

# The Angle

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## Full Issue

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# THE ANGLE

Winter 1966

Volume 11

Number 1

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## Dedication

DANTE ALIGHIERI 1265-1321

*In grateful tribute we dedicate this issue to Dante Alighieri. Seven hundred years have proven Dante a man of all seasons, of all times, of all manner of men. He has much to say to us today, if we will but take the time to enter his vision.*

*Dante had been a wanderer the greater part of his life, penniless, without family, and unjustly exiled from his beloved Florence. But what kept him from resentment, despair, or indifference was a pervasive awareness of the Fatherhood of God. Thus he was able to endure the wickedness of man and not be astounded at his goodness.*

*Dante was a strong, courageous poet, who always made a sharp distinction between right and wrong. And the greatest evil for him was to betray another. In the frozen waters of the icy lake at hell's center, he placed the betrayers of one's friend, one's country, one's God. And Dante had another and darker insight, that of the lost souls whom even Hell will not accept, the uncommitted that are to be found in every age; he pictures them as featureless, aimless, wandering in meaningless circles before Hell's gates.*

*What speaks to us from the pages of The Divine Comedy is Dante's mind and soul — his courage, scorn, convictions, and love. The finest tribute we may make to this poet is to read him, to follow him through the Inferno to the Purgatorio to the centripetal center, the Paradiso.*

—REV. JOSEPH TROVATO

# The Prince and Time

By JAMES R. HALL, JR.

Long after long-ago but shortly before one-upon-a-time, there was a prince.

—So very much there is to do. So very much there is to do, he would say. And when night comes, it comes very quickly. I shall find time to do that which I wish.

Thus in search of time he set off. That he might catch time. That he might have enough.

The peasant asked:

—My Prince, it is true that I must get in the harvest. I — a poor peasant—am not able to give time. No time have I.

The smith of the village asked:

—My Prince, I have no time but my own. Though I deeply wish that I might, I am not able to give time unto you.

The prince asked everyone in the village. No extra time had they. The prince asked everyone in the kingdom. No extra time. For to have extra time all were too busy.

Now to ask everyone in a kingdom (such as then they were) demands from one a large deal of time. Once young, the prince felt old age absorbing him. I-shall-find-time hardened into I-must, for old age was absorbing him. To countries around this world went the old prince (still a prince was he, for his father was too busy to die).

—No, but tell us if you find the secret, said busy heads-of-state.

No. No. Time was not to be had from others. How dejected did the prince go back to his kingdom. How. He walked the streets of his village. Up he looked and down.

—That I might catch time, he said. That I might have enough.

An old woman, broken and bent, approached.

—My Prince, said she, I have heard that one may have all the time that one wishes, if one would catch Father Time.

—Where, O Woman, may I find this Father?

—He lives, O my Prince, atop a mountain, they say, a mountain high, ragged, and jagged. A mountain hard to climb. There lives he, this Father Time.

She pointed to a purple peak in the west.

—It is a chance, said the old prince. It is a chance.

He climbed the mountain. Up, up to the purple peak. There he found Father Time. (Who looked no older than the prince.)

—I would have time, the old prince said. A lifetime I have searched for time. I have forgone white chargers, moats, and fair damsels in distress. I have forgone all things princely. Even the Holy Grail. All of my life I have said: Would that I would have more time. Now I would have time. Now.

—My Son, said Father Time. Time — time is made, not given.

—Still . . . , persisted the old prince.

—As you would have it, my Son. Receive this jar. After I leave, open it; for there is all the time you would have.

The old prince — how his hands did tremble — tried to get the cap from the jar. He strained his aged heart. And the jar fell empty from his lifeless hand.



# Dream

I took that drive this spring day  
But it wasn't the way  
I dreamed.

The wet, the misty verdurous valley  
Made me want to stop & see really  
What had been dream.

But second gear was running out  
And anyways it began raining out  
(These things somehow don't happen  
In dreams.)

Watch out! that bulldozer there  
Off the slippery, narrow dirtroadside  
missed by a hair!

You crack up when you dream, boy!  
Goddamned yellowbugs that move earth & stream.  
One can get hurt out here it seems  
There's no room for dreams

Unless you walk  
And it's too far to walk  
And it takes too much time — not like dreams.

