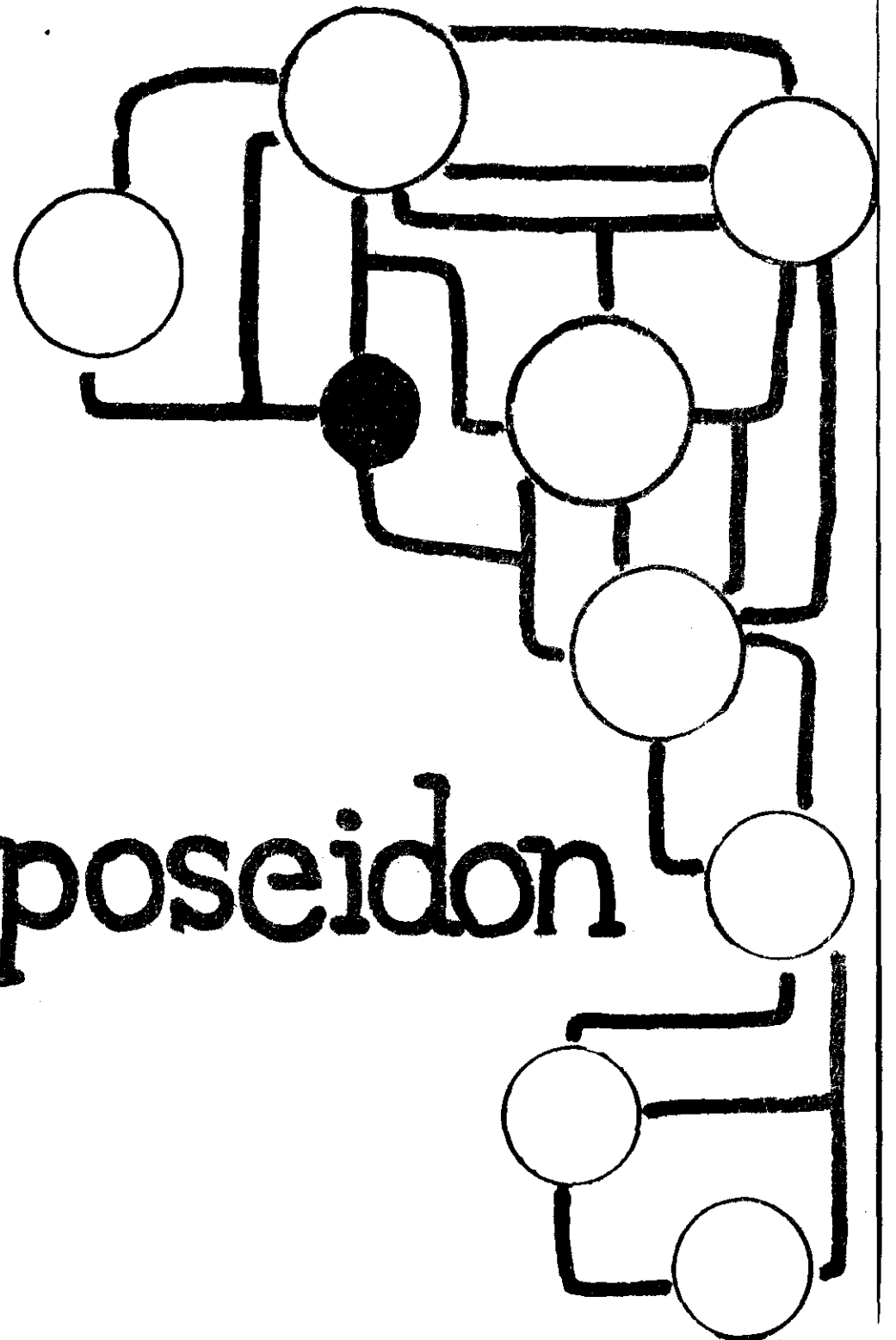




poseidon

h. frank carey

And is not time even as love is, undivided
and spaceless?

But if in your thought you must measure
time into seasons, let each season encircle
all the other seasons,

And let today embrace the past with re-
membrance and the future with longing.

