A black and white photograph of a winter landscape. In the foreground, a large, gnarled tree trunk with bare branches dominates the left side. The background shows a small, dark house with a chimney, partially obscured by more bare trees. The ground is covered in snow, and the overall scene is quiet and desolate.

absolute

DREAM WORLD

*When you are little, the world is a game
Filled with candy and playthings and make-believe
friends.*

*When you're a little bit older, but still very young,
The world is a dream where things that you want
are all just for fun.*

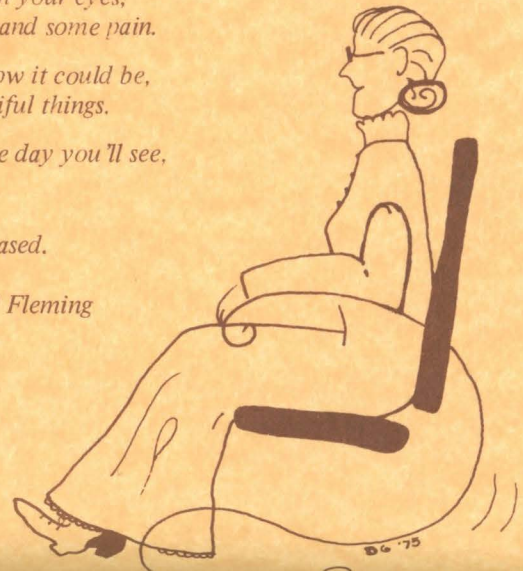
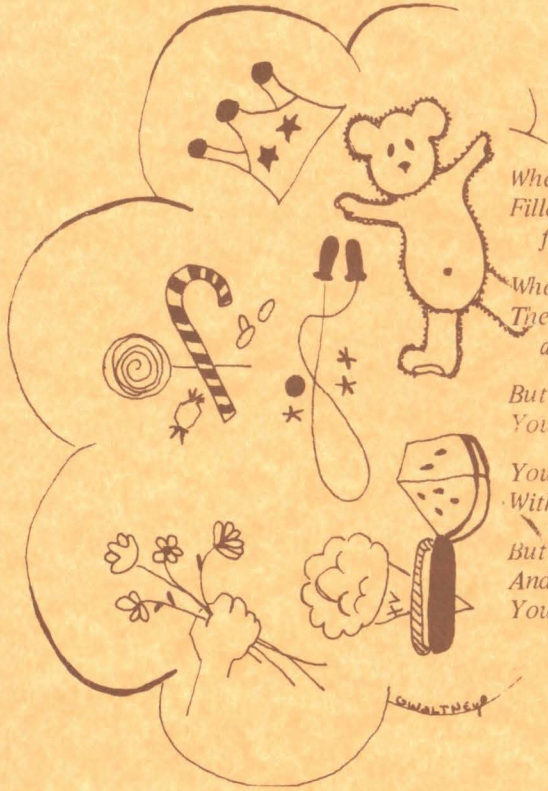
*But then you're a teen and you open your eyes,
You see life as it is, filled with hate and some pain.*

*You then close your eyes and see how it could be,
With friends among races and beautiful things.*

*But life's not a plaything; that, some day you'll see,
And you'll close your eyes to see
Your Dream World of yesterday*

ceased.

— Sheryl Fleming



*They walk on roof tops one by one
When light is dark and day is done.
With cold grey hearts they stand away
From rooster's crow and break of day.*

*They live in closets and under beds
In cracks in walls, in sleepy heads.
You see them as you lie awake
You hear them as your mind they take.*

*But they're afraid I'll tell you not
And of their fears I'll tell you what
They're afraid of daylight and parents
And switches on walls
Of covers and puppies and little rag dolls
Of shot guns and space guns
And teddy bears, too.
They're not very brave, but neither were you.*

— Bob R. Douglas



*For nine months, I carried you in me.
Now after nine years you've been taken from me.
There are so many things left unsaid.
God, why did I gripe when you forgot to make your bed.*

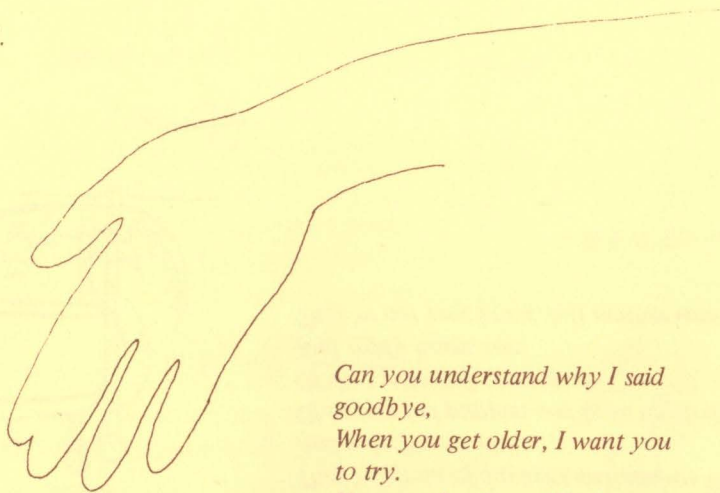
*You are approaching womanhood now.
I have many answers for you.
But until I can reach you,
There's nothing I can do.*

*Your room is an empty place.
I look around in there and block out time and space.
I see you lying asleep in your bed,
Your golden hair caressing your head.*

*My little one, where are you?
Are you crying out to me?
I am searching and will continue,
Until you once more and forever are with me.*

*Sleep tight, my love,
Wherever you may be,
For I love you,
And I know you wait for me.*

— Lura Sellers



*Can you understand why I said
goodbye,
When you get older, I want you
to try.
Your mother I am, I'll always
be,
But you will probably never know
me.
To give you away was so hard
to do,
I was only 15, I had to think
of my life too.
Was it the right thing to do, I'll
never know.
If it was right, why these
tears 'cause I let you go?*



LITTLE CHILD

*Hello, child, little creature of the world.
Such a helpless creature, crawling, sprawling,
Falling in the ways of the world.
Struggling, smuggling, trying, crying.*

*What a crying voice.
We hear you, child, don't weep on.
I never feel at ease around your tone at me.
Have I some germs, size, or what? What hearse would
Carry such disease?*

*Oh, child, don't be afraid of the world.
There is so much world to see.
Keep trying, keep crying,
Keep coming to the Earth, small children of the Universe.
Keep safe, small creature of the world.*

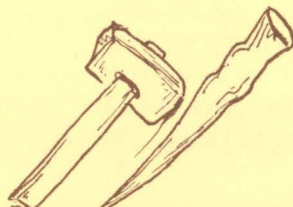
THE LITTLEST VAMPIRE
(or Count Five and Bite)

*I know a little boy who plays a game
And one day I heard him say
The Count of Dracula is my name
And I suck people's blood every day.*

*I was busy trying to write
So to get him to go away
I told him vampires only come out at night
And they sleep in a coffin all day.*

*Then he made my nerves a wreck
Cause he grabbed hold of my hair
And he tried to bite me on the neck
While he stood upon a chair.*

*I suddenly remembered I'd heard him say
That all of the little girls loved him
And still hoping he would go away
I told him go bite one of them.*



*Then he turned loose of my hair
And with a look that said I was wise
He made a flying leap from his chair
And went to find a little girl his size.*

*Then confusion came all in a whirl
When suddenly I heard a knock
From a lady with ner little girl
Who lives right down the block.*

*The lady didn't seem to see the fun
In all of this the way I do
When she said that little boy just bit someone
And then she said that I'd told him to.*

*She liked even less my humorous way
When I laughingly showed no sorrow
As I told her find a hammer and spike today
And you can search for his coffin tomorrow.*

-- Alvin



BROKEN THOUGHTS

*A butterfly flitted across . . .
 The sky was yellow and blue . . .
 and white
 Clouds or maybe puffy marshmallows
 With children laughing
 What time is it?
 Two days early or two days late?*

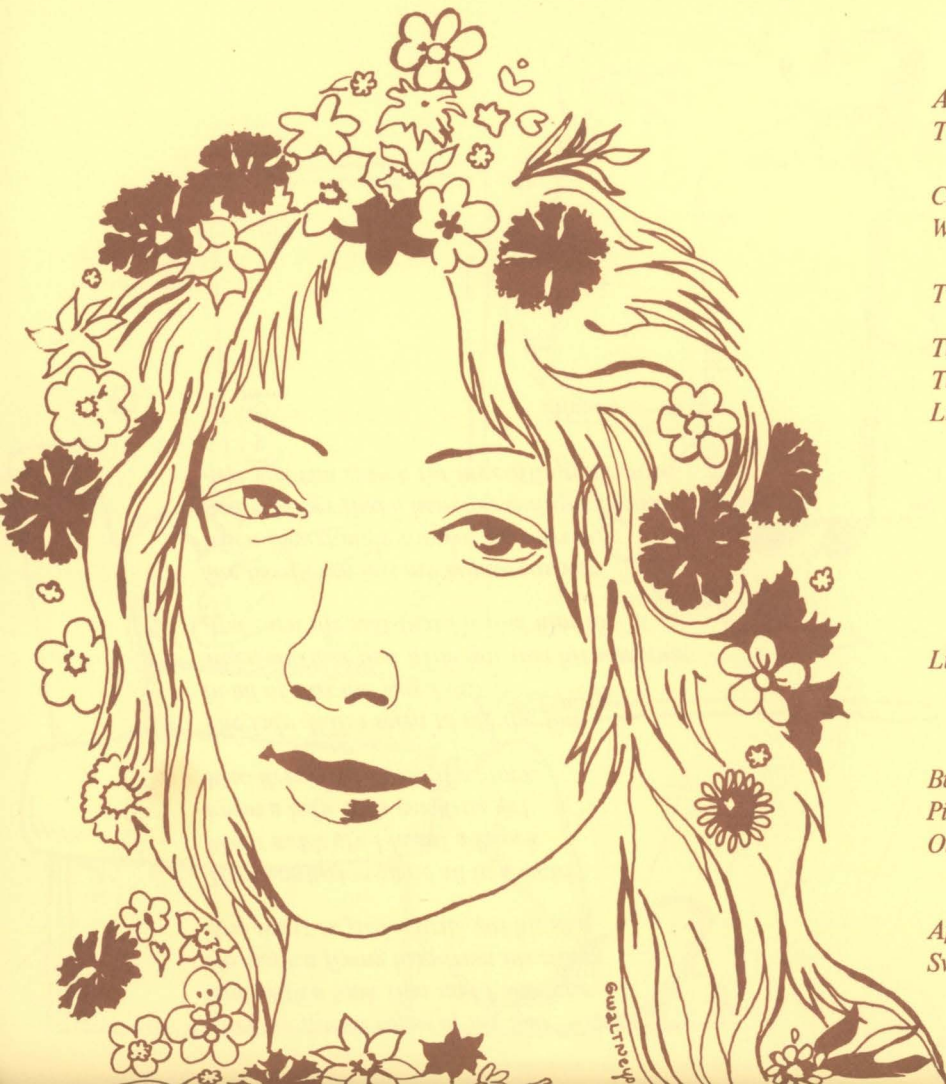
*The grass is soft . . . green
 Tickles your toes
 Like a feather
 or strands of hair on
 your cheek
 Soft hair
 Soft lips
 Soft caresses . . .*

