

PEGASUS

Vol. XII

PEGASUS

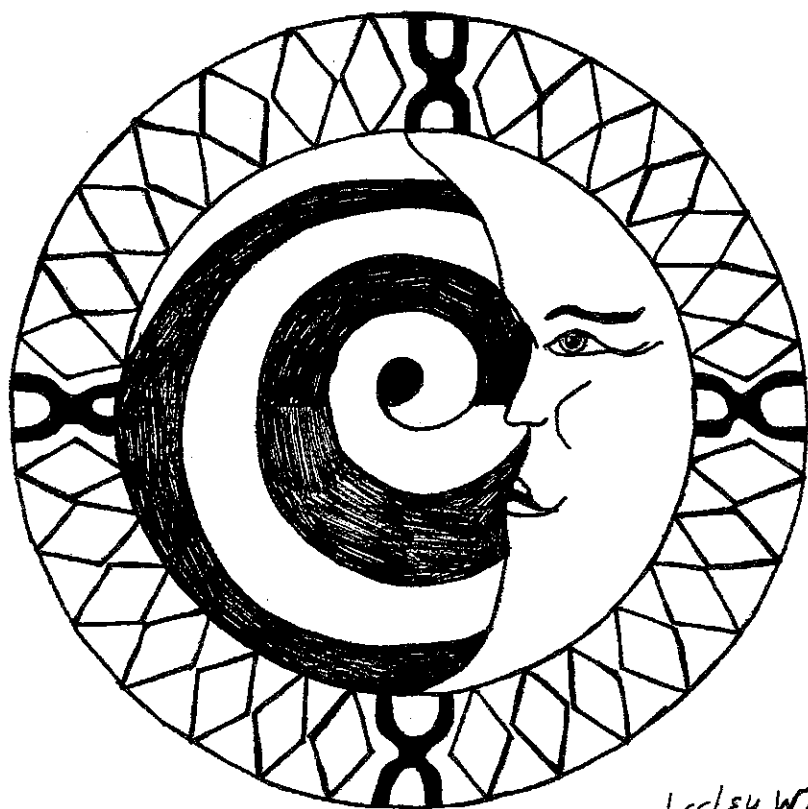
*Pegasus flew on through
the silver sky,
the winged horse flew so high
with wings spread across
the universe
flying towards Andromeda*

Lesley M. Wood

Fall Semester

1979

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hesley wood

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God Bless
the poet's ear
For pressed against the sky
it strains to hear the ethereal
heartbeat

Tom Beaman

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STONEHENGE

Scurrying between rock and plain,
Surmounting new thresholds of pain,
A smallish dragon hesitates before tapping
On a somber door. Her purpled feet
And blue-veined skin articulating
Eternity's whim. One last silly tooth
Requires a timid smile.
I'm feeling so much better.
Do you think that I'll get well?
Of course! (I lie). My Druid's breath
Huffing and puffing futilely
Against her death.

June W. King

LIFE

Through all of life's ups and downs,
we fly.
Never knowing what's to come,
or why.
And with all of life's goodbyes,
we cope.

Dianne Huey

FISSION

Let us imagine, you and I, each other pearls.
Not perfectly globed, perhaps, but true to ancient plan,
Each a self-contained world.
We reflect the pale-colored moon.
Cool—aloof—lonely.
But there is also a silver wash upon us
Nurtured as we were by the enduring sea.
Time's harsh tide smoothed and rounded us
So when standing next to you my glow becomes more luminous,
And you can see yourself mirrored imperfectly in me.
Dare we allow the chain to pierce our core?
Can we permit wisdom's silken knots to close the strand?
Or shall we remain drifting and scattered?
Darkening on the moonless plain,
Drowning in the waterless sea.

June W. King

SLIP OF THE TONGUE

Do you find me liable
To defend your every thought and deed
To surrender to your vanity
And cover up your greed?

I cannot feign amenities
With one who is so trite.
You are the phantom of futures past,
You have become a parasite.

Dolores Gallagher

Have you forgotten
forgotten my promise
promise to love
love forever
forever has ended
ended at last
last time we'll kiss
kiss goodbye
goodbyes are hard
hard to end
end to a love
love to be forgotten
forgotten forever

Donna Wright

REFLECTIONS

desert sunsets on my mind
remind me of friends
once left behind
nightly sojourns to the stars
vibrant colors
soft guitars
faster, brighter into ecstasy
fading, fading
away from me...

Dolores Gallagher

IDENTITY

My name,
It owns no one.
Lent to me by my
parents claim.
As fleeting as the stars,
My name,
giving off its own aura
was there to borrow.
Not like Lincoln,
 McClaine,
 Jackson,
 or Joyce.
but with its own fame,
its own special voice.
To think that it could have
painted a picture
or written a poem
brings me pride.

And when I die
and it is left there again,
Someone will hunt it down,
 pick it out
 and use it again,
My name.

Cindy Markow

MEDITATION

My body on waves,
 becomes waves,
rides the shore,
 is the shore,
revolves like the earth,
flies through space,
 is a star in the Milky Way,
 is the Milky Way,
becomes lost in the Milky Way,
 becomes lost,
 is gone.

Anthony Dickey

A brightness,
greatly shining,
flows inside me.
A special kindness
for someone
seeps thru my veins
like blood red wine,
growing and fermenting,
warming my existence;
A taste so smooth and sweet,
A touch of gentleness,
imprinted forever.