-Kahlil Gibran

CONTENTS

2 Oh yeah	Melanie Sollog
4 Sonnet	Jason Wanger
5 Haiku	Steve Sherman
6 Sonnet	Marcia Schwartzman
8 Well	Judy Godin
9 Haiku	Steve Sherman
10 Bird and the Worm	Donna Sevy
11 Love	Jeffrey Berg
14 Carousel	Peggy Wagner
17 Philomela Frantically Frowned	Ira Packer
18 Gulls	Shirley Goldin
19 Foolish Ditty	Melanie Sollog
20 I Run	Peggy Wagner
21 Narrative	Judith Klippel
22 Snippet	Samir Touhamy
23 Me	Gail Urlaub
24 Poem	John Hills

STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF - Pam Johnson	CO-ORDINATORS -
LITERARY EDITOR - Judy Godin	Marcia Schwartzman
ART EDITOR - Melanie Sollog	Edwina Van Dam
	Gail Urlaub
	Alice Peterman
ART - Bill Garbe	Shirley Goldin

Advisor - Mrs. Marianne Hovivian



OH YEAH

OH YEAH

Well,

in the beginning it
wasn't supposed to mean,
that was the whole point,
Point.

OH YEAH

OH YEAH

Then then

thoughts started,
but still - the main
thing IT
was glorious nonsense.
And yet, now everyone knew
and knew they knew.
so some left
to see stones and pretty things
and fives and fives
who still tried (and believed) they meant.

OH YEAH

OH YEAH

Until it's now

and now is great/great/great/for

they have gotten longer

and some say, shaggier.

but that is wrong:

they are crisper and refined

and sharpened.

the sound whirls now, sometimes, instead of

only back/and/forth/and

and they know-

AND DIG-

the great one.

and they know-

how to talk until two

who the girl really is

and where she comes from

and what the Word is

So it doesn't matter now

(if it ever did)

that they don't mean it

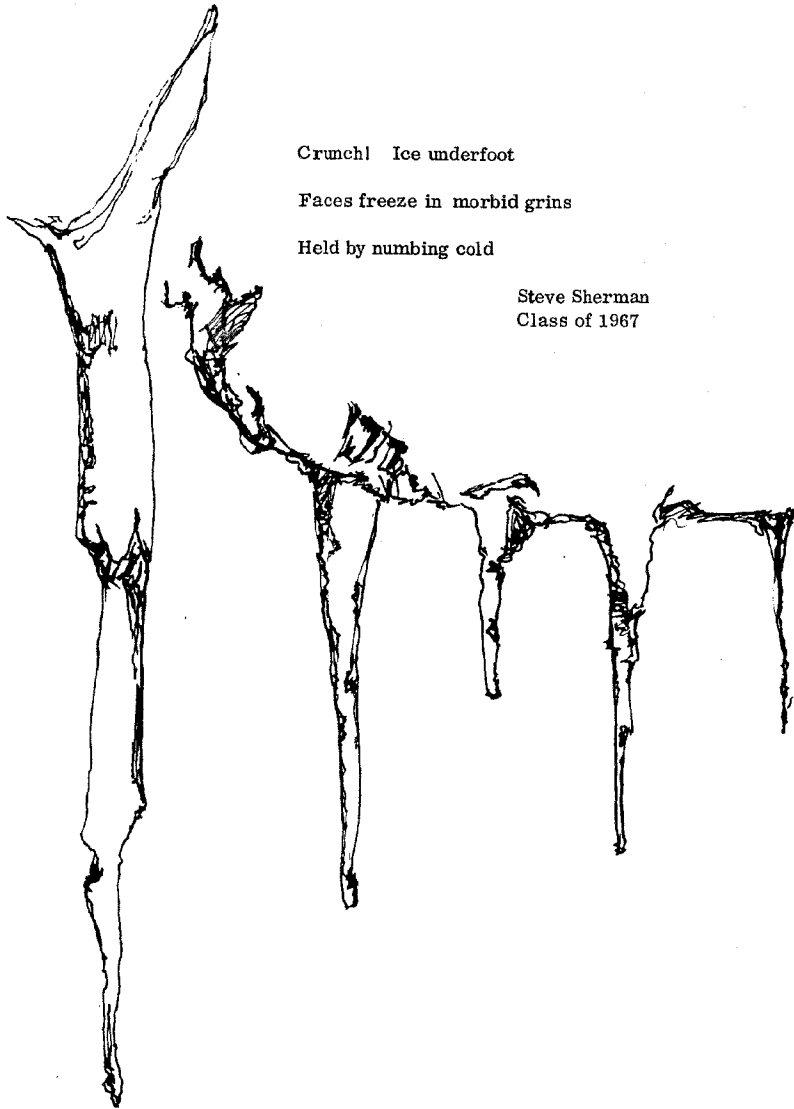
because they do

now.

