ICON Winter 1978
This issue of the ICON is dedicated to Creativity, an asset that is invaluable to mankind.
ICON, the literary magazine of the T University, is sponsored by the English Department and is funded by the Student Faculty, students, former students, Kent State Campuses, and other universities. Anyone—student or nonstudent—in the Truman area can submit essays, fiction, art work, or photography.

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We extend our special thanks to Mrs. assistance.
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We extend our special thanks to Mrs. Carol J. Perich for her typing assistance.
ANNIVERSARY
Eula Hyer

Morning is developing like a Polaroid print:
Trees and flowers emerge from the haze
As the sun burns away the shroud of night.
Once more our universe becomes a place of love:
Birds trill their notes to fill our hearts
With songs of joy and the grass drinks
From the draught of dew to quench its thirst.
As Time moves on...
Marching in sequential steps toward the noon.

The tinkling sound of crystal and silver,
Like a tiny bell, announces time for tea.
A table spread with Irish linen edged in lace,
A single, perfect rose in an antique vase,
A myriad of delicacies from the buffet
To tempt both eyes and taste,
As Time moves on...
Marching in sequential steps toward the dusk.

The setting sun paints the heavens in splendid hues
Of lavender and rose, then vanishes,
As daylight fades into temporary, timed oblivion.
Cool breezes sweep across the patio
As we dine: Chateaubriand for two,
By the flickering light of a glass-globed candelabra.
This is a very special time for lovers
As Time moves on...
Marching in sequential steps toward the night.

The moon is like an incandescent sphere:
Illuminating its territorial realm;
Coordinating Time and tides, as well,
And reflecting full approval of our tryst.
Embracing as we, consummate, are one
We pledge our love anew: just as before,
Enveloped and enraptured by the night
As Time moves on...
Marching in sequential steps toward the dawn.

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Metamorphic Melody
Sue Linville

Meta...
persistent daffodils have long since fallen
to the smothering heat of summer's pause
and nights of fragrant blossoms tease
the senses... to dream of passionate love.
barefoot
she glides across the terrace
dancing to a night bird's song
her gown of silken tongues licks out
to taste the youth of the night's crisp air
and silently
she twirls around
to the tune of an inner melody.

Mor...
the green of summer matures into color
as autumn makes its annual call
and reds and golds begin to cover...
to add beauty to the countryside.
braced
her weight against a metal cane
listening to a night bird's song
her robe of terry cloth wraps tightly
to protect her from the cold night air
and silently
she taps her foot
to the tune of an inner melody.

Phosis...
the threat of winter's white has passed
as north turns toward her nearest star
and seed matured the previous season
begins its outward growth... its life.
unbound
she glides across the terrace
singing with the night bird's song
extending... she reaches to the horizon
to touch the stars in the warm night's sky
and silently
she rises upward
to the tune of an inner melody.
I will not love you as I know I must. 
Warm little boy, the very part of me.
That is your mother, lying just a little,
Curved to my neck another long time.
When all the world was still. The room
And moonlight sifts in bars across
The boards creak to my rocking,
Hush. Let your mother sleep.

Tonight you need my sinewed might,
My freckled hand against your small
My eyes to focus for your baby
My arms to shelter all your fragility.

With morning I've a thousand miles,
We'll write, send pictures, cherish.
But I will miss first smiles, first sounds,
Achingly brief, and melting like ice.

Now as I rock I shift from center
Mother of three, the axis of the home.
Out to the widening shadows, beds
Except for name, and husband's name.
You'll trace our family chart by line.
Someday, and to your undreamed
'My mother's mother was Elizabeth,
I really never knew her very well.'
Grandmother Takes the Midnight Feeding

Betsy Hoobler

I will not love you as I know I might,
Warm little boy, the very part of me
That is your mother, lying just as she
Curved to my neck another long-gone night
When all the world was still. The stars burn deep,
And moonlight sifts in bars across the floor.
The boards creak to my rocking, and the door
Is shut. Hush. Let your mother sleep.

Tonight you need my sinewed mid-stream strength,
My freckled hand against your silken hair,
My eyes to focus for your baby stare,
My arms to shelter all your fragile length.

With morning I’ve a thousand miles to go.
We’ll write, send pictures, cherish holidays,
But I will miss first smiles, first steps, first days
Achinghly brief, and melting like the snow.

