Spring 1987

ICON Spring 1987

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.kent.edu/icon
Part of the Art and Design Commons, and the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation

This Full Issue is brought to you for free and open access by Digital Commons @ Kent State University Libraries. It has been accepted for inclusion in ICON by an authorized editor of Digital Commons @ Kent State University Libraries. For more information, please contact earicha1@kent.edu.
The ICON wishes to congratulate Gienna Holloway on winning the Hart Crane Memorial Poetry Award (page 4). Ms. Zell Draz has graciously made this award possible through the Helen Hart Hurlbert Foundation. The contest is coordinated through the efforts of Professor Mary Ann Lowry.

The staff extends its appreciation to E. Jane Johanson for granting special permission to include her poem in this issue (page 1).

---

SPRING 1987

VOLUME XXV

ICON, the magazine for literature, art, and photography of the Trumbull Campus of Kent State University, is sponsored by the English Department in conjunction with the Art Department and is funded by the Student Affairs Council.

Faculty, students, former students of the Trumbull Campus, all Kent State Campuses, and other universities are invited to submit poetry, essays, fiction, art work, or photography. We welcome submissions from anyone--student or nonstudent--in the Trumbull County area.

Faculty Advisor: Elizabeth Hoobler
Editor: Pearl B. Segall
Assistant Editor: Leslie A. Fisher

STAFF

Carla K. Babyak
Barbara A. Banish
Barbara J. Bell
Jeanne Bryner
Karen L. Chovan
Vicky Floyd
Edward Freel
Stacey Hauser
Jeanne Marie Kelly
William E. Knight

Wanda Kover
Deborah L. Lowman
M. Veronica Lucas
Rosemary C. Mrfochak
Margaret L. Pinkerton
Marla K. Richards
Thomas P. Sams
Barbara L. Schmidt
Evelina L. Smith
Cathy Williams

Cover Photograph: William Byland

The staff extends its most sincere appreciation to Carol J. Perich for her continued excellence and dedication in typing the ICON.
The ICON wishes to congratulate Gienna Holloway on winning the Hart Crane Memorial Poetry Award (page 4). Ms. Zell Draz has graciously made this award possible through the Helen Hart Hurlbert Foundation. The contest is coordinated through the efforts of Professor Mary Ann Lowry.

The staff extends its appreciation to E. Jane Johanson for granting special permission to include her poem in this issue (page 1).

---

VOLUME XXV  
SPRING 1987  
Number 2

ICON, the magazine for literature, art, and photography of the Trumbull Campus of Kent State University, is sponsored by the English Department in conjunction with the Art Department and is funded by the Student Affairs Council.

Faculty, students, former students of the Trumbull Campus, all Kent State Campuses, and other universities are invited to submit poetry, essays, fiction, art work, or photography. We welcome submissions from anyone--student or nonstudent--in the Trumbull County area.

Faculty Advisor:  
Editor:  
Assistant Editor:

Elizabeth Hoobler  
Pearl B. Segall  
Leslie A. Fisher

STAFF

Carla K. Babyak  
Barbara A. Banish  
Barbara J. Bell  
Jeanne Bryner  
Karen L. Chovan  
Vicky Floyd  
Edward Freel  
Stacey Hauser  
Jeanne Marie Kelly  
William E. Knight

Wanda Kover  
Deborah L. Lowman  
M. Veronica Lucas  
Rosemary C. Mrochak  
Margaret L. Pinkerton  
Marla K. Richards  
Thomas P. Sams  
Barbara L. Schmidt  
Evelina L. Smith  
Cathy Williams

Cover Photograph:  
William Byland

The staff extends its most sincere appreciation to Carol J. Perich for her continued excellence and dedication in typing the ICON.
The theme for this issue, in its numerous and varied aspects, was initially inspired by the following poem. The staff is indebted to the insights of Emily Dickinson as well as our writers whose words so powerfully illumine these pages with both thought and substance.

After great pain, a formal feeling comes—
The Nerves sit ceremonious, like Tombs—
The stiff Heart questions was it He, that bore,
And yesterday, or Centuries before?

The Feet, mechanical, go round—
Of Ground, or Air, or Ought—
A Wooden way
Regardless grown,
A Quartz contentment, like a stone—

This is the Hour of Lead—
Remembered, if outlived,
As Freezing persons, recollect the Snow—
First—Chill—then Stupor—then the letting go—

— Emily Dickinson

Spring 1987, ICON
The theme for this issue, in its numerous and varied aspects, was initially inspired by the following poem. The staff is indebted to the insights of Emily Dickinson as well as our writers whose words so powerfully illumine these pages with both thought and substance.

After great pain, a formal feeling comes—
The Nerves sit ceremonious, like Tombs—
The stiff Heart questions was it He, that bore,
And yesterday, or Centuries before?

The Feet, mechanical, go round—
Of Ground, or Air, or Ought—
A Wooden way
Regardless grown,
A Quartz contentment, like a stone—

This is the Hour of Lead—
Remembered, if outlived,
As Freezing persons, recollect the Snow—
First—Chill—then Stupor—then the letting go—
— Emily Dickinson

et al.: ICON Spring 1987

TABLE OF CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Hearts,&quot; contrasto</td>
<td>Monica Woofter</td>
<td>i</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ben Jonson, Westminster</td>
<td>E. Jane Johanson</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Through Your Eyes,&quot; pencil sketch</td>
<td>Stacey Hauser</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hart Crane Memorial Poetry Award</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There Was a Woman Who Used to Give Me Flowers</td>
<td>Glenna Holloway</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;What's Beyond the Mountain?&quot; pencil sketch</td>
<td>Wanda Kover</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Farewell the Schoolbus</td>
<td>Elizabeth Hoobler</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;No Parking,&quot; photograph</td>
<td>Robert S. Segall</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It's Over</td>
<td>Margaret L. Pinkerton</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seven-Ten</td>
<td>Jeanne Bryner</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A House for Sale</td>
<td>Sandra Percy</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Abandoned,&quot; photograph</td>
<td>Robert S. Segall</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Final Parting</td>
<td>Barbara A. Banish</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parting</td>
<td>Betty Hall</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Time to Let Go</td>
<td>Margaret L. Pinkerton</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Suddenly That Summer</td>
<td>Dana Ormerod</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Letting Go</td>
<td>Kimmer Lee Shimko</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Silent Victory</td>
<td>Jeanne Bryner</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Season of Love</td>
<td>Margaret L. Pinkerton</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Francophile at Heart</td>
<td>Pearl B. Segall</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Intentions</td>
<td>Mary L. Newcomb</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Lost Love,&quot; pencil sketch</td>
<td>Stacey Hauser</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You Should Be Here</td>
<td>Judith L. Terlecki</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Last Smile</td>
<td>Kimmer Lee Shimko</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Fading of the Moon</td>
<td>Jeanne Bryner</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Reminiscing,&quot; pencil sketch</td>
<td>Wanda Kover</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daddy</td>
<td>Marla K. Richards</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walls of Glass</td>
<td>Marla K. Richards</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Through the Glass,&quot; pencil sketch</td>
<td>Wanda Kover</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Profit First</td>
<td>Diane Marie Victoria</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>At Father's Knee</td>
<td>Marla K. Richards</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Hide n' Seek,&quot; pencil sketch</td>
<td>Wanda Kover</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Michael</td>
<td>Barbara A. Banish</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Youth</td>
<td>Kimmer Lee Shimko</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barriers</td>
<td>Pearl B. Segall</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twins' B'nai Mitzvah</td>
<td>Pearl B. Segall</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Contributors' Notes</td>
<td></td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Double Image,&quot; contrasto</td>
<td>Monica Woofter</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Index</td>
<td></td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Dimensions,&quot; contrasto</td>
<td>Monica Woofter</td>
<td>back cover</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
BEN JONSON, WESTMINSTER

In days of yore
the men who would be great
must claim entitlement and pay for space
among the men who lie in crypts
beneath the Abbey floor.

The great and nearly-great
are buried here,
their names and dates and eulogies
are written clear.
They lie in marble crypts beneath the floor.

Ben knew all this
and went to claim his space
and pay the fee,
to be forever with the blest
who lie in crypts, no less, beneath the floor.

His purse was slim that day,
he could not pay the treasurer.
Did Ben evade,
or did he think he'd paid to rest
in treasured crypt beneath the Abbey floor?

With pomp and panoply and tears
they gave poor Ben, now well in years,
his last entitlement,
eternal rest among the best
who lie in crypts beneath the Abbey floor.

Poor Ben was left in trusted hands
the sexton and the sexton's man.
The treasurer was there to see
that only those who paid the fee
would lie in crypts beneath the Abbey floor.

The precious space would be reserved
for great men who deserved the best.
He would not let
a dead-beat in to rest
in marble crypt beneath the Abbey floor.

(Continued next page)

Ben Jonson, Westminster (continued)

He'd stand him up against the wall,
though Ben was just a little tall,
reserve the horizontal space,
the precious and eternal place,
a marble crypt beneath the Abbey floor.

And if the story sounds untrue
and just a little tall to you,
let history give the actual date
when workmen came to where Ben stood
against the wall, beneath the Abbey floor.

They saw the horizontal place
and slid John Hunter in the space.
Poor Ben stood by without a word
for eloquence might sound absurd,
among the best beneath the Abbey floor.

In fact, he seemed a bit aloof,
his red hair pressed against the roof,
while all the rest
were laid to rest
in marble crypts beneath the Abbey floor.

