

1970



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IN  
MEMORY  
OF  
MELTED SNOW  
CREATURES  
IN  
SPRING

## SPRING . . . MY FAVORITE SILENCE

I've been to a drumbeaten city,  
To see all the oracles they said might live there,  
Came back empty handed to  
Spring . . . My Favorite Silence.

I've been certain of so many foolish things,  
Like the sun ashining and the morning acoming,  
But when I lost all of these things,  
Spring still held some silence for me.

Just a weary man along with his thoughts,  
Winter descending upon my voice.  
Lies and cheap wine being poured  
Over lonely water lilies and their feelings.

But I still contemplate all those idle things,  
Live love and a man tossing memories into the sea  
And December snowmen and July and her fields of wheat,  
And the silent witness of a life in passing—that is surely  
Spring.

Dana Imperato



upon disassembling the intricate mechanism ...

Upon disassembling the intricate mechanism the experienced mechanic proceeded to examine the many parts in search of the faulty one. His eyes moved cautiously over each piece but failed to distinguish the imperfect one from the others. His fingers moved swiftly as he checked each electrical connection and switch. In all his experiences he had never run into such a difficult problem.

The wiring was in excellent condition, the connections seemed in order, the switches appeared functional so for what reason did the mechanism cease to operate? His facial expression reflected his anguish as his fruitless search continued. Over and over he repeated the pattern of examination, not missing a single piece of the instrument.

His eyes grew weary and his expression turned to defeat. He shoved the project aside and stood erect in an effort to walk away. He was troubled and could not be satisfied so easily, his mind would not rest until he discovered the proper solution.

He did not immediately return to his task; instead he paced the floor organizing his thoughts. Many variables were involved. Many thoughts ran through his mind. Why couldn't he solve the problem? Was of primary importance, but other thoughts had to be considered. His life had been dedicated to work on such equipment and failure now would surely result in termination of his career. His future would be destroyed if he didn't satisfy his superiors.



Slowly he started working again, perched so cautiously on the edge of his seat as if he was holding back his anger. But he couldn't restrain it any longer; his voice grew fierce as he shrieked incoherently. Smashing against the wall the mechanism that he had previously worked so diligently on, breaking panes of glass with its assorted parts, he attempted to relieve his frustrations. Tension grew as he realized his failure and his actions grew wilder. He was doomed and he could do nothing to restore himself, he knew not now his predicament would be handled only that his termination was inevitable.

As he crouched in the corner his mind rejected the wires and circuits and concentrated strictly on the present situation. Unavoidable, inevitable, no way out, no way to redeem oneself, it was the proclamation of the people that no one could fail and be given another chance. He froze with fear but burned with anger. His corner was his only remaining sanctuary and here he chose to wait out his final moments. Wait and prepare, but he did not know what to prepare for so all he could do was wait.

Peter Greer

## A LADY OF STONE

There she stands, a stately figure with righteous eyes and an awareness mind, the perfect model—the lady of stone.

High on a pedestal, she is placed away from the grasp of temptations and grief. Respected, admired and put on a shelf, unable to falter a slip from her post.

But the lady of stone abhors this stand that has been connected to her existence. Lady possesses a mind which is capable of error, her English and Grammar isn't always

Thou,

When or

Whether.

Her ambitions soar high but her spirit swings freely in the directional current of her moods and manners. Good and bad take equal turns of the scale. First impressions of people imprint a small mark which is able to be retained or erased forever.

Lady sometimes stumbles on the truth and realization of those she thought gold turn into obliteration.

Joette Basile

## IMAGINATION

I have stood on the ocean's shore  
and I have heard the ocean's roar  
I have seen the waves rolling in  
I have seen their white foamy brine  
violent, angry, vibrant  
the wind coming in off the water  
whirls me around and drives me forward  
I run, jump, and laugh  
for I can fly, I really can  
up on the wind over the ocean  
it's stimulating and invigorating.  
I let myself go and I ride the wind  
and when I look down into the sea  
I see the numerous fish  
moving, touching, communicating with one another  
living together in peace  
I smile, I'm happy, I'm content  
I think that one day man will take the hint  
and maybe everyone will get high—  
on the wind.