Now as I rock I shift from center place,
Mother of three, the axis of the home,
Out to the widening shadows, barely known
Except for name, and husband’s name, and date.
You’ll trace our family chart beyond my breath
Someday, and to your undreamed children tell,
“My mother’s mother was Elizabeth.
I really never knew her very well.”
How does it feel
to lie in a stream
as the autumn sun
fades in the thickness of trees
and leaves your life forever?

Could you raise your head in awareness?
Were you cold?

Those who love you
could not be there
when you needed them most,
as they say.

Please forgive them....

Ten thousand sunsets
will barely ease their pain,
long after the icy water
has embraced its
sanguine charge
and swept it
from the watershed of their lives.
a moment

Sadhana Srivastava

a moment that stops
for a moment only,
like the drowning sun stops,
just for a moment only.

happiness, like the evening’s clear light,
spreads over the lap of the earth.
he touches you,
not like
the tip of a mountain touching the sky,
like
the moonlight touching the earth.

he enters your life,
not like
a person in an office,
like
a river merging into an ocean.

and it all stops for a moment--
the moment,
stops right there.
“Rape and pillage,” raved Attila. “All fear the ‘Scourge of God’.”

“I am the Lord of all Asia,” cried Alex. “The Macedonians will be the ‘Master of the World.’”

“The Ruler of the Universe,” Genghis cried. “My Dynasty will rule for all time.”

“I shall be the Master of the World,” bellowed Napoleon. “The power of France will be absolute.”

“Germans are the Perfect Race,” yelled Hitler. “They are the only people fit to rule the world.”

“Detente,” said Kissinger.

FOR SYLVIA PL

She hungered for words and used them as daggers to pierce the heart of her discontent. She roared silently of her discontent like a grizzly bear in the icy silence, like a bull in the ring forever searching for a target.

Sylvia, the bell jar descended but the ring forever forever of the lost searching for a target.

by Alice Tomko
SOCIAL PROGRESS

Larry D. Jones

“Rape and pillage,” raved Attila.
“All fear the ‘Scourge of God’.”

“I am the Lord of all Asia,” cried Alexander.
“The Macedonians will be the ‘Master Race’.”

“The Ruler of the Universe,” Genghis Khan self proclaimed.
“My Dynasty will rule for all time.”

“I shall be the Master of the World,” boasted Napoleon.
“The power of France will be absolute.”

“Germans are the Perfect Race,” yelled Hitler.
“They are the only people fit to rule the world.”

“Detente,” said Kissinger.

FOR SYLVIA PLATH

Kathi Reynolds

She hungered for words and sought them,
using them as daggers to pierce mankind.
She roared silently
of her discontent with life.

Sylvia, the bell jar descended in a whisper
but the ring forever echoes in all ears
of the lost
searching for a cause.
Decision
Lenora R. Jones

Get rid of it--it's empty space!
(It's filled with joy, with tears.)
I roam around from room to room--
Curators of the years.
In blessed revenance I hear
Their foot-steps in the hall--
Dear outgrown wraiths of children
Who never left at all!

The windows are predictable--
The birds all come to sing
Amid the seasons' pageantry--
Autumn, winter, summer, spring.
The house grows older--so do I--
We've weathered sun and snow.
Priceless years live in these walls.
I cannot leave it now.

Making Ends Meet
J.

In those times when love
seems to tear from the inside,
It sometimes makes me so sad and
with loss of words.
Jealousy sets a fire that burns
through soul.

While passion seems to be the only
thing I seem not to ignore,
in its flash fury it engulfs all mem-
and in its end all it will leave is lo-

So strange,
when all that sparkles seems to be
and you see yourself left with no

Yes, sometimes I think--passion ar
to be on opposite ends of
the string.
Making Ends Meet

Jerry Kostalek

In those times when love
seems to tear from the inside,
It sometimes makes me so sad and
with loss of words.

Jealousy sets a fire that burns
through soul.

While passion seems to be the only
thing I seem not to ignore,
in its flash fury it engulfs all memories I've known;
and in its end all it will leave is loneliness.

So strange,
when all that sparkles seems to begin to fade,
and you see yourself left with no wings.

Yes, sometimes I think—passion and love—
to be on opposite ends of
the string.
I do believe that man can live on earth and be that which God intended.

I do believe that should he from his soul
Man could live in peace with all.

I do believe man could reach heights
should he strive to drive greed afar.

