THIS ISSUE OF THE ICON IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED TO

Dr. CHARLES B. WILAND

IN GRATITUDE FOR HIS YEARS OF CONCERN
FOR ALL OF US AT TRUMBULL CAMPUS.
HOW WRITTEN 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; submissions are numbered consecutively in the order they are received. Each staff member is then given a zeroxed copy of the numerically identified material 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.

With the works in the hands of the staff, it becomes their responsibility to evaluate each one individually with the efficiency of the numerical system eradicating any ties, such as friendship, from strictest objectivity on the staff in their evaluations. The final step in the selection of material is the staff selection meeting. 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. The identity of the authors remains unknown until after the final, permanent selections are made. The staff feels that any way of evaluation which involves knowledge of the identity of the author must be rejected on the grounds of lack of objectivity and unfairness to people submitting their work.
ICON, the literary magazine of the Trumbull Campus of Kent State University, is sponsored by the English Department in conjunction with the Art Department.

Faculty, students, former students of the Trumbull Campus, all Kent State Campuses, and other universities are invited to submit poetry, essays, fiction, or art work. We welcome submissions from anyone—student or nonstudent—in the Trumbull County area.

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*Bill Lewis*
I sat there thinking of you,
Remembering your deep, expressive eyes,
And a smile found my lips.

Quickly, foolishly I glanced about
To see if anyone had noticed.

I had been discovered.

An old man winked at me
And nodded his approval.

His twinkling, tear filled eyes
Revealed his inner thoughts.

He too remembered the warmth,
The happiness in recalling
A love too wonderful to forget.

WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR

I cry softly in the shadows
While those who call themselves friends
Praise my strength and fortitude.

If I cried out, would they hear me?

If I asked them, would they comfort me?

If they will not offer their love,
I will not beg it.
DEPARTURE

Larry Vail

Soft, sensuous, soothing secretions sorrowfully
Suppressing succulent lips.
Sounds, simulated sunlight, shadowed
Soulfully by intermingled thoughts.
Suddenly, swiftly separation succumbs,
Sadness surrounds.

AWAY! BE GONE!

The almighty supernatural sensation stops.
A kiss.
And she is gone.

THE NIGHT IS NOT LONG ENOUGH

Deanna L. Whitman

Once as a child
I feared the dark,

Now it affords me
Great comfort.

The night enfolds me in its arms
As he once did.

I pour forth the sorrow of my heart
through my eyes.

The night is not long enough
For those who weep.
WHEN THE BELL RINGS

Ruth A. Patterson

When your alarm sounds,
awaken;
Arise and trot to school.
When the bell rings,
be seated.
Sit down and play the fool.

When your name is called,
acknowledge;
Tell them yes, you're here today.
When the bell rings,
be seated.

Live your life the easy way.

When you're called upon,
appease;
Give the answer they will like.
When the bell rings,
be seated.

Watch them while they run your life.

When your grades come in,
accept.
Delighted or disgusted, just be still.
When the bell rings,
be seated.

Play their little games until . . .

When you graduate,
applaud
Or shed a small and silent tear.
Still the bell rings;
be seated.

Why so many hollow years?

It had snowed last night, and a thin layer covered the ground. The sky was a dismal gray, and the gentle falling snow gave the town a quiet serenity. It was a perfect day for a stroll in the park, with the crunch of snow underfoot and the gentle hum of the nearby stream providing a peaceful backdrop.

But as I looked out my window, I couldn't help but feel a sense of melancholy. I knew that soon, the snow would be replaced by the harsh realities of the world outside. The cold wind would howl through the trees, and the scents of autumn would replace the sweet fragrance of the snow.

But for now, I would savor the beauty of the moment. I would bask in the warmth of the sun, and enjoy the simple pleasures of life. For this was a child's world, where anything was possible and the world was full of wonder. And I was grateful for the chance to experience it all, even if it was just for a little while longer.
A CHILD IS...

Annamay H. McCarty

It had snowed last night, and a thick blanket of snow lay on the ground. The sky was a dismal gray, and now and then gusts of wind blew the light powdery snow into a white whirlwind. As I gazed out the window, I was glad that I was inside where it was warm; and I shivered at the thought of the cold wind cutting through me like a knife.

