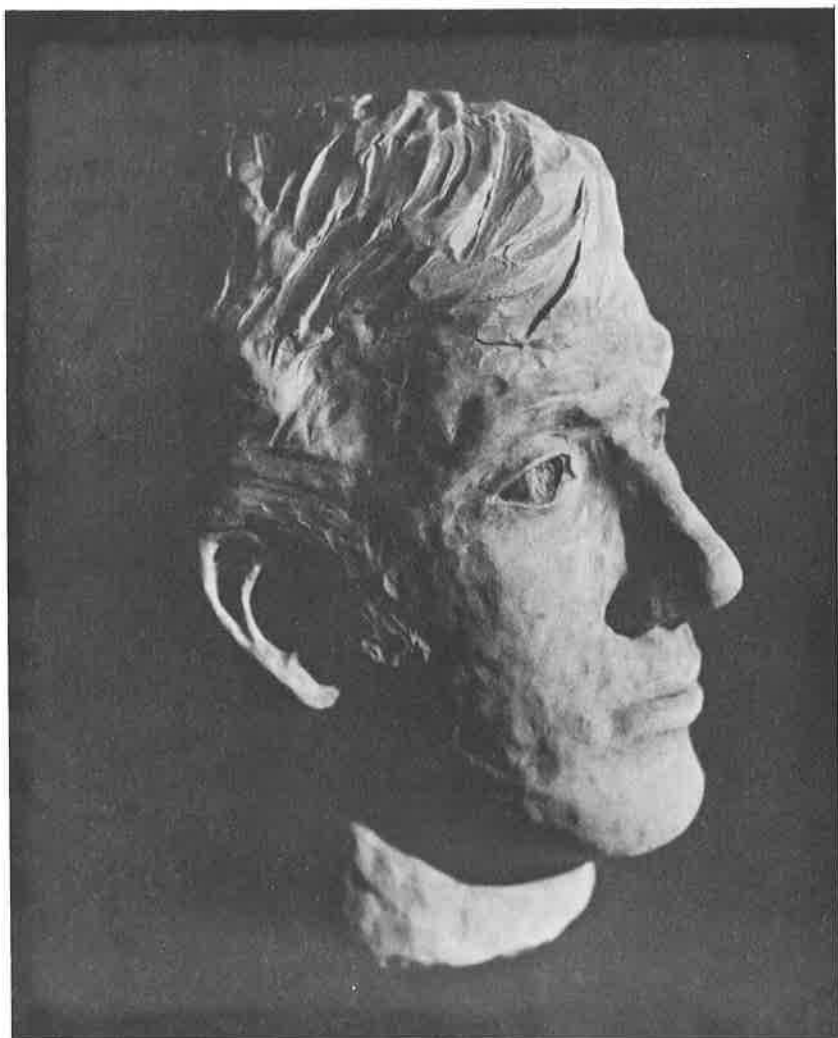
They sat
In their hovels of mud
Kept there . . . by us.

We hunted,
And had sport,
And let them bleed.
But, midst it all, a thought or two.

They have had enough.
They saw the baubles
And are come to take them.

Are we finding reality
For the few who will care?
Perhaps, with help, someday,
If we have life.

LeWey



JOHN DUNCAN

by

Laura Tidwell

WINDOWS

See the man sitting over by the door?
Did you notice him?

His clothes are worn, his hair long-grown.
Can you see him? Look, I'll show you.
See his eyes--the road of truth,
the lens that magnify the heart,
"the windows of the soul."

Eyes--concentric windows with no two panes
colored exactly the same.

His being pours through them through no
want of his own

yet who receives it?

I do and soon you shall.

Look, my friend, understand and feel.

The covering becomes transparency,
the words and unsheathed sword.

The light that burns there,
it is bright and brilliant, or carefully guarded?

Does it warm you both or just himself?

Where are his thoughts?

You can read them you know

as outward they flow

through the windows of the heart.

E. C.

CRUSADER

He is Bohemund reborn,
Or Coeur de Lion,
Or El Cid.
But no,
He is small, weak,
No one in particular.

He raises a standard.
No lion or dragon.
An honesty, blue,
On a shield of gold.
Or perhaps a silver shield
With an ideal in red.

An enemy is sighted.
He is, really, too strong,
His army too big.
Our hero without a pause
Attacks
And finds another windmill.