I do believe to live in peace there is one
that way is clear; simply, "Love yes,...

I do believe all of these things shall come
after I’ve been placed beneath the

by Catherine W. Parnell

Dreams are the gauze
That binds up the wounds
Enabling us to face each morne
I DO

Harold A. Holmes

I do
believe that man can live on earth servilely,
and be that which God intended him to be....

I do
believe that should he from his sick hate recover,
Man could live in peace with all of his brothers....

I do
believe man could reach heights still to him unknown,
should he strive to drive greed and lust from his bones....

I do
believe to live in peace there is one way -- no other,
that way is clear; simply, "Love ye one another."....

I do
believe all of these things shall come to pass, long
after I've been placed beneath the grass....
yes,....

I do believe.

Catherine W. Parnell

Dreams are the gauze

That binds up the wounds of reality,

Enabling us to face each new tomorrow.
In The Library

Kathi Reynolds

Quiet mumblings stir my soul
a really fine song
is floating from the radio;
the tones design a feeling
of mellowness that I can't detain.
A quietness and sadness
mingles and blends together
to create one emotion.

I think of last night when,
for a split second
I caught your familiar scent
in the air;
My self-confidence slipped a little,
leaving me with a naked helplessness.
I tried to forget the memory
that flashed at my heart.

LOVE IS A LETTER

Randy Beasley

Love is a letter to a man in a cell, an escape for a
moment from a man-made hell.

Words on paper, put down by hand, have power to reach
in and make the heart understand.

For love can't be imprisoned by concrete and steel,
the judge and jury can't stop what we feel.

They can rob us of freedom and lock us away,
but love is the light that turns night into day.

Love can't be stopped by the bars or a wall,
and when a heart cries out, love answers that call.

A letter of love brings hope for the heart,
and we are still close, even while we're apart.

I WANT TO BE ME, SO

Free as the birds
flying north and south.
It is a pattern they follow to
A must.
Is that free—with wisdom?

Not to be like the tree trunk
rooted to the ground.
But free as the leaves
blowing in the wind.
Must I say they fall?

Free as the stream flows.
Over rough rocks?
And when it rains too hard
someone may get hurt.
Pushing freedom too far.

Free as the breeze,
But where does it go from
Where does it end?
A vicious circle?
I want to be me, somehow.
I WANT TO BE ME, SOMEHOW

Dee Phillips

Free as the birds
flying north and south.
It is a pattern they follow to survive.
A must.
Is that free—with wisdom?

Not to be like the tree trunk
rooted to the ground.
But free as the leaves
blowing in the wind.
Must I say they fall?

Free as the stream flows.
Over rough rocks?
And when it rains too hard
someone may get hurt.
Pushing freedom too far.

Free as the breeze.
But where does it go from here?
Where does it end?
A vicious circle?
I want to be me, somehow.
ANONYMOUS

Man cannot live without a permanent trust in something indestructible in himself and at the same time that indestructible something as well as his trust in it may remain permanently concealed from him.

Franz Kafka, Diaries

On a summer day in 1945, my brother and I left our Kansas farm home with a family friend and started towards a nearby stream to swim and picnic. We had only gone a short ways when my mother called my brother back to the house to finish the chores he had neglected to do. My brother hesitated, but after being assured by the adult with us that he could join us when he finished, he returned to the house to finish the neglected tasks. I continued to walk on, looking forward to the day’s activities, never suspecting that my brother’s obedience and my child trust would cause me to become the victim of a violent rape. For the next twenty years of my life I lived with the violence of that assault, because no one provided me with the help to deal with the guilt and anger that ensued.

The rapist’s attack left me bloody, beaten and totally bewildered. The person who had done this terrible thing to me was a friend of my parents, and I had trusted him. But I found when I finally was able to get home that this was to become only the first of many bewilderments and that there were many kinds of violence.

When I got home in the dirty, bloody mess that I was in, I was not comforted with kindness or concern, I was whipped for tearing my clothes and making such a mess of myself! When I tried to explain what had happened, I was called a liar! And when, in my final attempt to get someone to listen to me, I threatened to run away to my grandmother, I was locked in a closet!

After the horror of the rape, the beating, thoroughly convinced that if I wanted to avoid life. And so I begin to commit involvement, I always felt ugly and unclean, person of little value. As society will do, became the brunt of everyone’s jokes or insult, false smile, I was hurt and alone, and always and anger to deal with. Over the years, the trust thicker, and this turning in on myself caused my late twenties I suffered a major emotion. Consequently, I entered the therapy that would with and put to rest the guilt and anger that nine years old.

