I view the colors of the morning star
Hovering silently above the trees
And my eyes are dazzled by the brilliance...

Ted Pawcio

Dedicated
to the image
of the moment
as reflected
in the ICON
I C O N
Winter, 1979

VOLUME XVI \hspace{1cm} \text{Number 1}

ICON, the literary magazine of the Trumbull Campus of Kent State University, is sponsored by the English Department in conjunction with the Art Department and is funded by the Student Affairs Council.

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: \hspace{1cm} Elizabeth Hoobler
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Eugene H. Crane \hspace{1cm} Kathleen O'Brien
Irma Fye \hspace{1cm} Evelina L. Smith

Our grateful appreciation is extended to Mrs. Carol J. Perich for her excellence in typing the ICON.

Naive Idea
by Mary T. Brizzi

she told me that a poem
is as frail as butterfly kissing
eyelashes against your lover's cheek.
Oh, no: words in a poem never move.
They are as hard to reorder
as the great grey furniture of Stonehenge;
they are so permanent moss grows on the south side.
Yet,
it is true that they will melt
in the heat of the least doubt.

Untitled by Thomas Victor
Naive Idea
by Mary T. Brizzi

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Untitled by Thomas Victor
Autumn Mood  
by John W. Downing

There are no defenses,  
Autumn, as you come,  
Let your sudden beauty  
Leave my senses numb.  
Let the killdeer crying  
Wordless, plaintive tunes,  
Tear the silver echoes  
From a thousand moons.  
Shake the stubbles’ sabres,  
Mobilize the leaves,  
Wedge the flying mallards  
In my heart that grieves.  
Twine the flaming creepers  
On my aching throat;  
Let your blue sky blind me  
With its bluer note.  
Etch a moment’s rapture,  
Autumn, as you pass,  
Filigree of silver  
On the drowsy grass.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SEA

by Eugene Crane

Ah, the romance of the sea, like a beautiful woman, uncertain;  
a roaring challenge so strong that no one can resist the dare. Once  
she’s in your blood, every day away from her is like a day without  
love. Your bones ache for the feel of a deck beneath your feet,  
the smell and feel of salt spray caressing your face, and the cool  
fresh breeze across your brow.

by Lori Kane

Wash away the name I’ve written in sand  
Many miles apart where you’ll never see  
Whirling leaves migrating into the space around me  
As the sky swiftly raptures them upward  
I’m with them; I’m in them  
In all their seeming freedom  
Yet they’re drawn to the source.  
It’s time now to go  
but I will not fly—I’ll walk.  
I will not go towards the heavens  
but towards you.  
I, too, have helpless  
attraction....a source.
Autumn Mood

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Eulogy
by Kathy Santone

The red-brick planter on the small front porch is now filled with
tainted pink geraniums and orange-speckled white petunias. Cool
whirling winds rush through brown sturdy oaks and golden bent
birches. The robins are gone. Hollowmas lanterns glow in the dark.
A single curled leaf falls fluttering gently to earth, like my wingless
heart. My eyes fill with water for what is past, passing, and to
come.

Hatteras Memories
by Eula Hyer

Souvenirs in a shoe box:
(seashells
starfish
scenic postcards)
and
Memories of ocean sounds
Conjure up vacations past.

I hear the breakers crash,
Then gently lap the beach
Beyond the sculptured dunes.

The silence ebbs and flows
At regular intervals,
While the moon plays hide-and-seek
Among the clouds.
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Granny

by Lenore Jones

She read to me,
And filled my days with wondrous words.
She read to me,
Of kings and knights with shining swords.
So, to this day, I thank her for
Alice, Aesop — many more!
She read to me,
And opened up the magic door!

Supporting Role

by Elizabeth Hoobler

God bless a grandma on this birthday night—
Her rolled-up sleeves, her bravely tinted hair—
Who minds the stew, and shines the silver bright,
Transfigured, with a new-born love to share.
God bless a grandma as she sorts the socks
And folds the sheets—and tells her child to rest,
Then holds the brown-haired baby close, and rocks,
Her mirrored self pressed to her own dry breast.
And did Saint Anne, her weary Mary home,
Tuck her in bed; then, tremulously, trace
In his small form her very flesh, her bone,
Her lover's features in that Infant face?
In Miracle's bright shadow, did she, too,
Rejoice that there were dishes she could do?
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Saturation Point
by John Downing

This autumn is quiet with dying,
And my mind clenches like a fist.
Silence hanging in the fragile air
Is shot with old September gold.
The filagree of woodsmoke
Drifting down the hill is woven
Through the enormous emptiness of trees;
But my mind is clenched,
My eyes are hard with longing.

