ICON Spring 1969

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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.

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 schools are invited to submit poetry, essays, fiction, or art work.

KENT STATE UNIVERSITY - TRUMBULL BRANCH

Volume IV - 1969
ICON Advisor

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COVER - Georgann Manus
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reach out
and grasp
existence
hold tight
before it's gone
and you're left
alone
unable to survive
and you die
because
you didn't
STOP
long
enough
to
cry

Carol Cardarelli
Pencil Drawing

Karen Kuta
SUNSET

Marie Squeglia

Frost freezes over
The green-laden bushes,
as snow begins to fall.
Life hurries inside, as
The Sun closes the day
with a silent slam.

in a winter of our thing
a heavy snow of noise and confusion settled
soundly on our heads
and we tried to run thru it and make rules
to keep us going and we tripped
perhaps as we lay a thawing spring
will come and we may watch the rivlets of
confusion trickle by us
perhaps we'll see another summer
perhaps
perhaps, again, another fall

Mick Rogers
tattersal words
of tumble
down
trips
become
immersed
in
the
grasping
scene
of
the
horrifyingly
mystic
experience
that
is
a tandem
composite
of
nothing
and
my
meaning
becomes
absolved
of
existence
and
the
predisposition
is
to retreat before the meaning belches and i die-
my unconscious is unbearable, it is a nightmare round of loneliness.

Susan Bystry
Love songs are for being in love
you can’t read a love poem nor to a crowd
nor can you pick out a love poem can never be
it can only remind you otherwise
it’s for bein’ in love and used to be every love
pretend i wrote an’ could close my eyes
now i can only read them in a group
i’m not bein’ sorry i’m only saying i reme
Love songs are for bein' in love
you can't read a love poem to a friend
or to a crowd
nor can you pick out a pretty face there to imagine
a love poem can never show you something new
it can only remind you and make you happy or
otherwise
it's for bein' in love and personal

used to be every love poem i read i could
pretend i wrote
an' could close my eyes and say the next line
now i can only read them to a pretty face
in a group
i'm not bein' sorry
i'm only saying i remember how it could be

*Mick Rogers*
Hail to ye:
Opressed denizen,
Tied by the ropes
Of the changing times.

Hail to ye:
Who speak out your feelings,
For them to hear.

And to all who are unjustly chained,
Unofficially drained of their lifeblood,
For trying to do some good in this world of evil.

Hail to ye:
O man of God, Whose arms have been cut off,
For reaching out to help some waif
Whom society would not accept.

Richard Glass
I wonder,
Would I be a better man
If I were conceived by the ground
At the final age of seventy-five
With all the wisdom and prestige of age,
I would parade
Backwards through life,
Watching my wrinkles
Pull tight against my younging age;
I would gage
All my actions
From prior experiences,
And be able to do with coming youth
All the things that creep into dying minds;
And be kind; and gentle, with knowing eyes;
Not to just do but to be completely done,
With helping others,
As I graciously slip into my teens
With my being
At rest with the world
I would depend
On other old men,
Coming from the ground,
As I shrink
To a child
With the cover
Of innocence
I would die.

Richard Burkhart
Stand tall
long loved one
with long hair
blowing
and face
thrust forth
to grasp
the transient wind.
Finality, permanency
have no force
in the tumbled
care we endure-
pass through
me once
again
as the soaring
cost of
tomorrow
beckons
your limping
footsteps of now.

Susan Bystry
Two Hands
(one of innocence
longing for love
soft smooth and searching
peaceful, white
another wild with wisdom
satisfied by love
rough ragged and ready
massive, brown)
Joined
Carol Cardarelli

NOT ENOUGH TIME
He passes swiftly through the streets.
He nods and speaks to those he meets.
No unkind word he mutters,
But again the poor chap stutters.

