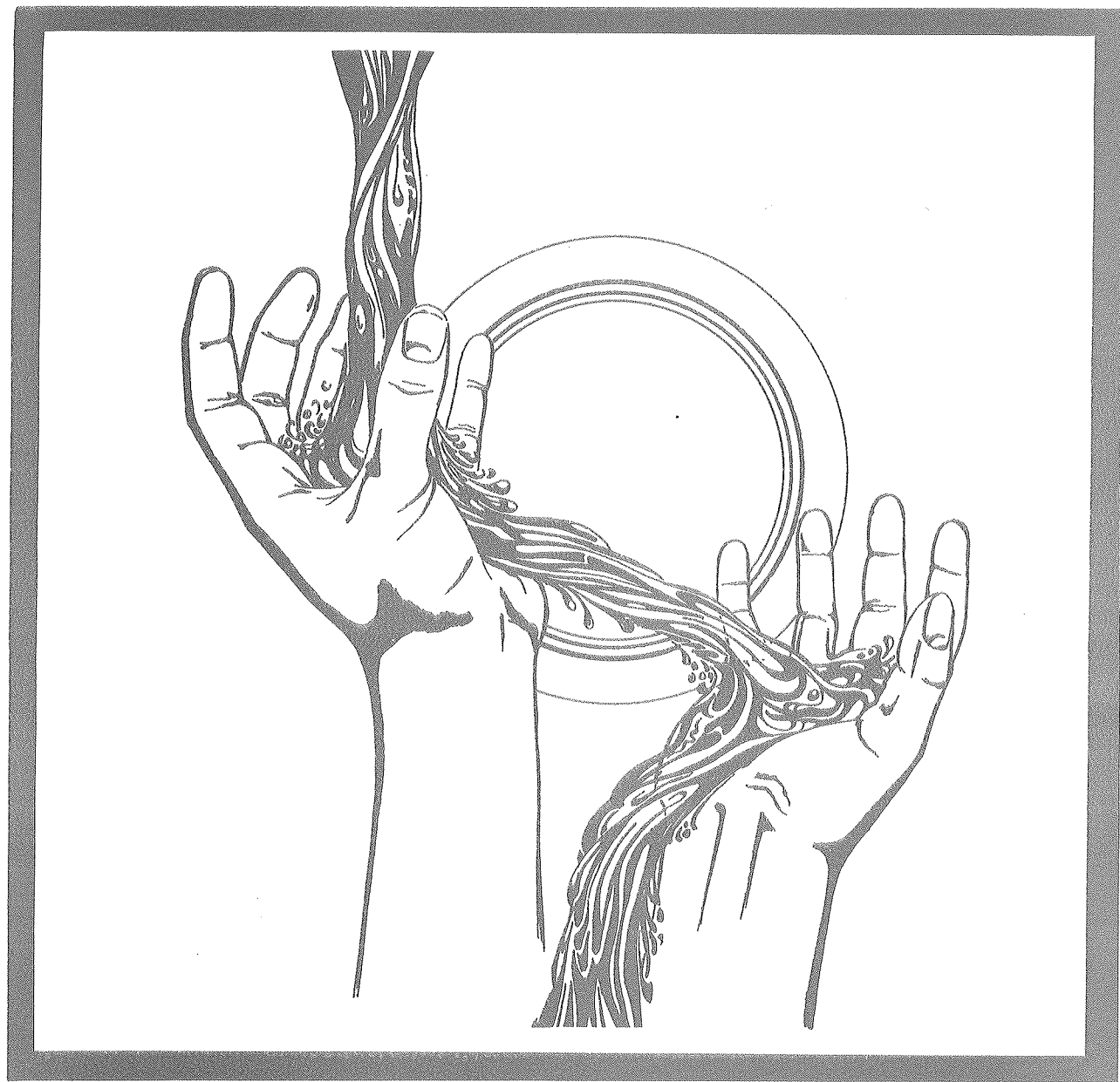
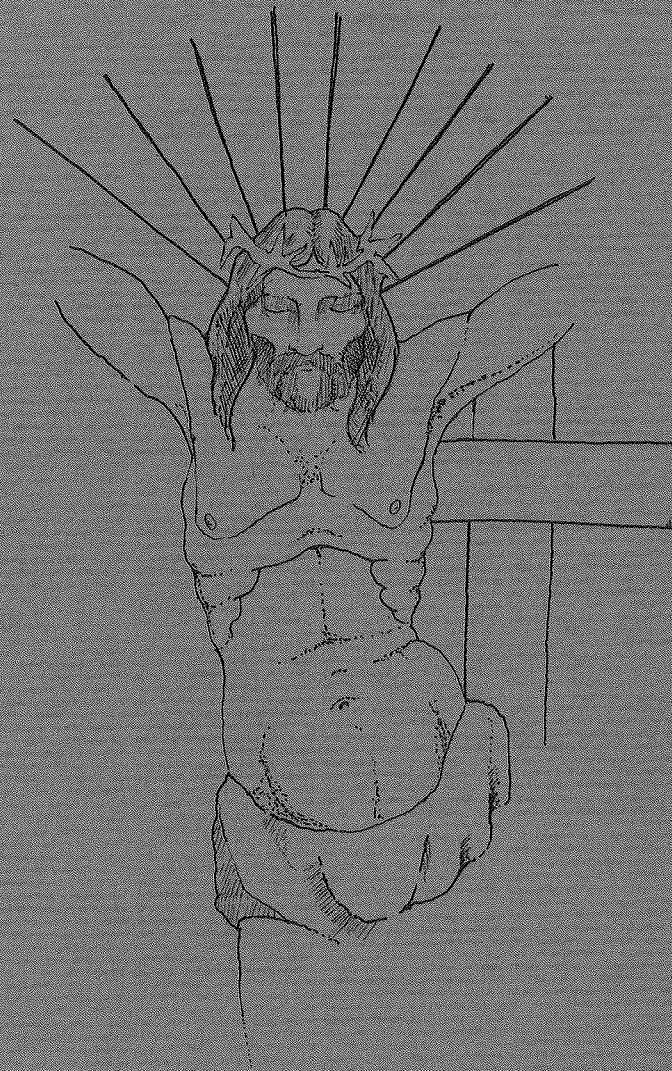


PROMETHIA





But in the latter days it shall come to pass, that the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be established as the highest of the mountains, and all shall be exalted above the hills, and peoples shall flow to it. And many nations shall come, and say, Come, let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; that He may teach us His ways and we may walk in His paths. For the law shall go forth out of Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. And He shall judge between many peoples, and shall decide for strong nations afar off; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. But they shall sit everyman under his vine and under his fig tree, and none shall make them afraid; for the mouth of the Lord of hosts has spoken it. For all the peoples now walk every one in the name of his god, but we will walk in the name of the Lord our God for ever and ever.

Micah 4:1-5

Cross Charles Aldrich

Cover Design Charles Revis

BARLEY FIELD DAYS

Come with me...to gentle hills!
Let us laugh and be merry!
Playing among the wind brushed grass
And wild flowers of the green and verdant hills.
We shall drink from each other's cup.
And later, we shall lie in the sweet waving barley.
Share the stars with me, and the early dawn.
Sing with me in mellow harmony.
Show me your smile...or if thou wilt...
Blush for me your tender youth and innocence!
And when we touch . . . touch kindly and delicately.
Feel the softness and warmth of our lips.
And when it's time for us to depart...
Turn away with a smile.
Show me no tears,
Yet, dream of me this full-moon night.
My barley-field joys are my most blissful memories.

