ICON Fall 1985

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For Roni,
without whose previous knowledge we lovingly include
this page. It is our tribute to her and to her farewell
edition of ICON as its editor.

She wanted optimism, for that
is her very heartbeat.
She wanted positivism, for that
is the foundation of her world.
She wanted upbeat, the only rhythm
to which she chooses to march.

She wanted a tribute to life, for that
is her anthem...and we
hear her well.

The Staff
FALL, 1985

VOLUME XXIV Number 1

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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.

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SURPRISE PACKAGE

Ocean blue and purest white
On darkened brown
Distinguished wrapper
Invites me with a crinkling sound.
Thy waxed covering hints of smooth taste yet hidden.
The smell of chocolate
Confirms my purchase to be wise.
Determined fingers rend thy external protection.
And in one swift motion
My teeth have found their purpose to exist.
My tongue doth rejoice to know this sweetness and gently sings,
'To thee my thanks
O peanut pickers
Your harvest rich
Helps yield this Snickers.'

— John Chegar
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MORNING

Hot Coffee

K P R E R P K S T E A M I N G

Brilliant Sun

S H H H I I I N N N N E E E E S S S S

The Stream Out Back

G U R G L E S G U R G L E S G U R G L E S

With Methodical Time

T I C T O C T I C T O C

Chants the Kitchen Clock

While

Songbirds Sing Their Joyous Tune

And All the Earth Awakes!

— Laura Coe

Fall 1985, ICON

http://digitalcommons.kent.edu/icon/vol20/iss3/1
— Marie McDonald
An Everlasting, Awe-Inspiring Moment

I recall the moment I first laid eyes upon Adam, my first-born son. I was surrounded by icy-looking, silver machinery, bright fluorescent lights, and strangers with unfeeling faces (for they had been through this a thousand times before), but none of this mattered when they placed this tiny being upon my abdomen. I was in awe at the creature God had bestowed upon me.

At first he resembled a baby chick that had just been hatched from an egg. Just then I remembered what the child-birth instructor had said—that a newborn would be covered with a Crisco-like substance—but this one wasn’t. He looked as though he had already been bathed, and to my surprise there was no foul odor. He trembled as a little puppy does when in fear, and just then he stared up at me with round, peering marble eyes in wonder; I thought maybe he too realized that these were his very first moments of facing life outside of the womb. His round little pot belly gave away the fact that for the last nine months he had been well nourished, and below this was his future manhood, which at one glance made his gender known. As I counted his tiny, fragile fingers and toes, I realized I was looking at nothing short of a miracle. His skin was like velvet, and warm to the touch. Then I pondered over him, and it dawned on me that something was missing. I hadn’t heard that wail of a cry that so many people had told me about. Just at that moment, a quiet whimper that you almost had to strain to hear proceeded from my baby’s lips; and though it wasn’t much, a feeling of relief came over me. Along with this came another feeling, that of motherly instinct. Just as spontaneously as putting one foot in front of the other as one is walking, I began showering my baby with kisses. At that time I heard no sounds and saw no other person, for we were alone in that room.

As sure as the sun rises every morning in its full splendor, so does this feeling well up in my heart. Even now, almost two years later, I am still in awe.

— Rebecca A. Kuszmaul

LITTLE CHILD

Little child, as I watch you grow,
become a person—unique.
Each day brings new surprises;
a word, a gesture
As you explore the exciting world
you are discovering
with all your might.
Someday you will be grown,
childhood days be
No more.
Little child, I will remember
with quiet pride—
I was

— A.

May the sun each morning
Warm you as I am warmed by you.
May the moon each night light you.
And help you to see that I care...
May I hold your hand, and touch you
As you have touched mine...
May we share each day in warmth,
and understanding.

— I.
LITTLE CHILD

Little child, as I watch you grow,
become a person --
unique and all your own,
Each day brings new surprises;
a word, a gesture --

As you explore the exciting world
you are discovering --
with all its wonders.
Someday you will be grown,
childhood days behind you --
No matter where you are,
Little child, I will remember
with quiet pride --
I was once part of your life.

