This issue of the ICON is dedicated to the struggle for expression that makes men free.
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.

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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, art work, or photography. We welcome submissions from anyone—student or nonstudent—in the Trumbull County area.

ICON Advisor: Elizabeth Hoobler

Editors: Danita J. Armstrong
         Susan Spangenberg

Staff: Jerry Arbogast
       Vilissa Banks
       Gail I. Clearwater
       Kathi Evanoff
       Michael Gustovich
       Karin Hummell
       Laura H. Maynor
       Annamay Hope McCarty
       Marcia Elaine Phillips
       Roy James Ware
       Deanna L. Whitman

Various illustrations throughout the magazine were drawn by Michael Gustovich.

Cover Design: taken from a photograph by Bob Green

We hereby extend our special thanks to Mrs. Carol Perich for her typing assistance.
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author/Contributor</th>
<th>Title/Description</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hugh M. Hyre</td>
<td>photograph</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Banks</td>
<td>WHO AM I? poem</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lorri Steinmetz</td>
<td>THE FOOTSTEPS OF TIME poem</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shelley Beth Wilkes</td>
<td>TANKA poem</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June Brobst</td>
<td>SOMETIMES I THINK LOVING YOU IS A NUISANCE poem</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Steve Myers</td>
<td>KEATS poem</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>David C. Ross</td>
<td>photograph</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mr. D.</td>
<td>Quaker saying</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Michael Vail</td>
<td>FAR AWAY I HEAR DRUMMERS fiction</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Don Cunningham</td>
<td>LOVE IS LONELY song</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grace Allison</td>
<td>THAT OTHER WORLD poem</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elaine S. Montellese</td>
<td>DOWN BY THE WATER WILLOWS poem</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Janice Stuer</td>
<td>DAYBREAK art</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James P. Curran</td>
<td>RECALLING YOU AS I DO poem</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elaine S. Montellese</td>
<td>MY BELOVED NOVICE poem</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Linda Joseph</td>
<td>A RETROSPECT poem</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hugh M. Hyre</td>
<td>photograph</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James P. Curran</td>
<td>THE FOG IS THICK poem</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kathi Evanoff</td>
<td>WHAT HAPPENED TO THE RHYME?</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Teresa Gail Moore</td>
<td>HE AIN'T NO FOOL poem</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alan R. Cholera</td>
<td>LIFE'S ASSEMBLY poem</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alan R. Cholera</td>
<td>ADRIFT poem</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Larry Oliver</td>
<td>AN EMPTY ROOM EXISTS poem</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Larry Lapmarado</td>
<td>art</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Contributors</td>
<td></td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
WHO AM I?

William Banks

I took another step
And kneeling gazed into the deep clear waters--
So still and yet alive with reflections
Of the heavens peaceful and serene--
Lying as in slumber covered with soft clouds,
Drapes of willow and columbine, flitting swallows,
And yellow butterflies.
I gazed, and from the depths
A faintly familiar face appears and gazes back
And looks deeply into my eyes and searches
For an answer--
Who am I?
I ask in return, Who am I?
The past unfolds and lies before me
As an open book to search, to understand
Yesterday so close and yet so far
A childhood filled with laughter but so
Fleetingly remembered-- a father's smile
A mother's love, then faster still
I see or hear a brother's call
A braid of my sister's hair
A pet that runs the meadows
The rain coming down, a rainbow
A ray of sun, the flowers, a hill
A friendly call, a hand, a tear
A voice all remembered in a fleeting moment.
And I know
I am the Past,
The Present, and yes, the Future. Who am I?
I am a part of all that has been,
That is or will be. And all that was,
Or is, or ever comes to pass is a part of me.

THE FOOTSTEPS OF TIME

Lorri Steinmetz

As I walked along the beach
In the tranquil, forgotten valleys
Between the Mountains of the Past
And the Seas of the Future,
I saw the Footsteps of Time
Walk silently about.

The footsteps, old with age
But never stopping to linger,
Haven't forgotten the time-worn places.

Time marches swiftly and in the
Man-forgotten Valleys of the Present;
Time
Echoes
On.

June Brobst

Sometimes I think loving you is a nuisance,
A pointless waste of time and energy.
But when we meet you smile,
And then I know how much I need you.
THE FOOTSTEPS OF TIME

Lorri Steinmetz

As I walked along the beach
In the tranquil, forgotten valleys
Between the Mountains of the Past
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I saw the Footsteps of Time
Walk silently about.

