

July 2017

Volume 2, Issue 1 (Fall 1969)

Stephan Stojanovic

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.gardner-webb.edu/one-little-candle>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Gardner-Webb University Literary Publications, One Little Candle, 1969, series 2, subseries A, Box 1, University Archives, Gardner-Webb University, Boiling Springs, NC.

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Literary Societies and Publications at Digital Commons @ Gardner-Webb University. It has been accepted for inclusion in One Little Candle by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Gardner-Webb University. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@gardner-webb.edu.



ONE LITTLE CANDLE

ONE LITTLE CANDLE

Gardner-Webb College
Boiling Springs, North Carolina

VOLUME II

ISSUE 1

FALL—1969

Copyright

Gardner-Webb College, 1970

Boiling Springs, N. C.

Second rights are herewith
returned to the authors of
the works in this collection,
from whom permission for
reprint must be secured.

CONTENTS

AUTHOR	TITLE	PAGE
Reg Alexander	Peaceless	6
Reg Alexander	Untitled	16
Jane Best	Untitled	19
Jane Best	Untitled	30
Carolyn Bridges	Untitled	14
Ernest M. Blankenship	Disappointment	28
June Bridges	Monkeys	18
Scott Carpenter	The Fawn	18
Hiram Casebolt	Untitled	12
Betty S. Cox	On The Highway, As We Pass	23
Betty S. Cox	God Angry and Redemption	9
Donna Deaton	Like The Rain	11
Katey Duffey	Thoughts of a Mind in Motion	25
Rachel Eggers	A Colorful Transparency	10
Clara Eggleston	Untitled	20
Clara Eggleston	Untitled	27
Jim Estes	The Mooring Horizon	17
Jim Estes	Windless Dawn	20
Jim Estes	Untitled	28
David Ford	The Vanishing American	21
David Furcron	Untitled	28
Mike Harrelson	Laments on Teaching	29
Rick Herring	He Who Watches	30
Rick Herring	I Remember	31
Asphen Howeyck	Beauty	27

CONTENTS

AUTHOR	TITLE	PAGE
John Hunt	Vi'tnam	18
Jerry Keller	Sounds	13
T. Max Linnens	The Living and the Dead	14
T. Max Linnens	Thoughts on Veterans Day	24
Jeff Magill	The World	18
Bill Neely	Untitled	27
Carol Neese	Untitled	16
Don Pantalone	Life	20
Peggy Ringer	Untitled	16
Ed Rumfelt	Number 2002 Minus 2000	11
Stephen G. Shifflette	Smoke	10
Stephen G. Shifflette	The Passing of a Friend	31
Stephan Stojanovic	Untitled	8-9
Stephan Stojanovic	Untitled	11
Carolyn Thomas	Raindrops	7
Carolyn Thomas	One Soul — Alone	26
John Foster West	The Aliens	10
Fred Wilkie	Untitled	7
Fred Wilkie	Untitled	23

ART

Carolyn Bridges	15
Peggy Ringer	14 & 22
Ed Rumfelt	PHOTOGRAPHY

STAFF

Editor

Stephan Stojanovic

Art Editor

Ed Rumfelt

Assistant Art Editor

Peggy Ringer

General Staff

Armen Abajian
Carolyn Bridges
Rick Cannon
Suzie Connor
Rhonda Earls
Karen Hardin
Carolyn Thomas

Advisor

Fred Wilkie

INTRODUCTION

One Little Candle in the spring of 1969 made its first appearance on the Gardner-Webb College campus as a mimeographed collection of poetry, prose, and art indicative of the community's interest in the imaginative and creative life. Now in the fall of 1969 due to the interest and concern established by that first, **One Little Candle** is able to have its contributions printed. The interest has caused many changes: the financial support has doubled, the staff has doubled, the visual arts have greatly expanded in quality and total importance, and the contributions have quadrupled. This leaves the evident conclusion that **One Little Candle** has established itself as the literary magazine of Gardner-Webb College. If the past is an indication of the future,, the road has been opened for many more successful issues.

