



POSEIDON

'64

DAVARZO

POSEIDON

VOLUME THREE

WINTER, 1964

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DEDICATION



November 22, 1963

Midst deepest silence, hopefully we pray,
'Gainst some inexorable Fate, here come
To close at last our hearts to every ray,
And freeze our twisted lips, in horror, dumb.
In grief a people plunged, their solemn tears
Preserve respect and love, whose ardent flames
Will fan a heat to linger through the years,
Within a people grieved and bent with shame.

Though thou art young, fear not this place to leave;
Life will go on, through thee a bit more sure;
New faith we place in one who now still grieves,
And shouldering thy work, we shall endure.
And near thy memory shall be preserved
The glory of the nation thou hast served.

Credo

1. Thou shalt have no other gods before Art; neither Money, nor Fame, nor Pride.
2. Thou shalt not make unto thee any limits; the universe, real and imagined, is thine only bounds.
3. Thou shalt not take thy office of an Artist in vain; for thou hast a gift too rare to be mocked.
4. Remember thine eyes and keep them sharp, that thou mayst not look without seeing all the days of thy life.
5. Honor thine own ideals and keep them holy.
6. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor for a pretty phrase.
7. Thou shalt not kill by submerging thyself in the ideas of another.
8. Thou shalt not commit banalities.
9. Thou shalt not covet thy fellow's masterpiece.
10. Thou shalt not give either rhyme or reason for thine art.

* * * *

"Finlandia" is synonymous with patriotism; Poe is all things macabre; "Mona Lisa" is ever the epitome of mysterious feminine charm. This is art; this is communication; this is immortality. An artist rises from the ranks of mediocrity when his thing of beauty truly remains a joy forever.

— Felice Pearl

Concerto In Life Minor

Downbeat!
A gleaming ray sears through the clouds,
Signaling the orchestra to commence.
Buzzing alarm clocks execute the fanfare,
Followed by a chorus of sleepy sighs.
Shuffling feet provide the percussion,
While running water maintains the rhythm.
Syncopation is derived from the
Steady crunching of the morning's meal.
Doors slam shut, ending the concert;
But the day's music has only begun.

— Jack Polakoff

Sonnet To Hope

Come Hope, bright Hope, and bring my heart sweet peace,
Oh, bring a light amid my deepest woe!
Yes — even in the darkest night stars glow;
Pray, why, oh then, cannot come my release?
'Tis true my heart shall ne'er its mourning cease;
The pain within my soul shall never go;
The surging, timeless ache shall e'er be so;
But Hope alone can make my grief decrease.
Ah Hope, do come — the healer of despair,
The soothing heat that warms the bitter cold.
My wants are few — a flicker, a prayer;
A single ray would be as gleaming gold.
But on the morrow what shall be my fare?
For always shall my yearnings be untold.

— Cynthia Goldin

Narcissus

In among the silver willows, guarding silently and still
Partly hidden by the flowers, pale blue raiment of the hill,
Lay a pool, serene and pure, may its loveliness endure
Undisturbed by time immortal, in the shadow of the hill.

The golden rays of sun caress each shadow of the glade,
Adding beauty wrought as magic in Venetian crystal jade;
The silence is unbroken, and if evil, gives no token;
Peace is in perfection here, solemn waters, dark and staid.

And a stealthy wand'rer enters, sweet Narcissus hies away;
Peer not into these still waters, swiftly turn and go thy way.
Yet alas, it is too late, for that look has sealed his fate,
Still he gazes, self-enamored, as he ever shall and may.

And the words he whispers softly to the nymph reflection there
Are not answered; and he weeps, that this god seems not to care;
In his futile first embrace, of the nymph there is no trace;
Ever after does he sit, gazing at this visage fair.

And his fair life ebbs away, bowing in this sacred bower,
Ever gazing in the water, still enchanted by its power;
As he passes from here hither, still he gazes in the river;
Yet his soul quits not the bower; it remains — a lonely flower.