— Betty Hall

— Andrea Ramsey

May the sun each morning
Warm you as I am warmed by you...

May the moon each night light your way
And help you to see that I care...

May I hold your hand, and touch your heart
As you have touched mine...

May we share each day in warmth, and light,
and understanding.

— Barbara A. Banish
FROM SUPERMAN TO THIS?

As a mother, I’ve often found it enjoyable to listen to my children as they play. Along with being an amusing experience for me, it is sometimes also a learning experience for all of us.

Jeremy, who is a sensitive boy of five, is very much engrossed with the idea of being like the super-heroes he sees on the Saturday-morning cartoons he watches ritually. Theresa, who is two years old, is unaware of what a super-hero really is and usually is just happy to get some kind of attention from her older brother, no matter what he may ask her to do.

I am reminded of one sunny afternoon when I was drying the dishes and I heard Jeremy and Theresa playing on the stairs. Cautiously, I moved to where I could see what they were doing, without their being aware of my presence. Jeremy had gathered a few toys and tied an old sweater that he calls his “Superman Cape” around his neck. As he was arranging his toys on the steps, Theresa sat down on a nearby step and watched him. “Theresa,” he asked, “will you play a game with me and do exactly what I tell you to?” Delighted to be included, Theresa clapped her hands and exclaimed, “Okay, Baramy!” (She calls him “Baramy” when she wants to be nice, but usually she calls him “Bummy” because she hasn’t learned to pronounce “Jeremy” yet and doesn’t always try very hard.)

Patiently, Jeremy explained the rules of the game. “I’m going to be Superman and you can be Batgirl, okay?” This, of course, was all right with Theresa, who was happy to be anybody at all. “Now,” he said, “I am Superman, so don’t call me ‘Baramy’ anymore. When I say call me, I mean stand up and say ‘SUPERMAN’ as loud as you can, okay?” With all of the seriousness of someone who may have just been asked to solve all of the problems of the world, Theresa nodded her head.

“Okay, Batgirl,” Jeremy said, “you were following the Joker and he tricked you and now you need my help, so stand up and call me.” Determined in her little heart to do it right and to please her brother, Theresa stood up, and with all her might, called “POOPERMAN!” (She cannot pronounce the “s” sound, either.)

Disgusted, indignant and down-right mad, Jeremy jerked the sweater from around his neck and picked up his toys. “All right, Theresa,” he said, “if you’re going to call me THAT, then I’M NOT PLAYING!”

So ended the game, and had I not had tears in my eyes from trying not to laugh, I might have told Jeremy, “That’s life, kid. For every time you think you can be a Superman, there’s always a wise-guy around who will try to make a Pooperman out of you.”

— Margaret Pinkerton

5.

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JUDGE GENTLY CHILDREN

“Motherhood”...
Some think it should embrace the total being.
Forgive me, children.
For you are not the entire world
(A large part, perhaps, but not all).
I need more, a conglomeration of all life offers.

I was once nearly hidden
in diapers and dishes,
meals and mopping,
and unending

And where was I?
Meeting needs rightfully demanded,
Safely tucked away for future use within my dreams

But what are dreams?
Merely unkept promises one makes to one’s self.
A kept promise—a dream realized.
Children, I love you.
I regret what my dreams have taken from you,
Yet I celebrate what they enable me to give.
For in growth there is so much more to give,
In wider horizons more to share.

This is less a plea for forgiveness
Than for understanding.
One day you will stand in judgment
Upon your childhood caretakers,
As I surely have upon mine
And they upon theirs.
Judge gently, children,
For if I may leave but one thing
Buried within your souls
It will be
A dream!

— Karen Derico
JUDGE GENTLY CHILDREN

"Motherhood"—
Some think it should embrace the total being.
Forgive me, children.
For you are not the entire world
(A large part, perhaps, but not all).
I need more, a conglomeration of all life offers.