Patti Magee

BAPTISM

I remember our first morning so well,
You filled the chaste white tub
And poured a sea-green balm.
The water thundered and unleashed such
Fragrance divine that I trembled in your arms.
Clouds of bubbles cascaded over the rim,
And wet the floor as we nearly drowned in
Wanton, delirious sin.
Then you told me how, on the Mediterranean Sea,
Keeping watch for submerged destruction,
You saw only me, brown hair gleaming with
Phosphorescent stars, my
Empty body luminous and pale.
You moaned on that lonely bridge recalling
Lies tender and frail as you promised
You'd return. But when the Egyptian moon
Revealed me in the frantic wake,
It took all your strength to remain on
The navy's gray-painted deck.
In sprawling, brawling Cairo everything
Was possible and you found our joss,
Guaranteed to soothe the tears of a bride,
Most hesitant, and to last almost forever.
I painted your black curls with
Faded foam and saw in savage remorse,
Tomorrow's door. Don't cry, you begged,
Entwining me in glacéed arm and legs,
You are the dream that I have prayed for.

June W. King

Your voice lingers on in my mind
I still can feel your touch
I want your body close to mine
For I need you oh so much

My heart is bathed in ecstasy
Although my eyes are filled with tears
For you have stirred in me the woman
Withheld for so many years

Despite the sorrow at having you go
And thinking you never would call
I still chose to have you leave me
Then not to have loved you at all

Janet Bruno

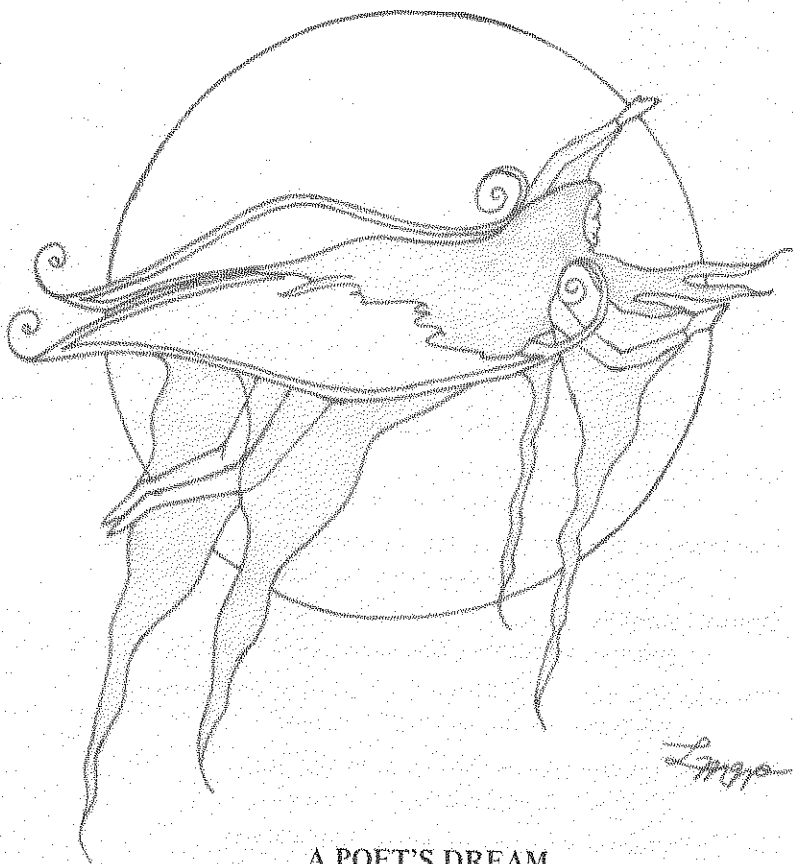
I've never missed
Anything
Quite as much
As
This.

Sometimes
I wonder
If loving you
Is worth the disruption
It has infused.

I realize now:

I've never loved
Anything
Quite as much
As
This.

Nancy Pandolfi



A POET'S DREAM

*We cast our thoughts deep into a well
like shining new coins.
They emerge as words filling up the voids
of creative expression
and like pennies
in a wishing well, these images
create and fulfill a dream.*

*A dream which soars through
endless skies in our mind's eye.
Here the dream is cultured
and brought to life in
written expression.*

Lesley M. Wood

DEE

Dolores sits down on the steps to the subway
and combs out the knots in her hair
And the song that she sings is so soft
that it's lost on the late afternoon summer air
Her feet take her places that she's often been
and she loses herself in each sight
She stops at the flower stalls, window displays
and she watches the birth of the night
Dolores awakes in the midst of the dark
and she writes out her dreams on the sheet
She asks the night questions that no man can answer
and stares at the soles of her feet
Her head on the pillow, her eyes in the stars
her mind in some world far away
Her lips chant a whisper in words half-forgot
of some song that she heard yesterday
Dolores stands up on a chair by the window
to catch the first beams of the sun
And staring intently she smiles her rare smile
and descends when the coffee is done
Her fingers are chilly 'til they trace the streak
of the sun through the window at dawn
Then she rises in silence, and touches your cheek
and walks through your door and is gone

K. R. Mullin

SHE WEARS A TUBE

She wears a tube, a halter top
a T-shirt or a blouse
A pair of painter's over-alls
or blue jeans 'round the house

A pantsuit or a sweater
a skirt or else culottes
And pettipants or nylon hose
or brightly painted socks

She wears a necklace, choker, chain
a bracelet, watch and ring
A ribbon, scarf, bandanna wrap
and some organic thing

But, when she stands on naked feet
her hair falls loose and free
A smile is her adorning jewel
She bears it soft to me

K. R. Mullin

LAVENDER DREAM

She lay on a bed
of sequins and gems
with her golden tresses
sprawled upon
the pillow of pearl
under the spell
of wonder she fell
entwined within
a lavender dream

Lesley M. Wood

VELVET

One night as the world slept peacefully,
I sat here and watched the stars
twinkling silently in the soft black velvet
of a fall night's sky.
Not a sound was to be heard
on this pleasant night,
except the distant sound of a train passing through town.
It's so different from the days on this planet.
There's none of the rushing and confusion.
Everyone is sleeping right now
off in their unconscious worlds.
But I'm sitting here enjoying this peace.
Peace inside, and a strong love for nature.
How I wish I could live only at night.
It's so easy to think about things.
The stars
so far away
like crystal dreams waiting patiently
for me to reach up and take them.
The moon, high overhead, shines bright
enough for me to write this.
It's a beautiful night, and I wish it could be
night forever, to hold the special beauty of this peace
on this green velvet planet beneath the stars.