Emma Rivers
SOCIETY DISSUISIONED

Mary Hawkins

There you are,
like a misprint,
from a Xerox copy machine.

i always know the way you wink at me
when your back faces me
the boldness of your suit’s expression
wrinkling in question
but never asking
until i press my fingers
through air
waiting for that touch of wool
to wrinkle smooth
and purr under my palm
when i rub you still

Valerie Marttila
why can’t you stay and live this way
why harbor discontent
why not accept the things i’ve said
to be the things i’ve meant
don’t ask for more, please close the door
don’t leave until i’m through
i’ve got so much to offer you
while i’m still lovin’ you
if when i’m done, you wanna run
the road will still be there
i’m only askin’ you to wait
until we both don’t care

Mick Rogers
Seeking a fireplace
to keep the blood
within his body
free from the cold
and dampness of the world,

He found the greatest
heat could not warm
the chill that slowly
creeped through his veins
and made his entire

Being
an iceberg
floating among

Indifference.

Emma Rivers
Three winsome girls share personalities that match the wear and tear of an even four, but I'm not courting any of them. They call me the natural eye...

There's Seth de Mill's daughter, Nellie, who lives from bar to bar. She returns at midnight and told me it was her excess of moon that made her anorexic, merely depression in the head, not scurvy. It's too early to change her. Aftershe's gone, the tears are still there. Life is one rain after another. She clasped her clenched breath.

Nellie and Geo belong to her. Nellie is like dime-store jewelry. The sophomores call her Geo, with her well deformed claws. The sophomores call me the natural eye...

-- memo 1

Ruth. Actually, Ruth, doesn't...

*Winner of the Virginia Perry Scholarship Award, Virginia State University.*
SKETCHES FOR MEW*

Valerie Marttila

January 9-19--
5 p.m.

Memo 1

Three winsome girls share this six-room apartment. Four have frosted personalities that match the weather. I have failed to mention that I make an even four, but I'm not counting myself because I'm just an observer. They call me the natural eye.

There's Seth de Mill's daughter, Ruth, who floats from plane to plane and bar to bar. She returns at midnYTE, skin drawn and cyanic from Acid. She told me it was her excess of money that depressed her. Myself, I think it's merely depression in the head, not money. In Ruth, the mind was exposed too early to rainy mornings. After the first rain, she drowned and now her life is one rain after another. She floats on brittle sighs and a whiskey-clenched breath.


*Winner of the Virginia Perryman Award for Freshman Writing at Kent State University.
memo 2

You should have heard the walls hum tonyte as I impersonated the great ones—Fanny Brice, Martha Washington (silently vowing pits into cherries?), Plato at the Hollywood Bowl, Christ trying to condense. I put on my knickers and stirrups and waited for the phone to breathe or the door to blow away, but the walls only hummed and I whistled whispers to the hollow-eyed doll who studied me from a wooden frame.

My bedroom gave birth to shadows and I watched bulging bears dance in the Red Square in the middle of the oval floor. Circus. I promised myself if no one invited me to the next war and if there was no room for me at St. Pat’s Sunday, I would skip the zoo. . . .

memo 3

In moments to come—sliding rooms will reek lusty morsels of like a gray Christmas tree and co-secretly wish themselves into an ac downstairs, the door has open

"Oh, to be in Finland, now to the masses."
memo 3

In moments to come--sliding up the stairs to a Gershwin song--the rooms will reek lusty morsels of evening’s yule surprises and I will sit like a gray Christmas tree and collect blue dust as they pant, boast, and secretly wish themselves into an adulterous campus limbo.

downstairs, the door has opened--

“Oh, to be in Finland, now that Russia’s here.” said E.E. Cummings to the masses.
I was studying the burlesque shape of Miles (who is quite stuffed), noticing the unevenness of dye, seams when I realized the suspension of life, especially here on campus. I feel tucked away from objects I'm familiar with. And, yet, here I'm flying away from life—content with yesterday, aware of tomorrow (heaven, I presume)?—

Speed be with me.