I was once nearly hidden in
diapers and dishes,
    meals and mopping,    and unending laundry.
And where was I?
Meeting needs rightfully demanded,
Safely tucked away for future use within my dreams.

But what are dreams?
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A kept promise—a dream realized.
Children, I love you.
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For if I may leave but one thing
Buried within your souls
It will be
A dream!

— Karen Derico

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COLORING POEM

Together we search the coloring box,
now in its mid-year disarray
of assorted sizes, stubs
and broken bits
of rainbow hues, for
the perfect blue
for this morning's
sun-blown sky.

My lines appear overly-precise
beside your eighth-summer freshness
that billows innocence
and acceptance of any thing
but an improbable blue
within this stark white frame.

And your search continues
clear through my completion
of clouds and birds
and smiling suns; I,
hurrying toward an end while
you linger in fierce concentration,
hung up in a quest
for the perfect, cloudless blue
in a now-deepening sky.

— Pearl B. Segall

Robert S. Segall

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LOVE SONG

If I could write a song for you,
It would have a happy air—
A song of all the joys we’ve had
In this union that we share.

My song would be in concert
Of harmonizing parts;
It would blend our joys, our hopes
With the love that’s in our hearts.

The melody would tell you
Of the hard times that we’ve shared;
The ambivalence of starting life
We were happy—but also scared.

The refrain would repeat my love
That our love knows no defeat
We have golden strings of love
And my song ends where they begin.

— Barbara A. Banish

TO AN EAGLE SCOUT

For my son, Mike, who has achieved Scouting’s highest honor

Did you ever watch an Eagle fly?
Its majesty transforms the sky.
It soars to heights that inspire man;
Its wings are awesome in their span,

The Eagle flies with majesty,
Over America, brave and free.
A symbol that no goal’s too high,
That a man can reach—and touch the sky.

The Eagle Scout is of those few
Who reached and touched, who learned and grew.
He’s proved himself, through mind and might,
And met the Eagle in its flight.

— Barbara A. Banish

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A song of all the joys we’ve had
In this union that we share.

My song would be in concert
Of harmonizing parts;
It would blend our joys, our hopes, our fears,
With the love that’s in our hearts.

The melody would tell you
Of the hard times that we’ve shared;
The ambivalence of starting life as One;
We were happy—but also scared.

The refrain would repeat my happiness,
That our love knows no defeat;
We have golden strings of Love and Trust,
And my song ends where they meet.

— Barbara A. Banish
THE ME THAT CELEBRATES

Daily I must remember to celebrate life,
Dear family and friends,
For I want you to know me
As one who treasures living.

Sometimes I fear you only know me
As the person who:
Dislikes canning beets, vacuuming, or preparing for exams,
Says things like, "I'm not your maid!" "No one listens to me!"
or "You're driving me crazy!"
Gets moody and growls and
Bangs an occasional door -- or --
Has a lurking fear of her enemy, cancer.

I'd rather that you really know
The depths of the love I feel for you
And the joy I find in you
And think of me as the person who:
Becomes exhilarated at the sight of a blue sky, flying geese, clouds, or autumn leaves.
Puts surprise love notes in your sandwich, your pillowcase, your apple, your shoe, or on your mirror -- in lipstick;
Still feels like she's seventeen,
Loved carrying and giving life to her children,
Turns to mush around babies,
Likes singing crazy songs,
Danced on the diving board at the party,
Rode a horse into a house,
Listened to you, or
Held you when you cried, or
Cheered your successes
Kept your secrets and
Prayed for you.

Each day has been my gift
To live in celebration with you.
And in living them,
I have been all these people.
Daily I must remember to show you
The me that celebrates.