Dianne Huey

YOU AND I

Our lives ran a river,
like the wide eyes of children,
like the wind not seen,
like a lover's first dream,
like the thunder not heard,
like the words unthought,
our lives ran a river,
our souls unbought.

Our freedom was clear,
like our destiny here,
our lives ran a river.

Like the flood of my feeling,
like a word from a mute,
my love is a mountain,
in mid-summer's suit,
our lives ran a river,
our lives ran a dream,
our lives ran together,
like rivers and streams.

Will Webb



AUTUMN

The leaves curl and crisp,
yellow, brown and red.

The air carries a burden of wetness,
awaiting the formation of snow.

And all is quiet and still,
because another year is in its death throes.

It is time of sentiment and remembrance,
when the mind reaches back into yesterday.

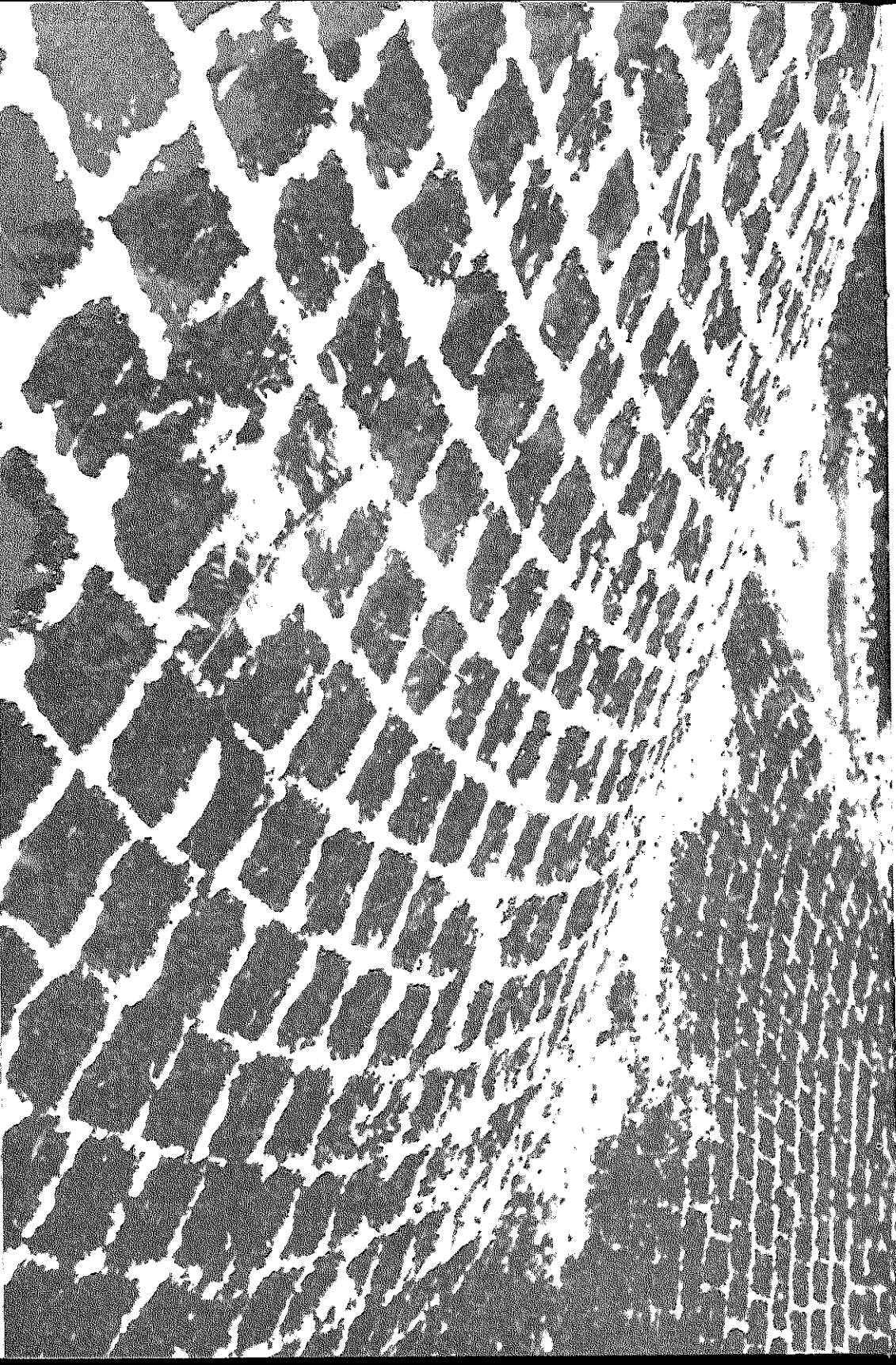
It is a time of preparation,
when mildness turns into harshness.

The sun no longer browns the skin,
nor imparts its life and growth giving warmth.

The ease of another summer is no more,
the leisure and frolic vanish with the flowers.

It is the beginning and the end,
it is Autumn.

Albin Rozploch



SNOW

Through the silent wintery sky they came,
they came by the thousands seeking to blanket
the world with their dazzling beauty,
to hold the world spellbound by their magnificence,
to transform an ugly world into one of brilliance
and majesty.
To touch each person with a power so strong
as to alter them even for one moment,
To conquer the world with peace.