In this issue of **One Little Candle** there is no clearly exposed theme as such, but a theme does exist in abstraction. The word "anthology" is the key to understanding the total purpose of the material contained within these pages. The anthology is of life, life which in its sealike vastness cannot be anthologized, or contained, by one person, or totally by one magazine. **One Little Candle** in order to accomplish anthology has placed itself in the position of being the median between the oceanic vastness of life and the sensitive, experiencing person.

Stephan Stojanovic

PEACELESS

The sea is not afraid . . .
With power and might
It pounds into the shore.
 If I could be the sea,
 How would I feel . . .
 What would I do?
 Would I
 Hesitate
 Before each wave?
 Would I churn myself in the anxiety
 Of uncertain destination?

The sea
 is not afraid . . .
It does not worry or plan for itself . . .
 The sea
 is a happy thing . . .
 It is content . . .
Going in,
 Or
 Going
 Out.

 If I could be the sea,
 How would I feel . . .
 Could I let my 'self' go
 And find happiness in my naturalness?
 Could I allow the security
 Of the moon's pull—
 Guiding my waves to the shore . . .
 Deeper . . .
 Deeper . . .
 Into the depths of the shore . . .
 Deeper . . .
 Deeper . . .
 Into what is both natural
 And happy.
 The sea
 Is not afraid.

It just
"Does" . . .

—Reg Alexander



Pretty smiles, you see, may carve
 empty rivulets in the mind
 of the silent one
 who walks quite alone
 and quite beside himself.
 Amateur visionary that he is,
 he titters now on the sharp glass edge
 of disaster—self-reflecting dream.
 The smile has struck
 awakening desire,, blasting the ice dike
 which captivates the old
 near-forgotten dream lake,
 now, chameleon-like,
 changing from a surface turgid
 to a sheen of reflecting quick silver,
 mirroring what will be seen
 in the glisten of a smile.
 For the smile doesn't speak its own words
 but a transmitted echo
 from the silent one,
 from the dream-lake.
 Distortion—colloquially hope—
 grins ludicrous in betrayal
 of the numbed mind, the deadened lake.
 And the rivulets flow again
 are filled again
 to the sounds of softening cracks in emotional skin—
 flow out to nowhere,
 to only a new drowning
 to only hope's old recompense—a new desert
 —again.

—Fred Wilkie

Raindrops

Raindrops trickle
 from leaves—
 tears,
 warm, sad,
 lost in puddles
 of confusion

Life's moments
 drizzle
 landing all the
 same—
 engulfed in a
 stream of oblivion.

—Carolyn Thomas

A person came to my room.
His mind high on a plane,
Or was it so low it seemed high?
Tension tore his arm off,
He wished for a girl to fondle his sore,
The loneliness was very intense,
So alone he wasn't with himself,
There was nothing I could say,
Nothing with the color of red, blue or silk.
I wanted to run out,
Refuse to be his target,
Refuse to be shot with pain,
He asked for help, shot me again,
And reached into his mind for more ammo.
There he saw his thing, someone else's thing,
His own was a broken note, grown dusty.

I saw my own, a broken letter,
Growing fat from the excess, and proud.
And life is a fat and skinny cow,
Both in the same barn,
Both eating the same hay,
Two silk worms, but one makes burlap,
This reminded me of the X and O of my books,
Secretly playing tick-tack-toe.
The truth is, when you don't know,
The rest lies in what you want.
Love me said the purple bird,
Later she laid black eggs.
I tore all my words up,
I whispered to the pillow, that knew my face,
"What the Hell,"

Then I was like him,
No real reason, I guess.
I tried to write a poem,
About three people holding hands for two,
The page was empty,
I couldn't cry, not for the three, not for the page.
Then I wondered if God could cry,
And remembered when I did cry.
But I'm not unhappy now,
Except when I see old people,
But not old houses that belong to me.
I write good poetry in old houses.
He was frustrated because he was "camp,"
And even rebels conform to rebellion.
Maybe he was insecure, with not conforming,
But that's no excuse to die.
(He did mention death next,
Death is a dog on the highway,
And the meat you eat.)

(Cont.)