Anonymous

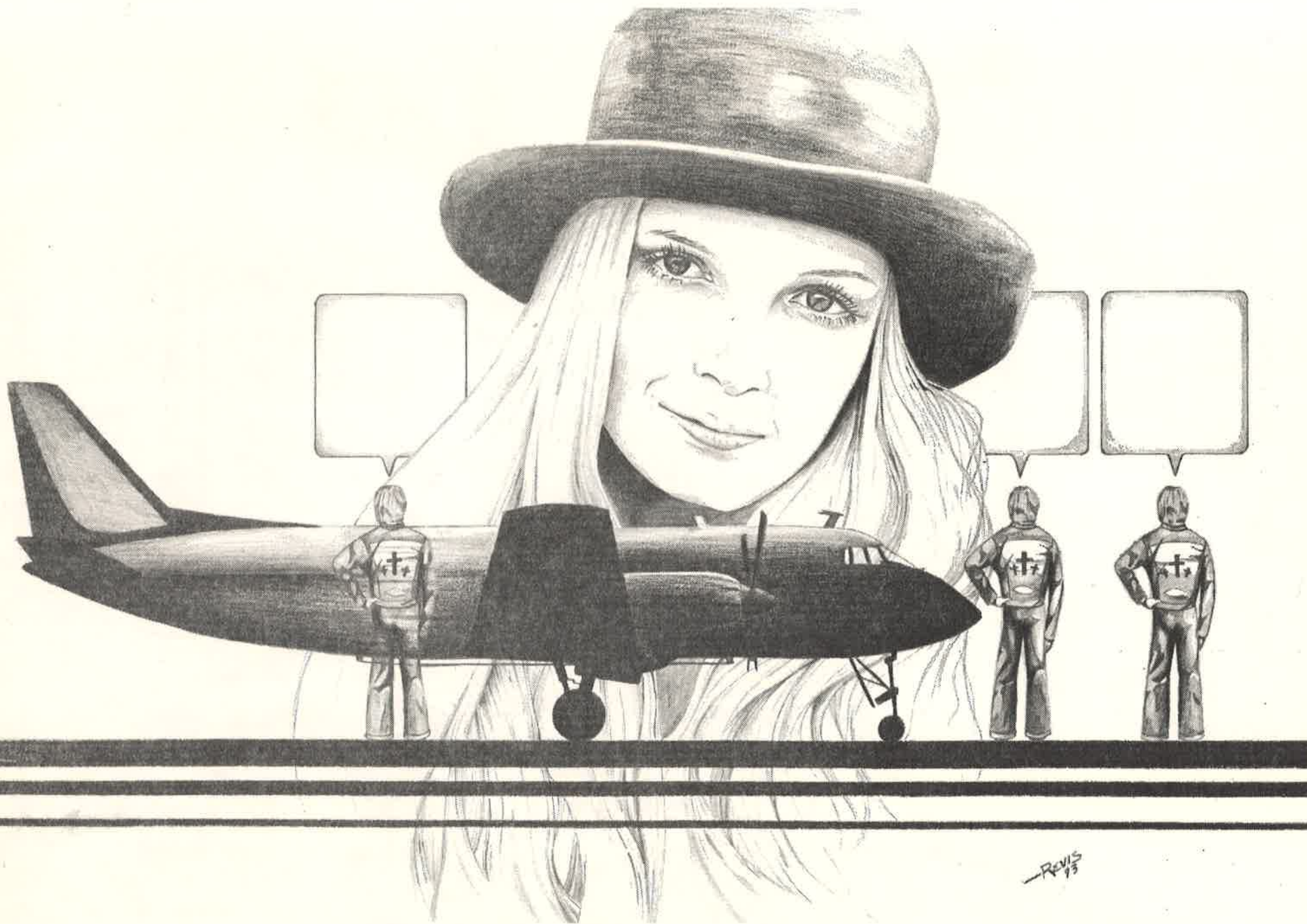
PENNY CANDY

I cannot understand
Our free and careless ways
In days of penny candy

I cannot comprehend
The way we lived our lives
In times of penny candy

I cannot reconstruct
A reality that seems
Like dreams of penny candy

Mark Orthman





THE GUEST

I met the day with wonder in my hand.
I met the hoar-frost droppings—crystal droppings.
I met the falling filigree the fog left on the land.
I met the huddled trees, still, silver droppings.
I met a ghostly oak whose thick strong arms
Had foliated lace more delicate than willow droppings.
I met a meadow shook with night's alarms,
As if the cold had carried intimations of His coming,
And wove of earth a wedding cloak, bejeweled with charms
That fit it for the feast. The earth was blooming.
A frost-fall brushed me, cast by wind to land.
I remembered the other birth, and, a vision looming,
My coat caught shine with shards that split from some
 celestial band,
I met the day with wonder in my hand.

B. Epperson
Jan. 21, 1973

See how, against the red autumnal bush,
The baby's breath stand out in stiff relief
Like fireworks arrested in their flight—
Such are my memories of our moments shared,
Fragile explosions, caught—
 and held against
The joy-bright background of remembered youth.