Bobbi Jeanne

## THE IRON WALL

Ina Sklarow

My father was a brave man  
To jump the fence outside  
To scream he's free with blood upon him  
To cry because he was there and we were here  
To smell the same air like it was different  
To feel it was worth it to die  
To shout through the fence and promise me not to cry  
Why did he die?

### Reach and take my hand

I can distantly see a room with a dim light.  
Shadows flash like memories before me.  
I have often contemplated on going in  
I know there will be love in there for me.  
But, I am frightened, I know the price. I have been through it before.  
But I will fall again, just as roses bloom in summer and leaves fall  
in Autumn  
And I will ask again . . .

Patricia Ternove

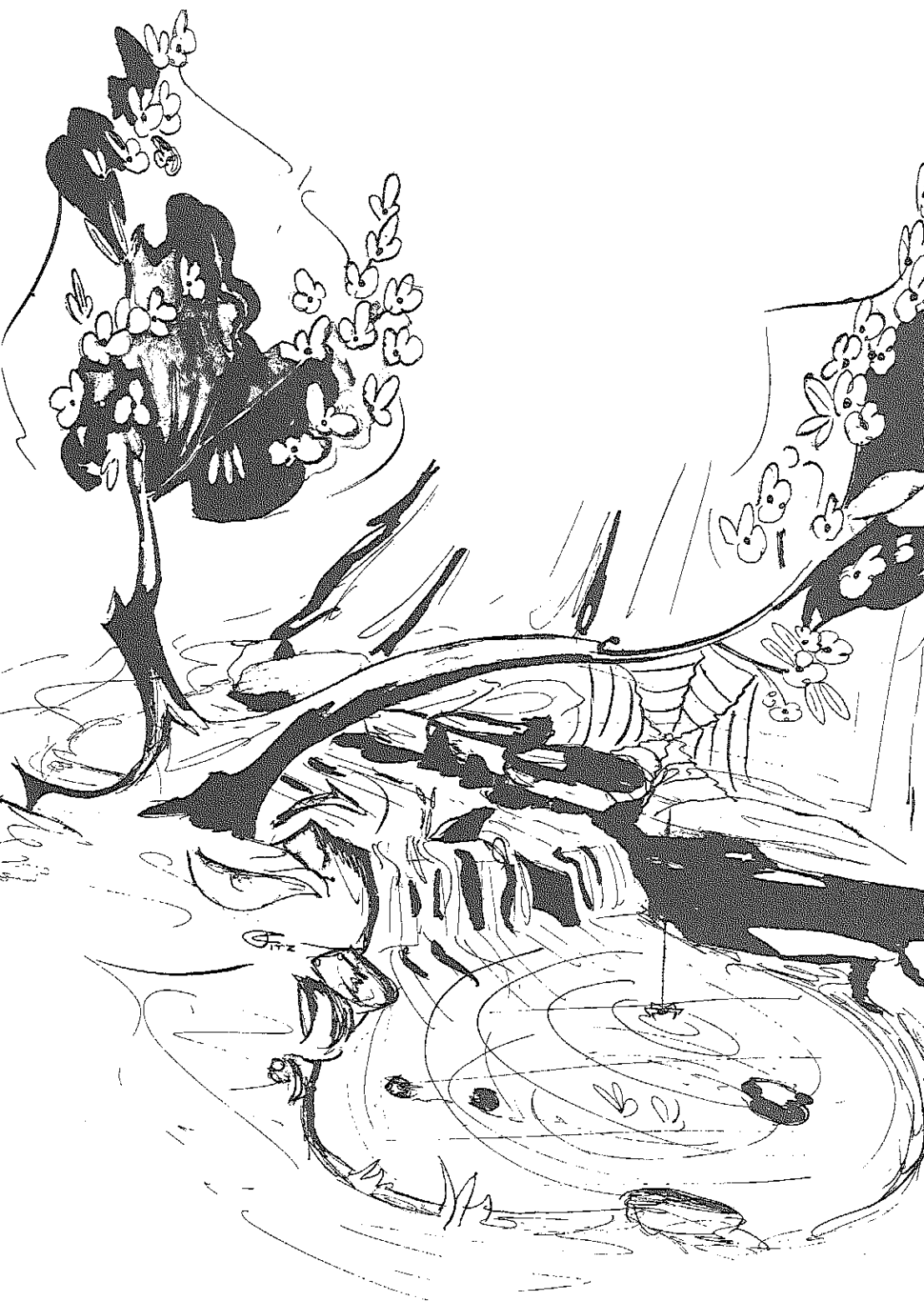
## A CREEK

I followed a path  
To the end  
Where I came upon  
AN unwanted creek

oh how I wished  
I could have taken  
it home

But it's lukewarm water  
and it's cleansed rocks  
    begged me to leave  
Catching my attention  
I stayed and watched  
A frozen water spider  
WEEP waterless tears  
Gathering my thoughts  
I started back  
to my newly found track  
when suddenly I stopped  
and THOUGHT  
maybe the spider wept for me  
maybe the spider saw my flickering reflection  
    (IN HIS OCEAN OF HOPE)  
maybe I was unwanted  
and the spider knew  
I couldn't reach into the creek  
    (AND BECOME PART)  
I ran back  
only to find  
    (A DEAD WATER SPIDER)  
stuck in the mud

Thom D'Orazio



## JUSTICE

Is Justice still around?

I thought I saw her slip away from the scene.

