a poet's verse
is his nakedness
clothed in the form
of an outstretched hand

Child of Random

Orators screamed fire
and we were left smoldering in the fog;
suffering like sardines in grease
packed and wrapped behind the
curtain of our eyes
We left.
And bounded out like potatoes
trumping from burlap,
and breathed up the stars — beauty free
our smoke ascending in worship.

Andy Millar
My heart is heavy not because I'm about to die though that won't be fun but because so few will ever know me. Oh, yes, I'll be a superstar the focal point of history but they can't hear me they'll forget. All they want is a society and if something I've said helps them they'll use it. They don't want me, cause I'm too dangerous. I guess there's really no way to make them see. Constantine, you blew it! Not because you came to me but because in your zeal to serve me you killed me again. You tried to assimilate me but I wanted to extract you. You tried to make me rich but I wanted to make you rich and now you've forgotten that to be rich all you need is love.

Gethsemane
Sterling W. Camden IV

sangre de cristo
Drop after drop poured on the face of the earth Calling it skyward In praise and response to its creator

Grady Carter

Table of Contents

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ORAL Roberts UNIVERSITY
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Editorial...We Know In Part
The Dust Man
Letters Home
Eggs
Reflections on British Leyland
Their Hero Again
The Comedy
My Friend Lancelot
Unrequited Love
Let the Music Play Calendar
Lonely Sparrow
Paranoia
The Broad of Heaven
Unborn Einstein
To my Love
For the Walrus
The Weaver
Angel
Solved
And the Blind Lady
Sagacious Adolescence
Grandfather Clock
New York Fell Into a Crater
Mad Summer Yodelling
A Modest Satire
The Woods at Summer's End
Talk to Me
The Vanity That Mirrors Us All
Gethsemane
Sangre de Cristo
Child of Random

Grady Carter

30
The Vanity
That Mirrors Us All

Jonell McFadden

We Know In Part

Plushy stuffed chairs, silent air, books, books, and books — this is the place. The Learning Resource Center — quiet, stately, serious — the place where daily book retreats are held. Who would expect this to be an atmosphere for anything but impending study? However, one small section of the LRC’s vast libraric space generates something more than the usual interest in obtaining good grades: maintaining good looks. For within those shimmering golden windowed walls there exists a corridor in which not one book holds the spotlight. Here, oneself is the featured attraction in the “Hall of Mirrors.”

He walks in, skillfully maneuvering the turnstile so as not to alter his jaunty stride. His attire is clean; hair, exact. He looks neither left or right, but only ahead toward his destination: that sea of mirrors. Again he conquers the turnstile as his first image is cast upon the lucid glass walls. Not a fraction of movement in his straightforward gaze. Surely human vanity has not tightened its clutches on this student. Ah, as always custom is upheld. A quick twitch of those concrete eyes becomes a full glance. He is halfway through the hall. His hands reach to straighten an immaculate white collar; he smooths the grey wool sweater about his waist and eyes the crease in the tweed trousers. Yes, the shoes still look brand new. For his brown hair he has only a confident scan of approval. Surely vanity is satisfied as he recaptures the steely stare and proceeds to the elevators.

However, he is not the only one who obeys the law of vanity. The cute blond in the red overalls watches her ribboned pigtail bounce in rhythm with her steps. A young man surveys his new boots. Nesti, an administrator checks the run in her support hose. Lastly, there comes one student who certainly holds no pride in his appearance. He exemplifies the exact opposite of dress code. Ripped jeans; unbuttoned, untucked shirt; shoddy sandals, dirty toes and certainly no tie — indeed, he dressed solely for comfort. Vanity will have no effect on him. As he passes, surrounded by reflections of himself, he reaches not to fix his collar, smooth his hair nor button his cuffs. He stoops to pick up a coin from the floor — but before he stands erect he shoots a glaring grin at himself.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest is charity.

Kathy Harmon

Pippa, the mist itself is an answer. We no longer debate the meaning of each grey fleck of fog. us

Surely it glows, holy, silvered, by the

Uncertainty; the anxious, un-knowing,

God's in His heaven -

Now we see through a glass, darkly;

Morning's at seven;

The hillside's dew-pearled;

Morning's at seven;

The lark's on the wing,

The hillside's dew-pearled;

Morning's at seven;

The lark's on the wing,

Morning's at seven;

The lark's on the wing,

The hillside's dew-pearled;

Morning's at seven;

The lark's on the wing,
My face expands to embrace this wind and know it. 
The welcome dust clings to chin and cheek, bridge and brow. 
And a geographical mask evolves as the particles fit 
Into empty pores and I become the heir of places: 
Bitter Herb, Thornton, Faust, Thistle, Medicine Bow, 
And a thousand yet unnamed dung-grass-dust earth faces. 
But this bold new landscape will slide down the drain 
Of my porcelain sink tonight 
And lodge itself in the sewer’s brain, 
Escaping assimilation and leaving me bare. 
To come or the inevitable assault of another windy blare 
On yet another dusty day. What uncertain 
Geology will dissemble my features tomorrow? 
Of transient grit? Behold the voice of strife, 
“Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow 
Shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life.” 
Eat; bite, salivate, chew, swallow, digest . . . 
Pass unsubstantially. Bring the live coal 
From off the altar, seraph, and rest 
It upon my mouth! Then, Father, part my dusty lips 
And breathe your windy Spirit into my soul. 
Give my groping heart eternal grips. 

God’s hot breath hurls itself across the arid plains 
Like a charging herd of possessed swine 
Toward my open face, a hundred thousand grains 
Of flying earth-per-gust surge and swell 
Eastward over the land like molecules of sea brine 
Borne madly along the gulf stream, powerless, pell mell. 

But this bold new landscape will slide down the drain 
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Give my groping heart eternal grips.
Dessicated trail dust
after August sun,
Only small pools here and there
in the creek-bed
Where only last spring
gurgling water
bubbled over rocks.
But at dry summer’s end
green is yet the color
of each quivering leaf.
The life of the woods converges
in the ponds
and sparsely scattered water holes.
Frogs by the score
and more
leap from bank to pond and
Turtles surface at safe distances
to observe the intruder.
A blue heron hurls upward
through cat-tails
and away.
A mallard hen and drake,
only slightly less wary
Follow the heron
as though in pursuit
Mourning doves seek watering
and safety
at pond’s edge.
Most fascinating of all:
miniature pools
of semi-dried stream,
Each an aquarium
teeming with life,
concentrations of fish,
Water snakes with sinister grace
weaving in this soup of life,
Bugs and grasshoppers
seeking to dodge
the aggression of jumping gulps
by hungry fish.
Wooded trails
seem to sizzle, but beckon as
A covey of quail
rise noisily
leaving behind
jet trails of summer dust.
A deep joy pervades penetrating discomfort
and a Voice is heard:
“Come away for a time
God is here
restful, quiet.”
Even in sweat
and sun
and buzzing flies
God speaks peace
from the woods.

