



Special consideration to:

Lee Cunningham Benjamin Bedoya Tim Gritzmaker

for helping sort the reading goods.

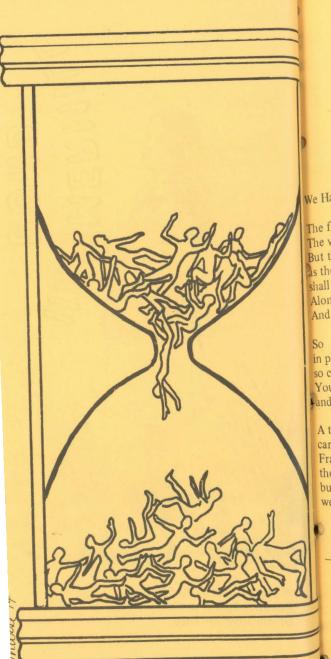
Thank you, to Sue Hinton, our staff advisor.

printing done at South Oklahoma City Junior C with the talents of Gary Smith and Mary Mayfie

1975-Spring-



A poet I'd wish to be; beautifully I'd write of my love for thee.



### We Have Not Even Arrived

The face will vanish into mind's canyon.
The voice will fade.
But the memory as fresh as the sea-kissed shore shall e'er remain.
Along with all tides, this wakes my heart.
And with this awakening, the end of death.

So fair your eyes did gaze on me; in plenty the smiles, so casy the catch.
You were as me and I, you and yet for a moment, we were not here.

A timetable, in sand, carried with it our lives.
Fragile or delicate, long or short.
those seconds were ours
but in the momentum of space and time.
we were, yet had not even arrived.

-Pat Brady

let me go i'm in hiding now i'm looking at the first time for the third time i'm looking at the first time closely i'm closely watching it loosely its loose and raining all over the second i'll be hiding again any second now any second now i'll be gone i'll be the first to go and the last to come and i'll last forever if i'm not found first but first let me explain let me explain the pain of being found out i can't hide forever because you are forever finding me you found me in the rain last time i found that in the rain things tend to come loose i lose things in the rain and its a pain but only be cause i held on to tightly and rightly so if you don't want to let go let go

John Smith



#### Lonely Hours

When you were with me
Hours were moments rushing by.
Time was a river swiftly flowing.
Now I'm alone
And moments are hours
Hours are eternities,
And the nights are forever.

When you were with me,
There was a warm place in the bed
Where we lay together.
Now I'm alone
And I can't get to sleep.
I reach for you, but you're not thet
Oh, the nights are forever.

-Barbara Whorton

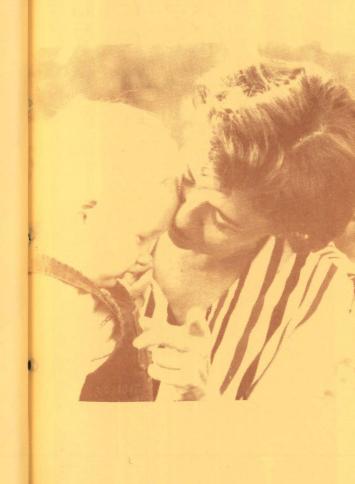
#### ANGELA

I touched a baby's hand today. She smiled as if to say; I'll stay with you a little while; As I hurry on my way.

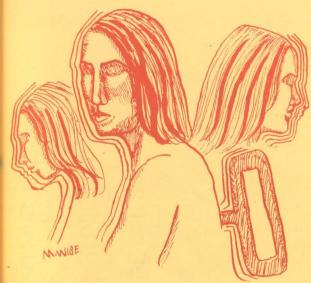
Her smile was so mysterious. Her eyes told me she knew A special secret, I did not, Tho she was only two.

And as I pressed her to my breast; Her head began to nod; To give this sinner just one chance, To be this close to God.

Michele Leeper







#### RUSH

Never seeing Always there, People rush past, Never being.

Never slowing Always quick, People rush past, Never knowing.

Why don't they stop?
Are they reality?
I think I'll steal,
I'll take their winding key.