*Soft laughter
 Like wind on a pool
 Deep, deep pool
 Dark . . .*

*But warm . . . and fragrant
 Picking apples in the summertime
 One for you, One for you,
 One for you,*

*Apples . . .
 Sweet . . . Sweet . . . Sweet*

— Lee Mosley



A BOOK OF LIFE

*Some day I think I'll try to look
At truth and life, then write a book
With words of truth that set men free,
I'll write about the open sea.*

*I'll write of birth and man's first breath,
Then I'll write hurt, and hell, and death.*

*Some day I'll write dark clouds and rain
To tell of days when I knew pain.
I'll write clear skies and stars above
To tell of days I fell in love.*

*I'll write of days I stole a flower
And a tick-tock clock that strikes the hour.
I'll write of trouble and of strife,
But most of all, I'll write of life.*

*I'll write it down in words that rhyme
For people to read another time.
When I've wrote it all in a book,
I'll go back to life for another look.*

— Anonymous

I. IN GRAY POPPY FIELDS

*Some day he'll be in the dream.
 One day soon he'll end the scheme.
 Once they rhymed and weren't afraid.
 Made love in fields of poppy gray.*

*Bizarre is it? Still rhyming?
 Surely birds babbling and raindrops clapping.*

*Once her heart was without aloneness.
 Now, arms hold her limpleless.
 Babes in her belly crept.
 From her he lept.*

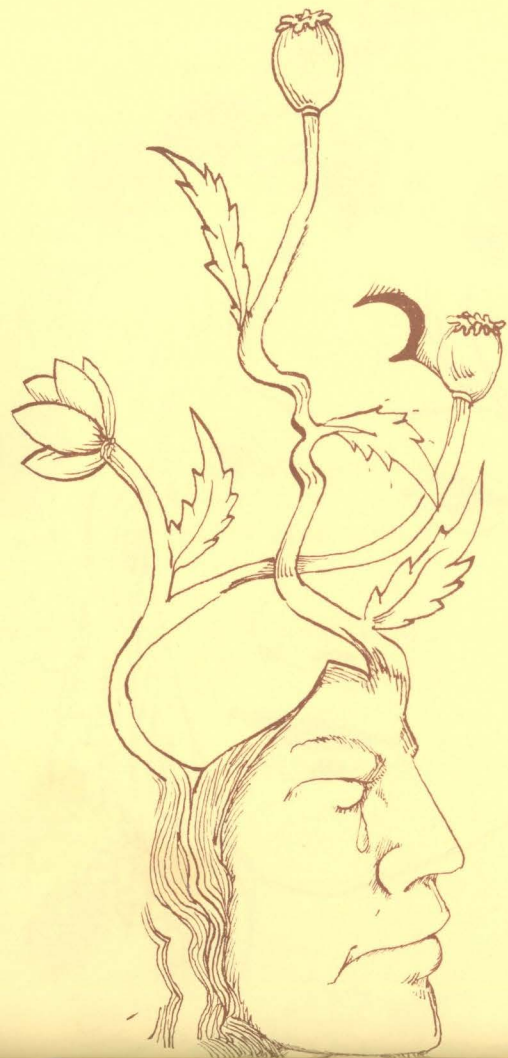
*Love, now, for birds to nest.
 Lovers beware—pokers stake.
 Poppy gray fields are fake.*

*Making love crazily—man saves.
 Bodies—lovers—man craves.
 A mind remains on a pedestal.
 In gray poppy fields bodies are celestial.*

*Refuse the journey—
 Fight his voice—
 Sit alone and beware,
 Of gray poppy fields that can snare.*

Didn't go into that field.

W



II. IN FIELDS OF POPPY GRAY

*She sits alone,
Surrounded with artifacts.
Overwhelmed with half-people.*

Sad Alone Dying

*Anticipating her lover's return,
Knowing she had lost.
Taking a man, destroying a man.
Loving, hating, resenting, forgiving.
Now, she needed him.
Where was he to be found?
Gone to play – Where children roam in fields of poppy gray.*

Sad Alone Dying

*Stretches her arms,
Finds them empty—
Holds herself bitterly.
Knowing to be looking,
In gray poppy fields where children play and innocence is
supreme.
So she sits in the day
Wishing and hoping.
For the fields of poppy gray.
Looks at the sky –looks at the ground.
My half-people surround.*

Alone Sadly Dying

*Didn't go into that field.
Poker's aroma she could feel.*



*She sits in her room
Wishing and hoping,
For the days of the big baboon.
Looks at the sea –looks in the mirror.
My –such a gross distortion.*

Sadly Dying Alone

*So, she sits in her corner.
Knowing and longing
For an eventual belonging.
In fields with her lover of poppy gray.
Where blossoms bloom,
And innocence is*

Dying Sadly Alone.

– Diana Frizzell



TO GIVE

*You were used
But loved enough to understand
Enough to give up
But your naive trust
Has gotten you back
Into a one-sided affair
And just as you've gained knowledge
Of his sex craved lovelessness
You began to wander
And wandered until you stumbled on to me
Search my mind and soul
You'll come to understand
The phrase "to use"
Isn't in my vocabulary
Instead it's the phrase
"To give."*

— Byron

*Sometimes when I look across eternity, I see nothing,
 for my eyes have been covered with doubt and mistrust.
 I reach and touch a flower, I feel an emptiness I can not explain.
 I want for you to talk, and when you do your voice holds
 no emotion.*

*Maybe it only seems that life is so empty, for you seem to
 stare through me.*

*Please hold my hand and say that you care.
 Let me reach out for you, knowing you'll be there.
 I don't need much in life, just someone to recognize
 that I am alive.*

– Bee Whiting

SHOCK TREATMENT NO. 11

*fissure quakes the
 silent iris of mind
 as backward motion of bicycle wheels
 scrape the lining of time.
 peeling it back and down;
 into spinning circles of illusion
 whirling it into cable
 strong enough to walk
 unexpected recesses suck images through tiny holes;
 into a vacuum of sight and sound.
 magnifying the premature until
 edges are sharp hardness;
 synchronizing, pulling it into perspective.*

– Rebecca Foster

JUST TO SOMEONE

*Written just to someone
 you know can never be,
 But dwells upon your heart
 like spring upon a tree.*

*She always has a smile
 that makes your life complete,
 And seems to be so happy
 her heart could never cheat.*

*She is so dear to heart
 and yet to be so free,
 She's like a little bluebird
 in a silver maple tree.*

*She never knows of sadness
 or love to be untrue,
 From that little someone
 whose dream could not be true.*

–Harold P. Schalles

TIME PASSES

*Never stopping,
Ever present,
Never waiting around for any one to make it up.
Always taking, but also replacing,
Life.*

*Time,
That endless thing,
And so it continues on.*

— Sheryl Fleming

*Poe, my friend, I know your mind
Morning recourse looks behind
Sweet sour embraces; two once were
Erotic dusk; dawn's futility conquers.*

*Soaring hearts dare question why
Mankind thrives on Gemini
Nighttime beckons Eros' wish
Morntime brings a nothing kiss.*

*Mankind, my foe; I know your mind
With whom Geminis find their kind
Poe, my friend; I know your mind
With whom I beg peace of mind.*

— Diana Frizzell

NUMB

*Empty,
You have drained me.
Disappearing with the insides,
Leaving only the shell.*

*Defeated,
You have beaten me.
Surviving war and barrooms,
Only to be crushed by you.*

*Dead,
You have buried me.
Your words have choked
The Air and sunshine from my life*

C. L. M.

I HAD TO GO

*I think again
Of you and me.
When all alone I've been
I think of "we"
And wonder if I ever wish
I hadn't walked away.
Sometimes in anguish,
I have to say
That I do.*

*But then again,
When times are smooth
You just can't win;
You just don't soothe.
The deeper I dig,
The fainter you grow.
The pain that felt so big,
When I had to go,
Has left me.*

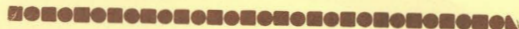
*Your love, for me, became
Like drowning in a sea of honey.
I was left lame,
Wasn't it funny,
For nothing I did,
Nothing I tried
Could keep my head
Above your clinging tide.
Me—a crippled ship.*



*You wanted me to be your wife
And I tried to comply.
I watched as slowly my life
Sank low and began to die.
I just couldn't be
The unreal one
You thought was me.
The dream-figure you had spun
Hid my soul.*