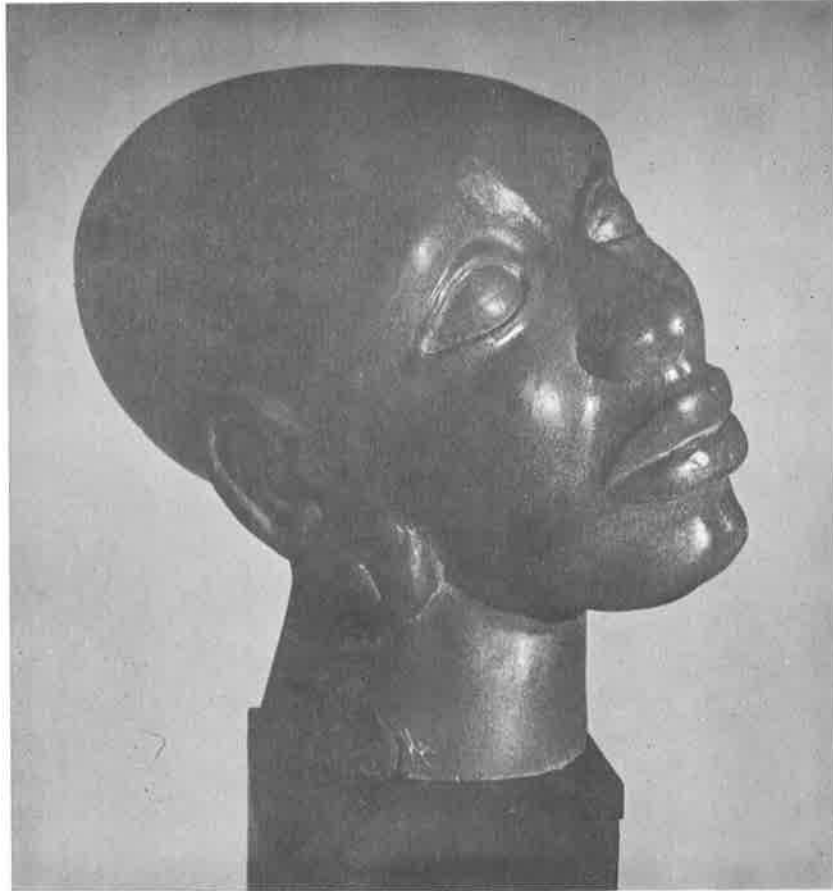
His armour cracks,
His banner tears.
The world has known
And tells him, once more,
He can never win.
So?

LeWey

LEFT HAND

A mountain to move
Give it to me
Or a frontier to conquer
If I can find one
I can heal the sick
And end the War
Because I am young
And have a work to finish
And a Future
To build in the hearts
of many men
But let me do it now
Time is walking
And I have to
Do all that Yesterday's people
left undone
And tomorrow
I want to go swimming

Donna Ratcliff



MARGARET'S HEAD

NO DEPOSIT - NO RETURN

IT was a tinny square FOrd that they pushed Bo White into that damp-clear morning, and he crushed himself to the opposite door pasting his nose and cheek against the cold glass, to suck what little more of life he could.

THERE wasn't much said during the trip up. The fat one driving belched a joke of Bo's new home in the country, and his companion beside grunted something as he checked the chain about Bo's wrists, but BO..... was still and silent as a sulking boy.

THEY arrived at ten and the wind blew bitterly through the grey trees and across the sterile-white towers and walls as Bo shook once to the cold as they passed through the iron doors. There inside was a large circular room with many exits all around and in the centre was a cage, with a blackman inside and many buttons and levers beneath his large hands.

"BEAUMONT THEODORE WHITE..... NEGRO.....
AGE 19..... FIVE YEARS FOR BREAKING AND
ENTERING..... CELLBLOCK #8"

The blackman in the cage listened to the words and he pushed and jerked like a marionette does in the park on Sunday; and a hole opened in the wall and Bo shook once to the wind within the walls as he slid through the hole with his guideman, urgingggg.