The Woods at Summer’s End
C. James Krafft
Letters Home

Stale noises. The heavy air was an unwanted coat in springtime that seemed to brood over Peter Lutsch. He huddled into himself and envisioned a summer cafe in Ransbach brimming with the music a dozen generations knew and remembered how even the birds seemed to sing along. But Bremenhaven spoke into these memories the disconcerting rattle of the present. From his wicker basket abroad the “Columbus” a stage seemed to stretch across the sunless horizon. It was a stage for the operas his father loved; an opera like the one where the mortal journeys into hell to reclaim his Beatrice. Vomiting fire and smoke, the factories caused his eyes to burn and his face to feel dry. From underneath, the ship’s machinery grinded and lurched in the sea and Germany grew smaller in the distance; soon the sea’s wind began to soothe his eyes. Holding himself tighter against the wind, he tried to forget her and hear, instead, the summer melodies. He wrote his wife . . .

15. March. 1926

My lovely Maria—
The harbour water churns oil and sludge and confused fears into an inner butter of uneasiness. Some call that seasickness, but it seems that the entire city is a travelling mother surrounded by orphans. My new family is every color, shape and size, and up and down the decks we rock like a gypsy tunic in an angry wind. Our ship, the “Columbus,” inches toward each person’s own uncertainty.

Since leaving you in Ransbach, I have seen my fatherland as I never have before. I last felt this way when Tante Brunhilde was dying and our every word together became flowers for her grave. Only this time, it is I who feel the embrace of death, but what is dying I cannot say. I only wish I could express to you how these changes have affected me, but my father said to me at the University that education only bred stuttering, and he was probably right.

At least, the sea wastes few words. For the last three days I have been with cousin Heinrich Scnurr, checking boat schedules, waiting for tickets, and listening to Heinrich solilquize about unrequited love, as if he were Haemon. Bremen would be a convenient location for purgatory, and if it actually is, I hope the resurrection is close at hand. Bremen is a sewer filled with demons who litter the streets with faceless trash. The town merely awaits fire from heaven, but God is silent. The only noises to be heard are the lifting chains of exodus and the steam banshee of passover.

All of Germany is looking back with me. The Saar has become a wayside stranger without a good Samaritan in sight. To Franz, who calls me a traitor for leaving, I would say that it is my love for the country that once was, the Germany I fought for, that compels me to leave. In 11 days the sewer will be American.

My love to all in Ransbach—your Peter

18. March. 1926

My lovely Maria—
“The Columbus” rests in England now and gathers a new litter of kittens into her arms. The entire day has been rainy and foggy and I would not be surprised if the English had webbed feet like frogs. The murmur of Babylon on the boat reminds me of the countless grasshoppers that invaded our fields in past summers. It seems to be a masquerade party with the Dutch, Russians, Poles, Greeks, and Pines filling the decks with costumes of all colors. The drunken Irish are clowns, and a Swede I met, Hans Mathiasan, says that the Italians are also good natured enough, just as long as you don’t stroke their fur. Only the Yiddish do not strut like gamecocks but rather mumble prayers to God. I doubt, however, that they could ever find him in such a crowd!

Hans Mathiasan, the Swede I mentioned earlier, is quite a man in spite of his odd clothes and bushy beard. His German is good, and he knows and loves all our great poets and musicians. He has a wife, 10 children, plays the mouth organ, and even finds time to be religious. Hans is always talking about his homeland, but with each sigh the boat carries him the other direction. His French acquaintance, whose name I cannot pronounce, fought in Lorraine during the war and remembers the Saarland. In fact his brother is now serving with the occupation forces in Saarbrucken. It was always my conviction the French were the fiercest soldiers we faced — we reminisced over the truce of Christmas 1917, when we mingled with the
Letters Home

French soldiers and exchanged cigarettes and chocolates and how it was more difficult the next day to fire into their ranks. After I met him, I dreamed again of the face of the first man I ever killed in hand-to-hand combat and the blood in the snow. I hear cannons, but when I awake it is only the wailing gurum from deep within this whale, and I am Jonah of old punished for my transgressions.

If this ship is chaos, then the angels of deliverance are the Germans who turn red in the face with their tubas and then blue with schnapps. Often their melodies make me think that my country insists on following me.

Love, your Peter

21. March. 1926

My lovely Maria

I was up to meet the sun at half past 6 as it flitted over the mountains and valleys of water and then attended the burial at sea of our mother’s shadow who died suddenly of some illness from the sea. The waves of yesterday’s storm have become calm in homage. It has been hours since the sea took him but Hans still watches the waves and speaks to no one.

At the funeral I met a certain Gerhard Stutz who was a former Hausler and more recently a steelworker in Düsseldorf. It is his hope to find employment in the mills in Pittsburgh or Cleveland, so we have determined to journey together to Uncle Nick Sigler’s house in Pittsburgh, and since he can speak English, I will not be so lost. He calls America our new bride, and let us hope that it will be worth leaving father and mother, or at least that we can do more with our money than paper the walls.

Another day will be spent reading the novella Heinrich gave me; a dusty story of teutonic warriors who fought demons with the armaments of virtue. It seems that the battlefields for such conflict of conscience, like the Garden of Eden before it, have been sealed for us mortals, and no modern-day Columbus will find it. Well, I hope to write Joachim Bentz on your behalf to arrange your transport to Bremen.

Love, your Peter

24. March. 1926

My lovely Maria —

America draws closer, and each day is colder than the last. We are so far north that the sun cannot even find us, and we are surrounded by a shadow of gray. The captains no longer allow us to roam the decks because of the scurvy-ridden store, so we must remain here like bees around our honey queen — in this case a pot-bellied stove. From the portals you can see the prudish icebergs making light of our small individuality. Gerhard says that we only see three of them, but who is to say.

In such crowds loneliness is spawned and I miss you like this land misses heat. I know that you will not understand and I miss you like this land misses heat. I am sending you this because I miss you like this land misses heat. I am sending you this because I miss you like this land misses heat.