— Barbara Mason

A Lifetime Of Death

I found myself engulfed in a thick fog. I looked about, bewildered. There was not much to see. I could barely see a foot in front of my face. Everything was quiet and still. There seemed to be no one else about. I walked about in a daze, not knowing where I was going. I tripped over a bench and fell, but it did not hurt. It was like landing on a layer of cotton. I stood up awkwardly, and sat on the bench. After waiting what seemed to be ages, I lay down and fell asleep. I was a deep, quiet, sound sleep . . . one which I had never experienced before.

I was awakened by a loud, shrill scream. Startled, I ran to where I heard the noise. Through the haze emerged a slender woman. Her long black hair contrasted with her pure white dress, which was draped neatly over her shoulders. Her face was beautiful and pale. She reminded me of a ghost . . . I smiled nervously at the thought.

We gazed at each other for a long while. She looked at me in the most astonished manner . . . her slender, dark eyes were open wide, while her thin lips were parted, but did not speak. Her frightened look made me feel very self-conscious. Did I look that ghastly? No, even a tall, thirty-five-year-old man like myself could not have brought on that terrified look. It was definitely something else. . . . Finally, I broke the silence.

"Why did you scream?" I inquired in as deep and soothing a voice as I could manage.

I waited for a reply, but there was none. She just stood there with that horrified look on her face.

"Don't be afraid," I coaxed. "What is your name?"

Again she did not answer. She was obviously suffering from shock. I made a final attempt.

"My name's Miller . . . Harry Miller."

Her lack of response gave me an eerie sensation. I felt I had to leave her . . . as if something were pulling me away from her. I wandered aimlessly onward, still surrounded by the heavy fog.

Now there was but one thought in my mind. Where was I? I walked until I was utterly exhausted. I sat down to rest and felt as if I were sinking. It was as if I were in an elevator, going down, down, down. . . . I arose and the sensation passed. Again I walked, and finally saw a man in the distance. I ran to him.

"Hey! Hey, Mister!"

He turned and looked at me. He had a kind, gentle face, surrounded by blond, neatly combed hair.

"Where am I, Mister? What is this place?"

I was surprised when he replied. It was the first voice I had heard in quite a time.

"Don't you know?"

"No, I don't. Where am I?"

"Sit down," he said. "I shall tell you."

I sat down and sank into the ground. I lost sight of the man, who seemed to be laughing as I sank.

Being in better spirits, after finally having heard a human voice, I continued my journey, looking for someone, anyone who could tell me where I was.

Again I met a man, older than the last, and considerably fatter. His ruddy skin had a short, stubby beard.

"Excuse me, sir. Could you tell me where I am?"

He turned sharply and retorted, "Where do you think you are?"

"I don't know," I replied meekly.

"Well, you're a fool if I ever saw one. You're just above hell, and if you sit down once more, you'll be in it!"

"What?"

"Just what I said, once more and you'll be in it!"

I stared at him.

"But I'm still alive!"

He laughed hysterically.

"You're as dead as a doorknob."

He turned and started away.

"Wait a minute," I said. "How can I keep out of hell and still sit down to rest?"

"You can't," he replied without stopping.

Again I journeyed through the fog, thinking about what the man had said. I dared not sit down. If what he had said was true, and I went to hell . . . what did I do to deserve such punishment? I never stole or robbed anything, or . . . then I remembered.

But surely the Great Judge will understand . . . if there is a Great Judge. Don't be silly! Of course there is. He'll understand the situation . . . He has to! The thing to do is to find Him. That's it! I must find Him . . . fast.

I began running . . . where I did not know. Run faster . . . hurry . . . just over there . . . run . . . run . . . faster!

Suddenly, in one place the fog cleared. I saw a city. It stood in all its splendor . . . a golden city . . . a Shangri-la. The towering peaks soared into the vast space above. Oh, how beautiful. The glistening towers illuminated the area around it. Just a little

more to go. I walked hurriedly towards it. I was saved . . . He did understand . . . I had found Him!

