Deja Vu 1975

Kent State University - Stark Campus

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FACULTY ADVISOR: John F. Carson

SPRING 1975

POETRY CONTEST WINNERS

$20.00 FIRST PRIZE UNTITLED JON HEDDELESTON
$15.00 SECOND PRIZE UNTITLED CATHY CARROLL
$10.00 THIRD PRIZE VICTIM RANDY MCDERMOTT
$10.00 THIRD PRIZE FISH TANK LESLIE RUSSELL

ART CONTEST WINNERS

$20.00 FIRST PRIZE PAULETTE DIBATTISTA
Planes and times
I see
In my mind
Are there---
I guess...
And my imaginings
Often return me
To time spent with you

My memory
Is my friend
It takes me
To places I never thought
I would be again
It shows me
Faces I never thought
I would see again

Portions
Of you
Are mirrored in me
In our talks
I saw reflections
Of your Youth
In my Youth---
Often the same

And would not
We two
Like to return
To all we spoke of
Together...
The true innocence
Of Youth
The true beauty
Of Youth...
The fresh green
Countryside
Rolling our minds
The throaty laugh
We had so long forgotten

Yet...
Change is absolute
All arises
To go again
And so we too
Had to relinquish
Time merely loaned to us

And so we reminisced
Late into the warm
Summer evenings
Of places similar
To us both
Of times common
To us both
And through you
I realized more of me

And...
I do miss you so

And the burning
In my head longs
To speak with
You again--
Though well I know
I can only remember
Our encounters
In my mind

And for the first time
At this coming
Christmas time
We two
Will be more alone
Than ever before

Yet know well
That it is the thought
That remains...
No one can bury
A memory
As long as someone
Is here clinging to it

And so
If in the physical
We are alone
Think not
Of being forgotten
For warm thoughts
Of us
Will remain
At Christmas time

JON HEDDELESTON
Little woman, whose wrinkled face casts gray light upon hands proliferating with ropy veins, peers from dusty window panes and surveys the desolation of her existence. Every dark, dank corner reeks of death, beckoning her to join its decadence. The tears she sheds fall with her ethereal being. Endless, timeless, death can coax, but she ignores the call.

"I'll not join you yet," she cries, for she hopes to wash death away, "Tomorrow is another day."

Sitting on her stage, she completes another performance. Death, her only audience, awaits the FINALE.

CATHLEEN CARROLL
UNTITLED

STEPHANIE BEOGLOS

VICTIM

THIRD PRIZE

Flash that tyrannosaur grin at me, darlin'!
I'm so pleased to be about to be eaten!
Let me look at my leisure at the yellow of your eyes,
I'm an egg waiting to be beaten.

As you start your approach you swing your fat tail around,
your mighty-muscle meat-claw legs appalling.
I know how insane something like this has to sound,
but this is predator-love, and I am falling.

The way that you move is just a practiced routine,
just a ritual that gets you your meat.
But before I succumb to all those razor-sharp teeth,
I want to tell you that I hope my taste is sweet.

RANDY MCDERMOTT
THIRD PRIZE

FISH TANK TREASURE CHEST

You were destined
To flap your jaws
And pour out hot air
Like a sunken
Treasure chest inside
A fishtank of memories.

But the fish listen
To you.
They can't avoid
Your bursts of bubbles
That batter them
Around like balloons
On a breezy summer day.

I watch you
Through cut glass
Eyes.
You are a distorted
Picture to my
Mind.

You scream all day,
But I can't hear
You. I read your words
As they float
By ontop of the water
In little pockets of air
That burst
As my mind pricks them
With needles
Of impatience.

Your story is never told.
But you must be
Insane,
Because I understand
That every five seconds
Or so
You pop open
And the fish
Eat your thoughts.

That's the way
Things are.
For now.

LESLIE RUSSELL
A game
Of natural scientists and
Political scientists.
Of diplomats and
Politicians.
Small, moving
Targets are the
Tokens,
Moving from
Park Place to
Chance,
Watching the
Annihilation
Of pawns,
Who can't understand
The rules.

KATHY KRACH
THE MYSTERY

What has happened to the birds
How that the snow
Is two feet high?

