This issue of the Icon is dedicated to all who seek to eliminate ignorance through the fine arts.
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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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The ICON would like to congratulate Linda Cuckovich and Marianne Shin on winning the High School Poetry Contest.

We would like to thank Mrs. Carol J. Perich for her typing assistance.
Prelude
By Lenora Jones

I remember Spring—
Tentative buds on waking trees,
That soon would fling green banners
To the skies,
The scent of lilacs after rain,
And unrequited passion’s lovely pain.
Pale yellow flowers, fading too soon—
Youth, dream-filled hours - then it was June.
The heat of summer burns away dreams.
Yes, I remember Spring!

BEGINNING
By Eula Hyer

You are the one who said,
"I cannot write poetry."
Then you took your fragile fragments
And put them in a dusty drawer
To die—
But they would not!
Screaming and struggling,
They have escaped into the world
They are alive—
Read them!
They are truth—
Speak them!
They are a beginning.

Christmas
By...

It hadn’t snowed yet, the prediction was that chris
tmas were not very good: of course, it was only the fif
t anything could happen. Josh had worked hard a
Christmas and a week’s vacation, a week in the mountai
he needed. Skiing was one of his favorite sports, and
way to the mountains. With this in mind the hectic pa
still his young thin body just seemed tired this evenin
venture, this dilapidated shabby-looking bar on a cou
he would be glad when it was sold. In retrospect, he
to the advice of his parents and his fiance, Marion; th
not at all comfortable with the idea; they wished he’
Josh wished the same.

The evening had been long; his motions had been
pushed the broom along the old wooden floor while he
a table there; the pool sticks needed to be put away
reached up and clicked off the light above the green
ecept for the hum of a huge electric clock that hung o
of a beer cooler’s fan. Josh brushed his thick brown
propped the broom in the corner with his apron han
door, and walked across the room. Now, to take out
he’d look up and be gone; his thoughts turned to home

II

"Back inside!" the one with the gun said.
The cold black steel pressed against Josh’s young thor
"Where’s the money?"
"Here!"
"Count it!"
"Five-ten...one hundred! Five-ten...two-hundred"
"Count it again!"
"Five-ten...one hundred! Five-ten...two hundred"
"Count it again!"
"Five-ten...one hundred! Five-ten...two hundred"
Josh knew what was happening, exactly what was
with these two fellows; his thin body clothed in a fla
denims began to tremble; cold sweat covered his bo
evening they had played pool with him. They were n
either. The dimly lit room still contained the sick
smoke and cigarette ashes. Two cold calculating bold voices and
sounds that remained.

"Take anything you want. Money, gun, liquor, a
me! I won’t even turn you guys into the law! Just don
A deadening blast broke the silence of the cold da
Christmas

By Kathy Santone

It hadn't snowed yet, the prediction was that chances of a white Christmas this year were not very good; of course, it was only the fifteenth of the month, and in ten days anything could happen. Josh had worked hard all year; he was looking forward to Christmas and a week's vacation, a week in the mountains skiing; it'd be great; just what he needed. Skiing was one of his favorite sports, and every opportunity he'd be off on his way to the mountains. With this in mind the hectic pace before Christmas would be a snap; still his young thin body just seemed tired this evening. He realized now that his business venture, this dilapidated shabby-looking bar on a country cross road, could not work, and he would be glad when it was sold. In retrospect, he thought that he should have listened to the advice of his parents and his fiance, Marion; they had protested against it and were not at all comfortable with the idea; they wished he'd never taken it on -- and this evening Josh wished the same.

The evening had been long; his motions had become thoughtless and mechanical; he pushed the broom along the old wooden floor while he shoved a chair here and straightened a table there; the pool sticks needed to be put away; sliding the last stick into place, he reached up and clicked off the light above the green covered table. Everything was still except for the hum of a huge electric clock that hung over the cash register and the blowing of a beer cooler's fan. Josh brushed his thick brown hair back and untied his soiled apron, propped the broom in the corner with his apron hanging over it, closed the utility closet door, and walked across the room. Now, to take out the trash, and in a matter of minutes he'd lock up and be gone; his thoughts turned to home and a bed.

