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Volume 1971 *Calliope Manuscript Day 1971: i don't think i'm anybody's thursday someone's saving me for a rainy day*

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Article 1

1971

## Calliope Manuscript Day 1971: i don't think i'm anybody's thursday someone's saving me for a rainy day

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fiction & poetry  
from Western Michigan University's  
2nd Annual Manuscript Day

Edited by Robert La Rue  
Herbert Scott

Introduction by John Woods

## IN APPRECIATION

The editors wish to acknowledge the generous contributions of colleagues and friends of the English Department at Western Michigan University in the judging of manuscripts and participation in the activities of Manuscript Day, 1971.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Cover Poem is by Patrick Rode  
of Sylvan Christian Junior High School, Grand Rapids

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In the past few years, national and local institutions interested in helping young writers have extended their concern from the university to the secondary schools.

The National Endowment for the Arts, a tax-supported institution, has initiated and financed a number of programs. As is usually the case, the performing arts have received the most attention; but creative writing, that solitary and often invisible activity, has also been supported.

Four or five years ago, a "Poetry in the Schools" program was started in inner city high schools and junior highs in New York and Detroit. This concept spread rapidly, so that many states, including Michigan, have brought practicing poets and other writers, many of national reputation, into the classroom and community.

These brief exposures to the writer and his writing have had mixed results, of course; but more often than not they have started or intensified a real excitement in the making of poems, stories, and plays.

Some otherwise turned-off students have been brought to life by these encounters; and those who had already begun to write have felt that the gap between their own work and the sanctified poem in the text was not as wide as they had thought.

Many students, talented or not, have learned that the poem or story emerged, however obliquely, from the daily concerns of a living person. They will probably not read a poem quite the same again.

Manuscript Day was planned to expand, in a way, on the possibilities of the student-author encounter by focussing more attention on the writing itself than is generally possible in the whirlwind appearance of the visiting writer.

When a young student begins to write, in a country generally indifferent to language, he first needs sympathetic support. Later, if he is to develop his skills, he needs practical criticism as well.

We cannot make too large a claim here. The "workshop" approach, where the student's writing is the subject of often heated discussion, yields its values slowly. A certain trust must

be earned by each writer-critic. Each student must overcome a natural defensiveness and learn what in his writing is worth defending, or, better, what in his writing defends itself. The workshop is simply the beginning of the individual's struggle between objectivity and subjectivity which is the basis of creative work.

Those of us at Western who have been involved with Manuscript Day, now in its second year, are amazed all over again by the quality and quantity of the writing being done in the schools. From this little corner of Michigan, we are pleased to welcome nearly 350 students and their teachers from about 45 schools. Some students, such as Judy Pattullo and Patrick Rode (9th grade!) are already accomplished writers.

This book is a collection of some of the best work submitted to the second annual Manuscript Day, Dec. 1, 1971. No one knows where circumstances will lead these young writers, but we welcome them to an uncommon cause and wish them well.

—John Woods  
for the Manuscript Day Staff

## A NIGHT ALONE

The young fawn sat stiff with fear. The logs and brush hid her well but it wasn't her safety she was worried about. She had never been left alone before—her mother and twin brother were always at her side when she was frightened. There it was again—that strange strong smell. She was only two or three weeks old but she knew the smells of the squirrel, the bear, and all the other forest animals. This smell was different—it wasn't the soft smell of a forest animal that made you feel at home but it penetrated and almost hurt her small nose at every breath.

Just an hour before the fawn had been romping about in the meadow with her mother and small brother stopping here and there to observe how a butterfly flew or how sweet the lavender clover flowers smelled. She had been tasting bits of clover when the noise came. It was loud, booming and painful for her tender young ears that had never heard anything louder than a blue-jay's cry. It didn't stop and as the fawn raced after her fleeing mother it became louder and closer. Her mother had stopped when they were in the grove surrounded by brush that held the bed of tender green moss they slept on. Her mother, panting, had looked worriedly around and for the first time the fawn noticed the absence of her brother. The fawn had followed her mother's hasty instructions and now she still lay in the same place her mother had left her.

The moss was soft and cool but the fawn was tired and hungry. There was a small stream that came through the grove, and she would have liked a drink but the frightening smell came from that direction. She would wait.

The forest was silent and still. The usual bickering of the blue-jays and other forest birds had ceased. Even the squirrels who were always scurrying about and scrambling noisily up the trees were gone. Night came and the fawn fell into a weary sleep.



It seemed that she had slept a long time when the hooting of an owl awoke her. Mountain nights were cold and she missed the warm side of her mother. The smell was gone. Hunger burned at the walls of her small stomach and tore through her sides. She was so thirsty that her small tongue stuck to the roof of her mouth. Oh how good her mother's warm milk would taste right then.

The fawn struggled to her feet and drank thirstily from the stream. The water was bitter and cold and it chilled her insides. She looked about. It seemed as if the forest was reaching out for her—trying to suck the life out of her small weary body.

Once in the night she woke up and ate some small forest greens to ease her hunger. They were heavy in her small stomach that was so used to warm milk and it felt as if she had swallowed a rock.

At daybreak the darkness floated up in a mist and light flowed into the forest. The fawn had been sleeping soundly when she was awakened by a gentle pushing movement against her body. Her mother's face smiled wearily down at her. Her brother was not there. Somehow she knew she would never see him again. They would never again dance together in the sun under the guarding eyes of the mountains.