*It was left up to me to sever
Something that was all wrong.
Leave me now—forever,
Don't keep dragging on so long.
All emotion has been drained;
I am all alone
And the thoughts of your cloying are detained
By my attempts to atone
For not loving.*

— Linda Rusche



FRIENDLY PERSUASION

*Are you showing me a different side?
Should I sit with you awhile?
Are there flames in darkness
For a night bird and a stray cat?*

*Could it be that I learned all wrong?
Do I lose earth in your song?
Will you cause doubts to die,
Or walls to become stronger?*

*The warmth from you that beckons me,
Is it a hidden burning furnace?
Drawing me nearer like a magnet
To a heated end.*

*Am I showing you a different side?
Should you sit with me awhile?
There is warmth in darkness
For broken-winged birds and blind stray cats.*

ALONE AGAIN

*It's really hard to see the top today.
From the bottom there's no place to run.
Empty and dark with no one to hold,
Still hoping the end hasn't come.*

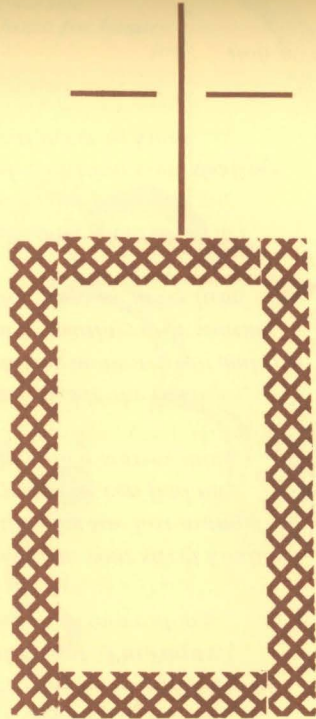
*There's peace somewhere inside I think,
Though I can't see the smiles through the pain,
And I dream of the days when mornings were gold,
And friends weren't just there for the pay.*

*I wish I could cry like in my younger days,
Or laugh for no reason at all,
But the sunshine today has all gone away,
And the world once so big, now so small.*

*Someone said we lose ourselves
And find us in life passing time.
Then lose it again when we walk to the end
And die with the words that we rhyme.*

*It'd be great, I guess, to understand
Or give it a try anyway,
But for now it's all gone
Like words in a song.
With music but nothing to say.*

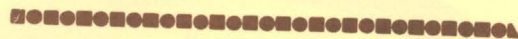
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Drawing me nearer like a magnet
To a heated end.*

*Am I showing you a different side?
Should you sit with me awhile?
There is warmth in darkness
For broken-winged birds and blind stray cats.*

NIGHTS . . .

*The cold north wind blows and screams
In you, no refuge my troubled mind obtains
so it seems*

*The snowflake flutters down and rests,
But your affection grows less and less,
Finally leaving my body in a mess.*

*The candlelight flickers, then dies
By the lonely tears from my eyes,
Sitting in my dismal world,
The things of beauty, to me so cold,
Reach out the hand that rules the
winds,*

*Although my chances are even slim,
Caress her with tenderness. Tell her it's
her love tonight I miss.*

Franchot

WAITING

*You're welcome if you come tonight,
I've been waiting since my birth,
To see your face would please me,
It's peaceful in the earth.*


*I've given all there is inside,
If there's more to give it's gone.
I need to rest I'm empty,
Too weak to move along.*

*I'll welcome your sweet kindness
And the pleasure lost in time,
Asleep no one can find me,
Or make their sorrow mine.*

*It's dark inside the shadows,
But there's no more pain and fear,
I've been waiting, only waiting,
For the voice we never hear.*

*For when we meet in silence,
I'll take your hand and go,
And sleep within your shadows,
Content never to know.*

Bob R. Douglas



My mother gave me life
She gave me hope for beauty
joy

You are the gift my mother gave me

My father promised love
He taught me to believe in love
To wait for love

The waiting was hard
My father promised you

— Karen Kamm

WHAT IS LOVE

*What is love, but a dream
that bounds along like a stream
It is here, come to borrow
then is gone, come tomorrow.*

*It sets the heart all aglow
then it deals that deadly blow
It is here and seems so dear
then is gone without a tear.*

*It leaves the heart all tattered and torn
like a babe that's never born
Once it lived, but never-more
for of a life it never bore.*

*You begin to rest, but not at ease
then it's gone like a breeze
It drifts along with every grief
until it burns another leaf.*

*As the years go passing by
you look for tears, but never cry
Then when you are going to die
you wonder back, asking why.*

*When you are dead and no one there
she would know, you really care
But gone is she, your only love
gone as the wind, like a dove.*

— Harold P. Schalles



*You shall find yourself a star
Yet she shall stand not so high
That you shall not reach her
Yet she be so high that she will be
Gazed upon in total eminence.*

*Yes, you have done it all
But not until you have touched that star—
I love you but not in such a way
That all living be unworthy of my presence
And touching me shall poison all your
life and body.*

*The land be arid, but welcome my presence
Am I the lady you seek?
Why can't I be your friend? Trudy Hale*

*The waves are restless,
They are chilly and wet,
With white caps.*

*As they slash upon my jeans,
I think of how cool they are,
and how they tingle my face.*

*I know and feel how beautiful
Things are.
But I cannot see the beauty.
My senses are perfect—except one—
I am blind.*

— Barbara Duke

OCTO

*A path there is that leads away
And will not cease to wander on;
It has no end this side the grave,
It beckons man to greater things,
To labor on the while he sings.
It has no end this side the grave
And will not cease to wander on—
A path there is that leads away!*

*—Leslie McRill
Poet Laureate of Oklahoma*



AFFINITY

Inside your heart I see the tears,
And in your proximics I feel the fear.
About me your enemy none,
Past friends betray few and some.

Expectations have belittled,
Teasers have you riddled.
To you I come—perhaps in bliss
To feel the tenderness of your kiss.

Inside your heart I see the tears,
And union of two unveiled the fear.
Ask now what is the plan,
A woman am I—you are a man.

Expectations are that of none,
Obligations I shall shun.
Trees and birds know the game;
Song amongst green leafage will voice our fame.

Sanity or profanity? Be that your will?
Attempting and seeking I shall fulfill.

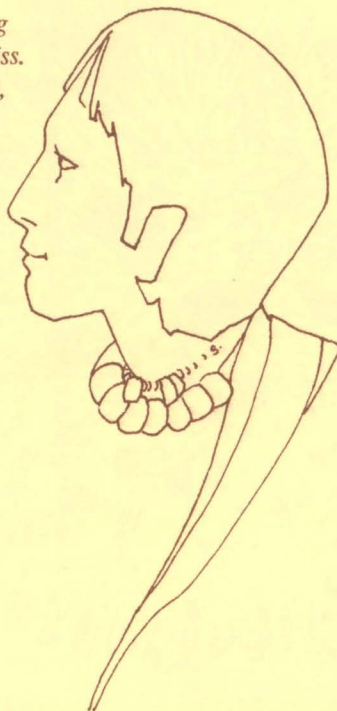
Perhaps reflections forecast naivete reign,
Unification of opposite longest came.

After thought complimenting, temporarily close a gate,
For friendship with no forevers is our fate.

TRUE LIFE

*As I was casually walking through your life,
I was taken breathless by golden leaves drifting
Timelessly downward with the softness of a kiss.
I was touched with the gentle breezes of truth,
And as the subtle fragrance of life filled me .
I knew in this place of untouched beauty,
I had found the blessing of true life.*

Anonymous



NATURE'S LOVE

*There is nothing quite as beautiful
as a trickling little stream,
As it dances down the hillside
reflecting golden beams.*

*When it flows around the corner
to join another stream,
There it finds the answer
to all its heavenly dreams.*

*It forms a mighty torrent
pounding o'er the rocks,
Ignoring all the trees and
frightening all the flocks.*

*When it begins to settle
it forms a quiet lake,
And has a little ripple
that never seems to break.*

*After it has settled
the off-spring must go on
Trickling over the hillsides
to form another pon'.*

—Harold P. Schalles

*Brown pod heavy, bursting
A full, packed, boll-white field star
Covers a clod-red sky.*

— Sandy Simon

THE SNOW HAWK

*The glacial hawk has been unbound
With icy heel and claw.
Its talons here impale the ground
And leave it torn and raw.*

*The old man drops his blanket
To our wounded worlds.
Down falls the silvery coverlet;
Toward the earth it unfurls.*

*Through the icy winter veils
Falls his snow white mane.
See, the ravaged earth quails
At her damaged domain.*

*All is quiet here, at last
The glacial hawk has gone past
And all the restlessness has died.*

— Linda Rusche



MIDNIGHT HAIKU

*Throbbing open red cave
Receives white-foam tide eagerly
Screams, shouts, speaks, sighs, sleeps.*

— Sandy Simon

*Let's begin with the yellow leaves of Autumn.
We'll sleep in our sleeping bags by the totem,
Snuggle up to the fire to break the chills,
Take a little time to sip coffee and look at the hills.*

*My mother the earth, my father the sun
And me, well I'm just a son-of-a-gun.
Study I must and study I might,
I study the stars on a cool Autumn night.*

*I see in your eyes a person like me,
I see in your mind a thinker so free.
Let's end with the yellow leaves of Autumn,
And grow mature like the grass by the totem
pole.*

— Joseph A. Schlunt



JEWELS

*The marbled trees are armored
With jewels brazenly bright.
Bronze, all set with topaz stones:
The world of harvest time.*

*Fall's infant winds have now urged
Nature's jewels into flight
And alone with the parting, feathered tribes
Rise to the chapel chime.*

— Linda Rusche

THE THEATRE

*I've come to love your sparkle and lace,
Your songs and dance,
the lives—*

the death—

*For each night captures something anew,
Never to be seen again.
My heart beats rapidly as time nears
For your lights to raise—
Whether it's the past,
the present—*

the future—

*Because a happening is taking place.
Pride fills my being as your walls rise
Constructing a home,
a farm—*

a field;

*And when the end is here, a part of me dies
As you're torn apart.
But in a matter of days a new birth begins
Starting a new world,
a new time—*

a new place.