I stopped abruptly when I saw the sharp cliff in front of my eyes. It formed a circle around the city, like a moat around a castle. I had to get across. I looked down. A red glow met my face, with piercing flames dancing about. The immense heat rising from the flames forced me to step back. I looked again at the city. So this was it. Under me was hell, ahead of me . . . heaven, and just a cliff separating the two.

I had to jump. I judged the gap. It was approximately fourteen or fifteen feet across. I didn't think I could make it. I stepped back quite a distance and ran to the edge of the cliff. I stopped. I looked at the gap once more, then at the city. So the strongest do survive. Again I stepped back . . . even a greater distance than before. I ran to build up speed . . . faster . . . jump . . . God help me . . . there it is . . . jump . . . now . . . please God, help me!

— Shirley Goldin

Cinquain

A man
is only one
of millions like himself,
though each is in his own respects
unique.

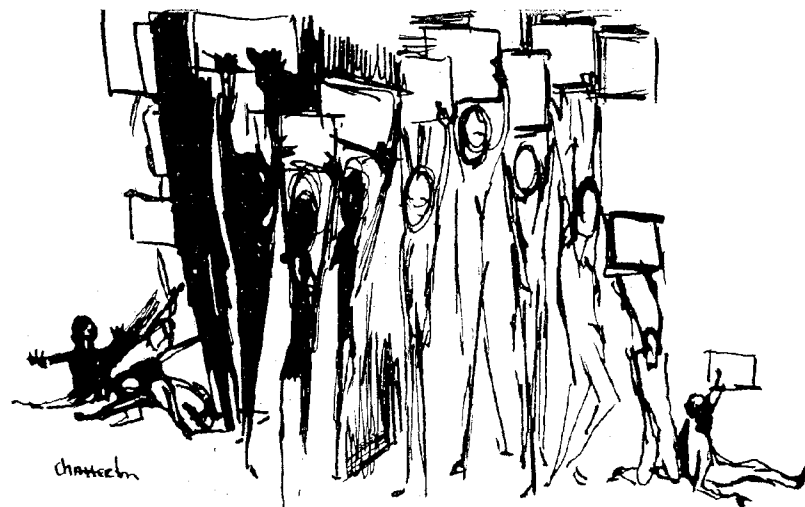
— Peter Kleeman

The Bridge

Built with fear, a steel pyramid
Shades the dark sky and crowns the belching sea.
Cement in sweat, steel in pain.

A crescent crucified,
Holding to each mucky shore like a lover
Its back arched with passion, with
Eternal desire, and no
Fulfillment.

— George Wertheim



The Remnants

Killing each other in the street, I saw them . . . white, black
Signs did they carry
And masks did they wear,
Stamped with the holy words,
Self-righteous!

And I saw steel go through the guts of one,
And as he fell, in a bleeding mass,
I saw the other kick him.
And in his eyes, as on his face,
Burned the words,
Self-righteous!

Rum was spilled, and spit was spilled,
And blood was spilled on all
And the whole damn street retched
And smelled of the holy words,
Self-righteous!

Rotting in a long corridor I saw them . . . Stripped of masks
And all I saw were men,
In rows and rows of twisted bones,
With gnarled hands and sunken eyes
And twigs of veins and bloodless arms.
They wore no banners,
They wore no signs,
And I saw their lips drawn in mockery.
Scorned they were and yet they laughed . . . I saw them laugh,
Or did they cry?
It matters not . . . black, white.

— Elaine Huberman

The Development Of Talking

I THINK the main reason people started to talk was that before language was developed there was no way for them to complain. For example, if a Neanderthal-type in the early Fred Flintstone Era had a disagreement with a neighbor of his, the only way he could get his point across was to swat the poor guy a few times with his ninety-six pound spike-impregnated elephant club. It's obvious that the more argumentative of that era had few friends.