Her mother told her of the landslide and of the man who had carried the limp body of her crushed brother out of the rocks. The fawn didn't hear. The warm milk of her mother tasted too good for her to be distrubed.

## FUNERAL HOME

"Right this way," says the director. I walk in, people are misty eyed. His wife's here, people are coming up offering their condolences. His children are here also, they really don't know what's happened, they're only eight and ten, but they're crying anyway, probably because their mother is.

"He was such a good man," someone says.

"Bank president, church member. Dedicated man, worked late just about every night, some nights until 1:00 a.m. Must have had a lot of work; his secretary always helped him when he was working late, dedicated girl. She was found dead two weeks before he died, buried in a shallow grave in the woods, strangled. No clues yet."

I walk over to the coffin, it's open.

"He looks so natural," a woman says.

It seems like people always say that. His lips are sort of blue, he suffocated. Was in his car, garage door closed, car on. He had a cut on his head. The way the police have it figured is that he bumped his head while getting in his car, started his car, and then blacked out. Thing I don't get is he didn't open the garage door before he started his car. Seems dumb to get in, start the car, then get out and open the door.

There's that secretary's husband, offering condolences. Think I'll skip that, I don't know what to say. The secretary's husband walks over to the coffin, then signs his name in the book and leaves. Think I will too. Funeral homes don't agree with me.

## AND ANGELS SANG

When I learned that Mr. Gordan, who was well over seventy years old, was going to be our babysitter for the afternoon, I leaned my head against the sofa and let my disappointment sink into its padded surface. With an old man, a child of eight had to be a model of obedience. It wasn't what I'd had in mind.

When Mr. Gordan came he lowered himself into the room's largest chair and grunted at me to come over to him. I had been hanging upside-down on the sofa, watching TV so intently my eyes hurt when I blinked them. I half-knelt beside his chair and watched, fascinated, as he produced a leather covered prayerbook. During the next hour, we prayed. He began, intoning in a strong dramatic voice and I repeated after him in a stage whisper. Before he left that afternoon he informed me that he went to Mass every morning at seven o'clock. He stared me straight in the eye, repeated "seven o'clock" and out he walked—the man who was no longer my across-the-street neighbor but a layman high priest, a man who was God's best friend.

I could not hope to aspire to the ranks of a best friend, but I instantly became a saint. I smiled continuously, spreading charity to those who were fortunate enough to cross my path. I raced across the street to open garage doors for neighbors, stopped every woman I met on the street to ask if I could help carry her grocery bags or whatever. I also took to wandering through our postage stamp sized back yard, St. Francis of Assisi style, marveling at the wonders of God's nature. A model of virtue, doing extra chores for my parents, I showered benevolence down upon all. For a few days my mother snapped at me to "cut it out!" but soon she only stared at me a bit longer than usual.

I was floating—I made heaven out of the earth, transformed my brown, scratched work table into an altar and spent half the day on my knees. Pinning a dimestore lace mantilla on my head, Mr. Gordan and I went to church every morning. His car was frighteningly antique, shaking and buzzing as we drove.

I sang each hymn loudly, knelt straight as a board and examined my conscience again and again and again.

One morning, six weeks after the day Mr. Gordan had first taken me on as a disciple, I ran across the street, mantilla flying out behind me, to his porch. I was sent back to my house by him just as quickly. He was not going to Mass this morning, he informed me through the screen door. This performance was repeated the next morning and the morning after that. Mother suggested Mr. Gordan might be ill, might have pressing business, might be involved in any number of things that would keep him from going to church with me. I listened to her comforting voice for five minutes—letting her completely finish her speech before breaking into tears.

When I was told Mr. Gordan was going to babysit for us the next afternoon, I choked down my fear and tried to feel relieved. All my questions would be explained to me. I ran into the house the next afternoon to see him, and he stared at my toothy grin with eyes that held no expression. He then said the following, rapidly and forcefully, to my mother—firstly, I was not to come to his house and bother him about church again. His greatest regret was the time and passion in his life that he had “thrown away” on religion. He was thankful he hadn’t gotten me too involved by the time he had come to his senses. How he wished he were a child like myself and could begin his life again—he would know now what values to place in it.

Both he and mother stared at me apprehensively. Fists seemed to be clenching in my throat and something like a scream was spreading in my chest, but the feelings died quickly and I was strangely calm. Mr. Gordan sat in his preferred chair, I sprawled on the floor to watch TV and mother went out on her errand.

Quiet, not a sound but the television. I watched Mr. Gordan from the corner of my eye for a while and then turned my full attention to the comedy show. My eyes felt glassy watching TV. When I shut them, tears formed under my lids and eased the irritation a bit. There wasn’t much to the show, but I watched it with great intensity for a long time. Mr. Gordan had apparently forgotten I was there. He stared at an angle beyond me. read his newspaper, glanced out the window. I couldn’t catch his eye. Mother told me later we were both asleep when she arrived home.

## CARL MY LOVE

The park was deserted at night, and me and Tommy didn't have no place to go. The light was shining, from the street, but it only shone on the tree tops, so you couldn't see nothin round you. We liked to go down to the park at night cause then we could see some of our friends. Me and Tommy we go lookin for our friends all the time.

This certain nite we was out, one of our friends got it in the back by one of the joy riders. They the mans who find the junk and the junkies. I once knew a friend who was on the junk, man, he had a hard time. He dead now cause the joy riders got him, man when they get you you better watch out cause you aint gonna be here no more, just like my friend.