Tomorrow he'll talk about living,
And he'll ask for his extension cord back.
Should I, to make him feel better,
Offer him some Kool-Aid—
Do you want a six-inch Moon-Pie?
So what if you are frustrated?
Laugh a little, don't hunt a reason why,
No one will know you're insane.
And who cares if I heard five sermons,
About football, Thomas Wolfe, wine,
Leaving home and God under the table.
The season is cold now,
And the air conditioner is cold,
The heater is off, cold,
This has happened before.
I've forgotten my own age in the transition.
He wanted to talk, but I didn't bother to answer,
He didn't notice, so it's all right.

—Stephan Stojanovic

God Angry And Redemption

If fish and fowl and folly
Were all the variance of men,
I could understand erasures,
Or a shift of a galaxy or so.

But sometimes amid complexities
is a simplicity
that recommends itself.

Which is, I suppose,
Why the rain stopped

—Betty S. Cox

The Aliens

Shinnying down a thin web of flame
Come the visitors.
After a long silence, a millennial wait
For something to happen,
Anything more abrupt than light-dark,
A random missile from nowhere,
The blighted, bright landscape receives
The cumbersome insect from somewhere,
As it plants clawed feet and waits.
Then behold.
Out of its metallic belly is born
Slowly, a miracle.
Its larval offspring descends,
Stops, tilts fishbowl head,
And looks up in perfect silence
At the earth.

—John Foster West
(Poet-in-Residence,
Appalachian State University)

Smoke

And thus go my dreams,
As the blue-white smoke from my cigarette
Escaping from my lungs.
In rings and crooked strings.
Drifting through the air,
Writhing as if an unseen force
Twists them as they pass.
Slowly fading—then disappearing.
Gone—leaving a tell-tale odor
A reminder that they had once been,
But will come no more.

—Stephen Granville Shifflette

A Colorful Transparency

His love was so like
the wings of a butterfly—
so beautiful and alluring
yet
so delicate,
so hard to hold,
so easy to lose, and
so easy to injure.

I could not pass it up.
I had to catch it
though such a difficult task
and
I found it
and I held it,
but not for long,
no, not for long.

Butterflies must flit.
They can never be still.
They must fly again
so
I let him go.
I let him fly away
but a tinge of color
was left to me.

A tinge of fire-colored powder
Was left on my fingertips
and it spread over me
but
I realized
that he had to go
though he left for me
a part of himself.

—Rachel Eggers

I wonder, about the crumbs I'll make,
 When my life falls,
 Tumbles to the wet floor,
 To be carried off by mice
 Who'll think, I'm cake or bread,
 Unaware that I was life,
 Fallen because of you,
 And your mind inflation machine
 Which is prospering by my fall.
 But I'm not dead, I . . . Why?
 And I wish I were,
 And you with me.
 Irrational thought says, It's fair,
 And my crumbs crumble wet,
 Into mice hands,
 Who carry me away, intending to feast.
 You hand them a cup of my blood,
 They drink, though I'm not dead,
 Only unable to function,
 Separated by ten mice stomachs.

—Stephan Stojanovic

Like The Rain

This morning the rain fell
 so soft and gentle.
 And with it,
 I fell.

 It's falling harder now.
 And with it,
 I fall.

 The rain falls,
 and sinks into the ground;
 Only to evaporate,
 and fall again.
 When the clouds are espoused
 and give birth
 I fall
 like
 the
 rain.

—Donna Deaton

Number 2002 Minus 2000

The free mind—
 an individual
 indestructible.

 Living each day
 to better tomorrow
 but hindered by that for which
 it is living.

 Ignorance abounding
 freedom subsiding
 no release but pain.

 By their own laziness
 they are blinded,
 no more talking
 revolution, shall it be?

—Ed Rumfelt



There she stood as if sent by the sun,
 To enlighten the darkness in me and my
 World,
 Trying to show me the way to a life,
 But where am I?
 All alone,
 Tormented,
 Wondering where to go.
 She will help me, I know,
 I love her so.

The sun's messenger has cured me,
 No more fear nor pain,
 Or wondering which way I must turn.
 She has showed me the path to infinity and
 Freedom from the world.
 I love her.

Finally I know the facts and faults of my
 Own doing,
 I know why I am living,
 Breathing,
 Searching,
 And why the world is like it is?