— Marla K. Richards

I SINGLE OUT

I single out
the breeze eager in its latitude
and eye with great my constant need for more.
While others choose the surly wind, for
in its single lone purpose or fragility
feather-rain abides close to shore, I
always want the breathless notes
to dance beside me
or follow at its edge and trail behind; each greening leaf
my petals and curl
around my mind.

— Kathleen Evanoff

Reprinted with permission,
Midwest Poetry Review,
April, 1985.
I SINGLE OUT THE BREEZE

I single out
the breeze eager
in its latitude
and eye with greed
my constant need
for more.
While others choose
the surly wind, forceful
in its single lonely
purpose or fragrant
feather-rain abiding
close to shore, I'll
always want the breeze
to dance beside me
or follow at its ease
and trail behind; to whisper
breathless notes between
my petals and curl
each greening leaf
around my mind.

— Pearl B. Segall

Reprinted with permission,
Midwest Poetry Review,
April, 1985.
WOODLAND POND

Deep into leaf latticed paths
I tred one day,
echoing footsteps of others before.
Fathers and sons out for a day of fishing,
Weary travelers, who,
Tired of whiz-bang speeding on interstate race tracks,
Were astounded by soothing silence
At Woodland Pond.

Building out of a need for a home,
The beaver unwittingly had constructed a cathedral.
Their altar of mud and sticks
Received the forest creatures;
The wood duck, the deer, and the fish,
All sought respite here.
Now and again, a winging goose
Would stop to refuel,
Thus refreshed, honked on,
North or South,
However his heart
And the season swayed him.

The old man understood the pond
As no other did.
True, it was built by a wild, unknowing hand;
The old man made certain it stayed that way.
Oh, he fished, yes,
But what he took
Was returned,
Little he needed of the slight offerings made.
Few understood this place
As he:

She and I spent languid afternoons there
To bathe in midday sun
And melt into afternoon shadows.
The trees bent their heads,
And craned to hear our whisperings,
And clapped their leaves at outrageous statements,
Never telling of secrets overheard.
Those hours were ours,
And the moments now to cherish,
At Woodland Pond.

Fishermen came to reap a harvest of the fish,
They desecrated the cathedral
with sandwich wrappers and cigarette butts.
But Nature and her workmen
couldn't put the waste to good use,
And it lay as a monument.
The anglers don't understand
The water and creatures.
They blame a fruitless day
On bad luck and an East wind
And beseech the water,
"Why no fish today?"
Then damn the pond,
For stilly it does not answer.

The trees no longer stand stolid sentry.
Where the beavers built their altar,
Now stands a concrete wall,
Each having made way for a park
Made by man's hand
For only man to enjoy,
Not considering what he has destroyed.

— Robert Foust, Jr.
He is man —
Gentle, genteel, charming man.
He is, to me, what all men should be.

Sometimes he smiles at me,
That seductive, half-boy smile
That softens my starched propriety.

He is man.
He is the white-blossomed tree in the
Hardwood among the pines.

He is the clear running water of the brook
Daring me to cross,
Though sometimes I fear
I might tread on something unexpected.

And what this world doesn’t know,
I know
When his tender look folds ‘round me
Warm, as an electric blanket
On a cold December day.

I am his;
He has caught me, but he does not keep
He shares his dreams with me, draws me
And when I re-emerge
I find this world more wondrous than before.

If I had to say why I find him so attractive
It would not be that one unruly curl
Or any other part of his anatomy
(Not that I find him lacking) —
But what endears him so to me
Is the gentle beauty of his nature
The kindness in his eyes.

He is man, man-holding-child,
Drying tears, chasing "monsters,"
Turning nightmares into adventures.

Sometimes the world torments him with
Until he finds the strength he needs to
And walks away without revenge,
Taller, in my eyes.

And even though some say he isn’t real
I still have my world, and have him in
No dragon will ever slay this prince,
"Unreality" has never been so real.
For I know that my perception isn’t false
And he really is
All
I would have him be.
No, we don’t care for rules — they we
Not for the paths that wind among the

— George W. Whitacre

— Margaret

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He is man —
Gentle, genteel, charming man.
He is, to me, what all men should be.