Maureen Welde

NIGHT

The stars twinkling overhead
Are like diamonds set in blue velvet
And as I stare up at the heavens I see one catch
fire and race across the sky
Only to plummet slowly to earth to become a cold
lonely piece of rock
Denied forevermore the splendor of the sky
and the brilliance of one of the jewels
of the universe

Maureen Welde

What a
Folly
We have made
Of our past.

The worst part
Is that I've lost your
Identity, your
Humanness,
In the flurry
Of it all.

These days
I am no longer sure
If you are friend
Or enemy.

Whether to hold you in
Admiration
Or in scorn.

You've become an
Object
In my life.

An object
Cannot speak.
It cannot be spoken to.

An object
Cannot Feel.
Nor can any genuine feeling
Be felt for it. . .

Nancy Pandolfi

March,
April,
May,

How underhanded!

June,
July,
August,

What treachery!

And now
September
too.

I hold them all
In contempt.

They've made
Strangers
Of me
And you. . .

Nancy Pandolfi

A MATTER OF PRINCIPLE

It was early . . . not quite seven o'clock, yet the rippling folds of fragrant summer wheat had already begun to surrender the delicate film of dew that collected in glistening droplets on the stalks. The rows seemed to stretch from side to side, breathing the crisp fresh air with impatience as they awaited the warmth of afternoon. Birds tittered and whistled their appreciation as they playfully swooped, chasing each other across the tips of wheat, and arching upward with the breeze toward the sky. Their song rose in volume as the sunlight chased shadows of the woods flanking the field, across the golden shafts and into the lush, green rolls of pasture land beyond.

Stretching between the pasture and the wheat, its surface weathered and broken with ruts, was a narrow dirt road. It ran half the length of the field, then veered sharply into the wheat, cutting through the rows and disappearing into the dark woods. Midway into the field and heading along the road toward the trees were two figures, a young boy and a man running their hands along the heads of wheat as they walked.

"You know, Peter, I'm not really sure that I'm going to like trapping. It just doesn't seem right to me somehow." Daryl's thin, brown hair fell in front of his eyes as he spoke. It was unlike him to voice his thoughts so boldly and he'd lowered his head to avoid the gaze of his older companion.

"Not nothin' wrong with it," Peter answered, running his shirt-sleeve across the end of his nose as he spoke. "So far as I can see, it's a matter of principle."

Daryl kept his eyes trained firmly on the road in front of him but stammered his puzzlement. "H—H—How?"

"Well..." Peter started, but paused to think, running his fingers through his coarse red hair before he finished. "My dad always told me animals aren't all that smart, and got no reason for being, other'n for us." He turned to Daryl expecting a response, but continued regardless of his silence. "I've got fifteen traps spread out through these woods here," he boasted, obviously quite proud of himself, "and they bring me in enough pelts to buy me my weekends to the movies plus some! Can't see how killing a few stupid muskrats ain't worth that," he added confidently.

Daryl answered by lifting his head and regarding him with curiosity, but remained silent as they stepped into the shadows that fell around the perimeter of the woods. He'd always been a quiet child, reserved, yet obviously intelligent. His deep, brown eyes quick and piercing, his face, pale and oval, radiated a poetic sensuality that made him appear almost feminine at times. It was difficult for him to

look at anyone while he spoke, for he tended to mirror in his expressions whatever emotion possessed him. As a result, he usually kept his head lowered, riveting his gaze to the ground and giving people the impression that he was slow or retarded. His father attributed his introverted ways to some deep-seated insecurity, and determined that by sending him to his cousin Peter's farm for the summer, the boy would "learn to respect himself and open up a bit." All Daryl understood, however, was that he had been given the run of almost fifty acres of land with no one to bother him but his older cousin Peter.

As he accompanied his cousin into the woods, he felt a sudden urge to sneak off through the brush and explore by himself, but he resisted. Although he would have enjoyed the solitude, he felt obligated to remain with Peter as he checked his traps. He followed him as he left the road and crashed through a maze of dense underbrush and foliage, until eventually they emerged onto the bank of a large creek. They stood still for a few minutes, Daryl listening to the peaceful gurgle of the water and Peter scanning the opposite bank of the creek for one of his traps.

"There's one right over there," Peter cried, and pointed to what seemed to Daryl a motionless clump of mud. "Roll up your pants."

Daryl obeyed, and the two of them splashed noisily through the knee-deep water to the opposite bank. Peter knelt over the clump and poked it with a small crescent wrench that he had pulled from his rear pants pocket.

"Yep, it's a musky alright," he exclaimed. Daryl started as the object writhed and twisted, revealing a rusty, metal clamp cutting into one of its muddy limbs. "Wh—what are you going to do with him?" Daryl stammered in astonishment as Peter reached behind him to grasp a fist-sized piece of rock. "Well, I'm going to kill him, silly," Peter huffed in exasperation, "You don't expect me to skin him while he's kicking, do you?"

Peter moved back a few inches from the gnashing teeth, then brought the rock down with a sickening thud. Daryl had expected a squeal, but there was no sound other than the thud and a mechanical click as Peter opened the trap and freed the limp paw.

"Just watch and I'll show you how to skin him," Peter drawled confidently. "It's real easy."

Daryl swallowed his revulsion and peered over the man's shoulder in morbid fascination as he held the skinny body upside down by its legs and ran his pack knife across its throat.

"You got to bleed 'em first, so as you don't dirty the skin." Peter held the sagging form over the water and allowed the shiny trail of crimson fluid to run into the current and swirl downstream. After a few moments, he immersed the head in the water before carrying the inert body to the top of the creek bank, laying it belly up on the grass. Daryl turned away when he saw the knife glint in the sunlight as Peter bent to draw it skillfully across the muskrat's chest. He sat by the edge of the creek and fought back the surge of vomit that filled his throat as he listened to Peter's whistling. After staring into the water for what seemed like an age, he felt Peter's hand tighten upon his shoulder. "Come on, Daryl. I've got fourteen more traps to check before we start chores."