— Byron

THE JOKER

*In a twisted joke of fate
All of my dreams were lost
For a lesson almost learned too late
To justify its cost.*

*In a gamblers' game I didn't choose
I've been forced to try
To live life where I always lose
But I never get to die.*

*To me this life's a twisted lie
Where others sing and dance
While I hang my head and cry
Because fate stole my chance.*

*If the God who made me loves me still
I'm sure he'd let me die
Unless a jester by his will
I was made to hurt and cry.*

*But if the God who made me loves all men
He must have only made a tool
That he had great plans for when
He made me this lonely four-faced fool.*

*It's getting late and the time is near
For my last mile and my last year
In a life that has really seemed to be a joke
With a face of hate and a face of fear
And a face to smile and one for a tear*



*Fate made me a twisted rambling wreck
That has no place as man or child
But when my face shows in God's gambling deck
I'll show my God his joker's wild.*

*In a game of dealer's choice
When it's my turn to deal
With a laughing, jesting voice
I'll say today the joker's real.*

*I'll call aces high and low
Then I'll say wild and nod
To let every player know
When I deal the joker's God.*

*I'll stand over every king
And be greater than all acts
While I prove a joker does everything
As he goes many places.*

*An ace and queen and jack and ten
Like me are a twisted joke of fate
Until the lonely wild one fills them in
To make the greatest winning straight.*

*Diamond and heart and club and spade
In royal families one by one
Shall learn that God one joker made
From his broken bleeding son.*

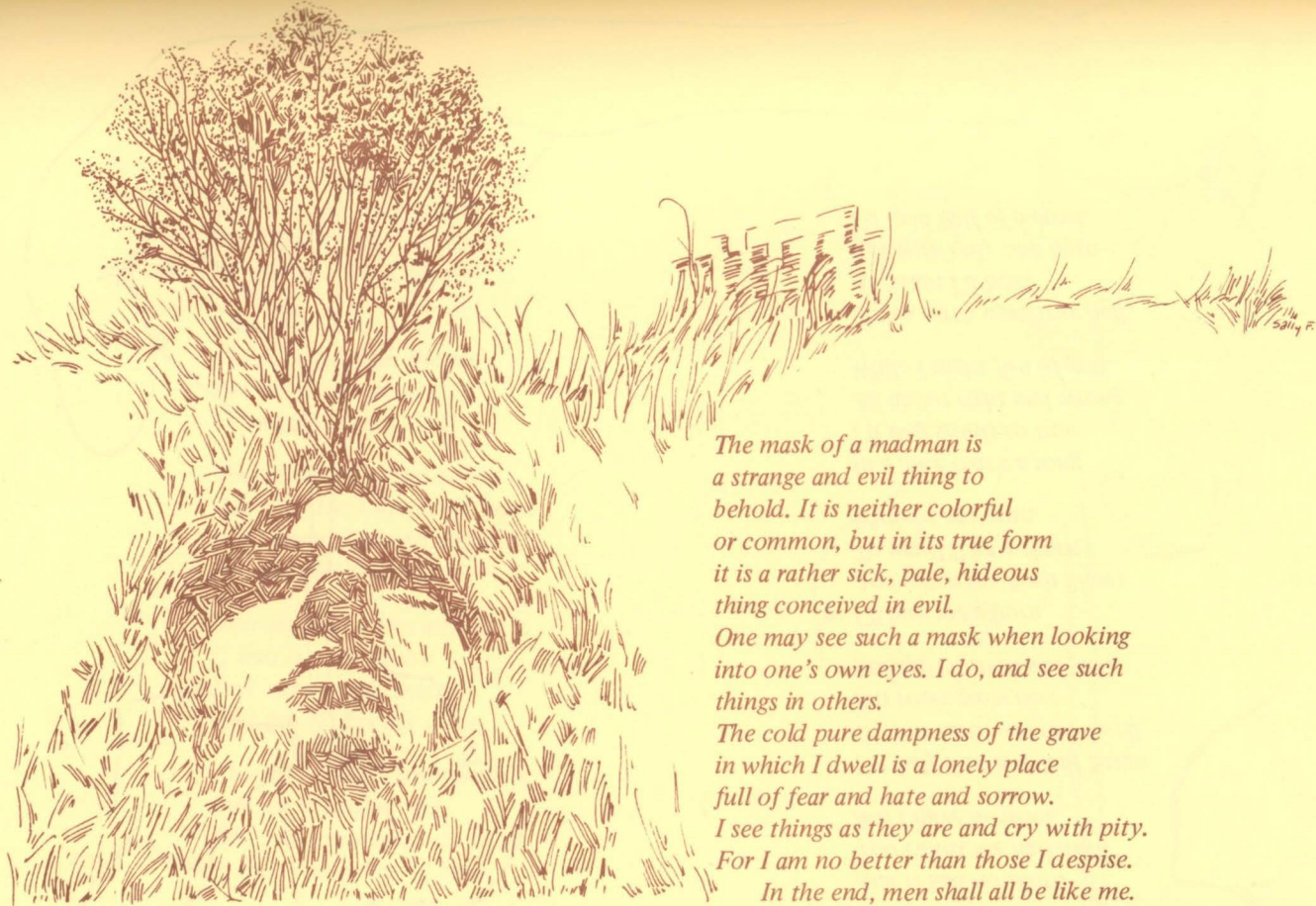
*The joker was never made to rule
He was only made to serve
Those who play the lonely four-faced fool
With more courage and more nerve.*

*God's Son also a servant came
To give each crying man and child
Courage to gamble on life's game
Where a dying joker's wild
To those who play the fool.*

*Just like a full suite of cards
With one wild joker this poem
has fourteen verses
Maybe it will bring me luck
And be my winning hand.*

*All of these cards are hearts except the joker
Because all of these verses came
From the heart of this lonely four-faced fool.*

*Just like a four-faced joker
In a deck of cards, every fool's heart
Is somewhere on a cross that
Separates his four faces.*



*The mask of a madman is
a strange and evil thing to
behold. It is neither colorful
or common, but in its true form
it is a rather sick, pale, hideous
thing conceived in evil.*

*One may see such a mask when looking
into one's own eyes. I do, and see such
things in others.*

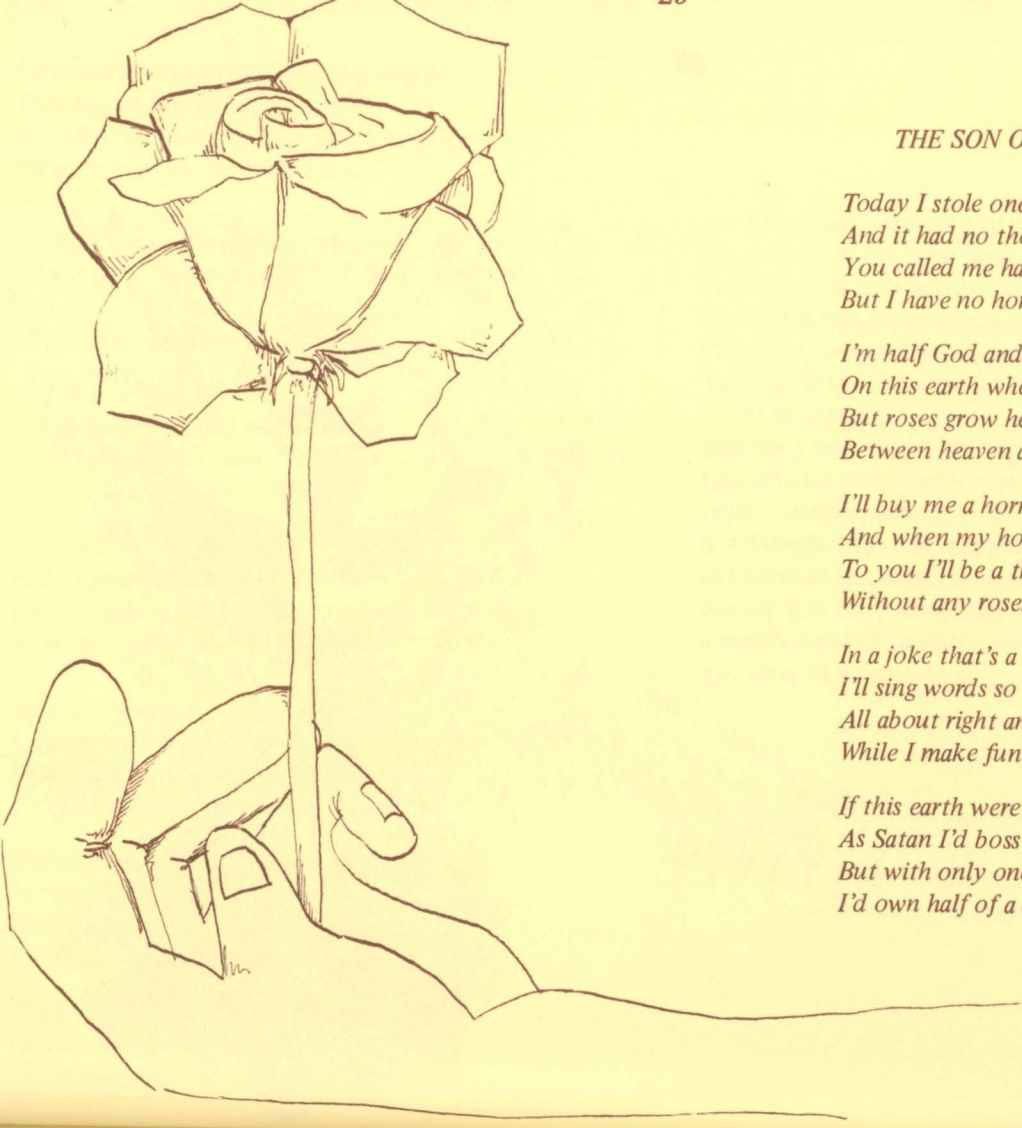
*The cold pure dampness of the grave
in which I dwell is a lonely place
full of fear and hate and sorrow.*

I see things as they are and cry with pity.