One cannot watch a cloud, or three geese flying,
If the brain’s too tight, too tired with trying.

Winter Night
by John Downing

A crystalline beauty
Created by a silver coin
Whose silver beams float down
Upon a silver snow;
Whose virgin, filtered light
Seeps...
Through crystal arms of trees
And falls...
In molten, silver pools.

Older and Wiser
by Randy Monfedi

A new day is dawning
As the shadows fade away
Morning sun paints the sky
As it strolls across the bay
Moon beams and misty dreams
Become a part of yesterday
Oh and yesterday has come to pass.

The church bells down the road
Play their Sunday sort of song
The open highway calls to me
And in the breeze we sail along
It seems that all my youthful illusions
Have suddenly turned out wrong
And tomorrow has finally come at last.

And I’m older and wiser
And a bit more secure
I’ve seen sides of life
That I had never known before
I’ve taken my mind to paradise
And I’d like to go back for more
And I’d like you to be with me when I go.

The pictures in my mind arise
And again I see your face
Smiling soft in the summer sun
Amidst the beauty you embrace
And I guess it’s kind of crazy
The dreams that children chase
But it’s not so crazy when you’ve
Got one in your hand.

And I’m older and wiser
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THINKING OF FRANK
by Jay Molendyke

Have you ever had a phone call late at night and before you answered it you KNEW the news would be bad? Like when I heard about Frank. Cancer, she said. No, I think it was "full of cancer." Somehow that almost made it funny.

Frank... He would ritually sit in the rocker when I saw him. Its frame was thin; the finish worn through in places; it suited him. He would cross his legs and light a cigarette. The afternoon sun would cast his shadow: angular, stretching off the old hooked rug and fading on the oak floor somewhere beyond. His voice was soft yet crisp. And there would be just his voice and the ticking of the clock; its pendulum obliquely catching the sun and throwing patterned flashes through the dusty glass.

I lost his address... I should call her for it. I know it is a hospital in Paterson. I remember Paterson; it was not so long ago... I guess there won't be time to get his address. I already have a card-- "thinking of you" it says. But I don't know what to write. Anyway, he might not like that.

Next time I am there I will sit on the worn yellow sofa across from the rocker and put my feet on the wooden bench. The room will be empty, and when the afternoon sun strikes the pendulum in such a way that the glow splits my eye, I will remember Frank as I have here, and silently say goodbye. He WOULD like that.

by Kathleen O'Brien

The season changed today. This wind chills my body And surrounds what is yours. It hit me I visualized the best I could Your loneliness and lifestyle. I'm grieving, For you, For me... My child hands can't touch your face These woman eyes don't see you We are a part of a game which is not ours. But my own drama Here Apart from you Is a Maze of Complications And Childhood Errors.

Driftwood II
by Morning Star

I don't know if I found you today or you found me or was it random chance we met on a beach with so much driftwood. Tomorrows bound by yesterday's fears remain unpromised; so share the sun with me and explore the mysteries of the sandcastle until next tide, unless We find a more unique souvenir to share and hurry away leaving our footprints behind to be washed away by a sea returned to claim yesterday's driftwood.
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Third Wish  
*by John Downing*

When I die,  
I don’t want to be put  
Where blunt worms  
Crawl through the cold, dark earth.

I’ll shrink,  
Contract...  
Until I fall among the atoms whereon I had stood--  
A star--  
In some other sky.

---

MISPLACED FRIEND  
*by Sarah L. Rider*

I know I left you here somewhere,  
Among the shambles of my life.  
You, with your outstretched hand,  
And timely words of advice.

Like a beloved book you were,  
Its message reread time and again.  
But I put you on the shelf,  
While things were rearranged.