— E. Jane Johanson

E. JANE JOHANSON, Ph.D., is a native of Scotland, graduate of Edinburgh University, scientist poet, painter, lover of people and places, and professor at Toledo University, though she is currently spending the academic year teaching at the University of the Pacific. In addition to poems which have appeared in numerous books and magazines, she has published four volumes, Loving and Leaving and Living Again, From Under the Brim of my Hat, Spirits & Seasons, and One Day at Shirley's, the last two co-jointly. Her award-winning poems have appeared in several volumes of "The Best of..." Ohio Poetry Day Publications. Her love of her native land, the mountains and seas, and places like Paris and Westminster Abbey, along with the rivers and woods of Ohio, are often revealed in her poems. But most outstanding is her droll humor—a humor broad enough to send tears streaming down the cheeks, especially of those privileged to witness an oral presentation of her poetry. We have such a poem, historically accurate though it is, in Ben Jonson, Westminster.
**BEN JONSON, WESTMINSTER**

In days of yore
the men who would be great
must claim entitlement and pay for space
among the men who lie in crypts
beneath the Abbey floor.

The great and nearly-great
are buried here,
their names and dates and eulogies
are written clear.
They lie in marble crypts beneath the floor.

Ben knew all this
and went to claim his space
and pay the fee,
to be forever with the blest
who lie in crypts, no less, beneath the floor.

His purse was slim that day,
he could not pay the treasurer.
Did Ben evade,
or did he think he'd paid to rest
in treasured crypt beneath the Abbey floor?

With pomp and panoply and tears
they gave poor Ben, now well in years,
his last entitlement,
eternal rest among the best
who lie in crypts beneath the Abbey floor.

Poor Ben was left in trusted hands
the sexton and the sexton's man.
The treasurer was there to see
that only those who paid the fee
would lie in crypts beneath the Abbey floor.

The precious space would be reserved
for great men who deserved the best.
He would not let
a dead-beat in to rest
in marble crypt beneath the Abbey floor.

(Continued next page)

**Ben Jonson, Westminster** (continued)

He'd stand him up against the wall,
though Ben was just a little tall,
reserve the horizontal space,
the precious and eternal place,
a marble crypt beneath the Abbey floor.

And if the story sounds untrue
and just a little tall to you,
let history give the actual date
when workmen came to where Ben stood
against the wall, beneath the Abbey floor.

They saw the horizontal place
and slid John Hunter in the space.
Poor Ben stood by without a word
for eloquence might sound absurd,
among the best beneath the Abbey floor.

In fact, he seemed a bit aloof,
his red hair pressed against the roof,
while all the rest
were laid to rest
in marble crypts beneath the Abbey floor.

— E. Jane Johanson

E. JANE JOHANSON, Ph.D., is a native of Scotland, graduate of Edinburgh University, scientist poet, painter, lover of people and places, and professor at Toledo University, though she is currently spending the academic year teaching at the University of the Pacific. In addition to poems which have appeared in numerous books and magazines, she has published four volumes, *Loving and Leaving and Living Again, From Under the Brim of my Hat, Spirits & Seasons,* and *One Day at Shirleys,* the last two co-jointly. Her award-winning poems have appeared in several volumes of “The Best of...” Ohio Poetry Day Publications. Her love of her native land, the mountains and seas, and places like Paris and Westminster Abbey, along with the rivers and woods of Ohio, are often revealed in her poems. But most outstanding is her droll humor—a humor broad enough to send tears streaming down the cheeks, especially of those privileged to witness an oral presentation of her poetry. We have such a poem, historically accurate though it is, in *Ben Jonson, Westminster.*
THE
HART CRANE MEMORIAL
POETRY AWARD

THERE WAS A WOMAN WHO USED TO GIVE ME FLOWERS

When I was ten I heard her called a whore,
the sentence fletched with barbs that stung my spine.
I'd followed her through years of phlox before
that word bored itching in my brain. Define
the user of a hoe! But that could not
explain the rancid tones of voice that fell
like spattered ale-foam on my father’s hot
heartstones. Unfitting with her bouquet smell.
I later learned the meaning of the slur,
through tears watched twitching suns contort with lies.
Then wicked moons mimed coins, men’s grins and her—
while rage enlarged to learn what to despise.
My childhood, white phlox petals, all my prayers
quicksilver dropped on knife-edged granite stairs.

Long days uncoiled the ancient codes within,
preparing me as resident temptation.
I saw the pausing eyes my next of kin
imposed on me, their sullen fascination
with hip and thigh, my budding breasts. Were they
designs of sin? Oh, for an older friend!
The one I’d once known quickly moved away
since father "had a word with her": "You tend
your lessons, girl, forget that piece of trash;"
he growled when I inquired. I missed her more
that season, watching her garden's backlash
of weeds where beauty used to rise and pour
against our wall. At summer's end, I knew:
What my father called her wasn't true.

But why did he degrade her? Why such hate
a child could feel its pulse? The evening fire
hissed and cracked like a rabbit gun, a spate
of sparks gnawed on the rug. He cursed the spire
of smoke that rose like one ghost finger prodding
prospective hosts. He drained another glass.
He started teasing, yellow-smiling, nodding.
I never learned effective ways to pass
him off. A choking feeling, hot and brittle,
abashed excuses trailed me to my room
attended by his grinding "Surly little—"
My door closed on the rest. The quiet gloom
encased my mind till sleep brought amnesty.
I woke, my father reeking over me.

— Glenna Holloway
There was a woman who used to give me flowers

When I was ten I heard her called a whore,
the sentence fletched with barbs that stung my spine.
I’d followed her through years of phlox before
that word bored itching in my brain. Define
the user of a hoe! But that could not
explain the rancid tones of voice that fell
like spattered ale-foam on my father’s hot
hearthstones. Unfitting with her bouquet smell.
I later learned the meaning of the slur,
through tears watched twitching suns contort with lies.
Then wicked moons mimed coins, men’s grins and her—
while rage enlarged to learn what to despise.
My childhood, white phlox petals, all my prayers
quicksilver dropped on knife-edged granite stairs.

Long days uncoiled the ancient codes within,
preparing me as resident temptation.
I saw the pausing eyes my next of kin
imposed on me, their sullen fascination
with hip and thigh, my budding breasts. Were they
designs of sin? Oh, for an older friend!
The one I’d once known quickly moved away
since father “had a word with her” . . . “You tend
your lessons, girl, forget that piece of trash;” he growled when I inquired. I missed her more
that season, watching her garden’s backlash
of weeds where beauty used to rise and pour
against our wall. At summer’s end, I knew:
What my father called her wasn’t true.

But why did he degrade her? Why such hate
a child could feel its pulse? The evening fire
hissed and cracked like a rabbit gun, a spate
of sparks gnawed on the rug. He cursed the spire
of smoke that rose like one ghost finger prodding
prospective hosts. He drained another glass.
He started teasing, yellow-smiling, nodding.
I never learned effective ways to pass
him off. A choking feeling, hot and brittle,
abashed excuses trailed me to my room
attended by his grinding “Sulky little—”
My door closed on the rest. The quiet gloom
encased my mind till sleep brought amnesty.
I woke, my father reeking over me.

— Glenna Holloway

Spring 1987, ICON
Published by Digital Commons @ Kent State University Libraries, 1987
Letting Go

of the past . . .

— In every parting there is an image of death.

— George Eliot
Letting Go

of the past . . .

— In every parting there is an image of death.

— George Eliot
Farewell the Schoolbus

There are moments I miss from my girlhood
And times that I yearn for my youth—
The stairs that I ran in a three-bound span
And my teenaged grasp of Truth.

I miss my three little children—
The poems we read, and the fuss
Of Mother’s Day boasting its love-burned toast.
But I sure don’t miss the bus.

For the bus came at quarter of seven.
It groaned through our streets, loud and cruel;
Its streams of light would shatter the night,
And it swallowed the children for school.

At six-thirty the bus stop was crowded.
‘Round the table my children sat still,
Reading cereal boxes in slippers and soxes
And whining they really felt ill.

Then the tempo picked up. One would tell me
Of the book—overdue—that was lost.
Had I money to send? He could pass with a ten.
And the other moms never got cross.

Now a girl locked the door of the bathroom,
And a son stood and howled in the hall,
And a husband would rave he had nowhere to shave
And his paycheck supported us all.

At six forty-four I was frantic.
At six forty-five I would roar,
‘Here’s your money—your note—here’s the paper you wrote—
Here’s your boot—here’s the Bus—here’s the DOOR.’

Now those days are a dream. From my pillow
I open one eye to the cold.
The bus comes at seven, and oh it is heaven
To smuggle in bed and be old.

— Elizabeth Hoobler

It’s Over

Here
In the pre-finals-week corridor
With the snowflakes falling white against navy-blue skies
Outside
After the rush of knowing it’s over—
All of the feverish, rain-soaked pilgrimages
From the parking lot to here, done
All of the quizzes on uncovered material, handed in
All of the condescending, offending declarations, silenced
Now
I have time to reflect on what I have learned
. . . And on what I have reflected.

— Margaret L. Pinkerton
Farewell the Schoolbus

There are moments I miss from my girlhood
And times that I yearn for my youth—
The stairs that I ran in a three-bound span
And my teenaged grasp of Truth.

I miss my three little children—
The poems we read, and the fuss
Of Mother's Day boasting its love-burned toast.
But I sure don't miss the bus.

For the bus came at quarter of seven.
It groaned through our streets, loud and cruel;
Its streams of light would shatter the night,
And it swallowed the children for school.