PHIL PARISI

# Our Trojan Skaynay

one last d r a g as then apollo  
put out the sun in the ashtray-sea

"what the hell," said the Day  
and pulled up the covers

slow the moon razored thru the licorice fabric  
and became a broken orange necco-wafer

Turnus brushed the cigaretteashes off his dark suit  
and saw:

AENEAS in the wall street journal . . .  
AENEAS at the busstop . . .  
AENEAS between the dark sidewalkcracks . . .  
AENEAS in the drugstorewindow . . .  
AENEAS thru the Y-Why-trees . . .

horns shouted AENEAS . . .  
bedroom lights spelled A-E-N-E-A-S  
on the nightgrass . . .

the bills in his pocket were headed AENEAS; AENEAS must  
be paid . . .

and that THINGS HAPPEN.

"what the hell," said Turnus,  
. . . that AENEAS didn't owe him a living . . .  
. . . but a dying . . .

and the next day a trojan killed a rutulian . . .  
—sine clementia.

JAMES R. HALL, JR.

# The Unpopular Spider

Quoth the spider to the fly,  
"Thou'rt the apple of mine eye!"  
Said friend Musca, "O, Arachnid,  
As a poet you're a hack, kid!"<sup>2</sup>

Quoth the spider to the bee,  
"Come, my love, and dwell with me."  
"Spider, not for all your money  
Would I "bee" your Apian<sup>3</sup> honey."<sup>4</sup>

Quoth the spider to the ant,  
"O, for you with love I pant."<sup>5</sup>  
Said the Worker to the suitor,  
"Change your glasses, Mac; I'm neuter!"<sup>6</sup>

Quoth the spider to the wasp,  
"Your slender waist just makes me gasp!"<sup>7</sup>  
Replied irascible Hymenoptera,  
"What gall! I shouldn't even talk to ya."

Quoth the spider to the worm,  
"I like your shape: well-stacked and firm."  
"I'm sure you'd find me much too gelid,"<sup>8</sup>  
Said that Lumbricoid Annelid.

## FOOTNOTES\*

\* If a "good" poet like Eliot can use footnotes, why can't a rotten one?

<sup>1</sup>He packed a '38; used Safeguard, gummy roll-ons, messy creams, dripping sprays—and he still stunk.

<sup>2</sup>Note the difficulty of sounding the double consonant. That's English for you!

<sup>3</sup>The epithets, by the way, are generic rather than Homeric.

<sup>4</sup>I've got a million of them!

<sup>5</sup>According to a noted entomologist who studies his bio. during English novel classes, spiders don't pant. But what does *he* know?

<sup>6</sup>Very sad condition, really.

<sup>7</sup>Don't look at me — they rhyme in New England . . .

<sup>8</sup>"Cold; frozen." Poetic license for "cold-blooded."

Quoth the spider to the flea,  
"Would you my parlor like to see?"  
Answered leaping Ctenocephalis,  
"Sure — if you like erysipelas."<sup>9</sup>

"Your dashing motley<sup>10</sup> strikes my eye,"  
Quoth spider to the butterfly.  
Said Lepidoptera amorphous,<sup>11</sup>  
"Sorry, I've gotta metamorphose."

Quoth the spider, "Come to supper,"  
To a springy, fat grasshopper.<sup>12</sup>  
Answered him the wise Romalea,  
"You must be sick. Come, now, what ails ya?"<sup>12</sup>

Quoth the spider to the aphid,  
"Come in. Don't act as if I'm rabid."<sup>13</sup>  
The louse replied, "I really can't,  
You see. I'm wet-nurse to an ant."<sup>14</sup>

Quoth the spider to himself,  
"Despite my titles, power, pelf,<sup>15</sup>  
I'm doomed to cursed solitude."<sup>16</sup>  
Who shakes the web?" "It's me — Gertrude."<sup>17</sup>

Quoth the spider to his mate,  
"Let's get to bed; it's growing late."  
"Claudius,<sup>18</sup> dear, that suits me fine;  
But first, on you, I think I'll dine."<sup>19</sup>

<sup>9</sup>An itching skin condition caused, actually, by a bacterium. Hell, who's fussy?

<sup>10</sup>Admittedly, the term "motley" may be just a *bit* too dashing here.

<sup>11</sup>"No definite shape." Used loosely here, of course.

<sup>12</sup>Any port in a storm. If you can rhyme them better — go ahead.

<sup>13</sup>He really doesn't know he is. Sad!

<sup>14</sup>Ants are said to milk aphids like cows. Among cynical young ants there is said to be a proverb: if aphid juice is so cheap, why buy the aphid?

<sup>15</sup>Entire line lifted from someone's poem on Benedict Arnold.