Sometimes he smiles at me,
That seductive, half-boy smile
That softens my starched propriety.

He is man.
He is the white-blossomed tree in the midst of the forest —
Hardwood among the pines.
He is the clear running water of the brook
Daring me to cross,
Though sometimes I fear
I might tread on something unexpected there.

And what this world doesn’t know,
I know
When his tender look folds ’round me
Warm, as an electric blanket
On a cold December day.

I am his;
He has caught me, but he does not keep me caged.
He shares his dreams with me, draws me into his fantasy,
And when I re-emerge
I find this world more wondrous than before.

If I had to say why I find him so attractive
It would not be that one unruly curl
   Or any other part of his anatomy
   (Not that I find him lacking) —
But what endears him so to me
   Is the gentle beauty of his nature
   The kindness in his eyes.

He is man, man-holding-child,
Drying tears, chasing "monsters,"
Turning nightmares into adventures.

Sometimes the world torments him without mercy
Until he finds the strength he needs to win
And walks away without revenge,
Taller, in my eyes.

And even though some say he isn’t real,
I still have my world, and have him in it.
No dragon will ever slay this prince,
"Unreality" has never been so real.
For I know that my perception isn’t failing
And he really is
All
I would have him be.
No, we don’t care for rules — they were made for highways
Not for the paths that wind among the trees.

— Margaret Pinkerton
The Non-Traditional Student

What’s so “Non-Traditional” about you?
Your numbers are growing!
Were you scared to return to
The Halls of the Knowing?

We were all scared, I’m sure.
But you’ve got the advantage:
You have experience and patience
On the pathway to knowledge.

Sure there are problems.
But that’s nothing new!
Like finding the time to
Readwritecookclean—Phew!

Some work 8-hour jobs, with 15 credits.
Plus kids and houses and cars and pets.
Just stifle those sobs.
Don’t go into fits!

Remember:

School is uplifting.
It’s good for the soul.
You learn how to think
And success is your goal!

— Leslie A. Fisher

TOO SOON

One day I walked into a dream
They call it KSU.
Tomorrow I must walk away
Inept to say adieu.

One Prof, two Profs have finer
Put my metal to the test.
My strength is just a part of
Indeed, I love them best.

Inspiration they have given n
Put notions in my head.
Can I fight for truth and just
Is truth, in me, not dead?

Too soon the caps and gowns
Invitations being sent.
And I must leave these hallow
Resistance, now, is spent.

Too soon I hear him call my
With trepidation, go.
The steps I take are not my own
But walk, I must, I know.

With scissors fine he cuts the
And gives new life to me.
How can a babe refuse its birth
He hands me my degree.

My heart like stone, my face
Now asking mercy lent,
I must look up, say, “Thank”
And say good-bye to Kent.

— Margaret Pink

— M. Veronica Lucas
TOO SOON

One day I walked into a dream;
They call it KSU.
Tomorrow I must walk away,
Inept to say adieu.

One Prof, two Profs have fired me --
Put my metal to the test.
My strength is just a part of them;
Indeed, I love them best.

Inspiration they have given me,
Put notions in my head.
Can I fight for truth and justice?
Is truth, in me, not dead?

Too soon the caps and gowns arrive,
Invitations being sent.
And I must leave these hallowed halls;
Resistance, now, is spent.

Too soon I hear him call my name,
With trepidation, go.
The steps I take are not my own --
But walk, I must, I know.

With scissors fine he cuts the cord.
And gives new life to me.
How can a babe refuse its birth?
He hands me my degree.

My heart like stone, my face a mask;
Now asking mercy lent.
I must look up, say, “Thank you, Sir,“
And say good-bye to Kent.

— Margaret Pinkerton
THE GIFT

I am the first gift you receive
when born into the world,
Wrapped in the beauty of life.
I am the Alpha and Omega.