A metal desk extended nearly the whole diameter of the room that Bo now entered and the button-down flannel cigar behind it spewed his questions and forms for several hours, until Bo, exhausted of the tomb, asked, "May I be shown to my quarters now? Please?" The smoke across the desk laughed at

him. "It's always ICE at first. BOY! You know. . .all ALONE!" The word ALONE echoed over in Bo's mind. "But we won't bug you no more, not for a while at least. But BOY, you best sleep all you can!!" As he spoke the guideman came and Bo was led back into the circular room with the same blackman in his cage. Yet, now upon seeing Bo, he suddenly laughed as though he were in an erotic ecstasy. He played upon the buttons and levers, jerking and gyrating to an unknown pulse, as another opening came in the wall, at a different place this time but very close to the first one; and behind it was another opening and behind it was another and another and another. Each seeming smaller than the one before it until in the depths it seemed a small rodent was crawling into its damp nest; and Bo became aware that he now was at the end of a deep funnel. Through its dark spiral he could see the cage and its blackman...erotic...pounding his buttons and wreathing around his levers like a hugh black snake.

Yet as he looked again into its deepness the openings sucked shut. The ones deepest at first and then those closer and closer. Each slamming more furiously after the other, faster and louder until he stared into the blind suction of the one most immediate; and its metal sang shrill in his eyes...

A numb muteness echoed among the stiffeningly close walls as Bo's body hung in the crossfire of silence and desolation. He staggered from wall to wall desperate to touch them or to realize anything but the crumbling air between his fingers. From right to left he plunged again and again; his fingers strangling toward the walls, but never grasping them until he crushed to the floor beneath the clean-clear light bulb protruding from the ceiling caged in wire.

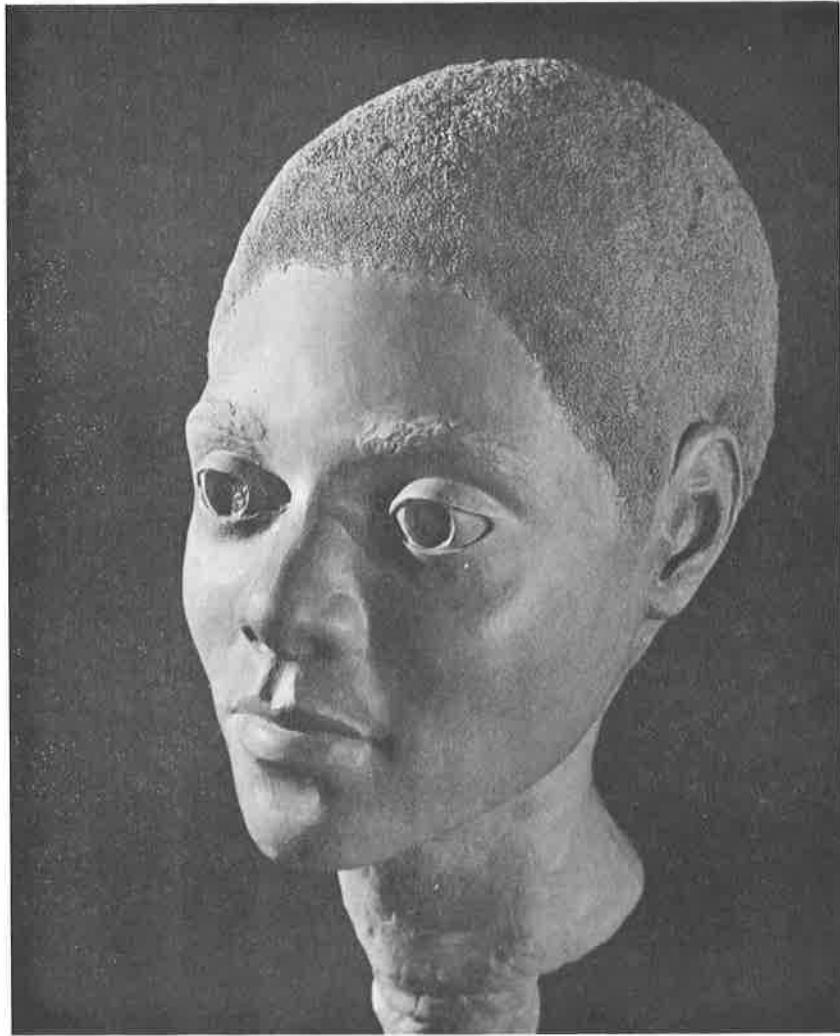
FOR more than an hour he lay motionless, frozen with the stiletto kiss of the light above. When he awoke his eyes exploded to the nakedness of the room. The stone chamber walls seemed to reject the presence of everything. Color was drained of its brilliance. Even his dark skin became paste under its shadow. Across the room the stone-slab bed trembled against the wall. Midway upon the adjoining wall was the yellowed porcelain toilet. Bo was on his feet now; moving slowly from corner to corner of the room, sensually perceiving all around him. His fingers ran gently over the rough grain of the plastered walls. His wet lips then sank into their chalky texture as fear took him again, and the words..... ALONETIME..... and SLEEP were smeared from his tongue on to the wall. Then he turned violently to face the light which reflected his own nakedness so brutally in his eyes.