<sup>16</sup>Some Romantic he'd make with *that* attitude.

<sup>17</sup>*Cf. Hamlet.*

<sup>18</sup>*Cf. Hamlet.*

<sup>19</sup>Relax — it wasn't Friday.

Alas! that Machiavellian spider  
Came to rest, at length, inside her.<sup>20</sup>  
Provided he the wherewithal  
To make his wife a cannibal.

There is no moral to this story  
Except — that life is transitory.<sup>21</sup>  
I'll finish with a quibble<sup>22</sup> old:  
Remove the ice<sup>23</sup> — my tale is told.

<sup>20</sup>Any sport in a dorm.

<sup>21</sup>So quoth Beowulf and Everyman.

<sup>22</sup>"Pun." 18th century. Dr. Johnson detested quibbles. I detest Dr. Johnson.

<sup>23</sup>Ice *is* gelid. So, there!

HAROLD DePUY

## Rain, Now

Rain, now.  
And bringing down, like men's ideas,  
all the loose leaves.  
Patterning  
the pavement:  
collage.

The giacometti trees  
are cordoned after the wind's parade:  
having thrown all their confetti  
and roared hoarsely  
and waved wildly  
they stare at the strewn street  
and are naked  
and empty.

For what they threw  
was them  
and their hero wind is  
where

R. PAVELSKY

## The Murder

Come with me around the town —  
She's just put on her evening gown  
She's decked out fine, all in black  
With twinkling sequens on her back

(I'll take you to a murder)

Come with me around the city  
Though I must warn you: show no pity  
The people having cups of fun  
Are truly happy — every one

(No shot will echo)

We'll drive up this street, drive up that —  
Look out! Look out! Don't hit the fat  
Old drunk falling off the curb  
His Non-Existence don't disturb

(No blade will flash)

Listen to that jumping band  
Come with me and we'll stand  
In back and watch the dying youth  
Attempt expression of their "truth"

(No pipe will thud)

Look: see that couple over there  
Do be careful, do not stare  
Unless my eyes are in a blurr  
That's a He — no — that's a Her

(No car will crash)

Look at that fellow take one more  
Then stagger, stagger out the door  
What a time he has had!  
Worth it — though next morning's bad

(No blood will flow)

Well, *time is late*: time to go  
Hope you have enjoyed the show  
Oh! Just before we say good-by  
I hate to ask — you know I'm shy:

Did You Enjoy The Murder? . . .

JAMES R. HALL, JR.

## Bide My Time

Night place, face alone,  
pipe and mouth smoke exuding  
as the walk is slowly paced.  
The calm of dark  
with scarce the breath of breeze  
leaves the trees poised  
and weeds still.  
Stony shore 'neath the beacon  
blinking to friends far out,  
blinking back their being.  
The steps to shore round  
and worn stones set firm.  
The rocks, boulders of my place,  
stone-gray in the black night  
with lone a moon  
hiding its nearest stars;  
sending light on rippling waves.  
The channel of light darts  
and sways, speckles in flight,  
as the lake lightly flows on.  
The gray-black waves trickle  
on the rocks below and  
touch the toes bending o'er the stones.  
But when the pipe dies and  
the night lies still far still,  
through pine and birch pace back,  
moon light and wind slight —  
a light flash, crash!, the pace quick  
and the skies their moisture drip.  
Night place, storm alone.

RICHARD WAHL

# FRONT STREET

Dirty drunk  
On Front Street wine  
    Darkened from city soot  
    Of a crumbled antiquity  
        Reddened from War-Won wounds  
        Bearing birth into a  
        Battleborn era.

"I'll have  
Red mudpies, please . . ."  
    For dinner  
    Crusted fingers  
    Dirt-caked  
    Desert  
Away  
    Far  
        Away  
    Running down  
    Day into night  
    Straight streets  
    Winding wide  
        Into  
    Converging narrowness  
    Where lined pluralities of polled torches burn  
        Into  
        One  
    Massive glow  
    Of tumbling buildings  
    Falling to a sky  
    Shaken to the ground  
    Where sound  
    Slips slowly  
    From sight  
And a filthy shadowed  
Figure falls facing  
Himself for the first time.

FRANK DELLY

# PHOENIX

By RAY PAVELSKY

It was darker than any night he had know as a child, lying in bed toward an unseen ceiling, first opening then closing his eyes to see if there *was* any light in the late room squeezed dry by the dike-door. . . .