The footsteps, old with age
But never stopping to linger,
Haven't forgotten the time-worn places.

Time marches swiftly and in the
Man-forgotten Valleys of the Present;
Time
Echoes
On.

TANKA

Shelley Beth Wilkes

White doves sing to me
as I wander through the woods.
silent and lonely,
searching for a wild flower
to brighten my empty world.

June Brobst

Sometimes I think loving you is a nuisance,
A pointless waste of time and energy.
But when we meet you smile,
And then I know how much I need you.
KEATS

Steve Myers

Keats is accused of liking sweets--but though he dreamed out loud, he was no fancy man, no pimp for fame or his time's treats. Abused, he didn't disappear, restrain his painful breath--or kiss their feet for publicity--instead he tried to cheat the cold of final, ultimate winter, winter out of season, winter coming before his June, he tried to beat that cold with living words, breathing lines "million-pleasured," sense-drunk phrases beating like spurring hearts, like flowered, radiant wings.

Ah! when Keats sings the pale page blazes with suns, moons, stars, galaxies of metaphoric light, that bright noon, that vivid night. My single sight shatters, and, like thousands of pieces of glass, dances out a mirror universe of Keats-bred flowers and birds and castles and lakes and "golden sand" with "pebbles milky white" and "frozen grass" and eyes "all dewy bright with love."

He threw language into the air to net a passing beauty; he burned inside to give us his soft radiant breath, to leave no part unused, to let his full breath pass into beauty to become the honeyed sound of pure delight. And when he died and his chest was opened they found his lungs were gone, had fled into words, were consumed in living poetry.

Had I met thee only in d
still would I have known beauty.

--found in a letter by Mt
Had I met thee only in darkness, still would I have known of thy beauty.

--found in a Quaker letter by Mr. D.
Far away I hear drummers drumming and pipers piping, and I know that somewhere someone looks down on us and smiles. Far away there are birds singing and wind blowing ever so softly, and the sun is shining brightly on us. I look at you -- knowing that I love you -- and you smile back, loving me. I close my eyes in belief that nothing will ever separate us and sleep. Sleep.

Suddenly thunder clashes in my head and lightning flashes before my eyes and blinds me. I struggle with myself fighting, trying, hoping that I can see you once again. Darkness separates me from the world. Now there are no drummers drumming, no pipers piping, no wind blowing ever so softly, no sun shining on me. There are no smiles for now I am broken, alone, crying -- for you are gone.

I walk this land searching, looking for something that cannot be found by others -- only by me. I search for you -- my worldly existence, my only happiness. My only being is because of my love and my hoping for you. I walk fearing that I am forever separated from you, and I am saddened by the thought so I cry.

Then far away I hear drummers drumming and pipers piping, and someone looks down and smiles at me. I hear birds singing and wind blowing ever so softly and the sun shines brightly on me. I laugh. I am happy. I can open my eyes and smile once again. This time forever -- for you are with me.

Dedicated to Larry H. Morris who died...
Love Is Lonely
Words and music by Don Cunningham
Arranged by Beth Hoobler


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THAT OTHER WORLD
Grace Allison

I quietly left this world of reality
And set sail on a beautiful dream sea
For the blue beyond looked ever so rosy
Surely somewhere was a cove very cozy
A place not needing that called time.

And as I left this world of reality
To go sailing on that beautiful sea
So many were the wants and wishes I had
Certain was I my heart would be glad
In that timeless place—dreamland.

But the further I sailed on my dream sea
Far, far away from this world of reality
More and More did I realize those chains
Which to me were physical and mental pains
Would not let me be free in that other world.

DOWN BY THE WATER

Down by the lake where the water will is a dock.
The lake laps at its undersize wearing a sign of its aging life.
Inanimate objects supposedly contain no lives.
In the summer the wood grows weary—

I come in the evening when everyone’s out and listen to its tired sighs.
Summer stretches on.
The dock endures it all.
Filling each pore with memories, the dock fills time for joy and overlooks the base; yet face leaving scars which now my fingers point.

I step lightly when summer’s through,
Water willows weep then too their tears a balmy salty few (bare branches)
The last cookout fires burn low.
Rape the dock.
No one will know.
Wooden endless fingers grow.
The dock welcomes the winter. Oblivious body rests.
Spring seeps in. Summer waits in its shell
The dock awakens and awaits its cheris...
DOWN BY THE WATER WILLOWS

Elaine S. Montellese

Down by the lake where the water willows grow into the water is a dock.