Perhaps one of those friendless outcasts was so disgusted about being left out of the "Thursday Night Sabre-Tooth Tiger Hunting League" that he started taking it out on his spouse. This early example of Homo Sapiens (shall we call him Sap for short?) started to change his wife's hairdo with the forementioned ninety-six pound, spike-impregnated elephant club. Now this woman, who probably was of above average intelligence, said, after a great amount of deliberation and bruises, "Yeowww!!!" After hearing this history-making utterance, Sap stopped making like a pile driver. (Besides being amazed at the abovementioned quote, he was also out of breath from his thus far successful effort to crumble her cranium.) He looked at her curiously, and said, his voice quivering with emotion, "Yeowww?" Mrs. Sap, vigorously rubbing her smashed cerebrum, answered "Yeowww!!!"

Sap, being a man of action, immediately took a firm hold on the ponderous weapon and tapped his own gorilla-like forehead. He pointed to his newly acquired lump and screamed triumphantly (also painfully) to his slightly punchdrunk wife, "Yeowww!!!" Unfortunately, something marred this earthshaking discovery. For Sap, when he crashed the huge, rock-hard mace on his equally hard head, not only raised a lump of huge proportions, but also broke the heavily weighted weapon into several hundred toothpick-sized pieces. Since hunting clubs of that quality were hard to find (they weren't making them like they used to), Sap pointed to the new harmless pile of sawdust and, with much disgust, said, "Ughhh!!!" His wife, however, started a tradition that has lasted throughout the milleniums of time to the present day by managing to get the last word. "Yeowww!!!" she screeched, as Sap wordlessly pounded her with his fists for the loss of his precious club.

— Paul Weiss

At The Pub

Water is the best of drinks
That friend to friend can bring.
But who am I that I should have
The best of everything?
Let nobles tipple at the tap!
Peers with the pump make free!
But whiskey, wine, or even beer
Is good enough for me!

— Steve Rugg

Creation

Silent the amber sun sinks behind the waves;
Behind it follows dusk, the father of darkness.
The water takes on an amber color, but cannot match the intensity
of the sun.
Slowly the cool breezes depart from the land, and visit the sea
again.
The supple palms bend gently in the breezes, stirring their precious
burden.
This is the time of year when the coconuts are ready, and the
breadfruit are ripe.
With their crusty husks and milky hearts they cascade onto the
thick grass below.
Those which are fortunate fall onto the beach and gently roll
in the pounding surf.
As they are carried into the waves, their long journey through life
has begun.
For one day they may alight upon a barren island, and transform
it into sparkling Valhalla.
For the fruit of life carries within it the seed of man.
The night is coming; the shining crescent is rising, moving through
the balmy air.
The land is clothed in a filmy cloak, resting lightly on fallen fronds.
Night seems perpetual, but even it fades away — to greet another
dusk.
The moon closes its arms, shutting off the ghostly light.
The island is waking.
The sun is shining above the far horizon.
Day is starting; life has begun.

— David Sack



When The World Was Young

LAST spring, when the world was young and the air was bursting with the fragrance of joy and the incense of life, I followed the winding path through the wood each crisp morn. The ancient, lonely footpath wandered lazily among the oaks, the pines, the maples, past peaceful clearings where some long-forgotten woodsman had lived and died with nature. It passed unhurried through the underbrush, unnoticed far below chattering squirrels and chipmunks, beneath the sunlit world of my twittering feathered companions. Each morn I'd pursue the new, the unexplored,

the undisturbed works of nature, through the forest, interwoven with fresh, cool brooks rushing excitedly from the highlands, bubbling their joy-filled news.

And every misty forenoon the lazy path would take me in my drifting course past the wretched, senile man who sat always in his ragged chair facing the trail. I knew not of his name nor his origin, but any man of the plow could not but apprehend and lament his surest destiny. He reclined all the day in front of his absurd, decrepit shack, and he never so much as stirred once from that waiting place. His drawn and wrinkled visage was void of expression, and rotting white skin was draped pathetically over his tired bones. His weak eyes stared at me from large dark hollows through the high bush as I'd pass each day. Nature, the birds, the creatures of the wood, the very essence of life was fragrant in the air. Yet, in its stead this wretched shanty carried death. There was death in the ragged chair the old man used, but, most of all, the old man carried it. He was a patient, disgusting creature awaiting his very dissolution to again become one with the earth he walked.