I am a precious gift,
countless moments turning into years.
I am the days of childhood,
carefree days of youth,
    when I seem to move too slowly.
        But wait--
in your final days of age
    you want me to tarry
        just for a while.

What will you do with me:
curse me as a burden,
bless each day
    planning it with care?
I am the birthright of the world,
living on forever, into eternity.
    You have me for a little while--
        must share me with everything.

Once I am yours,
    my sands drift steadily
without ceasing.
    When I will be taken
        no one knows--
then I am given to another.

If you use me wisely,
    rewards will be many
for I am yours to use as you choose.
Strive for contentment--
    help others along the way--
give love to find it.
In some way return a legacy,
    something that will be part of you.

Once I am gone, I cannot return.
My name is Time.
    Treat me kindly--
I am worth more than gold.

— Betty Hall

My Neighbors And

My neighbors stay home in their grand
And do all the grand wifely things that
    And I’ve tried, really tried,
But my enthusiasm dies
Among tupperware parties, and mid-mr

Though there is still a pact---
    We are all married women.
They bring me their produce grown from
While I sit on the porch with my book
And I tell them what life on the outside
    And they smile
And listen
    And are glad that they’re hom
With their sweepers and ovens,
    That it’s me and not they,
And I’m thinking, vice-versa.
It reminds us we’re grateful, we have
And in this we’re the same,
My neighbors and I.

— Kathleen
My Neighbors And I

My neighbors stay home in their grand wifely manners,
And do all the grand wifely things that they do.
And I've tried, really tried,
But my enthusiasm dies
Among tupperware parties, and mid-morning coffee.

Though there is still a pact---
We are all married women.
They bring me their produce grown fresh from their gardens,
While I sit on the porch with my books.
And I tell them what life on the outside is like,
And they smile
And listen
And are glad that they're home
With their sweepers and ovens,
That it's me and not they,
And I'm thinking, vice-versa.
It reminds us we're grateful, we have what we have.
And in this we're the same,
My neighbors and I.
COLOR THE WORLD

Rain -- smells heavy: of damp grass and earthworms
looks hazy and gray and dark
feels wet, soggy, cool
sounds wonderful on a rooftop.

Snow -- smells fresh, clean, and brisk
looks white and pure; untouched
feels cold yet so soft
sounds silent when falling, yet crunchy when packed.

Wind -- smells like fresh (not salt) water
looks powerful or teasing
feels biting or whipping; or light, gentle ruffling
sounds howling or whistling.

Sunshine -- smells of spice, sweat, and heat
looks shiny and bright like a brand new penny
feels cheerful and hot; blisterly and burning
sounds dynamic and heavy like a giant wave.

Moonlight -- smells dewy-damp and intoxicating
looks so mystically dark, yet so eerie and bright
feels moist and airy; oh-so romantic!
sounds peaceful and quiet 'cept for the chirping of crickets.

All of these elements of the earth play on my senses.
They color the world like poetry.

— Leslie A. Fisher

Fall leaves
Brightly colored
Red, orange, brown, yellow
Fall gently downward
Rustle in the wind
Crackle underfoot
Leaving trees bare
Speckled paint on the ground

— Kara Longanecker

— M. Veronica Lucas
Fall 1985, ICON

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— Kara Longanecker
beyond prisms

although we trod
brave hills
of vague imagination,
thinking we’d live
to change the course
of time, we

never counted upon
bangles of light
shining through raindrops
in a rowdy
circus atmosphere
like the fourth
of july

never planned on
a zillion rays
refracting, separating
and multiplying
to seven; never dreamed

to make
a rainbow

— Pearl B. Segall

DEAR OLD POOPS

Emerging from the mists of my own depressions,
Finally having climbed over the mountain
Of my grief,
I look around me with renewed vigor
And find myself rather obnoxious.