Me and Tommy we seen a few joy riders hangin round the park, all the time, but they don't bother us cause we say we is good and we is innocent, and they don't bother us.

We walked down the pavement and then we sees this bench and then we sees our friends comin so we sits on the bench and waits for em. "Hi honey, you don't look good," this here Tommy talkin. Sam, our friend says, "I've been havin these splitin headaches, here Tommy put you hand on my head and feel it honey."

Tom, he puts his dirty brownish-pink hand against Sam's head, he say, "I don't feel nothin, you joshing me Sam."

Carl he turn to me and says, "What have you been up to honey? I aint see you in a long time."

"I aint been up to much, I had trouble in my back a few days ago, so I goes sees a doc. Otherwise, I be here all the time."

Sam turns to me and asks me what times I got, I opens my purse and takes out a gold pocket watch. I says its bout 11:30, and asks what he wants to know for. He says he and Tom goin for a walk cause they got business to talk. Carl he gets reel mad an says that they better be back soon cause if they don't he goin to look for em.

I know Carls jealous so I says, "Carl and me got business to talk bout too, so don't hurry back."

They start walkin and then they turns back, cause Sam, he forgot to kiss Carl bye. He kisses him on the cheek and says good by. They walks with they arms round each other. I can hear Sam sayin to Tommy, "I know this place in the woods, no body will see us okae honey? Tom, he say okae.

Me and Carls we sits on the bench and then he puts his arm around me and kisses me and then ask me how I likes it. I says its reel good. Me and Carl we starts goin at it when we sees these joy riders comin towards us. Carl squeezes me tighter and i moan cause it hurt, not cause it feel good. I could tell hes scared. So I says, "What you scared for honey, they can't hurt you, we aint no junkies, they cant hurt you." He looks at me and kisses me again and again.

We sees the joy riders comin to wards us they walkin reel slow. They stop in front of us and say, "Okae man, hand over the stuff."

We cant figure out what they talkin bout so I says we aint got no junk, we aint junkies.

The other man he comes up to me and grabs me and throws me down he takes my purse and throws every thing out and goes through it. I start to cry and then the man says I O.K. I aint got nothin. They go to Carl and start feelin my Carl, I get reel mad cause they feelin my Carl. My Carl sweet and he aint no junkie, he aint got no junk. I trys to tell em but the man he kicks me in the head and I fall down and put my head in my hands and cry and cry for Carl.

Then the man he leaves and go help his other friend beet up my Carl. Them mens they aint no good they beet you up and you friends too. Carl say he aint got no junk but they keeps on lookin. Then he sees Carls ring, the kind that you puts you best smellin perfum in. They takes it and opens it up and then the mans nods his head and the other man he grabs Carl and drags him behind the bushes and starts beetin him up. The other man comes over and checks my hand an takes off my ring and looks at it and just smell my perfum. He kicks me and says I is a queer and I yells back at him and says I aint. I say I is sweet and innocent, and so is Carl, but he just laugh an go help the other man. They gonna beet up my sweet and innocent Carl. I sits down and crys. Where they gonna take my Carl? What they gonna do with him? I looks up an theys taken Carl away. I runs after em an the mans kicks me in the gut, again and again. He say I better leave or else I'm gonna get it too.

I says I aint gonna leave till they tells me where theys taken my Carl. The mans says I aint never gonna sees Carl again.

I goes back to the bench and picks up my purse and I sits and waits for Tommy and Sam to get back. I waits bout an hour and then they comes. They ask me right away where Carl is and I tells em what happen and Sam starts to cry and say he knew Carl was on the stuff, but Carl said that if he ever say any thing bout it that he was goin to find somebody else to live with, thats why he never say any thing to no body.

I hugs Sam and says he can stay with us. He says thats great and he hugs and kisses both me and Tom.

We walk pass the bench hand-in-hand and we says to Sam that we never goin to leave him and we find him another friend so that he wont be lonely. He say we is good to him and kisses us again.

We walk past the trees that is lighted up by the street lights and we steps on the streets huggin each other.

We found a friend for Sam and he went to go live with him, he was happy and he tried to thanks us as much as possible. We go to the park all the time, but to this day, I aint heard nothin bout Carl. I dont think I ever will. Where ever he is, in heaven or in hell or where ever else there may be, I hope hes okae and that he is still sweet and innocent as always. Good by Carl. I still love you honey.

SAY, UNCLE

Somehow Uncle Charlie slipped in the back door of the school and found locker 408. When I came down for lunch, I found the notes, looking well-spaced and very important, slipped through the ventilating cracks.

Dear Bets,

I had the greatest time with you Monday.  
You're my personal sunshine and everything  
seems bearable after being with you.

Meet me at Jacobson's at the bell.

Love, Charlie

If I looked down Ross Court, I could pick out his red Camaro, with all six-foot six of him folded in. I spied both ways, then slid in beside him, smiling and smugly proud of myself.

"Did anyone see you?" he questioned.

"I don't think so."

Then the sunglasses and we were on our way.

"Hey, how *Are* you, doll?" Next came the usual survey of me. I pulled my coat a little tighter, and wondered if all uncles acted like this. These were the times I wished I was sophisticated, trying to hide my poorly-shaven legs and cross them properly.

Then it was my turn. Mom was right, he even *looked* like the devil. Wispy red hair, prematurely grey at the top and a ten-year-old's set of freckles. Silk embroidered shirt (20 dollars, I'd guess) and competing wide tie. Only on Charlie would you think pink stripes looked great with green fleur-de-lis. The suit was definitely Italian, picking up the tan background of the tie. Being a fanatic about shoes, I spent an extra minute on his. He noticed.

