This issue of the ICON is dedicated to Education –

a part of our lives which is invaluable, which is
earned strictly on merit, and the only aspect of
our time here which is eternally ours.
ICON, the literary magazine of the Trumbull University, is sponsored by the English Department and is funded by the Student Faculty, students, former students of Kent State Campuses, and other universities. We welcome essays, fiction, art work, or photography. We extend our special thanks to Mrs. C. O. Diles for assistance.

ICON Advisor: Betsy Hooble
Editors: Cindy Sase
Sue Urbanek
Staff: Barbara Bell
Gary Brienza
Irma Fye
Eula Hyer
Lynda Laurich
Cover Design: Sue Urbanek
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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.

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Lynda Laurich Betsy Spangenberg

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We extend our special thanks to Mrs. Carol J. Perich for her typing assistance.
SWEET CLOVER
John Allensworth

Sweet clover
and newly mown hay
Freshly ploughed earth
and an afternoon sprinkle
Ah, the sweet smells of summer
For a moment,
I am a boy again.

THE SPRING
Eula Hyer

The path is wide, well-walked and worn
from years of use;
On either side a sea of grass
waves in the wind.
It leads from house to barn
and then to pasture spring.
The water wells up silently,
it swells so slow,
And yet it never quite spills out
onto the meadow.
It’s just too far away to pipe
into the house,
But I don’t mind. The walk
that takes me there
Makes me feel I’ve had a taste
of Nature’s share.

ODE
(to a pair of old sho
Har

We have been o’er many a rough,
Thou wert ready to go each day.
Ever thou wert warm and never tires.
We rejoiced watching clouds in the sky.
Caring not about the weight of the load.
Though we walked in swamp lands.
Just threw a heel and water thou
Whether it be on hill, or in a glen.
Or a highway’s dusty, gleaming track.
Thou shalt never take me on another.
For like old soldiers that will never return.
Though thou dost rise again and the
Thy tough top hast given up its

ECHOS
Cat

The words I though you
you never uttered;
I must have heard an echo
the longing in my head.
ODE
(to a pair of old shoes)

Harold A. Holmes

We have been o'er many a rough, tough road,
Thou wert ready to go each day and night,
Ever thou wert warm and never tight;
We rejoiced watching clouds in their abode,
Caring not about the weight of the load;
Though we walked in swamp land thou never hurt,
Just threw a heel and water thou didst squirt;
Whether it be on hill, or in a glen,
Or a highway's dusty, gleaming trail
Thou shalt never take me on another stroll;
For like old soldiers that will never die
Thou, with me, will never reach another goal;
Though thou dost rise again and try, and try,
Thy tough top hast given up its noble soul.

ECHOS

Catherine W. Parnell

The words I though you spoke,
you never uttered;
I must have heard an echo of
the longing in my heart
He stood in the doorway of white light,
a valiant model for all young lieutenants,
perfectly uniformed.
He listened to the chatter, rising and falling
amid echoed laughter,
And his eyes made deep, blue shelters,
shutting out the harshness.

She sat on a damask couch, gowned in madder,
with rhinestoned straps and ears,
Sipping wine, and swallowing large and small talk.
Her fingertips flung droplets of wit
into the stale air.

The wine was dry and bubbly,
and the company was good.

He entered the room and sat on the floor,
propping on bent knee, rubbing a thumb
on his silver-chained wrist.
A name was there, like a gentle flower,
engraved with tender words of love,
Words of joy and sweetness, that spoke
distant home, and anxious sorrow.

He watched her hazel eyes flashing,
as she spoke excitedly of war,
punctuating the airborne words with
And at the end of the agonizing phrase,
she paled and fell silent,
Letting the column of words move on
to another part of the room.

The wine had become flat,
and the company grew still.

She placed trembling fingertips against him
and pressed away the sadness,
Reflecting centuries of sorrowing women
mourners of war, assembling their faith
to save tiny flames.
Regaining her smile, she turned to him and
"Will you be going soon?" "Tomorrow.
Her breath caught suddenly, then escaped
as a sigh. She lightly touched his arm.
"They are dancing in the other room," she
said too brightly.

He stood, lifting her to her feet
with warm, strong hands.

The wine was rich and shining,
and the company was brave.