Thus, on that grey morning, as I uneasily approached and noted that his old chair sat in front of the place, but that not such as an excuse of a human form occupied is weary hollow, I became curiously disquieted. It was my inner mind that gnawed at me, and, without deliberation, I came to an abrupt halt. He had slept a bit late. The air held too much of a chill this dawn. Or he took to tramping in the wood today. Or he'd picked himself up and left last eve. A queer feeling gripped me. I realized that my heart was pounding rapidly. An intense, vast quiet overcame the scene. I paused. I shouted to the evil shack. Not the stir of a leaf. I shouted again. Nothing. Pushing aside the leaves, I slowly made my way toward the place.

Again I cried out in the wood.

Dead silence.

I stooped for a stone and pitched it against the wallboards. The sharp CRACK that resounded was followed immediately by a weird, tiny commotion. It was — it was as if one listened to a distant clamoring crowd. Yes, there was motion in the shanty — a miniature tumult — a far-away turmoil.

I slowly neared, the deteriorated door and raised my hand to knock — and when I brought my trembling fist to the decayed boards, they ripped apart. I was startled and suddenly lost my balance. With incredible swiftness I was upon the door, falling inward and down to the dirt floor. My hands fell in a sticky

wetness, and I felt something soft and warm. I turned — MY GOD!

The old man lay sprawled on the floor not an arm's length away. There were crickets and ants teeming where his eyes had been, and he was covered with his own stinking wretch; and there were birds and squirrels feeding ravenously at his torso and fierce rats covering the stumps that once were legs.

I scrambled to my feet and bolted out the door into the grey light. I desperately tried to regain my senses, but there was that terrible nausea, that unbearable abhorrence that stabbed unrelentingly and disfigured my throbbing mind.

Somehow I was on the path and stumbling, and running, and racing through the wood, past innumerable groping and ugly trees, and faltering and tripping on the damned stones and branches. I groped for breath where there was none; my seething lungs cried out to my palsied mind. My blind feet were caught by a branch and my face came crashing down onto the cruel earth. In my agony I sobbed, but tears did not come for lack of moisture in my racked body.

I trembled and lowered my head . . .

To my richest horror, I was old and senile and scrawny.

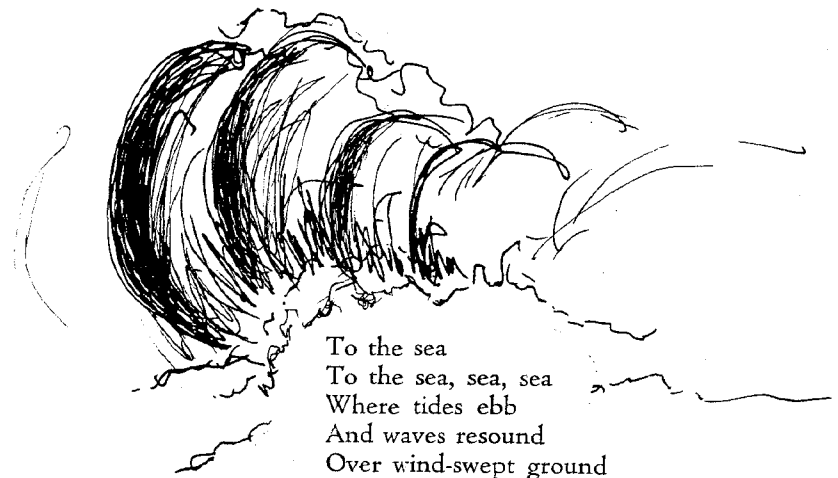
I dragged my aged body upward and viewed painfully the stark trees outlined against a steel grey sky. The air was raw and biting, and I stumbled down the path in search of refuge. There was an old, battered shanty to the side, and a friendly chair facing the path. I prodded my diseased body toward the absurd sanctuary, and I fell into the ragged, comfortable armchair and rested.

— Ken Bertang

Monotony

We live
from day to day
with the constant fear
that some day we will cease to live
from day to day with constant fear
that some day we will cease to live
from day to day . . .

