Spring 1981

ICON Spring 1981

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For Kate The Great, with love.

This issue of the ICON is dedicated to our friend, Kathryn Santone, for her wit and wisdom, for her inspirational guidance, and for her dedicated leadership as editor of the ICON for five consecutive issues.
ICON, the literary magazine 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.

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Editor: Grace G. Toro
Art Editor: Dee Phillips
Staff: Barbara J. Bell, Arlene Chilton, Ruth Ann Hill, Amy Lewis, Kim Longton, Pat Misocky

Cover Design: Dee Phillips

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Our grateful appreciation is extended to Mrs. Carol J. Perich for her excellence in typing the ICON.

The Open Book
Bonnie Goodworth

To read a book, you must open its cover and turn the many pages of its story.

If you just look at the cover, you may miss something interesting on the inside that you should have read.

Please, look inside me before you discard me as a book you never opened.

Santa Fe Navajo by Dee Phillips
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Whatever

Gregory Wayne Burkett

Play a lilting melody,
And let us all be free,
Each to plow his own half acre,
Whatever it may be.

Bill Watson

Some people
are meant
to
reach others
and
if the
other people
are reached
it's touching . . .
you've touched me
and
I'm glad

Every Wednesday at Noon

Pearl Segall

I remember their faces
the first time we met.
Eager young faces, shy and uncertain,
awaiting their first introduction
to words and ideas lovingly preserved
and reproduced for their enjoyment and appreciation,
for their understanding.
Especially for their interpretation.

We share inquiries.
This concept seems new and unnatural
at first. But slowly (with encouragement
and patience) ideas are tried and tested.
Acceptance comes, with smiles (many of them).
Their confidence is so dependent upon the smiles;
Their conclusions, tentative at first, soon
blossom forth with a rapidity that shocks.
But pleases enormously.
Confidence growing, they long to venture forth,
exploring new words, new ideas.
Developing likes and dislikes with judgment
borne of a new maturity;
knowing that endless possibilities await them
on each new page.

And I shall never forget
their faces!
For I have been witness to
the making of
these beautiful new friendships.
Whatever
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For I have been witness to
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these beautiful new friendships.
Part Time: Student/Mother

Pearl Segall

It seems my dreams are coming true,
Reality is here.
I barely know what I'm to do—
(So paralyzed with fear!)

It's all so easy for the young,
(The place is clearly theirs).
I'm slowly coming quite unstrung
And no one really cares.

The buildings seem so far away,
(The parking places, too!)
My wracking nerves begin to fray.
The headaches start on cue.

Does it help to know the DAB
Sits always on that shelf?
If I've misplaced an apostrophe,
Can I really blame myself
When my mind's back in the laundryroom
And my body's in the class?
No wonder it's all descending gloom!
(Can I ever hope to pass?)

I am, after all, what I've wanted to be,
Whether it's wise, or prudent.
So here's how my kids now introduce me:
"Hey, meet my mother, the student!"

A Student's Plea

Grace G. Toro

Oh, text book author, do take care
While writing, there's an etiquette

To avoid the kind of sentence where
The subject's four lines from the predicate.

I WASN'T BORN GREAT, AND I HAVEN'T ACHIEVED GREATNESS,
BUT I'M HOPING TO HAVE IT THRUSt UPON ME

Michelle Griffiths

I'm gonna live till I die, look before I leap, put a tiger in my tank, accentuate
the positive, roll with the punches, and pull my own strings. I want to take it
with me, take command, take it to the limit, and take my good old time. I
will fight the good fight, fire with fire, my own battles, the system, the feeling,
and city hall. I want a little respect, justice, relief, the facts, gusto, a hand,
and a pocketful of miracles.

I want to save space, time, energy, face, money, the world, the whale, the
children, the valley, and my soul. I want to be my own best friend, somebody's
baby, qualified (or, at least, qualifiable), a legend in my own time, me, the
talk of the town, sensuous... but not too far from innocent, right on the
button, free as the breeze, ready, willing, and able.

I want to make ends meet, separate the men from the boys, try a little
tenderness, rest on my laurels, cast my fate to the wind, reach out and touch
someone, and come to my senses. I want to get a job, away from it all, back
to basics, with it, and rich quick. I will survive, celebrate life, relax, communi-
cate, feel great, live right, find my niche, grin, and bear it.

I will have more than I show, speak less than I know, and lend less than I
owe. I will carry my books, my lunch, a tune, a torch, and on. I will be a good
friend, listener, student, citizen, sport, and loser. I will be true to form, true
to myself, true to my word, truly yours, and true blue.