CEJ

ODE

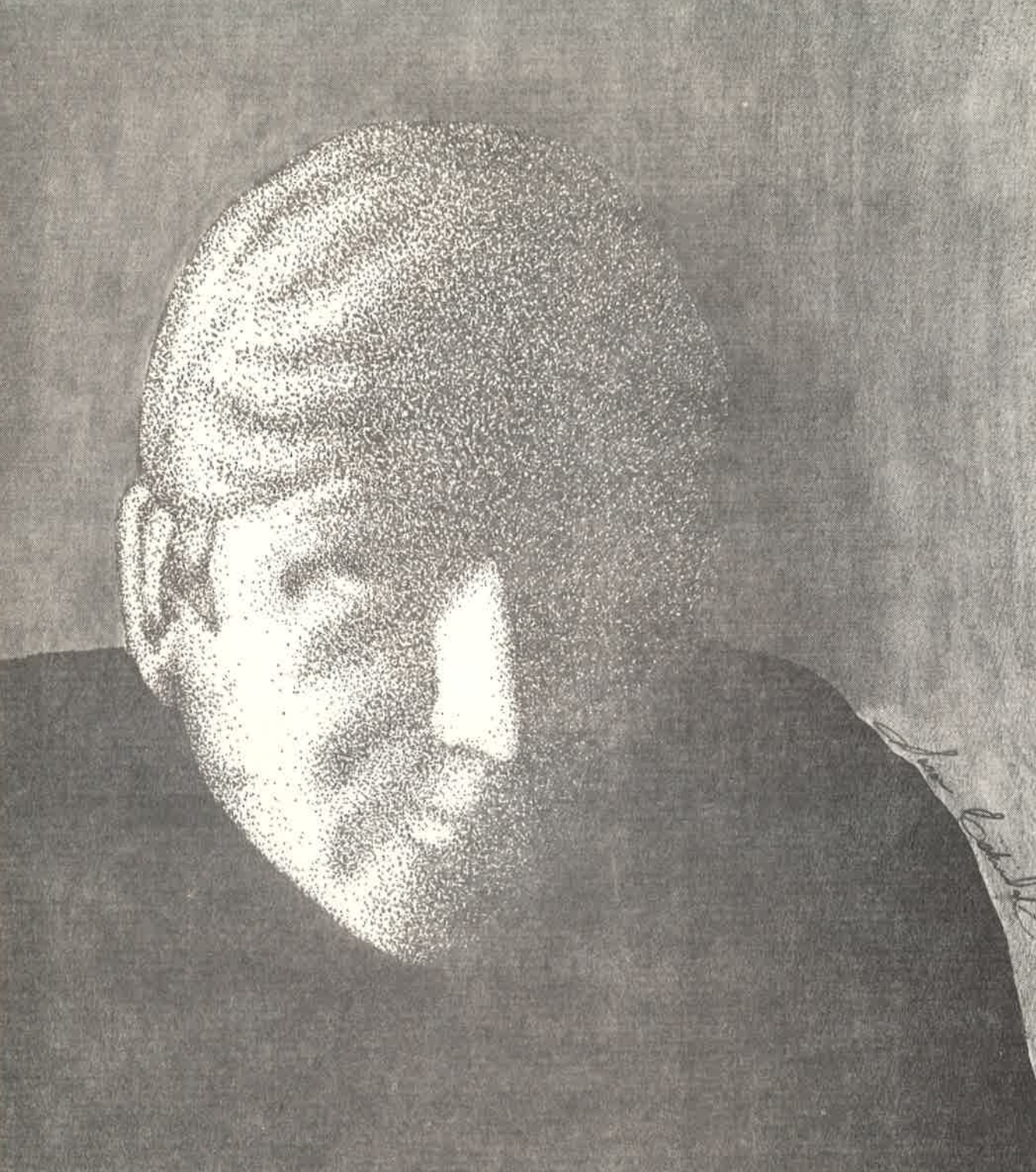
Walk softly in the Wilderness of Love
Tread lightly on the frosting brownly
Leaves

Watch greyful mourning sky touch
The pining ground with crumpled
Tears.

Listen for the silentness of wounded
Lives distinctfully and deliberately
Alone.

Dance softly before the Son of Love
Gentfully and greenly touching tree and sky with
Life.

Ellen Von Fange



Susan Eskridge

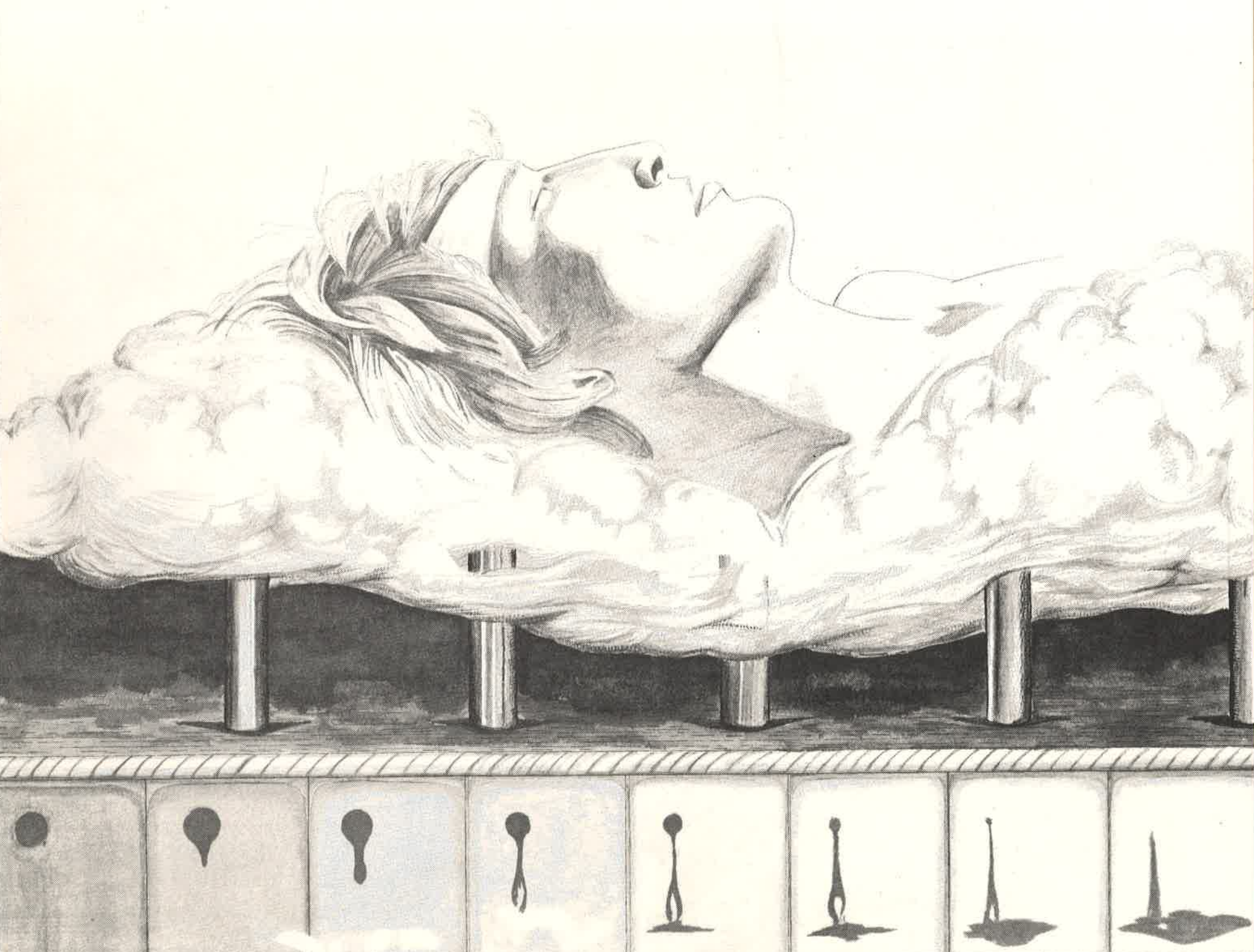


CONFESSION

I am but
earth
Lord
slave unto seasons—
now
sick-bed for black leaves—
now
snow-shrouded, stiff.

o, strip me
and rainwash me,
sweet-blowing spirit,
and on my straw-linen
let the
Lamb-child
lie down.

CEJ



A PORTRAIT OF CHRIST

O thou divine Artist, Paint me a picture of thee
That I may ever know what I too ought to be

Paint thee in color For that is life
Arrayed in thy peace Instead of my strife

O turn thy face Toward your child
Entreat me with that look So meek and mild

Then, extend thine hand Thou Shepherd kind
And touch me with it For I am blind

Without that vision You know I be lost
So open mine eyes To see the cross

Inscribe thy name In letters tall
As a constant reminder That I am so small

O King! create in me That image too
And frame it in love With reflections of you

Then hang thy portrait Upon my heart
So as others do enter They'll first see thine art

Becky Smay

The Lamb cannot survive,
No one can believe
It's still alive.
It bleats atop a barren hill-
A hill of dust.