I see you primping in the bathroom mirrors
Trying to look so cool, glossy, and seductive,
Or walking the halls preoccupied and stuffy, pompous.
When I want to skip like a child, arms raised up in the air
Yelling, “Wake up, You Old Poops!”

Come out of your confined, inner-states of being!
Wake up—look alive!
Am I the only person here
With a goofy-looking grin
In my soul?!

If I dance around the kitchen
To my favorite 60’s tune,
Scoobedydooing,
My sophisticated, embarrassed adolescent
Tells me I’m weird.

I’m even raising a young Old Poop!
Life isn’t always rosy and merry—
I can testify to that—
But can’t we occasionally show our joy in living
And still be socially acceptable people?

Dear husband, you faker!
You’re really not an Old Poop!
I’ve seen you break loose
And be the crazy, happy guy you were
Before you had to get serious about this business of living

I suspect you others really have
Closeted children in your souls
Looking for the exit sign.
So open the doors more often
And let them out—

Like you did when you fell in love
Or saw your first child
Or flew for the first time
Or kissed your first girlfriend
Or last saw anything freshly.

Life is so short
And has troubles enough.
When you possibly can,
Make yourself wake up
And throw yourself at life!

Walk in the rain
Grab your loved ones in bear hugs
Get a kick out of learning
Sing and dance in your soul
And thank God you’re alive!

—Marla K. Richards
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Walk in the rain
Grab your loved ones in bear hugs
Get a kick out of learning
Sing and dance in your soul
And thank God you’re alive!

—Marla K. Richards

Dancer

— Monica Woofter
FLEETING MEETING

He came across the meadow
To sample the sweet grasses that grow there.
He picked his path through the wall
Where the frost had cast the stones astray
And paused to glance around.
With a tilt of his head
He noticed me,
And stood and stared,
Not stating his question
But merely to inquire,
"What are you doing here?"
Then, not waiting my answer,
Bounded off,
His tail flagging farewell,
He returning to his world
And, soon,
I to mine.

— George W. Whitacre
— M. Veronica Lucas
DO I REALLY PRAY?

I often say my prayers,
but do I really pray?
    And do the wishes of my heart
    go with the words I say?

I may as well kneel down
and worship gods of stone,
    as to offend the living God
    in prayer of words alone.

For words without the heart
    the Lord will never hear,
    nor will He to those lips attend
    whose prayer is not sincere.

Lord, show me what I need
    and teach me how to pray.
    Help me when I seek Thy grace
    to mean the words I say.

— Rhonda Hall
Contributors . . .

BARBARA A. BANISH is an English Major who is making her second ICON appearance. She has had other work published in Liguorian Magazine and describes herself as a "non-traditional student who has it all--a family, a job, and college!" . . . MIYO BARBERA's Sumi painting graces pages of ICON for the first time (but we hope not the last) time. Miyo is an artist who teaches cooking, Japanese language, and Sumi painting at various places, including the KSUTC Department of Continuing Education . . . JOHN CHEGAR is a Sophomore Math Major who enjoys serious debates with assertive women. We love the wit of his first published poem . . . RICHARD D. CHICKO makes his first appearance in ICON. He is a Graduate Student working towards a degree in History at Kent main campus and manages an art supply and custom framing shop in Niles.

LAURA COE is a Senior Botany Major who plans to attend Graduation School next Fall. Her poetry is appearing on our pages for the second time . . . KAREN DERICO's thought-provoking poems have appeared in many previous ICONs. She tutors Severe Learning Disabled students in the Bristol and Bloomfield/Mesper School Districts; a former ICON staff member, she has substituted in the Trumbull County School System . . . JUDY EMERICK is a Cortland resident who specializes in pen-and-ink and watercolor. This is her first contribution to ICON . . . KATHLEEN EVANOFF is an English Major in the College of Arts and Sciences who claims she has set all her other interests aside until she completes this semester. Her poems have appeared in several previous issues of ICON.

