

# the pine branch





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Under the noon-day moon  
we lived and perished  
vitaly and vapidly

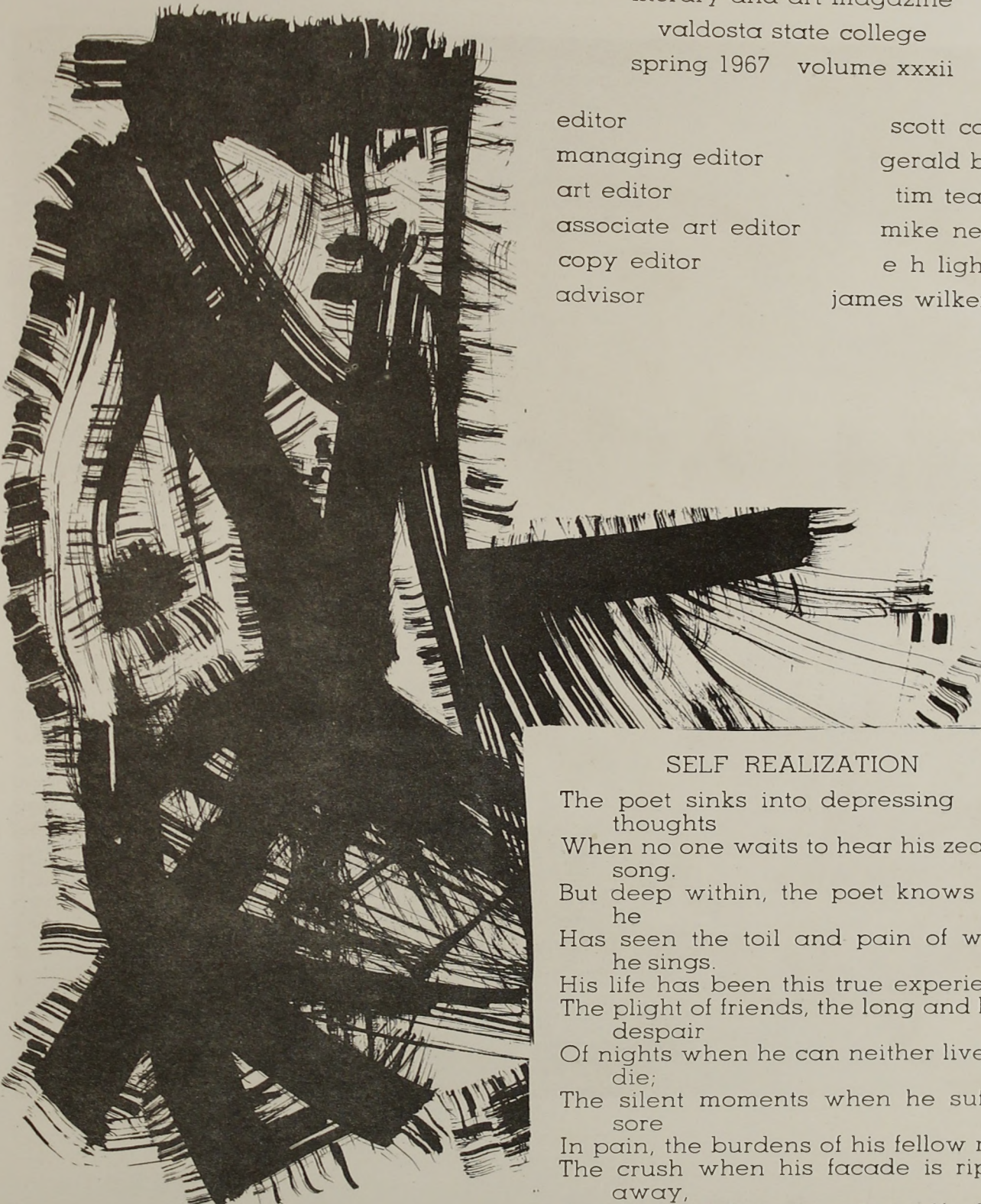
—Scott Cohen

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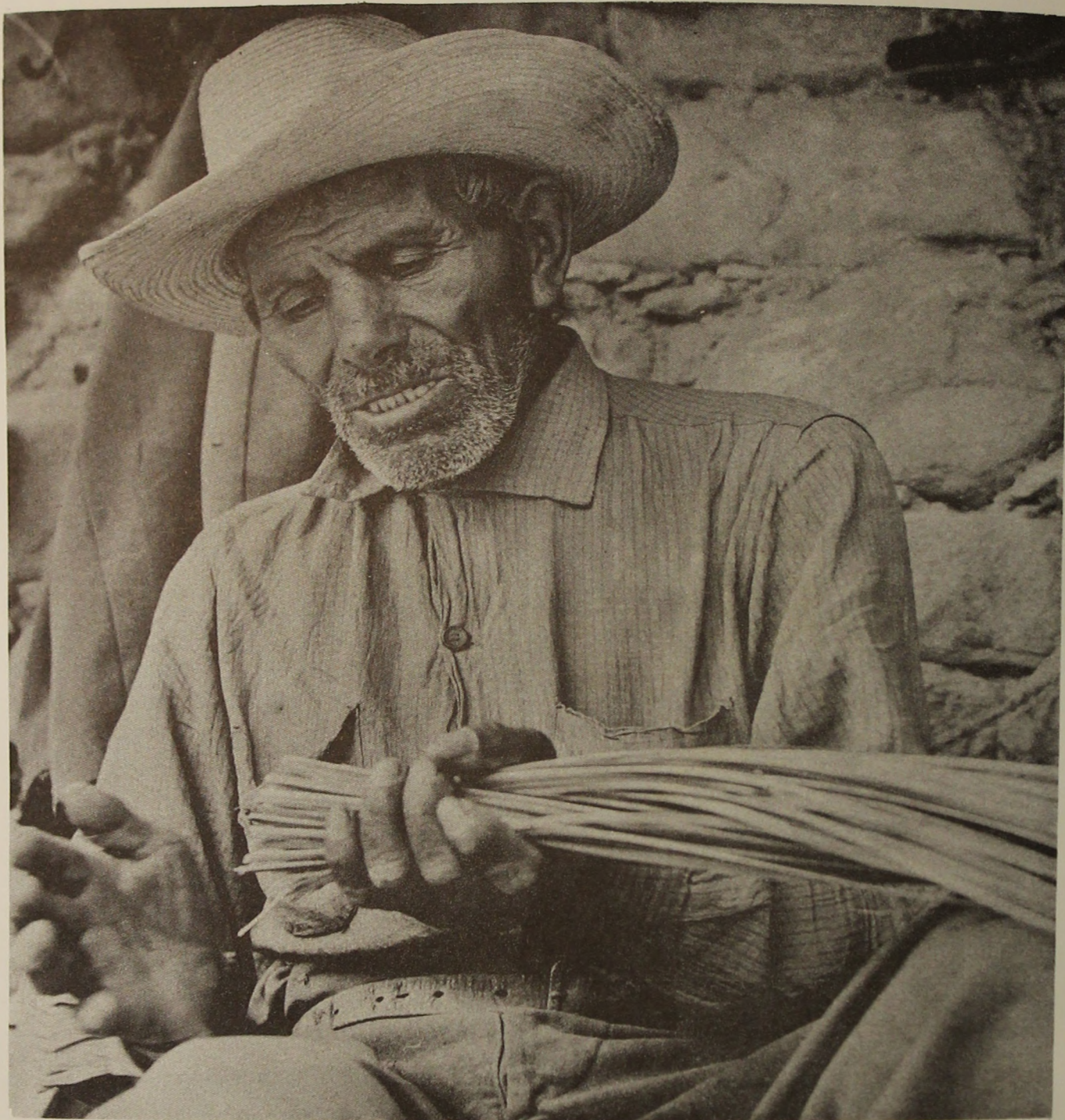