Love, your Peter

27. March. 1926

My dearest Maria —

We arrived in New York after the eleventh day of travel, and I am told by a man who is a good friend of the sea that the trip at one time lasted 40 days or more, so the blessed Mother will hear only prayers from me.

The city rose out of the sea and greeted us. We watched quietly as the shadowy clouds close the horizon turned into towers of glass and concrete. All one can see for miles in pavement and roofs and already I miss the fields and meadows. We heard much about the Statue of Liberty but my only impression was how much she looked like you.

I have visited Pandemonium, but here it is called Ellis Island. Uniformed men met us on the dock early in the morning and serried us by nationality into rows like sheep at the butcher’s. Gerhard and I paused a moment of waiting by bring about our wives and the castles that would be built for them in this new country. After questions and examinations and more questions we began to think and read carefully.

How the Americans must laugh at their new brothers! At the fruit market I bought an apple but smashed it to the ground from my mother in the crowd.

My dearest Maria —

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A. Chris Van Gorder
Connie Wagner

O.R.U. has lost the anointing touch of God. A tide of blasphemy, a flood of liter­ary filth has washed through this campus, leaving in its wake an unhealthy swamp of bad attitudes and false doctrine. What is this subversive influence that threatens our commitment to holiness and love? It is the ignoble henchmen of satire. Like Jfb, we too are being chastised by the Lord for harboring sin. Saga will continue to serve greasy fish fingers and peanut butter, security will go right on ticketing cars in Log G, and department chairmen will still schedule those miserable 7:50 classes unless action is taken to tear out the sly serpent that lies within our bosom. We must eradicate satirical sin!

Just one look at the library shelves will show us how far we have fallen. On the fifth floor of the Learning Resources Center, PN6231, you will find Jonathan Swift's "A Modest Proposal". It is a de­scriptible essay that offers a despicable answer to the serious problems of hunger and over population. Swift's suggestion is that we fatten and sell tiny babies for con­sumption as succulent pot roasts. . . if Frances Schaeffer only knew! What has happened to our standards of Christian ab­solutesthen we can condone the slaughter of innocents, all in the name of satire? Is this so-called literature preparing us to go right on ticketing cars in Log G, and department chairmen will still schedule those miserable 7:50 classes unless action is taken to tear out the sly serpent that lives within our bosom. We must eradicate satirical sin!

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In his essay, the next thing you would know, we would be rolling dice to decide questions of morality and flipping coins to determine where to send our music ministries groups! And to think it was all brought on by the pervasive perversion of satire.

After forcing myself to finish the article, I was filled with righteous indignation and took it upon myself to write the wayward student in the hopes of bringing at least one back to the safety of the fold. My letter was penned with care. It demanded the student to acknowledge the folly of his way, to search out the real meaning and purpose of satire and to ask himself what possible benefit a whole man could derive from satire. Unconditional love flowed from God! Now I will admit that registration seems a chaotic void to a majority of the student body, but if this "wheel-of-fortune" philosophy were to be taken seriously, the next thing you would know, we would be rolling dice to decide questions of morality and flipping coins to determine where to send our music ministries groups! And to think it was all brought on by the pervasive perversion of satire.

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Eggs

Cracks reach themselves around a white shell and burst into delicate, tiled mosaic.

Helpless, Vulnerable in its whiteness.

A faint, sour, sulphur-smell emanates from the dark splinter lines.

The smell is centuries old, repeated in grandmothers' picture albums and in the elevators of rest homes.

Beneath the shell, the papery, wrinkled membrane is soft as an eyelid.

It is easily pulled back.

There, the yellow eye shrinks back and presses itself closer into the rubbery, white world that emprisons and envelopes it...

A shelter of quiet wheels, rolling smoothly beneath cold, metal chairs, of hot water bottles and ear syringes and no-skid cane tips.

Life is suspended...

in a hard-boiled world.

Connie Wagner
Reflections on British Leyland

I love my car — my little MG
She's as sleek and seductive as a machine can be
Four cylinders, four gears
that everyone hears
as I repave the road with my tread.

The whole world's reflected in her hubcap so bright
so I go grab my camera to capture the sight
but I see something new as
as I look through the view
It looks like she's gone in my head

Oliver Mack

New York fell into a crater this morning

"New York fell into a crater this morning,"
the newspaper next to me
whispered nonchalantly in my ear

And so we laughed and had a can of Coke
and watched the empty people
trud their way across the square

And the pigeons didn't seem to care

"I once had a friend in New York."
the paper said
and we were solemn for a moment

Then a pigeon had an epileptic fit
right on the sidewalk
and we watched the other pigeons laugh

And then we had another can of Coke.

Darrell
Grizzle

mad summer yodelling

the fan! the fan! it's over a hundred
the walls are sweating again, my dear.
and we are Ubangis
doing our mad summer yodelling
in the thick of neon mosquito traffic
and orange juice.
mercury burps in Sunday's heat.
warm 7-up is very disappointing.
ka rumba
rumba
rumba rumba rumba

E. J. McDonald
I felt the very earth beneath my feet quiver from the deafening roar. My thoughts were numb, suspended in my mind, thumping to the beat of my heart. Sixty-five thousand people screaming hysterically — for me to come through, deliver, be a hero. They act as if their lives are on the line, but the pressure is on me. This tremendous force was grinding me into the ground — like a sledge hammer pounding a spike, I’m going deeper, deeper; they scream louder, louder. Inside me there is a constant surge of blood, blood rushing uncontrollably.

I’m their hero. They’ll cheer if I win, they’ll cheer if I lose. They love me! I’m ready now. I’ve already taken too much of the 30 seconds allotted to me. I stand in the box slowly planting my feet, in the loose but firm dirt. I plant as if my feet will be embedded there permanently. Everyone is ready to go. I am the last hope for a come-from-behind victory. Second and third are occupied; we are two outs in the hole, and down by two. A solid single, the least I should do, will assure us a tie. I’ll go for it — wait for my pitch.

I feel the whole world is watching me as I bend to a half-crouch. The psyche begins; I sneer at the pitcher, he sneers at me. I tighten the already firm grip on my custom slugger, I feel awesome — superior to my opponents. A blaze of white smoke is hurled at me. I never see it, only hear it thunk at its destination. A tall man in black behind me hollers with a simultaneous jolt of the arm: strike one. The crowd silences, then bursts into a series of barely audible hisses of disapproval. I stand in again. Thank; strike two! The once-friendly crowd erupts in a deafening boo. Some are almost falling from the upper deck taunting me to deliver. I am hurt. I thought they loved me. I thought it really didn’t matter, as long as I tried hard. They don’t love me, they love the game — well I’ll give them their game.