They say she's blindfolded, weighing the scale of right and wrong.

But how is it possible for her to know, when these people called lawyers are tempting her so.

They jiggle and tug the scale of fate to their own desired peg at last.

They find their victim free from the rope, which was tightened around her neck, to silence her while they plead their case before the black cloth says it's too late.

And how they boast when their task is done,

All triumph, except just one and she stands blindfolded still.

Awaiting another trial, another test, for those who have blundered to lie and protest their innocence, of course, it couldn't be guilt, how can they stand the conniving they've did, have they no honor or thoughts of the past, just palming the deed or the act they committed, another \$100 and you are acquitted.

Couldn't there be just one more time when

Justice can remove the blindfold that holds her from letting the truth, the sunlight shine and catch all the people which try to slide by.

Away from the fact, you see that you did a no-no and you can't go free. You must take the consequences now because if you don't, there won't be a pal or a friend or a lawyer in fact who'll stand by you for taking the rap.

Joette Basile

## MY REPLY

Condemned to separation. . . . Fair?

Not likely. . . . Why? Society frowns. . . .

Upon who? Us. . . . Reason? We are wrong. . . .

Are we? Not possible. . . . Do we need?

Perhaps. . . . Did we love? Probably. . . .

Still? Hopefully. . . . Do we avoid?

Most assuredly. . . . Fear? Blind fear. . . .