Without her help I would have surely perished
 Into the background of time,
 Never to know the secrets of living or the
 Ways to survive.
 I owe my life and mind to her—
 The rays of hope and love, I know,
 I love her so.

—Hiram Casebolt

Sounds

The dead leaves make sharp, crackling noises as he wearily drags his feet along the dry ground. The birds in the trees surrounding him wait in watchful silence, but that silence cannot smother those sounds. He recognizes some, maybe even most, of them—wings flapping, limbs falling, crickets chirping, owls hooting. Those are the sounds he likes to hear, it's when they stop that he begins to worry. His rifle gets heavy as he watches over the sleeping "visitors" of the woods, but he must keep listening, listening.

As he listens he thinks maybe home is just through the woods, but alas, he hears only the sounds of a slow beating drum rumbling in the distance. The darkness glares at him, and the sounds become louder as they get closer and closer. It's hard for him to distinguish between the sounds of the unknown. The birds seem to stop singing, and the crackling leaves become a sign that someone is nearby. He knows he is not alone. How would he let his comrades know that there is someone out there without alarming the visitor? If he could pick the sounds out of the darkness, he could cast a beam of light in that direction. Who is making the grass sway from side to side?

The sound of a man-made bird above draws the attention of the red lights flashing on the object. It seems to stay within the sounds of the slow beating drums. Maybe the crickets have gone to bed and the sound of other animals awake. The sound of a limb cracking seems to be louder than before, and the sounds of all the animals have stopped around. The cracking of limbs and rustling of leaves relate to the sounds of a day light walk. The sound is slow and loud. He realizes something is out there, so he must wake every one up. Slowly everyone has his eyes peering around to see if anything is out of place. The feeling of motion is relevant and each person is trying to distinguish it from imagination. The sound of the increased heart beat detects tension and fear that something must happen. The quick flash of light and the loud popping sounds come from one area. It seems to start and spread all along the left front, then the sounds of different noises, unfamiliar, but very much like what is heard at this time. The quick stamping of feet and the popping and flashing continues. A quick passing "zing" hits an object and deflects. The return of the same sounds from within are louder until all is so quick that it causes one to jump as each sound comes.

A scream from one that seems familiar is only a short distance away. As all the noise quits for awhile the quick breaths come just in to the left, but the darkness hides the face. The breathing becomes heavy and the sounds of pain continue. The plea for help is heard, but an answer to it takes time. The sound of help seems hopeful and the sound's relief seem sure, then the quick breathing detects fear, the call for help is sounded. Oh, if time was as fast as it seems and yet only moments have passed. There is a squirm of pain from a feeling of steel separating skin and the structures of the chest. One last moan, one last breath, then the scampering of feet, through the wild grass and away into the woods.

—Jerry Keller



Once I thought that I couldn't
bear to hurt them,
But they have shown me
otherwise.
I sought approval in their eyes,
they, however,
Cared not what I saw.
And when they showed me that
they did not care,
I found that I could care less,
too.
Now it doesn't matter anymore.
I will show them what I see.

—Carolyn Bridges

The Living and the Dead

Let not the living argue with the dead,
the intensely alive ones
whose burning desire for freedom and justice
in the growing darkness of oppression
suddenly bursts into consuming flames.

We honor martyrs of the past
who died tied fast to cruel stakes,
flaming tinder for the torches
of the evil they opposed,
and shake our heads in puzzlement
at untied men today who kindle
the fires for their own sacrifice,
that in the light from their bright burning bodies
in life and in death
we might see more clearly evil's face.

Let not the dead argue with the living,
the zombied dead who lift hands and voice
only in loud defense of sweet self-interest,
or frenzied, calloused labor
structuring strong security.

The living have found real life
in ropes of relationship
that bind them to both God and man,
and love that thrusts them across lonely wastelands
to stand close beside the shackled, hurt, and hungry
until their hearts and stomachs know a kindred emptiness
and ankles bleed from sad oppression's chain,
then turn to do what life and love demand.

—T. Max Linnens



Buy a Sprite

And pour it into the dirt—

Then take off your P.F. Flyers

And stomp through the Carbonated Mud . . .

Cut the grass

One o'clock Saturday morning

With your grandfather

Holding the flashlight . . .