I swing at the next delivery; even before it reaches me, I begin to swing. With every fiber and muscle in my being — CRACK! The ball sails back, back, 450 feet center-field; in the upper deck; a home run. The crowd roars! They love me! I’m their hero again. But I hate them, they’re traitors. I unemotionally make my rounds and walk to my hidden seat. They continue to roar for a traditional salute. At my team’s urging, I slowly get up, walk to the crowd’s view, and salute obscenely.

Mark Lawrence
HA, HA, HA!
HA, HA, HA!
HA, HA, HA!
Look at him!
HA, HA, HA!
His clothes so weird
HA, HA, HA!
His three-day beard
HA, HA, HA!
Faded jeans, unravelled hem
Shirt-tail hanging out of them
HA, HA, HA!
Taped-up Indian sandals rotten
Comb or brush his hair’s forgotten
HA, HA, HA!
Starting past you as if he’s dead
Bach and the Beatles in his head
HA, HA, HA!
Telling us we need to love
As if he came down from above
HA, HA, HA!
How can he tell us we’ve gone wrong
When all his joy’s a mourning song?
HA, HA, HA! . . .
HA, HA, HA! . . .
HA, HA, HA!
HA, HA, HA!
(*GASP*) . . .
That’s alright, it’s okay
Go on and say what you want to say
Dante went through Hell too, you know.

Sterling W. Camden IV

The comedy

my friend lancelot

A princely hobo!
A velvet-eyed philosopher-clown,
He damns the world in one wild stroke
Of his shrieking poet pen;
Society, suitcoats, success, and finesse
He withers with a word —
But watch him whisk my breath away
Flinging his ragged coat over a puddle.

Marian Neimy

Grandfather Clock

Antique clock standing proud
Gothic chocolate cream-mold
Carved cherub face from your peak
Staring stern into life.
Looking, speaking silently, saying nothing,
But speaking all the same.
I hear your chiding, and it puzzles me.
But this is not your face, old time-keeper.
Yours is the gold one with symbols and movement
The one that regulates my life.
Though a word is never spoken
Sound is there, ticking in measured rhythm
Chimes echoing into the labyrinth of my brain.
Transparent front, glossy glass
Revealing your heart-pendulum
Hypnotic movement like another self
Reflecting my image, my world
As I look into yours.
Are we the same, you and I?
You are wood and brass and springs
What am I?
I’m flesh and blood and veins
And nothing more?
We both hold a mystery
You and I
We are keepers of time.

J. W. Burkett

Brian Tada
It is easy to give someone a kiss, but it takes a real lover to give someone the warmth of friendship.

If one chooses his own path, and by chance err, then he will have chosen that path. It would be better to get off the straight and narrow than to not know where it is.

Life is like a holding station for the incurably ill; we are all terminally human.

It's no wonder there aren't many distinguished people of thought. Parents don't encourage thinking that is different than their own, peers don't, churches don't, colleges don't, political leaders don't. When I think about it, I am surprised that there have ever been people with uniqueness of mind.

Beauty is like an underground stream that runs deep within the earth and unexpectedly gushes into the light. It is as life-filled as a stream bubbling over the ground.

David Ault
Let the Music Play

The soft echo of a guitar as it plays melody brings memories of a long forgotten sadness to the soul. Fugitive memories of forgotten people can't set you free.

Because you've got only yourself and the devil to pay.

As you wonder who you were, and what you were, long ago. So listen to the music in your mind and let it play.

For someday the music in your mind may just fade away; Gone, like a long lost love, and not soon to be forgotten. Forget the sad old memories and let the music play.

Monica Fournier

Calendar

The days flow smoothly in straight, endstopped lines, melting gently into weeks.

Clean, empty vacuums of space wait patiently to be filled with practical and sentimental reminders.

Their only intrusion are the solid black figures standing numerically at the gates of awaiting days.

Monica Fournier

Lonely Sparrow

Freedom like a lonely sparrow flies around my hanging plant awaiting my acceptance

Darrell Grizzle

angel

S. P. C.

angel

you cannot walk my path but how oh intimate stranger you see through my eyes like no one can.

and you should know my eyes take a stretchful rest when they gaze upon you; and sometimes the only thing I know to do with the brick façade I feel between us is to caress it with the white-hot lust in my fingertips and see it melt

... in my fantasy.

oh how I want it to pour down like the always moving river I know it to be.

Denise Estes

And the Blind Lady

And the Blind Lady began to write her poems,

She spoke of the whispers leaves speak when the wind blows, and the beautiful concerts the bird compose, the rhythm of the rain and the percussion of the thunder, she notices them all, their glory and their wonder.

She hears the boastings of the beauties many have seen, and the mourners who come to mourn her dark themes, with humble pride she responds to all, with a poem, a story of her own.

Tim Evans

Solved

Come out, he called.

I ran the other way — the time of day just wasn’t right for working in the sun.

I run at bells now the ringing (sounds like how his voice echoed in the hour) from the towers in the sky I lied when asked if such a task was what a life demanded; empty-handed, what could I say?

Today when choosing, you see that losing your life is too much, ask if such a thing is so great that refusing so long is worth the price to be wrong.

E. J. McDonald
I
Beneath the smooth surface of the ocean's plane,
Yawning chasms embrace icy streams —
Depths double and redouble again —
Seismic fissures reveal hidden seams.

There in the lightless trenches, fish glide by,
Gaunt-boned and ghostly pale, feeling their
Fluorescent ways through the heavy brine
Like glowing clouds through blackest air.

What a pathetic procession they make —
Hungry and hollow, relics unaware
Of their own displacement. Dumbly they snake
Along like senile weavers, their pattern lost.

Time sleeps to the fanning of their shallow fins.
Yet, fathoms above, where the fertile light
Filters through, animates:
The ocean spins
With driven life. Light makes time fly right.

II
Beneath a green sea of soft pasture grass
Lie the family dead. Waiting for
The Life to come; the world to pass;
The day to walk through heaven's heavy door.

Some say that time travels in endless lines;
Others say in circles; others curves.
The dead do not say. The twinkling-time
Is all for them. It is we who serve
The hour glass.

One generation passeth
Away, and another generation
Cometh: but the earth abideth
Forever in endless rotation.