### SELF REALIZATION

The poet sinks into depressing  
thoughts  
When no one waits to hear his zealous  
song.  
But deep within, the poet knows that  
he  
Has seen the toil and pain of which  
he sings.  
His life has been this true experience:  
The plight of friends, the long and hard  
despair  
Of nights when he can neither live nor  
die;  
The silent moments when he suffers,  
sore  
In pain, the burdens of his fellow man;  
The crush when his facade is ripped  
away,  
And he is left to face himself alone.

—Gerald Boyd





Mexican broom maker, taken in Mexico by Robert Winter.



a golden duckling  
 seeking EXODUS  
 waddles (unwatched)  
 into  
 Power Plants  
 causing end-plates  
 cluttering and  
 final  
 Disorganization  
 (and destruction)  
 finally proving  
 that NATURE'S CHAIR  
 could, if needed  
 Expound at a  
 myriad of  
 delights.

—Tim Teasley



a hundred  
 little jackasses  
 sat  
 and  
 screamed out  
 "Covet me"  
 "Covet me"

The rollicking mane  
 was  
 shaved off  
 and  
 the hooves  
 rotted away

—Terrence Carter

## Wild Horses

Wild horses aren't so  
 Fine, contrary to  
 Popular tenderloin  
 They just fade away  
 Like collies  
 But of course  
 Not so hairy

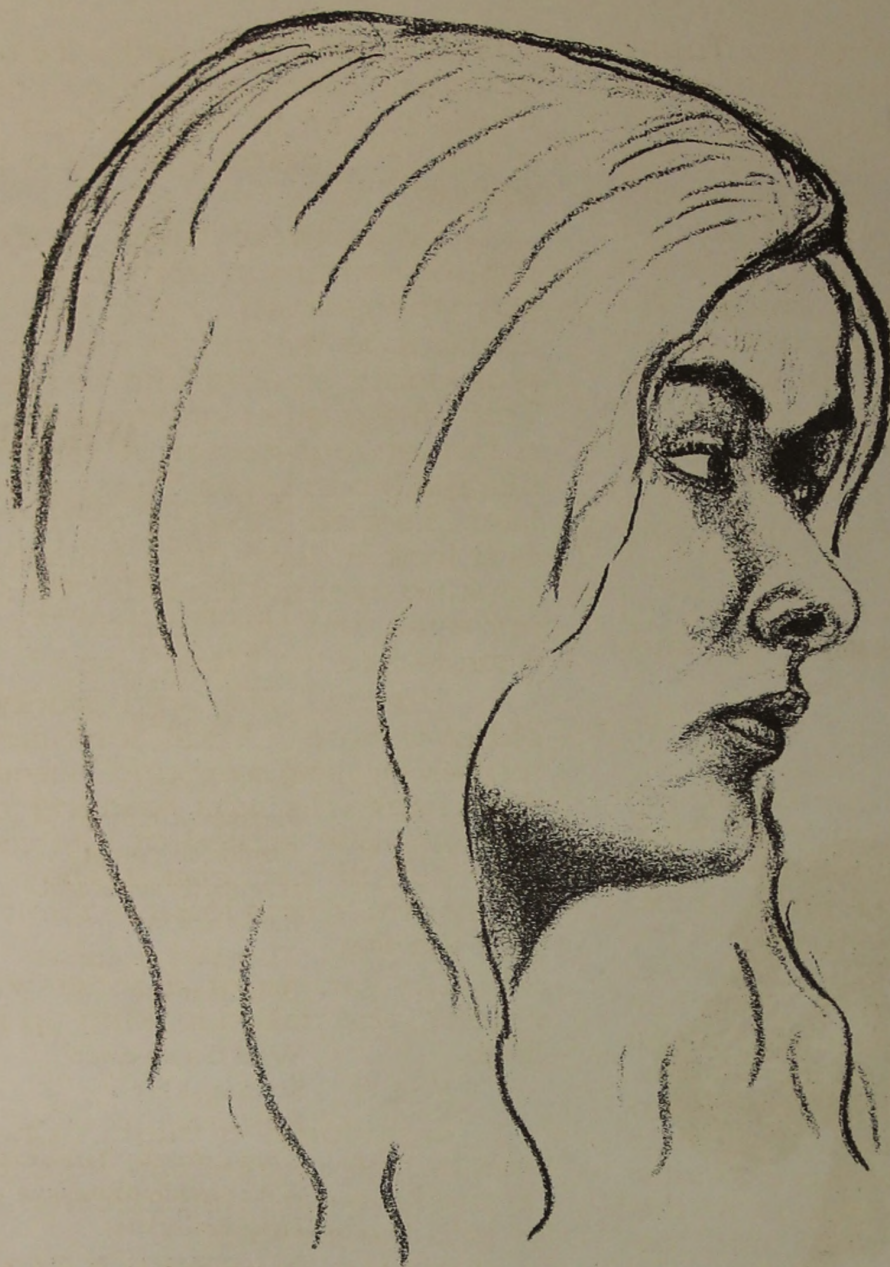
Wild horses,  
 Friends of mine,  
 Could tell you of  
 trampled cactus and  
 Rim-rock but  
 Then they're not as  
 Bold as many.

Wild horses can't  
 Scream at life's  
 Pattern or  
 Even protest vital functions but  
 We're made to believe  
 They really can  
 As commerciality prevails

Wild Horses are  
 Your friends  
 And though you  
 Don't support them  
 Or socialize,  
 You allow their freedom  
 To do nothing reign.

