ICON is a project sponsored by the Art Department of the
Faculty and students from State Branches are invited.

KENT STATE
Volume III
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ICON assistant advisor
ICON art advisor
ICON staff: Susan Bystry, e.
      Smith, Kathleen
ICON staff greatly appreciate
icon . . .
image
of individual reflections
on a paper-mirror.
iconoclastic . . .
image
shatters
at the vibration
of trembling lips;
at the precision
of a silent poet.

Valerie Marttila

ICON is a project sponsored by the English Department in conjunction with the Art Department of the Trumbull Branch of Kent State University. Faculty and students from the Trumbull Branch as well as other Kent State Branches are invited to submit poetry, essays, fiction, or art work.

KENT STATE UNIVERSITY — TRUMBULL BRANCH

Volume III  Fall 1967  Number 1
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ICON staff greatly appreciates the technical assistance of B. W. Bystry.
“Print No. 99”, Serigraph

By James A. Walker
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you raped my ear with fertile words
and now my mind-womb is heavy with the child
of your thought.
pulsing and growing inside me, to be labor-given
to the world as soon as I nourish it.
it shall spring from me—fulfilled by my own life
particles—and live in the world . . . perhaps
to teach men the glory of such birth from the
marriage of two minds.

Christine Joanne Dedon

And fat Buddha
sat on his haunches
in the cool smooth
flatness of the
white cube
soothed by
the soft
swish swash
of splattering rain.

Susan Bystry

CRUSHED BERRIES

John Thomas

You were mad for berries that
A sweet bunch of fluff
That trotted at my heels,
Then dived into the unsuspecting
To corner your quarry.

Dew wet and still in their legs
You popped them into your mouth,
Then shagged off to find me,
With reddened lips, and a half
Of crushed berries to buy your

Now you are grown,
Enough the woman
To remember, too much to ask
As the child who loped
Through that elm-branched
Crushed berries moist in her

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CRUSHED BERRIES

*John Thomas Hand*

You were mad for berries that summer,
A sweet bunch of fluff
That trotted at my heels,
Then dived into the unsuspecting thicket
To corner your quarry.

Dew wet and still in their leaves,
You popped them into your mouth
Then shagged off to find me,
With reddened lips, and a handful
Of crushed berries to buy your peace.

Now you are grown,
Enough the woman
To remember, too much to act
As the child who loped
Through that elm-branched lane,
Crushed berries moist in her hand.
Oh, Lovely Lady,
Glow golden in the dust
Of my memory. You
Appear to me in the
Tracks of the sea
On lonely beaches at
sunset.
Can love call you back?
Or are you but an
echo
In the summer wind?

In lonesome valleys,
In shadowed streams,
In the dying embers of logs burned,
Your golden hair dances
memories.
Perfume of burgundy and
wild grapes
Blew fire into the waning soul
Of a comet
descending.

Will I hear from you again?
Or are you lost
forever
In the wash of lonely waves
Against the beaches of memory?

Your stilled voice echoes:
In the anonymity
In the tinkle
In the eddies

Memories recall the whisper
And I shall remember you
When I see:
The ice-twinkle
(remember how we wished)
When I feel:
The soft spines
When I hear:
The silence
The cry of

What does it matter?

But suns rise on the morrow
Don’t they?

Oh, Lovely Lady,
How I fear (and love) the

Isn’t life but continuous

continued
Your stilled voice echoes:
    In the anonymous chirp of crickets at midnight,
    In the tinkle of the bell-fied cat in tall grass,
    In the eddies of wind blown leaves at Autumn.

Memories recall the whisper of half a summer.

And I shall remember you
When I see:
    The ice-twinkle of stars in ink night
(Remember how we wished upon them);
When I feel:
    The soft spray of an April rain,
When I hear:
    The silence of a January morning;
        (White against a white sky,
        Birches broken with ice)
    The cry of a lonely heart at night
        (Singing with a baby's
        sorrow to the moon).