The stagnant pond below
(A smugged mirror of our minds)
Can there be seen
A reflection
An image
A vision
A hope
A dream?
No, nothing is reflected.

Jane Wright

TODAY

Today man is on shifting sand;
But in peace we'll live in God's land
Saying God's words, doing God's acts
Walking on His stable, brute facts.

Today man is beyond dignity
Living a valueless piety
Existing in his bare no-man-land
Brother's lets give him a loving hand.

Giving him purpose of life
That which will banish all strife
Giving him that Godly love
In power that's from above

And say, when they reject us,
Over our ways make a fuss,
Or if they live with us say,
We will love them either way.

Oh, blind man of this planet
From another world we have come
By God our candles are lit;
But someday we'll soon be gone.

Blair Caver

into a Bethlehem
shrouded in winter—
crowded and splintered
and frozen
and scarred—
into a world
too weary for wonder
hearts
long neglected
eyes
locked and barred—
into and out of an
earth badly damaged
God whispered "Now"
and He
flung
out
His
arms.

•
•
•
and we saw
a baby
and some felt disdain
and some knelt in wonder
(they knew His name)



Hot Windy Day Charles Revis

RELEASE

in winged glory born—
i feel the deepness of the sky
toward world's end and reached
a land of mist and shadow
broke by the rayous sun—
where sleeping giants lay.

so did a vision go, the flight of
mind unbound, the spirit renewed by
rainbowed magic—in eyes not seen but known.

and turned to view the dark
cached in this realm of dreams
ten thousand jewels of God
glitter their hopes for man.

i ride the currents of the air
and see what we should see
not bound by earth nor words or care
but only by the knowledge of the free.

David Ford

EULOGY 1972

Embraced in the arms
Of a dying wind;
Kissed by the sighs
Of the drizzling rain;
Now saddened from the death
Of a dearly beloved.

Evelyn Draughon

Edgar Allen Poe
Charles Aldrich



STILLBORN

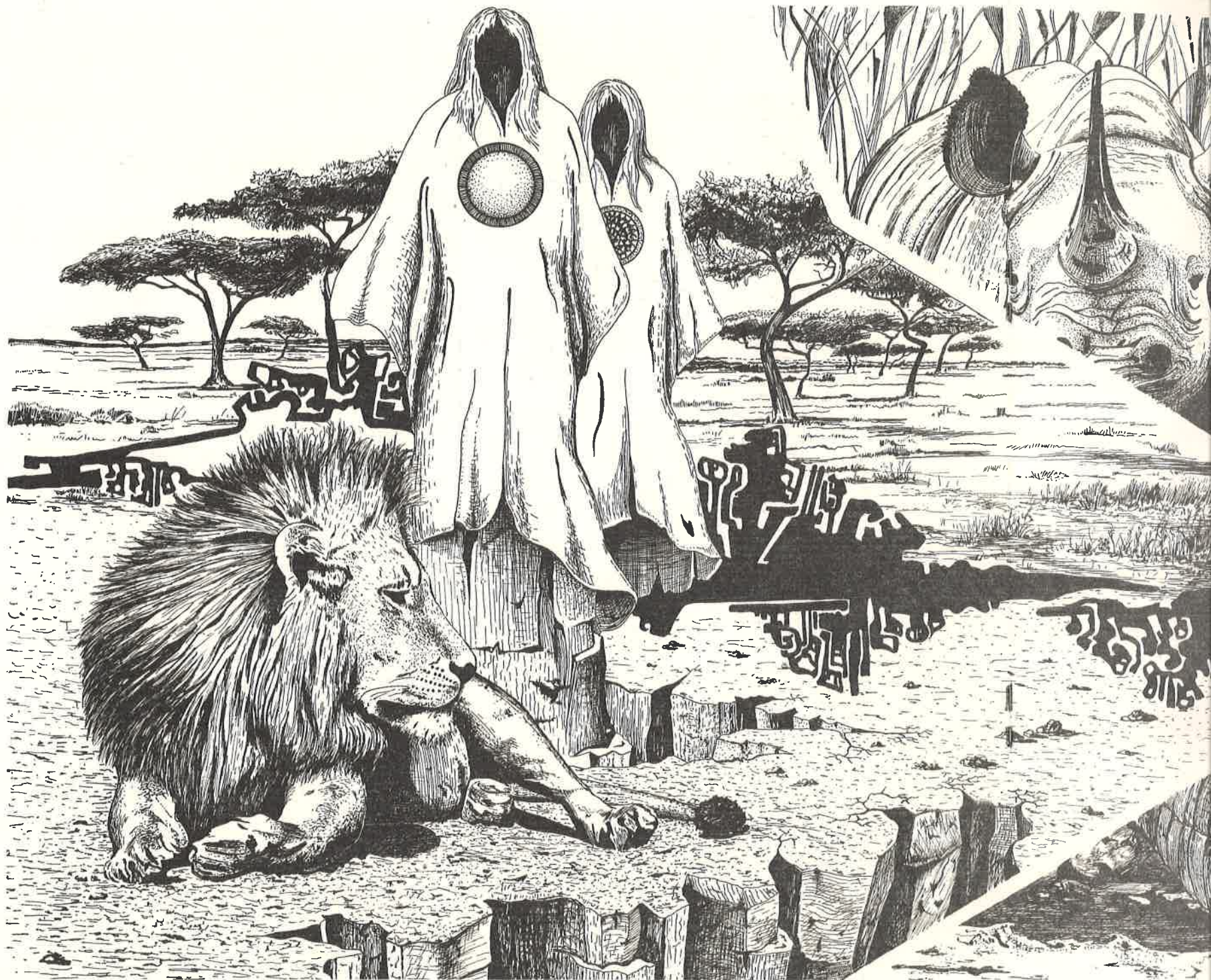
Lipid pools of liquid surrounded by white.
Salted water streaming down pale, wrinkled flesh.
The pressure of eons of time, before time is
crushing down upon brows furrowed with lines of questions.
She is mother of the child, the child will never know,
and she will never hear him cry.
And why or wherefore is it so
She seems not to know.

We cry oh God, but her God is dead-stillborn
Her last try at planting seeds of her and his existence
in future generations.
But perhaps it is better this way—
For can a babe or child comfort an old lady?
And why or wherefore is it so?
No one seems to know.

Her partner in this tragedy stands behind her
but he is not with her.
Somewhere he is—cursing in words too anguished to speak
but to God alone—whomever his god may be.
His tired hands clutch at the magic formula of life—
His fists are shattered by the silent wind.
And why or wherefore is it so?
He seems not to know.

And thousands die, while more are born.
Some rejected even as they take their first step toward death.
So millions have cried through eons of time.
And why or wherefore is it so?
Only God seems to know.

Pauly Yotter





CHAS. FREVIS - 73

TRANSFIGURATION

Ambling by the pond,
Our self-consideration turns us
More like swans
Than ducks. We condescend
To those who squawk in groups
For scraps.

Leda-like, you prey me on
To reap the feathers from your tail
Amid the rush of wings.
But relegated, by the ducks' gross habitation,
To the center of the pond,
Our silent flurries tempt the gust of common weal

They tell us to commune with ducks
(Since swimmers in a mimic pool)
And cast ourselves among the scraps
From better tables—not count fables
Less than life—
And truss our rushing wings.