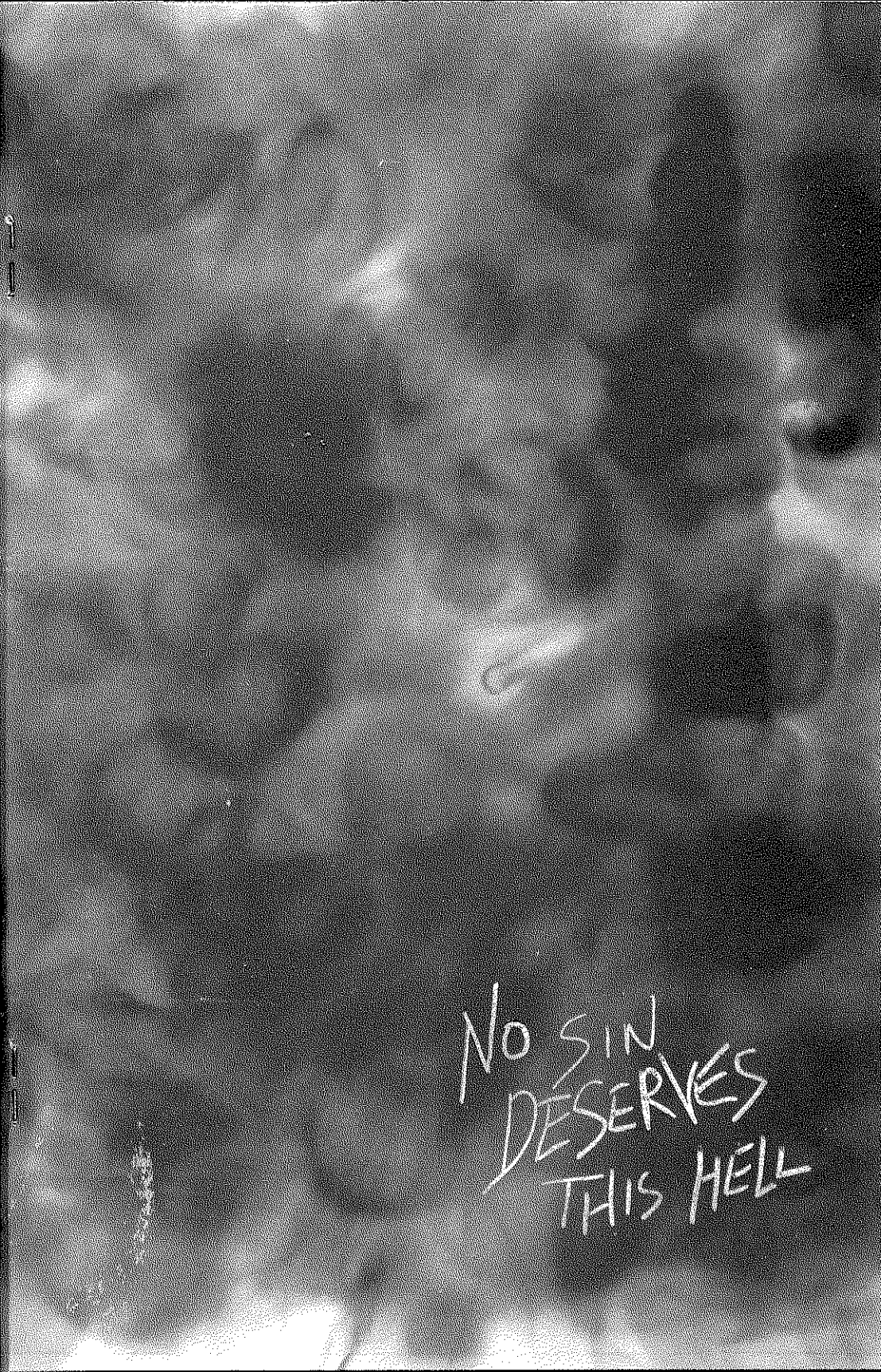
Hate? Never. . . . Regrets? None. . . .

Forgive me?