—Tim Teasley





## THE FACE

As the giant 707 banked to circle the field, I gazed from my window at the city below. It spread beneath me like thousands of jewels on a black carpet. The lighted shore line was etched against the dark sea and rose to the carousel of colors that was the city. I followed the lights to a bridge where other ant-like glows raced across and melted into the bright haze of San Francisco. "There's the Golden Gate Bridge," I said.

"Nope," replied a voice.

"I beg your pardon," I said, turning to the seat next to mine.

"Oakland," he said knowingly,

"Oakland Bay Bridge." He continued reading the Wall Street Journal. I turned my head back to the window and watched the red, green, and yellow lights of the runway fly up at me. He probably doesn't know the stock market from the stock yard, I thought. The plane jolted once, twice, and shook like a wet dog as the wheels screamed. We were gliding up to the terminal as a husky voice informed us: "This is San Francisco the final stop of flight 327 from Atlanta. It is 62 degrees outside, a slight fog is expected later this evening. Please remain seated until we come to a complete stop. We hope you've enjoyed your flight with us,



please travel with Delta again. Thank you." The air conditioning unit came on and muzak began playing. My companion stood, put his coat on, and removed his briefcase from beneath the seat. As he was leaving, I noticed his newspaper on the floor. "Here's your newspaper," I said loudly. He continued through the door and down the steps. The lady across the aisle smiled, arose, and hurried out.

"How far to town?" I asked with a smile.

"Seven dollars," came the reply from behind the desk.

"I beg your pardon."

"Seven dollars for a taxi," he said, "or one sixty-five for the bus."

"Oh! . . . . How long before the bus leaves?"

"One oh five," he replied turning away. I thanked him and stopped back to look at the clock above the information sign. It was eleven forty. I picked up my bags and walked toward the sign that blinked COCKTAIL LOUNGE. I paused inside the dark room while my eyes adjusted to the dim light. As the inside of the lounge became visible, I saw an empty stool halfway down the bar and walked over to it. Setting my bags down, I glanced up and saw a shapely pair of tanned legs in the seat next to mine. I climbed into the chair and observed the young blonde in the mirror behind the bar, staring wistfully over and Old Fashioned. I ordered a beer as the bartender removed an empty glass from in front of me. "Could I see your I. D.?" he said. Reaching for my wallet, I noticed her smiling out at me. The bartender squinted at the driver's license below the bar and handed me my wallet. "Now, what will you have?" he asked. "Martini," I said loudly. Reaching into my jacket for a pack of cigarettes, I saw she was still looking at me, smiling. I shook a Salem from the pack and placed them on the bar. I lit the cigarette, took a deep draw, exhaled heavily, and looked back to the mirror. Her blonde hair was long and dropped over her forehead, covering one eye. She looked as if her voice would be as sleepy as her eyes. I was sure she

had just come from bed. I looked back at myself; my tie was loose. I tightened it and turned to her. "Would you like a drink?" I asked through a cloud of smoke.

"Dollar twenty-five," he said, placing the martini in front of me. "Please pay when served." I paid him and looked back to the girl in the mirror. She was again smiling into her reflection. This time a quiet smile, as if she knew a tremendous secret. A smile not unlike the Mona Lisa's. That's it, the Mona Lisa. Leaned forward on my elbows and took a deep drink from the glass. Looking over my shoulder, I half closed my eyes and said hoarsely, "You have a smile like the Mona Lisa."

"Harold," she said loudly, "Harold over here." A tall, lank man in his thirties strolled over and kissed her on the cheek. He was wearing a pilot's uniform. She smiled at him and stepped out of her chair. They walked away arm in arm talking about Atlanta and the fog.

"Do you want a room with television?" she asked looking up from the desk.

"Yes."

"Eighty-four a night. Check out time is one thirty. Sign here please." I signed the card and followed the porter into the elevator.

"Is it too late to get a drink? I asked as the doors opened onto the third floor.

"The bars are closed, but I can get a bottle for you. At a slight increase in price of course." I followed him into my room and waited for him to place my bags on the bed.

"How much for a bottle of Scotch?"

"Twelve dollars."

I handed him the money and pulled my jacket off. Chevas Regal if they have it," I said as I loosed my tie.

"Yes Sir."

"And ice."

"Of course." He closed the door quietly and padded down the hall. The elevator doors opened and closed. I was alone. I crossed the room and turned on the television set. A man was selling a 1957 Buick. . . only one



hundred dollars for this little baby. . ."

The fog slid by my window. I looked out and saw lights staring through the mist. On the corner below the red jacket of the porter stopped, then started rapidly across and disappeared into the greyness. I turned and went to the bathroom where I took my shirt off. It was dirty around the collar and I felt greasy. I filled the sink with water and splashed it on my face and arms. I was drying my face when I heard a knock at the door. Opening it I saw the porter grinning at me with a paper sack in his hand. I took the bottle and handed him a dollar.

If you need anything, I mean anything, just let me know," he said with a wink.

I dropped two ice cubes in a glass and filled it halfway with Scotch. I sat on the edge of the bed sipping from the glass. A giant caterpillar was peering from the television screen as rockets and cannons exploded on his side and face" . . . you'll only make him angry by doing this," the scientist pleaded.

"How can we stop him?" screamed the Army Captain. "There's a new chemical . . . " I need another drink, I thought. No I need several drinks. I poured the glass half full again this time with no ice. I felt its warmth rush down my throat to my chest. I poured another. I turned the glass up and emptied it. I began to feel warm and comfortable. The next drink made me feel a little dizzy. Poured another and added a few ice cubes. What I need is a woman, I thought. God I must be getting drunk. I dialed the desk. "Would you send the bellboy to room 703, I mean 307. Thank you fairy much." I was having another drink when I heard the elevator doors open and soft footsteps in the hall. I opened the door.

"Yes Sir."

"Hey babe whatts za haps."

"Would you like some more ice?"

"Hell no," I said putting my arm around him, "I want a woman, you know some lovin'."

He frowned and said, "I don't know."

"I don't care what she looks like, and I'm willing to play for service."

"You mean pay," he said, grinning now.

"Pay, play, who gives a damn."

"I'll see what I can do for you."

"Well hurry up now."

"Yes Sir," he said backing out.

I stumbled over to the bed and fell across it.

"Wake up honey, wake up!" I looked up and saw a pair of green eyes laughing at me. She pushed the blonde hair from her face and spoke; "You sober enough to know what you're doing?"

"Yeah I know what I doin', do you know what I'm doing?"

She smiled and said, "Did you want some room service?"

"Yeah . . . yeah, I want some room service." She slid her dress off and let it drop to the floor. The lights went out and I felt a naked body move between the sheets. "You're the girl in the bar."

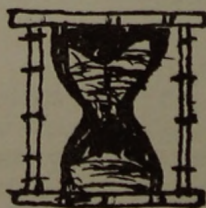
"What'd you say?"

"The airport."