As I observe my companions I've arrived at the conclusion that this Victorian house is a point of departure for their whiskey journeys. I, to, them, am inhibited but they are wrong. I record my senses on a paper-mirror and I see myself more clearly on paper. Inhibited? They are superfluous objects dangling from a blind line of ignorance.

Have you ever realized the perpetual sighing silence of a vacant upstairs' apartment—no one telling fortunes with poker cards (fat, mystic witch is out smoking marijuana tonyte and her indifferent followers accompany her solitude—a quest to conquer an impersonal dream?)
memo 5

"I don't give a damn about caring." Ruth's comment today when Geo and Nellie bailed her out of jail this morning.

"Let it rain all day; I'm going to sleep."

And, she slept her days into nytes and probably would have slept past Orwell's year of good tidings if I wouldn't have hit her an hour ago. I hit her to see if she really breathed in her dreams. Her eyes (closed) darted wildly but the dead have muscle reactions too.

Her eyes blinked like fast falling rain:

"Hell! I'm sick and you're standing here, poking me like St. Luke--go and sip some Acid, girl and leave my ribs to the Stars.

She was Cancer, through and through.
I was watching myself rather carefully in the Victorian mirror last nyte, waiting for the rain to come; then he came to interrupt my wait. He was at the bottom of the stairs studying the curve of the banister as I stepped down. His function was to entertain me and he handled the affair like God would if I had won a day and nyte with Him.

We covered the white grounds from here to Ivy Corners in a tolerable time and on the way back we flooded the ice rink; fenced with ice cicles several glaciers old and he kissed my eyes with wet flakes gathered from his lips—all in all, it was a good trip.
I tried to talk with Nellie Tonyte but she locked herself in the Saints and Sinners suite and listened to my strained heart beat through the door. So, I stood there while she listened, but I shouldn't hear a think. I went to the kitchen and scoured the sink and picked pop-corn off the floor. She finally came into the kitchen and asked me for some pop-corn; I told her it was stale. She didn't mind since she was hungry. I knew she was about to make me a listener. I listened.

She sang her problems off key so I jumped up to wash the dishes but the rag was soaked with bacon grease. I rung it out three times, still listening to Nellie, when I wondered why Geo had thrown out the bacon grease. It was such a precious syrup for frying. Nellie had stopped humming the last verse and was ready for me to tell her she had done an expert job. She didn't, but I didn't tell her. I wanted to help her and she knew it, so we put on our dirty trench coats and friendship rings and took a walk out into the rain. We passed by Poe Hill and the doctors' offices on Depeyster street. We took no detours. We just walked on the rainy streets and both of us talked about what could be hidden in the alleyways near the Cove and behind the Pourhouse.

She reminded me of Miles or an expensive, broken hobby-horse. She was all painted up and had no one to buy her. She had already been ridden.

We came back late, cold and wet. I watched her sip melted coffee ice cream. I thought she must have been warm inside, but I saw her arms quivering and minute tears flicking off her eye lashes. I sat there photographing pain while she sat there, quite pregnant.
memo 8

Nellie left today up the St. Lawrence seaway. I told her I would write when I walked with her to the dock. Ruth and Geo went to a wedding this afternoon and they said they wouldn’t be back for awhile. They said nothing to Nellie. I felt Nel’s heart pulsate for Ruth, but yet, I heard nothing.

I’m waiting for Aggie Bents, our neighbor from above, to leave for her Euchre party so I can borrow Mew, her cat.

I’m sorry I spent money on those French cigarettes I smoked last nyte. All I got out of it was a rerun of Hitchcock’s vertigo.

Nellie, Geo, Ruth, God.

There’s Mew.
HOLLOW ECHO:  
Communication, Transportation, Sanitation USA

David Forrest
THE BOOK

SAT ON A SHELF
AND COLLECTED DEEP DUST
AND LAUGHED AT ALL BELOW

BECAUSE - - - -

IT KNEW.

Richard Gault
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