This issue of the ICON is dedicated to Happiness, that God-given gift that dwells within those who let it live. It is what gives warmth to the soul and quality to life.

by Holly Slanco

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ICON

Spring, 1978

VOLUME XIII

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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.

ICON Advisor: Betsy Hoobler
Editors: Kathi Reynolds
          Holly Slanco

Staff: Belinda Amy
      Marcia Borucki
      Kathy Croft
      Irma Fye
      Christopher Haider
      Mike Hughes

Eula Hyer
Barbara Ostrander
Maggie Ross
Kathy Santone
Frank Sowers

Cover Design: Holly Slanco

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Darker Silver

John W. Downing

When the rain has stopped for a while,
When the clouds still sag in the sky,
And the ferns are dripping silver--
Then I shall leave you to your mind:
I shall leave you to walk in the druid wood.
I shall note the clean freshness come with rain.
I shall watch the dark branches of trees
Whip in ecstasy the tattered air.

March 1941

DIRGE for Dead Flowers

Lenora R. Jones

An April morning, clad in mist
Wanders up the veiled hill
Stopping now and then to mourn
The passing of a daffodil.
Soon Heaven joins her in her grief
And sends an April Shower--
The sudden tears of Springtime
For beauty's fleeting hour.

REFLECTION

Eula Hyer

Lake mirroring the heavens,
The tall trees and the clouds--
All Nature is inverted.

Who'd doubt a great Creator
Of Universes?
I am converted.
Poetry
Lisa Rose O'Grady

A symphony of words,
the composition of a dream.

A Poet's Craft
Cheryl Harper

A poet
goes beyond words
for those with only words
reflecting the ordinary
back at the world
in his extraordinary way.

The Poet
Lisa Rose O'Grady

The poet is one who is trapped in his dreams,
lost in his feelings,
and the key to get out
is his pen.

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I am converted.
Kathi Reynolds

Cats have spots, I suppose,  
where they gather their peace.  
It’s too bad that it takes  
much longer for people,  
for I have been searching for my  
spot for years, and Panda looks  
so comfortable under the television.

Kathy Croft

Hear the laughter of the children  
light and lovely  
An elfin song echoing across the twilight yard.  
The moon throws weird shadows through the trees.  
The children race among the mysteries of the  
darkening night. They have no fear as they seek out  
the darkest places from which to leap out  
and scare their friends.

But, later, after baths and sweet-smelling pajamas  
are donned, even the bravest of the evening games  
will call--  
”Mom, don’t close the door, and please,  
leave the light on in the hall.”

Susie

Christopher Haider

bright eyes  
infinite smile  
hair down  
music always.
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bright eyes
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music always.
Lonesome!

Loan Vang

Surrounded by thousands of students,
Professors, counselors, and assistants.
But still I feel permanent
Lonesome!

Where are my parents, sisters, brothers?
My countrymen, my dear native land?
Let me out! You're not my friends.
Lonesome!

Another year in strange country.
No red fire crackers, no cherry blossoms.
Send me home! My Dad will pay the ransom.
Don't keep me here, I'm terribly
Lonesome.

Bringing You

Peggy Byrnes

I am bringing you my mind
All bundled up
Like crumbs in a paper napkin.
Open me carefully
Or I will be lost to the wind.

I am a puzzle.
I think all of the pieces are here.
Try-- and see.
Won't you?
Put me back together.
See if I am all here.

I am bringing you my heart.
It is all broken apart.
Each piece is a hair
Stuck in a brush--
Do not despair--
I did not pull it out.

There are pieces missing
But, tell me--
Is not part
Of a heart
Better
Than no heart at all?

Just love me
And what pieces remain
Will surely fly back together.

I am bringing you my words.
They are the puzzle.
Put them together
And
You have me.
Lonesome!

*Loan Vang*

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And
You have me.
A hot, dry wind blew across the valley. It was the kind of wind that brings no relief, brings no cooling air into summer scorched lungs. Sweet smelling cornstalks rustled loudly in the blackness of the night. The only other sounds were the deep, rolling croak of an ancient bullfrog, and the occasional snort from one of the work worn horses tied outside the tent.

Sad and sagging, the tent seemed to struggle to stay erect. The wind pulled at its ropes, swaying it to and fro. It puffed through the many tears as if it, too, wished to witness what was happening within.