I search the trees;
They are not there,
Nor do I see them
Soaring through the sky;

and

What has happened to my love
That once could sing
And trembling fly?

Was it too cold,
Snow piled too high?
Did it find a warmer nest?
Or did it just freeze -- and die.

Listen! Do I hear a bird's song
Filtering through the falling snow?

EMILIA HEFLIN

PETAL LEAVES

The petal leaves so seen of edges
Darkly browning in a bark bed
Could have me overstep each pool
And turn my way about these shores
As not to press my sole to one
Still holding all about my walk
Much like every pressed rose in a book
Of which from stem to crown are caught
Frail fingers release,
Spindle arms forgot,
Where these now may bear my path
As would they have me cast a wish.
ODE TO MY BROTHER

NANCY ANDERSON

Remember when we'd fly kites in the air?
You were my brother and we hadn't a care.
Then we went our own ways
And lived our own lives.
We couldn't go back to those times if we tried!
Now I'm alone and you're gone for good,
I'm trying to live right like you said that I should.

Sometimes it's hard, sometimes plain bad, and sometimes,
just sometimes,
I get really sad.
You would not approve of that I know
But I'm trying to find that right way to go/
And I get discouraged when I work really hard.
What's it all for?
Will I get very far?
I know you can't hear me, (but I wish that you could)
So you'd know that I'm trying like you said that I should.

NANCY ANDERSON
The Midwestern Lady
Wrote
Words that filled my brain
Thoughts that seemed the same
As mine
I didn't know her
Her person.
Just her mind.
Does one need to know the body and face
To fall in love
Or just the mind that weaves the time of her years
Proud
Of her woman in woman hood.
Clean in her feelings
Kind in her ways.
I filled my days in wonder
Could it be
Could it be
The Midwestern Lady
She captured my brain and drove me slowly insane.
Insane in my ideas on the world of
LOVE
We met in the morning
Wonder at our eyes
How it would be
A quick hello
Then a slow goodbye.
The days were short
But the nights long.
I drifted on clouds
Bright colors exploded between my ears.
Just as I reached out to touch her mind
I was surprised to see that she had
Touched mine.
We would meet in the sky
When apart.
I would shout her name from mountains tops
Only the echo answered but she heard.
The Midwestern Lady
That I love.
The songs that never meant
Did know
The dreams that never mattered
Did now
Someday Sometime somewhere
Her - I
Together
The Midwestern Lady
Skin of white
Hair so blonde
The reflecting light
could blind.
Lips just right
Eyes that smiled
Even at night
Once and more then spoke
I could only listen
Her breast to perfect
A dream I once had
Now come real
Her plumpness
The softness
That to hide within her
Would shield the mind and soul from the days fears.
Her voice
Soft and clear
Each word hung with truth and care
The Midwestern Lady/that I love
A family
I knew not existed
Different
From my conceivers
Warmth that grew
Inside
I found them perfect
Looking at them from behind my eyes.
The Midwestern Lady
I could sit with the sun
Lean on the moon
Play catch with a star
Or even talk with a God
Still I would not feel as high
As with the
Midwestern Lady
I love.
I travelled in the valleys
The plains
The streams
Of my brain
Searching for the cause
The way
And it was there
Inside
Her and me
The Midwestern Lady that I love
Forever I shall play
For there won't be a day
That I won't
Love
The Midwestern Lady

DONALD B. EAGER
Don't touch me....
I am soft, I bruise easily
and the games you play are rough.
You're much stronger than I
and when you hold me in your arms
or take my hand ----
you grasp and squeeze me tight,
confining and suffocating my existence....
You hurt me and still you call this
love?

Don't touch me.....
Your hands are cold....like your heart
The air of indifference about you
Chills me and turns me away ---
The love songs you sing aren't original
Nor are they sincere.....
A MAJOR ATTRACTION of charm and wit,
but I've heard it all before....
You can find a song anywhere
but what of warmth and kindness?

I need love ----
Someone to reach out and hold
But don't touch me.....
Unless it's for real
and you will treat me tomorrow
as you have today -----
I will do the same for you
if you touch me.........