I can look back now and talk about this, someone helped me deal with the effects of therapy was learning to express myself, through writing poetry. The following poem and my declaration that I was becoming a wh

I am becoming...
and that becoming is exciting/pair.
But I know the joy that comes with
something new about myself...
And even though it may hurt for
It is sunlight...It is real...
I see me.

After the horror of the rape, the beating, thoroughly convinced that if I wanted to avoid life. And so I begin to commit involvement, I always felt ugly and unclean, person of little value. As society will do, became the brunt of everyone’s jokes or insult, false smile, I was hurt and alone, and always and anger to deal with. Over the years, the trust thicker, and this turning in on myself caused my late twenties I suffered a major emotion. Consequently, I entered the therapy that would with and put to rest the guilt and anger that nine years old.

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I am becoming...
and that becoming is exciting/pair.
But I know the joy that comes with
something new about myself...
And even though it may hurt for
It is sunlight...It is real...
I see me.
After the horror of the rape, the beating, and the imprisonment, I was thoroughly convinced that if I wanted to avoid more violence, I should avoid life. And so I begin to commit emotional suicide. I avoided involvement, I always felt ugly and unclean, and I generally felt I was a person of little value. As society will do, it preys on the weak, and I became the brunt of everyone’s jokes or insults or anger. But behind that false smile, I was hurt and alone, and always there was the original guilt and anger to deal with. Over the years, the shell that I hid myself in grew thicker, and this turning in on myself caused severe medical problems. In my late twenties I suffered a major emotional breakdown, and consequently, I entered the therapy that would finally help me learn to deal with and put to rest the guilt and anger that I had lived with since I was nine years old.

I can look back now and talk about this period of my life, because someone helped me deal with the effects of the original violence. Part of therapy was learning to express myself, which I found I could best do through writing poetry. The following poem is a result of my therapy and my declaration that I was becoming a whole person again:

I am becoming...
and that becoming is exciting/painful/grey/unsure
But I know the joy that comes with discovering
something new about myself...
And even though it may hurt for a moment
It is sunlight...It is real..
I see me.
Mike J. Hughes

Lay down
your head—child
And dream
of tomorrow
And dream of the days to come.
The dreams of yesterday
will be snatched away by today’s living.

Green Eyes
Kathy Santone

Autumn’s north winds begin
and rust-colored oaks sway;
time seems to whip and howl.
Bright flashes appear before me
a vista of my youth...a skipping
skinny child heading for a creek.
Tadpoles, stepping stones, friends
to meet, promises to keep—green
eyes blink—the Creek is gone!

Paradox
Lenora R. Jones

We give our fairest flowers to the dead—

Begrudge the living daily bread—

Romanticize the warrior’s lance

And leave the quick to chance.

what is America?
the grand canyon,
the star spangled banner,
mount rushmore,
the majestic colorado rockies,
liberty and freedom for all?
is it the alamo
where one can hear
the ghostly footsteps
and reverberating cries
of yesterday’s heroes?
or the storybook magic
of walt disney world?
could it be the hallowed
battlegrounds
of gettysburg and chancellorsville
where brother fought brother?
or the dusty, deserted streets
of the once rowdy and rip-roaring
virginia city gold rush town?
is it baseball and apple pie,
billy jack or kent state. 1970?
or maybe abraham lincoln
who sits sternly
in his cold stone chair
watching night and day
over our nation’s capital?
the oregon trail
which threaded its way
through a vast wilderness?
peyton place,
gone with the wind.
Martin luther king,
bobby and jack kennedy.
or the flower children
of haight-ashbury?
is it the majestic lady
with the raised torch
who stands immortal
in the harbor
welcoming the poor, the tired,
the huddled masses
yearning to breathe free?
america