At six-thirty the bus stop was crowded.
'Round the table my children sat still,
Reading cereal boxes in slippers and soxes
And whining they really felt ill.

Then the tempo picked up. One would tell me
Of the book—overdue—that was lost.
Had I money to send? He could pass with a ten.
And the other moms never got cross.

Now a girl locked the door of the bathroom,
And a son stood and howled in the hall,
And a husband would rave he had nowhere to shave
And his paycheck supported us all.

At six forty-four I was frantic.
At six forty-five I would roar,
"Here's your money—your note—here's the paper you wrote—
Here's your boot—here's the Bus—here's the DOOR."

Now those days are a dream. From my pillow
I open one eye to the cold.
The bus comes at seven, and oh it is heaven
To smuggle in bed and be old.

— Elizabeth Hoobler
Seven-Ten

Today I saw the house where I grew up;
It looked so tired and worn.
The porch was sagging on the left side,
The window blinds were torn.
They've painted the mailbox at our house—
Now it is red and gray.
I longed to go to the front door;
I wondered what I would say.

"Could I please look in the cupboards
That held our dishes and plates?
Would you mind if I went to my bedroom
Where I used to dress for dates?"
I'd like to peek in the broom closet
Where my brother hid for a day.
I'd like to crawl up in the attic—
Our favorite place to play.

"Do you mind if I walk across the yard
Where Smokey's doghouse sat?"
If I closed my eyes real tightly,
I'd see him chase Thompson's cat.
I would love to lie in the cool green grass
Where once our swing set stood.
I'd like to remember us swinging—
Those days, they were so good.

I noticed they cut down the pine tree,
The one Dad bought for Mom.
The maples are pretty as ever,
But they blacktopped part of the lawn.
The brown siding flaps at one corner,
The kitchen pane has a crack.
But despite the flaws, it seems unfair
That I never can go back.

The iris are blooming at our house,
Purple and straight and tall.
The tulips have had their glory,
Now they'll rest until the fall.
As I started my car to drive away,
I realized suddenly then
There is only one constant at our house,
The address—"Seven-Ten."

— Jeanne Bryner

A HOUSE FOR SALE

The rooms that once rang with laughter echo only silence—like new fallen snow on
a winter's night. The house is softly silent, like summer's gentle rain in mid-afternoon.
Gone are the voices of children who played with me under the snowball tree. The aunts
and uncles who gathered on the front porch on a summer evening while my cousins and
I chased fireflies are only misty images.

Gone are the times the house was made for. In my mind those times are faded
photographs: Sunday dinners after church with everyone sitting around the dining room
table, Aunt Carrie making fudge in the kitchen after supper, monopoly games on the back
porch with friends during summer vacation.

Someone will buy the house; perhaps a professional person, as it is in a commercial
area. When the new owners walk through it, they will only see its business potential. Never
will they be able to feel the memories. Not will they ever know it was here that I said
my first prayers, made mud pies out by the old water pump, shared secrets with my cousins,
gashed my knee riding my bike, listened to Elvis Presley while doing my homework, fell
in and out of love, went back to school, learned to believe in myself, and experienced
the love of God in times of deepest joy and sorrow.

Somehow I must close the door for the last time, treasuring all the years of living
that have made me the person I am, leaving behind me that which I no longer need, knowing
other doors will open. The house and the yard will stand hushed in the newness of spring,
lke the voices and forms that once gave life to it. To me it is so many things and more.
To the casual passerby it is only—a house for sale.

— Sandra Percy

Abandoned

— Robert S. Segall
Seven-Ten

Today I saw the house where I grew up;
It looked so tired and worn.
The porch was sagging on the left side,
The window blinds were torn.
They've painted the mailbox at our house—
Now it is red and gray.
I longed to go to the front door;
I wondered what I would say.

"Could I please look in the cupboards
That held our dishes and plates?
Would you mind if I went to my bedroom
Where I used to dress for dates?"
I'd like to peek in the broom closet
Where my brother hid for a day.
I'd like to crawl up in the attic—
Our favorite place to play.

"Do you mind if I walk across the yard
Where Smokey's doghouse sat?"
If I closed my eyes real tightly,
I'd see him chase Thompson's cat.
I would love to lie in the cool green grass
Where once our swing set stood.
I'd like to remember us swinging—
Those days, they were so good.

I noticed they cut down the pine tree,
The one Dad bought for Mom.
The maples are pretty as ever,
But they blacktopped part of the lawn.
The brown siding flaps at one corner,
The kitchen pane has a crack.
But despite the flaws, it seems unfair
That I never can go back.

The iris are blooming at our house,
Purple and straight and tall.
The tulips have had their glory,
Now they'll rest until the fall.
As I started my car to drive away,
I realized suddenly then
There is only one constant at our house,
The address—"Seven-Ten."

— Jeanne Bryner

A HOUSE FOR SALE

The rooms that once rang with laughter echo only silence—like new fallen snow on a winter's night. The house is softly silent, like summer's gentle rain in mid-afternoon. Gone are the voices of children who played with me under the snowball tree. The aunts and uncles who gathered on the front porch on a summer evening while my cousins and I chased fireflies are only misty images.

Gone are the times the house was made for. In my mind those times are faded photographs: Sunday dinners after church with everyone sitting around the dining room table, Aunt Carrie making fudge in the kitchen after supper, monopoly games on the back porch with friends during summer vacation.

Someone will buy the house; perhaps a professional person, as it is in a commercial area. When the new owners walk through it, they will only see its business potential. Never will they be able to feel the memories. Nor will they ever know it was here that I said my first prayers, made mud pies out by the old water pump, shared secrets with my cousins, gashed my knee riding my bike, listened to Elvis Presley while doing my homework, fell in and out of love, went back to school, learned to believe in myself, and experienced the love of God in times of deepest joy and sorrow.

Somehow I must close the door for the last time, treasuring all the years of living that have made me the person I am, leaving behind me that which I no longer need, knowing other doors will open. The house and the yard will stand hushed in the newness of spring, like the voices and forms that once gave life to it. To me it is so many things and more. To the casual passerby it is only—a house for sale.

— Sandra Percy

Abandoned

— Robert S. Segall
FINAL PARTING

We were inspiration for the poets;
The love songs were written for us.
We had true love that would grow by our nurturing
And would last forever.

We said, ‘‘For better or for worse.’’
But when the better turned worse, we turned away.
Those poems and those songs that were ours—
Now just empty words.

There was a time when we were as one.
We were so close and so much a part of each other
That sometimes it was hard to know where I left off
And you began.

Now, as we go our separate ways, I try to remember
That tears must come before laughter,
And there must be nightmares before dreams can be fulfilled;
So with sadness and pain, but also with hope,
We break forever the bond that held us
And let go of the past.

— Barbara A. Banish

Parting

We said goodbye,
we meant it.
We said hello,
we both wept.
Our foolish hearts
were torn between
longing and doubt.
We’ll say goodbye
as lovers.
We’ll say hello
as Friends . . .

— Betty Hall

Time to Let Go

I will not visit graveyard,
Talk to stones,
Beseech the sky.
She was my mother, and I loved her,
But she had no right to die.

She was my anchor, my renewer,
And she filled my life with hope;
Now I dread the life before me,
Have no choice but learn to cope.

I watch my little daughter
As she captures butterflies
Transformed from caterpillars
Born to reach and touch the sky.

And I remember when my mother
Didn’t want to let me go,
But she knew this world could teach me
More than she could ever show.

So now I’ll visit graveyard,
Talk to ghost,
And Death, defy.
She was my mother, and I loved her,
But she had the right to die.

— Margaret L. Pinkerton
FINAL PARTING

We were inspiration for the poets;
The love songs were written for us.
We had true love that would grow by our nurturing
And would last forever.

We said, "For better or for worse."
But when the better turned worse, we turned away.
Those poems and those songs that were ours—
Now just empty words.

There was a time when we were as one.
We were so close and so much a part of each other
That sometimes it was hard to know where I left off
And you began.

Now, as we go our separate ways, I try to remember
That tears must come before laughter,
And there must be nightmares before dreams can be fulfilled;
So with sadness and pain, but also with hope,
We break forever the bond that held us
And let go of the past.

— Barbara A. Banish

Parting

We said goodbye,
we meant it.
We said hello,
we both wept.
Our foolish hearts
were torn between
longing and doubt.
We'll say goodbye
as lovers.
We'll say hello
as Friends . . .

— Betty Hall

Time to Let Go

I will not visit graveyard,
Talk to stones,
Beseech the sky.
She was my mother, and I loved her,
But she had no right to die.

She was my anchor, my renewer,
And she filled my life with hope;
Now I dread the life before me,
Have no choice but learn to cope.

I watch my little daughter
As she captures butterflies
Transformed from caterpillars
Born to reach and touch the sky.

And I remember when my mother
Didn't want to let me go,
But she knew this world could teach me
More than she could ever show.

So now I'll visit graveyard,
Talk to ghost,
And Death, defy.
She was my mother, and I loved her,
But she had the right to die.

— Margaret L. Pinkerton
Suddenly—That Summer

I remember the time
we stood together on the veranda,
hand-in-hand,
watching the rain
sweep in from the west,
southwest.
I remember the lightning reflected in your eyes,
felt the passion stir,
flickering with each flash.
I remember the distant thunder roar,
heard you whisper my thoughts.
I remember the gentle rooftop tattoo,
summoning . . .
pleasure.
Then suddenly
the wind ripping us apart,
blowing us away,
dropping us when spent.
I remember the time . . .
I wish you did.