He held her close, swaying to the strains
moving in and out of light and shade.
Then rapid beat, and Latin rhythm caught
in a whirl, spinning,
Whirling in a world of rapture,
laughing at a world of war.
THE LAST OF THE WINE

Barbara Keen Sharick

He stood in the doorway of white light, a valiant model for all young lieutenants, perfectly uniformed. He listened to the chatter, rising and falling amid echoed laughter, And his eyes made deep, blue shelters, shutting out the harshness.

She sat on a damask couch, gowned in midnight, with rhinestoned straps and ears, Sipping wine, and swallowing large and small talk, Her fingertips flung droplets of wit into the stale air.

The wine was dry and bubbly, and the company was good.

He entered the room and sat on the floor, propping on bent knee, rubbing a thumb against his silver-chained wrist. A name was there, like a gentle flower, engraved with tender words of love, Words of joy and sweetness, that spoke of distant home, and anxious sorrow.

He watched her hazel eyes flashing, as she spoke excitedly of war, punctuating the airborne words with her hands. And at the end of the agonizing phrase, she paled and fell silent, Letting the column of words move on to another part of the room.

The wine had become flat, and the company grew still.

She placed trembling fingertips against her forehead, and pressed away the sadness, Reflecting centuries of sorrowing women, mourners of war, assembling their faint breath to save tiny flames. Regaining her smile, she turned to him and asked, softly, "Will you be going soon?" "Tomorrow," he replied.

Her breath caught suddenly, then escaped, a barely audible sigh. She lightly touched his arm, "They are dancing in the other room," she said, too brightly.

He stood, lifting her to her feet with warm, strong hands. The wine was rich and shining, and the company was brave.

He held her close, swaying to the strains of sweetness, moving in and out of light and shadow. Then rapid beat, and Latin rhythm caught them, twirling, spinning. Whirling in a world of rapture, laughing at a world of war.
Laughing, dancing, flushed and breathless, cheering the band, and applauding each new beat, they revelled in each other's pleasure, enchanted, hypnotized by joy. Long after the band had gone, they danced, deaf to the echoing room.

The wine was clear and sparkling, and the company was gay. They walked, then ran, through rain-washed streets, haloed street-lamps marking the way to her apartment, deserted streets, glistening wet, jeweled in the night. No one saw him stop, and kiss her gently in the veiled shadows. They loved with urgent passion, desire like pounding waves, crashing, roaring, tearing them from shore, until they were lifted from the undertow, becalmed, Cathedral songs echoing from the distant hills.

The wine was smooth and mellow, and the company, complete. He held her tenderly in his arms, as she slept, content, in his embrace. Dim light played in shadowed corners, like ghostly children, and he closed his eyes to the pink dawn stealing through the mist. Later he whispered, "I must go." And she stirred, only slightly as he dressed, brushing his lips against her cheek, he left her. Dreaming of lying cool and green in a meadow, with daisies in her hair.

The wine bottle was empty, and the company was gone.

**PROGRESS**

_progress_

is a pregnant woman with a husband who has moved melons, beans, and peas into this clay neighborhood. But the old families are tough chickweed, grass, and dandelion. We are urged to write; To express our feelings and To lift our minds and spirits From humdrum existence To a higher level; Then look down with disdain upon "unthinking masses." Our developed ego carries us and beyond their reach; But they are the many and we are alone, isolated.
progress

is a pregnant woman with a hoe
who has moved
melons, beans, and peas
into this clay neighborhood.
But the old families are tough to discourage:

chickweed, grass, and dandelions.

Mike Babinchak

We are urged to write;
To express our feelings and thoughts.
To lift our minds and spirits
From humdrum existence
To a higher level;
Then look down with disdain
upon “unthinking masses.”
Our developed ego carries up
and beyond their reach;
But they are the many
and we are alone, isolated, sad.
Cold bare room,
my dog and I share the void.
Loneliness, yet companionship,
but only silent understanding.
To look with me and run.
Tail-wagging, flea-ridden fur help bear the load.

SEEKING
Harold walking alone
through the night,
silent as a star's soft, cool light;
shimmering shadow
sway to and fro, leading me where
I do not know.