Now that all is straight,  
I realize that I miss the comfort of your smile.  
But, I’ve looked through all my treasures,  
And can’t seem to find you there at all.

---

THE NOISE HAS STOPPED NOW  
*by Richard F. Harvey*

The noise has stopped now:  
That lung sucking thud  
That rains the technology  
Of death down  
On the frailty of children-soldiers.

You took the easy way out,  
Dying.  
It left me here alone,  
To remember.  
To forget.  
To try to.

They ask me all the same questions  
Over and over again.  
I haven’t forgotten yet,  
They just keep forgetting the answers.  
Your still a hero  
I resent that some.

The noise has stopped now:  
That ear splitting crack  
That lets life’s fluid flow free  
From the bodies of children-soldiers.

You took the easy way out,  
Dying.  
It left me here to think,  
To drink.  
To forget.  
To try to.

They ask me why I hate them  
For those questions.  
I haven’t forgotten yet,  
They just don’t want to remember the answers.  
Your still a hero.  
I’m still alive.

But it’s lonely without you here  
To explain to them,  
The wisdom of your dying.  
I resent that some.  
Because you knew all along  
I’d never be able to forget.  
The noise has stopped now...
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I’d never be able to forget.
The noise has stopped now...
An Unpicked Flower

by Bari Lyn Bradford

You're one of the unpicked flowers,
Kissed by the early morning dew--
And if by chance I'd put you in a vase,
For always you'd be like new--
But would our endurance together,
See us both into the melting of spring,
And would our beauty last forever,
No telling what the future brings--
So I'll take not the chance of us departing,
And leave you as you are,
For a flower in the field of beauty
Is like my own ever-lasting star--

THE INVENTOR

by Brian Lee

a kaleidoscope of colorful dreams
radiating an easel in diamond streams
a stroke at a time, mending strife
a brush dipped into the color of life

the silent inventor, a mind full of visions
cogitating unseen mental collisions
a touch of class, a touch of sadness
maybe some fears, maybe some madness

a smile on a face, a tear in an eye
he can make them laugh or cry
visual distribution of this worldly state
people made to love, people made to hate

finished with a colorful dream
the kaleidoscope stops on a focusing beam
a spark of life that has been stored
let loose upon a canvas board

Leda by Michael W. Thiess
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VARIATIONS ON A PATTERN by WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

by Ted Pawcio

So much depends upon
an open stable
a shining North Star
three wise magi
and love.

by P. Diane Fonderlin

So much depends upon
a mother looking
at her son sitting
in thick black mud smiling.

by Gloria Young

So much depends upon
a white whale squared tun
spouting foam red spume
in broken green blue sea.

by Kathy Santone

So much depends upon
the loose barking dog,
the mailman, and the mailbox.

by Robert Young

Marriage

So much depends upon
a felt trust
unsaid
a future course unread
they voyage on 'til death.

by Lenora Jones

So much depends upon
people who plough, plant,
pamper a plot of
good ground.

by Patricia Lowry

So much depends upon
a good book to take
a person to far away
places where dreams come true.

by Kerri Tollefson

Joy

So much depends upon
a small white kitten
with sparkling blue eyes
in a little girl's arms.

by Jeff Jones

Free Spirit

So much depends upon
a wheelchair it's life
and freedom to one who
sits here forever

by Robin Monfredi

Teddy Bear

So much depends upon
A brown-bowed teddy
Bear as he waits for
Nobody with his smile

by Joseph Sabat

Lonely

So much depends upon
a big ring
a loud ding
or a little soft letter.
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by Teddy Bear

by Rusty

by Lonely

by Free Spirit

by Teddie Bear

by Rusty

by Lonely

by Free Spirit

by Teddie Bear

by Rusty

by Lonely

by Free Spirit
Searching,
Looking but finding
Nothing.
Undiscouraged.
Quiet in body. Active in mind.
Each thought takes him forward.
Each question makes him wiser.
Each idea brings him closer.
He thinks and takes a step.
His feet take two.
He moves.
Active in body. Active in mind.
Each step takes him forward.
Each road makes him wiser.
Each day brings him closer.
Searching,
Looking and finding
Hope.