ALONE..... It screamed ALONE as his pulse now became frantic, his veins pregnant as he crawled toward it and centered directly beneath its lashing heat. Then he lunged upward like a leopard into its wire grill, which he grasped in his fingers and hung as a fish snagged on the sterling hooks. He freed one hand and while dangling with the other, plunged it through the wire into the furnace-flame of the light.

HOT GLASS sprinkled upon the floor as he dropped into the darkness. He sat on the bare cement with his legs crossed and the glass stunk hot between his fingers as he slowly etched escape into his wrists.

fin

BEN DEL



MARGARET STOVAL

by

Laura Tidwell

BOOKS AND LITTLE PEOPLE

All the little people
Scribbling in their books
Thinking the words to be
Knowledge and truth.
They hear not, nor see,
Nor really believe.
They keep their books neatly, though,
With each page where it belongs.
My book is nearly empty,
But each page is my own.

I am not a perfect man,
In no place even close.
I am not a perfect man,
too much I'll never know.

I have awakened slowly
To the strength that hides within.
Behind I am but soon
I shall never be again.
Ambition rises within me
And knowledge of myself.
I become full of me
And must give myself away.

I gave some of myself to you
But your eyes seemed unseeing.
Keep your book neatly, dear,
With each page where it belongs.
Again my book is almost empty
Yet each page is still my own.

C. H.

February 27, 1969 — 3 pm to 5 pm
Now's the time go
track shoes, white pants, turtle neck
sweat shirt might get cold yes

2 hours hurry
not a thing to do but think
Walk, run, hitchhike
a dog, clothes cleaner, fisherman
There, no Too far back

Water February 27 cold
Wind Wild, tangly hair
Wood Decay little inlet

Sand, it's there, sand
Warm, Close, Givey
Looks like coffee ice cream
Water - washes sand away
cold underneath top level

Sand dune - close now but water
I got to it but it's hard wet sand
unresponsive
Want to walk right into the water
What stops me?

broken fingernail, buried piece of driftwood
plenty of time - 3:45 pm
working my way back

no trees What can i hold on to?
Sand blowing in my eyes
Men taking sand away in a truck

A road, shall I take it? It goes away from the
river, sand

one last glance, yes
Again walking in sand, road is hard
i can't see the sand anymore NO.

In a swamp has no water
sand blows into my mouth, teeth grind
Here's a dirt road -- dirt.
Don't care, going back, getting out of here.

I see the campus 4:45 pm
running across fields
Wouldn't you know it?
I followed a road back to campus
and here comes a truck load of sand.