— Dana Ormerod

LETTING GO

The look in his blue eyes is one of realization,
A sadness too many people have seen.
Each morning he awakes to face the empty side of the bed;
It’s cold, and the sheets are still fresh, not slept upon.
His house reflects a person who has gone physically
But who is not far away mentally.
Her knickknacks line the shelves, and items collected by them
Shout memories with each glance he takes.
The whole house has a woman’s touch, the subtle beauty every woman has,
The beauty that touches a man’s heart.
The beauty he has no more.

— Kimmer Lee Shimko

Letting Go

of dreams . . .

— We are such stuff
As dreams are made on,
And our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

— William Shakespeare
Suddenly—That Summer

I remember the time
we stood together on the veranda,
hand-in-hand,
watching the rain
sweep in from the west,
southwest.
I remember the lightning reflected in your eyes,
felt the passion stir,
flickering with each flash.
I remember the distant thunder roar,
heard you whisper my thoughts.
I remember the gentle rooftop tattoo,
summoning . . .
pleasure.
Then suddenly
the wind ripping us apart,
blowing us away,
dropping us when spent.
I remember the time . . .

I wish you did.

— Dana Ormerod

LETTING GO

The look in his blue eyes is one of realization,
A sadness too many people have seen.
Each morning he awakes to face the empty side of the bed;
It’s cold, and the sheets are still fresh, not slept upon.
His house reflects a person who has gone physically
But who is not far away mentally.
Her knickknacks line the shelves, and items collected by them
Shout memories with each glance he takes.
The whole house has a woman’s touch, the subtle beauty every woman has,
The beauty that touches a man’s heart.
The beauty he has no more.

— Kimmer Lee Shimko

— We are such stuff
As dreams are made on,
And our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

— William Shakespeare
Silent Victory

That morning she was the first in line for the tiny lavender bathroom. Her heart was pounding like a racehorse coming down the final stretch of the quarter-mile. Washing her face, she scrubbed hard, wanting it to shine. The bathroom mirror was cloudy; a crack at the bottom was held together with a piece of dirty brown masking tape. In the upper left-hand corner, a decal of a pink swan (with a missing wing) watched as the excited thirteen-year-old with plain brown eyes, slender nose, and thick, camel-colored hair flowing carelessly down her shoulders, performed her grooming rituals.

How long she longed to wear her hair loose, with a couple of barrettes to keep it back from her face! But, her stepmother forced her to “keep that horse’s mane up in a gum band!” She detested the ponytail; after all, she was practically a woman. Her breasts were budding, yet she wasn’t allowed to wear a bra. How embarrassing! She was always careful to wear a full slip, not wanting her hard nipples to push against her blouses.

While brushing her hair, an impatient knock at the door from her sister urged her to get moving. She might as well brush her teeth now; she knew there was no way she could eat today.

Her stomach was in knots, bouncing inside her, doing flips with her heart. Today was the final tryout for the junior high cheerleading squad. More than anything, she wanted to wear a cheerleading sweater—more than letting her hair down with only two barrettes, even more than wearing a bra.

What could her stepmother possibly do? She might keep her from a brassiere counter, keep her from changing her hairstyle—but, surely her stepmother had no control over her becoming what she wanted most—a cheerleader.

She would find a way to work it all out after the tryouts. There would be a way. She wanted it so badly—she needed to know she was good, as good as all the other girls in her class. Maybe a small corner of her needed to be—better.

Not that she could ever compete in wardrobe (she wore her sister’s hand-me-downs), in hairstyles (they only permitted the infantile ponytail), in grooming (she was firmly forbidden to shave pits or legs), and was certainly not permitted the luxury of a pair of silk stockings. Bobby socks were so awful! But, there you have it—no other options. She was no match for her peers, except when it came to cheering. Here she was on equal ground.

She practiced constantly—even recess, every gym session (when she could sneak a jump), even when she took the trash out at home. She whispered chants to herself, imagined herself in front of the crowd in a fiery orange sweater, short black pleated skirt, pom-poms, Bobby socks, and saddle shoes. The Bobby socks were acceptable here—in the mind’s eye of the prospective cheerleader.

Stuffing the black and white checked shorts into her blue notebook, she took a deep breath and sighed. The next time she’d be at her locker it would be to fetch those shorts and race to the gym for tryouts. She knew she would not hear any of the lectures in the morning classes. She would write by rote, do math calculations from memory. All the time she would be in front of the crowd, tiger on the orange sweater, brown curls tossing with each jump, two barrettes restraining the sides, white teeth showing beneath the victorious smile.

When the third bell rang, she closed her eyes, and said a prayer (not that she believed, but it couldn’t hurt). Mr. Butler, her government teacher, stepped close to her desk, cleared his throat, and asked politely, “Are you ok?” “Fine, I’m just fine, Mr. Butler—I’ve got to rush.”

In the locker room there was a sweet-smelly cloud of hair spray and rainbows of new, striped pastel short sets. She tried not to care that the dumb checked pants were fadded from so many washings. Their pastels would not make them jump any higher. The lovely knit stripes would not give them “rhythm.”

H sû! One of her sisters had a varsity cheerleader say that she had a lot of rhythm? You bet! She was gonna use it today. Her palms were cool and sweaty, her mouth dry. She put on the faded checked shorts, that phony smile, and went out into the arena.

She never even saw the kids in the bleachers as she put her body into motion. Her limbs and lungs were in perfect time, her heart and stomach quiet now—pacing themselves. The height and stretch of her jumps were awesome. When she finished—well, it was as if someone else had been inside her, and now she smiled. She honest-to-God smiled—the beam of a winner. She had that feeling inside her, the one she when she knew the test she had just handed in was an “A”; the one that told her her answer was better than what the teacher had expected. It was that feeling that made her sail through the afternoon. The list would be posted by seventh period; then she would know if her feeling was correct.

The twenty-two girls swarmed to the bulletin board like bees to a hive—some swearing, some crying, some quiet. She waited until the crowd thinned. She swallowed hard and walked to the faded green bulletin board.

Her name was there. Her name was there. She was—a cheerleader! Her heart and stomach did three flips, her friend Linda was kissing her, and hot streams flowed from her eyes. So she said a silent thank-you prayer (not that she believed, but it couldn’t hurt).

Now she would make a very careful plan. The games were scheduled for Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. She would find a way. There would have to be a way. What could happen? No one could take this from her. She belonged! The girl who didn’t wear a bra, with hair pulled tightly back—well, it didn’t matter. In the tiger-faced sweater no one would know she was braless, and maybe she’d put some yarn over the gum band, or maybe she’d let her hair loose and buy two barrettes to hold the sides back. Yes, that’s what she’d do.

Three days later her gym teacher and cheerleading advisor, Mrs. McHenry, called her aside. Mrs. McHenry looked like kid herself in the wedge-blue wrap-around skirt and carefully ironed white blouse with tiny red sailboats floating over her breasts. With her right hand awkwardly poised in mid-air, she said, “Laurie, your stepmother called today. She said she didn’t know anything about the tryouts—that you wouldn’t possibly have time for the games. I’m sorry, Laurie; I tried, but without parental permission...” Her voice trailed off—it went somewhere with the sailboats in her blouse.

Mrs. McHenry sounded like she had tumbled overboard without a life jacket.

Standing there in her sister’s old black and white striped dress, braless, and with her hair pulled back in a taut ponytail, she felt as if someone had just “sucker-punched” her in the gut. She couldn’t look at Mrs. McHenry. She could only twist her right foot and mumble something that sounded like “I understand.” The voice was faltering so, it didn’t sound like hers, didn’t belong to her. She wondered—does anyone belong to anyone? This was a world gone mad. And she thought about power—she closed her eyes, said a prayer, (not that she believed, but it couldn’t hurt).

—Jeanne Bryner

(Continued)
Jeanne Bryner wondered if anybody belonged to anybody in this world. She wondered if you needed to belong to be happy. She closed her eyes, said a prayer, (not that she believed, but it couldn’t hurt). The voice was faltering so, it didn’t sound like hers, didn’t belong to her. She said, “I understand.”

Standing there in her sister’s old black and white striped dress, braless, and with her hair pulled back in a taut ponytail, she felt as if someone had just put some yarn over the gum band, or maybe she’d let her hair loose and buy two barrettes to hold it back. Yes, that’s what she’d do. Her step was so fast, she almost forgot to turn off at her friend’s house.

At her friend’s house it was like a racehorse coming down the final stretch of the quarter-mile. Washing her face, she scrubbed hard, wanting it to shine. The bathroom mirror was cloudy; a crack at the bottom was held together with a piece of dirty brown masking tape. In the upper left-hand corner, a decal of a pink swan (with a missing wing) watched as the excited thirteen-year-old with plain brown eyes, slender nose, and thick, caramel-colored hair flowing carelessly down her shoulders, performed her grooming rituals. How she longed to wear her hair loose, with a couple of barrettes to keep it back from her face! But, her stepmother forced her to “keep that horse’s mane up in a gum band!” She detested the ponytail; after all, she was practically a woman. Her breasts were budding, yet she wasn’t allowed to wear a bra. How embarrassing! She was always careful to wear a full slip, not wanting her hard nipples to push against her blouses.

While brushing her hair, an impatient knock at the door from her sister urged her to get moving. She might as well brush her teeth now; she knew there was no way she could eat today. Her stomach was in knots, bouncing inside her, doing flips with her heart. Today was the final tryout for the junior high cheerleading squad. More than anything, she wanted to wear a cheerleading sweater—more than letting her hair down with only two barrettes, even more than wearing a bra.