Melaine Sollog
Class of 1966

God, reach from your silence supreme
Reach for me with the swirling scheme
of the universe. Let the beauty thrill
me, capture me with awe and understanding
not with the passive knowledge sitting
in the cold still church. Not with dead
monks, but with dead leaves and patterns
show me. Not with closed minds somber
and dead, but with the lively color
of a new flower. If you are, show me
not with power that destroys, show me
with the power that creates and converts
the still world in vibrant beauty.
Show me and I shall dedicate my life
to you, for my poetry will then be
psalms and my thoughts prayers.

Jason Wanger
Class of 1966



Crunch! Ice underfoot

Faces freeze in morbid grins

Held by numbing cold

Steve Sherman
Class of 1967

When apple blossoms leave their trees and die
And forests full of green have turned to brown,
We'll not stare up into the empty sky
And wonder where the singing birds have flown.
When shining stars have lost their silv'ry rays
And dark and empty nights confront us then
We'll seek no refuge in the safe, clear days
To reminisce of things within our ken.
While objects of our spring are still in view
Let's love, and not expect eternity
For things are only valued when they're new;
Towards youth emotions show inequity.
But enter in, though knowing it can't last;
Accepting all the while this, too, shall pass.

Marcia Schwartzman
Class of 1967

Well...

He stood on the corner looking out into the snow, alone except for the streetlight which offered a pillar of security to his tired shoulder. In the gleam of the yellow light the black imprints of his footsteps could be seen trailing crookedly away into the wind and darkness. They showed he had come from somewhere, but gave no indication where he would go.

As he stood there, the wind grabbed the front panels of his worn overcoat and ripped them savagely away from his body. The few buttons that remained held out valiantly on their ancient threads, protecting the once strong chest that now sank hollowly between sagging shoulders.

His hands were cast deep into the empty pockets of his coat, but occasionally left their warm hiding place to brush away the melted snow which dripped silently down his cheeks.

The cuffs of his gabardine pants lay wrinkled over the tops of his shoes until a particularly savage gust pulled them close to his leg on one side and flapped them wildly on the other.

His face was old, but his features were set like steel. His eyes were close together and stared out questioningly, yet did not seem to expect an answer. His lips were thin and turned down at the corners, seeming not to have smiled for a long time. Down his cheeks and lining his chin was the grey stubble of an uncared for beard. His hair was white but was thick and blew carelessly from under the confines of a black woolen beret pulled down close to prevent its capture by the wind.



BIRD AND THE WORM

Suddenly, a car full of young people came speeding down the street. As it rounded the corner where the old man stood, its tires hit a puddle, splashing him with the icy slush of the winter's night. They were gone and he stood there alone, brushing the beads of white moisture from the front of his coat. He stared away into the night, trying to decide which way to turn, where to go. Silently he turned around, looked, and then following his footprints back, struck off slowly but steadily into the wind and the darkness.

Judith Godin
Class of 1966

Opaque moon hangs low
Lazy winds brush glistening sand
serene waves abound

Steve Sherman
Class of 1967

The worm was crawling at a steady pace,
The bird was hopping to win the race.
The worm had to run to save his life,-
To the bird it meant food for his children and wife.
The poor skinny worm was so clumsily long!
And the bird compared seemed ten times as strong!
A hole in the sand soon came to sight,
The worm rushed to it with all his might!
"Hurry little worm!" I cheered from inside.
"Get to the hole so that you can hide!"
He scurried inside not a second too late,
The bird had to sit and contemplate.
What would he do? He gave the hole a glance.
Could he dig it up? Yes, there might be a chance!
The bird started digging away the sand,
The worm soon lay in open land!
The worm was helpless and in a daze,
Under the birds unmercifully gaze,
The bird was about to jump on his victim,
But suddenly something stopped within him!
The bird turned around and there he sat,
Trapped by a hungry alley cat!

Donna Sevy
Class of 1971

LOVE

Outlined by the white sand and cold white moonlight, he looked very much like a statue in white marble. His eyes were lost in heavy shadows as if they were portholes to his mind through which only the very brave could enter, as indeed they were. Even at a distance you could see the strength in his shoulders, but leaning forward, as he was, he looked remarkably helpless, like a fighter might while pulling himself up after being down for the count. The surf pounding on the beach seemed as distant as the horizon and he only saw within himself.