Daryl rose reluctantly and slowly followed Peter along the bank of the creek, fixing his stare on the slick, black pelt that hung from his cousin's belt. He started to say something, but Peter had spotted another trap and was hastening toward it by the time he managed to open his mouth.

"Hey, Daryl, I got another number," Peter shouted gleefully and turned back to look at him. Daryl forced himself to lift his head and pleaded as he approached the trap.

"Come on, Peter, I don't feel well. Let's go home."

Peter laughed and turned away, busying himself with his boot-strap. "Find me a rock, will ya. I'm gonna need ya. If this luck keeps up, you'll have to help me carry pelts home," Peter exclaimed excitedly as he pulled the strap one notch tighter. "I got me a rabbit."

Daryl lifted a heavy chunk of rock that felt like granite, and took a step closer, his eyes bulging with fear as he pleaded. "Leave it alone."

"Ah, come off it, Daryl, just give me the rock, will ya," Peter ordered, and stretched his hand back palm up as he bent over the thrashing animal.

Daryl squeezed his eyes shut as the rock pounded its mark once, twice, three times, and then was quiet. When he opened them, Peter was sprawled across the trap, his mouth opening and closing as his torso convulsed and his eyes rolled crazily about in their sockets, straining to focus. It was with no small effort that they finally met with Daryl's for one short, questioning look before Daryl lifted the rock back over his head for the fourth and final time.

"It's just a matter of principle," Daryl whispered, then brought the rock down with all his might.

Tom Beaman





105.4

NICOTINE DREAM

I just smoked a cigarette
and it made me want to spit
smoke got in my eyes and hair
and made me feel like shit
everyday I wake up and say
"I'm gonna quit."
but before that morning is over
I suffer from a nicotine fit

I'm dying for a cigarette
I disregard my health
with every drag of that fag
I'm slowly killing myself

I know I'm crazy
everytime I take a puff
I really can't stand them
they make me sick
they make me cough and sneeze
as I say to the man
in the drug store stand
"A pack of Lucky's please."

I'm dying for a cigarette...

Next time I want a cigarette
I should substitute my thumb
look into the mirror
I bet you I look dumb
pretending to be Bogart
in a Casablanca bar
I'm speeding down the highway
in a brand new shiny car
I'm in Marlboro country
I'm riding on the range
I'm Dean Martin
I'm the pilot of the plane
as the poison pours from my mouth
like a stream
it slaps me in the face
that it's only a Nicotine Dream

I'm dying for a cigarette...

Charles Flagiello

GRANDFATHER'S PRIDE

Ah! Ye shoulda seen me as a soldier, lads
 When I left for the glorious war
Wi' me rifle straight up on me shoulder, lads
 An' yer granny, in tears, at the door.

Ah! Ye shoulda seen all o' me brass, lads
 As shiny as e'er the sun
An' the crunch of our boots on the grass, lads
 Would put our dread foe to the run.

An' ye shoulda seen me 'n' McNeild, lads
 Wi' them grinks not a stone's throw away
An' there's wounds as have never quite healed, lads
 An' I'll tell ye, on some other day.

Yes, I'm glad that yer father'd been born, lads
 An' was home in the arms o' yer gran
'Cause I come back so horribly torn, lads
 But I'd fit the war, jes' like a man!

An' 'tis true, as I tol' ye before, lads
 That I'd gladly go do it again
'Cause, by fightin', I've ended all war, lads
 So ye both can grow up to be men.

K. R. Mullin

A GIFT?

Water
void fruitless sand
sad Navajo spirit
government reserved: for red men
only.

Larry Moulder

Sitting in an off center way,
Making comments off-the-wall,
They noticed a gallery of one,
With face pressed against the window
Pain—
No private conversation is complete
Without an indiscreet spy.

Sharon Winters

FEAR

I picture myself jumping.
I think it might be better
to jump into,
Rather than away from.
The distance between the two
scares me.

Kevin Andrews

ALONE

Alone
feel the nagging
temptation of madness
skittering past like mischievous
laughter

Tom Beaman

NO REASON AT ALL

There aren't any flagpole sitters anymore,
Nobody seems to have the time to do nothing
With flair and purposelessness.
Reasons are given for every activity
Because eventually someone will ask,
"Why?"
And a good explanation will be in
Order for the sole purpose of
Making someone feel that he knows
Something valuable.
There aren't any flagpole sitters anymore
Because the people that explain flagpole
Sitting and the people that watch
Have given meaning and worth
And made the art too expensive.
The artist has been sold out of
Existence by those who judge with
Visions of circumstance, consequence
And convention.
Someday, when the reasons are seen for their
Silliness
Flagpole sitting will come back in glory,
For no reason at all.

Sharon Winters

What a beautiful day
Down here
On the beach
The sun is so bright
It has captured
The entire sky
There's little blue to see,
But I am alone
And missing you more
Than I have ever
Missed anything.
My heart longs
To be crushed against yours,
And my hand remembers well
The feel of your cheek,
But it is only time
That is keeping us apart
For you are out there
Somewhere...
And that is all I need to know.
Yes, today is a beautiful day,
But it can't begin to compare
With the kind of day it will be
When we are reunited.

Nancy Pandolfi

I promised you I'd remember
All the moments that we shared,
To reinforce my spell on you,
And show you that I cared.

So don't be surprised to see me
When your expectations are down,
For I am your bewitching lady
And my presence is always around.