Tie your Timex watch

To the hind legs of a bull elephant

And dunk him

In chocolate milk . . .

But Never

Clean your fingernails

With a love note

From your girlfriend.

—Reg Alexander

I just sit here and wonder
about different things . . .
mostly the things I
cannot understand.

I wonder why people are
'different' from other people.

Am I different because

I am different,

or because my

clothes, my skin, my hair

is not like yours?

What makes me different?

My God is not different . . .

Only the way I feel him

is unlike the way

you feel him.

. . . oh, why do we have to

seek out all the

differences in each other,

I can't understand

why people don't understand,

and wonder if we'll ever

see through the ice

into the warm.

—Carol Neese

Prejudice

why?

stop

when?

Tomorrow.

But tomorrow never comes.

—Peggy Ringer

The Mooring Horizon

Neon crowds gathered,
by the way I went,
screaming all,
they should be whispering.
I heard without listening,
I watched and saw darkness,
where some had been.
Others, obscuring side streets,
hung in the darkness.
All became one way,
the sky is evening,
clouds darkened,
night was born of day.

The sea came toward me,
as much as I went toward it.
Drowning lights at its end.
Waves under nightly cumulus,
grew of dead dark water.
They died, in a crash,
and each of the menagerie,
of foam creatures,
and silver pearls,
died under midnight skies.
Taken down,
in whirlpools of
swirling surf,
to asphalt,
at the ending of the road.

Water around my feet,
indicated,
my soles weren't too neat.
Feet being
a part of me,
I left my shoes to sink,
but a law was broken,
the Coastguard invaded the street,
to search for my soles.
Bare feet being indecent,
but in their bolder bold,
white hulls.
They wanted to apprehend,
my soul,
my God!
They were just a little confused,
as anyone in a steel hull,
could be.

Escape, I thought, and fled,
running until I reached a pier
that smelled of tar, and dead fish.
All other ways blocked,
I ran out above the water,
to the end, and then,
one step more.
I ran on,
a white and black marble, span,
near the shore
of a gentle rolling sea,
that made the sounds,
nothing else moved or breathed.
the way in front of me,
swaying, toward
the mooring horizon.

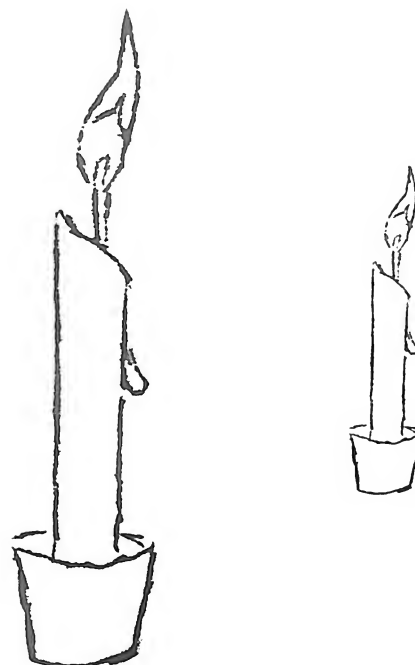
Green hills,
as tranquil as
the sea of glass.
Yellow flowers,
with a light smell,
flowed as curbs,
along a golden road.
A river joined me,
an exhausted fugitive,
ran a rocky road,
on the other side.
With my leave,
my mind was split,
divided eyes seeing,
paths under feet.
Looking at myself,
while I looked at me.
Both told me,
they weren't the same.
The rocky road ended,
in the river,
and I was drowning,
as I watched, and thought,
from the other side.
My soul joined another,
then others,
making earth, sea, and sky,
my home.
I wonder if I've died.

—Jim Estes

Vi'tnam

Jungle country
Many young men died there
Bombing, fighting, snipers, supplies
Warland

—*John Hunt*



The Fawn

Dainty, fragile
Swift, alert, camouflaged
Hears a growl, hides under foliage
Young deer

—*Scott Carpenter*

The World

Blue Green Red Brown
Spins on axis goes round
Riots wars poverty drugs death
A Mess

—*Jeff Magill*

Monkeys

Spidery, quick
Swings from the trees with ease
Having fun just swinging around
Small apes

—*June Bridges*

These four descriptive poems were composed by thirteen-year-old children who are members of an experimental class in writing taught by Mrs. Glenda Blanton, West Cleveland School, Boiling Springs. They were written on assignment and conform to a specified rhythmic pattern.