For I am no better than those I despise.

In the end, men shall all be like me.

— Bob Douglas



THE SON OF MAN

*Today I stole one rose
And it had no thorn
You called me half devil
But I have no horn.*

*I'm half God and half Satan
On this earth where I dwell
But roses grow here
Between heaven and hell.*

*I'll buy me a horn
And when my horn blows
To you I'll be a thorn
Without any rose.*

*In a joke that's a song
I'll sing words so true
All about right and wrong
While I make fun of you.*

*If this earth were true hell
As Satan I'd boss
But with only one horn
I'd own half of a cross.*

*One horn and one thorn
And one rose sang in prose
With nail scars in one hand
I'll tell you about those.*

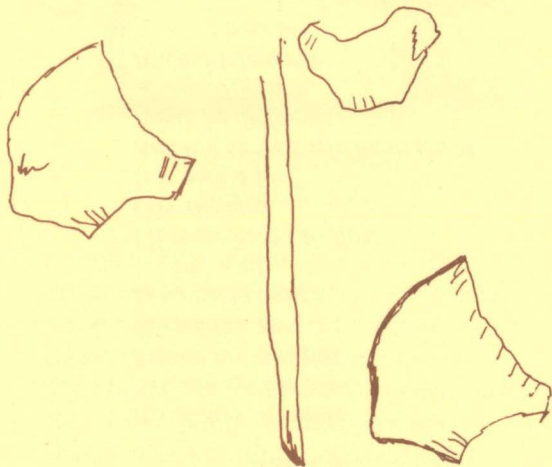
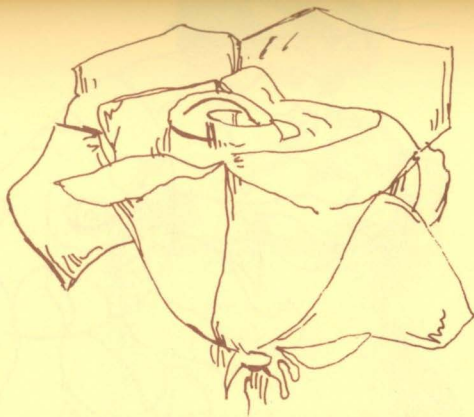
*I live in a body
That's made from the sod
But was Satan my daddy
Or was my daddy God?*

*You don't know my daddy
And you don't know my name
But I know God and Satan
Are one and the same.*

*You can find a true answer
If that is your choice
Just call on your master
And you'll hear my voice.*

*You may call me a bastard
But you'll understand
Why the true name I do claim
Is **One** Young Son of Man.*

— Alvin



JUST BECAUSE

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Far away," he said, "as far as I
can get."

"Why?" she frowned. "Was it
something I did?"

"No."

"Then why?"

"Just because," he said. "Just because."

— Lauren Fitzgerald

age 13

If I concentrate,
Try real hard,
I can take myself
away from here.

Though it isn't that bad,
It bores me.
I hate to be bored.
It makes me dull.

So I concentrate,
Try real hard.
And I take myself
Away from here.

— Lauren Fitzgerald

A DREAM

It's always the same
Yes, always the same
But no not tonight.
For on this eve
I choose to fight
And win!
I'll cause blood to flow
O'er the land.
Is it such a sin?
And my victory will be so grand.
It will be different,
Always different,
Is what I demand.

— Lauren Fitzgerald

age 13



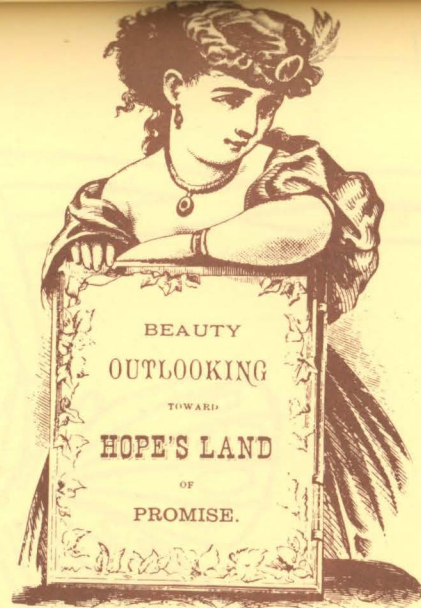
POLARITIES

*Waters gurgle, fountains flow, well-lighted space, indoors,
Half above ground, half below—I wonder where we're going?
One polar bear, polite inquires, while in the background,
Ice floes, strangely formed, adorn a rug, in a modern office.*

*The food comes from these clean machines,
The information's programmed,
On an audio-visual trip,
Three points define a plain,
Its curvature not visible,
Except from out in space.*

*Turn down the AC, lest we freeze, the forest or the trees?
The future? No, the wave's the thing! South OKC, hooray!*

— John Brandenburg



THE EIGHTY-NINERS

(Rhyme Royal)

*Not often in the bubbling pot of Fate
Does mankind see the sight of eighty-nine!
When men and women kept the famous date
Awaiting signal on the border line.
Then in the furious run that homestead sign
Was planted firmly on the chosen site
And pioneer had seized God-given right!*

From "Saga of Oklahoma" 1967.

— Leslie McRill
Poet Laurete of Oklahoma

PLAIN SONG

he wears a long grey robe
 loose on the sand
 and singing this is life
 chanting chanting this is life

a monks man hooded cowed
 pass by me holy man
 pass by

i do not know you
 but he stops
 chanting this is life
 you are life

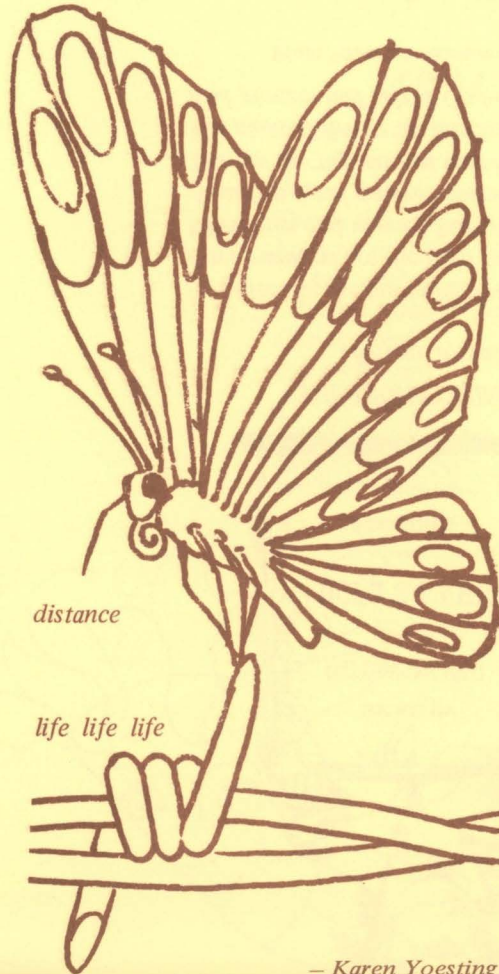
HARE KRISNA

you are life
 the KRISNA whirls

i can at any time follow into some blue distance
 some lavender stillness
 the sand and ocean at my feet
 and they chant HARE KRISNA this is life life life

it is balanced
 everything moves into blue
 it is cool
 i am laughing

i have nothing but sand



— Karen Yoesting

YOU WHO HAVE WINGS

— Karen Yoesting

You who have wings
Come closer, but
DO NOT SING

or i will follow you
quickly
like the august twilight
follows

falling
leaves
like the dawn follows
the whirr of bat wings

You who have wings come closer
but **DO NOT SING**
do not still my soul with your song

You who have wings come closer
over blue mountains

Thy wings beating in the early morning light
thy faces

pale
luminous
thy hair appearing as a river

dark and

golden

where the sunlight caresses
there is fire in your eyes

YOU

KNOW

ME

you who have wings
come
closer

but do not sing
i will follow you and wingless i cannot fly
but being mortal, reckless i will try
and flying
will
i

die

a toad hops across the back step
it is a sunday spent in melanchondria

Cricket dervishes whirl
fingers of
shadow

i wait

i would wear red satin flowing

it is evening
a fat toad shambles across the porch in

front of a quiet
step

cricket dervishes whirl their
metallic
music

the clouds are drums

i would dress in red satin satin

I would call out your name

— Karen Yoesting

O INCUBUS COME

your night (you are owner of the night) is ebony and jade
the smoked drummer clouds cast ebony shadows
on moss green trees

Red whirls
satin like
from my dance lightning

COME INCUBUS O

the breeze quivers s s s silkily like

liquid

the crickets whirl

i would dance in melanchondria
i lie in your phantom arms
Phantom is the night

PLEA

*To destroy innocence is to create sadness.
For when the knowledge comes, when the look inward
Finally happens, you think it is madness—
Until—daring to look again—you see life is absurd.*

*You love. That is pure, but as you run
From giving, from trusting, you grow perverted.
You refuse to love, but it is life you shun;
Horried, you see yourself; you are alerted.*

*Man cannot know Truth, so find release
In accepting love when it appears, life when it appears,
And realize love is not True or Good, but peace.
Let it go at that. About love, have no fears.*

*Recognize the futility of existence—of being
Realize all is without meaning or significance.
Remember release in love. And seeing
Life as it is, hating it, loving it, and shunning—
—not innocence*

*Is it
But it is noble.
And sad
Courageous it is to live in such a world as ours.
Foolish? maybe—but there is nothing else.
Love is
Life is
You are
I am
Birth is
Death is
Wars are
All is
Nothing*