Is that all there is?
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I will have more than I show, speak less than I know, and lend less than I owe. I will carry my books, my lunch, a torch, and on. I will be a good friend, listener, student, citizen, sport, and loser. I will be true to form, true to myself, true to my word, truly yours, and true blue.

Is that all there is?
the sky is graying
and the storm
moves threatening,
yet inevitably
toward the shore.

the water thrashes,
and pounds,
and batters the beach--
magically overpowering
the calm
and serenity
of
"sand,
wind,
and sea."

yet,
there is a beauty--
and exciting fulfillment
that only our souls can see . . .

which,
in the end,
is
our lives--
as inevitable
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Rex Brobst

Love is like a seed.
Taken,
planted, cared for,
and nourished;
It grows and flowers--
Flourishes.
But all too soon the buds
wither and die.
And looking back
with sadness on the work--
Remember the beauty.
Remember the worth.

Mystical Colours of You
Vivian Bowker

Kaleidoscope thoughts distort my mind
As our arms entwine in crystal hue.
Dynamic as the seasons are
The mystical colours of you.

The windows of your soul,
I'm forbidden to see through,
Reflect the hurt deep within
The mystical colours of you.

Open your arms. Free your heart.
Let your life begin anew,
Accept my love and let me know
The mystical colours of you.

My Light
Tina Amorganos

Can words express the way I feel?
I doubt they truly can,
For how can words show love I have
For this, a sightless man.

He sees the beauty of my face,
Within his fingertips,
And shows the love he feels for me,
Through tender loving lips.

His world is one of little light,
Of which he'll always know,
But still he lives within a light,
And gives the love I know,

So great a love I can't express,
With feelings deep and dear,
For no man I have ever known,
Has kept me from all fears.

Oh yes, my love he may be blind,
And yes, he cannot see,
But I feel you may never know,
A love as great as we.
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Marionette

Sarah L. Rider

Rows upon rows of nameless faces
All lined up to see the show
Of the marionette performing her acts
Controlled by some unseen puppeteer.
Roughly the strings are pulled
As she blindly obeys the call
Of the lingering memory of the master
Whom she had wanted so long ago.
But the master knows nothing of her ambition
To be as he would wish her to be
And yet she struggles on needlessly
Hoping some day for his return.

Trying New Wings

Sarah L. Rider

Unshackled wings against a cloudless sky
Barely escaping the snare set before
Trying to capture freedom in flight
As it soars once more to be free.

Idle promises no longer confine
The bird to its gilded cage
Where crumbs of kindness no longer suffice
Nor dazzle its unblinking eyes.

Away at last to horizons beyond
To places only dreamed of before
Where broken spirits are made whole
And those in flight try new wings.
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Rondeau For Doug:
My Daughter's Boyfriend
Betsy Hoobler

One should not choose him—her child's lover—
Yet would I that she might catch him!
Angels, over him please hover,
From all ruthless maidens snatch him!
Long-limbed, bright heart—in every measure
Manly—how I'd hate to lose him!
Behold my daughter! Such a treasure!
One shouldn't choose him.

Spring Goddess
Kathryn Santone

Demeter, with her lighted torch, bids
Persephone, "dwell no longer in vaulted
caverns, but 'come' fill my kingdom with
brightness."

Love,
Spring your golden chariot to barren
temples and charge this darkened Olympus
with new-born red and virginal green.
And once again, with thy handmaid's
gentlest and dearest touch, awaken
freshly plowed fields to scattered seeds
of corn and wheat so they become
fertile and full.

"Exam day—are you all right?" My husband's words and warm hug brought
a smile as I answered, "Yes, I'm fine!"

Last fall I wouldn't have said that. In September I returned to college, after
having been away from study for thirty-four years. I felt fulfilled. The delights
of my accomplishment heightened as the "rusty wheels of brain cells began to
turn again" and I found that I could function academically and productively.
But tests were something else. In spite of my husband's encouragement and
expressions of confidence and pride—in spite of the fact that I had studied well
and knew the subject matter thoroughly—I would enter the classroom on exam
days and literally freeze. The prayer on my lips would be "Please, God... I
can't do this; you'll have to do it for me." But the exam papers would become
a confused blur of panic, as well-memorized names and terms floated off into
oblivion. In subjects where there were no exams, I did beautifully, and basked
in the knowledge I gained there. But in classes where exams were held, I felt
fortunate to be able to finish the semester with a grade of C. I began to label
myself as "a poor test-taker." Perhaps it was my age!
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GRAMMA TAKES EXAMS

Jeri Bidlack

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During Christmas vacation my little grandson came to visit. One day, I was giving him dinner, carefully spoonfeeding him in his high-chair, that the floor and surrounding furniture might be kept clean. The meal was going down slowly, as he seemed interested in everything but the food. To keep his little hands busy and out of the way, I placed an extra spoon on the high-chair tray. Immediately, he picked it up, and, using his free hand, filled the spoon with peas and began to feed himself, chuckling happily at his ingenuity.