Flickering shadows jumped and writhed on the walls. Each gust of wind made the lantern flames dance and burn still. Heavy, rough planks had been nailed together to make benches, and a crude stage had been erected at the far end of the tent.

The men and women who lined the benches were of the valley too. The faces were ridges and gullies, like those of rock. They were not of rock, but of flesh—hard, leathered flesh worn by blistering, never-ending sun and cutting, scorched air that was always there. Life long days showed on their faces. Days filled with bone breaking, torturous work. Work that meant survival. Work that made the body hard and the mind weary. Faded, threadbare clothing hung from stooped shoulders and covered the muscles numbed to pain by time. Only in the eyes did there show a spark of life.

The eyes told of an excitement that filled the tent as water flows to fill the ocean. The curious object to which all those eyes were drawn was a small, almost womanish-sized man whose clothing brought to mind vivid thoughts of a circus. Red and green sequins flashed as they caught the light when the little man flailed his arms in the air. A deep, booming voice that seemed too big for the small frame brought forth shouts of “Hallelujah” and rhythmic clapping of those red, gnarled hands. As he talked and shouted, time seemed to move. Haggard, tired women became soft cheeked girls, and lively young men sat where old ones had been. The words swept out over the fields, and to the mind the wind sifted cooler through the night. Songs of joy echoed from one mountain to the other, flooding the valley with a rain of peace. Tomorrow would bring the same wind, sun, and agonizing work as always, but for tonight the slim, slick little evangelist brought the one cool drink of relief they knew.
The Revival

Margaret Martin

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Tranquility

Eula Hyer

The terracotta sun eases over the horizon
As if to make the daylight last just one moment longer
No breeze is stirring—not a single leaf rustles
The world stands at attention!
For one brief instant, tranquility reigns.

A full moon rises silently to light the evening sky
The stars join in concert
To light a patterned pathway of the universe
For travelers over land, sea, and space--
And I am overwhelmed by the orderly vastness
I, who must search the skies to find Orion's Belt
Or Cassiopeia's Chair.

Short-lived tranquility, I cherish this brief respite
From the daily encounters of my civilized existence:
Commercials that blare on television and radio
And that damned mercury street lamp
That leers nightly through my bedroom window.

To A Selfish House

Kathi Reynolds

Now as I turn to leave you,
I suddenly begin to feel
the poetry filtering in through
the cracks and crannies of the walls,
that for so long acted as lead.
Only now do you surrender the lines
that you kept from me.
It is as if you mock me.
But you are wrong, for you see,
my green-walled friend,
my poetry will never desert me,
and in the future, I will be wise
enough to know that if my poetry
is not within me at the time,
it will be lying dormant, waiting.

Cheryl Harper

A spring flower
can't refuse to open
It brings happiness
to the meadow

Are you so different?
You won't come out of yourself
and give something to the human race

Or is it not because you won't
but rather
you can't?
Come, and I'll teach you
how to get outside of yourself,
to love
and seek out love from others

Teach me the songs
you've kept inside your head
for so long
and we'll sing them together

I promise you,
you'll never want to walk
the street of your mind alone
again
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Debut
John W. Downing

Some day you will be gone;
Your sudden beauty vanished
With the clear turn of your quick lips,
More frail than April stealing through the trees.

A wistful gesture from Someone’s clever finger
And blue iris will start from your breasts.
From your slim hand
The oaks shall weave their strength,
And Autumn maples
Loose their chords of crimson trembling
Should you stir.

Rain shall cool your dreaming cheek,
And Spring...

Oh, Spring will slip
Across the blowing meadows of your heart.

November 10, 1940

Rebirth
Barbara Ostrander

With a tree in Autumn, it is a colorful time to fall,
to die, only to be born again.

Kathy Croft

Patches of time
Floating in space--
All those yesterdays
Shifting — Drifting
Until they tangle themselves
In today.
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It is not always darkest before the dawn.
The darkest time comes when that single flash
of light reveals all the secrets that should
have remained hidden from our eyes--our minds.
All those things that we would have been much
better off if we had no knowledge of them.

That painful knowledge that revealed that you were
not a God and that I was not a saint. That blinding light
that shattered lovers' dreams with stark reality.
Such an aching, painful death.