— Jack Polakoff



To the sea
To the sea, sea, sea
Where tides ebb
And waves resound
Over wind-swept ground
There, perched on an old wooden boat,
A nightingale
With a strange, strange wail
And a tale of sadness and woe.

Her wings, I could see, were drooped by her side
Her eyes looked up but nothing could see
Her sight was destroyed in the blast
And now all she sees is the past, the dreary past.
Suddenly, she left her perch, and began to fly east
She was traveling solely by instinct, she could not see my presence.
I called out, but by now she had flown away
Gone to another sun, another day.

Her travels took her to Europe, to France
Where once children played, and love was made
Where revolutions were waged, where freedom was won
But now we are in a different age, and freedom is gone.
The last flames were burning out, the smoke was rising to the sky
There was death all around, where the flesh of man had died.

To England and Spain, to the peasants' cafe,
To the schools where no one was taught,
To the fascists' parade, to the orator's tirade
Of, "It's mine, not theirs, it is ours."
To the plains of Africa where life once roamed
In search of a place where security was known.
To the southernmost coast, to Johannesburg

Where the seeds of destruction were sown.
To the deserts of Arabia, to Tel-Aviv and Cairo
To the Indian border where war and disorder
Had helped push the button that ended it all.

She came to a China, once red with the fury of world domination
Now red with the blood of men of all nations
Now dead as the rest, as the rest of the world.
North up to Russia, where tanks once paraded
And men were prorated as huge hunks of beef.
Now east to America, the Democratic nation
Where Negroes were forced into great degradation
Where freedom was written as much as abused
Where men of good faith were beaten and used.

She came to a crevice where bodies were heaped
When the nations refused one another to meet
And there at that graveyard she died as men did
Leaving me alone, as my life slowly slid.

Now once again I return to the sea
To the sea, to the sea, for the last look at earth
And there on the waves the ship slowly sinking
'Twas the ship of mankind and 'twas falling away
I sighed and wondered, why? as each of us must
And then like mankind, I, too, turned to dust.

— Seymour Kramer

The Face Of Judas

It was July. You can't say much for that month. Sweat was as familiar on the countenances of people as the weary look of their eyes.

The exhaust from the bus entering Edward Mooreston's nostrils gave him a queasy feeling. It was a long walk home, but the smell, grime, and disappointment of his life could be drowned in a pool of cold beer.

Amy would be at home. Yes, his sister, who had been with him for six years, would, as usual, have everything ready. Mooreston thought of how he couldn't have managed without Amy's help after his wife's death.

His thoughts were momentarily interrupted by the traffic signal changing in his favor. Edward crossed in the direction of his "castle," as he many time referred to his home. He loosened

his tie as he crossed the street. "Funny I didn't loosen it on the bus," was the first thought in Mooreston's mind.

Edward was breathing hard, but it was nothing out of the ordinary. For several months he had been breathing hard and Mooreston brushed it off on account of the weather. The hot pavement stung his feet. Edward didn't care because he would soon be home, safe and sound.

The ambulance came to an abrupt stop. The crew rushed to carry their patient to the hospital. The driver inquired, "Where do you want him? He's a heart attack case. The cops called and we picked him up on the street." The head nurse replied, "Is his name Mooreston, Edward?" The driver nodded assent.

"Over there, emergency ward," commanded the nurse.

"Well, at least the place is air conditioned," said Mooreston on the visit of his sister six days later.

In her usual thoughtful way, Amy had brought some roses.

"Oh, Eddie," wailed Amy.

Edward turned away from her with a guilty look on his face, as though his sister thought he had had the attack on purpose.

"The doctor says I can't work any more, Amy. He says the window-washing business is too strenuous. Well, I'm sure I can get the Union pension. You know I was to retire in two years."

Amy sniffled, "Oh, Edward."

"Will you stop saying, 'Oh, Edward,' before I have another attack," replied Mooreston.

"Oh no, Edward, ah, I'm sorry . . . I . . . I . . . It will be nice when you come home," said Amy, quickly changing the subject.