Barry Wayne Myers

ONE FINAL RACE

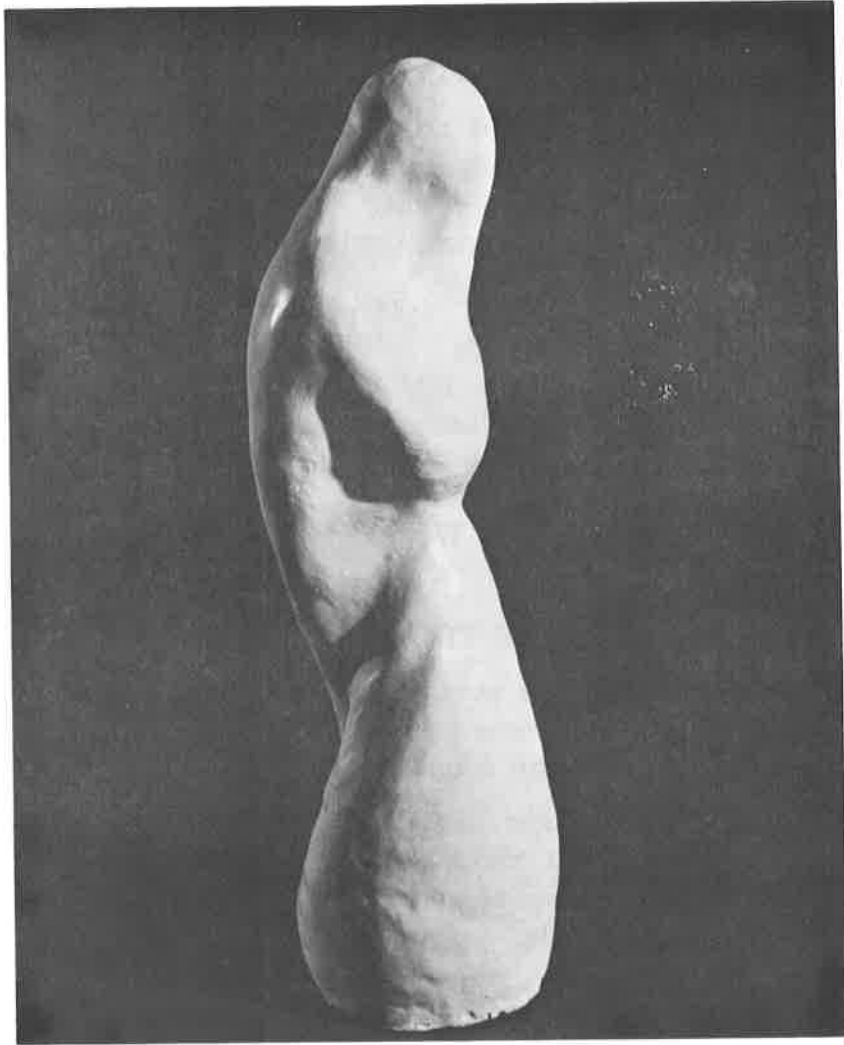
The races were many.
The outcome was the same—
Second by a nose.

The course was well run.
All that could be given, was.
But t'was not enough,
Not quite.

And who will be remembered,
Winner or also-ran?
Who else?

When all is over,
And history books are written,
Does it really matter
Second by a nose?

Anonymous



FIGURES

by

Laura Tidwell

REVIEW: MISS JULIE

Miss Julie, produced by the O. R. U. Drama Department on March 8 and 9, was experimental in several ways. The play, by August Stringberg, and the method of presentation, theatre-in-the-round, were chosen by the director, senior Robert Russell. This was O. R. U.'s first experiment with theatre-in-the-round and the method, considering *Miss Julie*'s somewhat cramped quarters, appears to deserve further exploration.

Heading the cast in the title role was Tena Docter, who began the evening as the eccentric, spoiled, and rather affectionate daughter of a Swedish count, and progressed from there to fully developed insanity. She was aided by Jean, her father's amorous, arrogant, and social-climbing valet, played by Johnny Rigsby. Jean's experiences with *Miss Julie* appear to aggravate his pet neuroses, and both are helped along the path by Kristen, the cook, who considers herself Jean's fiancee, and was played by Alma Golder.

The play takes place in a Swedish manor on Mid-Summer's Eve and deals with the experiences of Jean and *Miss Julie* in falling in and out of love, their plans to go to Switzerland and open a hotel together, and various other interesting experiences. After pouring out the traumatic experiences of their early lives, inviting the cook to make the elopement a threesome, and discovering their courage fade upon the Count's return home, Jean and *Miss Julie* make the only possible decision--Jean takes the Count his boots and *Miss Julie* kills herself.

Miss Docter's performance as *Miss Julie* was rather convincing, and she was capably supported by Rigsby and Miss Golder. However, no review of *Miss Julie* can do justice to the performers without taking into consideration the play itself. Stringberg's development of the characters of Jean and, especially, *Miss Julie*, is, sadly, not complete enough to make the interpretation anything but extremely difficult. From a fully objective viewpoint, the play was not carried off especially well, but in view of the shortcomings of the play itself the O. R. U. company's performance was quite good. As entertainment *Miss Julie* left something to be desired, but as I said earlier the production was in many ways experimental, and as an experiment deserves to be repeated.

MICHAEL LEWEY



A MAN & A BOY

REFLECTIONS ON A SUNDAY MORNING

Each man wanders lonely like a cloud
You've seen him lonely, even with a crowd
of people screaming at his shell,
Wanting in and not knowing even what waits
on the other side.

Cursed and wretched is the man who feels,
Who looks at a leaf and sees the hand that
carved it from itself,
For one day he shall confront his loneliness
and want it filled.
I know. I am this man.

I've experienced people trying to know me
and not knowing how.
I dare not show them for fear of appearing as
more than I am.
I am. The sound resounds through me, bouncing
from the walls of the shell; echoing,
Echoing and filling.