"Hey, like my shoes? Guess how much." He pulled up his matching pants to show his matching socks and the shiniest alligator I'd ever seen.

Here we go again, I thought. My god, he must have twenty pairs of those things.

"OK, I guess 85 bucks."



"Close. 120 smackers—pure alligator. Like em?"

"Sure, but I wouldn't pay 120 bucks for them," thinking of my \$1.25 an hour job at McDonald's.

"That's the difference between you and me, doll."

We talked all the way to lunch, but I never saw his face until we sat down in the red, cracked booth, always in the corner, away from doors and windows. Sunglasses off.

"Sorry, Bets, but you know it's got to be this way. I've got so much on everyone else and I can't afford to let them get anything on me. Besides, it's all clean, anyway, but you think they and your Aunt Liz would believe that?"

I was always starving and ordered the Hamburger Deluxe—65c. Charlie ordered whatever I did and then he'd nibble nervously, eyes always straying back to the door.

Charlie could never get his mind off business. He talked constant about the thousands he owed guys and the millions they owed him. I listened, not knowing the difference between net profit and gross net gain, or whether to feel sorrow or envy for him.

"Charlie," I asked, "is it worth it all, the money I mean?"

"Bets, don't let anyone ever try to fool you. If you don't have money, you can't do a *thing*."

After talking to him, I used to go home, half in a trance, thinking my ideas were right, but admitting that his way sounded pretty tempting.

Listening to his problems, you'd think he couldn't even pay for all those ice cream cones we bought everyday. Then you'd look at him, like he just stepped out of the *New York Times Mens' Section* and that crazy smile. He figured three hundred dollars spent for a suit couldn't even dent his debt, so he just gave up and had a good time. Every time he left for home, he'd tell me to go have some fun for a change, and he'd hand me a twenty dollar bill.

When I started working at the florist's, Charlie practically supported it singlehandedly. I could always expect him every Tuesday and Thursday at 4:00, strolling in, hands behind his back, planting his feet like a platypus and looking forebodingly obnoxious. "What was he up to this time?" I wondered.

"Ma'am," he winked at me, "I'll take everything in the store. Wrap it up, will you please?" I played the dumb salesgirl, trying to cover up knowing him, as he straight-faced my boss and drilled her on the eating habits of the venus fly trap.

I guess he figured I needed the sales, because he never left without three carnations. It was such a waste, because the only one who ever got them was the already overstuffed waste barrel. My aunt wouldn't appreciate them, she'd just put two and two together and Charlie and I would be banned forever from all family functions. But that was how Charlie got his kicks.

Then I started getting notes three times a week in 408. God, I thought, how many business partners does he have in Grand Rapids?

It turned out that I was his main one and we soon both got sick of Arbie's roast beef, butter pecan ice cream and checking every hamburger place to make sure some Lyle Johnson or Biff Anderson wasn't there.

The next note went something like this:

Bets: How's about taking Chicago tomorrow?  
Make arrangements, dress sharp and I'll  
pick you up at Jacobson's at 8:00. You'll  
be the hit of the Loop.

Love, Charlie

As it turned out, I wasn't ready for Chicago yet. After three driving hours of Charlie's philosophy on life, I was tired and hungry when we finally got there. The maitre-d at Fritzel's didn't remember Charlie quite as well as the other people waiting for a table. They had already slipped him a ten before Charlie got a chance to. I wolfed down my macaroni and cheese as Charlie bluffed his way through another Biff Anderson who had also chosen Fritzel's for lunch that day. When I got home, I had to feed my mother another whopper about where I had been for the past ten hours. The lies were all beginning to sound the same.

I went to my locker less and less between hours, hoping the notes would stop coming. I couldn't tell the new ones from the pile of the old, and once I found myself waiting in front of the bakery on January 17th, when I was supposed to be in Jacobson's parking lot on the 20th. Something had to give.

I started to have all kinds of meetings to attend, bulletins to write and clubs to organize. Charlie sensed it and laid off for a week. Then the notes started hitting me again, a little more

urgent than before:

Bets: I must talk to you. Meet me  
at Ross Court at 3:30.  
Please come.

Charlie

I started thinking about Aunt Liz. Charlie underestimated her, but she knew as well as I did that men didn't have "business meetings" on Saturday.

"It's women's intuition, Charlie," I told him. "She know." I guess he figured I didn't know much about the subject because he showed up every Saturday whether I'd see him or not. I'd spot him slowly turning the corners, then speeding down the street as he passed my house. Sometimes he went around the block four times.

The whole thing came to an end at Arbie's over my 83rd Super Arby. Charlie was nibbling as usual when a huge, calloused hand clamped down on his shoulder.

"Hey, Chuckie baby! Where you been hiding yourself?" Biff Anderson himself—also Aunt Liz's second favorite dancing partner.

Charlie came on a little too strong, yukking it up a little more than usual. He introduced me as his long lost niece, on our way to auntie's house. He even pulled himself together enough to invite the guy to play golf.

Charlie said you should always judge a guy by the way he acts in a tight squeeze. And that one finally made up my mind.

The next note was about what I expected:

Bets: I've got to go to Cleveland this weekend.  
I want you to come. Please say yes. I'll  
be at Ross Court at 3:30.

Love, Charlie

I ripped it in half and threw it to the back of the locker. I could see a Camaro from the door. Earlier than usual, I thought.