All too soon, vacation was over, and spring semester was in full swing. I was studying for an exam; and already beginning to feel a pre-test tension, I took a break to get the mail. It yielded a devotional pamphlet. Its message was Joshua 1:9:

Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.

Although religion and the humanities are my major field of interest, I am not what might be called a "religion freak." I’ve simply grown up with my religion, a “main-line” denomination. But my faith has been tremendously strengthened by experience and study, and I think of God as my constant companion. So I hastily scribbled down the quotation and tucked it into my jacket pocket.

Perhaps my attitude had been wrong. I had been expecting God to spoonfeed me. But He had given me a brain and a sense of free will. He may well have directed me to go to school, but He certainly expected me to “feed” myself, not to ask Him to do what I must do for myself. I may not have found any magic cure-all for test jitters. Perhaps I’ve simply recognized His gift of responsibility.

I won’t say the “butterflies” didn’t try to return that exam day as I walked into the classroom— or that my husband even believed my declaration that I was “fine.” My throat constricted as the professor passed out the exam papers. Then I glanced at the “empty” chair at my right and smiled, remembering the verse in my pocket. “Be strong … for the Lord thy God is with thee . . . .”

I got an A.

BATMAN’S GIRL
Mary Brizzi

I always wanted to be
Batman’s girl and help him
solve all his cases. And take care of Robin.
And sew the Bat-signal on his cape
when it came loose. I wanted
to fly with him in the Batmobile
and have wonderful adventures. I plotted
moving to Gotham when I grew up
even though I strongly suspected
there wasn’t any Gotham and never had been.
I always liked capes, and Superman and Dracula
were my favorites, too. So now,
while I sew this little navyblue Batcape
with little ears and a little hood
just big enough for Jacky, who is three
years old and three feet tall,
I figure, I’ve made it.
I’ve already promised on Hallowe’en
I’ll put on my black and purple cape
and he’ll wear his tights and his funny underwear
and his dramatic Batcape
which even at three he flourishes like a pro.
I always wanted to be Batman’s girl. I guess
it’s too late for that. But maybe
I’ll be Batman’s mommy.
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The Priest's Children

Dorothy Barresi

Nights in Soracabra
in the season of Festa Caipira,
marrigeable women dance only with each other,
their proud backs to the bearing moon.

By the light of lanterns
that hang from the delicate wrists of madonnas,
only the naive girls bribe God with rosary devotions
to claim the town's too few lovers:
even old men, and the young priest of Soracabra
who labors in the crabbed, red light of the confessional
aborting their sins, are named.

In times before these
a girl might know signs of many maridos--
wake to find knife-blades
tensile and quivering in the flank of her bedpost.
Now the women and the young girls
drive ponderous oxen to market, no longer
crossing themselves at the churchyard
where the priest's children sleep, a dozen blue stones
since the revolution.

Plantation

Elton Glaser

Now, at dusk, beyond the river's slow strokes
and the migraine of mosquitoes, I almost see
her white gown shiver across the columns, a silk bell
that echoes down the long alley of pine and oak
where on her bridal day she walked beneath
a gold and silver tangle in the branches, a dust
the field slaves spread through the canopy of webs
hung by spiders her father shipped from Africa.

Now, under the snags of moss, a small wind
rises from that hollow of brick and cypress beams,
too weak to blow the ghosts away, though it carries
a bobwhite's call from the canebrake, the dry stalks
that rattle like chains, and from the worn earth it brings
a lolling odor of jasmine and black sweat.

What life do I betray, standing here
on the false side of history, facing two pasts
beyond approach: these ruins the moon will overflow
and, far behind, those sour cabins gone back to darkness
under the wild grass, the spearhead blades of palmetto?
Now, at the edge of judgment, I lean against
a rough pine stuck with locust pods split down the back,
and enter this long moment haunting the bottom land, a bitter
beauty that seven generations could not raze forever or restore.
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drive ponderous oxen to market, no longer
crossing themselves at the churchyard
where the priest's children sleep, a dozen blue stones
since the revolution.