"Sure honey anything you want." She smiled and pulled me over.

The fog wrapped around the buildings and formed grey pockets in the street where the trolley cars rumbled through. I reached for my wallet and opened it. Twenty dollars missing, thirteen left. Through the window I saw a red jacket stop at the corner then disappear into the crowd and the fog.

E. H. Lightsey







### Whispers

Simpering, silent syllables  
Sliding slowly past.  
Whistling, wailing winds of woe  
Whispering words at last.  
Words that wished for whirling wings—  
Ships that sail the seas of kings—  
Silent, silken, shadowed things  
Floating fleet and fast.

Were I the woman whining words  
While the whimpering winds passed by  
Seeking silver sailing ships  
Sunken in the somber sky,  
I should watch while whitened whirls  
Quietly called the capering curls,  
Left the lost and land-locked worlds  
Sinking softly with a sigh.

—Elinor Davis



death  
is  
a melting pool of purple popsicle  
sticky wet  
on asphalt

## Poems by Susanne Evans

### The Tin Drum

enamel  
plaster of paris virgins  
caught up in a cream-puff, melt-  
in-your-mouth  
not in your hand  
the mind's the key  
the mind's the key  
existence  
vapid  
insipid  
God, country and motherhood  
pinkfizz powder in  
the plaster of paris belly button  
turns you on  
or one high pitched scream  
shatterad all Rouault's stained  
glass  
dyed in the wool  
Epis - co - pal  
ian  
windows (Father John left  
his wife you know)

I am afraid  
to shatter  
my

Love me.  
It is essential

Pink  
womblike existence

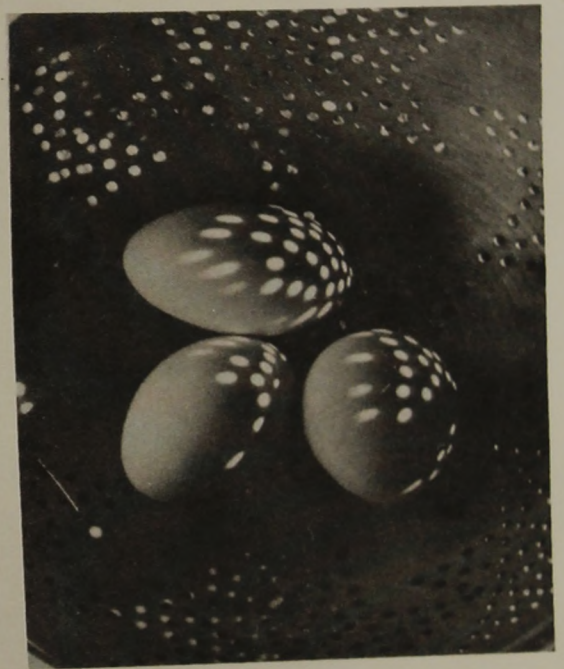


Unpoets do cry

Girl with the wild hair  
the wild, wild  
hair  
Laugh at the wild, mad, happy  
fast world  
dying  
blowing  
the girl with the wild hair  
hollow  
shallow  
halloed not, but hollow as in hallow-  
een  
sings a sad song of one grief ago  
the jade flute jaded  
mandolins on a stormy night  
Sylvia  
Sara  
Edna  
i no longer count the pain of coming here  
i have stilled and quieted my soul like a weaned child  
and the poet in me died.

Rubaiyat

omar the tentmaker  
caution horses  
what fools men are  
"a loaf of bread a jug of wine  
and thou"  
we go back to the womb together  
sperm and egg  
me and thou



SONG

Sylvia  
sylvan sybil  
little fauve  
let down your hair  
'and hear one bird sing terribly afar in the lost lands.'



The copper bowl that Malcolm would come to dislike immensely

What a resourceful child he was  
Who put all his earnings in a  
    copper bowl  
    and  
ran a thousand errands  
    and  
caused the mothers (who met on Tuesday)  
to say oooh and ahh  
Why he could dress himself  
With a snug muffler  
    and  
walk to school  
While others pumped their way  
on glinting gliding wheels  
he would never ruin his teeth  
with candy apples  
    or  
dirty his hands  
by playing catch  
    with jocko or fat freddie  
                                (who wore  
                                glasses and  
                                squinted a lot)

And his dog Malcolm never bit anyone  
    or chased a ball  
    or sniffed a visitor  
    or dirtied a rug  
Malcolm ate twice a day  
    at eight and five

When his copper bowl was full  
He took it to wilber the wino (who  
                                smelled  
                                of garlic  
                                and tobacco  
and laughed  
a lot)

who made a purchase  
in return . . . . . a quart  
of mogan david

at the usual time (five)  
he came up the walk (his package  
                                held tightly)

between a crowd  
    of chasing  
        laughing  
            breathing



Malcolm was eating  
Malcolm's eating he said  
Look what I have for you Malcolm  
(He brought it from the package  
for Malcolm to observe)

He then pulled the trigger  
and blew Malcolm's brains out

They were

on the ceiling

the wall

the floor

That's a good dog?

The .44 magnum carries a  
240 grain bullet and has a  
muzzle velocity of 1470 feet per second.  
with muzzle energy to 1150 pounds.

e. h. lightsey







I see a misery

I see a helpless misery  
climbing a high-rounded stair  
The new-born babe will slowly die  
tonight or the next, unaware  
of all that licks the blackness down  
from the soot on the window sill.  
The clock strikes four but all is not well  
(Can you see the dark misery?)  
My life is the nun-prostitute  
piously kneeling in prayer.  
My world is the truth in rain drops  
that softly fall through the air.  
My love is a priceless flower  
In deep woods where no one may stare:

And the 12 o'clock curfew is set at nine.  
Is there a way out anywhere?

—Larry Long



## MODERN CONCEPT OF THE THEATRE

"The theatre-like ballet and grand opera, is an anachronism. It still gives us joy and stimulation, but it isn't an institution that belongs to our times, and it cannot expect a long future." It would seem to be appropriate to begin a discussion of the modern theatre with a quote from one of its most talented figures, Orson Wells, in a recent magazine interview. It is also appropriate to begin with a criticism, criticism being one of the things our modern society does with relish. However, despite his undoubted genius, Mr. Wells reminds me of the croaking prophets of doom who have surrounded the theatre for centuries with the lugubrious cry of "the theatre is dying." The expiring invalid shows a surprising vitality, to quote from E. A. Wright in his **Primer For Playgoers**, "It is doubtful if ever before in world history, so many people could say on a given morning, 'I saw a play last night.'" For example, Maurice Evans' television production of "Hamlet" in 1953 was viewed by an estimated seventeen million people, probably more than had witnessed the live production in its entire 350 year existence.