He had always lead a simple life, with little responsibility or involvement, and was now unprepared to face change. His straight brown hair and dark eyes were not considered attractive. Why was he now suddenly loved? The uncertainty of the situation disturbed him and, as he thought, his worry eroded a series of furrows in his face as a stream of water might have in the sand. He sifted the sand through his fingers as he wondered what the girl might want from him. All his life he had lived a quiet existence without any form of emotion. His parents had believed in rational discussion of any and all problems, and for some reason when things are rationally discussed they seem much more innocuous... Now suddenly love. He had read much about it and it had seemed like a very immature experience at first, but he was used to being alone with his thinking and books, and out of the blue there was something more important. He started doing things that were absolutely innane, like writing poetry and making up immature rationalizations for not reading. As he lay there on the pure white sand he wondered why!

It couldn't possibly be that thing called love. Love had caused some of the worst literature and was even known to distort the reasoning of many great men. But he was much too rational for any of it. As a cold wind blew through his hair his mind was yanked back to the edge of the real again. He had never before really thought about his hair, but lately he had become keenly aware of it. Besides, why should he feel any affection for that one particular girl. It was totally illogical for him to feel so strangely when he touched her hand or to melt so completely with just a casual sniff of her perfume. And last night, to climax all, he had kissed her as so many fools before him had done for centuries with their girls. They were fools that built houses and decayed in that place known collectively as home, a sanctuary of the trite and banal. Last night he had actually thought seriously of a house in the suburbs, with children and a car and an attache case!

He became aware of the sand in his hand, and he watched it fall into a little mound and assimilate into the whole body of sand. He too, was slowly assimilating into a huge countless body and he couldn't help feeling suffocated. He was handcuffed to this girl and she was pulling him into a roomfull of people where he would have to be one of them to exist. He was not used to adjusting and there was only one alternative.

At first the water seemed very cold, but as a shiver ran the length of his body, it no longer bothered him. The weight of the water saturating his pants and the seaweed on his feet seemed to pull him down. The rocks he carried made it easier to walk. It was very, very dark, but as the cold white light of the moon started to fade he felt warmer. He no longer could hear the waves breaking and it was very quiet. Very soon the sun would rise to bake the earth and warm the soil, but it will not warm him any longer. Nothing will.

Jeffrey Berg
Class of 1966



Leap up

'Else the carousel shall begin without you

And leave you behind

Leave you,...

To watch the smiling eyes

To hear the ringing whoops of joy

And,...

To see tears, or emotionless masks

To hear frightened, startled cries,...

Or silence.

The cries of those who hold on tightly to leather reins

Fearfull of all they see

Afraid to look down

For fear of falling,...

And being trampled,

Silence and masks

Those who do not look around,

At bright balloons

At smiles

At blue and red and gold and green ponies

Those who shut their ears,

To laughter

And pleas

So you leap up

Or forever you shall yearn and grieve

To be a part of the carousel.

CAROUSEL

You buy a ticket

And hurry.

Hurry onto the wooden turntable.

Your eyes fly across the view

And rest....

On a white stallion with golden saddle,

And red feathers fastened to his mane.

You run toward him

Anticipation in your heart.

You pull yourself up to his saddle.

The music starts

And you laugh and sing,

For you are perched upon the most beautiful of them all,

And shall never be sorry

You paid your fare

For the carousel.

But sometimes....

You see your special steed

And run....

And laugh

Only to find you are too late

Or you ran too fast,

And stumbled on your way.

You have lost.

So you rest on a brown workhorse

With flies on his hide,

Or fall back into the dreary red bench.

You can't turn back.

You've paid your price

Receiving misery in return.

For awhile you cry and sob

Then turn to stone

And utter no more.

The carousel swirls round and round

Faster!

Faster!

Faster!

Gradually the music softens

And horses stand still

The turntable stops.

Some leave willingly, happily....

Or in complete surrender

Others by force

And a new group of these ambitious gamblers

Leap up

And you shall ride the carousel

No more.

Peggy Wagner
Class of 1970

Philomela Frantically

FEED
THE
BREAD

And then it happened,
Gastralhia, neuralgia, swaying, praying,
Yearning and turning, simultaneously burning....
Why must it be me?

And again Philomela frantically frowned,
A squadron of fumbling Phoenicians,
A gargantuan gesticulating like a
plucked duck,
So let it be me....