Could her stepmother possibly do? She might keep her from a brassiere counter, keep her from changing her hairstyle—but, surely her stepmother had no control over her becoming what she wanted most—a cheerleader.

She would find a way to work it all out after the tryouts. There would be a way. She wanted it so badly—she needed to know she was good, as good as all the other girls in her class. Maybe a small corner of her needed to be—better.

Not that she could ever compete in wardrobe (she wore her sister’s hand-me-downs), in hairstyles (they only permitted the infantile ponytail), in grooming (she was firmly forbidden to shave pits or legs), and was certainly not permitted the luxury of a pair of silk stockings. Bobby socks were so awful! But, there you have it—no other options. She was no match for her peers, except when it came to cheering. Here she was on equal ground.

She practiced constantly—every recess, every gym session (when she could sneak a jump), even when she took the trash out at home. She whispered chants to herself, imagined herself in front of the crowd in a fiery orange sweater, short black pleated skirt, pom-poms, Bobby socks, and saddle shoes. The Bobby socks were acceptable here—in the mind’s eye of the prospective cheerleader. Stuffing the black and white checked shorts into her blue notebook, she took a deep breath and put some yarn over the gum band, or maybe she’d let her hair loose and buy two barrettes to hold it back from her face. She belonged! The girl who didn’t wear a bra, with hair pulled tightly back—well, her pastels wouldn’t make them jump any higher. The lovely knit stripes would not give them rhythm. They would not make them jump any higher. She was gonna be a cheerleader. Her stepmother called today. She said she didn’t know anything about the tryouts—that you wouldn’t possibly have time for the games. I’m sorry, Laurie; I tried, but without parental permission. “…” Her voice trailed off—it went somewhere with her red sailboats in her blouse.

McHenry looked like a kid herself in the wedge-blue wrap-around skirt and carefully ironed white blouse with tiny red sailboats floating over her breasts. With her right hand awkwardly poised in the air, her mouth dry, her palms cool and sweaty, her heart in knots, she walked off the tryout floor and past the bulletin board. She would find a way to work it all out after the tryouts. There would be a way. She knew she would not hear any of the lectures in the morning classes. She would write her way through the afternoon. The list would be posted by seventh period; then she would know if her feelings were correct.

Three days later her gym teacher and cheerleading advisor, Mrs. McHenry, called her aside. She detested the horse’s mane up in a gum band! “A” was a victorious smile, the kind one gets after success in battle.

Lindas and Harriet’s. People laughed; her friend’s mother was plump and smiled a lot. Her friend’s mother cooked breakfast and kissed the kids good-bye. Whenever her friend, Linda, complained about the way her mom packed her lunch—well, she wanted to scream at her. She wanted to say, “Hey, be glad your mom packed your lunch; be glad she’s pleasant—but most of all, be glad she’s home.” But, she never said these things. She knew Linda would think she was weird. Maybe Linda wouldn’t walk to school with her anymore. As nice as her friend’s house was, she was bewildered at how she always felt—well, relieved—when they walked out every morning.

Linda asked her about the tryouts. Was she scared? Did she think she had a chance? When she answered, her words were so hurried, her voice so crackly, she wondered if it belonged to her. She wondered if anybody belonged to anybody in this world. She wondered if you needed to belong to be happy.

Jeanne Bryner
The Season of Love

It’s time to wrap the presents,
But there aren’t any there.
It’s time to throw the tinsel,
But all that catches it is air.

For the Reverend told the parish
Santa never really was—
‘‘He’s a myth that steals from Jesus
The preponderance of love.

‘‘He’s an artificial icon
For the children to adore—
He’s the lie that’s told to children
For the benefit of stores.’’

He stood confident and righteous
As he gave his revelation.
He disregarded the discerning
Children in the congregation.

One child in particular
Who had listened most intent
Received a different message
Than the Reverend had sent.

As her hand slipped from her mama’s,
Who, the pastor said, had lied,
She built a wall around her heart
And bowed her head and cried.

She won’t answer why she’s crying;
She won’t pray to God above;
No, she won’t believe in anything
That has to do with love.

— Margaret L. Pinkerton

Francophile at Heart, Submerged
Within Her Travelogue

I dawdle here in daydreams; in
fleeting moments of seasonal imagination
when winter lingers far too long
and goldfinch trilling bubbles
beneath snowblower blades
to whisk me into safer storms.

I study relentlessly your
brilliant neon streets where
lovers share café-au-lait conversation—
and dreams, bright as poppies,
burst from slick-skinned pages
to lure me past these lunatic winter hours
into brighter times, easier places.

I silently savor croissants flakier
and fresher than their cardboard cousins
I hoard at 35¢ apiece when
they’re advertised at IGA—and
decant vintage wines to be sipped
in sensuous sophistication, releasing
giddiness and atmosphere
at ice-water prices . . .

‘‘Til Bobby blows in from
the sanctity of second grade, hands me
his own gleeful December drawn bumpy
from stubs of brown and grey, with his
perennial tipsy sunshine smiling down.
And despite season or mother’s darkened mood,
we bundle ourselves against the storm
to head for Golden Arches, our
own private triumphs still intact.

— Pearl B. Segall
The Season of Love

It's time to wrap the presents,
But there aren't any there.
It's time to throw the tinsel,
But all that catches it is air.

For the Reverend told the parish
Santa never really was—
"He's a myth that steals from Jesus
The preponderance of love.

"He's an artificial icon
For the children to adore—
He's the lie that's told to children
For the benefit of stores."

He stood confident and righteous
As he gave his revelation.
He disregarded the discerning
Children in the congregation.

One child in particular
Who had listened most intent
Received a different message
Than the Reverend had sent.

As her hand slipped from her mama's,
Who, the pastor said, had lied,
She built a wall around her heart
And bowed her head and cried.

She won't answer why she's crying;
She won't pray to God above;
No, she won't believe in anything
That has to do with love.

— Margaret L. Pinkerton

Francophile at Heart, Submerged
Within Her Travelogue

I dawdle here in daydreams; in
fleeting moments of seasonal imagination
when winter lingers far too long
and goldfinch trilling bubbles
beneath snowblower blades
to whisk me into safer storms.

I study relentlessly your
brilliant neon streets where
lovers share cafe-au-lait conversation—
and dreams, bright as poppies,
burst from slick-skinned pages
to lure me past these lunatic winter hours
into brighter times, easier places.

I silently savor croissants flakier
and fresher than their cardboard cousins
I hoard at 35¢ apiece when
they're advertised at IGA—and
decant vintage wines to be sipped
in sensuous sophistication, releasing
giddiness and atmosphere
at ice-water prices . . .

'Til Bobby blows in from
the sanctity of second grade, hands me
his own gleeful December drawn bumpy
from stubs of brown and grey, with his
perennial tipsy sunshine smiling down.
And despite season or mother's darkened mood,
we bundle ourselves against the storm
to head for Golden Arches, our
own private triumphs still intact.

— Pearl B. Segall
INTENTIONS

His intentions, no matter how sincerely they were made,
Soon became no more than broken dreams.

Intentions flew away through giddy song.

And the wine excited me beyond control.

I fear that as death comes, to wrap her cold, cold
fingers around my soul,

I shall inevitably remember the irresponsible
boy inside the man.

And the soul which he never gave to me.

— Mary L. Newcomb

Letting Go

of life . . .

— One life: a little
gleam of time
between two eternities.

— Thomas Carlyle
INTENTIONS

His intentions, no matter how sincerely they were made, Soon became no more than broken dreams.

Intentions flew away through giddy song.

And the wine excited me beyond control.

I fear that as death comes, to wrap her cold, cold fingers around my soul,

I shall inevitably remember the irresponsible boy inside the man.

And the soul which he never gave to me.

— Mary L. Newcomb

Lost Love

— Stacey Hauser

Letting Go

of life . . .

— One life: a little gleam of time between two eternities.

— Thomas Carlyle

Spring 1987, ICON
... you should be here...

The old gang gets together
Years have gone by—
We've all grown many years older
Have married & borne children.
We talk about our lives
How we've changed & how we've remained the same.

... you should be here...

We share memories of the past

... you should be here...

A part of our happy reunion—
But where are you?
Where have you gone?

There's an emptiness inside our hearts that doesn't go away. It doesn't seem that long ago, but yet it really does.
Somewhere in time, our dear friend disappeared into the night.

We were only sixteen back then—
 Barely old enough to know what life was all about, but you thought you knew. You thought your problems were so big that they'd never go away.

It was a dark October night that ended it all.
Ended your problems for good . . .
Ended life for good.
Ended your chances to experience the beauty, the joys yet to come . . .

... senior prom
graduation
college life in the late '60s

true love from a man
your wedding
giving birth to a child

the warmth of holding your infant in your arms
watching your children grow . . .

Back then, you didn’t think about the goodness of your future . . .
What beautiful person could possibly emerge from this young girl?
What wonderful life could possibly evolve after time had healed the wounds?

We miss you, dear friend.
We wish we could've saved you from yourself.
We wish you had foreseen the possibilities in life—

That today you might be here growing older with your friends who loved you so.

— Judith I. Terlecki

The Last Smile

The light casts a pale glow over her wrinkled face, but the eyes are bright and a thin smile creases the corners of her mouth.

Her fragile hand is held by her best friend, lover, and husband. He was a strong man; now a single tear shows that even the strongest of men have weaknesses.