This example, used to show the vitality of the modern theatre, brings us to the main limitation in discussing modern theatre. The modern theatre exists for the layman in the media of television and cinema. A recent survey in the **Saturday Review of Literature** estimates that only three percent of our population ever see a professional live production. So, in that sense, Mr. Wells and the critical herd may be correct. Proportionately, the live modern audience is much less extensive than it was in the days of, perhaps, Queen Elizabeth. But when viewed in its totality, the modern theatre must be considered to be in a vital and extensive period, since, according to **Variety**, seventy-six thousand dramas are televised each year and fifty to seventy million people attend the cinema each week.

Now that we have investigated the "fabulous invalid" and found it not to be perishing from malnutrition and remembering the limitation of the modern theatre as being primarily television and cinema, perhaps we can examine the major elements of modern theatre and form a generalized conclusion.

The most striking element of the modern theatre is its complexity. Perhaps no theatrical period has possessed such a varied and bewildering as-

sortment of methods and styles. In the last seventy-five odd years we have developed cinema, radio and television to vie with the live stage and created the varying styles of realism, symbolism, theatricalism and impressionism, to name but a few. For historical purposes, the realistic work of Ibsen in the latter nineteenth century generally signals the break with the past and the inception of the modern theatre. Ibsen's plays were a radical departure from the Romantic and Victorian works of the mid-century, being concerned with intellectual and social problems and he established a pattern which playwrights have emulated right up to the present. Unfortunately, in the words of Walter Kerr, "We have, with the best will in the world, consciously and deliberately created for ourselves an unpopular theater." Kerr means that the playwrights who so determinedly espoused Ibsenism did so due to the paucity of serious drama in that age. They sought to please and to write for the intellectual, which turned the theatre into a forum of ideas, not a media for an emotional catharsis. They ignored the shop girl and wrote for the professor, which created a serious limitation on the audience since the professor did not and does not constitute much of an audience in terms of quantity. In addition, writing for him became an impossible task. Due to the tremendous complexity of modern life, moral and social values are no longer universal and the playwright can no longer write for or at any social segment large enough to be termed significant. John Gassner, the dean of American historical drama critics sums up the problem by stating, "If any conclusion can be drawn from this situation it is that the modern world is eccentric, curious and restive."

Bearing this comment in mind, we may recall Francis Fergusson's basic premise in his excellent book, **The Idea Of A Theater**, that all art is a direct representative of the society which surrounds it, and theatre, being the most human art, is especially sensitive to its environment. Therefore, the complexity and diffusion of modern theatre is due to the immensity of the scope of life which the modern dramatist tries to mirror and comment upon.

So with this complexity of subject material and the playwrights more or less concentrating on the illusive butterfly of intellectualism, it remained for the cinema and television to become the popular theatrical art. E. A. Wright discusses the popularity of the cinema with the following statement,

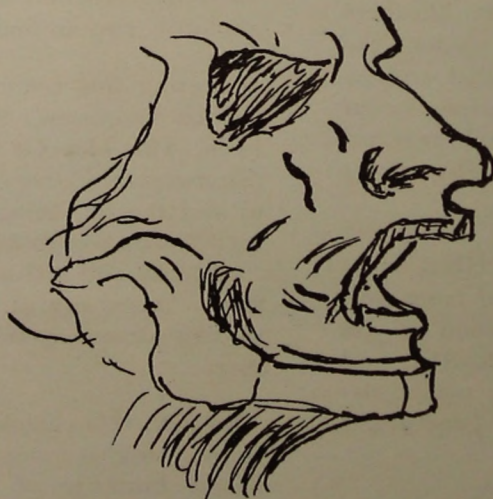


"In the secluded darkness of the motion picture house, frustrated men and women, who have been denied the love, luxury, excitement or emotional experience their natures require, may receive some measures of release and satisfaction." Several prominent social critics such as Seldes and Ghiselin have maintained that we are existing in one of the most restrictive and frustrated societies in cultural history. Increased preoccupation with, if not participation in sex, has created a certain tense and frustrated element in our present society. Perhaps the cinema, more than any other form of art, expresses, records, and interprets the changing philosophies, moods and fashions of our times. This may in some manner explain the subject material of much of our modern cinema; the broad use of violence, the preoccupation with any suitably erotic theme, and a definite tendency not to take anything seriously. Regard, for instance, that we no longer view the horror movie with horror, we laugh at it (provided there are a sufficient number of scantily clad maidens dashing about), we

poke fun at the cowboy and Indian saga (provided there are several buxom young starlets partially uncovered), we roar at the parody of spy movies (provided there is ample seduction, minutely filmed), and I have no doubt that Hollywood will soon film a camp version of the Ten Commandments starring Jerry Lewis as Moses and Mamie Van Doren as the Arch-angel. We cannot, however, and should not blame the cinema producer. They simply give us what we pay for and we take very little seriously, perhaps a more biting indictment of modern society than we realize.

In conclusion, it may be noted that the theatre is certainly not dying, but in a transient stage attempting desperately to be a significant reflection of its times and the most important element of modern theatre, transcending its complexity and subject material is the audience, for we should not forget that it is the audience that is truly responsible for the calibre of theatre that belongs to any era.

(Editors note) Inasmuch as we feel that drama is literature, and we have included no drama in this magazine, we felt that an essay on theatre would be appropriate; therefore, we asked Stan DeHart, who we feel is well informed on the theatre, to write this essay.







Two Filipino children in Angeles City, Phillipine Islands, taken by Billy Orr.



## WHY THE BIRD, OR WHY THE BIRD

"Quack," said the damn bird "Quack, squawk." All day long, perched in his ice-blue cage by the window, it did nothing to enlighten the atmosphere of the apartment. It was merely a kind of feathered conversation piece, and not much of one at that.

Carey had bought the bird while on an excursion to the little town of Richardsville one day during the previous summer, when he went to an antique auction, one of those gems where everything from wagon wheels to horse troughs were put up for bid. When the gilded cage was placed on the auction stand, Carey's interest was immediately aroused. "Complete with inhabitant," he thought, "Perhaps this little junket will be worth my while." And after all, with most of the people bidding on larger items, he could probably pick up the bird and cage for a minimal fee. Besides, a little company in his bachelor flat certainly wouldn't hurt anything.

"Open bidding with two dollars, did I hear two dollars?" the auctioneer belled, somewhat disinterestedly. "Two dollars," Carey yelled back.

"Sold," cried the auctioneer.

Taken aback by this quick transaction, Carey clambered up onto the platform, paid his two dollars and received his purchase. He made his way through the crowd and over to his car. It was during the trip home that the evidence of an impending incompatibility arose. The bird did nothing but make a series of very dull and uninteresting noises. "Squawk." Occasionally it remained silent for some periods of time only to start up again. "Chirk." The bird has always been like that. Just croaks and squawks. Spills his damn Hartz Mountain all over the kitchen floor.