Conquering, I publically pondered pointlessly
throughout the hopeless night,
Dying, crying, relentlessly trying,
the anemic albatross was in better shape than me.

Once more I candidly considered the consequences.
The indomitable eagle was yielding at last,
And alas the mysterious mystical mammoth
was mounted.....
An adequate feat to say the least.

My struggle succumbed as I obviously obtruded
oblivion.
The abominable obversion was coming,
As if a majestic mandate ever modulated.

From twilight to skylight,
From subjectivity to eternity,
Wandering warlords live on,
But non-violently,
I surrender

Hence, it was meant to be me

Ira Packer
Class of 1967

Gulls

All is peaceful when one looks at the gulls. They drift with the wind over the waves and the sand. Their white feathers reflect the sunlight, and all is quiet. Some rest on the shore. Shall I feed them? I return with a crust of bread. In less than a minute, they gather around me. Throw the bread into the air: see the gull catch it. Why does he fly away? Toss again. They fight for the bread. They beat their wings and make harsh squawking sounds. Run from the scavengers!

One gull didn't get any bread. He has darker feathers and an orange beak instead of a yellow one. He flies with others of the same color: they all have nothing to eat. They are quieter than the others, and never squawk or beat their wings. Why do they go hungry? I shall feed them. Toss the bread to that bird. A white bird catches it. Toss again. A white bird beats his wings and pushes the other aside. The dark bird gets nothing to eat. Something must be done.

"All birds who have darker feathers and orange beaks shall unite to get equal rights."

Throw the bread again. The darker birds squawk and beat their wings. They catch the bread.

"Birds who squawk and beat their wings are bad."

Do not feed the dark birds. They go hungry.

A black gull leads the darker gulls away from the whites. They shall live by themselves and get an equal amount of food. A little boy tosses the bread to the black gull ... he is the leader. The leader gets all he wants. Why? He is black, the others are only grey. The black gull eats all the bread ... the others are hungry. They squawk and beat their wings in rebellion. They should not have had to break away -- fly back to the white gulls.

The white gulls will let the darker gulls have some food. Anyone who deprives the darker gulls of food will be shunned.

Throw the bread. The black gull catches it. Toss again. It lands on the

ground. A white gull goes to eat it. A darker gull comes after. The white gull steps aside. Why should they get all the food? Rebellion ... the darker gulls go hungry.

Toss again. They fight for the bread. They beat their wings and make harsh squawking sounds. One gull didn't get any bread. Run from the scavengers!

Shirley Goldin
Class of

Foolish Ditty

Do you put them down?

And care that you do?

Ha Ha. There's much too much

in store for you.

Can't you see what they are?

Or don't you care to look?

They CAN be read you know.

Though it's not as easy as a paperback

.....book

Melanie Sollog
Class of 1966

I run.
Slow, even steps behind me
I long to breathe the sweet country air,
No time.
Faster!
I'll stumble.
Yes, I shall trip and fall.
I know.
Ah, but to touch the leaf and smell the lilac
To lie under the weeping willow
And share a secret with a tall and handsome stranger
Eyes razor sharp,
Quickly!
I mustn't linger.
Through all of God's gifts and treasures I scurry.
Please!
To rest
And let my eyes marvel at this majestic splendor
But to stop... is to die.
The skies, the earth, the trees
Are one great blurr.
Excruciating pain rushes through my limbs.
How I ache!
How weary I have become.
The sound of steps are louder, closer.
I shall be overtaken.
Yes, I am sure.
To rest
Just for a moment?
Move on! Hurry!
An obstacle lies in my path.
I stagger,
And fall.
When I look up deep eyes bore into mine.
"Come. It is time."
"May I go back," I ask?
"For a visit?"
I plead, but in vain.
"Never," he tells me.
Never!
"Once. Just once. I beg of you!"
But I look back, shocked.
The path has disappeared.
Twines and oak trees bar the way.
For what human can ever hope to conquer the inevitable?
I have stumbled over the finishing line.
The race is over.

Peggy Wagner
Class of 1970

The warm glow of the early morning sun thrust its probing yellow fingers into every corner of the tiny kitchen. It pulled the shadows out of hiding and suffused, with the same golden glow, the figure of a slim young woman, bending over a woodbox.