Hope is waning
joy is gone too;
oh, fool I am crying
my loss of you;
to a friendly man
as though it were
I'll return home to slumber
seeking you.

by Holly Slanco
Kathi Reynolds

Cold bare room,
my dog and I share the world.
Loneliness, yet companionship,
but only silent understanding eyes
to look with me and run for me.
Tail-wagging, flea-ridden friend,
help bear the load.

SEEKING

Harold A. Holmes

walking alone
through the night,
silent as a star’s
soft, cool light;
shimmering shadows
sway to and fro,
leading me where
I do not know.

hope is waning
joy is gone too;
oh, fool i am crying
my loss of you;
to a friendly moon beam
as though it would know,
i’ll return home
to slumber go--
seeking you in a dream.
PHANTOMS OF THE MIND

Donna J. Kittle

Silently
Over burnt gold mist
Shadowing soft green moss,
Night comes
Whispering

Stealthily
Through introspective fantasy
Phantoms sing rhapsodies-
Death's song
Beckoning.

Kathi Reynolds

I am a dreamer;
I live not in an imaginary world,
the imaginary world lives in me.

TWILIGHT

Brenda J. Bierworth

The morning sun shines not so bright
As it once did before,
And evening shadows seem to lengthen
As they creep across the floor.
The happy birds that sang so gaily
A hundred years ago
Are silent now as they stiffly sit
Upon the bending bough.
And I can feel and softly hear
That fateful chariot thundering near.
Do you see my eyes搜索 your space? Is something in my old buddy? Do you see my skin in red little welts? Your claws have come a special calling, angel, assigned to each year? You see a capricious father? Will it come for 35 years? Or do it hasn't come? Who is my little boy to aid him in surviving a musical language phonetically on my little chest, your writing words? You don't see my words in red, little, Jack Lynn Brizzi, Sr.
Do you hear the winds a'whis
With a strange and saddened sigh?
Well, perhaps it is a funeral dirge
For a lovely butterfly
Who came forth, from a silken sleep
Into a radiant, blossoming spire
A kaleidoscopic miracle
That God had given wing.
But a part of nature's cycle is
That Beauty, too, must die.
We will miss your fluttering lips
"Bon Adieu!" fair butterfly.

by Catherine W. Parnell
REQUIEM TO A BUTTERFLY

Eula Hyer

Do you hear the winds a'whisperin'
With a strange and saddened sigh?
Well, perhaps it is a funeral dirge
For a lovely butterfly
Who came forth, from a silken womb,
Into a radiant, blossoming spring;
A kaleidoscopic miracle
That God had given wing.
But a part of nature's cycle is
That Beauty, too, must die.
We will miss your fluttering loveliness.
“Bon Adieu!” fair butterfly.

LA MISA DE LA MARIPOSA

Eulay Hyer

¡Oyes tu las brisas tranquilas?
Hablan con suspiros extraños y tristes.
Quizás es la música del muerte
Para la mariposa hermosa.
Le acabó de venir de la cama de seda
En la primavera floreada y radiante;
Un milagro de colores
Que Dios ha dado los alas.
Pero el cambio es un parte de la naturaleza,
Y también tiene que morir la belleza.
Perderemos su belleza temblando,
¡Adiós, mariposa!
Mariposa hermosa, ¡Adiós!
Here
the wind tosses bits of sun
tripping on teasing child
footsteps across
the borning land speckled
and torn with sun and wind.

One black oak
rubs its back on the wall
of my house, raises
in a fistful of broken knuckles
a garland of brown leaves.

One by one
the old claws drop skeletons
against the wind’s drying.

A single woman walks
stumbling into the wind.
She wears striped socks
that bag at the ankles
and carries a basket
of wash. I do not think
she will hang it outdoors
to dry.

At last the wind wins;
has shut out the sun
and scattered a few
thin leaves across
the walk. There is a crack

which will need
repairing where the gasoline
broke when it hit
30 below. They say
a baby almost died
from the cold.

But it is no longer cold
and the day is shot through
by our metaphysical
pax de

May I be so bold
as to suggest the building
of a popsicle raft to float
there on the ice that should
a mud puddle on the broke
sidewalk?

Then the wind would have
a bridge; something to hold
to and not stumble scattering
the day in bits of sun
and dry skeletons that slap
from the oaks at our
expectant faces.