Preferring fish, our wine enrich
By feeding deeply in the depths at dark.
Our flashing sides corroborate
The deaths of shore-bound ducks
And lead us laughing, by the bridge,
Into the caves of shade.

Steve Heaston



SPIRIT

AIR OF FORM
FIRE OF NIGHT.
NEWNESS FASHIONED
GOD RE-BEING
MOVES—
GIVING YOU THE GLOW

Rob Rhodes

Charles Revis

"Answer me, just once, Lord,
(Today, if not tomorrow
For as you said one time
Each day's sorrow
Is enough, no need to hoard)
Who, Sir, am I? Dust sublime?
You ask that daily I confess
Your ownership of me. I cannot ask you less.
Today I beg you, name my name.
You'll not deny my claim
To ask you even more.
It's You that boasted of a store
So boundless, nor would You have me take
For bread a stone, or worse, a snake."

"A stone... a stone, my son
A white stone bears your name
It rests in heaven; there it's read.
Your gift on earth is bread."

B. Epperson
Jan. 30, 1973

PIED PIPER

By the milky whiteness of the moon
In crystal silence captured
Eyes sought forth to touch the orb
Bright mandala of God

The lone one sat and upward looked
From cave in darkness gathered
Hands drew forth the Pipes of Man
Too woo the swirling mists

And as he played the flutes of life
Each note of singing softness
Rose in the air to weave a sound
And greet the fair Dian

David Ford



written to the soul of a friend

i reread your letter today—
the ink hardly dry before i visited your grave.
you thought i was more than i am,
perhaps i thought the same of you,
but is that not the quest of friends
oh my friend and sister,
did i tell you how much i loved you—
or did you already know
i remember each day as you slowly died
and a part of me died.
and when finally you slipped away
i learned how to face death.

what is memory
not the scared body wracked by constant pain—
memory is how your eyes would light
 and your mouth
smile on any who entered your room.
memory is recalling your child-like delight at the
flowers i would bring or listening to you
 talk about yourself,
giving of yourself to all.

no, i do not see your body although i knew it well
through caring for you.
i remember your spirit—
 the soul of one who has not
really died but is just out of sight.
most of all, my friend, i remember you.

Pauly Yotter

Hush and be still—

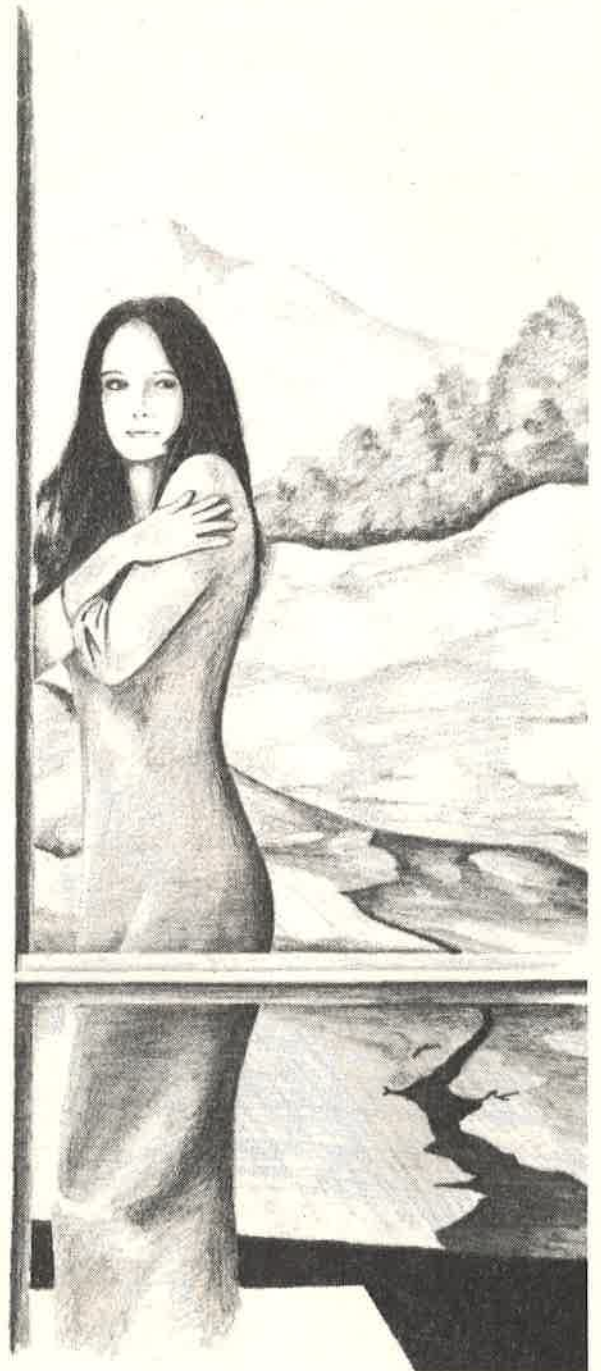
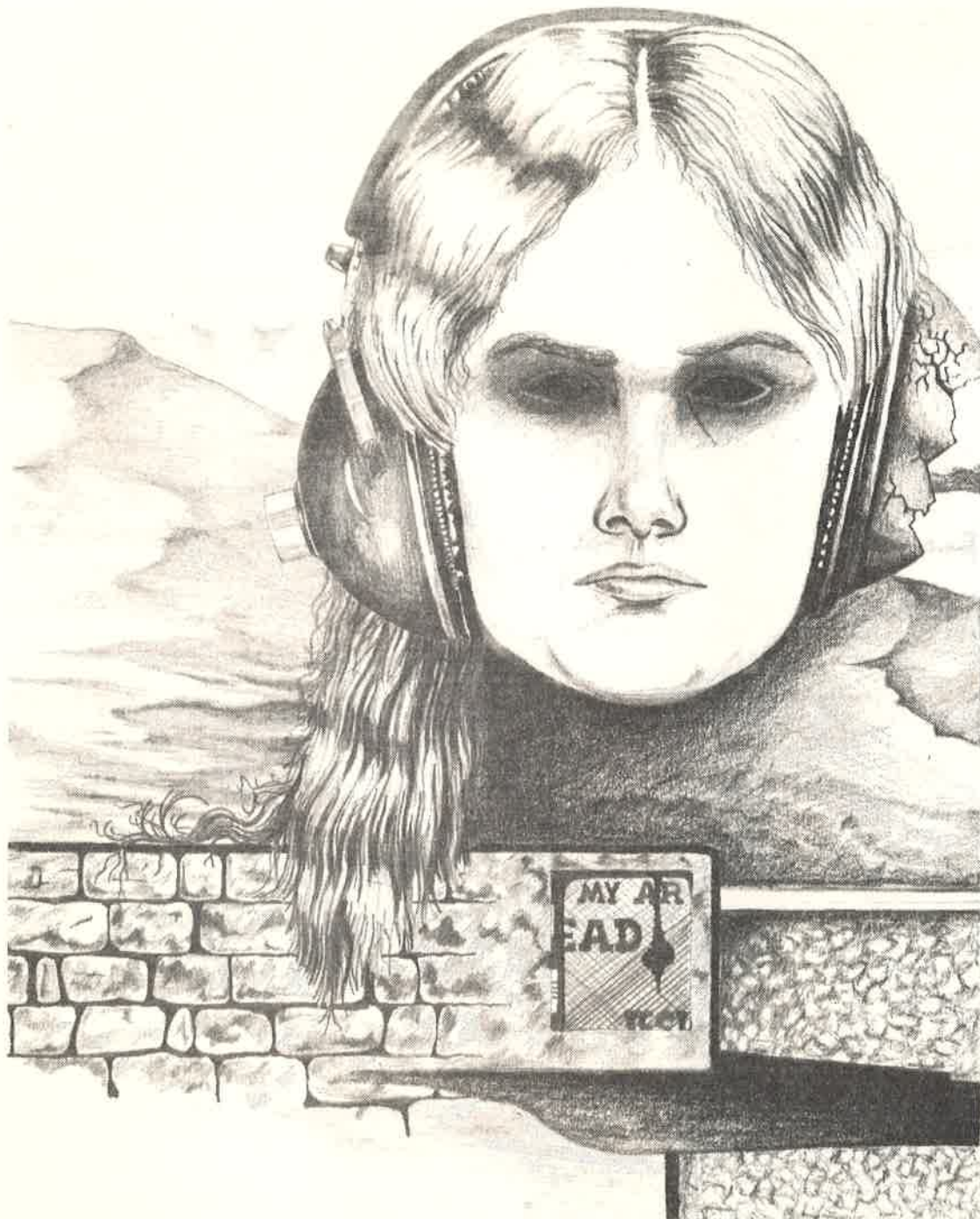
There is holy upheaval going on now within me.
You see but the rustling of leaves on the surface—
You know not what almighty surging must shake me
To rattle a few dead leaves.