Never saying Always clever, They'll stop someday... Forever.



If you were mute
And I could see
The feelings from your eyes,
I'd know you well, as I do now,
(or so I do surmise).





#### A PYTHAGOREAN CONTRIVANCE IN FIVES

ALL
WORD PUZ
ZLES PUZZLE
ME/NOT JUST FOR
THEIR UNCERTAINTY

ALL
MATTER
BECOMES NOW
COUNTED/PORTIONS
OF THE WHOLE MOUNTED

ALL
AROUND
THESE CLUES A
BOUND/CRYPTIC PRO
GRESSIONS THAT SHAPE SOUND

THE
APEX
HOVERS O
VER DEAD/AND BASE
BOTH NOT FATHOMED

A VERTEX ON TRIANGLES CROWNED STONEY FACES HAVE NO SOUND FIFTY DEGREE SLOPE TO GROUND HIGH POINT GREETS DUOS DOWN FORESQUARE BASE IS COMPASS BOUND



#### **DEFINING ZEN**

When someone asked Louis Armstrong to define jazz, he retorted, "If you have to ask then I can't tell you." Defining Zen poses much the same kind of dilemma. Strictly speaking this is no dilemma at all for those who ask the question do not understand the problem. To understand the problem is also to have the answer.

To define something is also to <u>confine</u> it because definitions arise only in relation to otherness. Zen describes allness and is therefore left only with everything or nothing with which to define itself. To the degree that is impossible Zen defies description. Strange? Define love, joy, hatred, comaradery, and then ask yourself if the dictionary definitions are adequate.

What Zen gets across is the simple message that life defies categorization. And yet, we insist on defining and confining life and the adequacy is on about the same level as the dictionary definitions. I am not suggesting that Zen slanders the use of the intellect or denies the usefullness of practical, abstract, or any other kind of knowledge. Zen puts the intellect into proper balance with the rest of the body so that we function as an integrated whole. That's not quite correct. We have no choice but to function in such a way the Zen mind is simply aware of functioning in that way.

Many of us are ready to admit that our most important decisions are made with little involvement of the intellect. Who knows of a successful recipe for love? Many have been written. More often, when I choose to love I do not, and I love without choosing. Most of the "good" and "bad" of my life have been surprises.

Many of our agonies arise from simple over intellectualization. When Eka asked Bodhidharma to ease his mind Bodhidharma explained that he would if Eka would show it to him.

### Humility

Great cypress tree!
Majestic in appearance
yet scarred through centuries
of peril,
and bearing witness to the
idiosyncrasies of man.
Standing timelessly,
while men of varied hue
and color have sought shelter
at your feet;
always giving, never denying;
staving off attacks of searing heat,
tornadic winds, and virilent
insects.

When wounded, sobbing deeply from within through your tapestry of green.

Now so tall! You scrape the clouds with lofty branches, tangling raindrops in your crown of lacy filament; dnagling regal scepters, symbols of your kingship.

From you we learn the meaning of humility. In you--is stored the wisdom of God's Universe.

#### SOMETHING FOR THE PUBLIC

You give me the right to say the things that only I Can utter. Then take it back by closing your mind and letting then fade away.

You try to show you comprehend by smiling and saying "that's nice". But you really don't know what I'm trying to say, you never think about it twice.

You laugh at the people who didn't acknowledge other artists in their day You'll never see, you're doing the same to me and you're doing it in the same cruel way.

But never let my pen cease to flow, or let my words grow old and die. For in your ignorance it is you who will suffer not I.

Jacque Maddox

I climbed a mountain to write a poem But the climbing and the mountain were The poem. In the distance were other moun Other climbers, other poems joined by Sight, not vision. Like the eagler and The hawks in the cliffs, I hid in a crack But not well enough to not be seen, Not well enough to not cast a silent Shadow into the rippled pool below. Silently I cried out; the wind listened But gave no silent answer - only howling; Only whispering with the giant oaks and elms That grow below the ledges separating Secretly, I cried out again; the eagles Answered silently and swooped, it seemed, Pool where the turtle turned his head to me To see if he could help. He could not. Hopefully, I sang quietly aloud and The buffalo in the far off field turned Are here. You will be alive because you Sung our song together blending music With the wind in the hollows and the cracks, With the eagles and the hawks in the cliffs Above, and with the turtle in the pool below." Stace

In silent meditation De comes to me. A am not made whole By my own Words or deeds But in my quiet moments De sends grace to me.