*To destroy innocence is to create sadness.
To be innocent is to be guilty of not seeing.
I dare you
Bid you
Beg you
Look.*

*Be empty like me
Be sad; like me
How can you be so oblivious to what is . . .
How can you claim to know . . .
How can you pretend to be happy . . .
god- god- god- be empty like me.*



*America! where is thy splendor?
Land of glory, where is thy grace?
Are all thy feelings channeled into
concrete jungles
Your children tend to create?*

*Lady! where is thy beauty?
Can't you see how they are tarnishing your face?
Your enemies are ripping your soul to threads,
While your two-faced friends, like vultures,
wait.*

*Now, you are on your own; only your true children
stand with you.
But are they blind—can't they see your sorry faith?
Oh! mighty land, a freedom to all,
A samaritan to every distress call,
Don't buckle under by their conspiracy to make
you tumble and fall.
Do not lose your face. Be elegant; stand tall!
Unite each one. But I know when it's all over, you
will do it again.
Your hand of friendship to the vultures you'll lend.*

— Franchot



HASTE

*It is so silly, how one weighs up feelings,
Not knowing, not really seeing.
It is such a waste to turn away
Emotions which sincerely beg to stay.*

*Remember, it would take a life time for one
to find
Perfection of any kind.
And relentlessly searching, turn away a life
time of deep affection,
Amid body and soul broken by hasty rejection.*

*It is hurtful to turn your back on moments
of sheet delight.
Oh! such a waste, dining alone by candle light.
It is so senseless, life's battle alone to fight,
When in body and mind, two can unite.*

— Franchot

"I SHALL NOT ALL DIE!"

(Horace)

When the last hour is struck

And my Life-Book is closed:

"I shall not all die!"

But as Horace has said, I shall carry on

In the lives of those friends that I have known.

Thus I shall Death defy!

These boys I have loved in the class-room hour,

The joys we have shared in the past will flower

As they live and work in the years that roll.

"I shall not all die!"

— Leslie McRill

Poet Laureate of Oklahoma

I held her crushed and mangled
body tight, I caressed her face.
I couldn't believe my very own
eyes.

Memories kept flooding through
my mind.

Times we'd loved, good times, bad
times, now just *time*!

Blood ran through my fingers
and my thoughts began to clear.

I kissed her face one final
goodbye.

My love, my wife, no more.

What's left but memories of time.

Anonymous

EULOGIES UNUSED

Dead flowers laying in the yard,
 Wilted blossoms how could I forget
 Never moving since they fell.
 I remember their life,
 And the fragrance of their growth.
 Surrounded in happiness,
 And laughing summer.
 My caresses were too tight
 And the petals began to fall.
 Some left in the wind,
 The rest simply died,
 Slowly turning from red to brown.
 How can I mend their beauty?
 Offer apology to rusted leaves?
 Can I bury their memory with my hand?
 Dead flowers laying in the yard
 Wilted blossoms how could I forget
 Never moving since they fell
 Fragrant beauty I think of you yet.

When time first began
 I toiled to feed the world.
 The birds; the trees;
 The fish; the seas;
 I taught balance to all things
 That none should perish.
 When to breed; when to sleep;
 When to die; when to eat;
 My water I kept pure
 Which all could enjoy.
 For drinking; for bathing;
 For living; for playing
 I dreamed of peace
 That all might live.
 To love; to care;
 To feel; to fare;
 Who am I, you ask
 And many names to mention.
 Mothernature; Earth;
 God; birth;
 Me? I am that
 Which man destroys.

— Byron

THOUGHTS

*So many thoughts I knew and saw,
It wasn't quite the world at all,
But so much said and little done
The thought warming to speak at that.*

*So many there I knew and heard,
first the first, then the third.
The state of mind would never change,
so bound and well prepared they stood.*

*Thoughts to come, and never speak,
Thoughts which cry at heart, and some so weak.
Many then beyond belief, the mind runs on
With endless thoughts.*

*Thoughts enchanting, thoughts half real.
And those that are simply waiting
And never come true.*

*A mind with nothing but thought at stake,
its duty much, but hard to meet.*

— Don Petty



FREE

*I lay in the darkness with my
Soul soaring through the universe,
Looking upon worlds that have been
Or never will be.*

*I see people toiling to exist, for what?
To be set free, to see sights that can
Never be seen by the living.
To see stars explode, worlds born
and flower with life,
Just to fail and collapse.*

*The living will never see these sights
Until souls are set free in death.*



REFLECT REFLECTIONS

*You are my mirror,
I see my good in you.*

*You have shown me that
I too can reflect reflections.*

*You have made my life,
I will live it with you.*

*I can't find words
For the glory of you, but . . .*

*I
Love
You*

Diana Walker



SOMEWHERE

*Somewhere between the glasses,
In the middle, forgotten, alone.
Existence of freight,
Fulfilling the night,
Sent memories good,
That once never should
Have entered the heart of a home.*

*Somewhere lost in sorrow.
Behind the bottles will.
Lost in the days,
Thrown in their ways,
To reach for the sky,
To never know why
You left me cold and still.*

*The nights are cold and empty now.
Each whisper held your name,
But somewhere in there,
Your heart couldn't care,
So rain stole the sun,
With no place to run
I'm drifting alone in the sky.*

*I'll never know the laughter,
Given free without a thought,
But deep inside,
Not loudly cried,
The stars went away,
With nothing to say
We walk a lonely path all alone.*

— Bob Douglas

FIRST LOVE

Kevin Mathey

A glimpse of her is enough to enliven my pulse. Her step toward me, even in haste, is much too slow. I must rush to meet her. In the crystal blue mirrors of her eyes, I see the reflection of my own intent face.


When she praises me, I am pleased, but a sudden craving for honesty forces me to disclose my faults. She denies them.

With her utter naturalness, she is more enchanting than Circe singing on her island. Her voice murmurs, and it is difficult for me to grasp her words in the cascading music. Her smile is an incredible mixture of all the seasons. It is the flash of birds' wings against autumn foliage. It is sunshine winking in the dew.

When she is near me, in my uncertainty I am compelled to clasp her hand to prevent her flight. At times, she is wiser than the sages, yet remains as playful as a child. Her very name is the taste of honey, for I am her beloved.

*A softness and a warmness, like an eternal cushion of water
I left and did not want to return
I was surrounded by a light of softness, and had no need to open my eyes
It was an emptiness but I was not aware of being alone
There was a soft sound that engulfed me, and my mind was one with all
I was joyous but felt no reason to move
My body was completely relaxed, my eyes saw but would not open
All I wanted was the quietness; and the warmth to be fluid with me
The peace of total abandonment came over me
And I would not let anyone disturb me
My limbs that had ached and hurt were free of pain
And I could only know that I was whole
Soft gentle waves of happiness spread over me like a cushion of warm air
There was no need to respond; I was free in my thoughts
I let my mind wander to new heights, and came to the truth
Life is good only when you can let go of it
For a holding on tight was a strain; that was an unbearable misery
So close your eyes, let your mind drift
Float on the warm fluid and surround yourself with softness
And the tranquil feelings of times long forgotten will return
To let you totally be one with yourself, and a sense of totalness
Will always be there in your mind, waiting for your return*

— Bea Whiting



THE SUMMER I MET TALLUS GOOD MORNING

I enjoy talking with people because I can get their immediate reaction. I like people who use body festures and facial expressions. Mostly, I just like being in touch distance.

Two summers ago, a very nice old man and I became good friends during the time I was a guest in his pueblo at Taos, New Mexico. It was beautiful to watch him talk to the children as they walked along with him on his daily walks.

The day before I was to leave the pueblo, I got my chance to meet Good Morning. We met at the well in early morning. I smiled, he smiled back. He drew a second bucket of water for me. In his broken English, he asked, "You're from Oklahoma?". I shook my head "yes." He wiped his brow and whispered, "Hot in Oklahoma." He avoided eye contact, which pleased me, because it is a way of showing respect among the Taos people.

I shivered from the cold, very obviously. Good Morning motioned for me to follow him. I went with him to the door of his house. He came back to the door a few seconds later with a blanket that he wrapped around me. He took the pail of water from me, and we walked to where I was staying. He said something to my Taos family in his language, then took my hand and led me back to his sparsely furnished house.

He hurried about the tidy cooking area, getting breakfast together. While he cooked breakfast, he sang a song to the morning sun, then prayed for his grandchildren.

After breakfast, Good Morning wanted to talk. The subjects were basic and to the point, because it is difficult communicating with someone who doesn't speak your language fluently.

Somehow, it was easier talking to Good Morning than anyone I had ever talked to before. When I didn't understand, I would wrinkle my forehead and look puzzled. He repeated every word very patiently. Our slight language barrier didn't matter—we talked for hours.

By talking to Good Morning—using facial expressions and hand gestures, as well as just knowing we were both where we wanted to be—we learned much about each other. It would have been a great loss had I missed seeing the kindness in his face, the beautiful soft tone of his voice, and the gentleness of his touch.



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KNOTWORK

She sat at her work, a large macrame wallhanging that covered one wall, her fingers tugging at the knots, pulling them into place, forming knobby patterns and intricate designs.

From time to time, she shook back impatiently the blanket of corn-yellow hair and reached out for the ruler to measure her progress, or to select a bead from the unusual collection in the box at her bare feet.

Outside, the crickets sang their song of summer. Sometimes, she heard her name chanted over and again, weaving itself in and out of that repetitive hum—Rachel, Rachel, Ra-a-achel—fitting the perfect background to the rhythm of her hands. Hands that hovered over the autumn colored strings of jute and the roughened ropes of brown hemp, knotting quickly until the twisted cords became as the idea.

She held in her mind, as she loved her work, so, too, it pleased her to watch laborers of every sort involved in their craft, whether it be her father hammering in his carpentry shop, or the glass blower making items of near perfect delicacy at the store where she purchased her rare beauteous beads.