What does it matter?    You are but the dusk of memory.
And memories set—like suns.

But suns rise on the morrow,
Don't they?

Oh, Lovely Lady,
How I fear (and love) the Twilight.
Isn't life but continuous Twilight?
THE HOURS LAP SLOWLY
Christine Joanne Dedon

the hours lap slowly
on the beach of some foggy isle.
on the shore i walk
alone
through trickling waves of passing time
that they might kiss my feet,
or,
perhaps,
splash my face that i might taste.
because there is none—
for the savor of an hour
is
lost
as it passes.
and
the sea of time
is but
a bland after-taste
in the mouths of men.

WHITE BEAR
Carl B. Yoke

As the gutted
White bear lies
With clotted fur
Against the north
Wind,
My soul lies
Bare
Against your love:
Exposed by lies,
Numb, then
Dead.

AND

When
And some
Of her
And of
To cast
Will she

When
Divide
And be
With
And be
Mank

When
Of some
Invade
Unsee
Which
Lack

When
Of our
Bring
From
And be
Inceas

When
With
Do to
The so
The p
But
AND MUST ENDURE

Terry Yannucci

When mountains groan
And spit forth sheets
Of hell like fire
And do not seem
To care if life
Will stay or die,
When shallow pools
Divide and grow
And bathe the earth
With brutal scorn
And briny hands
Mankind will know;
When hideous hordes
Of swarming beasts
Invade the winds
Unseen by eyes
Which pale and weak
Lack hope or care,
When nature's curse
Of undamped soil
Brings forth the worst
From tasteless lips
And hopeless minds
Incased in sleep;
When all these things
With reasons vague
Do tear and split
The souls of men
The pain is felt
But is not heard.

AFTER THE RAIN

Christine Joanne Dedon

Moon-lapping rain pools—
Liquid leaves in liquid lie
Beside wafer moon.
DREADED PATHWAYS

Mindless of the white in my memory, I wander on, darkness eternal.

Again I travel blind, and bring me nearer the path of my death.

My pace quickens as I near
One more step and
lost, transfixed

soft skin, and whispered in

THE APPRENTICE

Eyes of hollow
Looked out in
As if to say
"I have labored
And you have

The mouth curving
Was only still
Revealing nought
But the labor
No young age

When I see
This brooding
Hiding sorrow
I think of him
A composed face
Lake calm eyes
That pierce the
Yet mask the

JABBERWOCK PART 2

Susan Bystry

He walked slim
little man that he was.
His head held high
for all to see his slenderness—
small boy with bitter, twisted mouth,
adjust your bald wig,
hide your flawless thinking,
ponder on, Napoleon with the lisp
while your fingers grasp,
clutch,
smear—
always leaving tokens.

Walk on, small man,
there are more words
for you to bludgeon.
Conceal yourself—
but remain as you are,
infatuated with thoughts.
DREADED PATHWAYS

Darrell Grady

Mindless of the whirling promises she had planted in my memory, I wander out once more onto the beach of darkness eternal.

Again I travel blind, and unaware that each step brings me nearer the path of my destined walk, alone, alone.

My pace quickens as I near the edge of collapse.

One more step and I'll... be...

lost, transfixed by,
melting voices,
limbs that reach out,
soft skin, and whispered images of golden days which I long for...

Still.

THE APPRENTICE: TO D.M.

Jim Coleman

Eyes of hollowed shadows
Looked out imploringly
As if to say
"I have labored
And you haven't given me rest."

The mouth curved by sadness
Was only still,
Revealing naught
But the labor which knows
No young age.

When I see
This brooding veneer
Hiding sorrow and sweat and love within,
I think of him:
A composed face,
Lake calm eyes
That pierce the dark of my soul,
Yet mask the turmoil inside.
The soft dark,
A street light rejuvenates itself
In recent puddles.