All muz heart oh ford so smay see Boodness in every man beauty in every tree So a may see everything through Thee

Weakness am 4 in body and mind Strengthen my soul to staria with Thee Through evidless time.

- Henda Jaime

#### REQUIEM FOR SUMMER

Lord, receive Thy servant, Summer.
She died last night, you know.
And all of us
Attending the wake
Knew we would be next to go.
Knew we would be next to go.

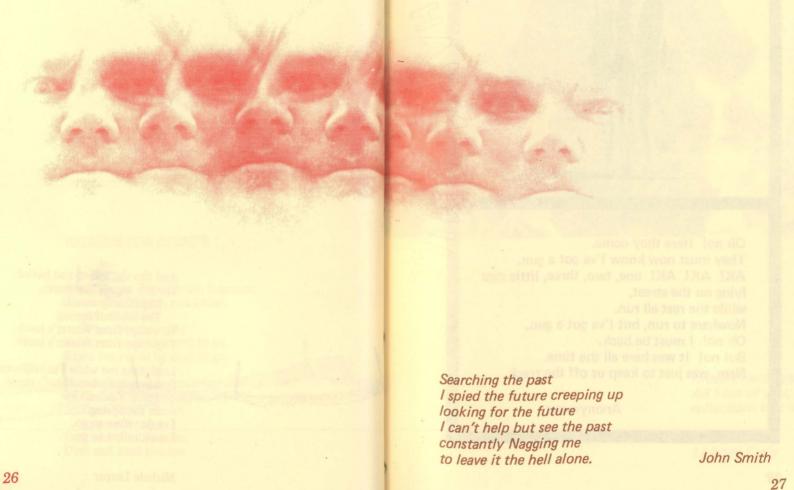
Nature donned her mourning etothes.
The wind eried apartially.
The trees of Winter
Appeared to be
Dark and dead like me.
Dark and dead like me.

And tho she and and buried.
The life with her womb,
Impatiently awaits
The labor of Spring
To escape from Winter's tomb.
To escape from Winter's tomb.

Lord, take me while I'm stillborn.
Summer me when there's snow.

For if You call me
In the Spring
I must refuse to go.
I must refuse to go.

25





Oh no! Here they come.
They must now know I've got a gun.
AK! AK! AK! one, two, three, little pigs
lying on the street,
while the rest all run.
Nowhere to run, but I've got a gun.
Oh no! I must be back.
But no! It was here all the time.
Nam, was just to keep us off the track.

**Anonymous** 



Hidden inside yourself. All I see of you; reflections in a whirlpool.

LeAnne Craig

LeAnne Craig Susan Small Marian Wise 3. Pat Brady John Smith Phillip Burrows 5. Barbara Whorton Marian Wise 7. Susan Small Michele Leeper 9. Susan Small 10. dennis cunningham 11. Ruelle 12. Marian Wise 13. Linda Rusche Marian Wise 14. Sally Fitzgerald ananymous Susan Small 16. Susan Small dennis cunningham 17. Phillip Burrows 18. Phillip Burrows Ray McCullar 19. Bernita Coffey 20. Dana Veitch Jacque Maddox 21. Susan Small Richard Rouillard 22. dennis cunningham 23. Glenda Jackson Susan Small Michele Leeper 24. Sally Fitzgerald Michele Leeper 25. Sally Fitzgerald John Smith 26. 27. John Smith John Smith 28. anonymous dennis cunningham LeAnne Craig 29. Susan Small dennis cunningham 30. John Smith