Janet Bruno

Humid lunch breaks
Spent window shopping
Avoiding my own reflection
In the glass,

And Sunday nights
Always full of resolution...

I used to wonder
Where it all was taking me.
Was I yet to find
Some new beginning?
Or was this where
I would remain?

I felt so guilty
For not trying harder.

Then I met you
And the answers didn't seem
so important anymore.

I used those lunch breaks
To buy you greeting cards
Or to read poetry
In bookstores.

And Sunday nights
I'd be in your arms...

The thought of you
Was ever constant;
Your face,
Your hands,
Walked so many streets with me.

I love your face,
I love your hands,
I am in love
With all of you
That you
Have let me be a part of.

I want still more.

But you've got to leave
In just four days
And even though
I know
I swore to you
That I understood the reasons,
I really didn't

I never will.

Nancy Pandolfi

GYPSY

Gypsy of the universe
wandering, wandering.
Why don't you find a place
to call home?
You just go on
wandering, wandering
moving from place to place.
You were born
where the wind begins
and that's where you'll die.
The whole universe is your home.

Dianne Huey

THE WANDERER

He mingles on from town to town,
smiling, laughing, no worries.
It's beautiful how others view him,
for there is always an aroma
of freedom about him,
through the carriage of his gait
and the glitter of his eyes...
but no one can really touch him inside,
nor ever really feel his presence,
for he as a soul is invincible
and frightened by the gentle
touch of a woman's hand who cares,
for the wanderer knows that once he's been
reached within,
he, the wanderer, will once again
have to wander on...

Megan Betts





REGINA

Like Oedipus, I know my fate.
His sentried shepherd thought him to suffering born,
Like Jesus and Karl Marx.
Men love to suffer their slick agony!
They feel their pain multiply into cells,
Minds and philosophies, and soon
There is a movement named after them—
At the very least, a manifesto.
They wallow in their war illusions,
Storing their protein in me but
Putting their plutonium into "Triple A" rods.
But I, I shed my blood each month
And no one drinks wine in memory of that!
I just go on swallowing the pill, clogging my veins,
Ironing his shirts, typing his page,
Clanging the NCR drawer or is it Singer now, you traitor?
Careful mother, don't castrate him as you cut
The silver cord so tenderly. His pain must be momentary.
Who cares if yours lasts a day, a week—forever?
Grief is nothing to a Queen.

June W. King

THE PLUMSTEAD

Young slender girls are making their way from one table to another,
Laughs pierce the air that is filled still with various other sounds.
A juke box, a radio echoing distant from the kitchen.

Shuffled, muffled steps from those who are too weary or too high
to life their feet to the beat of life trod by.
Old men stare at women who seem enticing from a distance.
With a closer view they would not be.

Middle-aged women wander down the aisles, aloof to the competition.
But, I think they are waiting for someone to see them, to talk to
them, to want them.
Everyone here wants to be wanted.

Bartenders mix and pour, mix and pour.
Empty bar bottles and glasses pile high on the sink, shoved aside
hurriedly.
Time slumps by over the stale smoky air.
Footsteps that shuffled by earlier now drag past me.
To the toilet and back.
To the toilet and back.

Faces have set themselves in frowns and remain so, some never
seeming to flex a single muscle for hours.
Emptiness there portrays the rusty and slowing cogs and gears;
screws missing or lost from their minds.
Is there no response left in them for a neighbor?
Even a drunken neighbor?

Blacks congregate in a tiny corner on the backside of the bar.
Pride and bitterness appear in the hollows of their eyes as they
converse in whispers.
Returning stares across the bar at white peers, one tips his glass to
swallow as though fearing to remove his eyes from the enemy.

Tiny pieces of a million trivial conversations come back to my ears,
mingled and machinating,
Music to some, and meaningless distracting chatter to others.
My own voice is silent, depressed beneath pain and an ache within
that does not seem to be located in any particular spot.

I see my own face among these, blurred to those who hurry by,
or are they crawling now?

Is this a way for us to forget? I wonder if I can.

Last call.

One last one, or two last ones for me, for a million others.

Bar lights flicker on and startle everyone to attention.
Faces sink back to their recesses.

Bodies slow and weak begin to rustle and organize as best they can.
Yet unorganized they remain.

Somehow, my legs bend beneath me, arms dropping limp to my sides.
Feet stumble forward, forward, forward, onto the floor, down
the aisle, to the door.

Standing on the sidewalk again, light spreads from above me,
illuminating gray pavement that stretches out cold and
hard beneath me.

And I walk.

Sandy Soskin



SUNSET

The evening sun is slowly sinking over the edge
of the earth.

Its pastels painted over the evening sky.

The colors everchanging on the canvas,

as night prepares to erase the greatest
masterpiece of all.

Maureen Welde

THE SEA

The sea is blue and the sun is sparkling
on the sea as if to show off the thousands of diamonds
the sea has in its watery vault

For the sea is a miser

Taunting man with its beauty

And showing no mercy to anyone who would try
to claim it for his own

Maureen Welde

INVITATION

Design magic time for wondering
within the fantasy of your thoughts,
the hidden playground.
Remembering...
We are all Children of passions
Children of dreams

Busy
Gathering brightly colored Beads.
Love's purple
Friend's green
Yellow circles of Joy
Strung together with love.
The mind's finger toys.
See the rainbow, mixed hues
Life streams through
Hurry, come and play!
Tomorrow won't do.

Anna Marie Guglielmo



If you want to go,
Then go
This very moment.
Don't make friendly conversation,
And don't wear that child-like smile
On my doorstep.
It will only stain the cement
And I will have to face it
Every time I pass.

So be on your way now,
And should you find yourself
Missing me,
Don't come looking
In my favorite restaurant
I won't be there.
I loved it merely because
It was where we met
And not because of the spaghetti
Like I led you to believe.