There were trees, but he only knew them by stumble, strike, and grope. And rocks like lazy turtles complicated his every cellophane step: leaves crashed under his feeling feet.

Luminescent compass-face glanced at every few steps, lost to any observer in the camouflage of stars without moon: leaderless platoon, everyman-forhimself checking separate luminescent compass faces.

Some sound like ice on ice in among the pall of black and tree made him taste adrenalin: dry tin. His teeth were in his tongue's way. Five feathers of flame lived and died ahead of him and the brass talons scored the silk night to his right: dive to left. Silent turtle waiting for his stomach. Roll down behind. Breath gone. Turtle-fist to midsection in third rou. . .

think grenade:  
    bathtub plug. glug  
        one  
        two  
    gruntlob thud. tree in front of rock.  
    god. dont no where it  
        (three)  
    leap-cringe, face in leaf corpses  
        (four)  
    raking back ya . . . ear against huge pulsing egg

The luminescent face lay in the leaves staring mute at the ceilinged platoon. It did not say a direction, its needle-tongue, untoothed, being elsewhere in the night.

quietly  
i observe old ladies on the bus  
old ladies  
with fuzz on their cheeks  
and whiskied breath  
who hold tightly to their dogs  
and holdly strip young men  
straining at their leashes

billious in lace  
they cackle deeply  
in goitered voices  
and claw toward their canes  
through yellowing gloves

they blink seductively  
like circus clowns  
who have swallowed eggs  
of snakes  
and they fall to sleep  
vacantly  
to be filled in in dreams  
like wilted  
powdered flowers in a vase

MIKE GOODWIN

old men sit on buses  
and snap suspenders  
judiciously  
grow  
whiskers the color of  
dead skies  
and trap  
shoppingbags  
between their  
bonewhite hairless  
knees

and young men  
wonder what lost  
treasures  
lie in the  
scrotom-like shoppingbags  
of old men  
droning loneward on buses  
their eyes sighted stoneward  
their whiskers  
twinkling  
like shattered pearls  
and singing of death

MIKE GOODWIN

## Winter Nostalgia

Void of whiteness falls the snow  
Into silver hands raised high  
Regal voices soft and low  
Granting wishes from the sky.

Instant sorrow fills this breast  
Noiseless dreams engulf this soul  
Isolation seems to wrest  
Aged mankind from this knoll.

Into deeper trances fall  
Lonely island feels the cold  
Over every pore do call  
Voices seeking from the fold.

Ever close now come to me  
Youth and beauty virgin bright  
Over all come set me free  
Until now alone with fright.

JOSEPH G. GENDUSO

## A "j. a." Type Lesson

*(It was once believed that the human fetus, whole and complete, was conceived entirely in the male parent. The womb was merely a place for this microscopic body, Homunculus, to grow.)*

J. ROBBINS



Homunculus.

Whole man conceived  
by one.

Incarnate offspring

Of men who need  
no love.

Not so!

Conception without union?

No life.

No man  
Gives birth  
Alone.

## When Winter Seizes

A welcome change it is that's sent from heaven  
to fall, floating on us when we're rotting in routine  
left over from warmer months. A welcome change from  
the once animating powers of new spring become dead with  
passing months. Rather, when we became dead  
to sight, sound and smell.

A welcome change it is, admit it or no,  
to send us in away from racing engines, squealing tires,  
beer-canned beaches and bikinis — to send us in  
where we can talk and know each other beyond mere names.  
There aren't any places to go now, except here  
where we know we're better off than outside, for a change —  
it's cold now, winter's cold, and we're forced to  
stay together.

The once animating powers of new spring and summer. . .  
when we, hands in pockets, stood before those nocturnal  
trees silhouetted against a fullmooned sky —  
when we, each alone, stood and watched  
their outermost tender edges, their reaching tips  
gently pulsate with each breeze.

The trees look more beautiful restored,  
after having lost their life-blood  
to their roots for a while, in ground protected. . .  
after having been stripped naked and barren. . .  
only half there

And when it all is gone, those lost things of beauty  
which we strained so futilely to keep, become  
a welcome change indeed, recalled. . .  
more thanked than if the snow never dissipated  
the sultry air of summer, nor killed the slimy growth  
developed in our pool of stagnancy — than if the frost  
and ice never were sent to halt the growth  
of seaweed that tripped and tangled our feet  
as we groped alone at the edge of dusk, . . . insensate.