Brenda J. Bierworth

what is america?
the grand canyon,
the star spangled banner,
mount rushmore,
the majestic colorado rockies,
liberty and freedom for all?
is it the alamo
where one can hear
the ghostly footsteps
and reverberating cries
of yesterday’s heroes?
or the storybook magic
of walt disney world?
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bobby and jack kennedy.
or the flower children
of haight-ashbury?
is it the majestic lady
with the raised torch
who stands immortal
in the harbor
welcoming the poor, the tired,
the huddled masses
yearning to breathe free?
is it a hot dog stand
on coney island
or the echoing hoofbeats
of paul revere’s gallant steed?
watergate? uncle sam?
powerful labor unions,
time’s square and broadway?
is it the privilege of enjoying
endless hours of televised trash,
marching in a picket line,
or living on welfare?
does america mean
football superstars,
discoteques and blue jeans,
and an endless line
of fast food carryouts?
is it a memorial day parade,
the fourth of july,
the opportunity of going
from peanuts to president,
of becoming affluent
by marketing pet rocks
or black gold?
is it country music,
rock and roll,
and the nostalgic 50’s?
or draft dodgers
and vietnam?
what is america?
all of this, of course --
and more --
but most of all,
america
is the pulsing,
throbbing
heartbeat
of life --
and
the dream
of the past,
the present,
and the future.
Kathi Reynolds

Moonbeams glaze the earth, with a striking whiteness that blinds all creatures who seek the dark. The cold strikes my face with no sympathy and silence dominates with a desperate calmness.

The earth at this time seems motionless, as if all life had come to a halt, to catch this fleeting moment of rest.

Even I feel guilty disturbing the damp grass that glistens in the silver rays.

by Alice Tomko

The fire glows:
Creating heat,
Transforming wood to

By nature's law:
One substance from and
And cycles endlessly revolved
To keep the status quo.
The fire glows:
Creating heat,
Transforming wood to ash.
By nature’s law:
One substance from another;
And cycles endlessly repeat
To keep the status quo.
TENDER PASSION
Larry D. Jones

I lie beside her on soft crimson shag
basking in resplendent rays reflected
from electric logs ablaze in a mock fireplace.
Our auras cautiously trespass the other's
boundaries in search of acceptance.

From minute separation more sensuous than fierce
embraces I observe this woman/child whose vibrant
youth masks maturity beyond her years.
Marveling at her image I respond to primal
urges pulsing through heated thighs.

Optic senses pass through fingertips,
viewing each other leisurely.
Our touches are light and gentle,
giving goose to flesh and bidding tiny
hairs rise in anticipation.

Caressing in timeless fashion
our senses soar to heightened planes.
Responding to forgotten messages
we merge without hesitation,
quite naturally.

Floating gently downward,
we waft in animal luxury.
I cradle her in loving arms
while murmuring silent gratitudes
to mantle canons and rough hewn beams.

Eons later we rise and climb stairs hand in hand
to sleep among flowered quilts and feather pillows,
curled together as spoons in a drawer.
While breath slows to harmonize in steady rhythm,
she enters my inner circle and is welcome there.
Somehow the Seasons Have Changed

Sue Linville

Somehow the seasons have changed
That's what Grandmother used to say
The winters grew shorter after Grandfather died
And she always seemed to be gazing out the window
At the sparrows, cardinals, and a solitary
Morning dove
Sometimes her fingers, grey fleshy bones
Would tap impatiently against the rocking chair arm
She would whistle lightly, hoping no one would hear
Some old song from her younger years
I never asked her what it was
And the old yellow cat sat next to her chair
The place where he always sat, on a little braided rug
It seemed he would be there forever
And he never sat on her lap
She wanted it that way
Every morning before breakfast, watering can in hand
She would visit each window, talking softly
And she would greet each plant with a smile
They grew like weeds, especially the Christmas Cactus
Not many possess two green thumbs
Thanksgiving was covered with three inches of white
Grandmother grew restless, she was cold all the time
The birds flocked around the feeder
Because wild food was scarce
The snow grew deeper
It was a five below afternoon
The freezing wind whistled quietly through the front door
White frosty leaves grew upward along the window panes
And the rocking chair with one missing rung
Was empty
The old yellow cat sat on the window ledge
Watching the trees bend with the wind
And a pair of doves huddled together
The Christmas Cactus revealed its first
White blossom
Angela Glaros

no ideal
   in this world,
no goal
   that i or you can make or
can think of,
no mountain
   higher than infinity,
no forever
   and no promise,
nothing in this universe
   or any other
or in imaginations,
nothing i can create or reach
   or a freaked out
crazy spiritualist,
   who speaks with all beings
and knows of everything,
can create or reach,
nothing in a dream,
or in a nightmare,
in a mind of endless imagination
nothing,
no nothing
   can be harder to accept and reach
to have and understand
than you and,
your friend,
the ego.