Senses rise to heights unscalable, yet known,
for here is communion, free and chaste,
With peers whose experience I've shared,
whose lives till now count as waste.
I know you, I am, and understand when you say,
I know you.

Craig Hatcher

Jesus was a fine young man,
A man of carpentry.
He built himself a wooden cross
And pierced humility.
And on the cross the people die
A death they do not earn.
The question isn't who or when
It's how the lesson's learned.

The church bell's ringing,
I am told to sing a sacred song.
The sting of piercing holiday;
The melody belongs:
"And Jesus died upon the cross,
Joan of Arc was burned."
The question isn't who or when
It's how the lesson's learned.

A gentleman, a husband man,
A man of working class;
He married once a lady fair,
She died in his caress.
He buried her with liturgy,
The lifeless unreturned.
The question isn't who or when
It's how the lesson's learned.

So, Jesus was a fine young man;
He knew his father's trade.
He built himself a wooden cross,
Piercing a charde
Of timeliness, of singleness,
Of history undiscerned.
The question isn't who or when
It's how the lesson's learned.

Mike Ring

BAREFOOT PROPHET

Barefoot prophet, standing in an alley in the
light and the shade
With many words you ask why
While in many books you read nothing.
Bastard of folly and hope,
Your mother walks the streets
Hoping not to see you.
A fawn in the forest
Lifts his white face to the mountains.
Mother voice in the breeze whispers
"See, from both sides."
He starts the climb
But it is long
And he must stop
When the fog descends.
Then in the haze
The mountains changed.
That is your child on the street corner now.
It is a time to laugh-cry.

Donna Ratcliff



FACES

There's a lot to a face,
more than most people know.
A face can say what one is,
or what he isn't;
what he shall be,
or what he has no hope of being.
An expression says the inexpressible
to those who see.

But a face can never reveal
all a person is.
He shows each of us only one,
the others he must conceal
because of the nakedness he would feel
if he had none left to show himself.

Craig Hatcher

HURTFULL THINGS

You say you're troubled by a head full of things
that worsen the doubt in your heart.
When the confusion clears
and your heart cries above the thinking,
it always cries the same:
a love that almost was...just almost.

For you that love was a chance to live
and see stars dizzy in the night
(but she wouldn't see--
was real dead and liked the quiet)
and now you're always grieving.
Wondering why you're always the giver
not the given.

Can't answer all your questions,
just have one answer,
I too am a giver--lets go live.

Tena

MAN

The sorrows that scar a man's soul
The tears that trace his cheeks and, falling,
stain the pages of his life.

A man is made of many things
not the least being a love for the small
A sensitive and timely caress,
devoid of all want, full of giving.
Knowing that he is accepted
as he is
and seen
by his peers and his love.

A man is tender, yet strong
sometimes hard, yet always giving.
His gaze pierces the shell
to look at the warm
to find what to give
But who gives to him?

A man alone is a creature unique
for he knows his loneliness
and the void
and the unfulfilled need to speak
of things of concern.
It's good to bring a smile
and make one forget for a time
the object that weighs heaviest
on the balance of his mind.
But a smile is a passing thing
its fading begun at its beginning
And the heart soon forgets the song
you taught it to sing
and the scale again is tipped
by the sorrows that scar a man's soul.

A man isn't measured by the strength of his arms...
or by the shape of his face. . .
or by what he says. . . .
but by what he means. . . .

Craig Hatcher

BLOOD JET

A blood jet
Is like a life jet.
A slice of crimson time
Poised on the edge of
A crystal goblet.

That endless rim of reality on which
The centuries drag their tinsel feet
To make the crystal ring.

Some say it's truth
Schreeching around the edge
Of Eternity.
Some can't hear it yet,
But they're just being honest.

Yet, blood jets drip,
Life, upon life
Into a stainless glass.
Their silent slide unnoticed
To the vintage ages.

Their path
A fading streak of red glory
On a sky sheet.

But their God
A hand that holds
The goblet steady.

end

Teri Lalaian

THE GOOD ONES

to H. B.

It is a sadness of my life
that you who hold
a wonder of life
are gone in a moment.
Says the legend:
fire on earth
be transient flame.

Why do you always leave?
You gave so much--
your living
was a savor of mine.
You always do leave though.
I called you friend
because we needed
each others words--
the struggle was ours--
your's and mine.

But it is a sadness of my life
that you,
(You who I loved
who loved me)
in that flash of an eye--
are gone.

A. D.