PHIL PARISI

# JODY

By MIKE GOODWIN

I have come home to the bed of my boyhood slightly drunk and weaving with dreams unstrung. Poppa is dead, and Jody, my little brother, sleeps beside me; his hands fragile as glass, his heart a silver bird.

Jody is a song so slowly played that oftentimes his bones ache. All the hidden stars and magic dreams unprojected in his skull will have him reeling soon. Let him sleep and gather strength.

I feel him growing, tawny lions revel in his hair. His mystic roots seek down through the bed to the core of the earth, his fingers are a transparent brilliance as they streak of lightning over my heart in sleep. He will search my heart deep and bury me in his spangled universe. Gypsy eyes has my Jody, long black spiderweb lashes and puddles of fireflies. I love him. He is my father's seed sprung to flower.

My mother is a dark warm womb fertile and suffering, cultivating in joy delicate flowers of blood from the earth. My mother is cycles and in her spinning my father was mystery. Emptiness and quiet light. The source and product of my mother's fitful blooming. Only from the spinning womb can my spinning eyes see.

I did not understand him, my father, he was the string, my mother music. She echoed and loomed out of his emptiness weaving colors of psychological song but always she returned tiptoe to his silent spring. My father's only music was time itself ticking off my mother's veils one by one, sucking milk and growing like balloons, her children.

October wind above the sugar shingles. Blind sensuous tension of a child's hand groping.

Circus quilted night, my little brother Jody shivers in tented dreams like a silver bell unstrung and running in your chill. His slender hands in sleep have strained my heart and found the pain. Scarecrows rend his wind and his breath comes tumbling in blackbird air patches. Poppa is dead. Only field mice remain squinteyed asleep and trembling in funny furry balls beneath the leaves of corn between the breaths of hay. Jack Frost builds cities of ice from the minted breath of Jody's tinkling valleys. I need not tell him now. Poppa is dead.

Swiftly they pass  
Me by,  
These fledglings crass,  
And I  
Who twice their years  
Almost  
This 'vale of tears'  
My post  
Have kept, must hie  
Aside  
And let *them* fly!  
Alas,  
Unfeeling band,  
Run, pass!  
Fly on, nor stand  
To view  
My temple's gray  
With hue  
Of ash, nor stay,  
Though meet  
It be that *you*  
Retreat . . .  
For this I sue,  
My due:  
Just give me place  
(My due!)  
To set the pace  
For YOU!

## Musings of An Ancient Pedagogue

Gay, carefree band,  
Too soon  
*You'll* learn to stand —  
Too soon  
*You'll* learn to wait  
While boys  
Of flying gait  
And joys  
Uncloaked, dash  
*You* by,  
Unthinking, rash.  
As I  
Do now, then *you*  
Will be  
Too quick to rue  
their glee  
And mourn their waste  
Of zeal . . .  
And curse their haste  
And feel  
Your patience tried  
And bruised,  
Your cherished pride  
Abused!

Run then! Be gay!  
 You'll know  
 Too soon the day  
 You'll slow . . .  
 When then  
 With halting gait,  
 Denied  
 Your place, you wait  
 Aside  
 And helpless stand,  
 Forbear  
 To reprimand;



And there  
 Benignly greet  
 These boys  
 Of flying feet  
 And joys  
 That mock defeat —  
 But *pray*  
 As now do I  
 That they  
 Will one day fly  
 To truth  
 That never bends  
 And youth  
 That never ends!

CLARENCE AMANN

# Godiva

By G. KOEPEL

"You're really going out like that?" I said.

"Why not?" She said.

"You could catch cold like that."

She laughed for a moment, and came to me smiling and bit my finger.

"Ouch!"

"That's what I think of catching cold. You are absolutely priceless, you know."

"So I've noticed. Much more of this, though, and I shall depreciate quite quickly." Her teeth were very even and small and left great, bruised dotted lines on either side of the finger. "Sometimes I've a good notion to send you packing back to mama."

"You wouldn't dare. I'd pluck out your eyes first."

I decided to change the subject.

"What are you going out dressed like that for? People will think you are very naughty indeed. Maybe I should beat you once in a while? You know, the neighbors have suggested it to me on occasion." I went to the couch and picked a copy of *Time* off the coffee table. My picture was on the cover. I was famous; according to the lady of my heart — notorious. "It's not a very good likeness."

"True," she said, "they've forgotten to include the horns."

"You've touched me to the quick!"

"I might ever."