—Editor's Note.



Restlessness. I want to be free
 just a little longer
 but can I do this?
 jump and end my life?
 do I have sufficient courage?
 I don't think I do
 restlessness I want to be free
 I'm scared
 help me
 death is waiting
 so far below
 my only friend
 on concrete slabs
 asphalt
 blue skies
 summer day
 may last
 take a good look
 night will come
 enjoy it people
 all of you down there.
 I wonder what you're thinking
 like tiny little . . .
 I never thought you had minds
 what are you living for?

Can't you see it's hopeless?
 no, I don't guess you can
 slaves bound to yourselves
 I want to be free restlessness
 only a few seconds more
 I have to die
 I can't jump
 but: must
 God help me
 give me strength to do what must be done
 grant me courage in my final moment
 of need . . .
 God
 helplessness
 blue
 sunshine
 falling
 huis clos
 stop me
 spinning
 green
 flying
 free
 help
 God have mercy upon . . .

—Jane Best

I hear the echoes of your laughter in everything I do. It creeps upon me like the waking of the sun . . . yes, this feeling I have for you.

I want to be with you when the shades of night are falling . . . while the shadows silently cover the land. When the sleepy birds to loving mates are calling . . . I want the gentleness of your hand.

To be with you when my soul is thrilled with passion . . . when I'm tired and depressed; I want you when in lazy, slumberous fashion my senses need the haven of your chest.

If I could be with you through every changing season . . . see your face with such a warm smile . . . it would make me love you far more than any rhyme or reason, I'd love you, love you, love you all the while.

—Clara Eggleston

Windless Dawn

Life breathing in the dark
of cities,
Where crimson mornings
Are duller,
As if shadows of nature's
dead body,
Were in a coffin
over the roofs,
And nothing but living bodies
And dead souls below.

—Jim Estes

Life

In every person a lazy river flows
Nothing can stop it
It was meant to grow
Taking each life
Wherever it goes
Flowing up and around boulders
Trying to lift little stones
Stopping under weeping trees
Carrying all our colored leaves.
In every newborn
A lazy river starts to flow.

—Don Pantalone

The Vanishing American

Fade dimly, light of the past,
With your golden skin of dulling hue.
Pass into the eternal memory of history.

Chase no more the wandering star
Guiding you from winter's chilling attack.
Chase no more the path of war
With painted face and warrior's courage.

Leave behind the smell of the buffalo herd
To wander alone on deserted plains—
Plains once hallowed by smoking fires
And the dances of war and for blessed showers.

Run no more with fleeting strides . . .
Ride no more your swiftest paint.
Softly echoes the dying cry of the mourning song,
Softly fades the last of the race who first inhabited this land.

—*David Ford*



To look back
 if only to hold a mountain's image
 in mind, solidly captive of the
 mental sphere, enclosed,
 finally held and grasped in certitude.
 To visualize the rampant self's feet
 solidly planted upon
 solid, immobile, and timeless rock;
 to gaze from that stationary
 and satisfactory stance
 after agony's demise
 and see what is passed,
 the turbulence of white water
 roaring as in flood in a valley,
 the paths completed,
 the brambles raged against
 and torn against,
 the desire for being able
 to look back.
 A wistful consolation offered
 to the habit of despair.
 Wished for, sought,
 but what if found,
 bumped into amid the carcasses?
 Will silence suffice?
 The devious dream numbed
 into anodyne metaphor,
 the mountain of rock?

—Fred Wilkie

On The Highway, As We Pass

Wonder how it feels to be a chicken traveling 65 miles
 an hour down the highway?
 At least 1000 chickens know this morning.
 Imagine. Horses stand in transit, but chickens sit
 in peace, eyes straight ahead, feathers protruding,
 Waving with the wind.
 We skim through their snow.
 White verticals, row on row, but breathing, not breathless;
 warm, not cold; soft, not stone.
 The cab: "McAllister Egg Marketing Company."
 Well. How nice to know they're not headed for
 slaughter, but laying.
 No wonder they're happy . . . they know. (They're either
 comforted by their driver or else they can read.)
 At any rate
 Let us applaud. Life wins.

