In Memory of

RICHARD MATHIAS TURNER

November 18, 1949–September 17, 1969
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
THE WEEPING MESSIAH

Karen Kuta

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MEDALS

Dr. Damon Turner

Foolish pieces of metal and ribbon,
What could their meaning be?
Flesh of my flesh?
Bone of my bone?
Are they, in truth,
Any part of me?

Filled with pride
Shall I lovingly show them,
To the bride who never can be?
Or to children unborn, never to be conceived?
Perhaps to the old grandmother, who,
in a young man’s future believed?

What thinks the adoring sister,
Of baubles such as these?
Or the good friend, the sorrowing brother,
Smiles he in ironic mirth?
Shall the loving, red-eyed mother
Cold metal softly caress
In vain Phoenix hopes
Of mystical, fancied rebirth?
How did you die, Oh my Son?
On what unknown field ten-thousand miles from home
Did your rich life’s blood gush forth
Soaking some distant alien land,
With all your dreams and mine?

Foolish pieces of metal and ribbon,
What could their meaning be?
Flesh of my flesh?
Bone of my bone?
Are they, in truth,
Any part of me?
WHY?

Dick Glass

Hush Child, I'll dry your tears with abstract promises.
For how can you understand what caused your father's death,
    If I don't,
    And forty thousand cousins don't,
    And your father didn't.
But, it is said that he died for a cause:
That his was a glorious death, that he . . .
But what comfort is this?
Who can love, and make love, to a void left by something
    I don't understand,
    And forty thousand cousins don't,
    And your father didn't.
CONFUSED AM I

Marcie Laverty

I wish for love
    and find insincerity,
I look for concern
    and find selfishness alone,
I beg for forgiveness
    but see revenge,
I try for completeness
    but misplace all the pieces,
I search for people
    but find only puppets,
I dream of joy
    but awaken to despair.
Could it be that this is what life is really all about?
Troubled times
Times of disillusion
War and chaos
Mass of confusion
Forget lives lost
Win war at any cost

Demonstrations, integration
Colored cops and Segregation

Internal strife
Way of life
Living is prosperity
Within the GRATE SOCIETY!
REGURGITATUS ILLEUM

Bruce Plummer

Pus puzzling
Haunts its grind
Come away again
Back too soon

Swollen
No pain, but embarrassment
Taunt
No bandage, but malignant

Severed - gone-
That is no more.
Microscopic slices
Stain knowledge
Come away again
Back too soon

Hacked- left-
What is life for
Once again away
But the pain will stay
Halted -
Come away again
Back too soon

Blue star
White sky

Yellow
up
in
Pussy - Willows of my life
faulting, failing
falling
away
piece- by- piece

The Innocent, like
But craving
Love and beauty un
For such
Struggling on with

Touched by things
Yet seem
The Innocent waits
For Pride

And she shall wait
When all
And she won't cou
For she'll
THE INNOCENT

Mike Owens

The Innocent, like dew upon the grass of birth,
   But craving for the greatest things,
Love and beauty unrehearsed,
   For such things grow drowning thirsts,
Struggling on with lungs to burst.

Touched by things that seem so small,
   Yet seeming not to care at all,
The Innocent waits in quiet wonder,
   For Pride to tear her world asunder.

And she shall wait until the day,
   When all man’s dark clouds drift away,
And she won’t count her time by day,
   For she’ll have nothing left, but play.
Noise reverberates

BUT to his

he

Lights flash in his
tongue

he

Spices are to sawdust

his tongue

he

Like a marble statue

with

he breaks not

yet

encompassed

Worlds crash about

YET he sits
MAN OF QUIET

Mike Owens

Noise reverberates in the flowers
   BUT to him the din is silent. . . . .
   he hears, the deaf mute hears.
Lights flash in his eyes
   BUT they do not close to shield the glare. .
   he sees, the blind man sees.
Spices are to sawdust
   his tongue has been removed. . . . .
   he speaks, the mute, he speaks.
Like a marble statue
   with senses of stone,
   he breaks not the pattern,
   yet spreads like water on the shore,
   encompassing all in his glance.
Worlds crash about him in showers,
   YET he sits quiet. . . . .there in the flowers.
A STORY

Billy Buck

They say history is the story of the winners. What wonderful tales of love and hate there would be had we the words of Caesar's enemies, or Hitler's...

Where I was born is a land of small hills, not really rugged but up and down, where the foothills and hills come within forty miles of the Great Lakes. The roads climb straight over (no need to go circling around, but arrow-straight, oblivious to contours) and the land climbing on the east and going down on the west, on down half a mile to the creek where we swam after a day of hay or corn or bagging oats on the combine...Bill lived above the road where it climbed through the wild cherry and the apple trees gone to seed, and Mitzi below in a clean-swept house near the road with her mother and father and younger sister. My family lived on up and took the road to the left and back a piece, alone after dark and looked over the other side of the hill for miles, and the lights of Alliance and the blinking red on the radio towers for company. Bill and I schooled together and tramped the gravel roads when there was no car or tractor to take a ride on, and the crisp crunch crunch of our step, and the snake curled on the stump in the creek when we crossed the iron-railed bridge, Bill and I and the families around, and Mitzi.