The lake laps at its underside wearing away minuscule minutes of its aging life.

Inanimate objects supposedly contain no life, but I know it lives.

In the summer the wood grows weary -- children run its length jumping off its head, its arms and legs.

I come in the evening when everyone's gone, stroke the boards and listen to its tired sighs.

Summer stretches on.

The dock endures it all.

Filling each pore with memories, the children exchange their time for joy and overlook the base; yet every day they run its face leaving scars which now my fingers trace.

I step lightly when summer's through,
Water willows weep then too their tears a balmy salty few (bare branches soon exposed).

The last cookout fires burn low.
Rape the dock.
No one will know.
Wooden endless fingers grow.

The dock welcomes the winter. Oblivious to the elements its body rests.

Spring seeps in. Summer waits in its shadow.
The dock awakens and awaits its cherished visitors!
Daybreak

Janice Stuer

recalling you as I do
is often like
the sound of the sun
setting on my soul

James P. Curran
MY BELOVED NOVICE

Elaine S. Montellese

In times of loneliness I remember you.

I dwell on lines I would trace on your face.

This comforts me.
Precious little thought you gave to the act of tracing lines.

Did you know I would make boats from your smiles?

The happier you were the stronger our vessel.

We sailed beyond time and I can tell you now I always used to cut the anchor line so we would stay together in that boat made from your smile till we drifted our way back to the shore -- your damned reality.

It was then I knew I had to leave you.
I would make you a prisoner of your own happiness if I stayed -- and I loved you too much to have that happen.

Happiness is a gift to be shared, not hoarded by any one person, especially without knowledge.
A RETROSPECT

Linda Joseph

It was not enough to be the scapegoat for
the hated crimes against humanity
or to give away wisdom to the masses.

It was not enough to talk away the nights
in the temple and forget my heritage
and become the fool of Jerusalem.

It was not enough to turn away the women
saying, "I am a holy man, the son of God,"
and to forsake my seed.

It was not enough to gather the twelve together
and show them the way
and to perform the miracles for the masses.

What should I have done?

Even my greatest effort was not enough--
that I gave my life for an uncaring world
that wished for relief, while I gave only the truth.

James P.

the fog is thick
and comes in a silent
prayer to cover
the ambitions of the
night.
A long, hollow voice
sits on the sea
loving the moon
and the stars run
to hide in fright.
an old man crying:
looks, thinks, and quietly
dies
James P. Curran

the fog is thick
and comes in a silent
prayer to cover
the ambitions of the
night.
A long, hollow voice
sits on the sea
loving the moon
and the stars run
to hide in fright.
    an old man crying:
looks, thinks, and quietly
dies

Hugh M. Hyre
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE RHYME?

Kathi Evanoff

An extra effort from the mind
Will show above all else --
As every student must admit
From deep within himself --
Our parents' authors may have written
Long before our time
But in reading new, young poetry
What happened to the rhyme?

What happened to the rhythm
Only classics now possess?
Has rhyme along with fantasy
Been laid to blissful rest?
And where's the happy endings
That used to bring a grin?
Are despair and gloom the only thing
That students have within?

I'm quite aware of all the sadness
Hovering around.
War and hatred, greed and lust
Has torn our hallowed ground.
But deep within our lowly hearts
I'm sure we'll find the time
To make an extra effort
To bring back forgotten rhyme.

HE AIN'T NO FOOL

The pusherman is cool, he ain't
He ain't the one that's shooting
He ain't the one beggin' from a
You see the pusherman's cool, he
While you out robbing bars
He's out driving super fine cars
He's making all the bread
So man you might as well be
goin' back and forth
Letting all that shit go to your
While you out acting a fool
The pusherman is sitting cool.
That's cause he ain't no fool.
HE AIN'T NO FOOL

Teresa Gail Moore

The pusherman is cool, he ain’t no fool.
He ain’t the one that’s shooting up.
He ain’t the one beggin from a tin cup.
You see the pusherman’s cool, he ain’t no fool.
While you out robbing bars
He’s out driving super fine cars.
He’s making all the bread
So man you might as well be dead
Letting all that shit go to your head!
While you out acting a fool
The pusherman is sitting cool.
That’s cause he ain’t no fool.
LIFE'S ASSEMBLY

Alan R. Cholera

I've just been placed on the assembly line of life,
My body is complete;
I've been given a head and trunk, two arms and a pair of feet;
As the wheels of life start rolling
they add to me my trim,
Twelve years of education,
at that time life seems dim;
The question is my future,
or reason for my birth;
I must find an occupation,
a function here on earth;
To the power of my life,
they add a few more gears;
I see a brighter future,
half through my college years;
To drive the highways of tomorrow,
I must pass through the final gate;
Greet the challenge of my destiny,
and shake the hand of fate.