Somehow the sun shines not as bright
and darker seems the night--darker than ever before.
Not even the redeeming light of the smallest star
can lead us back to the beautiful innocence
we once cherished. Not even a bird's sweet song can
drown out the note of bitter knowledge from our voices.
We speak now of new things. No more the sweet laughter,
like children, do we share. We speak now of war and
poverty and kings who betray their countries. We speak
now of air we can not breathe and water we can not drink
--our hands are tied with the useless knowledge that our
world will die--is dying.
The only hope we share is that you and I will be gone
before the end arrives. When finally that last blaze of
lightning fills an empty sky, then fades into the real
total darkness and there is nothing left--only void.

by Martin Cohol

Lunchroom Legacy

Sue Linville

Next to the "Coke glass special" sign
A used Pall Mall bows, its butt in the air
In a blackened ash tray
Whose style was born in the fifties
With a groove in each side
In case one needed to smoke
Four cigarettes at a time
Quite a useful item
Until the invention of lung cancer

Alongside sit two "instant superfine" sugar packets
With the typical middle class rip
Diagonally across the corner
With a few granules spilt out
In case some starving ant happened by
And two empty half-fluid-ounce containers
Of hydrogenated vegetable oil, corn syrup solids,
Sodium caseinate . . . artificial flavor and color
Otherwise known as Nondairy coffee creamer

Standing alone is an empty styrofoam cup
Precisely made to be non-biodegradable
To last the hot's and colds of time
And be discovered by some future archaeologist
It bleeds its last drop of Maxwell House
Through a wound
Stabbed neatly into its center
With a red and white stirring straw

I sit wondering whose remnants these are
Some over active businessman's
With a black briefcase and tie to match
Hoping to be promoted to a coronary care unit
Did he leave these here for me to see
A sign of his existence
A legacy for a following stranger
Or was he just too rushed
To throw away his trash
Kathy Croft

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WPA—1936
William C. Cavanaugh

The shy country girls often passed us
by the concrete span
where we rested on the Pinchot road.

They never spoke, but soon we heard downstream
a splash of song beneath a covered bridge,
red, fading, with “1904” burnt in a plank.

All I saw was distant laurel, blossoming white with cloth
beside their half-filled berry pails,
but the old bridge holds their shadowed voices yet

and the stones have kept an imprint
where they sat to dress, or stood

to dive with wet feet yellowed by the bright clay.

OF PARDONS, PRESIDENTS, AND WHISKY LABELS
Richard Snyder

I come to my kitchen
from lit class and Institutional Studies Committee;
from students and deans, my mental Amish;
heat the breakfast coffee (the unreheatable kind),
scan the morning paper (nine hours late),
put it aside to pick up from the counter
a bottle of Scotch sent round as gift
from someone’s largess grandly discharging
small debts by welfare to a beer drinker.
The label reads better than the ruinous newsprint:
All that are desirous to pass
from Edinburgh to London
or any other place on their road,
let them repair to the ‘White Horse Cellar’...
And I’m on the road to the eighteenth century,
in lit class once again, but the coffee bubbles.
While it cools in its cup, I crease the paper,
read of presidents deposed, ascended,
and of indulgences
in incestuous Washington.
Meantime, the dusty world is choking,
shieks have prescription-ground windshields,
and once-great Britain is going down.
Some rough-beasted thing is gathering —
external and more than war.

In the mean time,
bored students, dulled deans, prosaic presidents,
O all that are desirous to pass,
I toast with this bitter cup
and offer up as prayer,
on our road, let us repair.
WPA-1936

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to dive with wet feet yellowed by the bright clay.
The Lone Skater
Marcia Borucki

Crystalline dancers
gently falling to their resting place.
Some trickle down a window pane,
others grand finale in gusty torrents
eventually fusing together, waiting for the sun
to warm their now secluded existence.

Some etch the trees in silver splendor
others kiss my face.
Like white ponies they ride,
like small white ships
they circle and dive.
The glassy river beckons--
my blades cut smoothly
as I skate away.

Snow
John W. Downing

Snow...
White, hexagonal letters from God
To tell of Winter:
White blanket to warm a cold earth:
White, clean gauze to bandage a wounded land.
White, soft cloth to cleanse the mind...
For Spring.

January 30, 1938

On Sensa
Christopher Haider

When I see the beauty of a hawk in flight, do I?
When I taste the sweetness of fresh fruit, do I?
When I hear the sound of grief, do I?
When I smell the springtime blossoms, do I?
When I touch the warm flesh of another, do I?