"Nice, humph! In eight days I can come home, but to what? Twiddling my thumbs? Watching television till I try a place kick through the picture tube?" was Edward's answer.

Amy replied, "I'm sure you'll find something to keep you occupied."

The cellar was damp and cool. It was about the coolest place in house. Edward was bored. As he sat down on the bottom step of the stairs he murmured, "What to do? What to do?" He stood up and walked around, dodging here and there past objects long forgotten.

"Let me see. What is there around here to do?"

As he looked around his hand fell on a pile of dusty magazines. He read aloud some of the titles from Carson's Magazine, May, 1926: "The Atlantic Can't Be Flown Over," "Our Friends in the East: Japan," "The Next Five Years Will Be Boom Years."

Edward carelessly tossed the periodicals into some invisible corner.

The dim light filtering in through a basement window fell on three boxes. The boxes — red, blue, and green — were set aglow by the bright beam. Edward moved toward the spot, brushing aside cobwebs and old furniture as he went. As Mooreston bent down to view them better, he grabbed his handkerchief. Edward could see that the dust had built up so that the labels of the boxes were unseen. A quick wipe with the handkerchief revealed three "Super Jumbo (containing over 500 pieces) True Art Jigsaw Puzzles." The red box contained a scene of Niagara Falls. The blue container stored Sunrise Over the Rockies. The Skyline of New York was kept in the green box.

"Kid stuff," was Mooreston's reply as he turned away to get up. But then he thought, "What else is there to do? At least it will occupy my time."

Amy was pleased that Edward had found something to keep him busy. Mooreston found much more pleasure than he had expected in his new hobby. He spent long hours working on the puzzles. When he had finished the original three he bought many more.

Edward kept the puzzles on the dining room table so that while he was working on them he would have easy access to the kitchen or living room, where Amy always knitted.

As Edward became more proficient at building these puzzles he attempted bigger and better ones. It became such an obsession with him to solve jigsaw puzzles that he would not rest till he had finished each puzzle he started. Finally Amy gave him a problem bound to satisfy him. "I saw it in the window of a little bookshop in town. The owner guaranteed that all the pieces are here," stated Amy.

"This will be a challenge," thought Mooreston as he examined the box. It was a puzzle of "The Last Supper" by Leonard da Vinci. The bold red banner across the box stated that it contained over 4,600 pieces and that it was meant only for master puzzle solvers. The final challenge came when Edward read that the fastest time for solving it was 135 hours.

"I will solve it sooner," Mooreston confidently told himself. Edward put it down with the respect of a fighter just shaking the hand of a qualified opponent. Four thousand six hundred pieces, and each one Edward considered his personal enemy.

The great struggle soon began. A neighbor, a milk deliverer who rose early each morning to perform his pre-sunrise task, told a friend that he had seen Mooreston working every morning at 3:00 A.M. for the past three days. He said it appeared as though

he were piecing something together. The milkman's family, living next door to Mooreston, noted that all through the day and late into the night, when the family retired, Edward was working all the more feverishly to finish his masterpiece.

Edward's eyes seemed to contain all the hate of a Crusader filled with religious fervor, butchering infidels, as he worked on his great problem.

Five days after the beginning of the struggle, Edward could see that he would win. A mere four pieces remained outside the puzzle. One by one he placed them in, each one giving him a sense of victory. The Lord's chalice, the cloak buckle of Peter, a hunk of bread and a foot of Matthew.

It was done! Edward Mooreston settled back, slowly viewing his creation.

"Yes, it is all here; Jesus, the Disciples, and Judas," thought Mooreston as he inspected his work. "Wait, wait — where is the face of Judas?"

Jumping to his feet, Edward searched the surrounding area for this last puzzle part. Had it fallen on the floor? Was it under the furniture? After these two possibilities had been exhausted, Edward searched more frantically than ever.

"You're hiding from me, aren't you, Judas? But you know I'll find you! You can't beat me, you know," said Mooreston, threatening some unseen enemy.

Great beads of sweat poured down his face. Edward ran around the house screaming, "Judas, Judas, where are you?"