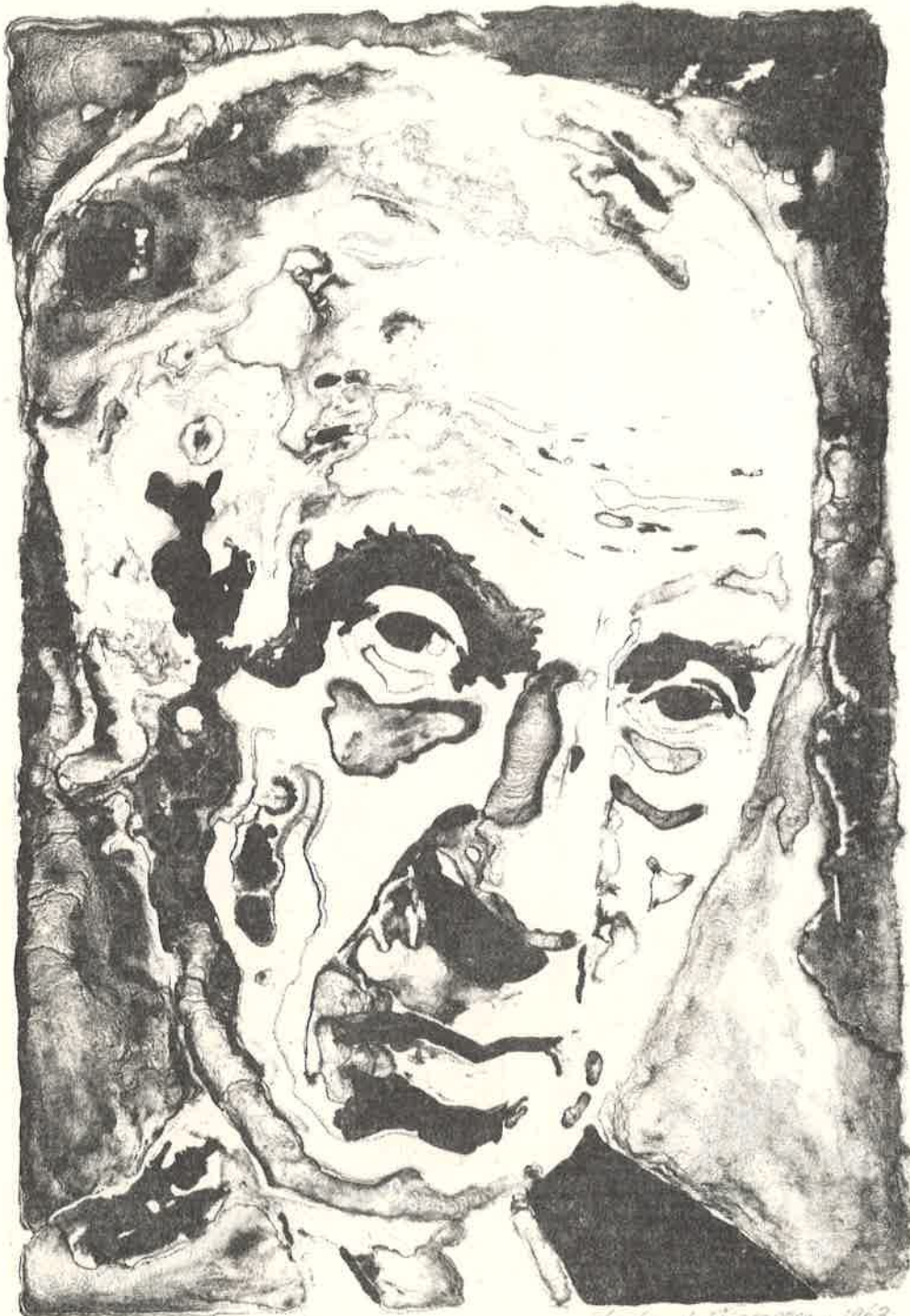
CEJ

After too much loving comes
An emptiness that's like the sea,
Wave follows wave to fade in leas,
My bones dissolve, my body flees
Some silvered being from the wind blown flow
From too much loving, too much flow

Another death tends emptiness
Of loneliness or love denied.
Skeletons of sea birds, fragile, blind,
Beached on sand grass, they yet bind
Some silvered being from the wind blown flow,
From too much loving, too much flow.

B. Epperson
Jan. 30, 1973





HIGHER GROUND

I'm climbing up a mountain,
A mountain, o, so high
And since I too am made of earth
On God I must rely.

At times, I feel so overwhelmed
With fear, and insecurity
That in mere disillusionment
I lose reality.

I'm lost! I'm lost! I cry
O God, to hear your voice once more
Would calm my troubled soul
And unlock my poor heart's door.

And the thorns, they prick my feet;
Is there no solid ground on which to faint?
O please, just help me climb this hill
And become that conquering saint.

Dear God, I know you're guiding me
O how could I ever doubt?
For when moving on to higher ground
There is no other route.