editor

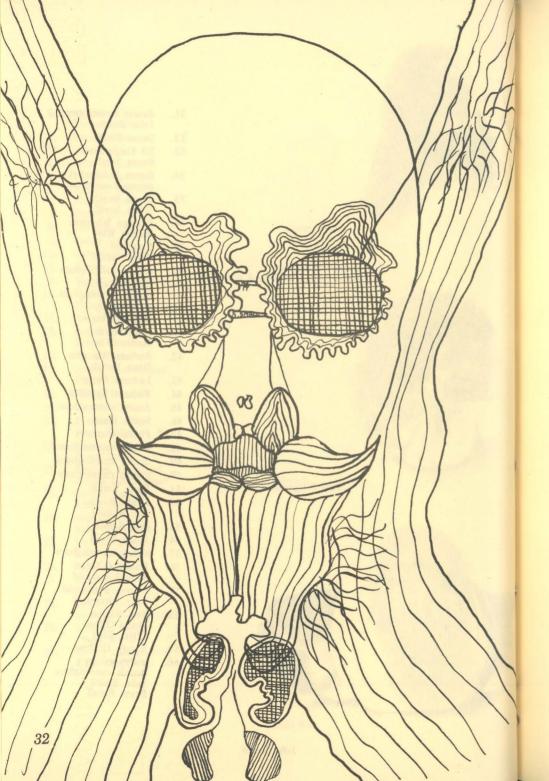
Dana Veitch

Marian Wise



dennis cunningham John Smith Susan Small 32. Ed Carpenter Susan Small Karen Robitschek dennis cunningham Linda Rusche Susan Small Barbara Whorton 36. Marian Wise Franchot 37. Dana Veitch dennis cunningham 38. Phillip Burrows 39. dennis cunningham John Smith Marian Wise John Smith 41. Marian Wise Barbara Whorton Dana Veitch LeAnne Craig 43. Richard Rouillard 44. dennis cunningham 45. Susan Small 46. Phillip Burrows 47. dennis cunningham 48. dennis cunningham 49. dennis cunningham 50. Dana Veitch 51. Linda Rusche 52. Phil Reimer Phil Reimer 53. Susan Small 54. dennis cunningham 55. Randy O'Steen 56. Sally Fitzgerald Lauren Fitzgerald 57. Sally Fitzgerald Tish Wilson 58. Sheila O'Neil Olivia King Randy O'Steen 59. collaboration dennis cunningham

John Smith Susan Small



#### : ON JACK :

Your angel body gleaming
and stripped to
play a game.
Diverting serious silence,
preferring rustic fun.
Almost a satyr.
I see him sporting
spares you from the trembling
task.

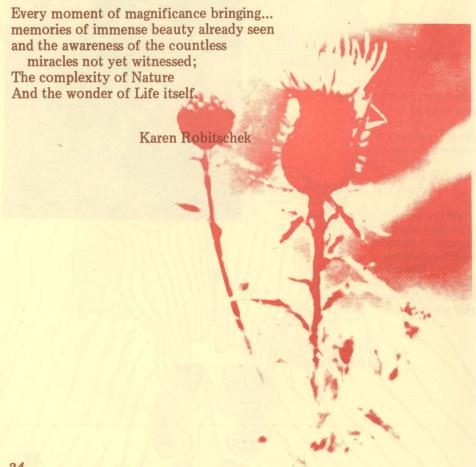
Your straight eyes tell me you revere, your pace hands would prepare.
O angel - a moment. . . . bodily before me, than nowhere to sight.
Let there be no doubt for an earthen man that you are here.

Ed Carpenter El Paso, Texas



Laying in the soft green grass seeing the sky through the lattice of emerald leaves:

the rays of the sun touching you and the earth with warmth; fingers of light linking you with the heavens.





#### UNTITLED

An unopened mind In like a dusty attic Where memories are inshrined All of them static.

When the door is cracked, You find the hinges rusted. The walls are blacked, The floors incrusted.

Now the door is open Everthing is dusted, Receptive again, Adjusted.

Linda Rusche

#### Insomnia

How quiet are the nights
When sleep escapes you.
Small sounds develope
A new significance
When everyone else
Is breathing rhythmicly
To the music of their dreams.