—Betty S. Cox

Thoughts on Veterans Day

Why must men taint this world with hell
of dread, napalm, and bursting shell
to sear earth's face and flesh of men,
cause stench of death to ride the wind,
leaving wandering orphans crying?

Scorched earth stained red
from wounds of frightened youths
feeling for the first time, alone—
pain, harsh, and deep, and personal,
and the awesome shock of facing
stark death's sure approach.

And brother's blood cries from the earth
to blend with that sad symphony,
the mingled sobs of grief and pain
with screaming siren, thudding mortar shells.
The wind that blows on other shores
its pungent breath,
disturbing cocktail parties gay,
solemn prayer meetings and the P.T.A.,
college campus, street, and Congress,
sirocco fans a smouldering conscience.
Leaving wandering orphans crying,
orphans swift begot by blazing gun,
or bought, or forced in hunger fierce.
Orphans wandering, seeking, crying
for a crust and open arms,
for a breast and mother's song.

Back from the war
come soldier-boys swift grown to men
with gaping wounds that do not show
in spirits bruised and battered minds.

Still others come home
in boxes and on stretchers
to join their crushed companions of other wars
under green grass and white crosses,
on clean beds in sterile wards
where they lie like dolls with missing parts,
and broken heads and hearts.

—T. Max Linnens

Thoughts of a Mind in Motion

Its petals were yellow with glistening rain drops.
It was delicate. Then shark men with shark eyes came. The flower
was destroyed. Why? Could they see nothing? Do they see nothing?
Intricate, things are.
That's why they are. He with the shark eyes will never look.
Doesn't care.

Everything is silence and peace.
in me
Love is silence and peace and completely within.
Bodies are shells, beautiful, but shells.
The inside of the shell is something immense and puzzling,
mysteriously beautiful.
It is real, if it can be found,
but many times isn't.
What is it when the shell is torn away?
One does not see it. One feels it.
One is it, it is one. A whole.
It is just like the others at times, but again
it is so different, so unique. It is—it can't be named.
The shark man won't find it.
Refuses to understand it. He is caught up in greed and conceit.
They won't let go of him. He thinks they are life.
He won't know, won't ever know.
Will die in blind ignorance and fear.
Pity him. He is to be pitied.

Love is one of the beautiful things. Thank God for it.
It is the knowledge.
People try to set it down. Try to capture it, try to define it.
When talking of it we find that it is ugly when captured. Don't
define it. Just have it, all over.
Don't let go. Believe in it.

Flowers are living with peace. Wish I could. Hope I find it.
Hope everyone does.
Wish I could put down what I feel a lot of times. But fear
won't let me. It's a hang-up.
Scared of a lot of things.
Violent faces and minds that shut off.
Scared of beautiful things, even in this hour.
I've found the truth in some cases
And shall keep looking.

—Katey Duffey

One Soul—Alone

Floating—
a leaf
on a crystal lake—
one soul, alone.

Soaring—
a gull
in the early
morning sun—
one soul,
unseen.

Drifting—
a snowflake
spiraling through
the sky—
one soul,
untouched.

Fleeing—
deftly as a doe
from an unseen terror—
one soul,
forgotten.

—*Carolyn Thomas*



For one brief second I fingered

Your life

and then you s

l

i

p

ped

from my grasp

as quickly as you had come

leaving behind

nothing but a hot

dying ember of

your memory.

—Clara Eggleston

Beauty

One's beauty lies in his heart,
not on the face, made up.
The beauty to love and let love
to share happiness—to comfort loneliness.
Beauty, the ugliest
Person may have the most of.
Only he—with God—knows.

—Asphen Howeyck

--We wanted to do something
But we were afraid to.
We wanted to see change
But we didn't want to change.
We wanted to love
But we didn't know how.
We wanted peace
But we wouldn't quit fighting.
We wanted freedom
But we wouldn't let go.
We had a chance
But we blew it.

—Bill Neely

In a world of wrongs
that are right
and rights, that are wrong.
The cast of all
is unknown,
and they are not
what they are.
Man becomes nature,
and nature,
a captive of man,
but we die
and are placed
in the earth
to face the sky.
Only our captor
knows why.