PHILOSOPHER'S REBIRTH
by Richard Harvey

Victorian splendor heralded man's desires,
A mind, so restless that the seas must quake.
Now modern man extinguishes its fires,
Lain placid as an Indian summer lake.
The lamb is slaughtered for each common feast,
And reason has consumed each dying spark.
What creator could forge freedom in the beast,
That the light of day once more might breach the dark.
In the forest of this night roams modern man,
Lost souls, in rows, believing in their bars.
But time for me is once again at hand,
For shattering these old and ailing stars.
Again to feel the anvil fires mold;
Again to see the tyger stalk the fold.

Prince of Princes
by Blenda Cox Davis

I climbed upon my wooden horse,
with armor of make-believe.
And gazed throughout my land of peers,
bowed upon their knees.

My castle stood before me.
My queen stood on the bridge.
As all the people watched me ride,
their eyes of love,
my heart with pride.

For I had saved my country,
of dragons and black knights.
I nearly died of all the wounds,
from all the bloody fights.

But now as I rode lighting,
through the castle gates.
I knew I was the Prince of Princes,
and the kingdom was my fate.

I heard my mother calling,
but I wished to not awake.
For in my dream,
I am a prince.
In life I'm only Jake!

Myth
by Doris Jones

What a surprise it was to me,
a class of Sociology.
I thought my life was "apple pie"--
Now I learn it's all awry.
by Rex Brobst

Searching,
Looking but finding
Nothing.
Undiscouraged.
Quiet in body. Active in mind.
Each thought takes him forward.
Each question makes him wiser.
Each idea brings him closer.
He thinks and takes a step,
His feet take two.
He moves.
Active in body. Active in mind.
Each step takes him forward.
Each road makes him wiser.
Each day brings him closer.
Searching,
Looking and finding
Hope.

PHILOSOPHER'S REBIRTH
by Richard Harvey

Victorian splendor heralded man's desires,
A mind, so restless that the seas must quake.
Now modern man extinguishes its fires,
Lain placid as an Indian summer lake.
The lamb is slaughtered for each common feast,
And reason has consumed each dying spark.
What creator could forge freedom in the beast,
That the light of day once more might breach the dark.
In the forest of this night roams modern man,
Lost souls, in rows, believing in their bars.
But time for me is once again at hand,
For shattering these old and ailing stars.
Again to feel the anvil fires mold;
Again to see the tyger stalk the fold.

Prince of Princes
by Blenda Cox Davis

I climbed upon my wooden horse,
with armor of make-believe.
And gazed throughout my land of peers,
bowed upon their knees.

My castle stood before me.
My queen stood on the bridge.
As all the people watched me ride,
their eyes of love,
my heart with pride.

For I had saved my country,
of dragons and black knights.
I nearly died of all the wounds,
from all the bloody fights.

But now as I rode lighting,
through the castle gates.
I knew I was the Prince of Princes,
and the kingdom was my fate.

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a class of Sociology.
I thought my life was "apple pie"--
Now I learn it's all awry.
SHANE
by P. Diane Fonderlin

Memories, of you in my womb
and of me rubbing a fat belly
and whispering promises of love.

Your promises burst forth in lusty
birthing cries, while my bond
was sealed in silent, happy tears.

You toddled into mischief with
scampering steps that tore down
all my heart’s well-built fences.

Then came boyhood scrapes, with my putting
on Snoopy band-aids and hoping that, unlike
GM cars, small boys came with foolproof warranties.

Your manhood is approaching, and my
eyes dream back to a downy-hair
babe rooting hungrily at my breast.

But, in love I gave you life
so now, I cut the ties and
in life I give you freedom.

Untitled by Thomas Victor
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But, in love I gave you life
so now, I cut the ties and
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by Beth Yoho

Today I held security
But to my dismay
The more I touched
The tighter I held
The more it pulled away.

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW

by Geraldine Sidwell

Outside the window
I see a tree
Branches spread out
Birds singing

Outside the window
I see the sky
Fluffy clouds
Birds flying

Outside the window
I see a child
Laughing and playing
Learning about life

Outside the window
I see a train
In continuous motion
Traveling on and on

Outside the window
I see ---
---Everything
It could be life.