Barbara Whorton



## refuge

In dreams I rest, within your soul
While turmoil, storm and thunder rolls.
Within the very essence of your life
I accepted peace to my torment, each night.

When the workers of mischief busily weave their webs, And all around me towering walls seek to stop my flight When unreality like a shroud covers my sight, To you in dreams I turn, a peaceful haven in the night.

When sorrow in tears my river runs,
Laying there gasping, my very senses stunned
By the force changing reality to unreality, hiding the answers from the sun
Covering me, the blackness of my skin, dening me the chance to fight,
To you in dreams I turn, my refuge in the night.

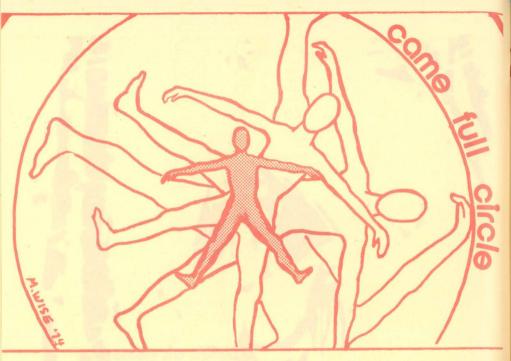
Franchot

#### 10 x density and orphans

robin winter waxes by havermore lincoln's moonmist in a harried dreft of flakes rushing nebula doodles into collision fallen angel mothers become stars generous solar clouds extend tenacle fingers through the atomsphere wrenching homeless wretches from the sanctity and oblivion of the sewer vaulting them to the stellar stardom of serfs in the palacial prison of the galaxy ruler

dennis cunningham







John Smith

It all ends the same. No matter how you do it, it always seems to end the same. In confusion I mean. You're always confussed. You don't know what to expect so it confusses you. If you could do it like a tree or a flower and just do it, it wouldn't be so upsetting. But we constantly expect it to be different than it really is. And when it doesn't live up to our expectations, we're confussed. Now who needs confussion at a time like that. No one, thats who.

You don't even know what to do when the time comes. You had no Idea that you would be just floating in a sea of nothing, just a vast ocean of thought.

You constantly say it doesn't make any difference. But it does. And when it does happen you are very surprised and to say the least, a little confused. But who isn't.

You usually know when your time is coming and you do your best not to think of it at all. But that just makes it worse.

Let me tell you, its kind-of-like falling off of a hill and never hitting the bottom. You just see what was in front of you and feel yourself being pulled into something new.

And after a while of falling you can't see what was in front of you. Well, maybe you just can't tell the difference anymore, you know between old and new, falling and rising.

After a while (and this seems like an eternity) you start getting used to your new surroundings. You start recognizing things around you, Like the two people who are always around to feed you when you're hungry. Like the walls to your space and the teddy bear the old grey man gave you.

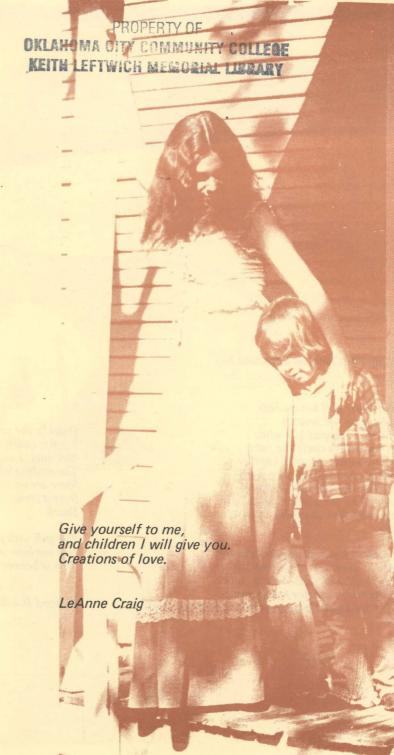
A few years pass and you're older, (Some times this seems an eternity also) and you are again looking at that same confussing moment that lasts forever and ever. just so confussed and falling. just falling.

# The Birthday

Yesterday was her 18th birthday
full
full of dreams, ambitions, hopes
filled with longing for something
just
out
of
reach.