Charles L. Ramsey - 1964

THE INDIVIDUAL

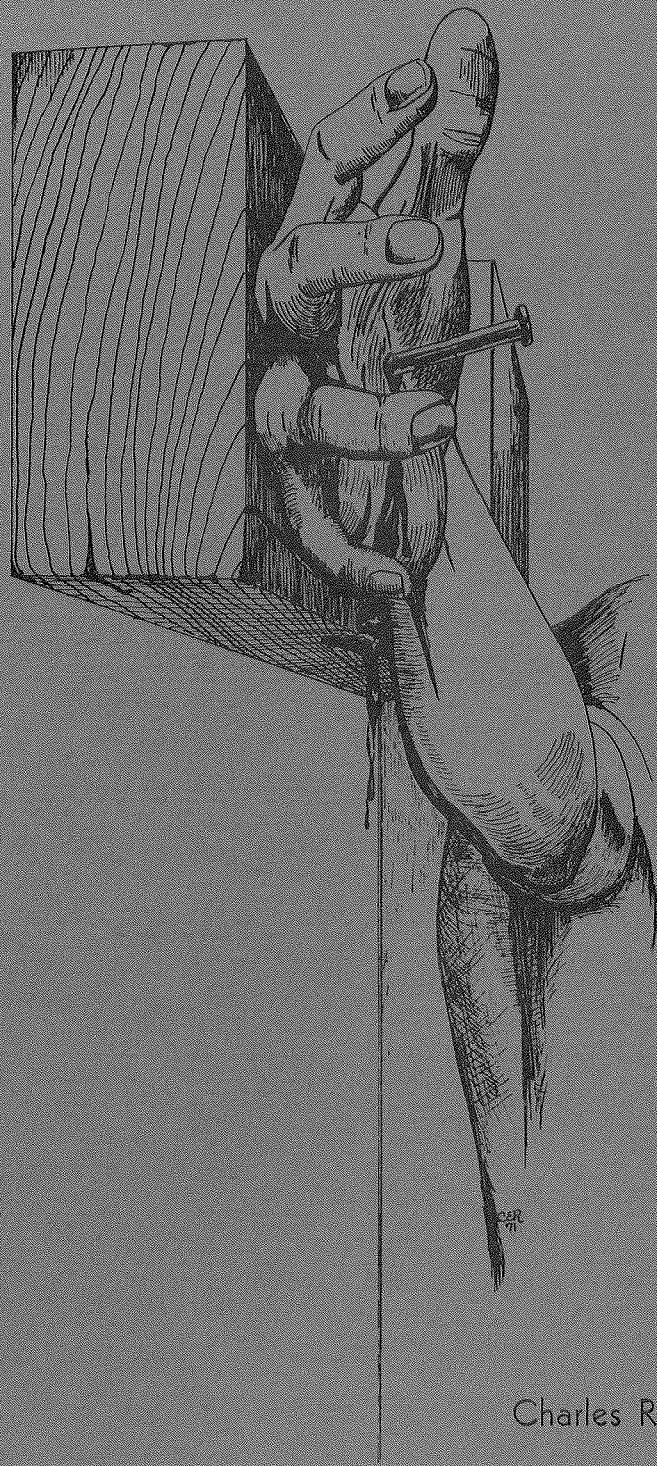
He was tall, tawny, with tattered apparel,
He stood there alone: The individual.
He was indifferent to all around him,
He hardly turned his head as he walked.
He was bothered with no-one.
He was doing "his own thing".

Non-conformity was his cry.
His life would be lived his way,
How he wanted it to be lived.
Rules meant nothing to him,
He was beyond rules: This individual.
But where was he going?

He walked slowly to the corner,
He turned left, the park was ahead.
He stopped at the entrance and nodded.
He spoke slowly, his face emotionless.
He looked around, the park was full.
He saw them all, all the individuals,
conforming to nonconformity.

"There are two kinds of people,
The pushers and the users.
The users die,
The pushers get killed."

Evan Phillips
June 26, 1972



Charles Revis

The reasoned words that singly march
In linear progression form
Of their sound a curse,
Pass into silence,
Like a dead bell
In hell.
The Word alone
That spreads its tone
In-fleshes earth, a green-grace takes,
Strips trees to cross, my curse atones;
God's living silence—a bell that wakes
These stones—my erring words, my eyes, my bones.

Jan. 29, 1973
Epperson

Lost in the vast green mountains of Vermont,
 I've touch the distance in the tent of time
 And read in lines of birches the foreignness of want
 (Some comfort for distinction); and in the climb

Of patterned acres I was paid
 The forest's best high compliment of praise—
 The insects' ignorance of where I lay,
 It was a farmer, finding me, who said

I looked so comfortable there
 He thought he'd plow another field today,
 And went obliquely on. With once his passing
 By, the forests looked less gray,

And made me feel I had found my way
 In merely finding rootless roots
 And this a place to stay.

One often finds in mountain furrows
 The anarchy of slate
 Where man can make a hundred blows
 Upon the ground, but still will have to wait.

I chanced across the plowman
 While inclining down one day
 Who farrowing his narrow land
 Stopped a while to say:

That he has fought this battle all his life
 Against uncomfortable odds—
 Against that ring of brush encroaching rife
 Upon his furrow-circled ground. In spitting nods
 To signify that he has just put back
 A part of what he once pulled up
 To guarantee the land would never lack.

A year from thence it was not
 That the farmer's son enriched his father's ground;
 But in its taking back what it had not put up, in thought
 The Land unjust the ancient farmer found.

Lost then, in these now foreign hills,
 The farmer moved to Boston,
 Away from a Land that kills,
 And Left the field to Him who would not run

(Even in all due deference to His dying son
 Who had Himself Lost many sons before).
 Then, when the auctioning was done,
 The new man found it difficult to restore

Furrow's number proper to the field,
 The scythe a weight to wield,
 And branch and root their comfort hesitant to yield.

TO DADDY BOBBY

Bright lights all colors
 gold satin
 curtain

and a series of dirty white birch boards
UPON WHICH YOU TROMP.

HAIL ACTOR!...WHAT WISDOM WOULD YOU
SHOW US TONIGHT?

"citizens of low morals"

they stumbled onto the boards in the dark and while the gold
 systematically forgot their lines.

 rose
curtain

the lights glowed . . . then rose as rising to the heat of noon
and we felt that heat
but the method says to CONCENTRATE
 and the heat makes us CONCENTRATE!

we began our masque
 each of us being someone else
 each of us with something different to say
 pity.

we said our speeches

 d and c
 e o e.
 v u v
 o n o
 m t er m

the masque ended, the story told
 and we heard THUNDEROUS applause.