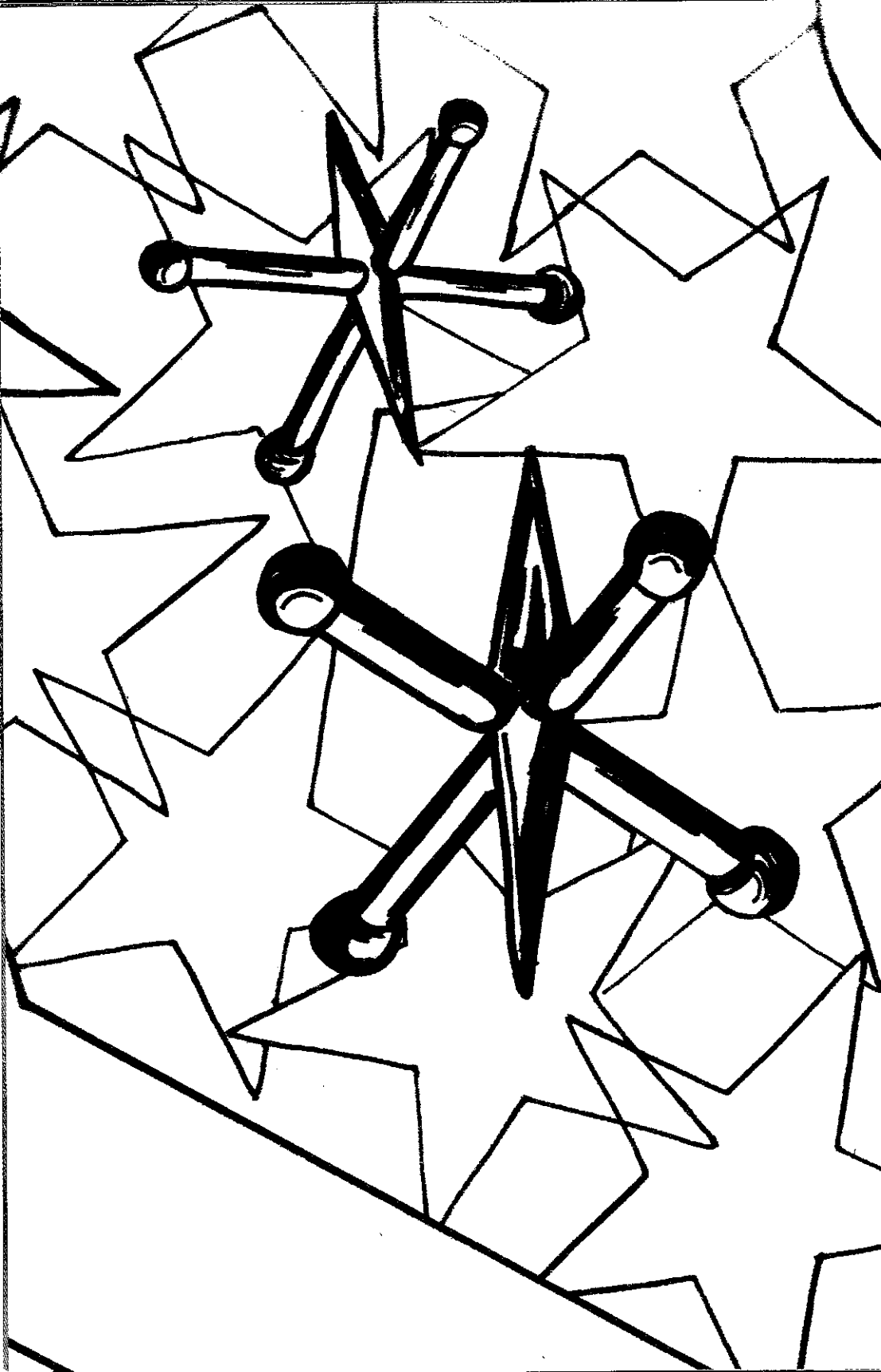
Sandy Silvers







NO SIN  
DESERVES  
THIS HELL



## AGE

She no longer wanted to play  
And carefully packed her toys away,  
Zipped out of her world of fantasy,  
Adjusting herself into reality.

But yet, the change arrived too soon,  
For her playmate couldn't presume  
What prevailed that the inevitable  
Had happened and no one had failed,  
To participate or, in fact, take part  
In a world that had lacked the ability

Of stability of it's fellows and foes.  
But life is real and there's not always a  
Happy end, maybe a beginning, sometimes  
A middle but not always an end.  
Existence composes those who are able to survive,  
Conquer, adjust and not always being stable.