But as I looked out, I saw a little girl dressed in a red hat with a long tassel, a scarf wrapped almost to her nose, a pair of little red mittens, a brown snow suit, and a pair of red boots that made a clunking sound every time she took a step. She ran around the yard in a half gallop, her little arms flapping like wings. She seemed oblivious to the cold surrounding her. Little girl giggles filtered through the hushed winter silence. Suddenly I saw her pick up a handful of pure white snow, and with no thought of the radiation content of the dust particles of the flakes, she stuck the snowball into her mouth. Then, her face turned up to the sky, she twirled around like a miniature ballet dancer. Dizzy, she fell to the ground and giggled. She sat up, and over in a secluded area of the yard, she spied a patch of smooth untracked snow. Clumsily she got up and with big steps hurried to the spot. Gently she lay down on her back, arms at her sides, and slowly raised her arms above her head and pulled them back down to her sides. Then she spread her legs apart and pulled them back together. Carefully she stood up, and with one huge leap, leaped back to gaze at the little snow angel with a tassel for a halo. Satisfied, she raced through a drift in a gallop.

How long ago had I given up snow angels in preference to a good book and a warm fire? When was the last time I had picked up a handful of snow without thinking of the pollution it might contain? When had I last looked outside in awe at the snowflakes fluttering to the ground, and not thought of the hazards to driving they would bring? How long ago had I given up the unabandoned childish spirit to the reserved sophistication of the adult world?

It began to snow huge, heavy flakes. She turned her face up to the sky, her eyes closed tightly, and stuck out her tongue to catch the falling snowflakes. Suddenly the door opened, and the familiar, “Din-ner,” came from somewhere inside. In a half gallop, the little arms flapping like wings, and the boots clunking up and down, she sped to the door. I sighed, and left a memory behind.
I cast adrift on the sea of misfortune,
alone like a star in the sky;
Silenced like a breeze in the meadow,
and carelessly plucked, like a flower, to die.
There are other waves making more noise than I,
other stars casting a much brighter light;
No ear to hear the silent breeze of a meadow,
and many flowers are dying in the darkness of night.
Life is the water flowing freely in a brook,  
the ocean its final resting place;  
Supporting the land is life’s only course,  
reaching its destiny is not always a race;  
Time of the future is fighting with speed,  
always the light of what must be we must see;  
Dreams are to be soiled by something called real,  
but, when the race has finished,  
are we what we wanted to be?
Is one moment of happiness
Worth
A future of sorrow?
Is two weeks of living
Enough payment
For a life of pain?
Can your love come to me?
Or must I wait forever?
The goodness of the times we spent,
Will be canceled out by the pain
Of your leaving.
Maybe my tears will always fall.
Never on your pillow.
The waiting makes a soul go dead
So I'll feel this way.
Not always.
Bitterness will only show.
One day my screams will stop.
And the pain I feel will not show.
And neither will my life.

do not say “hello” or che
and give me
sympathetic glances.
do not waste one of your
bother with redundant qu
keep looking through the
talk to your mirror.
do not acknowledge me.
i do not want to know
your life and life. not
a brief second.
what it means to me
i mean to you.
let us continue to be stran
and not strain our cheeks
to dimple
and our mouths to smile
and cheerily say “hello.”
a sliver.
the bottom lip of the moon
unsuccessfully tries to contain
All of the galaxies.
similarly i try to
comprehend all of the aspects
and essences of life.
the moon is a part of the whole.
i am left,
not only unclassified, but
undiscovered and
unaware of
even myself.

Susan Bellay

do not say “hello” or cheerily smile
and give me
sympathetic glances.
do not waste one of your seconds and
bother with redundant questions.
keep looking through the wall.
talk to your mirror.
do not acknowledge me.
i do not want to know
your life and life. not
a brief second.
what it means to me
i mean to you.
let us continue to be strangers
and not strain our cheeks
to dimple
and our mouths to smile
and cheerily say “hello.”
NEVER GROWING OLD

Lynn M. Kaster

Where will I go
When I grow old?
Will the love I know
Be too far away to hold?