TERRI ROBINS
THREE SHORT POEMS

Love is not lost
But rather,
Waits anxiously to be re-discovered.

Why?
The multitudes chant,
But does anyone really know?

I have a friend
who sleeps where I sleep, eats where I travel,
smiles when I smile, and cries when I cry,
and I'll never lose my friend....

God.

STEPHANIE BEOGLOS
UNTITLED

Reel off your 16-millimeter mind
And squawk some new sound you find.
Fill your "self" with Hollywooden dreams,
And Death will "cut" your act
Between late show scenes.

JON HEDDELESTON

1Cat Stevens, "100 I Dream".
Each day your absence is felt more than the day when I saw you fly away without me. Lonliness and emptiness had taken hold of me. They are emotions that are thieves of one's ability to understand.

Days and months to live without sharing them with you. Without being able to touch and say, "I love you."

V.L. Vogelgesang

The Walk

Melt of winter days before.
had leached into the ground
that which failed
to be wholly absorbed
run off and clogged the rivers
now in their great beds but a thin
watery glaze of the winter
wastes of too much insemination.
Still we keep to the stone path
our minds untrained even as
our eyes remark the trees'
bright slips on the branches
half-unfolded.
Unseen birds try their voices
in clearings which will afford us.
Still we walk the ritual path
cloaked in its shallow milk of dust
and allow ourselves to be received.
At the end the path branches out
before our feet to retain the perfect
symmetry of the rose garden
committed to well the roses back
as they would seem to try
to trespass and entwine
their stiff bounty of thorns
around a fountain whose basin
is deep and empty and whose
waters will not flow
today for couples drawn out
and resting on the greening slopes
of intents not yet fulfilled.

Stephen Marcincavage
DALE SEEDS

THE DOMESTIC QUARREL

Warning-needle legs akimbo stood he,
blacksnake tongue lolling out
in sickening vulgar monkey-mockery,
the perfect unrelenting lout.
While knife-gleaming staring she sat
absorbing his hissing with sighs,
completely comfy and Reubens-fat,
even the bags beneath her eyes.
And so it happens every night,
only sometimes with greater force.
And if you wish to become the focus of the light,
ask "why-dontcha-getta-divorce".

RANDY MCDERMOTT
LOVE IS IN A DREAM

CHRIS BERNIER

CHERYL NEFF LOUTZENHEISER
False hopes shattered by reality.
The crushing sensation
Of realization--
Undeniable.
Always looking for the pot of gold
and finding penny candy.
Never learning from the mistakes.
Always searching for the truth --
Finding only lies.
A broken mirror reflecting its
distorted image.

JUDY MOINE
"I am leaving,"
I whisper to the dying wild flowers. 
And watch as the summer comes to end 
The fall wind runs from the coming snowy days 
But nothing seems to care that I'll be gone.

"I am leaving," I whisper. 
And I'll soon belong to new lands. 
I'll put my love in nature that surrounds me 
But I never can forget all that soon I'll leave behind 
The memories and the way I've learned to live.

Should I be glad for what I've learned 
Of nature and its beauty? 
Or sad because it can not feel 
For me when I am gone?

"I am leaving," I whisper 
But there is no answer, 
From a place where I have lived my whole life. 
Nothing seems to care that I am leaving. 
Nothing seems to care that I'll be gone.

CHRIS BERNIER

UNTITLED

Richard Kinney; 
Vibrating within silence and darkness, 
Carressing the quiet stillness within us 
While we stumble about, 
Each 
to 
Each, 
Trapped in the microscope of light, 
Embarrassed, babbling idiots, 
Blind -- Deaf 
Touching 
Nothing.

EMILIA HEFLIN
MAKING CHANGE

A silver penny in the dust,
Its coat yet ever gleaming,
Rests as symbol of human thought,
Its face devoid of meaning.

How did it come to be here,
Cemented in earthly crust,
While the precious ore was beaming
A signal of its trust?

Unnoticed as the years go by,
It has a story to tell,
But who can decipher it where it lies,
Somewhere between heaven and hell.

BETH CUNNINGHAM