You
Fool.

Nancy Pandolfi

Il Mulino

MANCO

Pizza

...SANDWICHES...

TRAMONTANA ROLL

200 VARIETIES \$2.49

...PIZZA...

ocean



A Play
by Charles Flagiello

SPACE AVAILABLE
INQUIRE WITHIN

Scene 1

MAN reading Time magazine sitting in the waiting section of a real estate office. SECRETARY is at her desk. MADMAN enters. His shirt is out, shoes untied, pockets turned out, and hair disheveled. Jackhammer sounds can be heard when the door opens and shuts.

SECRETARY: Good morning!

MADMAN: Yes, it is a fine morning now, isn't it. I've read in the paper where mankind has launched a probe destined for Saturn on this lovely spring morning.

SECRETARY: Pardon me?

MADMAN: Is this reality?

SECRETARY: What?

MADMAN: As I was walking by here I noticed a sign out front, it read "True Reality." True?

MADMAN: Oh I get it now, another mean prank to pull on people, as if there weren't enough already. Why is it always the same? Con-men everywhere. You don't have to look far to find one. Terrorists on TV, sex by Revlon; it all makes me sick. Reality, realty, real estate, real mayonnaise. . . (yawns) Is this a play, a cartoon?

SECRETARY: It's (telephone rings) (answers telephone) Hello, "True Realty." You'll have to make an appointment. Sorry we are closed on the Fourth of July. (Madman begins to search himself but comes up empty-handed.) That will be fine. Thank you for calling True. (hangs up telephone)

MADMAN: (mimicking) Thank you for calling True.

SECRETARY: Who are you anyway?

MADMAN: That question might take some time to answer. Do you have an hour?

SECRETARY: What is it you want?

MADMAN: I would like an appointment with this. . . (looks over to realtor's desk and reads the name plate) ahh Mr. Burgerstein. If I may I will proceed to retreat to a chair and begin reading this freshly printed science fiction novel I most recently purchased at Phil's Drug World down the street. It should prove to be interesting. It's about a race of arm chairs, and. . .

SECRETARY: Frankly I don't care what it is about. Just go sit over there with that other fellow. It seems he has been waiting for years.

MAN reading Time magazine turns a page. MADMAN begins to read his novel. The secretary begins to type to the motif of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

Scene 2

MADMAN is snoring loudly with the novel open on his lap. SECRETARY is filing her nails by the filing cabinets. The man is still reading Time magazine. REALTOR enters. He is wearing a black suit and a villain's moustache. Car horns can be heard as the door opens and shuts.

REALTOR: (to secretary) Send out for coffee quick! And put some cigarettes on that list. (cough) Call up my health club and cancel my membership. Have my prescription refilled down at Phil's. They're after me, I tell you. They're after me. I'm *dying* for a cigarette. (cough) (to audience) Does anyone have an extra cigarette? (receives a cigarette from a member of the audience) (cough) Thank you.

SECRETARY: Who's after you, sir?

REALTOR: Oh, forget that, will you. You wouldn't believe why I'm so late. For the first time in nearly six years I decided to use public transportation. We were proceeding down Elmwood Avenue when out of nowhere came a flaming meteor, which landed smack dab in the middle of the road. A *meteor*. I had to walk seventeen blocks to get here.

SECRETARY: A meteor?

REALTOR: That's right, a *meteor*. A huge chunk of cosmic debris. A fragment of a comet's tail. An enormous rock from outer space!

MADMAN: (awakes, yawns, and stretches) Ah, Mr. Burgerstein, I presume. I just had the strangest dream. I dreamt that an armchair entered Earth's atmosphere and burst into flames. This same armchair came zooming down in a brilliant ball of flames only to land in front of the D bus around the corner.

REALTOR: (to secretary) Who is he, anyway?

SECRETARY: That is a question that will take some time to answer. Do you have an hour?

REALTOR: What's that? Never mind . . . What time is it, anyway?

MADMAN: Chronological or solar?

REALTOR: You know it has not been much fun rehearsing with you. (to audience) What a morning, first an arm . . . I mean meteor then this . . . this . . . madman. I must be dreaming.

HUNTER enters. He is wearing a camouflage suit and carrying a canteen, flashlight, knife, and a very deadly looking rifle. Jungle sounds can be heard as the door opens and shuts.

HUNTER: Did any of you see a deer go by here?

(all, except MAN reading Time magazine, look around)

REALTOR &
SECRETARY: A what?

HUNTER: A deer. (begins to aim rifle all around) You know, four legs, antlers, a fuzzy little tail. MY ENEMY!

REALTOR: I'm sorry, you must have the wrong address. Why don't you try next door?

HUNTER: So that's how it's gonna be. You can't pull the wool over my eyes. I have been tracking this deer all the way from the Appalachian mountains in central Pennsylvania. If I was not detoured by a flaming arm. . . I mean meteor this morning, I probably would have captured it already.

REALTOR: You must be mistaken. I have not seen a deer in weeks, neither in a magazine nor a menu. Now if you don't mind, I am trying to pull together what is left of an already shattered day. Will you please leave before I call the police.

A flashing red light appears in the window and a siren can be heard.

HUNTER: (childishly) I was only playing . . . you hurt my feelings. (exits)

REALTOR swallows a pill.

Scene 3

MADMAN is sitting next to the realtor's desk, looking over a form. REALTOR is not there at the moment. The secretary is typing to the beat of "shave and a haircut two bits." MAN reading Time magazine is still reading Time magazine.

MADMAN: Facts, forms, and figures. This is driving me mad. Do I have to fill it all out?

SECRETARY: If you wish to transact business, you must.