Will anyone care
What happens to me,
When there's gray in my hair
And it's hard for me to see?

What will become of me then
When I'm wrinkled and bent?
Will I forget the days of young men
When songs were sung and flowers sent?

Where will my children be
So near, but yet so far?
Will they comfort and care for me,
Or just come to see me in their car?

What will happen to my home?
A home of love and laughter?
Do you think the day will come
When it will be nothing but a frame and rafters?

I dare not think what will happen
When the days of my youth have gone.
And there are no sounds of children laughing
And playing on the lawn.

And yet, I somehow feel
There will come a day
When a tricycle is missing a wheel,
And a little boy will say,
"Grandma can you fix it for me?"

Oh, the feeling of being wanted
Makes life have a different meaning,
And you seem never to grow old
When you can look down in a little face beaming,
And see the special place in his heart you hold.

Gentle woman,
Be near and comfort me.
You have guided me through
To the pleasant clearings of life.
And I will not forget.

EXCERPT, DEEP RIVER

Deep river,
Cool river,
River of days and journeys past
Who knows more the gentle soul
Sifting through the summer leaves
Or the fragrances of every season
Silently in motion?

Deep river,
Wise river,
River of swift and timeless flow
Arrivals and departures are one
The birth song and the elegy
Are brothers united.
Gentle woman,
Be near and comfort me.
You have guided me through nightbound mists
To the pleasant clearings of the morning.
And I will not forget.

EXCERPT, DEEP RIVER

Deep river,
Cool river,
River of days and journeys past;
Who knows more the gentle sounds of moonlight
Sifting through the summer leaves,
Or the fragrances of every season
Silently in motion?

Deep river,
Wise river,
River of swift and timeless flow;
Arrivals and departures are one in you,
The birth song and the elegy
Are brothers united.
SUMMERDRIFT

Kevin Hyde

Dry man,
Dust man,
Old man;
How you suffer and thirst for a taste of the rainfruit,
For the sweet, clear-flowing syrup,
A bite from the golden apples of youth.

There is none.

You are gone.
Yet there is no requiem,
No herald of your passing.
There is no lament to be heard
Save the whisper-song of summerdrift.

You have seen your day.
You have known those lands where world meets sky,
And stood in veiled horizons.
You have felt the warm-cool sting of autumn spice
And watched the daylight pale.
And you have known dying.

Dry man,
Dust man,
Old man;
There are other songs for the singing.
Song of life, song of grief, song of parting,
Whisper-song.
Songs which tell of years that come and pass as the mist
And change as the dune-swirl.

Old man,
There are gentler days to come.
Days which speak of twilight and forgetfulness,
Days which speak of ashes.
And then there is the summerdrift.

i shook the hand of a tall boy
whose mouth was full of stones

"now understand, i lead the band
on a' upright bass of bricks
you know young man i told you
i pack 'em in like flies
there ain't a one that will n't
least once before he dies"

well just the same what is the meantime
of this group with such comradery

"say you don't know, you'
why, the human race blues
that may be i said cordially
but what do they call you,
he grinned a smile, and after
he said, "why, Lucifer"
Mick Rodgers

i shook the hand of a tall black man
whose mouth was full of sticks
“now understand, i lead the band
on a’ upright bass of bricks
you know young man i tour the land
i pack ’em in like flies
there ain’t a one that will not come
least once before he dies”

well just the same what is the name
of this group with such command?
“say you don’t know, you’ve not seen the show?
why, the human race blues band”
that may be i said cordially
but what do they call you, sir?
he grinned a smile, and after while
he said, “why, Lucifer”
Resting on the waves and the shores of Ete,
I pause to reflect my
In the misty eyes of
There is a lover's woe
and a lover's sad goo.

Sick is the sin of restlessness
Barbara Ostrander

Resting on the waves of freedom and the shores of Eternity, I pause to reflect my gratitude. In the misty eyes of dawn, There is a lover's worship and a lover's sad goodbye.

Barbara Ostrander

Sick is the sin of restlessness that does nothing.
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