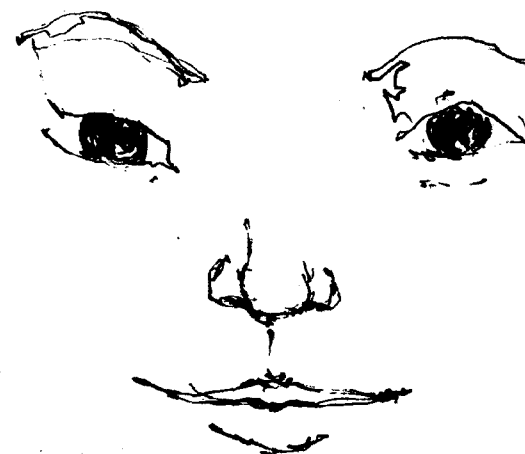
Diana straightened and turned, her bare arms laden with the splintery logs and twig fragments she had chosen to coax the cantankerous old stove into operation. As she moved, a stray sunbeam tangled in her coppery brown hair which, plaited in a thick, dark braid, encircled her head in a shining coil. The gluttonous old stove comfortably sated for the moment, Diana stepped over to a sturdy oaken table upon which lay the things she needed to prepare her Johnny's breakfast. As her fingers flew to and fro among the simple foods, her big eyes, the color of a rainy sea, shone with love. She pictured him, in his great boots and thick shirt clumping down the stairs with noisy male abandon. Her hands reached for the coffee pot as a smile tugged at the corners of her full mouth. With infinite care she counted and ground the coffee beans, with precision she measured each spoonful of the rich, brown grounds. Soon the essence of the bubbling coffee, sweet but strong, filled the sunny kitchen with its fragrance. Her eyes gleamed at the thought of Johnny's pleasure. The coffee poured from the pot in a smooth, brown stream, swirling gently against the inside of the cup and creating a miniature whirlpool in its depths. Proudly she placed it on the table, its steaming vapors eddying and whirling above it in fantastic contortions. Stepping back, she eyed the table critically. A platter of rich yellow eggs, a plate of muffins running with rivulets of creamy butter -- a humble meal that took on a sort of glow in her eyes -- a labor of loving hands and tender thoughts. As the stairs creaked to the tramp of heavy boots, Diana turned, eyes lit with love, lips parted in a deep smile.

Johnny's presence flooded the little room, dwarfing the hulking rotundness of the old black stove. As his eyes met the table, a scowl creased his broad forehead. "Ach, woman; his deep voice rumbled. 'Tis no time I be having for eating. Have ye not my noon meal made ready? No? Woman! 'Tis late. I must be gone." His scruffy whiskers scratched her cheek, a door slammed, the kitchen was again quiet. With a soft plink a tiny tear fell from her big, gray eyes, shining, now, with sadness. On the table the coffee steamed merrily on, its gossamer tendrils vanishing into the sunny air.

Judith Klippel
Class of 1967

Happiness is buttering your toast without ripping the bread.

Samir Touhamy
Class of 1971



ME

It is springtime and I am wandering among the mazes of a dense jungle,
Confused and unknowing, feeling my way as a baby gropes in new and
strange surroundings.

The vines reach out and beckon me to follow...

No sooner do I than I am tangled in the underbrush, trapped and contorted
beyond recognition.

The heat is unbearable, comparable to nothing in the scope of imagination.

It takes the breath from me and leaves me grasping for that part of me that
is my own.

Yet I must struggle on...

And make a path to where the trees thin and the welcoming natives come into
view.

The gleam of daybreak peaks out from among the branches.

I stumble forward, reaching out with open arms, only to find myself caught
in the water of a mirage.

The paths ahead are heavily trampled.

The matted vines entwined among shredded leaves tell of those who have gone
before me.

Where does it all end, I ask myself, expecting nothing.

Yet all lights gleam brighter before they fall.

Gail Urlaub
Class of 1967

I cried unto the hills
and they heard me not -
the hills from whence our liberty hath sprung -
and now it seeps no more

How long is the game of war?
does it last one beer
or two

til the alpha fuses to the omega
Or as long as children wax old
and forget their toys of destruction

Does it last the moment anger subsides
or til there ceases to be a cause
for bombs to rain from heaven

While jellied pickets charge with cards aflame
blood -

black on white and brown under yellow-
mingles into the ooze of nowhere - anywhere
The scarlet tide surges over the hills -

choking, quenching
while brave lads march to never walk again

I cried unto the hills
and they heard me not -
the hills from whence our liberty hath sprung -
and now it seeps no more

John Hills
Class of 1966