And the old woman
in striped socks,
red white and blue no less,
would have time to second:
the wind in the clothes line
and dry her tawdry wash.
which will need
repairing where the gasoline
broke when it hit
30 below. They say
a baby almost died
from the cold.

But it is no longer cold
and the day is shot through and through
by our metaphysical pax de deux.

May I be so bold
as to suggest the building
of a popsicle raft to float
there on the ice that should be
a mud puddle on the broken
sidewalk?

Then the wind would have
a bridge; something to hold
to and not stumble scattering
the day in bits of sun
and dry skeletons that slap
from the oaks at our
expectant faces.

And the old woman
in striped socks,
red white and blue no less,
would have time to second-guess
the wind in the clothes line
and dry her tawdry wash.
OF WARS

John W. Rider

The hawk soars high in winged majesty,
And the sight of its powers awes
The masses as a seeming deity.
Such is the nature of war.

Of those who sought power to gain,
And veiled their desires in patriotisms and moral pains,
Such are the men who make wars.

Of the countries who were painted in the colors of virgins
To defend,
And left as burned out whores,

Of young boys miles from home who lingered a second too long,
And babies with faces no more,
Such are the victims of war.

So sing a song of six men,
Battling to the death,
Because four of them have light skin
And two of them have not,
Hum a hymn of religions,
Expounding brotherly love,
Bringing peace to all the world,
With lances dripping of blood,
Such are the causes of war.

Death and destruction are the only credentials and solutions of war,
And too late will man discover
That he was his own
Best
Whore.

by Gail Gordon
MISPLACEMENT

Cynthia Sase

Where are my dreams? Can you tell me?
They were in my heart the last time I
looked. Did I take them out and re-
place them with reality? Maybe I only
shoved them back into my soul, just to
put them off for a while until I had more
time. Or did I give them to you and you
threw them away, thinking how ridiculous
I was for having them. Oh, well, maybe I’ll
find them again, probably when I’m too old
or too busy to do anything with them.

Kathi Reynolds

Quiet house,
night is here.
eyelids flutter with dreams.
I, alone
still catch the stimuli
reaching out to me.
They soak into my nerves
and shoot thoughts to the brain
that spin and twirl.
They are unspoken and silent
like the quivering wings of
a hummingbird.
Yet,
They escape
drifting into the night
seeking some
lonely listener . . . .

THE PECKING ORDER

Dianna lived in her own little world. It was
in which people treated one another with kin-
knew whether her world to her was more real
was only a dream, a wish of reality. None
’cause Dianna was an outcast. No one was
except another outcast, and who ever wants
I’ll never forget the first day of eighth grade
plaid skirt and a green print blouse. She stood
so I could hardly wait to tell her that prints in
It was first period when I told her. She was
She practically turned white, and looked as if she
the floor boards. It’s hard to believe, but she
was so pathetic that it was funny. How could
After that she hunched down in her seat to
there, but all she accomplished was to look
thing you ever saw. The whole class talked a
Another thing I remember is that she alw
shows—about this hero and that hero and ele
after. We wondered how anyone could be
when there were so many more interesting things
never did anything. All she ever talked about
In study hall she always had some stupid idea
getting the handsome boy, or a silly teen who
needed was the right make-up to get a guy. She
actually seemed to believe it. She must have
night, ’cause she was always telling us what
magazine article or that beauty editor. How wh
What we really had fun doing was teasing
because she was so gullible, and she desperate
human race. I guess that’s what made it so n
ways to fool any outcast is to pretend to be he
Often a group of us girls got together and
friend. We talked to her and pretended to be
she had to say. We were always sympathize
would help her in any way, and we’d never tell
she told us about some boy in our class she l
Dianna lived in her own little world. It was a world of make-believe in which people treated one another with kindness and respect. We never knew whether her world to her was more real than reality or whether it was only a dream, a wish of reality. None of us really cared, though, 'cause Dianna was an outcast. No one was really a friend of an outcast except another outcast, and who ever wanted to be in that category!

