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Untitled

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The fieldhouse looms
ever-present:
prime mover,
motive force
made of sand:
from without
is built with brick,
is perma-thick.

The fieldhouse by day
is just a big, fat
functional manobject:
handsome within
and without.

But the fieldhouse at night
is silently brooding,
moodily
floating in the fog
with nightlamps burning
a misty outline:
it is a ship at anchor
in an unknown harbor!
A ship floating
in the fog.
Another night
and the fieldhouse
is a spirit
in bold relief
washed in moonlight
with drifting clouds
turning its shades
and shadows
constantly:
a restless ghost
in the moonlight!
But it is ever-present:
prime mover and motive force
made of sand . . .

Hour On the Bus

WILLIAM HARTZEL
Age 14

Suddenly out of nowhere came a big yellow bus. I got on the bus. There I sat in the second to the last seat in the little bus. There were two little boys in the back seat who were fighting. The bus driver hollered and told them to be quiet. They sat down. I felt a wind. Then a juicy spitball hit me in the back of the neck. It was a mess. Of course I got mad. Who wouldn't. I turned around and grabbed Little Boy Van Houstonoff and shook him so hard that he couldn't see straight. The bus driver got mad. Who wouldn't. With all that racket going on I would have killed him. The big guy stopped the bus and came back and almost killed me instead. He shook me so bad I almost turned green. He went back and started the bus again. I grabbed Little Boy Van Houstonoff and picked him up and punched him right in the mouth. He hollared real loud. The bus driver couldn't take it anymore. He let go of the steering wheel and busted up the bus. I lived of course.