And she was for Bill the same (not earlier, when we were not yet different, somehow, but later). And Mitzi was where for me was Mitzi, was where for me it was, that it is about: the glare of midsummer in brown shorts and the thighs coming smoothly downward and the strong joining at the knees, and the efficient head of short hair. And I would pass and look for Mitzi and hope, too shy for more than hope of waving, and the same was with Bill.

He was a big boy, with wide Mitzi as I did: a smile and a way young. And my senses wished it was...and the efficient wave of far hill and the trees swaying without trying it seemed, and Mitzi. And yet brush aside the thought Mitzi and I, and her mind on that. How could I say, "You are for red and sandals, and seeing her want to be old. In the grass above the road, the sunlight bobbing as the boughs..."

Then Bill who finally said, for what can be said about a girl you've boast? with the broad-set eyes, with..."

So Mitzi saw Bill when she was in the matter-of-fact with no great for in the tall grasses with Bill and the one wonders why, what matter of loving.

The regular round of humdrum Mitzis together, motioning their life patterns and they know not or depth of pine bough. For the
He was a big boy, with wide-set eyes, and was handsome. And he saw Mitzi as I did: a smile and a wave; but she was not his said I, for we were young. And my senses wished for the future: waiting, waiting, so hard it is...and the efficient wave of black hair looking somewhere, seeing the far hill and the trees swaying in the wind, looking, but not at me. Bill, without trying it seemed, and Mitzi together: how could he be carefree? And yet brush aside the thought of her presence when he left. Then Mitzi and I, and her mind on the far hill thinking of the swaying trees. How could I say, “You are for me where you are?” in the brown shorts and sandals, and seeing her wanting her, and picturing her when she would be old. In the grass above the road, cool the wind was in the apples and the sunlight bobbing as the boughs swayed, Mitzi and I.

Then Bill who finally said, for she was an unmentioned subject (what can be said about a girl you’ve known since childhood?) or was it a boast? with the broad-set eyes, finally said something.

So Mitzi saw Bill when she looked at the far hill, but for Bill it was matter-of-fact with no great show, and I knew never would Mitzi lie in the tall grasses with Bill and the sunlight would not bob in the wind. Ane one wonders why, what makes Mitzi choose...For there is no clever way of loving.

The regular round of humdrum life goes on in the houses of Bills and Mitzis together, motioning their ways through their four-score-and-ten of life patterns and they know not and dream even less of the height of hill or depth of pine bough. For the pain of the loser is loneliness.
"The only good Indian's a dead Indian."

"Indian Summer!" they said, those around
Who never knew an Indian and who knew not
That Indian Summer was two months off,
That this present spell of sunny balm
Was only autumn slowed by the regular,
Unhurried, inconsiderate progression of seasons --
Who knew not that only with the last full moon
Of the year would come Indian Summer;
After the biting frost
Is no longer a stranger.
But who would bother to think:
The thick haze coagulate into
An approaching Red Man;
Out of nowhere he would come
Save from the smoky blue itself,
Residue of last night's frost,
Silently waving while still
An hundred yards off;

Unseen since last De.
When he appeared on the
The blue bank of cloud
And hunted with us
And evaporated into
Then Indian Summer
And we were alone
Waiting for spring
And Indian Summer
Forgotten.

Or that's how it was
If you didn't see,
And even now, some
In the mist, moving
Along the hillside, up
If you will admit an
To notice as you run

"What would Grandp

Who had warned him
And stocked his cell
Before he left, to co
The Indian friend.
Unseen since last December
When he appeared out of
The blue bank of clinging vapor
And hunted with us until snowfall,
And evaporated into the fading haze.
Then Indian Summer was destroyed
And we were alone
Waiting for spring
And Indian Summer
Forgotten.

Or that's how it was told,
If you didn't see,
And even now, something hiding
In the mist, moving beneath the ridge-peak,
Along the hillside, unseen almost, but known
If you will admit and not forget
To notice as you rush by...

"What would Grandfather say?"

Who had warned him of the storm
And stocked his cellar with game
Before he left, to come again:
The Indian friend.
A tear drop
From the girl I love
Fell upon, one day
This page
And lay there
Crying other tear drops
That spread from out its soul
saddening the paper so as to
make it wrinkle with age.

This page
is not, anymore
That secular thing it used to be
But sacred since it bears the scar
And the memory
Of a tear drop
That sorrowed not only it
But also . . . me.

A pool of thought
Polluted with waste
Destroying tear-true waters
That would show
Deep below
A sparkling pond
Bountiful with life.
Oil Pastel

Florence Gordon
Personality
standing alone
surrounded by others
Bound to them (somehow)
Included
only to Exclude yourself
Forced to Listen
to those who never heard
then spreading their word
Not reading the book
someone has closed
because of Time
You may walk
if you run
since
the great distance
leads Nowhere
But you arrive
Accepting
a Rejection:
you have a Choice
- if you choose

Carole Cardarelli

Walk slowly
And watch the
And never ever
Or when to say
Or what to over
Walk slowly
And watch the

ON COMING

If you were
"How does
He would look
In surprise,
... God knew
For it takes
To make a
And it takes
To be alone
Walk slowly home
And watch the moon uncover
And never ever wonder why
Or when to stop
Or what to cry
Walk slowly home
And watch the moon uncover.

ON COMING TO GRIPS

If you were to ask a wise man
“How does one decide?”
He would look up
In surprise, and say,
... God knows what.
For it takes much living
To make a poem,
And it takes much dying
To be alone, to be undone.
CONTRIBUTORS

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