The inevitable decision was finally made after a few day's deliberation. "What an ass I am," thought Carey. "I don't know why I go to those auctions anyway." Carey gazed at the

bird for a moment, looking at the soft grey down on its breast, wondering how such a handsome grey and brown bird could be such a drag.

"This jewel's got to go," decided Carey at length. "Suppose I just let him out the window? Damn bird won't know where to go and I know for sure that it's much too dumb to find food."

Carey wasn't really too sure of the species of his bird. He was positive, however, that it was not of a tropical variety, so it was pretty safe to release the bird in the mild southern Virginia atmosphere. "Oh hell, why am I making such a big thing out of letting a no-good bird out into its natural environment?"

"Fly man, you're free." Carey bid the bird a few parting words like "Nice talkin' to you." opened the door to the cage and let it fly out the window. It fluttered its wings and paced the sill, then made short spurts of flight across the lawn, pausing momentarily in various branches of trees and shrubs.

Carey shut the window.

The next morning he awoke, got out of bed and prepared his pot of coffee, then went out onto the porch to retrieve his newspaper. "Hmm. Sudanese Envoy Reappears After Month of Disappearance." Carey mused, "Didn't even know the bastard was missing." Carey drank two cups of coffee, then put on his hat and coat and left for the office.

Driving home that evening, Carey kind of chuckled to himself at the absurdity of his affair with the bird. "Complete incompatibility," he was thinking. Hell, he was a bachelor, and that word that married couples so often used struck him as funny.

Married people. Hell, that was one thing that he didn't even need to think about. How long had it been? Two, maybe even three years since his last date with Anne. "Well, who cares?" he thought. Anne was a co-worker employed at the firm that he worked for.



She was an assistant secretary to an executive accountant and he had gone out with her several times. He just couldn't get along with her. She was so . . . well, birdlike. "Hmm," he thought. "Birdlike." God, he remembered, she even ate like a bird, with quick snatching and pecking motions. And, as he thought about it some more, they didn't really get along that well. "Oh, hell," he thought.

On the way home from the office, Carey was trying to rid his mind of thoughts of birds. Any kind.

It was at this moment that an instant smattering of brown appeared on his windshield. In an effort to peer through the right and untouched side of the windshield, Carey yanked a little hard on the wheel causing his auto to go into a screeching sideways slide. A blurred panorama of green countryside swept by him and then stopped quite suddenly as the car crumpled with a scream of sheared steel and exploded glass, sideways into a tractor-trailer truck that was moving with considerable speed.

Carey was hopelessly pinned in the auto, which was now almost unrecognizable. Bits of glass lay on his face and blood was running down his neck.

Carey lay motionless, looking at the huge sign on the trailer of the truck, which sat at a crazy angle directly in front of him. It read, "Wheldon's Pet Supply." "Oh God," he thought, just on the verge of blacking out. But just as he was about to allow his crumpled body to submit to unconsciousness something caught his eye.

From a portion of the trailer where a seam had been split open by the accident's impact, a thousand birds were escaping into mad and beautiful flight. Red, blue, yellow; birds of every wondrous hue were pouring out of the seam into the sky, like balloons released on the day of a parade.

"They make a beautiful shroud," Carey thought. "A lovely, flying shroud." As he stared skyward, he imagined for a moment the bird that he purchased at the auction, but it wasn't there.

It didn't really matter, because the Sudanese envoy was back, and everything seemed all right.

Carey was going fast, and he knew it, but with a shroud of flightstarved birds, and the Sudanese situation well under hand, who was he to complain?