AN INDIAN'S VIEW

Foreboding mesomorphs of land.
Forests fulfill the prophecy of space.
Throwing up their arms in time.
Then casting down their lifeless.

Untamed estuaries in chasms long.
Babble and slither, Bathe in the
Deny man the joy of conquering.
But give him the wonder of Reve.

Frosty capped peaks stretch up
Untamed, impressive, within man.
Nature's finest artists, from sun
Etched the wrinkles of age on your.

Rumblings of men never cease
Of power and light, from resource
Make our dearest goal to preserve
Unknown beauty, for our progeny.
AN INDIAN'S VIEW

Terry Linville

Foreboding mesomorphs of land unclaimed
Forests fulfill the prophecy of seed
Throwing up their arms in time of rejoicing
Then casting down their lifeless blooms in despair.

Untamed estuaries in chasms long carved
Babble and slither, Bathe in the ultimate triumph!
Deny man the joy of conquering
But give him the wonder of reverie.

Frosty capped peaks stretch up to Manabus
Untamed, impressive, within man’s view
Nature’s finest artists, from sun to thunderstorm
Etched the wrinkles of age on your form.

Rumblings of men never cease
Of power and light, from resources we bleed.
Make our dearest goal to preserve
Unknown beauty, for our progeny.
Kimberly
Jeanne Bryner

Deep blue eyes,
So deep..., you can feel yourself
almost drowning.
Streaks of yellow hair
circling a tiny, round face,
with skin as soft as down and
as pink as the setting sun.
Tiny, dimpled fingers, grasping
two ears and pinching a button nose.
Strawberry lips opening wide,
showing off tiny rows of pearls.
Novice legs, running, racing with the wind.
Outstretched hands, wanting to touch and feel.

Come run with me...
for I will only be small
just this one day.
Hold fast to this one thought,
when next you swing me to the sky,
as you hear me softly giggle,
and you hold me close and sigh,
I am the best of life,
for all the world to see.
Just a tiny, dainty girl.
A girl named Kimberly.

by Alice Tomko
Rex Americanus
Lenora R. Jones

He rests in splendor on his throne--
ALa-Z-Boy of brown.
His jester is his T.V. set--
Electronic clown!
His coach is ransomed every month,
His armour--Robert Hall.
His sceptre is a credit card,
To which he owes his all.

FRUSTRATION
Larry D. Jones

ALDEBARAN, I

Attempting to lead others,
while yearning to follow.

Offering a facade of caring,
which masks indifference.

Airing superficial confidence,
to bury self doubt.

Holding the key to power,
flawed by many weaknesses.

Seeking salve for painful contradiction,
I tear feet from Taurean soil.
I soar in fluid medium momentarily,
only to stumble and fall
And return to earth's secure embrace.

Paradoxical, I
Will try
...again
...again
...again.

Kathi

At times,
I seem stable on this rock of a
But sometimes
I teeter,
I try not to fall into the wa
that for years tossed and churned me,
finally to wash me up on
It was a long swim.

So bear with me
when my hair becomes damp
to the point of
Do not, I ask, push me off
just dry my hair...

Eula

Were I to share the content of
No other ear could question,
Because none else should ever
By sharing I am free to be ma
It is a truth, and not an actor
To speak it false, I'd only lat
I'll cast away the old, let shine
With confidence from you as
And though my faith be lesse
Or others think me but a ne'
Companionship like ours is tr
You give me all that I shall ev
The heart within my breast a
As long as I can look and see
Kathi Reynolds

At times,
I seem stable on this rock of adulthood.
But sometimes
I teeter,
I try not to fall into the water
that for years tossed and churned me,
finally to wash me up on this sturdy granite,
It was a long swim.
So bear with me
when my hair becomes damp and the saltiness tears my eyes
to the point of blindness.
Do not, I ask, push me off
just dry my hair...

Eula Hyer

Were I to share the content of my soul,
No other ear could question, "Is it true?"
Because none else should ever hear, save you;
By sharing I am free to be made whole.
It is a truth, and not an actor's role,
To speak it false, I'd only later rue;
I'll cast away the old, let shine the new,
With confidence from you as the control.
And though my faith be lesser than a seed,
Or others think me but a ne'er-do-well,
Companionship like ours is truly rare;
You give me all that I shall ever need.
The heart within my breast a singing bell
As long as I can look and see you there.
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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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