I'll never forget the first day of eighth grade when she wore a green plaid skirt and a green print blouse. She thought she was dressed in style, so I could hardly wait to tell her that prints and plaid don't go together. It was first period when I told her. She was shocked to say the least. She practically turned white, and looked as if she wanted to crawl between the floor boards. It's hard to believe, but she honestly didn't know. It was so pathetic that it was funny. How could anyone be so ignorant? After that she hunched down in her seat to try to pretend she wasn't there, but all she accomplished was to look weird. It was the funniest thing you ever saw. The whole class talked about how weird she looked.

Another thing I remember is that she always talked about television shows—about this hero and that hero and everyone living happily ever after. We wondered how anyone could be so involved with television when there were so many more interesting things to do. You'd think she never did anything. All she ever talked about was television and books. In study hall she always had some stupid love story about the ugly girl getting the handsome boy, or a silly teen magazine that said all you needed was the right make-up to get a guy. The funniest part was that she actually seemed to believe it. She must have read that stuff day and night, 'cause she was always telling us what to do according to this magazine article or that beauty editor. How weird!

What we really had fun doing was teasing Dianna. It was very simple because she was so gullible, and she desperately wanted to be part of the human race. I guess that's what made it so much fun. One of the easiest ways to fool any outcast is to pretend to be her friend.

Often a group of us girls got together and pretended to be Dianna's friend. We talked to her and pretended to be sincerely interested in what she had to say. We were always sympathetic and assured her that we would help her in any way, and we'd never tell anyone her secrets. Once she told us about some boy in our class she had a crush on. You should
have seen her face when we told him. I never saw anyone look more like they were going to throw up. Heck! He didn’t care, he didn’t even know who she was. What was really so funny was that she would fall for that trick every time. All we had to do was pretend that we liked her and talk to her, and she’d tell her whole life story. You’d think she’d catch on, but she never did.

Once we sent her some love letters supposedly from that guy she had a crush on, except they were really from us. She never said anything, but you could tell by her face that she was excited. You’d think she’d found the answers to her prayers or something. Well, she was so happy and excited about that guy actually wanting her to go out with him that she rushed right over to him and asked him when he wanted to take her out. He looked at her as if she were crazy and told her she must be mistaken. She turned white as a sheet and ran. We just stood there laughing until our stomachs hurt.

I think the best joke we pulled on her was the time we got a fellow to ask her to the Prom. Why outcasts always hope to go to the Prom, I’ll never know. You’d think they’d know they’d never be asked to go, but they don’t. Well, anyway, this boy waltzed up to her and said very suavely and convincingly, “Would you like to go to the Prom with me?” She said “I’d love to.” He had to go to class but promised he’d call her and let her know the plans. She almost danced down the hall. She told a couple of her outcast friends about it, and they seemed so happy for her. We all knew he was already going with another girl and would never call her. We just stood laughing.

The next few days she seemed so different. She smiled a lot and talked to some of us. She started to dress nicely and fix her hair. She almost seemed human. Some of us thought she might turn out all right after all. Once she told us about some shopping trip with her mother. It turned out she even had a brain. Once she raised her hand in class and was the only one who knew the answer. We almost forgot she was an outcast. Some of the guys even started to talk to her outside of class. She seemed so happy all the time. That’s why it seemed so strange that a couple days after the Prom she took an overdose of sleeping pills.
CONSEQUENCE
Barbara Kenn Sharick

Prologue.
Silent dawn
Creeping from under starlit night,
Pulling pink veils
Into the waiting valleys

Eros.
Sunshine on
New green grass,
Roses standing in fresh earth,
Pledging full bloom.

Thanatos.
Snow clouds hanging
Like grey winding sheets,
Frozen ground heaving
Into measured mounds.

Epilogue.
Names carved on stone
Marking cold bare clay
Strewn with dead roses
In clear plastic shrouds.

EMPTINESS
Lyn

The place where love once reigned
Is empty now
And though it seems -
You're still the person that you were with
With less emotional fervor.

The physical being has not changed
But deep within has rearranged -
The feelings there
The meanings, too -
Now take on a different hue.

Where anxious thrill once waited,
Complacency has interceded.

In one way or another
We usually find
A time when love's loss
Bears great pain on our mind.

There is none who seem to escape
Though hard to describe and express
How this very stark reality
Can inflict such lasting pain.