The ICON would like to congratulate Beth Yoho and Geraldine Sidwell on winning the High School Poetry Contest. This contest is co-ordinated through the efforts of Professor Mary Ann Lowry.

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She Is
by Mary T. Brizzi

She is twirling her umbrella
as she kicks up little splashes
and gaily turns her smile on
passing traffic full of fools
who have no red umbrellas
with only one strut missing
and to whom the grey wet sky is
but a mirror of the slick and
slimy dreary road they drive on.

THE GRASS
by Lynn Banez

to an ant you are a forest
to a bird perhaps a nest
but to me you are a place
where i can lie and take a rest

you are a soft green carpet that extends to one and all
which bears a couple bald spots from the children playing ball
but to me you are a cushion
should i decide to f

a
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  1

The Glider (M.B.)
by Ted Pawcio

So stately, so thin,
In her dress of blue and white,
As if on a feather,
Across the hall she glides.

Her wings long ago sprouted
And nurtured many things.
Today she stands airily
On flight with her profession.

by Lori Kane

Don't mock me
or indulge me
Please!
I'm too sensitive to open again
after defeat
I hold tenderness
close to my heart
and
you hold that against me.
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ELEGY TO GRANDFATHER FLOYD

by Richard F. Harvey

This climb for us each day the summit nears,
A time deferred from youth by promised gold.
For me still far behind it has been told,
This way we help allaying all our fears.
You’re “aging” when advancing through the years,
But he has reached the point of being old.
The cruelest joke this life has seen to hold,
Dispair, in having outlived all his peers.
So on this promontory we three rest,
To drink a toast from life’s embittered wine.
And talk in soft voice, to conserve our breath.
For one last chorus due to “Auld Lang Syne.”
To wile and wait the certainty of death,
Grandfather Floyd’s, Old Eben Flood’s, and mine.
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A STREAM
by Kathy Rasey

Miniature waterfalls
cascade
into
ice cold pools below.
Stereophonic water
rushes in cadence
over the rocks;
warm, lustrous, into eternity.
Fallen leaves, like miniature ships
sail silently,
moving with the unrelenting current.
The sun flirts through the trees,
kisses the shimmering pools,
and dances away
over the water.
Autumn leaves waver
from the depth of the water,
reflecting God’s handiwork.

A NEW DAY
by Evelyn B. MacKenzie

My life seemed dull this morning,
When I awoke at dawn.
A deep gray fog was forming,
As I suppressed a yawn.
Then a thought occurred to me
In my dreamy sort of daze,
I’d use the colors I could see
To penetrate the haze.
Some red and gold, I’d take from leaves,
Some green, not yet turned brown;
Some raindrops dripping from the eaves,
For the flowers to wear as a crown.
I bound these thoughts together
In a slow, deliberate way,
And suddenly discovered - a bright
And beautiful day.

Lost Dreams
by Ted Pawcio

The sea of foaming blue -
Crashing, tumbling, crumbling,
Taking out to far away places
The essence, of you.

Each morning, now, my table is -
Set for one, not two.
And somewhere in the not-too-
Distant past, my memories are
riding the surf.

The waves come crashing in -
And my dreams are spent on the rocks.

AUTUMN LEAVES/LOVERS
by Sarah L. Rider

Leaves have drifted and swirled
Throughout my life
Each leaving behind them
A brilliant show of color.

Each sparkling leaf deserves attention
But is just one of the pile
Ready to crumble with the
Harsh winds of winter.

They lie piled up and brown
Ready to be discarded
And be replaced by the
Comforting hand of enduring snow.
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IF ONLY

by Eula Hyer

The mist-covered mountains
form an undulating horizon
of muted blues and grays
And I could capture them
in watercolors
... If only I were an artist!

Rain-fed rivulets
race merrily downward
as birds warble an accompaniment
And I could transpose the sounds
into a woodland concerto
... If only I were a composer!

The sights and sounds of nature
are too beautiful to be ignored
too wonderful to be forgotten
too precious to be laid waste
And we could preserve them all
... If only . . .

CONTRIBUTORS

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The Violinist by Lee Butler

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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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Back Door by Lee Butler

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