They shared their lives, and those years are passed between them with that one smile.

Days of hardships, trials, and laughter they have seen together. Children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren have made their lives complete.

She heaves a sigh, a worried look shatters the smile . . . only for an instant.

Their minutes are few. The smiles begin to fade; she closes her eyes, he tightens his grip, and one smile is gone.

— Kimmer Lee Shimko
The old gang gets together  
Years have gone by—  
We've all grown many years older  
Have married & borne children.  
We talk about our lives  
How we've changed & how we've remained the same.

... you should be here ...

We share memories of the past  
... you should be here ...

A part of our happy reunion—  
But where are you?  
Where have you gone?

There’s an emptiness inside our hearts that doesn’t go away. It doesn’t  
seem that long ago, but yet it really does.  
Somewhere in time, our dear friend disappeared into the night.

We were only sixteen back then—  
 Barely old enough to know what life was all about, but you thought you  
 knew. You thought your problems were so big that they’d never go away.

It was a dark October night that ended it all.  
Ended your problems for good . . .  
Ended life for good.  
Ended your chances to experience the beauty, the joys yet to come . . .

... senior prom  
graduation  
college life in the late ’60s

ture love from a man  
your wedding  
giving birth to a child

the warmth of holding your infant in your arms  
watching your children grow . . .

Back then, you didn’t think about the goodness of your future . . .  
What beautiful person could possibly emerge from this young girl?  
What wonderful life could possibly evolve after time had healed the wounds?

We miss you, dear friend.  
We wish we could’ve saved you from yourself.  
We wish you had foreseen the possibilities in life—

That today you might be here growing older with your friends who loved you so.  

— Judith I. Terlecki

The Last Smile

The light casts a pale glow over her wrinkled face, but the eyes  
are bright and a thin smile creases the corners of her mouth.

Her fragile hand is held by her best friend, lover, and husband.  
He was a strong man; now a single tear shows that even the  
strongest of men have weaknesses.

They shared their lives, and those years are passed between them  
with that one smile.

Days of hardships, trials, and laughter they have seen together.  
Children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren have made their lives  
complete.

She heaves a sigh, a worried look shatters the smile . . . only for an  
instant.

Their minutes are few. The smiles begin to fade; she closes her eyes,  
he tightens his grip, and one smile is gone.

— Kimmer Lee Shimko
The Fading of the Moon

Where shall we go
when the moon fades away,
when darkness surrounds us
all through our day?
Which knob shall we turn
when our key will not fit?
Where will we stroll
and where will we sit?

September has come
and we, like the moon,
are fading and singing
a long-ago tune.
The notes are familiar,
but only to us.
Like the leaves of September,
we soon shall be dust.

I wish that the moon
would take us along
to a place where our notes
could keep singing their song.
To a planet where we
would never grow old,
where wrinkles don’t matter
and hearts don’t grow cold.

My darling, if we
must fade like the moon,
then let it pass quickly
as a storm cloud in June.
We’ll hum one last bar
as we stroll in the park.
Our moon—he is fading,
it soon will be dark.

— Jeanne Bryner
DADDY

You said:
Please let me go, Honey.
Please pray for me to die.
I’m ready to go;
This isn’t living anymore.
I can go now
Because your mother is ready.
And—remember—
Love is eternal—I will always love you.
Forever.
Love is forever.

Yes, Daddy, I prayed for you. Anything you wanted—and it killed me inside
To let you go. But our bond goes on. You’re never far from me:
I still hear the nickname you gave me.
I still hum the nursery rhyme you sang.
I see you when I hear Guy Lombardo
Or eat chocolate-covered cherries.
Your lips are on Paul’s face
And John has your build.
Jesse has your temperament
And Dianna, your kind eyes.
I believe in the faith you showed me
And, like you, I’m at peace.
I let you go,
But you remain.

— Marla K. Richards

— Life begins on the other side of despair.
— Jean Paul Sartre
DADDY

You said:
Please let me go, Honey.
Please pray for me to die.
I'm ready to go;
This isn't living anymore.
I can go now
Because your mother is ready.
And—remember—
Love is eternal—I will always love you.
Forever.
Love is forever.

Yes, Daddy, I prayed for you. Anything you wanted—and it killed me inside
To let you go. But our bond goes on. You're never far from me:
I still hear the nickname you gave me.
I still hum the nursery rhyme you sang.
I see you when I hear Guy Lombardo
Or eat chocolate-covered cherries.
Your lips are on Paul's face
And John has your build.
Jesse has your temperament
And Dianna, your kind eyes.
I believe in the faith you showed me
And, like you, I'm at peace.
I let you go,
But you remain.

— Marla K. Richards

Letting Go

of emotions
and
good intentions...

— Life begins on the other side of despair.

— Jean Paul Sartre
DADDY

You said:
Please let me go, Honey.
Please pray for me to die.
I’m ready to go;
This isn’t living anymore.
I can go now
Because your mother is ready.
And—remember—
Love is eternal—I will always love you.
Forever.
Love is forever.

Yes, Daddy, I prayed for you. Anything you wanted—and it killed me inside
To let you go. But our bond goes on. You’re never far from me:
I still bear the nickname you gave me.
I still hum the nursery rhyme you sang.
I see you when I hear Guy Lombardo
Or eat chocolate-covered cherries.
Your lips are on Paul’s face
And John has your build.
Jesse has your temperament
And Dianna, your kind eyes.
I believe in the faith you showed me
And, like you, I’m at peace.
I let you go,
But you remain.

— Marla K. Richards

— Life begins on the other side of despair.

— Jean Paul Sartre
WALLS OF GLASS

Six-year-olds
Cannot see barriers
Built to hold back fears.
The little boy sensed
The fearsome, unspoken thing
Hanging in the air
As he watched Mommy go.

Adult family and friends
Knew that spoken truth
Would cause each other pain
So absorbed it, for a time, in silent shock.
They approached her only when clothed
In fragile smiles and averted glances.
In the hospital bed,
She chose a veil of cheerful calm
To cover a quaking heart.
All crept softly past the issue,
Not wanting to cause the tremor
That would break down
Their protective walls of silence.

Behind the concealing door of night,
In the darkest corner of the solarium,
The solitary, self-hugging, huddled figure
In the cold, green vinyl chair
Cried.
Can this be happening?
Will this be the end?
What will it be like?
I need someone to touch me.
I am so afraid.

But,
Six-year-olds
Cannot see barriers
Built to hold back fears.
Waving frantically from his window
As Mommy pulled slowly away,
The child cried out—
And in reaching for her,
Plunged his hand through the glass.

— Marla K. Richards

Through the Glass

— Wanda Kover
WALLS OF GLASS

Six-year-olds
Cannot see barriers
Built to hold back fears.
The little boy sensed
The fearsome, unspoken thing
Hanging in the air
As he watched Mommy go.

Adult family and friends
Knew that spoken truth
Would cause each other pain
So absorbed it, for a time, in silent shock.
They approached her only when clothed
In fragile smiles and averted glances.
In the hospital bed,
She chose a veil of cheerful calm
To cover a quaking heart.
All crept softly past the issue,
Not wanting to cause the tremor
That would break down
Their protective walls of silence.

Behind the concealing door of night,
In the darkest corner of the solarium,
The solitary, self-hugging, huddled figure
In the cold, green vinyl chair
Cried,
Can this be happening?
Will this be the end?
What will it be like?
I need someone to touch me.
I am so afraid.

But,
Six-year-olds
Cannot see barriers
Built to hold back fears.
Waving frantically from his window
As Mommy pulled slowly away,
The child cried out—
And in reaching for her,
Plunged his hand through the glass.

— Marla K. Richards

— Wanda Kover
Profit First

We’re in the black
The ruling class noted;
Large profit this month.
Right decision was voted.

We let go of five hundred;
Now wasn’t that small?
Compared to the population
That was nothing at all.

They’ll find a job somewhere
Perhaps out of state;
They’ll get unemployment.
Who knows their fate?

We appreciate your labor,
Some ten years and up.
To prove our gratitude
Here’s our company cup.

Contact the treasurer—
We’ve decreased our losses;
Now we’ll contribute
To more worthy causes.

— Diane Marie Victoria

At Father’s Knee

With sputtering lips and flashing eyes
He spat out his hatred
For the other race, his fellow man.
White hood and robe symbolized his cause.
His sense of superiority was as inflated
As his chest and fleshy face.
There he was for a nation to see
Courtesy of the media,
Which made him proud.
He brought us shame.
When will it end?

The camera’s view widened to reveal
A child at his side;
A child smiling with love and admiration,
Looking up to
Her father.

It will never end
Until children are released
From the bondage of hatred.

— Maria K. Richards

Letting Go

as children
grow older . . .

— A time for planting
and a time for
uprooting the planted . . .

— Ecclesiastes
Profit First

We’re in the black
The ruling class noted;
Large profit this month.
Right decision was voted.

We let go of five hundred;
Now wasn’t that small?
Compared to the population
That was nothing at all.

They’ll find a job somewhere
Perhaps out of state;
They’ll get unemployment.
Who knows their fate?

We appreciate your labor,
Some ten years and up.
To prove our gratitude
Here’s our company cup.

Contact the treasurer—
We’ve decreased our losses;
Now we’ll contribute
To more worthy causes.

— Diane Marie Victoria

At Father’s Knee

With sputtering lips and flashing eyes
He spat out his hatred
For the other race, his fellow man.
White hood and robe symbolized his cause.
His sense of superiority was as inflated
As his chest and fleshy face.
There he was for a nation to see
Courtesy of the media,
Which made him proud.
He brought us shame.
When will it end?