The spring mist,
Rising from the river,
Spreading like a flood through the city.

Mist cloaks the street;
The pavement shines a cool black.
The narrow way is straight.

The street goes on, on into my *atman*.
I follow . . .
I cannot sleep.

My footsteps increase the silence . . .
The hollow buildings.
Soon, soon the dawn!

The stores hide behind iron mesh,
Caged for the night,
Awaiting the dawn.

In a window, children’s toys.
Their glitter now gone for me . . .
I walk on.

Through the mesh I gaze at
Clothes, radios, cosmetics—
Teenagers’ joys.

On . . . down the street.
There, in murky dark, my face
Staring from a mirror . . .

My soul in my eyes . . .
A car swishes past, I start
And hurry onward.

What! The once straight way
Branches and becomes many,
But there are no signs.

Dawn is surging through the mist.
Where is my Path?
The rushing sun blinds me.
TO HANK:

Susan Bystry

Young man
with mobile
face,
penetrate life
with vents of struggle;
feel the need
to conquer,
thrust,
leave.
opposition slashed;
imimacy
saturated with power—
your tenderest gesture
tantamount to
a war cry.

One who tastes
sweet juices
of strength,
show me.

JOY

Paulette Mihalov

A leaf of lettuce—
Lies in the garden waiting.
Hungry rabbit, come.
THE WANDERER

William S. Dada

As I can feel love,
    I am alive.
But I am dead,
    As I hate life.
I have an identity
    But wander unknown.
I am intelligent
    But know little of living.
I feel hurt
    But remain unharmed.
As ice cracks
    It is resealed by the sun.
My mind breaks
    But mends itself.
I talk
    But nothing is heard.
I travel
    But find no destiny.
I seek security
    As a star seeks the night.
Blinding my eyes
    Are hidden tears
Like a promising sky
    That brings no rain.
I reach for peace
    But grasp turmoil.
Like a desert well,
    My throat is deep,
My stomach hollow,
    My heart a bucket.
The water's gone.
    But the well still stands.
I'm still alive,
    But so alone.
THE BEGINNING AND END OF NUTTY JONES
THE BARBER WHO LOVED TO SHOUT CHEERS
a play by Marvin Phillips

NUTTY (Tap dancing):
Today's the day!
I'll soon make hay.

Today, today . . . Hooray!

NUTTY (Singing):
Love, love, the end is near.
Like an arrow shot at
The rear of a Deer.

NUTTY (Playing a bongo):
I fooled them all
I had a ball!
I didn't crack a book
At all.
At final time, I had
Baldy Blair.
The result was fine.
I cut one hair.

NUTTY (Trombone fanfare):
A razor, a comb
A brand new mop.
Soon I'll open
My own Barber Shop!

NUTTY (Dancing backwards):
Do! Do! Do!
Today's the Day!
I'll soon make hay!
Sis! Boom! Bah!
Ray!

AL: Then double this size again!
And give me a longer space
to sign my name. Their
aunts and uncles and
cousins and parents and
friends and what have you
love big diplomas and long
signatures.

JOE: What about the press release
you asked me to
work on announcing the
raise in tuition? Should I . . .

AL: No! No! Not on graduation
day. Wait! I got an idea.

JOE: But I wonder . . .

AL: Tell the press, that due to
the marvelous faculty and
staff of our college that
guided our young people
to commence to bigger and
better things—we have
decided to augment our fa-
cilities by purchasing real
barber chairs, and real
dryers, and combs and
soap and towels and cash
registers and for every-
bodv's benefit—THERE
WILL BE NO TUITION
INCREASE—but the ma-
terials fee will be slightly
raised.

JOE: That means double the
tuition.

AL: Don't be so businesslike.
Can't you think of the
truth of our school?

JOE: I do. I cheer for old Alfred
Barber College. But just
sometimes I think. I
think . . .

AL: Don't think! Just cheer.
It helps, my friend. Just
cheer!

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