Pausing to glance upward at her hanging, Rachel thought, "For me, it is only the work that matters, that has meaning. Others—they pass through my life, entering by one door, leaving by another. A few stop briefly enroute, reaching out to me in some small way, but still they slip away, leaving not so much as a shadow to mark the spot where once they stood. But my work—it has no such dread impermanence. It is true that a person after he is dead is remembered only by his work, nothing else. And now my macrame designs are drawing interest. Certain people wish to possess what I have created. I am coming to that place I have striven for so long, so . . .

Abruptly, her thoughts scurried in another direction. She exclaimed aloud to the unpeopled room, "I promised Papa I would visit him today. He is waiting for me."

Papa, her father's father, had been unwell. Because his physical condition remained unchanged from that of one maybe two months ago, her family failed to understand why the frequent, urgent phone calls made by the night nurse, at his request, to implore their attention.

When her parents or sisters came to see him, he pressed into unwilling hands one or another of his personal belongings, stating he no longer had use for them. They made inquiries of the doctor and came away shaking their heads. His health stabilized? How could that be? But Rachel knew, and she explained, speaking slowly, "Papa is weary, just plain tired of being old and sick."

Jarring the chair as she stood up, stretching out sore, cramped muscles held in one position too long, she scooped up her green jacket fashioned in a military manner, jammed her feet in leather sandals waiting by the door, and ran down the stairs to the street, searching all the time in the pockets of her frayed and faded jeans for bus fare.

When she arrived at the "home," a few short, firm steps brought her down the hall past vacant faces, foolish smiles, and crumpled bodies to Papa's room. She stood at his bedside, gazing at the long, gaunt form that lay there. He was asleep.

From another room, a woman moaned, crying out most miserably; and the man propped up in the bed opposite Papa's mumbled curses cheerfully, as if reciting a

Papa's thin hand in hers. Papa stirred and opened his eyes. Recognition brought light to them. He said, "Hello, Sister." Rachel replied, "How are you, Papa?"

"Not well, no, I'm not well."

"P'raps when they find the proper medicine you'll feel better."

"I don't think so, not much. There is no medicine for what ails me."

Rachel offered no consolation. She knew none. She felt only her presence could bring any certain comfort. They murmured now softly of less vital matters as the weather, the state of the economy. But too soon Papa slipped away in an old man's reverie. Once more, he slept.

Rachel did not move away, but sat trying to remember a time when he did not look the same. Remembering, remembering . . .

Papa came to our house after I was born. He is part of my earliest memories; my gruff, stern protector from all fearful things. Mother said he used to drink and move from place to place. I don't recall seeing him so. I used to slip my hand in his—it was big then—and he would take me to the five-and-dime store for jacks or a jump rope.

Mother said his life was misspent and he'd leave nothing to show for his being alive. Can that be so? Does his life lack meaning because he leaves no work, no craft bearing his name? I don't think I can deny Papa that, for he is leaving me, his own granddaughter. I will be the knotted cord between him and all those who follow. And when the door is closed between us, I will need no shadow to mark the spot where he stood. I will work, and my work will be his, and he will be remembered even beyond me.

Some small sound returned Rachel to the room, and she moved to the window, listening—yes, it was as she thought—the throaty voice of the cricket sang somewhere close, calling her away.

She turned to gently pull the cover about Papa's shoulders and kiss the gray stubbled cheek, whispering softly, "I must go now, Papa. I have work to do."

— Susan Leonard



Due to a friend's recent questioning, I sat down to reason out my making myself noticeable—and then not wanting to be looked at. It's sort of a mangled version of Pygmalion that explains it.

When I was little, I never felt very beautiful. I don't know how most little kids feel about themselves, but I remember being a klutz. Too tall for my age, gawky, and just out of place. Except in the tops of trees or close to the ground.

Then there was the case of your average all-American big brothers who try baby sister's gullibility every day of the world. My lord, I believed everything they told me. Well, most of it. I believed it when they told me their version of where babies come from. I believed it when they told me Calvin Coolidge invented school. And so I believed it when they told me I was ugly. They called me Witch Hazel and laughed, complete with secret whispers and winks to each other. They always killed me first when we played War and then left me behind for the buzzards. I was worthless. An ugly dead witch.

My only salvation through all this was an uncle who made me his queen. He always treated me royally and told me I was an aristocrat. To him, I was a lady. I really didn't believe it, but what a thought—me a lady! I never forgot the times he told me that I could be whatever I wanted, but to always remember that I was special—no matter what the peasants thought.

So while my body was uncut stone, my mind began to form a lady. She remained a seed for a dreadfully long time, but nonetheless she remained. I only imagined her at first, but then slowly she became more and more real. She became something attainable, not just a dream. Boy, would she put the shake on the peasants.



knee d "t lie. I must have been the clumsiest kid born. It wasn't Cindy, my best friend, who tripped and bled. 'Twas I. It wasn't Cindy who ran and collided with Jimmy and Freddy. No, Cindy was graceful. Cindy knew how to dodge brick walls. It was I who stood bent and bleeding, the recurrent casualty in the recess lineup. Boy, some day I'd learn Cindy's secret. Some day, I'd be graceful. Some day, I'd even be able to walk a straight line without a faltering step. Oh, but when would it be?



Then came high school, along with a dreary tendency toward fleshiness. Here, the amazon, there the klutz. Again. I really felt obtrusive and very awkward. At times, almost the elephant masquerading as mouse. But as in the case of good-hearted friends, and as in the case of getting used to something to the point of not really seeing it, there were people in the world who loved me in spite of everything.



Enter Big Brother. The one who always took me places. If I wanted to go anywhere after school, he took me. Believe me, my gratitude was measured. Eventually, it was his friends over mine, and I became lost in the crowd. Stuck away in the back seat was more like it. But I always said, if you're gonna get stuck some place, make the best of the situation. So I became one of the guys. I could be just as horsey and fun-loving as they could, and I fit right in. Exit femininity until Act III.

And enter another best friend—Laurie. Laurie was great. She had brains, looks, good sense, a boy friend. Oh, some day . . . Here I was again—upstaged. But then Little Orphan Annie could have upstaged me.



No, Laurie was perceptive, and she cared about me. She didn't think she was any better than I was. She invited herself in and found the ivory lady I was carving. She found my secret. Laurie saw what I could be worth and encouraged me to whittle away until the lady could be let out. Such enthusiasm I'd never seen.



So maybe it was possible after all. Maybe I really could be that lady. Maybe I really could kill the klutz and stuff her away like an old Raggedy Ann doll. Then my real work began. First, I had to convince myself that I wanted to (remember, you're an aristocrat) and that I could (and you can be anything you want). Then, I had to decide just what it was that made a lady. That told me what I had already and what I had to grab for out of the blue. And my work was cut out.

I needn't fool you about my childhood; I was a tomboy, all right. I was just a country kid having fun where I could, and most of the time that meant outside in blue jeans, ponytail flying. Mama always wanted me to be a lady; and whenever I wasn't, she'd say, "That's no way for a lady to act." Or sit, or talk, or be. To which I always replied through my eyebrows, "I'm not a lady." I had it figured that a lady was one who was over eighteen and had acquired a certain dignity that came only with years. But, her definition or mine, Mama persisted and gradually I caught on.

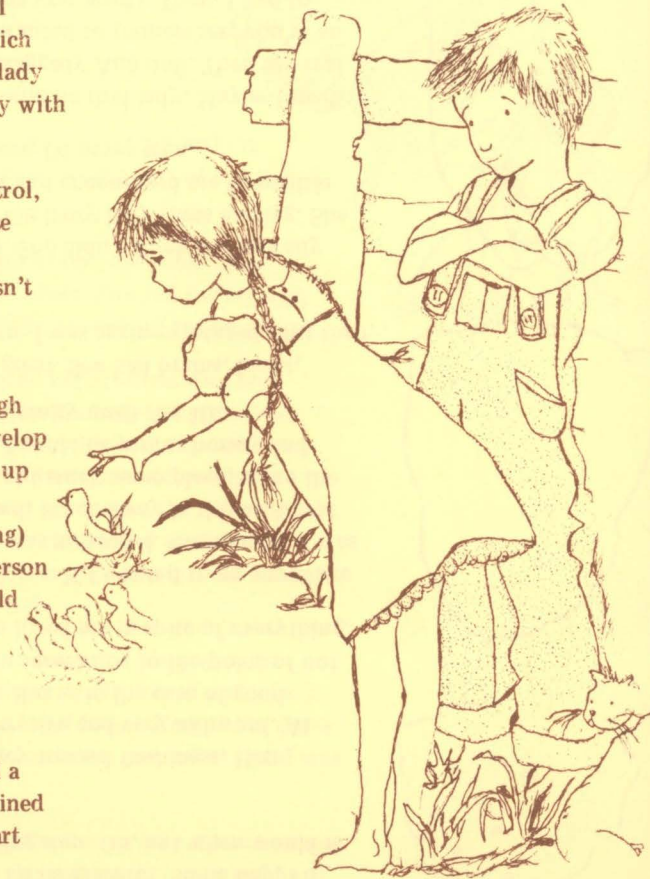
There was one thing that made a lady: dignity. Dignity, grace, charm, calm, control, wisdom. So grew my list of things that make a lady. If a girl were to possess these things, whatever combinations, she could get away with almost anything. You'll notice that physical attractiveness was left off the list. A nice addition, but I wasn't sure I could pull that part of the deal off, so I thought I'd wait and see what developed.

As I turned out, all those people who told me convinced me that I was tall enough to be "quite lovely," if all I had was good posture. That's a difficult thing to develop when grace and confidence are lacking, but I was determined by now. So I built up an immunity to all those quaint remarks people make about the weather at this awesome altitude (while resisting urges to spit on them and say that it was raining) and decided to stand tall, proud and firm in my tracks. Besides, if the average person couldn't find something to relate to in the area of my collarbone, then they could just crane their neck or find me a chair.