Thus, this creeping world winds 'round the Sun
Like a gliding spider, spinning in flight
Its weary web of intertwining lines,
And pulling them taut, tight, just right;

Binding things together, making them hold,
Finding place for time and space; making tides rise,
Tides fall. Young-grow-old-bear-young-grow-old.
While God breathes "Amen" in unending reprise.

III
Once a year the carnival comes to town.
And once a year the whole world dances
As the carousel's circular sound
Beckons: enthrives; entrances.

At last the children ride their saddled dreams.
The mothers and fathers wait, watching, standing,
Embracing the sound of innocent screams
And the music of laughter. Understanding.

And from the galleries, the barkers bark,
Speaking sticky nets into the dim crowds
Of passing people. And in the park
The lovers play, stretched close upon the ground.

There, 'mid the fountains and trees, the artists show
Their simple works. Some stand apart,
Watching alone. Others step out, confronting the flow.
One works: the weaver. His mind is in his art.

Beneath his supple hands, the clunking loom hums.
And the spun thread dances as lift and slide
Bind warp to weft. Clean white thread becomes
Composite texture where line and will collide.

Thus the weaver sits content. And as the time treads
To the gentle rhythms of his heart and breath,
He brings forth from the undyed cotton threads
The miraculous fabric of well-made cloth.

Paranoia
I am your shadow
Your own dark illusion
Born in your mind:
A web of confusion.
You talk to me, even when others say,
"Don't!"
They tell you I shall go away —
But I won't.

David Somers

©April Logan

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The Bread of Heaven

Taste of ashes clotted
blasted bounden duty
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deep the garnet prol
inheritance of saints
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drift like Jonah turning
yearning churning done things
left undone the poor
imprisoned sick
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travel reveal research
we humbly immerse sanctify,
satisfy
-gressions flowing glowing
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gathered-up crystal crumbs
to uttermost parts
solve absolve resolve
preserve this blessed body
rushed toward life amended
leavened again.

Phyllis Braunlich

to my love

It is raining in the night
But my heart is full of laughter
For the beauty of your love
Touches me the morning after
I have felt your words caress me
Like the rising smoke of dawn
And your gently whispered love song
Lingers even when you've gone
You have loved me like no other
You have touched my very soul
You have awakened my desire
You have made me truly whole
So I cannot help but love you
This shall be my true delight
I shall feel your love forever
As it rains into the night.

April Logan

Unborn Einstein

I am the unborn Einstein
My sister is Madam Curie
A cousin with the cure to cancer
A brother to heal the Middle East
We all have something in common
It's not exactly plain to see
While growing in our mother's womb
It was decided that we weren't to be
Now, I'm not really complaining
There's plenty in heaven to do
But there's one thing that I don't understand
Why wouldn't you let me help you?

Jack Jordan

For the Walrus

John, John, where did you go wrong?
Cutting their hearts with the words of your song
Sapping the strength of every dogma and creed
by telling them, "Love is all you need."
And the way you died only makes it clear
that the world wasn't worthy to have you here

Sterling W. Camden IV
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E. J. McDonald
It is easy to give someone a kiss, but it takes a real lover to give someone the warmth of friendship. If one chooses his own path, and by chance errs, then he will have chosen that path. It would be better to get off the straight and narrow than to not know where it is. To inhibit life is, perhaps, worse than taking it. Friendship, like a river, seeks its own level and constantly flows, enlivening those on both sides. Each friendship is, by its nature, unique, and ought to flow without restraint, giving vitality and refreshing growth. Life is like a holding station for the incurably ill; we are all terminally human. It’s no wonder there aren’t many distinguished people of thought. Parents don’t encourage thinking that is different than their own, peers don’t, churches don’t, colleges don’t, political leaders don’t. When I think about it, I am surprised that there have ever been people with uniqueness of mind. Beauty is like an underground stream that runs deep within the earth and unexpectedly gushes into the light. It is as life-filled as a stream bubbling over the ground.

There is something of a magnetism about the sea; it draws me like the love of a close and dear friend. I was and am a sailor, and apparently, I am destined to remain one until eternity future.

David Ault

Unrequited Love

Jon Paul Edwards

Precious is a diamond that is hard sought after and few are those who find one. In the same way, a truly good friend is rare, and his friendship out to be cherished and hidden deep within one’s heart.

Unrequited Love

David Ault

Unrequited Love

Daniel Byars

It is said that it is good to use things and to love people, but there is much satisfaction for the person who can let go of both ... one who has the fortitude to let them just be.

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There is something of a magnetism about the sea; it draws me like the love of a close and dear friend. I was and am a sailor, and apparently, I am destined to remain one until eternity future.

Twenty-one years the navy and I gave one another mutual support, and of those years I spent only six afloat. Yet my love for the sea, and the awe with which she has filled my life shall always be remembered, and held dear.

What moods this lady could contrive to express. Sometimes subtle, at others calm and coy. Occasionally, without warning she would begin to writhe, heave and toss like one given to fits, or in a great and terrible expression of rage and temper as she in tempest rolled and boiled as if to give birth to some new thing.

But the nights, oh, the nights spent upon her tranquil countenance, overspread by God’s great, black canopy flecked with starlight and glazed by the moon’s bright glow.

I would stand transfixed for hours by her beauty. These times were often shared by duties and responsibilities of a military nature. There were other times however, when I could go out on deck, hold her hand, drink in her beauty, and speak to her from my heart.

She’s a fickle one, the sea. Every sailor’s romance seems his own with this great one, but she is true to none, neither loving or caring, giving no quarter and asking none.

She has broken many a home; this deep lady. Ravaging by storm and death, breaking ships whether of wood or steel, parting some asunder, crushing others in her grip and always without remorse.

All these things related are true, and as despised a wanton as she should be, I find that I am hopelessly and forever in love with the sea.

Myron Netterlund

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Staring past you as if he's dead
Bach and the Beatles in his head
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As if he came down from above
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How can he tell us we've gone wrong
When all his joy's a mourning song?
HA, HA, HA!

dating.

That's alright, it's okay
Go on and say what you want to say
Dante went through Hell too, you know.

Sterling W. Camden IV

my friend lancelot

A princely hobo!
A velvet-eyed philosopher-clown,
He damns the world in one wild stroke
Of his shrieking poet pen;
Society, suitcoats, success, and finesse
He withers with a word —
But watch him whilst my breath away
Flinging his ragged coat over a puddle.

Marian Neimy

Grandfather Clock

Antique clock standing proud
Gothic chocolate cream-mold
Carved cherub face from your peak
Staring stern into life.