If all of what I perceive is real then I am sad and happy.
If all of what I perceive is an illusion then I am very very sad.
For I must be free of illusion to be free in mind, And I must be
free of reality to be free in spirit.
You see, all things are merely relative and go no deeper,
do they?

White’s Cue; Offstage
John W. Downing

Exit, Snow.
Through white portals of the forest, go.
I shall miss the formal glass
You gave the trees, but I crave grass.

Blow, Wind, blow, you cannot steal the scene;
May’s the star of this new show; and May is green!

Another season you may be the star,
But if you stay, you’ll only mar
Your chance; you know well the rhyme;
So take your cue; leave while there is time.

China
April 1945

Mama’s Lament
Lenora R. Jones

I’ve washed a million dishes,
A lot of baby drawers --
Cooked ten thousand meals,
Scrubbed ten miles of floors.
Most of my food was edible,
So I find it most incredible
To be listed as a dependent
(They all depend on me!)
A non-working wife and mother?
What could that genre be?
My only rewards are plain to see--
Mother’s Day cards and house-maid’s knee!
And though the cards make me feel like a saint,
Pensioned (or haloed) I ain’t!
The Lone Skater
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When I touch the warm flesh of another, do I?

If all of what I perceive is real then I am sad and happy.
If all of what I perceive is an illusion then I am very very sad.
For I must be free of illusion to be free in mind, And I must be
free of reality to be free in spirit.
You see, all things are merely relative and go no deeper,
do they?

White's Cue; Offstage
John W. Downing

Exit, Snow.
Through white portals of the forest, go.
I shall miss the formal glass
You gave the trees, but I crave grass.

Blow, Wind, blow, you cannot steal the scene;
May's the star of this new show; and May is green!

Another season you may be the star,
But if you stay, you'll only mar
Your chance; you know well the rhyme;
So take your cue; leave while there is time.

China
April 1945

Mama's Lament
Lenora R. Jones

I've washed a million dishes,
A lot of baby drawers --
Cooked ten thousand meals,
Scrubbed ten miles of floors.
Most of my food was edible,
So I find it most incredible
To be listed as a dependent
(They all depend on me!)
A non-working wife and mother?
What could that genre be?
My only rewards are plain to see--
Mother's Day cards and house-maid's knee!
And though the cards make me feel like a saint,
Pensioned (or haloed) I ain't!

http://digitalcommons.kent.edu/icon/vol13/iss2/1
Cheryl Harper

Too many of us
spend our lives
striving to reach the sun
unaware that it lends itself
only to the spring flower

Are we not creatures
of beauty, too?
Someday,
we will become
what the sun expects us to be
and bask in the warmth of it

FAWN
For Linda

Kathi Reynolds

Innocent, delicate, walking miracle,
eyes of amber filled with wonder and beauty;
sauntering silently through forest of pine,
ever to be seen by unwanted eyes.

Fawn, you are unique,
live your life in quiet freedom.
Beware of the enemy who walks in your footsteps,
leave him in confusion,
for you are of too great intelligence
to be tricked by a fool.

by Holly Slanco
Cheryl Harper

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On the Blink

Larry Kirk

"So, my son."
Said the whitlin' graveland
"Ah, my boy!"
Said the corporate sky;

So you want to follow
Yet you want to lead,
Can you understand
There is a vital need
To understand?

Life is the array,
Of colors passed;
The vibratory essence:
The Illusive cast;
Alpha the first,
Omega the last.

There is no sense in Non-Sense,
Without common sense.

The Movie of the stars,
And the space in-between;
Leave a gap in your consciousness;
The story in the screen.

But, could it not be said,
We didn't planet that way?

The sole secret
Is the secret of the soul,
And the soul of the soul is the Soul of All.

Why is there hatred?
And why is there fear?
And why is there ignorance,
When the Truth is clear?

Why do we mock?
And why do we cry,
As we climb the ladder
Of the Sacred High?

The automatic response
To an undeserving end,
Is the beginning
Of the perfect Blend,
Of truth and Justice
In the sea of pain,
And the unfolding Sun
That purifies
The Rain.

Love is the Answer,
As Love is in Question;
For Hope is the claim,
of lost repression.