I pulled my collar around my ears, locked my eyes straight ahead, and pushed open the door. A few more steps, and I'd be past the street. He honked twice.

"No, Charlie," I said to myself, "I can't hear you anymore."

## IT'S LIKE WALKING THROUGH A STEAM BATH

"It's like walking through a steam bath," I mumbled as the fallen rain from the damp, porous ground seeped through my boots, soaking my feet. I tried to endure my discomfort as I trudged along through the oppressing silence of the lush jungle. Tall bamboo and rubber trees obstructed the sunlight so that only the most intense radiations pierced the tree-tops. Mosquitoes and tsetse flies droned listlessly from the edges of myriad stagnant pools stopping only for an occasional feast. Lagging behind me panting exhaustedly were the other ten resolute, spartan-like men. Handpicked by me, they were among the most highly trained archeologists in the world. As we hacked our way through the dense, tropical underbrush, I spotted their fatigued faces. They had toiled diligently throughout our journey with only scanty rations.

I watched their haggard faces brighten as I informed them that we were rapidly approaching the village.

Our steps quickened as the distance between our party and its goal melted like lard on a hot skillet. It had been a month since our ship penetrated the shark-infested waters of Dangerous Reef. Our quest was to further explore the tombs of the recently unearthed Atalle civilization deep in the Australian interior. Along with the newly discovered ruins an unknown tribe was found. Extremely primitive, they had not yet advanced beyond the late Neolithic Era, and they had lived cut off from other humans for over two thousand years.

With my heart pounding and my nerves taut, I stepped into the village clearing, timidly followed by the others.

Suddenly, from out of the blue, an immense form bounded towards us, landing only a hairsbreadth away from me. My eyes darted from its head to its feet in utter disbelief. For standing in front of me was the towering hulk of a nine foot tall tribesman. He was clothed in only a loincloth, and his entire massive chest was tattooed with decorative scars. From behind thick bushes the remaining tribesmen slowly emerged to huddle in fear around their huge counterpart.

I extended my hand to show him that I meant no harm, and a huge, evil grin spread from one end of his face to the other. He then grabbed my hand and preceded to drag me along with such brute force that I feared my arm would be pulled out of its socket. In the center of the clearing stood a crude hut into which he shoved me. I tripped and fell hard upon my arm. My head was reeling while the savage was squatting on the floor with the same sinister grin plastered on his face.

It was necessary for me to express my intentions of exploring the ruins to him. So I picked up a stick and began to scratch pictures on the hard dirt floor of the hut. He seemed to comprehend and snatched the stick out of my hand. With much labor he sketched a primitive picture of a man smiling with approval and a group of people dining. It was obvious that he wanted us to attend a feast in our honor that evening.

As soon as night had lowered its black curtain over the jungle, the festivities began. The native women sat before us massive platters piled high with various village delicacies. The villagers crowded around them, greedily bolting down great handfuls at a time. Never before in my life had I seen such an array of mystifying dishes: fruits and berries I never knew existed; strange tidbits like roast wallabee and boiled bushbaby. The chief was busily absorbed in brewing some mysterious concoction in a small urn beside him. Every so often he added a dash more of this, a pinch more of that. Then, he passed the pot to me. I took a tiny sip and finding the beverage palatable, guzzled it down. My men did likewise.

Not a minute later I noticed something alarming. My vision was becoming double. Instead of one chiefton I saw two, each grinning hideously. The drums of the village beat incessantly with shattering volume causing me to hold my head and writhe in excruciating agony. Kaleidoscopic patterns whizzed before my eyes as I felt myself being thrust through ions of time looking at the earth from the blackness of space unlimitable. From the depths of this chaos came the motion of whirling wind and the shrieking pandemonium of wild, insane music which had no semblance of anything on earth. I was bombarded with the sound of piercing, spastic yowls of some half-human thing galaxies beyond. The explosions of nebulous gasses forming new planets passed into view in front of my horror-stricken eyes. It was the abyss of terror, and try as I would, I could not extricate myself from its tangled bindings, no matter how I tried.

Suddenly, a hot ray of light pierced the nothingness like a ray of bright hope.

I awakened, feeling strange and stiff. I was cramped in a sealed box. In the distance I could make out the muffled sounds of laughter and the thunder of a huge boulder being rolled into place.

The tomb! They had given me a drug and carried me into the Atalles crypt to seal me up in this ancient sarcophagus! What grim torture had they dreamed up for the others?

In a hysterical frenzy I tried to pound my way out, screaming in fright. My hands were bruised and bloody, and I perspired profusely with sweat, or was it blood? My breath was coming in short gasps as I was slowly being asphixiated. There was nothing left for me to do but lie back, knowing that perhaps thousands of years from now I, too, would become a new archeological discovery.



Judy Pattullo

## SIDDHARTHA

Wolf sound is hunger sound  
I always thought.

"A hungry wolf  
cried in the distance"  
or howled.

But a barrel-bodied  
bone skinny thin legged  
timber wolf  
turns such differences.

Timber wolf is standing tip-toe  
or cutting bread.

Perhaps being mesmerized  
by a streetlight—perhaps,  
though it is a streetlight.

At the zoo a lady said  
his eyes were too light  
and hi doggy! he doesn't look mean and cruel  
does he?

Sniffs pale eyed  
in his two-wolf jail.

Oh lady, if only he cared to bite and eat you up  
and eat you up. If he cared, it  
would be the bite  
of the bluest black Thursday night.  
Those legs are taller,  
the growl deep and stronger.  
Woman, you are the hungry,  
he is the realized.