—Jim Estes

I sit quietly,
thinking.
Undisturbed except by those
thoughts that are uncomfortable,
And they are easily dismissed.

Solitude,
And it covers and settles over
me like a morning mist that
caresses the countryside.

This, I tell myself must be happiness.
But am I really happy?

Perhaps I have simply become
Accustomed to loneliness.

—David C. Furcron

Disappointment

The disappointment gripped me
Like a thing without a conscience.
I said, "It cannot be,"
Yet it held tenaciously.
I blinked and tried to shake it free;
But each time I turned, I faced the cold reality.
"Surely you can adjust," I said;
"You must use your head."
Remember, even the pain you feel is evidence of your potential
And gives meaning to everything existential."

—Ernest M. Blankenship

Laments on Teaching

Is it worth it? Why worry about students?
Tired, sleepy . . . stacks of papers to grade.
Your teaching ability is only as good as the grade
the student receives.

No one appreciates you.

Are they in school to dodge the draft or because
it's expected of them?

They're only in your class because it's required.

You're a rollbook who sketches unintelligibles on
overhead projectors.

Will all those seemingly unnecessary lectures prove
useful throughout life?

You pour your God-given strength and abilities into
creating learning situations.

You have a thankless job.

Look at all those rows of intelligent beings . . . don't
they care that yeast produce ascospores or Phytophthora
causes potato blight?

Does anyone have an opinion or a question, you hopefully
ask.

Have you gotten through to them?

All along you knew facts were bases for thinking.

Facts stimulate questions . . . are they really facts?

"Sir, alcohol which is produced by yeast, is a
stimulant such as coffee in coffee. Why not utilize
alcohol instead of outlawing it?"

You ask the class for an answer. "Sir, alcohol is a
depressant, yet gives the feeling of stimulation.

I read that about 7,000 brain cells are killed by one
ounce of alcohol. Moral disadvantages are well known."

Your hope is realized. Students do seek facts and share them.

"Didn't potato blight cause the Irish Famine of 1845
with a resultant mass migration to the United States?"
"Farm prices have actually decreased while food prices
have more than doubled since 1950," Students volunteer
past and recent history.

Yes, Biology is Living . . . and didn't you know all
along that students care?

—Mike Harrelson

He Who Watches

Nauseated by sights ungodly,
Senses reeled, momentary thoughts.
Heaving, retching, he stands before us,
Rising from the burial plots.
Slithering through the mists of midnight,
Truesome pleasure from a ghoul
Hesitating not a moment,
Spade to earth, his deed must fool.
Observing then the vigilante,
Moving with deliberate speed.
Possessed by souls of those long moulded.
Justice was their horrid need.
Revealed in the morning sunlight,
People walking by would see.
Horrid justice of the resting,
Body-robber in a tree.

—Rick Herring

Today is life
A pattern of freedom
passive
careless
forgotten
Lost in peacefulness
And quiet contemplation
A blanket of fog lifted from the side of the mountain
And revealed below, a solemn summer morning.

—Jane Best

The Passing of a Friend

As I sit and watch the clock,
I can see the ever-moving hands
Ticking off the seconds minutes hours.
From beneath me I can feel
The last hours of summer
Slipping into a sea of infinity
Never more to be seen . . .
Only to be remembered with deep sighs
As we gaze ahead to the horizon
To see the ominous clouds of winter
Approaching.
And shudder to the touch
Of the wind's icy fingertips
For now we must pay
For our glorious summer days
And enchanting summer nights
For winter is with us.
Oh, gloomy, bleak, forlorn skies
That once were so blue
And the banshees wail in the dark
As gusts of fury pass our window panes.
Nature's schedule is demanding
That her seasons be forever turning.
Thus, friends, we must learn
To live for now
And look unto the spring
When the leaves and grass are green
And summer days of freedom
Will come again.

—Stephen Granville Shifflette

I Remember

I remember when we walked through
shady trees of green and held hands
tight against the rain, and we
talked together.

I remember when we slipped and
fell down piles of time, and only when
these things I have are gone,

so will you be too.

—Rick Herring