Sterling W. Camden IV

J. W. Burkett

Marian Neimy

Brian Tada
Their Hero Again

I felt the very earth beneath my feet quiver from the deafening roar. My thoughts were numb, suspended in my mind, thumping to the beat of my heart. Sixty-five thousand people screaming hysterically — for me to come through, deliver, be a hero. They act as if their lives are on the line, but the pressure is on me. This tremendous force was grinding me into the ground — like a sledge hammer pounding a spike, I’m going deeper, deeper; they scream louder, louder. Inside me there is a constant surge of blood, blood rushing uncontrollably.

I’m their hero. They’ll cheer if I win, they’ll cheer if I lose. They love me! I’m ready now. I’ve already taken too much of the 30 seconds allotted to me. I stand in the box slowly planting my feet, in the loose but firm dirt. I plant as if my feet will be embedded there permanently. Everyone is ready to go. I am the last hope for a come-from-behind victory. Second and third are occupied; we are two outs in the hole, and down by two. A solid single, the least I should do, will assure us a tie. I go for it — wait for my pitch.

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Mark Lawrence
Reflections on British Leyland

I love my car — my little MG
She’s as sleek and seductive as a machine can be
Four cylinders, four gears
that everyone hears
as I repave the road with my tread.
The whole world’s reflected in her hubcap so bright
so I go grab my camera to capture the sight
but I see something new as
as I look through the view
It looks like she’s gone to my head

Oliver Mack

New York fell into a crater this morning

"New York fell into a crater this morning," the newspaper next to me whispered nonchalantly in my ear
And so we laughed and had a can of Coke and watched the empty people tread their way across the square
And the pigeons didn’t seem to care
"I once had a friend in New York," the paper said
and we were solemn for a moment
Then a pigeon had an epileptic fit right on the sidewalk
and we watched the other pigeons laugh
And then we had another can of Coke.

Darrell
Grizzle

mad summer yodelling

the fan! the fan! it’s over a hundred
the walls are sweating again, my dear.
and we are Ubangis
doing our mad summer yodelling
in the thick of neon mosquito traffic
and orange juice.
mercury burps in Sunday’s heat.
warm 7-up is very disappointing.
ka rumba
rumba
rumba rumba rumba

E.J. McDonald
A Modest Satire

Connie Wagner

O.R.U. has lost the anointing touch of God. A tide of blasphemy, a flood of literary filth has washed through this campus, leaving in its wake an unhealthy swamp of bad attitudes and false doctrine. What is this subversive influence that threatens our commitment to holiness and love? It is the ignoble herring of satire. Like Ich, we too are being chastised by the Lord for harboring sin. Saga will continue to serve gory fish fingers and peanut butter, security will go right on ticketing cars in Log G, and department chairmen will still schedule those miserable 7:50 classes unless action is taken to tear out the sly serpent that lies within our bosom. We must eradicate satirical sin!

Just one look at the library shelves will show us how far we have fallen. On the fifth floor of the Learning Resources Center, PN623, you will find Jonathan Swift's "A Modest Proposal". It is a deplorable essay that offers a despicable answer to the serious problems of hunger and over population. Swift's suggestion is that we fatten and sell tiny babies for consumption as succulent pot roasts...if Frances Schaeffer only knew! What has happened to our standards of Christian absolutes when we can condone the slaughter of innocents, all in the name of satire? Is this so-called literature preparing us to go forth into "every man's world"? After all, cannibals comprise only a minute fraction of the human population.

To find that the secular world produces this kind of profanity is alarming, but even worse is the fact that Christian authors have also been infected with the "satirus hiliarus" vermin. C. S. Lewis may have once heard the voice of God, but brothers, that time is past. In his infamous Screwtape Letters, it is evident that he has slid back into the very pit of hell, for Lewis has devoted an entire book to showing men the quickest route to Hades. The vile characters of Wormwood, Tripezeze and Gloubose are positively devilish; there is nothing edifying here, absolutely nothing for the earnest Christian reader. The evidence is as damning as the book is itself—no matter what C. S. Lewis once believed, he should be immediately removed from the pages of What's Who in Religion. Most serious of all, however, is the grip that satire holds upon a number of the students of this Christian university. Only recently an article actually appeared in the Oracle (January 16, 1981), that foreshadowed the bestial shape of things to come. Written by an O.R.U. student, the essay stated, "You might as well forget about the will of God...what you need is a spin from the old wheel of fortune." Craftily cloaking his odious message behind the dark veil of satire, the student excused himself from blame. Although the essay addressed the madness of spring registration, it is quite obvious from the comments I have quoted that it would be ridiculously easy to take these remarks out of context and deny the very existence of God! Now I will admit that registration seems a chaotic void to a majority of the student body, but if this "wheel-of-fortune" philosophy were to be taken seriously, the next thing you would know, we would be rolling dice to decide questions of morality and flipping coins to determine where to send our music ministries groups! And to think it was all brought on by the pervasive perversion of satire.

After forcing myself to finish the article, I was filled with righteous indignation and took it upon myself to write the wayward author in the hopes of bringing at least one back to the safety of the fold. My letter was penned with care. It demanded the student to acknowledge the folly of his way, to search out the real meaning and purpose of satire and to ask himself what possible benefit a whole man could derive from satire. Unconditional love flowed from every line. A few days later, via campus mail, I received this reply:

"You ask, "What is satire?" Satire is one of the most underutilized tools of today's Christian writer; we act as if we are afraid of it, and we are uncomfortable with it, not realizing that it seeks to improve morals, not destroy them. Its method is to expose abnormal behavior and to make it appear ridiculous, so that the behavior will be changed. With gentle reproach, satire provokes laughter for the purpose of correction. The humor that we find in incongruity implies a knowledge of virtue; when we are struck by the absurdity of sin, we affirm the truth of righteousness. More than anyone else, a Christian should be able to understand and appreciate the value of satirical writing, for he believes in absolutes, against which he can recognize and measure
Letters Home

French soldiers and exchanged cigarettes and chocolates and how it was more difficult the next day to fire into their ranks. After I met him, I dreamed again of the face of the first man I ever killed in hand-to-hand combat and the blood in the snow. I hear cannons, but when I awake it is only the wailing gull from deep within this whale, and I am Jonah of old punished for my transgressions.

If this ship is chaos, then the angels of deliverance are the Germans who turn red in the face with their tubas and then blue with snarps. Often their melodies make me think that my country insists on following me.