She no longer wanted to play  
Maturity had stolen her away,  
From her playmate who was  
Unable to see, the separation  
Which had to be.

Josette Basile

## ONCE A LAKE REMOVED

I sit on your waterless shore's  
watching the hopeless fish jump  
and the black leaves decay  
YES I remember  
the happy people  
the innocent children  
the soon forgotten loves  
and I remember YOU  
still I see your sparkling falls  
and the wrinkled gleam of poles  
reflecting off your senses

ALL is FORGOTTEN now  
your eyes are cluttered  
with dead branches  
twisted cans and barrels  
and the falls (THE FALLS)  
are but a trickle  
how I wish you to return  
foolish of me to think that  
you don't own the land  
you just live there  
ONCE A LAKE REMOVED

Thom D'Orazio



**Poems, Trash, and other five letter words,**

**Sweet Suzy Public  
Lost in the forrest of neglect  
Far from the platform of respect  
Lightly on the path of deceit  
Breaking through the slime beneath**

**Stoned Suzy Public  
Damped by the tarrents of defeat  
Whole in mind and body  
Incomplete**

**Poor Suzy Public  
Burned by abuse  
Afraid to let it show  
Hopes it's an illusion  
Cause it's all in the mind y' know**

**Joe Christiano**

## CINNAMON GOBLINS

Dana Imperato

I seem to have remembered, at some opportune time,  
That plagiaristic poltergeist never chose to haunt the beer,  
    halls and the sidestreets,  
But I must infuse a bit of Infinite wisdom here,  
For to let it pass would be as foolhardy as not—  
Cinnamon Goblins only dwell in the desolate places—Like,  
Lonely hearts, prideful men and witshorn women.

Apprehension staring at the apparition, holding secrets in the  
    general store,  
Hunting up a verse by Whitman on a midnight such as this.  
Tired wind, still adequate and yet gangling.  
The Hippodrome never showed this bit of rabble before—  
Still it lets them perform in the vestibule and hold Black Mass  
    in the pantry . . . a strange circumstance.

But in all these acquired passages, my feet still cling to the  
    asphalt,  
And in the background of my memory I am beckoned by a  
    blend of cemeteries and a tiny sparrow  
Accosting his voice upon the limitless earth.  
And the goblin, eyes poised on a pinnacle  
Screams banshee like at the parade in his foyer—  
And me, I laugh and wander off to some other house—  
    haunted by me.

## **“A SIMPLE PHILOSOPHY BELIEVED”**

Bob Wellington

I am the down trodden masses, your hurt is my pain  
I cry for you and I pray I love you all.  
You are my neighbors and friends.  
You are the people I have yet to meet and the strangers  
I will never meet  
I wish to help you  
I try in every way I know to help  
Try to understand why I must live this way and try  
to be grateful or I shall pine in my heart  
For to be cared about is the greatest gift I receive





## AUTUMN LEAVES ARE FALLING DOWN

i walk through the forest  
among the trees  
i feel the wind  
as it caresses my cheek  
and rips through my hair  
it's cool, crisp, and refreshing  
it stimulates the spirit  
it makes you feel young and alive  
you want to go on forever  
walking among the leaves.  
kick up your heels  
stomp on them  
scoop them up in your hands  
feel their beauty  
smell their lively fragrances  
let their glorious colors  
dazzle your eyes  
for you are in Nature's garden  
be not afraid to enjoy yourself  
for She enjoys herself just as much.