Now, at dusk, beyond the river's slow strokes
and the migraine of mosquitoes, I almost see
her white gown shiver across the columns, a silk bell
that echoes down the long alley of pine and oak
where on her bridal day she walked beneath
a gold and silver tangle in the branches, a dust
the field slaves spread through the canopy of webs
hung by spiders her father shipped from Africa.

Now, under the snags of moss, a small wind
rises from that hollow of brick and cypress beams,
too weak to blow the ghosts away, though it carries
a bobwhite's call from the canebrake, the dry stalks
that rattle like chains, and from the worn earth it brings
a lolling odor of jasmine and black sweat.

What life do I betray, standing here
on the false side of history, facing two pasts
beyond approach: these ruins the moon will overflow
and, far behind, those sour cabins gone back to darkness
under the wild grass, the spearhead blades of palmetto?
Now, at the edge of judgment, I lean against
a rough pine stuck with locust pods split down the back,
and enter this long moment haunting the bottom land, a bitter
beauty that seven generations could not raze forever or restore.
People are creatures of habit,
Their lives forming patterns of the same,
Designing a plan for vacation
They go back to where they came.

Some like to go back to nature,
Some like to go home again,
But some like another returning:
They go back to see the sea.

Pay exorbitant amounts of money
For mouldy motel rooms and beds,
In eyeshot and earshot of oceans
Right brain seduction begins.

Rise at dawn for the sunrise,
Spend hours searching for shells,
Get sand in the car and the suitcase,
And sunburn and windburn and peel.

The sea holds some kind of attraction
Pre-logical, free from the strain
Of thousands of years’ evolution
Of time, technology, and brain.

Forget intellectual effort,
Go out and fly a kite.
The next wave won’t knock you over,
But then, again, it might.
SEA-DUCTION

Michelle Griffiths

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Their lives forming patterns of the same,
Designing a plan for vacation
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But then, again, it might.

FINANCE WEEK

Thomas Wills

At 8:17 that Sunday morning, Ralph decided he would go to church. He had not been to church for two years, but something in the night had inspired him to attend. He could not explain this sudden urge, he just supposed that he had been away too long, and that it was time for him to see what he had been missing.

After a quick cold breakfast, Ralph pulled out his best three-piece suit, his best tie, his best socks, and his best white shirt, and proceeded to "get ready for church." Ralph remembered that when he was a kid he always hated going to church - not because of church itself, but because he always had to get so dressed up. Somehow, a ten year-old boy just didn't seem to have any business being in a suit with a tie choked around his neck. But today, ten years later, that really didn't matter.

Ralph arrived at church fifteen minutes early. He made use of the time by looking around the great monolithic structure. It was an old building, built before World War I. Ralph thought that there had to be at least seventy stained-glass windows and twenty winding stairways in the church - he thought it was all a bit too much. His little walk inspired him further, though, and when he entered the sanctuary he got into one of the pews closest to the pulpit, so that he could see as well as hear the minister's facial expressions and vocal innuendos. Soon the lights dimmed, and the choir walked in.

The ministers followed the choir. Ralph always wondered why there were so many ministers and if they were all really necessary. There was the Minister of Music, the Minister of Health, Education, and Welfare, the Minister of
Visitation, and the Minister of Ministers, the Reverend Donald G. Angus, Jr. The ministers looked almost untouchable in their long white robes, and Ralph was impressed by their entire entourage. Behind the ministers followed seventeen acolytes and the organist, and then there were four mysterious men in black suits carrying scrolls under their arms. Ralph knew the scrolls held deeply religious connotations, and he eagerly awaited their unveiling to the congregation.

Reverend Donald G. Angus, Jr. stood behind his podium and began to speak soon after the spotlight hit his figure. There was the standard fifteen minutes of hellos, songs, assorted prayers, and remembrances of the sick and dead. The Reverend Angus was ready to begin The Sermon For Which Ralph Awaited. The lights dimmed even more, and the choir sat down to listen.

Reverend Angus beckoned the four men in the black suits to come forth onto the pulpit area and join the rest of the ministers. The four men quickly unveiled their respective scrolls, revealing elaborate graphs to the anxious congregation. Ralph reasoned that these charts represented the dates and locations of all holy happenings referred to in The Bible. Reverend Angus spoke clearly. "We are quite pleased to have in our presence today four very distinguished guests - Mr. Samuel Richardson from the County Department of Financial Management, Mr. Jack Simpson from the United Ministries Association of The Valley, Ron Phillips from the City Fiscal Overseers Association, and Mike Jackson from the County Welfare Board. These fine gentlemen will assist me as I make our annual presentation, the "State of the Church Address."