Love, your Peter
21. March 1926

My lovely Maria,

I was up to meet the sun at half past 6 as it floated over the mountains and valleys of water and then attended the burial at sea of our captain's wife's, who died suddenly of some illness from the sea. The waves of yesterday's storm have become calm in homage. It has been hours since the sea took him but Hans still watches the waves and speaks to none.

At the funeral I met a certain Gerhard Stutz who was a former Hauser and more recently a steelworker in Düsseldorf. It is his hope to find employment in the mills in Pittsburgh or Cleveland, so we have determined to journey together to Uncle Nick Sigler's house in Pittsburgh, and since he can speak English, I will not be so lost. He calls America our new bride, and let us hope that it will be worth leaving father and mother, or at least that we can do more with our money than paper the wall.

Another day will be spent reading the novella Heinrich gave me; a dusty story of teutonic warriors who fought demons with the armaments of vice. It seems that the battlefields for such conflict of conscience, like the Garden of Eden before it, have been sealed for us mortals, and no modern-day Columbus will find it. Well, I hope to write Joachim Benz on your behalf to arrange your transport to Bremen.

Love, your Peter
24. March 1926

My lovely Maria,

America draws closer, and each day is colder than the last. We are so far north that the sun cannot even find us, and we are surrounded by a shadow of grey. The captains no longer allow us to roam the decks because of the wearying storm, so we must remain here like bees around our honey queen — in this case a pot-bellied stove. From the portals you can see the prudish icebergs making light of our small individuality. Gerhard says that we only see a third of them, but who is to say.

In such crowds loneliness is spawned and itILLS you like this land misses heat. The fog has made vision almost impossible past oneself, and hopefully God will smile on us by bringing us safely through this frozen wilderness. With my flank of wine and my thoughts of you I am defended from the cold. The days of traveling are almost over.

Love, your Peter
27. March 1926

My dearest Maria —

We arrived in New York after the eleventh day of travel, and I am told by a man who is a good friend of the sea that the trip at one time lasted 40 days or more, so the blessed Mother will hear only prayers of thanks from me.

The city rose out of the sea and greeted us. We watched quietly as the shadowy clouds close the horizon turned into towers of glass and concrete. All one can see for miles in pavement and roofs and already I miss the fields and meadows. We heard much about the Statue of Liberty but only my impression was how much she looked like you.

I have visited Pandemonium, but here it is called Ellis Island. Uniformed men met us on the dock early in the morning and sorted us by nationality into rows like sheep at the butcher's. Gerhard and I passed the hours of waiting by bringing about our wives and the castles that would be built for them in this new country. After questions and examinations and more questions we began to walk to the train station.

How the Americans must attack their new brothers! At the fruit market I bought an apple but smashed it to the ground when it was not ripe and demanded my money back — until Gerhard explained that these apples were called tomatoes and were supposed to be soft. God's garden huge, isn't it? The air in this city is filled with fragrances of coffee and hops and brought to life again in the Gymnasium at Ransbach. In this bewildering festival (fasching) I feel like a child again separated from my mother in the crowd.

Gerhard and I plan to leave Pittsburgh as soon as possible, and we will be owning castles before next month ends.

All my love, your Peter

Peter neatly folded the letter and watched obediently as Gerhard scowtered to the post office. He sat quietly on his wicker island on Delaney Street as all around him the twisted vestiges of laborers became the confinement of freedom. Night began to intrude into the sun and the sun escaped behind the stone mountains. Peter was fascinated by the sun held itself against these mirrors of men. It was time again to call on his own music and wait for tomorrow. He scooped from the street the ashes and dust of newness and let them sift through his hand. Out of these ashes of hope he found the future.

A. Chris Van Gorder
Stale noises. The heavy air was an unwanted coat in springtime that seemed to brood over Peter Lutsch. He huddled into himself and envisioned a summer cafe in Ransbach brimming with the music a dozen generations knew and remembered how even the birds seemed to sing along. But Bremenhaven spoke into these memories the disconcerting rattle of the present. From his wicker basket aboard the "Columbus" a stage seemed to stretch across the sunless horizon. It was a stage for the operas his father loved; an opera like the one where the mortal journeys into hell to reclaim his Beatrice. Vomiting fire and smoke, the factories caused his eyes to burn and his face to feel dry. From underneath, the ship's machinery grinded and lurched in the sea and Germany grew smaller in the distance; soon the sea's wind began to soothe his eyes. Holding himself tighter against the wind, he tried to forget her and hear, instead, the summer melodies. He wrote his wife...

15. March. 1926

My lovely Maria—

The harbour water churns oil and sludge and confused fears into an inner butter of uneasiness. Some call that seasickness, but it seems that the entire city is a travelling mother surrounded by orphans. My new family is every color, shape and size, and up and down the decks we rock like a gypsy tunic in an angry wind. Our ship, the "Columbus," inches toward each person's own uncertainty.

Since leaving you in Ransbach, I have seen my fatherland as I never have before. I last felt this way when Tante Brunhilde was dying and our every word together became flowers for her grave. Only this time, it is I who feel the embrace of death, but what is dying I cannot say. I only wish I could express to you how these changes have affected me, but my father said to me at the University that education only bred stuttering, and he was probably right.

At least, the sea wastes few words. For the last three days I have been with cousin Heinrich Scnurr, checking boat schedules, waiting for tickets, and listening to Heinrich solliquize about unrequited love, as if he were Haemon. Bremen would be a convenient location for purgatory, and if it actually is, I hope the resurrection is close at hand. Bremen is a sewer filled with demons who litter the streets with faceless trash. The town merely awaits fire from heaven, but God is silent. The only noises to be heard are the lifting chains of exodus and the steam banshee of passover.

All of Germany is looking back with me. The Saar has become a wayside stranger without a good Samaritan in sight. To Franz, who calls me a traitor for leaving, I would say that it is my love for the country that once was, the Germany I fought for, that compels me to leave. In 11 days the sewer will be American.

My lovely Maria —

My love to all in Ransbach—your Peter

18. March. 1926

"The Columbus" rests in England now and gathers a new litter of kittens into her arms. The entire day has been rainy and foggy and I would not be surprised if the English had webbed feet like frogs. The murmur of Babylon on the boat reminds me of the countless grasshoppers that invaded our fields in past summers. It seems to be a masquerade party with the Dutch, Russians, Poles, Greeks, and Finns filling the decks with costumes of all colors. The drunken Irish are clowns, and a Swede I met, Hans Matthias, says that the Italians are also good natured enough, just as long as you don’t stroke their fur. Only the Yiddish do not strut like gamecocks but rather mumble prayers to God. I doubt, however, that they could ever find him in such a crowd!