Oh lady, I am frightened—  
Oh wolf.



## GROWING THERE

Under a closely watched  
horizoning sky  
he stands, and waters  
the black plowed,  
Earth dirt and body water  
swirl steam on a June night.  
It is very hot and the stars are old.

At that standing moment,  
vulnerable and easily uncomfortable,  
he assumes the strength of so-brown wheat stalks  
and not of pillar stone.  
He has a curving loveliness.

How does a man grow from a cantalope?  
An acorn with  
tophat trembling.  
Where man, where does the strength  
that creates so slow a man-boy  
from a twigling,  
all thinness and quiet  
watching from dark hills—  
where does it come from?

In the city, perhaps it is the  
heat waving up between blocks of concrete,  
every day all summer like an air drill.  
On the farm the warm of earth  
or the strange clitch of his father's mind  
when the seeds are planted  
and all the fathoms of nature have yet to strike.  
In the woods maybe the curdle on past  
of the river, maybe the very slenderness  
of a deer's ankle  
or a long black hair crost his path.

He leaves that hill soon,  
thinking no use.  
Kicks the dirt home  
and his ma says, "Danny, you're turtle slow."

His father says,  
"No boy in my family has yet  
to treat his ma like you do,  
Danny damnboy.  
You're going to set her to cryin.  
School's been calling 'bout you cuttin your classes.  
You're in trouble, boy." And  
"Dan, you're sure gettin tall."

He lives where he belongs;  
lions pull his heart  
but he stays there, with wonder.  
How come ever, halfway up his father,  
he looks so much bigger?  
Springs 'round and supple strong.  
He curves and he is lovely.

### TROUT STEW SONG

A happy trout song gurgles in me,  
laughter smiles like big trees  
blowing quiet-like through that cabin.  
Trees through the cabin (and not disturbing  
your shirt all tossed on the bed.)  
I path through these woods  
with my lunch and black under my fingernails  
from digging in my plants.  
Green and brown have always  
gathered me up like this,  
have always sprinkled me across life.

## AT NIGHT

Walking on winter nights, afraid,  
down plown and ruptured sidewalks,  
hanging willow still leaved moves foriegn  
on my face  
but rememberful  
of you, yesterday, your hand so good on me.  
A greeting, a fleeting cymbal of wonder  
across my shaking stillness.  
That hand, to you, was yours and forgotten.  
But it felt a shake of goodness easy, but quick  
past my knees,  
and felt now the largest gift then you've given me.

Only, everything only,  
The tall is bears  
and polar starnights, sailboats.  
The wide is moon in full and curved.  
Large is frozen Lake Michigan beauty.  
Deep is what you call a soul, and talk.  
Yet the full inside, the soft pummeled cry  
    and gentle fisting and candle glow  
        quiescent favor  
is careful while your hand upon me.

Patrick Rode

i don't think i'm  
anybody's thursday

someone's saving me for  
a rainy day

\* \* \*

the snow came for the  
first time this  
morning

through our white  
curtains i could  
see the  
wind  
blow the snakes  
of snow  
down the street  
like a hollywood  
ghost

the footprints were already  
there from some person  
who passed by at some  
forgotten hour

it snowed this morning  
pure, white, billowy  
snow

\* \* \*

i can't write  
you

i can't handle  
one-sided  
conversation

\* \* \*

he moved in there  
with a northern michigan  
lumber boom

his walls rot away  
like the old new england  
barns

no paint covers  
the old  
gray wood

through the dusty  
dirt panes  
stares a face of a  
beautiful 1933  
summer

\* \* \*

\* \* \*

today we found  
the apple tree  
we couldn't  
find from  
last year,  
grandpa

\* \* \*

i waste so much  
time  
sitting on a  
sofa

\* \* \*

Jay French

T.S., WHERE ARE YOU? ARE  
YOU HAPPY?

—for T.S. Eliot

i.

hot, heavy  
from flattened toes to bleeding soul

BECOME! BECOME!

'He who is not righteous is  
not redeemed.' Yes?

Blather  
of concrete intellectual sidewalks  
separated from grass by  
an invisible boundary

but a  
boundary  
nonetheless. is grass to  
be so confined? yes

'i should have been a pair of ragged claws  
scuttling across the floors of silent seas.'

Was it you that said that?  
Was it you, Tom, for whom the mermaids  
would not sing? you?  
No matter.

sun hot, heavy  
presses us (flat) earthward  
home. home

is where the heat is  
home  
right here this planet  
home  
this frigid tundra is our  
home

?

ii.

gray dead cement old broken decayed  
holy

wonderful revolutionary new garbage cans  
are an important thing to  
have around if  
thats all you

want

out of life (and sometimes its all  
you can get)

T.S.! oh that you were not  
such an abstract term

with dents in the sides  
from being wielded  
at the hands of too many frustrated garbage men

and they too have been whipped  
by the same wind.

iii.

afternoon thunder in some  
down town city street my God!  
I thought you knew what it said.

mirthless cry of despair

hot heavy



despair

you told me what it said  
and i believed you. could it be  
that you were lying?

afternoon thunder blues

But this is NO CITY!  
no.

it is parched wasteland and  
(though you never said so)

you and i are searching  
for something other than water.

we are hollow men  
and cannot decide  
if the rocks are red  
or blue.

where vultures swarm and  
carrion-stench fills the air you see a  
place of death  
avoid it or (no difference)  
run toward it as  
fast as you can (i'll hold your lies you  
will not need them)