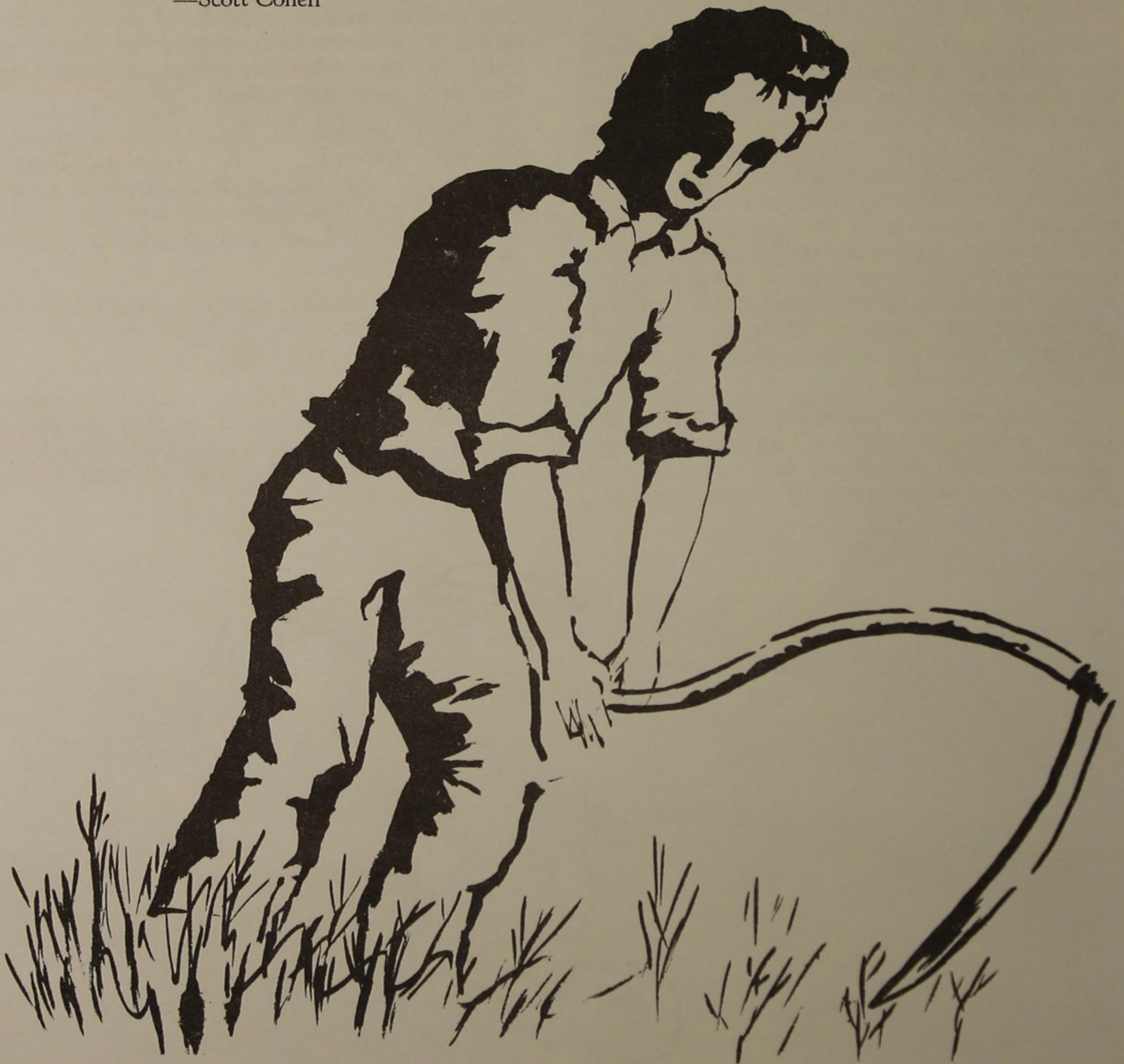




Inflexibility of an Afternoon

Leaves of iron  
Clang against steel.  
Timothy mows with scythe.  
Slashing rigid seed  
Throughout the rocky field.  
Masses of metal  
Stop his work:  
the leave's ponderous jarring.  
Mary calls with cupped hands.  
her voice resounds through the leaden day.  
Timothy laughs and falls as  
her booming shout sounds the knell of  
doom.

—Scott Cohen





# SKY TEAR

A silver tear hangs on a pinpoint  
in the sky,  
to break away and meet her fate.  
A shimmering crescendo of life.  
Fleeting existence in a moment.  
Joy in her birth.  
Pleasure in her rainbow.  
Ever faster, brief winged soul  
Hasten to your death.  
Death is life . . .  
A moment closer . . .  
A tear's flight . . .  
Earth's whisper . . .

—David Talton

Ocean, what a lover  
You are!  
With your silver cloak  
And mighty roar  
You seek to court  
The Lady Shore.  
You only stay  
A little while  
To win her heart  
Then slip away.  
But she knows well  
The moon will guide  
Your wondering soul  
Back to her side.  
And every time  
You'll bring with you  
Some treasure rare  
For her to view

Durrett Bradford

James, James,  
A handsome rake,  
Made his love  
A birthday cake.  
He was the sugar,  
The icing true.  
She was the flower—  
He made her, too.

—Dana Scouten

## I Sent a Candle by Messenger

*I sent a candle by messenger  
Across a wind-swept plain  
Its light was lost by careless hands  
Never to be found again  
Had I made that journey, I  
Could be spared this pain  
For that candle was youth  
Its flame, the hope of man*

— e h lightsey



## THE RAINING SOUND OF WHEELS TURNING

The raining sound of wheels turning

you ask and your pleas resound

echo against walls of empty rooms

You search and your quests circle

retreat through variations of massive doors

massive doors that challenge

beckon

enchant

force you into the face of another

the face of another

the face of another

the face of another

It had been years

eons

No that cannot be McCloud

I cannot let it be him

I cannot even permit a pretention

a farce

a fantasy

No it cannot be McCloud

He wouldn't be reading that damn paper

He'd be watching

absorbing

analyzing the people around

What would McCloud say . . .

That woman in the sea at the front

That face oh god

That face that's seen

wicked dark nights

naked flag poles

the clash of flesh on flesh

the beckoning of hungry men

heard

That face that's aged unnaturally through nights of taking only because

it was given

the raining sound of wheels turning

What would McCloud say . . .

This man across the aisle

Oh man

You who took wife and child and duty and income tax and bank books

without question

You with your grey face that reflects not even the ability to question

To whom the meaning of doubt

concerns the demand of women's bras next fall

price cuts in the production of women's bras

Oh man

You maker of women's bras

The raining sound of wheels turning



No it cannot be McCloud

His neck is stronger

And his is held as only possible by the egotistical

arrogant

inventive

intelligent

Individual McCLOUD

The man knowing all knowing

The man that tread always without doubt  
without fear

The man that I followed when he called

with only a sled and nine mad dogs

The man that could have ruled the world if he so wished

The man that children trusted

The man that tore mountains down and built mountains up

The man McCLOUD

The man that is no more  
my farce

only in my pretension  
my fantasy

—Lynn Smith

### TERRIBLE FEAR

I would see you

but the night is coming on——

I would search for you recklessly  
savagely

but I know the TERRIBLE FEAR would come

if you are not there  
in the night

and I would be lost

in the night groping  
hungry

I would throw my soul at the wind

And laugh at my fate mercilessly

Sarcastically

never looking back  
never holding on

I would follow Napoleon to the death

I would die a hard death in a cold night of rain laughing  
singing

I would search for you

but the TERRIBLE FEAR might come

and I would be lost in the night groping  
hungry

—Lynn Smith



## PEACHTREE CREEK

In early fall last last year a child from the north-east section of Atlanta was reported missing. He was a young boy about four years old and had last been seen playing in a field by Peachtree Creek. Peachtree Creek is indeed a strange thing. Usually a quiet stream flowing through the northern section of Atlanta, it becomes, at the first sign of rain, flooded with a raging current that is unbelievable for its size.

After about a day, it was believed that the little boy had fallen in the creek and drowned. The search was then concentrated on Peachtree Creek in an attempt to at last recover the boy's body. Divers were sent into the creek and rescuers walked in the shallows searching for snags that could have stopped the boy. The rescue units in charge soon sent out a plea for volunteers to report to the various command points at bridges crossing Peachtree Creek. One of the main points of interest was the Piedmont Road bridge.

At first a small, solemn crowd was gathered here. A black-jacketed motorcycle gang was walking down the shallows. On the banks were the volunteers from the Civil Defense and the Red Cross was busy under the tent they had set up.

Soon it started to rain. The motorcycle gang had to get out of the water, and almost all the small crowd sought shelter under the Red Cross tent where coffee and hamburgers donated by a local restaurant were being dispensed. They were indeed a dejected looking group. They had been working all day; there was nothing to do but stand around the banks and look at the water. There was even talk of giving up the search.

Later in the evening it stopped raining and spotlights were set up so they could continue watching the water into the night. As soon as it stopped raining, people began to arrive. They were brought out by the constant reports on radio and television. There was soon a throng of thrill seekers, people who wanted to help, and just the mildly curious lining the banks.



Soon a party-like atmosphere ensued, dampened only lightly by the light rain that began to fall intermittently. The Red Cross tent was swamped by those just wishing a little free food. All around it there was loud talk and at times, even louder laughter. Along the bridge, people were staring and began shouting, "There it is" at every limb or old tire that came washing down.

As the night wore on the crowd grew. More people were continuously arriving.

By now no one was doing any thing but standing around drinking coffee and talking or just gaping at the ominous water. About midnight someone's cry of, "There it is," was correct. The body was fished out and the crowd surged forward trying to get a look at it; those who did turned around quickly and tried to hide their pale faces and sickness.