LESLEY A. FISHER is an Office Technology/Secretarial student and mother of two who "loves writing, English, German, and Archaeology." She also likes people and enjoys helping them. We welcome her first ICON appearance . . . ROBERT FOUST, JR., makes his second ICON appearance. He is a Sophomore Mechanical Engineering Technology student who enjoys singing in the shower and sundry assorted audience-oriented pastimes . . . BETTY HALL's poems and artwork have appeared in many previous issues of ICON and she has had poetry published recently by Quill Publications. Betty graduated with an Associate Degree in Business Management Technology and plans to return to school next Spring. Her interests include crafts, writing, people, active sports, and volunteerism . . . RHONDA HALL is a Sophomore at Howland High School, a newcomer in the area after having moved from Las Vegas to live with her grandmother, Betty Hall. She is a member of the basketball team and Italian Club. We are pleased to be publishing her first attempt at poetry.

REBECCA A. KUSZMAUL's interest in writing is a result of her having taken Dr. Gloria Young's Freshman English class. We are pleased to welcome her to our pages and await with her the birth of her second child so she can retrieve her education from off the back burner and resume her education in Business Management.

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Fall 1985, ICON 34
... KARA LONGANECKER, a Freshman Secretarial student, appears for the first time in ICON ... M. VERONICA LUCAS, our illustrious Editor of ICON, will graduate in December with a degree in Psychology to pursue a career in an academics-related field. Roni is a talented artist whose artwork, photography and poetry have appeared in previous issues of ICON. She has been active in many phases of campus life, having left her memorable mark in numerous places. Her cheerful presence will be sorely missed once she graduates and moves on to bigger and better things! ... MARIE McDONALD is a transplanted Iowan who enjoys arts, crafts, and photography. She is making her first ICON appearance.

KATHY O'GRADY's gentle artistic touch graces ICON pages for the second time. She is a portrait artist who resides in Warren. ... MARGARET PINKERTON is a talented and prolific writer whose work is being published for the first time. She is a Junior with the dual Majors of Computer Science and Accounting. Without the encouragement and patience of both Dr. Gloria Young and Instructor Robert T. White, she doubts that she'd be writing today. For those reasons, we, too, are grateful for their encouragement! ... ANDREA RAMSEY's high level of artistic competence has added flair to past issues of ICON and this is the third issue for which she has served as its Art Editor. She will graduate in May '86 with an Associate Degree in Business Management. We are delighted to have had her choose art as her avocation ... MARLA K. RICHARDS' gift for expression so captivated our staff, its task of choosing but three of her works for publication was nearly impossible! Marla is a Sophomore Pre-Journalism Major who is spending her first semester back at KSUTC in twelve years. She is glad to be back and considers it a dream come true. It is a dream come true for us, too, to have discovered so talented a writer.

PEARL B. SEGALL is a Junior English Major whose poems have appeared in past ICONs as well as numerous small press and literary magazines. She says she'd rather write a poem than study, and thinks it kind of neat to be categorized as both a past and future ICON editor! ... ROBERT S. SEGALL's interests are diverse and far-reaching, ranging from sports to the Fine Arts. He is an avid baseball buff and golfer, and his hobby as photographer has earned him a Kodak Gold Medallion nomination. He was also a first place winner in the 1985 Ohio Poetry Day contests ... SHIRLEY STERLING's art work has appeared in many previous issues of ICON, and won for her the 1984-85 ICON Award for Excellence in Art. A Studio Art Major, she enjoys drawing, painting, ceramics, and all aspects of art; believes that Art is a feeling of well-being ... GEORGE W. WHITACRE considers himself a serious upcoming artist who still has much to learn. He feels that although much of his work appears to be on the light side, it emanates from his serious side. This is his first appearance in ICON.

MONICA WOOTER is a talented young artist whose works appear on ICON pages for the first time. She is a Junior at J.F.K. High School with interests including horseback riding and writing poetry, as well as ballet and jazz dancing.
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.

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