Where vultures swarm and  
hot, heavy  
fills the air

you are kneeling with your

knees raked and skinless and I am  
standing in the sun hot heavy

with a

bent back

Cathy McDonough

## CONGRUENT ANALOGIES

I sit on the long untrimmed  
field grass  
Surrounded by at least  
fifty dead corpses  
    beer cans  
    Pepsi cans  
    skimmed milk cartons  
Sticks from uncombed tree tops  
gnarl the long hay  
But deep within the heart  
of the wild domestic objects  
Gentleness blooms—  
Lavender violets  
The point of my pen  
With sadistic satisfaction  
Was manipulated to stab  
A gnat.  
It blended into the ink  
Gnat-ink  
But still the wingless pen  
And the inorganic ink  
Printed epitaphs  
on the unruly twigs  
Colored the violets royal blue  
Blue ink mixed with the sunlight  
And formed sultry green light  
As if I were looking through  
sunglasses.  
The violets in my pocket  
wilted  
I scattered them to rot  
And then the ink entered  
the dirt.

Deb Jipping

## NIGHT IN FUNLAND

I went to a carnival yesterday  
A five ride thriller for a dollar  
Feeling as an ant must  
I jumped out of the van  
Wishing it wouldn't be as imagined  
But I was too old for dreams  
Of laughter at a carnival

I saw in the distance  
A giant greasy machine  
I had to know  
I ran ahead of the others  
And pointed in the sky  
I wanted a quarter thrill  
Just like all the rest...

Janice, Mary and I bought tickets  
With eyes tightly closed, we climbed  
Scream, Janice went hysterical

And our screams and  
Hysteria  
Bended and blended with the atmosphere

Crawled off, jellyfish  
Laugh and walk on  
In five minutes

Forget the sensation

Sister Janice and I felt desires  
To become counter-parts  
of the wind

A contraption  
"It hasn't broken before, has it?"  
But

We stood  
And watched  
With all the other nameless faces in the crowd

As two fat women  
Tried to push and squeeze  
Their bodies into one seat

More entertainment  
We, of the crowd  
Responded

Carnies love the screamers  
As sadists we clustered  
More thrills

Lida Szpakowski

## CALL ME LUCKY

The shivering of birch leaves  
The slithering of a harmless snake  
Waterbugs disturbing the surface of my lake  
Tall grass for the island's native population  
to live in.  
Berry bushes for the more cultivated to eat from.  
A stillness not found even in a department  
store late at night.  
What ties me to the nearest town?  
Nothing...if I'm lucky.  
Or at the most a six band transistor radio.  
What ties me to the nearest person?  
Nothing...if I'm lucky.

Marian Pollie

AUTUMN SONNET

I search for answers in the fallen leaves.  
They've tales to tell; yet, I can hear no sound.  
Must all this life lie wasted on the ground?  
Yesterday they were dancing in the breeze.  
The wind starts gusting, only to displease.  
It whistles shrilly; echoes all around.  
I know the summer sun is out-ward bound,  
And thoughts of spring do little to appease.  
There's beauty in the pass from life to death;  
The middle is a lovely place to be,  
But now it is either that I long for,  
To know someday an unworried breath.  
Please take me to a region that is free,  
Where souls can live in warmth forever more.

Cindi Hoffman

### THREE POEMS

1. Sometimes I get the feeling that my finger  
would turn an expensive ring green.
  
2. On Seeing You From A Distance—  
I've melted into so many little puddles  
on sidewalks,  
that the whole neighborhood has to wear galoshes.
  
3. Hey, bird—  
You're not supposed to be here you know.  
You're supposed to go south in winter  
With the flower-shirted tourists.  
Oh. . .  
excuse me,  
I didn't know there were radical birds.  
Well, speak right into the mike here.  
How does it feel to be a disillusioned young rebel?  
"Cold."



Denise Rickman

JEROME

Jerome  
    has a different  
    way of  
warming.  
    he  
takes a kite with  
    a brown swallow  
    painted on it  
or a yellow-glow  
    sunrise  
                he takes  
it  
    to some field where the  
sky is  
blue and unlined and  
    lets it go  
    free  
    and he is with it  
    he runs  
the sun catches  
                his sweater in  
    the grass he runs—  
    this  
is his way of warming

## GREG

Greg is  
a human being  
a changer  
not a stranger  
to me.  
a shiner. . .

Greg is one  
and rider to  
the sea  
to the sea  
a spinner of wheels  
a seeker of  
seals  
and the sea  
he  
will be  
free  
on the sand  
in his hand  
a promise  
to the sea  
all  
the waters  
rush to meet  
his feet  
free

Heidi Ross

TEACHER?

How do you think a sucker feels  
When his painted face is slowly slurped away  
By a rough tongue?

How do you think I feel  
When you leave me not only faceless,  
But mindless too?

Jill Van De Veire

## SWIMMING

Splash,  
And I'm suspended  
Like a helpless fetus  
While clusters of air filled spheroids  
Swarm all around.  
I defy gravity  
Though it's no fault of mine.

And now there is no sound  
But the subdued thud of my own heart  
Permeates the liquid atmosphere.  
Exhilaration washes over me  
And laps playfully against my sides.

Then. . .

I leave my wide, gaping placenta  
Of my own volition  
And am reborn  
Once more  
To the earth.

Liza Bahlman

## DEPOT DAWN

The cheap girls  
    with silver hair  
    glare out of cat's eyes  
as they slowly eat their cigarettes.