Gather the Soul, and
Gather the fruit, and
Sow the seed, germinating need, and Truth shall return to nourish the soil.
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Discord
Marcia Borucki

Sweet chords rise up and swell--
as does my heart.
Who is playing that haunting melody?
Is it bittersweet love
that soothes my sad spirit,
or is it you dark prince, that strums the discord?

Soft roses once bloomed here
where now tangled weeds
stretch and tighten.
The darkness chokes me,
hides my tiny body
in a world of fleeting shadows.
Who torments me with that haunting melody?

Evasive spirit, move me
from the blue melody
that seeks to consume
the quiet rainbow hidden here in my heart
with hardened strums that hammer at my door.
Haunt me no more!
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by Martin Cohol
K.,

Cheryl Harper

You’re so old, yet so childlike
Desperately seeking
a way out of despair--
So talented
but all your work depicts
your sadness--
a tear in every face you draw,
a wasted body reaching out a hand,
trying to channel endless energy
into your artwork,
only to become
a frustrated artist.

DIVORCEMENT

Anonymous

Screaming, ranting, gushing eyes--
broken half-lived life of words.
Insides slashed—gutted love
rendered passions void.
Shadow lusting vampire—insatiable,
always near, haunted pale anemia,
when once it all was dear.
Green vines cling too loosely,
fantasies overdrawn—beings are
caged in nightmares of illusive,
intermittent time.
Golden heaviness of band removed,
pressing on this self; strangled
reality of day, always at my side,
and nights of suffocation, eternal--
forever here.

acropolis deep

Richard M. Hahn

pocked and scorched
by barbarous sword
whose palmate walls
enclose sacred rites
of pomp and spectacle
of flourish and grandeur
performed above
saprogenic depths
shackles full
a monition to restive serfs
existing within
the monolith’s shadow
unable to discern
between fanfare and anguish
between blood and burgundy
maiden’s veiled cheers
summon the drawbridge crashing
midst rasping chain
metallic steeds
breath of flame,
hooves exploding
above the steaming flow
carry their faceless burden
through gate, past barbican
across town and shire
across moor and strath
in full gallop
bearing noble cause
to netherlands unseen
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TO THE LION
Kathy Croft

Whenever I hear the Eagles sing “Desperado”
I think of you.
It is really your song.
To the world you stand alone—
Untouched and untouching.
But to me—it is not so.
I see beyond the coldness in your eyes,
beyond the irreverent, mocking grin
You show to everyone else.
My eyes see past the front you display.
Into a soul filled with hurt.
I know how hard they’ve tried to bring you down;
I know how weary you are from
fighting all those life-grabbers
Who want only to use you.
Others are afraid of you—they fear retaliation
For the crimes they have heaped upon your head.
I understand your strange code of honor—
You will not harm those weaker than you.
But sometimes when the sadness wells up
Inside and you feel that it’s more
than you can bear—I will still be here.
To put my arms around you and
block out all things evil with my endless
Supply of tenderness and strength.
Always there will be a place for you
To rest your head on my shoulder,
a place of quiet and peace. You need not mistrust me. I want nothing from you,
only to share some of the burden—to ease
A little of the pain, until you must rise
and face them all again.

by Sandra Capecci
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by Sandra Capecchi

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MEMORIES
Eula Hyer

Stark and lonely, stained with love and use,
The picnic table is barren.
Surrounded once by many--
Deserted now by all.
It is a certain sign of Fall
And Winter drawing near.
So, Summer's memories are placed in storage
With a melange of patio furniture.

Autumn has her own memories to gather.

HEARSAY
Pamela Kerestery

Listening here and listening there
Not really going anywhere.
Maybe what they say,
Will come true someday
But, a ray of sunshine,
Like a drink of wine,
Will take me away
For a time. . . .
I'm Tired
Peggy Byrnes

I'm tired of being the one
Always looking out the window.

I'm tired of waking up to find
That my entrance
Into
The Great Mirrored Room
Was merely a dream
And
Not an entrance.

I refuse to sleep
In my jeans anymore
Because
When I wake up
My pockets are always empty.

I'm tired of dreaming
Chests and shoulders
When
All I wake up to
Is a pillow
And eight volumes.

I dream mouths and skin
But
Wake up tongue in cheek
And
I am tired.
I'm truly tired.

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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.

The art submissions are given a number and at the staff selection meeting, each member rates them accordingly. The scores are then averaged and the highest rated pieces of artwork are accepted for publication.

* * * * * * * * * *

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