Today she is 30,
and empty
Someone else in her body
dead
Dead because she
dreams
no
more.

Barbara Whorton



Watching For Clams on Galveston Bay

A small white gull hovers high And glides on the breczes Off the whitecapped bay while Some few others circle the palm Before swooping down to capture The white shelled feed, fragments Of pearl on dark brown-wet sand Uncovered by the gentler waves of a Gentler surf than that which pounds In me.

With a silent hovered warning through
His not-so-silent cry of patient hunger
The lead gull, higher above the pain
Than the rest, waits for me to move
And for the proper time to continue with his feast.

Quickly the small white shell Wiggles quietly into the soft Wet sand; I watch and feel The motion with emotion and Stare across the bay to nowher from a concrete perch along the Beach

The gull with loud demands tells me how short the time is between waves.

Richard Rouillard



# Natchezunder-the-hill



#### NATCHEZ-UNDER-THE-HILL

one day
that one day
you know
that day i first saw
you
when
you
didn't (no not really) know
aha ha but i knew
yeeesssss i knew

and sometimes i still think i know

but since i knew i felt i could steal away like a thief in the night

and let you wonder

That Same Day:
along the sidewalk
the birds were singing to magnolia trees
passerbies tried to notch
magnolia petals
just as they fell into the yard
cats massacred insects
then went on about their business

this day was also
the very
and let me stress very
First day
and
here someone said
Oh
leave her alone
and i might have
but
i just couldn't
and
i might have but i just had to start
but again
since you couldn't know
once more
i must creep back into the night world like

a thief

That Night
on the same sidewalk
the birds had gone
when an occassional person
did passby he did
without a pause
notched magnolia petals
shrouded mutilated insect casualties
a cateye wo uld glimmer
a transcendental halo
from a perch on the porch
business seemed to stand still

istill can't spill it
even though you know
i'm just dying to
i'll assume you're
as anxious as i am
to know
and since i know already
and hold it within my heart
i am bound
to selfconsciously withdraw
into the nighttime
of singing cicadas
like a thief
in the night

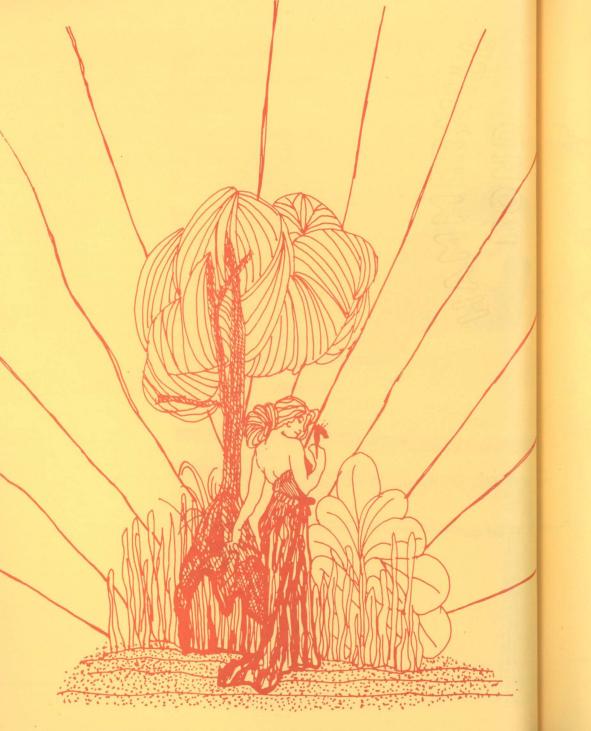
My life is worthless; Without meaning If I cannot give this treasure, So small To humanity.

This is not only mine to give. It hangs over the world Like a velvet veil. It shines at night Brighter than the moon.

It brings the world new life, Like rain, the new grass. Springs from the heart, it does, Not from the head.

Never leaves the human time It's never far from here. Laughter is the soil of love, It grows in every life.





she was an early morning riser
liked to be up with the sun
just for the sake of dimlight dancing
tasting the dewdrop dawn with her tongue
dennis cunningham

You can sit all day and wonder, and still you may never know.