"Hmm." I was in a difficult situation. The last tax passed by the legislature was becoming unpopular — especially with my wife. As far as it affecting my political future, I was unconcerned. I was sure not to be re-elected in the forthcoming election. The public was thoroughly devoted to my opponent. It did worry my personal life. I didn't mind so much when my wife began working on the other party's campaign. However, this matter of demonstrating in the streets of the state capital did cause me a great deal of concern. I had ordered the police to clear the streets along her route. The city was deathly quiet this morning. I had decided to go hide in the bomb shelter until it was all over.

She was on the intercom, calling the car around to the side portal. The parade would start from Webster Square.

"You must admit, dear," she was saying to me, "that it *is* quite ingenious to protest with a recreation of Godiva's ride. That was over taxes too, you know."

"O, yes, yes; It's so very true." I've no time to waste, I thought. Forward to the fall-out shelter! "I wish you wouldn't though. Godiva didn't have national television coverage."

"Don't worry, princeps; I love you very much, even while I'm working for you-know-who. Every envelope I lick, I think of you. I love you madly!"

"You've been reading Dostoyevsky again."

She grinned at me. "But active love is labor and fortitude. I think it's absolutely lovely."

"It's subversive, is what it is. I've a good mind to lock you in the closet and not let you out."

"Don't be angry with me." She said, "If you do, I'll cry; I do anyhow, sometimes, because I know I make you unhappy. But I do love you." She threw her arms about me, dug in her nails and began to sob softly.

"I appreciate that, I really do, but please stop crying. You're clawing my spine all to shreds. Besides you'll be late for the procession if you don't hurry." I slapped her on the posterior, and led her towards the door. "I'll see you to the car." I threw her coat over her shoulders. "I don't suppose they'll mind if you wear this until the demonstration begins. Now go and picket to your heart's content."

She got into the car, threw me a kiss and roared off. When I was no longer governor, I'd have a terrible time keeping up with her traffic tickets. I turned up the steps and walked back to the library. I took her copy of *Crime and Punishment* from the shelves and took the elevator to the bomb shelter.

## Valentown, A Ghosttown Hall

(Dedicated to J. Sheldon Fisher, who saved and restored this 1869 Shopping Plaza for future generations)

Near Exit 45 that takes you  
woosh! straight east or west,  
ghost Valentown waits,  
a gaunt height of timber walls,  
panes stretched to weathered frames,  
staring blankly into the wind.



Its wood once unseasoned  
with the greenness of hope,  
a springtime community  
exulted in its young earthdays.  
Now it looms a strange thing,  
cast up from the sea of time  
on our sands of steel and glass.

"Valentine's folly!", built to  
meet a railroad that got lost  
somewhere. Here had been  
the dream, then the wreck  
of the promised end. But  
like an aged Lear alone  
on the heath, it howled down  
fate and chance, shook off  
the bony hand of Nothing,  
to stand now, a door to the past:

like a human, an achieved Something.

REV. L. HETZLER

Jewel in a junkyard,  
you are  
Abnormal against nauseating normality,  
you walk  
Naked among masqueraders,  
you give  
Icicles to desert dwellers,  
you light  
Candles for the blind,  
you are  
Exploder of their graves

*two*

You  
are  
Autumn's  
rainbow  
bursting  
windblown  
bouquet  
disrupting  
a  
cold  
gray  
day



*for you*

RICK TADDEO

There is this pair  
of dogs,  
neighbors of mine:  
the one a German shepherd  
straight strayed from Wittenberg, they say;  
the other a molding mottled mongrel,  
his pure and primal parentage  
in miscegenetic meandering  
long lost sight of . . .  
I never saw them approach  
but within snarling distance  
save now and then  
when at each other's throats  
they rent  
the peaceful parish air  
with piercing screeches  
and pompous doggy threats . . .



I've even seen them  
lie together  
of an afternoon or eve  
without a snarl

a growl  
or bark

(at least a hostile one) . . .  
I do mark though  
they still  
tote their own bones  
unready yet to share  
their cartelagenous sustinence.  
It's doggone encouraging though!

# ECUMENISMS

So  
small wonder  
one sooty city night of late  
scarcely could I  
aye my naying eyes  
secing this very canine duo  
cross the boulevard  
'hip to haunch'  
in peaceful dogalogue,  
their concerted goal  
the selfsame crossway lamppole  
that lights the farther side . . .  
I note  
of late too  
they've taken to visiting  
each other's yards, porches,  
pens even . . .



CLARENCE AMANN