MADMAN: Figures. Let me see here . . . Name? (begins to check himself and finally finds a small piece of paper in his top jacket pocket, reads it to himself) Oh yeah. Address? That is easy . . . Earth! Do you realize that we are living proof there is life in outer space! Our planet is but a big ball gliding gracefully through the cosmos. Orbiting around a gigantic sphere of fire at 66,600 miles an hour. Fourteen miles per second! Mind boggling, isn't it?

SECRETARY: Yes, but isn't it against the law going that fast with the energy crisis and all?

MADMAN: My dear child, it is the gravitational force of the sun that hurls our planet so. And it is in complete accordance with the law. The law of gravity, that is.

SECRETARY: Doesn't gravity have something to do with apples or is it fig newtons?

MADMAN: Oh, shut up. (returns to form) Now what else is there here? Ahah, Sex! Now that has something to do with gravity.

MAN reading Time magazine looks up and scans the stage and the audience, then returns to reading his magazine. REALTOR enters. He is counting money.

REALTOR: Let us get down to business. You, my good man, what is it I could do for you? (twirls his moustache)

MADMAN: I saw your advertising sign in the window. The one that said, "Space Available, Inquire Within."

REALTOR: Well?

MADMAN: Well, I thought perhaps I might purchase some.

REALTOR: What kind of space did you have in mind? We offer commercial space, industrial space?

MADMAN: No.

REALTOR: Residential space, office space . . .

MADMAN: That's not quite what I had in mind.

REALTOR: Vending space, parking space?

MADMAN: Nooooo . . .

REALTOR: What then? What? Speak, man, speak!

MADMAN: Do you offer Outer Space? (Points upward)

REALTOR: Hmmmm, it could be arranged. If you are willing to pay for . . .

MADMAN: I always wanted to be like John Glenn. Adventure I shall seek! Cruising among the stars. Being rescued at sea. Talking to Mission Control. Besides, you get to wear them really neat silver space suits, and a helmet. Gee. Do you realize John Glenn traveled from San Diego, California, to Savannah, Georgia, in only 8 minutes! Space, the final frontier . . .

REALTOR: (to audience) I don't even know why I took this part.

MADMAN: (mumbles) Maybe even do a Tang commercial.

Scene 4

DEER enters and roams slowly around the stage, then exits. Nobody notices it.

Scene 5

SECRETARY is doing what a secretary does. REALTOR is adding figures up diligently. He has his tongue out eyebrows raised. MADMAN is slowly beginning to fall asleep in his chair. MAN reading Time magazine is still reading Time magazine.

REALTOR: All the figures are tallied and awaiting your signature, Mr. . . . ah . . . (notices Madman is asleep) (to secretary), Miss Fry, have a Dun and Bradstreet run on this gentleman. Though it doesn't really matter how much money he has, I plan to take it all.

SECRETARY: Yes Sir.

MADMAN awakes, yawns, and stretches.

REALTOR: Sir, sign right here.

MADMAN: I hope this space you are going to sell me doesn't have any of those "black holes" everybody is talking about, does it?

REALTOR: (laughs) Oh no, no, no . . . and if it did, that would be extra. We would have to add a "black hole" clause before settlement. It is not every day we get a request like that. Anyway, according to my calculations this little venture of yours has run up, needless to say, an astronomical sum.

MADMAN: Such as?

REALTOR: At least seven figures.

MADMAN: But I only have \$200.

REALTOR: Sold! Sign right here. Very good. You now own a full cubic kilometer of outer space, somewhere on the sunny side of Venus. You know it is tough competing with NASA Realty down the street. (winks at secretary)

MADMAN: Wow, a whole cubic kilometer of space. Oh my God.

SECRETARY: (to audience) How come everybody says "Oh my God" like they had their own little god they carried around in their purse or something.

PRIEST enters. The Hallelujah chorus of Handel's "Messiah" is heard as the door opens and shuts. He scans the stage but does not find what it is he is looking for.

PRIEST: I must be on the wrong set. Hmmm, the Lord works in strange ways. I was called to give the Last Rites to a hunter out front. He was mumbling something about a deer, something about a deer landing in front of the D bus around the corner. Anyway, if there is anything I could do for anyone while I'm here I would be more than willing. (to secretary) Do yo mind if I place my missal on your desk for a moment I . . . (REALTOR, SECRETARY and MADMAN duck behind the desk as if frightened)

MADMAN: A missile!

PRIEST: No need to be frightened. It is not that kind of a missile. It won't explode or anything.

REALTOR: You had us going there for a minute.

PRIEST: Oh, what is the use? Why do I pretend? Why did I take this part? I'm not a Priest. I'm not even Catholic. (thunderclap can be heard and lightening blinks) However, I'm a good Christian and still there are times when I feel like I am . . . I'm, I am a failure.

SECRETARY moves over to PRIEST and whispers something in his ear. A smile comes across his face.

PRIEST: Do you really think so? You're so kind. (he begins to remove his vestments) I always wanted to be a song and dance man. (he finds a hat and cane behind a desk and begins to sing and dance) Showbiz! "Just me and my shadow . . . strolling down the avenue . . . What are you doing after this play, sweetheart? (secretary again whispers something into his ear, he exits singing. "The sun shines east, the sun shines west, but I know where the sun shines best, Mammy . . . (at door he turns and flashes a Groucho Marx facial expression to audience)

REALTOR: What time is it?

SECRETARY: (gives him actual time.)

REALTOR: This is ridiculous. I am going home. It will take at least a half hour to remove this make-up.

MADMAN: A whole cubic kilometer. Wow.

MADMAN, REALTOR, and SECRETARY exit. MAN reading Time magazine turns a page. Lights dim.

CURTAIN

THE END

What will happen
When the end comes and
We haven't used the right mouthwash,
The right foot spray,
The right scent,
And our best clothes are at the cleaners?

Sharon Winters