The camera’s view widened to reveal
A child at his side;
A child smiling with love and admiration,
Looking up to
Her father.

It will never end
Until children are released
From the bondage of hatred.

— Maria K. Richards

Letting Go

as children grow older . . .

— A time for planting
and a time for uprooting the planted . . .

— Ecclesiastes
TO MICHAEL

After all these years of nagging,
Your room is finally clean.
The bed is made, your desk is clear;
The rug—I remember now—it's green!

But as I stare upon this starkness,
It's a hollow victory that I find.
For I see the years roll backwards
As memories flood my mind.

You're a little boy, on your first day of school,
Your eyes are large and round with fright;
Alone on your bed is Raggedy Andy;
You'll tell him about it tonight.

Now you're a boy of twelve years old,
Surrounded by camping gear;
Neither snow, nor rain, nor threats from Mom
Can keep our Boy Scout down this year.

Of the many awards that hang on your walls,
The "Eagle Scout" stands out from the rest;
I remember my tears of pride that day
As I pinned it on your chest.

With one final glance at this strange sight before me,
I wonder, "What price is knowledge?"
As I experience these feelings of pride and of loss—
Because my baby's off to college!

— Barbara A. Banish

YOUTH

The seagull cries high above the child's head.
The youth looks skyward and the sun catches his blond locks.
He races after the gull, running across the sand.
The waves lap at his footprints.
He is young and runs on . . .
Catching his breath only when the gull vanishes.
Tears appear and slide down his sunburned cheeks;
He was sure he would catch a friend.
But in a moment he is running back, back to the safety
Of his mother's arms
As he has done before.
Too soon he will be the gull, and will not cry.
And may not return.

— Kimmer Lee Shimko

Hide n' Seek
— Wanda Kover

Spring 1987, ICON
TO MICHAEL

After all these years of nagging,
Your room is finally clean.
The bed is made, your desk is clear;
The rug—I remember now—it’s green!

But as I stare upon this starkness,
It’s a hollow victory that I find.
For I see the years roll backwards
As memories flood my mind.

You’re a little boy, on your first day of school,
Your eyes are large and round with fright;
Alone on your bed is Raggedy Andy;
You’ll tell him about it tonight.

Now you’re a boy of twelve years old,
Surrounded by camping gear;
Neither snow, nor rain, nor threats from Mom
Can keep our Boy Scout down this year.

Of the many awards that hang on your walls,
The “Eagle Scout” stands out from the rest;
I remember my tears of pride that day
As I pinned it on your chest.

With one final glance at this strange sight before me,
I wonder, “What price is knowledge?”
As I experience these feelings of pride and of loss—
Because my baby’s off to college!

— Barbara A. Banish

YOUTH

The seagull cries high above the child’s head.
The youth looks skyward and the sun catches his blond locks.

He races after the gull, running across the sand.
The waves lap at his footprints.

He is young and runs on . . .
Catching his breath only when the gull vanishes.

Tears appear and slide down his sunburned cheeks;
He was sure he would catch a friend.

But in a moment he is running back, back to the safety
Of his mother’s arms
As he has done before.

Too soon he will be the gull, and will not cry.
And may not return.

— Kimmer Lee Shinko
Barriers

The mother rings her young sons
home at noontime, the rusted bell
dangling from the eaves
far more trustworthy than her autumn voice
of fetching them home from the mysteries
of neighbors’ hearths to hers.

She knows that soon they’ll leap
the barriers of assorted backyard fences,
even climb mountains to answer her call
so long as they’re able. And it is this
qualification that distresses her most:
the knowledge that this season, too,
shall quickly pass—shall fall softly
upon the gentle swell of years
she collects as trophies to be figured
among her most prized possessions.

She is aware of a disturbing lump
that catches her throat
like the peanut butter sandwiches
the boys will shortly devour,
dry and sticky and making the effort to swallow
a difficult one.

She resists the urge to clang the chime
one last time; knows that all too soon
these fences won’t require even their leaps.
No longer will they even be regarded
as barriers.

— Pearl B. Segall

TWINS’ B’NAI MITZVAH

...he’ll soon proclaim
them men before
the eyes of God, of
family and congregation;
worst of all, before
this mother whose eyes
see only twenty
tiny chubby fingers
affixed to lanky (loving)
arms, small white
high-tops, newly polished
(shining as their innocent
belief in omnipotence
of dads)—replaced now
by man-sized pontoons
defined as adidas, perfect
for basketball courts
(and, one must assume,
homecoming courts, all
in due time).

Between the chanting
of prayers, of vows
and speeches, she realizes
nothing is forever. What more
fitting day than this
to slowly, slightly
lesser obsessive grip
and let them try
a tentative step
in manhood’s shoes?

— Pearl B. Segall

Reprinted with permission
Poetic Justice #16
October 1986
Barriers

The mother rings her young sons home at noon time, the rusted bell dangling from the eaves far more trustworthy than her autumn voice of fetching them home from the mysteries of neighbors’ hearths to hers.

She knows that soon they’ll leap the barriers of assorted backyard fences, even climb mountains to answer her call so long as they’re able. And it is this qualification that distresses her most: the knowledge that this season, too, shall quickly pass—shall fall softly upon the gentle swell of years she collects as trophies to be figured among her most prized possessions.

She is aware of a disturbing lump that catches her throat like the peanut butter sandwiches the boys will shortly devour, dry and sticky and making the effort to swallow a difficult one.

She resists the urge to clang the chime one last time: knows that all too soon these fences won’t require even their leaps. No longer will they even be regarded as barriers.

— Pearl B. Segall
Contributors’ Notes . . .

BARBARA A. BANISH, a Junior English Major, is employed full time in the KSUTC business office. Her work has appeared in past ICONs and other publications such as Liguorian Magazine and the Harmonizer . . . JEANNE BRYNER's wonderful writing has appeared in previous ICONs. This Freshman English Major "wishes that the scream of housework could be silenced with the tape of typewriter keys" . . . WILLIAM BYLAND is a professional free-lance photographer with a flair for the creative and the innovative. He is employed as the photo lab manager at the Book Nook. His beautiful work has graced the covers and inner pages of several past issues of ICON, and he was the recipient of the 1984 ICON Award for Excellence in Art.

BETTY HALL, an Associate Business Manager, is working towards a Bachelor of General Studies and has had work published in Quill Publications, Poetry Press, and in numerous past ICONs. She says she is planning to return to a favorite place—Las Vegas, Nevada . . . STACEY HAUSER's work is appearing in ICON for the first time. She's a Freshman who enjoys photography and children and likes "the bizzare, crazy side of life" . . . GLENN HAUSER, who lives in Illinois, is a professional artist specializing in silversmithing and enameling; she enjoys photography, but her most lasting love is poetry. Her poems have appeared in such publications as Light Year '87, Western Humanities Review, Georgia Review, Manhattan Poetry Review, and numerous others.

ELIZABETH HOOBNER of the KSUTC English Department is also Director of the Skill Center. This dedicated instructor travels a remarkable distance to be with her students—she lives in Toledo! Our advisor has had work published in past ICONs . . . WANDA KOVER is just bursting with talent. This versatile artist's work has been appearing all over campus, including on the walls of the News Leader office. She seems to be able to do just about anything—except title her artwork—and says her hobbies include 'shrimp breeding, lint collecting, wall collaging, plastic explosives, and keeping one step ahead of the white coats' . . . MARY L. NEWCOMBE's work is appearing for the first time in ICON. She enjoys creative writing, cross-stitch, and traveling.

DANA E. ORMEROD, Assistant Professor of Computer Technology at KSUTC, says his poems come from a time in his life before he found the jolly, love, and sharing of life he has found with his wife Denise and, more recently, with his young daughter Claudia. We welcome him to the pages of ICON . . . SANDRA PERCY's work has appeared in previous issues of ICON. She's a Junior Early Childhood Education Major who enjoys making up stories and sharing them with the children she works with in nursery school and church . . . MARGARET L.

Contributors’ Notes . . .

PINKERTON's sensitive work has often graced the pages of past ICONs. This talented writer and mother of three is finishing up her Accounting degree and will go on for a degree in English. She already earned an Associate degree in Computer Technology.

MARLA K. RICHARDS, a Junior Journalism Major, has had work published in several past ICONs. Her powerful and perceptive writing is also a major part of the KSUTC News Leader, of which she is Assistant Editor. She says, "I'm having the best time this semester. I've got great friends, good classes, an exciting new job at the Tribune, a wonderful husband, and four super kids. Who could be happier?" We are happy for her! . . . PEARL B. SEGALL's work has appeared in several previous ICONs as well as numerous poetry and literary journals and anthologies across the country. Our dedicated editor, a Junior English Major, says "it seems to be a fairly well known fact around campus that I am more or less 'stuck' in my junior class standing due to the fact that I refuse to tackle mathematics, without which I cannot graduate!"

ROBERT S. SEGALL has had work published in past ICONs. This talented young man enjoys sports, art, photography, and writing, and also is a member of his school's speech team, baseball team, literary magazine staff, and is an editor of the school's yearbook . . . KIMMER LEE SHIMKO is a Junior Elementary Education Major and is engaged to be married in 1988. She says, "My poetry is written in various odd places. I can't just sit and say 'I'm going to write a poem.' It must be an inspiration." This marks her first ICON appearance.