Your dreams have become lost, like a drop of rain, falling, into an immense ocean.

Imagination is gone, or buried, beneath a crust of culture, and tradition, and "don't do that," and "do this." So thick, so impenetrable, that not even death could break it's hold.

So there you are.

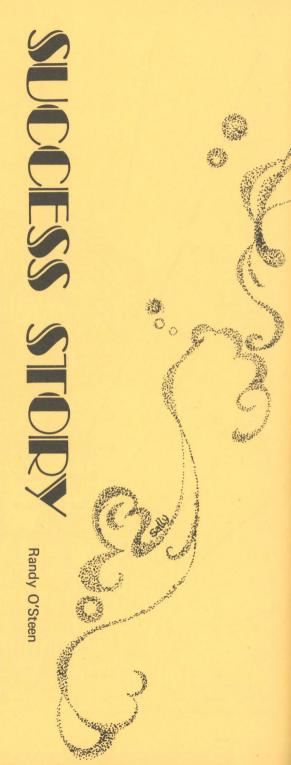
Helpless. Hopeless.

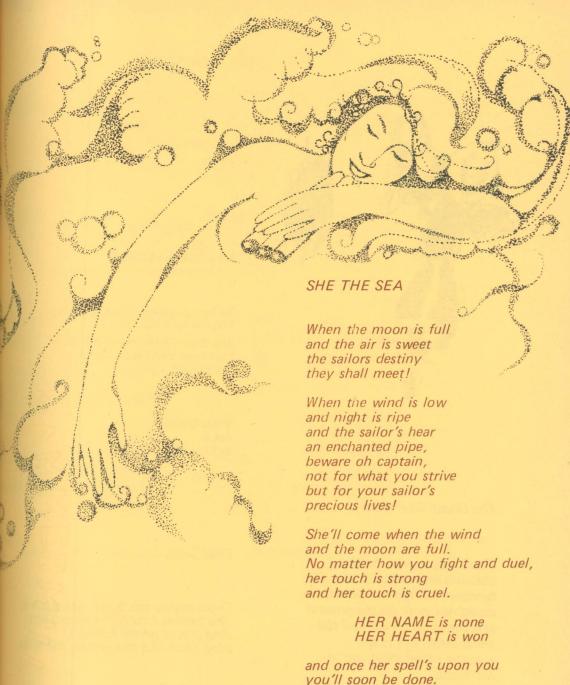
A lump of clay molded and fashioned to the wishes of those around you.

So solid long ago. Standing firm. A block of ice sinking into a sea of tradition.

Now just a manipulated drop of water. Your dreams, lost, as you are, in an immense ocean.

you.
The great American success story.





Lauren Fitzgerald





#### TO HAVE A FLOWER

To have a flower it has to grow but first the wind has to blow.

And then the sun has to shine but the flower won't grow unless

Sheila O'Neil Age 8 Jackson, Mississippi

you're kind.

The Ghost That Walk

There was a ghost he liked children every day he played hindseek he had fun but he could not walk on the ground and the children wanted the ghost down but it was a kite the other ghost was in his house.

Tish Wilson

First Snow

Snow makes whiteness where it falls, The bushes look like popcorn balls. And places where I always play, look like somewhere else today.

Sheila O'Neil Age 8 Jackson, Mississippi

#### TIME TO SLEEP

n orange sun, dying,

floating,

dropping

slowly

strings,

to

Earth.

White clouds

moving

as suspended

if

f o

floating in a sky of deep blue.

Asoftly blowing wind caresses the spirit.....to sleep.

Alullaby of sounds of the night to provoke a weary mind.....to sleep.

To sleep and to dream of bygone days, of days spent with you.

Dreams to fill a now empty life, empty, of you.

Asymphony of life surrounds a sleepless heart, with no life inside.

There is no life without love.

Now....

A drop of rain breaks the spell of the symphony.

A drop of rain, to break the spell, to remind the heart, that now is the time to sleep.

Even the lonely must sleep.

Randy O'Steen