How to express and make it real -
The evasive emotions that humans
Such that we are speaking of -
Is the "syndrome" called the loss
EMPTINESS

Lynda M. Shriver

The place where love once reigned supreme
Is empty now
And though it seems -
You're still the person that you were
With less emotional fervor.

The physical being has not changed,
But deep within has rearranged -
The feelings there
The meanings, too -
Now take on a different hue.

Where anxious thrill once waited,
Complacency has interceded.

In one way or another
We usually find
A time when love's loss
Bears great on our mind.

There is none who seem to escape
Though hard to describe and explain,
How this very stark reality
Can inflict such lasting pain.

How to express and make it real -
The evasive emotions that humans feel,
Such that we are speaking of -
Is the "syndrome" called the loss of love.
FOR HER

Jay Molendyke

we first spoke
in an empty room on a gentle day
that beckoned spring.
i stood at the window.
she entered thinking she would be alone;
she carried a package in both arms.
i turned to leave.
our eyes met and we each stood;
momentarily transfixed.
for what seemed an eternity we stood:
equally stunned and speechless.
she blinked her eyes several times
and i felt her fear and confusion.
“excuse me,” i said.
i broke the spell.
she nodded dully and turned to leave.
i followed her into the hallway.
she walked slowly, haltingly;
and in my anguish
i saw her thoughts refracted through
the prism of our minds:
“who are you?”
we each seemed to say.
BABYLON

John W. Rider

The havenots wander
Through dark gray halls,
Reeking of urine,
And broken dreams
Of when once their infant
Hope
Had tried to stand.

Bobby and Jack on a new frontier,
And Martin had a dream.

But dark shadows blew across the skies,
Obstructing pathways to paradise,
And the infant fell prey to assassins' schemes,
And the groundless fears
Of tall dark shadows,
Looming
Transparently behind the scenes,
Protected by legions of bureaucracy.

The will of the people was mightier
Than the sword,
But apparently No match for a gun.

The fatted calf stands
In stricken awe,
As he becomes a victim of
What he did not create,
But through pointless greed
Sought to perpetuate.

So be not dismayed oh
Gilded one,
When comes that nameless
Day,
When revolution stirs the air
And the long ago planted seed
Its putrid fruit begins to bear.
Speak not of ignorance
Of the situations,
For now you have been warned.
You can lead your whores to water,
But you'll rue the day they
Stop to think,
So lift your glass and toast
Your tomorrows,
For what you wish them to be,
And fear not the symbol of
The dark jungle cat,
For these are your huddled
Masses,
Yearning to be free.

My mind is afloat on thoughts and ideas to
To put down on paper for someone's delight.
But I haven't the time.

I put these word images into a flagon, put it
Settle it into a dark warm corner of my mind
Hopefully to mellow and ferment and may
Until I find the time.

The time of time rolls around and, my pen
I thirstily retrieve the flagon and anxiously
Anticipating the words of wit and wisdom to

Unstopperable time.
The flagon is empty and dry except for a few
And one tiny moth that flutters out faintly

Maud

if i should die -
bury me in the snow -

winter is never cold -
i love my snowman -
or

if i should die -
bury me in the sand -
summer is never hot -
i loved my sandcastle -
or

my snowman melts into
my sandcastle is washed in
bury me at sea.
PROCRASTINATED TIME

Barbara Savage

My mind is afloat on thoughts and ideas to write;
To put down on paper for someone’s delight;
But I haven’t the time.

I put these word images into a flagon, put in a cork;
Settle it into a dark warm corner of my mind;
Hopefully to mellow and ferment and maybe even rhyme;
Until I find the time.

The time of time rolls around and, my pen poised;
I thirstily retrieve the flagon and anxiously pop the stopper;
Anticipating the words of wit and wisdom to flow in order proper.

Unstopperable time.
The flagon is empty and dry except for a few specks of dust;
And one tiny moth thatutters out faintly exuding the aroma of must.

Maureen M. Gregory

if i should die -
bury me in the snow -
winter is never cold -
i love my snowman -
only too much.

if i should die -
bury me in the sand -
summer is never hot -
i loved my sandcastle -
only too much.

my snowman melts into water.
my sandcastle is washed into water.
bury me at sea.
CONTRIBUTORS

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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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