Ralph nearly choked. It was Finance Week. He had not been to church for two years, and the day he chose to make his triumphant return turned out to be Finance Day. He was sitting in the front pew in his best suit learning about finances of the church. It was unbelievable. He was extremely distressed by the entire scenario. The charts were explained, the point was made. "We Need Money." The choir sang one more time, the charts were folded, the lights brightened up, and everyone began to leave the sanctuary. Ralph was the first out of his seat, the first out the door, and the first to reach his car.

Upon reaching home, Ralph tore off the tie and threw off the suit, pulled a tee shirt from the drawer and hopped into his cruddiest pair of jeans. He ran downstairs and turned on the football game. He flew into the kitchen and opened the refrigerator and grabbed a beer. It was Sunday and it really didn't matter anymore. He'd think about trying again in two more years.
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A very dear man, I’m quick to agree,
But I’m tired of being the nightly snor-ee.
As I peek through the covers, I get very vexed
At the issue of sounds from the one lying next.
High tones and low tones and some not quite clear,
Snorts, grunts, and whistles all fall on my ear.
I pinch him, I shake him, I call out his name.
His only reply is just more of the same.
So I greet each new day all red-eyed and bleary,
And he greets me at breakfast all bright-eyed and cheery.
Says, “Gee, dear, what’s wrong, you look quite a fright,
Didn’t you get any sleep last night?”
So bedtime arrives, we try it once more.
Please, Lord, I beg you, please don’t let him snore.
But it seems every dawning I’m sadder, not wiser,
And so tired of hearing my own synthesizer.

Cookiecat knows.
Her eyes
(Siamese) are wise.
She says
Lady, there’s
something
living in your attic
AND IT’S BIGGER than me.
Strangers in the Night

Harriett Cerbus

A very dear man, I'm quick to agree,
But I'm tired of being the nightly snor-ee.
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At the issue of sounds from the one lying next.
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Rat

Mary Brizzi

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Her eyes
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are wise.
She says
Lady,
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something
living
in
your
attic
AND IT'S BIGGER
than
me.
Mother Nature

*Bonnie Goodworth*

The sun sparkles over the big bowl of liquid
And the wind strikes up a breeze whenever it feels like it.
The trees sway back and forth to put you in a trance not letting you go.

But you don’t want to go

You are in awe of its own original beauty.
Melancholy sweeps you up encasing you in its giant arms.
You watch and listen while it holds you in its grasp.

The beauty, the wonder, the life it surrounds is indescribable
And only a stranger to beauty and nature takes it for granted.

**EYE OF THE BEHOLDER**

*Barbara M. Patterson*

Ah, what memories are stirred by the first pretty snowflakes each year........

Hand in hand they stand,
Noses almost to the glass,
Watching silently the first snowfall.

Side by side they bide,
Praying food and fuel will last,
Watching fearfully the next snowfall.

Day on day they stay--
Knowing winter too will pass--
Shivering anew at each snowfall.

........snow isn’t pretty when you’re old and cold.

FOR YOU

*Carol Farnum*

I longed to experience
The excitement of white water rapids
The exhilaration of the cold stinging spray,
The exhaltation of fighting the unconquerable, Struggling for control of the uncontrollable.

I desired the contentment that comes Contemplating the beauty around me In the quiet ponds and eddies Between the swirling rapids. Incomplete if I am alone.

In the midst of my reverie I woke to realize that I knew Of the white water rapids. The excitement of turning a corner And challenging life.

I have known the exhilaration Of skipping in the rain, The drops sharp upon my face, Hand in hand with you And warmed with love.

I have been filled to bursting With the exhaltation that comes When fighting for the good and right Knowing that you are beside me Supporting and warding off the blows.

Life flows on around us, Peaceful, raging, eddying. While we build a harbor, A place of renewal To prepare for the next onslaught.

Finding you in that harbor, Finding contentment that opens The soul to the beauty around us. Knowing the white water rapids I am complete because of you.
Mother Nature  
*Bonnie Goodworth*

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And the wind strikes up a breeze whenever it feels like it.  
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The soul to the beauty around us.  
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I am complete because of you.
Thought:
There are those whom we meet,
if only for a moment,
who create a lasting impression.
Though latent in our thoughts
they are there when we want to
recall them.