JUDITH I. TERLECKI's work has appeared in several publications over the past ten years, including The Vision, The Footprints, and the Youngstown Vindicator. A former art education major at YSU, she is currently the mother of five young children and is married to a Youngstown teacher. She describes her life as being very typical: "We even drive a station wagon and have a dog." She is currently working on some children's books which she is writing and illustrating herself . . . DIANE MARIE VICTORIA is appearing for the first time in ICON although her work has appeared in Grit and various inspirational publications. This Freshman's idea of paradise is "escaping to forests, beaches, or quiet corners of big, old libraries with books, paper, pencils, and an open mind . . . MONICA WOOFER's superb graphic art has appeared in several previous ICONs. This talented young woman enjoys writing, poetry, and plans to attend KSU, majoring in art.
Contributors’ Notes . . .

BARBARA A. BANISH, a Junior English Major, is employed full time in the KSUTC business office. Her work has appeared in past ICONs and other publications such as Liguorian Magazine and the Harmonizer . . . JEANNE BRYNER’s wonderful writing has appeared in previous ICONs. This Freshman English Major “wishes that the scream of housework could be silenced with the tap of typewriter keys” . . . WILLIAM BYLAND is a professional free-lance photographer with a flair for the creative and the innovative. He is employed as the photo lab manager at the Book Nook. His beautiful work has graced the covers and inner pages of several past issues of ICON, and he was the recipient of the 1984 ICON Award for Elocuence in Art.

BETTY HALL, an Associate Business Manager, is working towards a Bachelor of General Studies and has had work published in Quill Publications, Poetry Press, and in numerous past ICONs. She says she is planning to return to a favorite place—Las Vegas, Nevada . . . STACEY HAUSER’s work is appearing in ICON for the first time. She’s a Freshman who enjoys photography and children and likes “the bizarre, crazy side of life” . . . GLENNAL HOLLOWAY, who lives in Illinois, is a professional artist specializing in silversmithing and enameling; she enjoys photography, but her most lasting love is poetry. Her poems have appeared in such publications as Light Year ’87, Western Humanities Review, Georgia Review, Manhattan Poetry Review, and numerous others.

ELIZABETH HOUBLER of the KSUTC English Department is also Director of the Skill Center. This dedicated instructor travels a remarkable distance to be with her students—she lives in Toledo! Our advisor has had work published in past ICONs . . . WANDA KOVER is just bursting with talent. This versatile artist’s work has been appearing all over campus, including on the walls of the News Leader office. She seems to be able to do just about anything—except title her artwork—and says her hobbies include “shrimp breeding, lint collecting, wall collaging, plastic explosives, and keeping one step ahead of the white coats” . . . MARY L. NEWCOMB’s work is appearing for the first time in ICON. She enjoys creative writing, cross-stitch, and traveling.

DANA E. ORMEROD, Assistant Professor of Computer Technology at KSUTC, says his poems come from a time in his life before he found the joy, love, and sharing of life he has found with his wife Denise and, more recently, with his young daughter Claudia. We welcome him to the pages of ICON . . . SANDRA PERCY’s work has appeared in previous issues of ICON. She’s a Junior Early Childhood Education Major who enjoys making up stories and sharing them with the children she works with in nursery school and church . . . MARGARET L.

et al.: ICON Spring 1987

Contributors’ Notes . . .

PINKERTON’s sensitive work has often graced the pages of past ICONs. This talented writer and mother of three is finishing up her Accounting degree and will go on for a degree in English. She already earned an Associate degree in Computer Technology.

MARLA K. RICHARDS, a Junior Journalism Major, has had work published in several past ICONs. Her powerful and perceptive writing is also a major part of the KSUTC News Leader, of which she is Assistant Editor. She says, “I’m having the best time this semester. I’ve got great friends, good classes, an exciting new job at the Tribune, a wonderful husband, and four super kids. Who could be happier?” We are happy for her! . . . PEARL B. SEGALL’s work has appeared in several previous ICONs as well as numerous poetry and literary journals and anthologies across the country. Our dedicated editor, a Junior English Major, says “it seems to be a fairly well known fact around campus that I am more or less ‘stuck’ in my junior class standing due to the fact that I refuse to tackle mathematics, without which I cannot graduate!”

ROBERT S. SEGALL has had work published in past ICONs. This talented young man enjoys sports, art, photography, and writing, and also is a member of his school’s speech team, baseball team, literary magazine staff, and is an editor of the school’s yearbook . . . KIMMER LEE SHIMKO is a Junior Elementary Education Major and is engaged to be married in 1988. She says, “My poetry is written in various odd places. I can’t just sit and say ‘I’m going to write a poem.’ It must be an inspiration.” This marks her first ICON appearance.

JUDITH I. TERElecki’s work has appeared in several publications over the past ten years, including The Vision, The Footprints, and the Youngstown Vindicator. A former art education major at YSU, she is currently the mother of five young children and is married to a Youngstown teacher. She describes her life as being very typical: “We even drive a station wagon and have a dog.” She is currently working on some children’s books which she is writing and illustrating herself . . . DIANE MARIE VICTORIA is appearing for the first time in ICON although her work has appeared in Grit and various inspirational publications. This Freshman’s idea of paradise is “escaping to forests, beaches, or quiet corners of big, old libraries with books, paper, pencils, and an open mind . . . MONICA WOOTER’S superb graphic art has appeared in several previous ICONs. This talented young woman enjoys writing, poetry, and plans to attend KSU, majoring in art.

Spring 1987, ICON

35.

Published by Digital Commons @ Kent State University Libraries, 1987
HOW SUBMISSIONS ARE SELECTED

Works to be considered for publication are submitted to Mrs. Hoobler, ICON faculty advisor. She substitutes, in place of the submitter's name, a number; thus only she knows the identity of the individual authors. Each staff member is then given a xeroxed copy of each submission to be considered for the current issue. After final selections are made, the staff's copies are returned to Mrs. Hoobler and destroyed, thereby prohibiting the circulation of unauthorized copies of anyone's works. The final step in the selection of material is the staff selection meeting, when the ICON staff in its entirety meets to discuss and vote upon the final selections for publication. This choice is the sole decision of the student staff. Only after the final selections have been made does the advisor reveal the identity of those individuals whose works have been chosen.

The art submissions are given a number, and at the staff selection meeting, each member rates them accordingly. The scores are then averaged and the highest rated pieces of artwork are accepted for publication.

No portion of the ICON may be reproduced without the consent of the individual contributors.

INDEX

Barbara A. Banish ................................................. 11, 32
Jeanne Bryner ....................................................... 9, 15, 23
William Byland ................................................. front cover
Betty Hall .......................................................... 11
Stacey Hauser .................................................... 3, 19
Glenna Holloway .................................................. 4
Elizabeth Hoobler ................................................ 7
E. Jane Johanson ................................................... 1
Wander Kover ...................................................... 5, 24, 28, 31
Mary L. Newcomb .............................................. 19
Dana Ormerod ...................................................... 13
Sandra Percy ........................................................ 10
Margaret L. Pinkerton .......................................... 8, 12, 17
Marla K. Richards .............................................. .25, 27, 29
Pearl B. Segall ..................................................... 18, 33, 34
Robert S. Segall .................................................. 8, 10
Kimmer Lee Shimko ............................................ 13, 22, 32
Judith I. Terlecki .................................................. 21
Diane Marie Victoria ............................................ 29
Monica Woofter ................................................. i, 37, back cover

RCT 5-05-1-87
Kent State University Supports Equal Opportunity In Education and Employment.

Printed by Howland Letter Service, Inc., Cortland, Ohio

Spring 1987, ICON
HOW SUBMISSIONS ARE SELECTED

Works to be considered for publication are submitted to Mrs. Hoobler, ICON faculty advisor. She substitutes, in place of the submitter’s name, a number; thus only she knows the identity of the individual authors. Each staff member is then given a xeroxed copy of each submission to be considered for the current issue. After final selections are made, the staff’s copies are returned to Mrs. Hoobler and destroyed, thereby prohibiting the circulation of unauthorized copies of anyone’s works. The final step in the selection of material is the staff selection meeting, when the ICON staff in its entirety meets to discuss and vote upon the final selections for publication. This choice is the sole decision of the student staff. Only after the final selections have been made does the advisor reveal the identity of those individuals whose works have been chosen.

The art submissions are given a number, and at the staff selection meeting, each member rates them accordingly. The scores are then averaged and the highest rated pieces of artwork are accepted for publication.

No portion of the ICON may be reproduced without the consent of the individual contributors.

INDEX

Barbara A. Banish .................................. 11, 32
Jeanne Bryner ...................................... 9, 15, 23
William Byland ................................... front cover
Betty Hall .............................................. 11
Stacey Hauser ...................................... 3, 19
Glenna Holloway ................................... 4
Elizabeth Hoobler .................................. 7
E. Jane Johanson .................................... 1
Wander Kover ....................................... 5, 24, 28, 31
Mary L. Newcomb ................................... 19
Dana Ormerod ....................................... 13
Sandra Percy ......................................... 10
Margaret L. Pinkerton .............................. 8, 12, 17
Marla K. Richards ................................. 25, 27, 29
Pearl B. Segall ..................................... 18, 33, 34
Robert S. Segall ................................... 8, 10
Kimmer Lee Shimko .................................. 13, 22, 32
Judith I. Terlecki .................................... 21
Diane Marie Victoria .............................. 29
Monica Woofter .................................... i, 37, back cover
He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true wayfaring Christian.

— John Milton