Bobbi Jeanne

## FOOLS ARE WE

Day to Day Runs the Mill,  
Treading to the Never End.  
Up Hill, Down Dale,  
In and Out we Go;  
Start to Stop, Stop to Start,  
Miles on end we Run.  
Day Comes, Day Goes,  
Night Comes, Night Goes,  
Summer Comes, Summer Goes,  
Winter Comes, Winter Goes,  
Trudge, Trudge—on we Go.  
Black comes White,  
White comes Black,  
And Around we Go Again.  
Build it Up, Tear it Down,  
Here it Comes, There it Goes,  
Long we've Run—  
Passed by quite a Lot,  
Still Nowhere have we Gone.  
Day to Day Runs the Mill,  
Threading to the Never End,  
Cough, Cough, Puff, Puff,  
Run, Go, Go, Run—STOP!

J. Paul Smith

## THE LEAD SUMMER

In darkened slumber crept the night  
And chanced to meet a ray of light  
And so the pair became the dawn  
And together they went on and on

They rose and set and longer grew  
And the people cursed, not one, but two  
And when their limit had been reached  
They parted friends their difference breached

Thus passed the summer and the wall  
That divided man began to fall  
And two friends can still recall  
The summer past that led us all.

by Newcastle Cole

## FOR SUSAN—WITH DREAMS AND CARNIVALS

In the flowing admonition that takes my memory back  
To days of hunger, fused with ramblin' railroad tracks,  
And an empty purse that shown a mirror and a comb  
And a cauldron dipped 'twixt hand and cup and a dream stained figure in its  
wake.

Over countless roads and darkstreaked nights;  
When alone I sat and thought  
Of the days of cotton candy and the afternoons that spoke  
In clustered monuments of storm maidens and Gaul, and a pain remaining,  
everymore, washed 'gainst the Massachusetts shore.

She and I, young and alone, so terribly in love,  
The wind—I admired, for it touched her much more than I could ever hope  
to do;  
New England's dusty roads we've walked—  
Of futures—imprisoned, planned and poor . . . we spoke.

Yet I, at that frail moment, needed someone to comfort me;  
And she, in like manner, needed dreams and sympathy,  
Too much alike and too much the same—  
Our lives being captured in subtle sameness—  
One had to go involve itself  
With matters of practical life.

If I could but stroke her wisdom and her hands could claspe my soul,  
I'd whisper all I should have said  
And tears would bid me go.  
But, you, tender maiden, I'll dream at intervals  
And give you Susan; lost, precious love, blue dreams and carnivals.

Dana Imperato

**Who am I?**

**Some one who is happy.  
But yet can't possibly be so,  
because I have to adhere to society.**

**Who are they?**

**They are people who just don't have minds of their own.  
Human Machines walking, talking, following suit.  
One mass of incoherents.**

**Why do they exist?**

**They hope to find peace of mind.  
But I feel sorry for them, because I know they'll never achieve  
the goal they think is so small.**

**Why do I feel sorry for them?**

**Because I'm not a carbon copy, I'm not molded for them.  
So I guess that makes me free.  
And I have the best friend in the world, who feels as I . . .  
THAT makes me happy!!**

**Patricia Ternove**

She was a fairy-thought  
in the afternoon sun-lit page  
of something i know so little  
all in the air of a gentle kindness  
soft white with an ever-smile  
in a deep glow dawn  
and sometime when today is a memory  
i'll see her

*Robert Colameco*



## NOTIONS FROM THE OCEAN

*Cryptic memories refreshen my heart as I ramble along the  
shore  
Thoughts of fascination bewitch my mind as If by some  
strange lure  
My feet make impressions in the dampened sands  
Unspokened feelings are clinched in my hands  
Sea-green waters skim across the beach  
Tales of tomorrow are just out of reach  
My senses are sharpened with the salt ocean air  
As the crisp sea breeze blows through my hair  
The pearly white froth that appears from each wave  
Forms a keen mental picture that I'll always save  
The mist from each splash is sprayed on my face  
While my soul is enriched with an unusual grace  
My entire body tingles without the aid of a potion  
Whenever I'm drawn to the edge of the ocean*

Chas. O'Malley