Thin, lanky, sailor boy  
with slicked back hair  
touches his horn rims  
to his nose.  
(He came back and  
she's glad he did.)

The greasy spoon  
(with plastic table cloths,  
sticking with sloppy joes  
    and spilled coke)  
belches forth fat, fed, travelers—  
    picking their teeth.

Dust settles. . .  
and all the people turn and  
look at the world through  
    dirty windows.

Shauna Gunderson

I see you

God;

sticking on my page like an old  
stamp.

Put down those pom poms and don't give me  
any of that RAH-RAH

jazz.

Who do you think you are trying to get me  
to remember that far off

moment

when we climbed mountains

together

and ran

and ran

and ran

through the tall grass at dawn?

## Chuck Roberson

Save yourselves the shipmen screamed,  
the boats are on the side,  
running toward them crying, dying,  
the passengers went astray,  
the boats were made of paper,  
and the crew members made of clay.

Denese Badgerow

THOUGHTS BENEATH THE PLANET

I'm scared to live.  
With apes and  
atom  
bombs.  
god.  
What holds  
the year 2525?  
Shall there  
be  
a 1999?

Giraffes and  
flowers and  
weed  
have no home  
in  
concrete carpet.

Who can  
love  
a  
plastic baby?



## Michael Curths

I dreamed I heard your voice  
In study hall today.  
It sounded like Richie Havens' guitar  
Playing at a phone call funeral.  
I ran to see you there,  
But, you had already left  
Riding in your fur coat limousine.  
You seemed to be in such a hurry  
To get somewhere.

Karen Russell

## LIFE

Sunday night Franklin Clover read a LIFE magazine pushing "Preserve America." It said that people are living like pigs and pigs are unclean and should be slaughtered. The only pigs Frank knew were cops.

Monday night Frank climbed to the top of his tenement building and hid behind the chimney. He then shot a pig.

Tuesday Frank realized that he was littering. He dragged the pig into his yard.

Wednesday Frank figured out that he was the main cause of air pollution in his neighborhood. He put his pig in a Glad Garbage Bag.

Thursday Frank read another LIFE magazine. This one was trying to impress upon its readers the idea of using what one has instead of buying something else.

Friday Frank needed some fertilizer for a tree. He buried his pig.

Saturday Frank subscribed to LIFE.

**Carol Schulz**

## **MAYBE IT'LL STAY NEXT TIME AROUND**

The Hamster gets on his exercise wheel. He starts running, running beyond his cage and out into open fields. He stops, the fields disappear, only the bars of his cage remain. And he starts running again.

## **GROWING UP?**

Have you ever seen the stuff a kid brings home? Junk? Not to him. It might be a leaf dotted with holes. He doesn't see that a worm did it and that the tree will die if he does it to anymore leaves.

And when he does see the worm he isn't a kid anymore, he's an adult, too blind to see the beauty in what some worms leave behind.

NO TITLE

Your own plastic mama approached my bed, laid  
my head twisting my white neck to belly  
in fallow crimson muslin.

She whispered fiercely in "hush-hush" of how  
silk saints and honey sweet virgins don't  
enter bed in scant smocks but cold flannel.

I poked through the raw flames to her sweet  
convent thoughts and sneered to catch her  
draping black sheets over the unclad-lady  
magazines under your sweet blue crib.

At sixteen she envied bedroom-eyes and leggy  
legs, got the sweet son and loved him.

Rocking, singing white nun phrases blaming  
all sin of her sweet son—on Satan.

Allison Bryant

## WAITING FOR O'HARE

Riding out this airplane  
I'd like to blot the  
cloudy jetstream  
and pull the roads  
for weeds  
leaving unscarred open territory  
wide up unto the sun.  
My nets would gather jets and planes  
but leave, like plankton,  
all the birds.  
The air and wind would stay to play  
but all the rest would blow away  
And I should then join Icarus  
and leave the atmosphere to rest.

George Davis

NO TITLE

The only light had its roots outside,  
and grew one of its grey branches through  
the window.

Raining light on a wrinkled four-poster. A  
tall bed with skinny old-man legs, bare and  
exposed.

Blankets lay like folded sails on a mast, out of the way.  
Everything else—

Purring cat in the corner, and my own  
white feet crossed glowing in the darkness.

My legs beginning to stick to sweaty shellac.

The bones of my back digging into the brown  
paper on the wall.

I hear her, slapping her feet on the wet  
bathroom floor. She's probably watching a  
prima-dona performance, but it's all turned  
around by glass and good dreams.

She walks off stage and climbs the bed, moving  
in the darkness, sitting with the slippery  
mascara stained sheets tucked tightly between  
her legs

I can remember chewing wax lips with her,  
but now that's all gone.

Lynn Selby

CHILD OF A CHILD...

I am no child of the Great Depression,  
Family's hard-earned money  
    is carried light in my leather bag.

I've never known those hard times,  
                    those sugar rations  
                    and saved tin cans.

I've never felt my nation rally,  
                    I've only known it  
                    bursting at the seams.

You see in my clothes and kind  
                    the threat of poverty's return,  
And cannot understand a love of simple things,  
But silver candelabras don't ring security with me,  
And I don't save for rainy days.

I am no child of the Great Depression.  
I'm not scared for tomorrow because of what's been behind.  
I am thinking of hand-cranked ice-cream  
                    and the old swimming hole,  
Then you give me everything you never got,  
When I'd rather  
                    have the things you had.

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