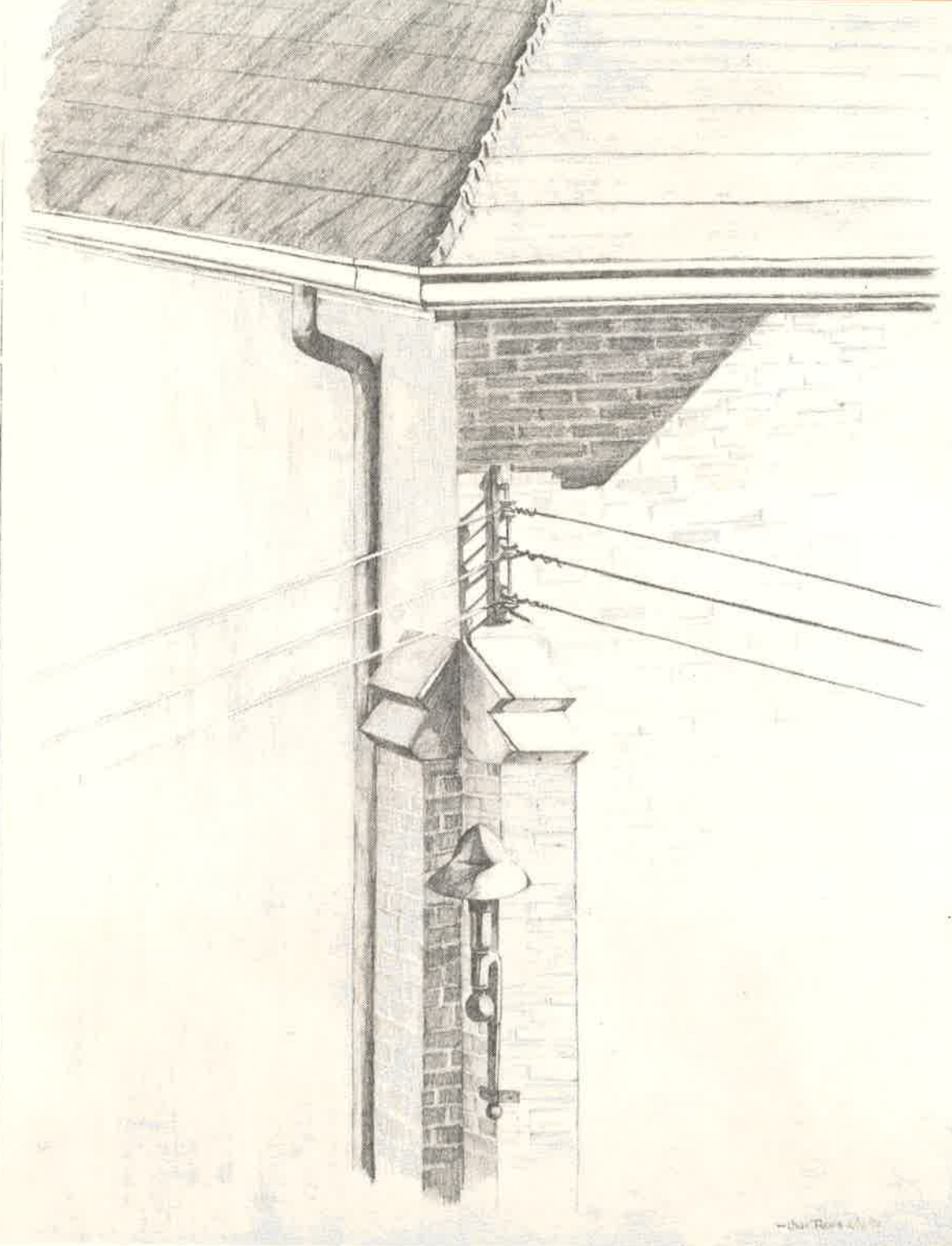
thankyou thankyou thankyou.

 "Now remember what we have said, and apply it.
 It was important that we said it."

now good night.

 and the noon cooled off to darkness.

Robert Galloway



With a guitar in her hands,
And a smile upon her face,
She pours into my soul
That ever-lovin' grace

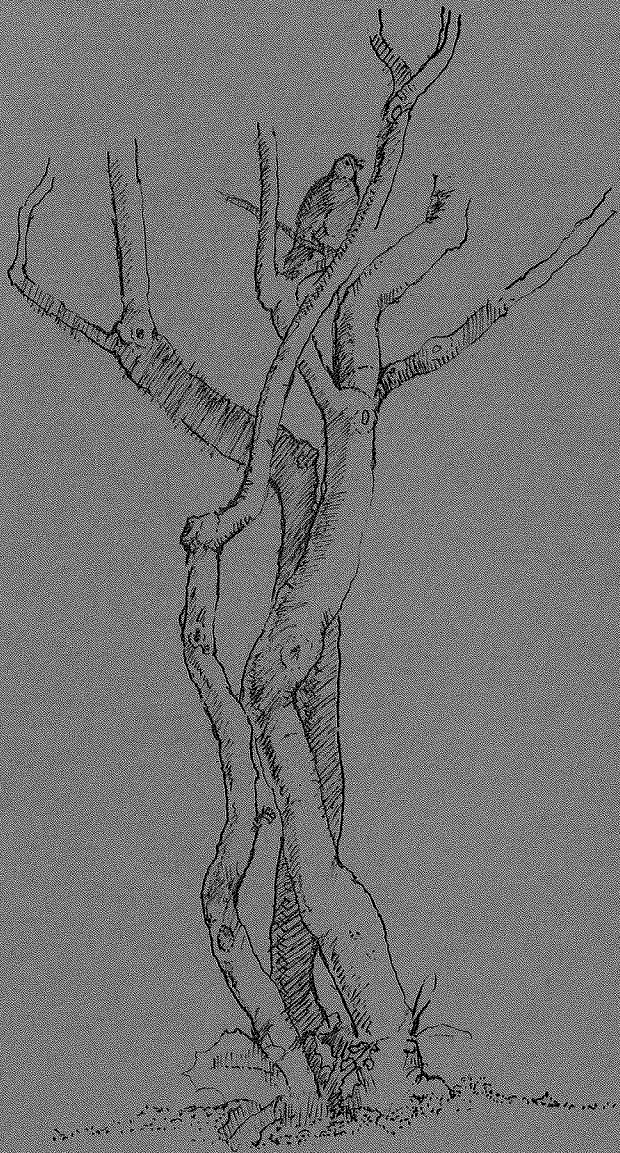
Word needn't, can't explain
The comfort of a friend
Who sings a simple song
About a love that never ends.

A wrong word or a chord
Will give her cheeks a blush
But I'm just praising the Lord—
Ain't gonna make no fuss.

In the early morning hours
Or in the moonbeamed full twilight
A song dances 'round my brain
And fills my heart with God's delight.

So with a ballpoint in my hand
And a smile upon my face
I'd like to thank the Lord
For that ever-Lovin' Grace.

Jane Wright



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PROMETHIA

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Bill Epperson

Ellen Von Fange

David Ford

Robert Galloway

Steve Heaston

Cindy Eve Johnson

Evan Phillips

Rob Rhodes

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PROMETHIA

Vol. VIII

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Susan Eskridge

Charlie Ramsay Sr.

Charles Revis

The Lord your God is in the midst of you, a mighty One, a Savior—who saves! He will rejoice over you with you; He will rest in silent satisfaction and in His love He will be silent and make no mention of past sins, or even recall them; He will exult over you with singing.

Zephaniah 3:17

Let our lives lovingly express truth in all things—speaking truly, dealing truly, living truly. Enfolded in life, let us grow up in every way and in all things into Him, Who is the Head, even Christ, the Messiah, the Anointed One . . . And be constantly renewed in the spirit of your mind—having a fresh mental and spiritual attitude . . .

Therefore He says, Awake, O sleeper, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall shine (Make day dawn) upon you and give you light. Look carefully then how you walk! Live purposefully and worthily and accurately, not as the unwise and witless, but as wise—sensible, intelligent people; making the very most of the time—buying up each opportunity—because the days are evil.

Ephesians 4:15, 23 5:14-16

And it shall be that before the blessed of the Lord call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear. The wolf and the lamb shall feed together, and the lion shall eat straw like the ox; and dust shall be the serpent's food. They shall not hurt or destroy in all My holy Mount Zion, says the Lord.

Isaiah 65:24, 25