Across the grey river
there lies the green shore,
Beyond lies the valley
where drift my memories of
Deep in the valley--
the home of my birth,
Beneath a lone willow,
summation of my worth,
There the moss grows
shaded from the sun,
Likewise a mother
shades her innocent young,
Pollination in young,
life's stormy breeze
tears from the mother
her youth with such ease.
Adrift in life's air,
across the grey shore
innocence of youth,
a memory, nothing more.
Adult, like a plant,
he must stand,
domesticate the world,
and cover the land.
He'll bear not fruit
of his mother's choice,
but a poison of hate,
and in it rejoice.
In time's great hand
earth shall be bound,
with strangling vines
green moss not to be found.
ADrift
Alan R. Cholera

Across the grey river
there lies the green shore,
Beyond lies the valley
where drift my memories once more.
Deep in the valley--
the home of my birth,
Beneath a lone willow,
summation of my worth,
There the moss grows
shaded from the sun,
Likewise a mother
shades her innocent young.
Pollination in young,
life's stormy breeze
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He'll bear not fruit
of his mother's choice,
but a poison of hate,
and in it rejoice.
In time's great hand
earth shall be bound,
with strangling vines
green moss not to be found.
An empty room exists
filled with a web of reality.
Tortured minds seek more docile times
only to find seething horror within.

A snake abides there
endlessly coiling,
endlessly preying;
Its fangs engorged with a venom,
its bite injects a deadly truth--
a four letter word called reality.

Light reflects off silken strands;
sounds of gentle laughter float gentle on air.
Both promising an inner peace of Camelot
only to yield a living death of hell.

A spider abides there
endlessly spinning,
endlessly waiting;
Its mouth pierces the victim’s throat
it drinks the blood of aspiration
leaving reality to fill the vacuum.

Bells softly chime golden music;
flowing colors lure the unsuspecting inside.
There, the bells now sound a deafening scream;
the colors vomit hideous atrocities that blind.

A woman abides there
endlessly promising;
endlessly seducing;
her lips press a lingering kiss,
her limbs openly await with alluring passion
transporting her victim deeper into stark reality.
Larry Lapmarado
CONTRIBUTORS

GRACE ALLISON, a Warren resident, has published in THE CLOVER COLLECTION OF VERSE. This marks her first appearance in the ICON.

JUNE BROBST is a junior conservation major. This is her debut in the ICON.

ALAN R. CHOLERA, a junior majoring in education, has previously published in the ICON.

DON CUNNINGHAM is a freshman speech major. This is his first appearance in the ICON.

JAMES P. CURRAN, a KSUTC freshman, has published in THE ANNUAL ANTHOLOGY OF COLLEGE POETRY.

MR. D. is an anonymous contributor who did not want to see beauty lost.

KATHI EVANOFF, a resident of Newton Falls, is making her debut in the ICON.

BOB GREEN, a senior at Champion High School, has had photography printed in various area newspapers.

HUGH M. HYRE is a sophomore pre-med student. His photography has been seen in various publications including the ICON.

LINDA JOSEPH, a freshman majoring in news cinematography, has previously published in the ICON.

LARRY LAPMARADO is a freshman art student. This marks his first appearance in the ICON.

ELAINE S. MONTELLESE is making her second appearance in the ICON.

THERESA GAIL MOORE, a sophomore speech and hearing major, is making her debut in the ICON.

STEVE MYERS, a graduate of KSU, is making his first appearance in the ICON.

LARRY OLIVER is a sophomore English major. This marks his debut in the ICON.

DAVID C. ROSS, a senior at Howland High School, has had material published in the HOWLAND LITERARY SCRIBE.

LORRI STEINMETZ, a freshman at Chalker High School, is making her first appearance in the ICON.

JANICE STUER is a freshman fine arts major who has previously published in the HOWLAND LITERARY SCRIBE.

MICHAEL VAIL, a freshman biology major, is making his debut in the ICON.

SHELLEY BETH WILKES, a freshman, is making her first appearance in the ICON.

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