JOE WOE ODE
Jim Villani
In the least part of the city
Joe Woe draws a living on oak legs,
Feathering charcoal prints of element strangers
For surburban parlor parties,
Easeling his way to a coke & burger.

Joe Woe stacks days like newspaper,
Bundles them in bales
To sit and yellow.

He burns away the minutes with his fingers,
Catching the curve of a lip
And the gloss in an eye on a vellum pad.
The day declines faster than his enthusiasm.

At four-thirty the streets swell shoppers & jobbers;
Buses pile up down Federal Street;
Cars string together, snaking their way uptown.
But in the middle of the speed
The wayfarers collective eye bends
To watch Joe Woe crutch away.
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Jean Zuga

How can I sleep when the birds are chirping?  
Their calls wake me early in the morning,  
And fill my ears with beautiful sounds.

Self Construction

Sarah Rider

My house is built now.  
Why won’t you come see it?  
Brick by brick was laid with you in mind.  
Each turn of the hallway leads to the center.  
I’d like to send you the blueprints,  
But no forwarding address can be found.  
How can you inspect the finished product,  
When you don’t accept your mail?

Wildflower Field

Dee Phillips

Softly...wildflowers grow in our field  
Proud golds, whites, purples changing constantly  
Accenting brown thistles, cattails, green leaves  
Blooming yearly spring through fall  
Wild fragrant hues--lacy, standing tall  
Softly swaying wild flowers growing in our field.

I watch them gently sway with the warm summer breeze  
A hue-smothered palette splashing the field  
Gathered...dots of color stand in a green stoneware vase  
Carefully arranged showing each unique face  
Wild Mustard, Buttercups, Queen Ann’s Lace  
Softly swaying wildflowers growing in our field.

Some gathered gently, placed in a vase carefully.

Mirror

Rex Brobst

Mirror, in you  
I look to see  
The truth reflected,  
You won’t lie to me.

The outer man  
Is seen so clear,  
But the inner man’s  
The one I fear.

This silver glass  
Will never show  
The part of me  
I long to know.

I can search the image  
You perfectly reflect,  
Still I’ll never see  
Me in the introspect.

So I’ll move myself  
Away from your sight,  
And find the true me  
With my own strength and light.

Now the person inside me  
Is beginning to show.  
Mirror, you’ve helped me  
More than you know.
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Memories

David Bowman

TO BE USED,
COULD BREAK AN OLD HEART.
BEING NEEDED,
WILL MEND IT.
THE DIFFERENCE,
IS HARD TO KNOW.

Bill Watson

The thunder's crashing
through a painted
scarlet sunset.

Wave after wave
batters the beach
taking yesterday
and today
out to sea,
drowning them,
ever to be lived again.

The strength for tomorrow
breaks with every roar,
bringing a fresh new beach
with different rocks,
stranger shells,
softer sand,
and more
debris.

I think it's time I tell you,
about the way I feel.
The sunshine that's inside me
is different, but it's real.

There's never been a love like this,
or a feeling that's come close,
and everything about you
is what I like the most.

For in the time I've known you,
you've become a source of pride,
and the happiness you bring me
is just too hard to hide.
Let's make it last for ever,
let's be the closest friends.
Let's make it last for ever,
and pray it never ends.

Come, and take a walk with me,
we'll see the winter snow,
and of my life you'll be a part,
you'll help my world to grow.

I've found the strength to help me live,
I've found the needed rhyme.
I hope you'll find the same in me,
and use it all the time.

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KATHRYN SANTONE is a Senior English Major in the College of Arts and Sciences. She has had material previously published in the ICON and is a past editor of our magazine.

PEARL SEGALL is a Freshman student at KSUTC returning to college after 22 years. This is her first appearance in the ICON.

GRACE G. TORO is a Freshman English Major in the College of Arts and Sciences. She is this issue's Editor. She has had material previously published in the ICON.

JIM VILLANI has a BA in English from Youngstown State University and is the editor of the Pig Iron Press. This is his first appearance in the ICON.

BILL WATSON is a Sophomore Pre-Journalism Major in the College of Arts and Sciences. He has had material previously published in the NOW. This is his first appearance in the ICON.

THOMAS WILLS is a Sophomore Journalism Major in the College of Fine and Professional Arts. He has had material previously published in the NOW; this is his first appearance in the ICON.

JEAN ZUGA is a resident of Warren and a high school senior. This is her first appearance in the 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.

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Sea Shell  by Dee Phillips