And, here, to the list we add a sense of humor. Don't ask why.

The ivory shavings piled high. Things began to seem more and more worthwhile and became easier and easier, and all began to show results. The ivory developed a certain gleam. The spirit within began to break through and shine. All that remained was that one lingering kiss that would bring warmth and life to the woman's heart within.

Enter Prince Charming. That man who sees to it that you are thoroughly persuaded of all your womanly qualities. Convinces you soundly that you are



real? Can a lady be a lady then? Was there something beyond it? Was there, after all, such a thing as a perfect lady?

Ahh, the supreme lady. She was the one who could walk into a room and bring silence with her. All talk would cease, heads would turn, appreciative sighs would register from men and women, too. That was the greatest, the most impossible dream. Could I do that? I'd settle for one dying voice, one turning head, one lone sigh. Anything. I'd work until I got it.

But what about the klutz? Oh, she still seeks revenge for her murder from time to time. Appearing at the corner of my eye, she shrieks, "I'm still here, so watch it!"

So, lady, you come to have a choice: walk through a crowd or go around it. You know there are people in that crowd who will see you. And this parade of yours, you know, is most successful when your mind is so full that you are unaware of you. Or when the klutz takes the day off. Which will it be?

You want to be seen, but then you don't. You lose a certain confidence, but there's still pride. You aren't sure whether you can win their hearts or not. But there's no reason to think that, so what do you do? You go the long way around, if you can. Or you become so self-conscious that you lost that certain dignity, a great deal of the grace, and the whole of your purpose. The purpose? Appearing absolutely, sickeningly and even enviably, sure. About everything. Whether you are or not.

There is where it could become dangerous. Appearing sure to the point of seeming aloof, seeming untouchable and appearing even strong. Why is that dangerous? It could mean taking on the air of a goddess. Seeming so strong that you lost what quality it is that makes you human.

So why do it at all? To see if you really can. To see if you only imagined it, in the first place. Mainly, it's the female in you. That gut-deep need to be seen, looked at. To be admired, appreciated, envied.

So now that you want them to, and they do, you wonder just why they look at you. It's a whole circle of thought that never gets old—or solved.

—Martha Wolf

Mulligan followed a blue uniformed guard down the long row of cells, fighting an impulse to plant a solid kick in the baggy seat of his pants. Other prisoners hurled a barrage of good-natured insults through the forest of stainless steel bars. Mulligan's repertoire of obscene gestures was almost exhausted when he reached the six-by-six cubicle that would be his home for longer than he cared to know.

"John Paul Mulligan," the old judge stroked his gavel lovingly, "do you have anything to say before I pass sentence"?

"Yes, your honor. Two things—one is a verb, and the other is a personal pronoun . . ."

"That's quite enough, Dr. Mulligan. For malicious slander against the state and the person of the president . . ."

"Come on, Mulligan." The guard twitched his night stick toward the cell. "You'll have plenty of time to admire the scenery."

Mulligan read the guard's name-tag carefully.

"It's just lovely, O'Toole. I'll ring when I need you again, and you'll call me for tea, won't you. There's a good chap . . ."

"Inside!" The nightstick threatened.

As Mulligan shuffled into the cell, O'Toole signalled the desk. The door hissed shut and locked with a soft click.

"And now, Mr. *High and Mighty* Mulligan, I do hope you'll be enjoyin' your stay with us." He smiled thinly and rapped the bars with his stick as he ambled off.

"Your mother's a plumber, O'Toole," Mulligan shouted after him. Oh, well, he thought, *it could* be the lunar mines.

He spent thirty seconds becoming intimately acquainted with the small cell. When he began to count the stripes on his pillow case, Mulligan knew his sanity was in danger. He postulated three therapeutic devices. Women—not likely. Travel—hah! And sleep.

test, hovering in the air a foot from the tip of his nose. Mulligan shivered violently and huddled against the wall.

"Hello," it said in a musical woman-voice. "Are you Mulligan?" For awhile, Mulligan wasn't exactly sure *who* he was, and, for awhile after that, he was afraid to admit it. He bowed his head and pinched the skin between his eyebrows, trying to decide if he was dreaming, insane, or merely suffering another attack of delerium tremens.

"Come on, Mulligan." The baby-blue sparkle sounded impatient. "This is disgusting. You're a man of science. Get it together, will you? Here, this will help."

Mulligan glanced again at his new cellmate and, suddenly, something clicked in his head. It didn't seem at all strange now to be conversing with a patch of light. He uncoiled and hung his legs over the edge of his bunk. It all seemed to make perfectly good sense.

"Yes, well, what can I do for you"?

"You can't do anything for me, Mulligan. But I can certainly help you, if you like."

"How? You bring whiskey?" He lay back and chuckled scornfully.

"Naughty, naughty." The sparkle got a little pink around the edges.

SHHPRRANNG!!

Mulligan's body contracted with sudden pain and pitched him into the floor.

"You really must behave! I hate to do those things, but I can't help you if you don't take me seriously."

Mulligan moaned and crawled back into his bunk.

"The manual recommends that technique, but there *are* other ways." Mischief crept into her voice. "Tickle, tickle."

For thirty seconds, Mulligan's body seemed to explode with pleasure. Rolling, growing waves of ecstasy blotted out his mind. Then, just as quickly, it was over, leaving him exhausted.

"Jeezus christ, lady!" he panted heavily. "What do you want?"

"No, Mulligan. What do *you* want?"

"Want out of this damned jail," he said without thinking.

"Precisely." The blue sparkle glowed smugly.

"Wait a minute." He sat up straight. "There's no way. This place is like a fortress, and the guards . . . "

"I can see the press has overrated you. An 'erratic genius' was the phrase, I believe. For a genius, you show surprisingly little imagination."

"I'm *only* a technician, Mulligan. I don't know all the answers, but I think perspective is your major problem. You're probably thinking time is a flow, a continuum, which is, of course, complete nonsense. Time is a series of still lifes, discrete packets of matter, if you like. Motion is just an illusion."

"It is? Then how is it I seem to be aware of my past? Why do I sense motion, if it's all an illusion?"

"Mulligan, I simply haven't time to explain all this. The time has come for you to be very pragmatic. If it works, it works. If not, at least you'll have something to think about during your confinement. I suggest you read a book by a man named Huxley. One of your people, I believe."

"One of theirs, actually."

"Oh, well . . . at any rate, it's a static universe, Mulligan. Like it or not. Now, all we have to do is locate you at a happier point in your wretched existence and swap."

"Body and all?"

"No. We're working on that, but for now you'll have to be satisfied with just mind. I should think you'd be happy with a younger body."

"No. We're working on that, but for now you'll have to be satisfied with just mind. I should think you'd be happy with a younger body." Mulligan's hand automatically went to the fat around his middle.

"I don't understand . . . "

"Obviously. So just be quiet and listen. It should be evident, even with your limited capacity, that there's not much hope of walking out of this cell. There are, however, other ways to travel."

"Matter transfer? Teleportation? Like that?"

"Like what? Please be more explicit."

"Convert my component atoms into energy and reassemble them somewhere outside of here."

"And what good would that do? You'd be back here in thirty days, at most."

"What else is there? Time travel, for instance?"

"Perhaps you're quicker than I thought. These are unhappy times for you, Mulligan. If you'll just think of a happier time, I'll see what can be done. I would suggest, however, a past time. Your future seems a little bleak."

"No." Mulligan shook his head slowly. "There are a thousand reasons why this is impossible."

"Really?"

"How can there be two of me in the same place at the same time? And what about conservation of mass/energy? How can you get around that?"

OVERALL REACTION TO PROGRAM

I was not wearing overalls! I was dressed to attend a symphony! This means I was wearing the best of my limited wardrobe.

If I could find the person or persons who threw the bottle, the witches would lack nothing for the cauldron.

However, there was quite an exciting variety in the afternoon's program. We were not entertained, thrilled, bored, or enhanced—insensible is more apt! And we did not hear what we had expected at this concert.

SUBJECTIVE REACTION

The selection of the brand of beer bottle was excellent! After all, it is the champagne of bottle beer!

The mood was generally one of deep depression, coupled with anger and fear. Very nice; you must try it some time! The mood was evoked through the very deliberate process of juvenile delinquency, in connection with great thirst. The beer bottle was well thrown? however, it lacked a certain rhythm, thereby causing the glass to break with an uneven texture. That part of the glass which did not fly all over the interior of the car, but remained in the frame, did have a certain delicate pattern and a touch of humor denoted by the tempo of the flying glass.

All in all, this is not to say that the transmission was outdone. Starting with racing runs containing crescendos of such magnitude that the heart leaps with the sound, the transmission carried off the interweaving melodies to such an extent that Stravinsky would have wept!

PERSONAL EVALUATION

I feel it is of interest that we who love the arts are preyed upon by those who don't. This makes the second time I have tried to enter into the arts, and twice this station wagon has suffered for my selfish desires for art and culture. (Poor baby.) I leave you with this thought — "Never go to a concert in a car which has, or seems to have, a Mafia contract out on it."

May I humbly ask permission to make my next concert report on that of Seiji Ozawa, my favorite conductor, as he directs the Boston Symphony Orchestra appearing on Channel 13, our local Public Broadcasting Service? If allowed to do so, surely I could hear great music in the safety of my own home?

Thank you!

With a Hey-nonny-nonny

Thank you!
 With a Hey-nonny-nonny
 by A. Nony Mous

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SPECIAL THANKS

Sally Fitzgerald

Warren Neal

Franchot Elliot, Cover Design

Mary Mayfield

Gary Smith

John Austin Smith, Staff Photographer

Sue Hinton, Faculty Advisor

Diana Frizzell,

Karen Yoesting,
Associate Editor

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Martha Wolf



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