Hans Matthias, the Swede I mentioned earlier, is quite a man in spite of his odd clothes and bushy beard. His German is good, and he knows and loves all our great poets and musicians. He has a wife, 10 children, plays the mouth organ, and even finds time to be religious. Hans is always talking about his homeland, but with each sigh the boat carries him the other direction. His French acquaintance, whose name I cannot pronounce, fought in Lorraine during the war and remembers the Saarland. In fact his brother is now serving with the occupation forces in Saarbrucken. It was always my conviction the French were the fiercest soldiers we faced — we reminisced over the truce of Christmas 1917, when we mingled with the
Dessicated trail dust
after August sun,
Only small pools here and there
in the creek-bed
Where only last spring
gurgling water
tumbled over rocks.
But at dry summer's end
green is yet the color
of each quivering leaf.
The life of the woods converges
in the ponds
and sparsely scattered water holes.
Frogs leap by the score
and more
leap from bank to pond and
Turtles surface at safe distances
to observe the intruder.
A blue heron hurls upward
through cat-tails
and away.
A mallard hen and drake,
only slightly less wary
Follow the heron
as though in pursuit
Mourning doves seek watering
and safety
at pond's edge.
Most fascinating of all:
miniature pools
of semi-dried stream,
Each an aquarium
teeming with life,
concentrations of fish,
Water snakes with sinister grace
weaving in this soup of life,
Bugs and grasshoppers
seeking to dodge
the aggression of jumping gulps
by hungry fish.
Wooded trails
seem to sizzle, but beckon as
A covey of quail
rise noiselessly
leaving behind
jet trails of summer dust.
A deep joy pervades penetrating discomfort
and a Voice is heard:
"Come away for a time
God is here
restful, quiet."
Even in sweat
and sun
and buzzing flies
God speaks peace
from the woods.
God’s hot breath hurls itself across the arid plains
Like a charging herd of possessed swine
Toward my open face; a hundred thousand grains
Of flying earth-per-gust surge and swell
Eastward over the land like molecules of sea brine
Borne madly along the gulf stream, powerless, pell mell.

My face expands to embrace this wind and know it.
The welcome dust clings to chin and cheek, bridge and brow.
And a geographical mask evolves as the particles fit
Into empty pores and I become the heir of places:
Bitter Herb, Thornton, Faust, Thistle, Medicine Bow,
And a thousand yet unnamed dung-grass-dust earth faces.

But this bold new landscape will slide down the drain
Of my porcelain sink tonight
And lodge itself in the sewer’s brain,
Escaping assimilation and leaving me bare.

Oh yet another dusty day. What uncertain
Geology will dissemble my features tomorrow?
Will vision be veiled by yet another curtain
Of transient grit? Behold the voice of strife,
“Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow
Shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life.”

Eat; bite, salivate, chew, swallow, digest . . . .
Pass unsubstantially. Bring the live coal
From off the altar, seraph, and rest
It upon my mouth! Then, Father, part my dusty lips
And breathe your windy Spirit into my soul.
Give my groping heart eternal grips.

talk to me

I am
foil and trumpet
ored
bubblegum pink
cotton candy
ippy
white clouds
in a bright blue bowl.
I tug
at your sleeve
ickle
you do something
to make you
ah
when I say
“Talk to me!”

Marian
Neimy

The Dust Man
(looking west from
Salem, Nebraska)

David Somers

Doug Gronberg
We Know It All

Early one morning, adrift in a murky mid-semester miasma of cold coffee, cream of wheat, and dog-eared contemporary novels, I heard a sudden, clear verse pierce the mire:

The year's at the spring, and day's at the morn; Morning's at seven; The hillside's dew-peated; The lark's on the wing; The snail's on the thorn; God's in His heaven —
And I've got to write an editorial.

Everything may have been "right with the world" for Robert Browning's little Poppo, but the gray swirl of fog that engulfed me as the rhyme died suggested that perhaps, perhaps, my world did not fall into quite so clear, so pristine an order. Surely four years of education, indoctrination, and training at so proud an institution as ORU affords some small degree of pattern, meaning, sensibility? Surely there exists some master key which, once discovered and possessed, unlocks the final door, reveals the Capital of capitals, the Truth of truths, and, today, the Editorial of editorials?

I watch the words whirl through the gray fog — snatches from chapel; bits of a Humanities lecture; scattered conversations with bright, bitter, certain, quaking students. The words, the people, the "Words. Island preachers, sad professors, wooly-headed freshmen theology majors, business-suited seniors, flowery-skirted Rapunzels gaze with bright eyes from their lofty towers. What words shall I offer back to them out of the mist?

Perhaps the mist itself is an answer. We no longer debate the anxiety of the age, the Age of Uncertainty: the anxious, un-knowing, slick quick-silver changes of gray so often permeate our days. Incertitude becomes our tenuous rod and staff. At times, in our frenzy to center, to anchor, to see beyond the gray, we rush back into the early glows in a myriad faces and in ten thousand songs.

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But the greatest is charity.
Gethsemane

My heart is heavy
not because I'm about to die
though that won't be fun
but because so few will ever know me.
Oh, yes, I'll be a superstar
the focal point of history
but they can't hear me
I'll only be their Moses.
They'll take some comments I've made
and blow them up till they've got a law
but the things I've stressed
they'll forget.
All they want is a society
and if something I've said helps them
they'll use it.
They don't want me,
cause I'm too dangerous.
I guess there's really no way
to make them see.
Constantine, you blew it!
Not because you came to me
but because in your zeal to serve me
you killed me again.
You tried to assimilate me
but I wanted to extract you.
You tried to make me rich
but I wanted to make you rich
and now you've forgotten that to be rich
all you need is love.

Sangre de Cristo

Drop after drop
poured on the face of the earth
Calling it skyward
In praise and response
to its creator

Grady Carter
a poet's verse
is his nakedness
clothed in the form
of an outstretched hand

Child of Random

Orators screamed fire
and we were left smoldering in the fog;
suffering like sardines in grease
packed and wrapped behind the
curtain of our eyes
We left.
And bounded out like potatoes
tumbling from burlap,
and breathed up the stars — beauty free
our smoke ascending in worship.

Andy Millar
Promethia

Jim Caley