The finding of the body seemed somehow anticlimactic, the crowd still milled around, solemn again now, but still hesitant to leave. Although smaller, the crowd stayed on for another hour or so; and finally because the lights on the water had been turned off and the Red Cross was closing down and there was evidently nothing left to see, the crowd slowly drifted off.

—Ralph Crawford



Fleeting Friends

Upon a midnight, windy, clear,  
There was, perhaps, a lady  
gently crying in her beer.

I had perceived to ask her why  
a being of her sort should cry  
and look at other passengers and leer.

Alas, I though, not I, but she,  
Should pour out every fact  
And delve into a quiet joy  
That conversation brings.

The bombs fell heavily on that night-time  
Unusual though this seems to you  
Silver sparks fell screaming  
Disturbing all my thoughts of helping you

Of late, we still sat chatting  
The young passenger and I  
of the time to watch  
or scream, perhaps  
As we prepared to die.

—Tim Teasley

Dear Michael:

As I sit here writing, there is a cool gentle breeze coming in from the east field, stirring the trees around the house. Darkness has settled on the farm, and there is a full moon out. The shadows of the old oak tree move with the wind and make everything come alive. Clouds are moving across the face of the moon, and I have lit the old lamp to write by. I can smell the ragweed and hear that same old whippoorwill's call coming out across the meadows. I remember when we would sit out on the porch and listen to all the sounds as we rested after a hard day. The crickets add a note that seems to be trying to say something. You should see the fields this year; they are covered in green because they have not been plowed.

I am very lonely right now and at any time I expect to hear you coming out across the fields with the dogs. I am sorry to hear about your friend. How is the war going?

Your Loving Wife

—Mike Nelson





## Car-Death Relationship

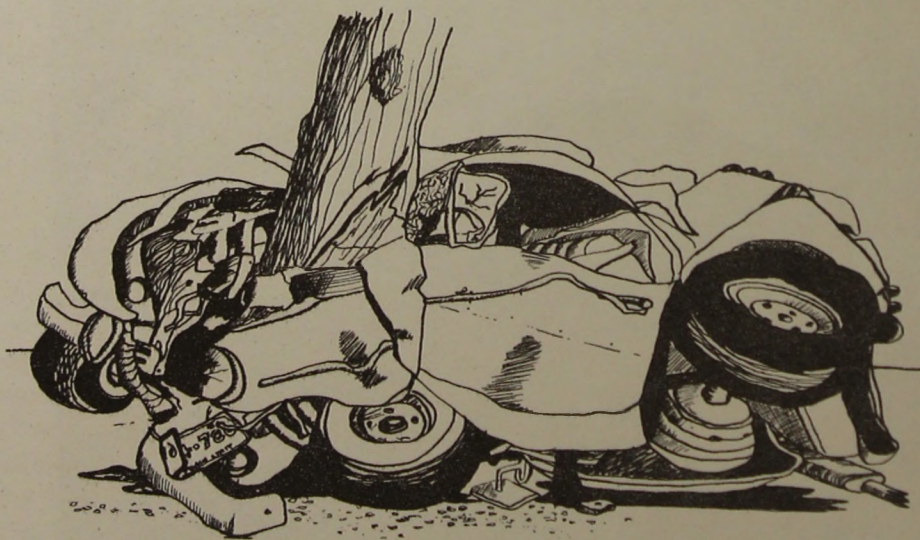
bright and shiny autos  
jewel-like in lustre  
are clustered, basking  
in the sun's brilliance  
all with one purpose  
to win a heart  
and kill

shiny chrome and  
fender skirts  
flirt with lookers  
a well-filled dash and  
velvet sash  
offer peace of mind, but  
not your kind

a family trip  
a fatal slip and all  
your newfound status  
suddenly shatters,  
steel on steel  
a crushing wheel against  
your breast

the sunny morn  
of few weeks past  
you thought  
of status  
and not how fast  
fate's own  
wheels were turning.

—Tim Teasley







## WINTER

By Mary Ann Green (Age 9)  
Of Pleasant Falls, Iowa

The leaves have died and gone  
away,  
And trees stand bare shrouded  
in grey;  
The cold wind bites at naked  
limbs,  
And no children play as  
evening dims;  
The bright flowers no longer  
grow,  
In fields blotched by mud and snow.

The darkened streets stand cold and  
bare,  
And loneliness greets the  
stranger there;  
The stars turn out their  
lights,  
And give no comfort to me on  
dreary nights;  
Poor are the days once so  
rich,  
Oh Winter! You are a sonofabitch.

— e h lightsey



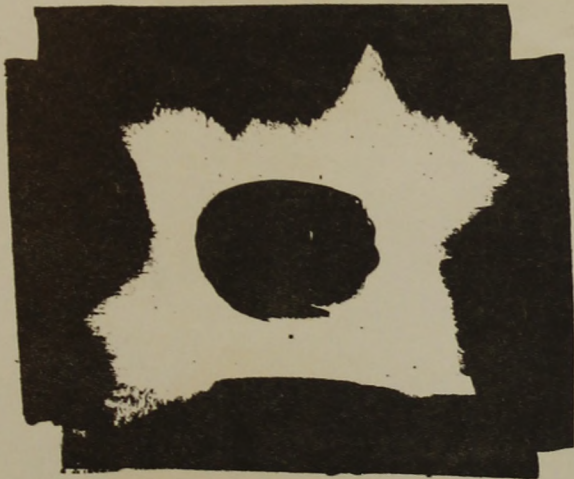




## A Need Put Aside

Look there;  
Over one thought kneels another,  
Playing leap-frog with his Mother.  
Creation changes all;  
And in the third ring  
A man tosses knives round his lover.  
The full moon is gone,  
But I yet can read faint as you.  
I know the aged tale  
And the earthquaked abyss  
Which leaves me in hell  
Is gone  
With that last untongued kiss.  
A Mother's hair turns gray;  
A baby cries;  
But I must not hear.  
The cold of your eyes  
I will not see.  
Walk the elephants away,  
Without fear,  
(It is put aside)  
For the stars burst; I am born free  
And may live with myself  
And no need  
Shall come  
Or am I a lie,  
Once more?

—Larry Long



*Edging toward the disaster of doing  
in a cold day's stop-watch, with  
Rifles glistening in the sun,  
knees and legs cold to the bone,  
a melancholy song through chafed lips,  
Bagpipes bleating mercilessly.  
Nanking is far away.*

—Scott Cohen





Sunday night Diary: The Deal i made and never kept.

The cold has stood in my room  
With heavy hands  
And thrown his leg over mine  
And breathed

A grizzled breath  
from a grizzled face

While cupping ears  
upon ears of mine  
And stared at myself  
silently stared

A grey smile  
from a grey face

When Monday came  
As it so often does  
We made a deal  
I would

stay away from his

IF

He would stay away  
from mine.

e h lightsey