The ambulance left as quickly as it had come. It was not going to the General Hospital this time; Edward had had an attack of the mind, not of the heart. Before the ambulance left, Edward said, "Have you seen him — Judas — he is hiding from me. But you will help me find him, won't you?" The attendant nodded as he tightened Mooreston's strait jacket.

Amy turned from the departing ambulance and headed for the warmth of the house. As she walked she pulled her robe around her to keep out the cold. Amy placed her dainty hands in the robe pockets. When she reached the top step she paused a moment, pulling out her right hand. The hand contained a small puzzle part. It was the face of Judas. She giggled like a little girl on viewing it and tossed it in the rain gutter as she skipped into the house.

— Jeff Cropsey

Quintessence

Enveloped in a golden mist,
A child's face, by moonbeams kissed,
By puerile innocence underlain,
In dreams that know no death or pain.
A hand upon the pillow curled
Spreads stardust in another world,
And reaps this fruit of youthful years,
A rest unstained by guilt and tears.
I kiss that hand — O might I be
Thus innocent, and wander free!
Enveloped in a golden mist,
Angel-pure — and dream like this!

Enveloped in a golden mist,
A cloudy day all sun has missed,
A grayish dawn, to others drear,
Sweet solitude, devoid of fear.
When leaves so calm on their home tree
No wind doth stir, no storm lash free.
A peace imbued for solemn hearts
That long have searched their counterparts —
And all in vain, but find them here,
When scarce a human form is near:
In peace below, gray dawn above;
Who clasp it as a long-lost love;
Who savour it as costly wine,
In haunted shade of drowsy pine.
And all is wrapped in peace, and kissed
By deep, sweet thoughts, and golden mist.

A mountain far, in golden mist,
By purple paint and white clouds kissed;
To climb when blood is teeming fire,
To fill its hot, unnamed desire;
To gaze on when the sight is worn,
When need to climb must be reborn.
The purple haze the soul surfeits —
Push on once more to grander heights!
Swathed in veils, a beauty seen
Far-off, close by is still a queen.

I climb, forge on, to icy mists,
To peaks in dawn's rose halo kissed,
To stand on treeless, snow-fleeced stone,
There — just myself — but scarce alone.
My standard raise from marble floors —
And grasp the key to heaven's doors,
Which once to view the sight is trained,
The base, hard ground is ne'er regained.
The soul dwells high midst golden mists,
In heaven's vap'rous beauty kissed.

Enveloped in a golden mist,
A dream, in streams of light, is kissed.
Tempting the haughty soul of man,
"Reach out to me, if thus you can!"
A vision born of toil and lack,
Of burdens bending soul and back;
Of love, and hunger, want, despair,
Through centuries of human care.
Before the eyes this dream takes form —
Survives through tempests, ice, and storm;
Nurtured by a heart of hope,
Made full by boundless human scope.
Man's eyes burn fiercely through the haze,
All else escapes the near-mad gaze
Of one who dreams, perchance in vain,
But he is tired, and who would fain
To tell him that the dream is veiled
In iron mists — and he could fail.
That men were made to dream, he knows,
To seek their place through endless snows;
What man deems good is worth a dream,
He can but try and thus redeem
A cheerless life, a soul downtrod —
Illumed, once crushed beneath the sod.
Man's shining dreams in light are kissed,
And viewed, swathed deep, in golden mist.

— Linda Warren

The Singer

The master songs are ended and the man that sang them is a name,
And so is God a name; so is Venus; so is Hades; and so is every-
thing.

But we are blind to see what we have written,
Or what fate has written for us,
For we only blink and wonder.

Last night it was the song that was the man,
But now it is man that is the song.
We do not hear him very much today;
Even though his eternal cadence rings,
Too pure for us, too powerfully pure,
Too beautiful, too magnificent;
But there are some that hear him and they know,
That he shall sing tomorrow for all men,
And that all mankind shall listen.

The master songs are ended?
Rather say that no songs are ended that were ever sung,
And that no names are dead names;
For when we write songs on Minerva's marble or Poseidon's sand,
We write them there forever.

— John Ramahlo