II

"Back inside!" the one with the gun said.
"Where's the money?"
"Here!"
"Count it!"
"Five-ten... one hundred! Five-ten...two-hundred!"
"Count it again!"
"Five-ten... one hundred! Five-ten...two hundred. That's all I have!"
"Count it again!"
"Five-ten... one hundred! Five-ten...two hundred. That's all I have!"

Josh knew what was happening, exactly what was happening, and what his chances were with these two fellows; his thin body clothed in a flannel red-checkered work shirt and blue denims began to tremble; cold sweat covered his body. He remembered that earlier that evening they had played pool with him. They were not friends, but they were not enemies either. The dimly lit room still contained the sickening odor of stale booze and dead cigarette ashes. Two cold calculating bold voices and one cracking soft voice were the only sounds that remained.

"Take anything you want. Money, gun, liquor, anything you want! Just don't shoot me! I won't even turn you guys into the law! Just don't shoot me!"

A deadening blast broke the silence of the cold dark evening. Warm red blood poured...
from a thin young body dressed in a red-checkered flannel shirt and blue denims as it lay on the cold cement floor. The sound of two doors slamming and a racing motor filled the still black air.

III

The early morning phone call from the police to Josh's family and to Marion serves as a guillotine. Within the next hour I receive a call from my sister, Marion.

"Come quick!" a recognizable hysterical voice sobs over the phone.

"Josh's been shot dead!"

The party on the other end must have a wrong number; I am not awake; this is not true; I am having a nightmare; I am really not awake even though I think I am. Oh God! I am not hearing what I am hearing! What I am hearing does not mean what it means-let me faint or let me wake up! My God I think I am going to be sick. I drop the receiver to the floor; tears begin to flow-shock-anger-hate-love and "why" are experienced all at the same moment and all with the same impact. White-faced, dizzy, and horrified, I accept the telephone call as real.

IV

Christmas preparation, shopping, parties are replaced with the ritual motions of a funeral, tears, and broken lives. White dazed faces, sad eyes-bright faces of children who do not understand are the only memories of the next few days. Tears and more tears, each time the memory of past happy occasions or a hint of the shattered bright future. Tears and more tears-for mankind! Why is it there must be victims and victimizers? What is it that tells a man that he has the right to brutally snuff out the life of another; the right to deprive this young fellow in the red-checkered flannel shirt and blue denims of his three score years and ten?

V

I covered my eyes and sobbed; I could not look at the flag-draped coffin. I could hear the priest saying, "We have witnessed selfishness, disrespect, and reflection of general breakdown of morals in our country, cities, and lives." That we should not despair even at this dark hour, but instead we should devote our Christian lives to really witnessing and representing Christianity. To be an example of righteousness where there is wrong. To love your neighbor, not hate, it's not too late. I continued to sob; I was not sobbing for Josh, not for his family, not for my sister, Marion, not for myself-but for mankind.

To think that man had become so inhuman, so animalistic; that there actually is a man who would think nothing, absolutely nothing, of taking a shotgun and ending another man's life. Our lives and the future lie before us like an exploded raisin: we cannot put it back, only scrape it away.
Interval
By Eula Hyer

Flames dance and dart
Around the campfire;
Resins sputter, momentarily,
Then fill the air
with fragrant wisps of smoke.
It is a time for roasting marshmallows
And “hobo” pies,
For changing friendship into love
Before the ashes cool.
The air is crisp,
Fallen leaves mulch roots,
Nature’s cycle continues
Working change.
A sign should read
“Silence! God at work.”

Sojourn
By Victor Gober, Jr.

“I am on my way to infinity,” said the poet to
his son.
Do ya wanna come along?
We can play among a plexus of quasars, neutrinos,
and super-novas.
Learn of truth, death, the chimpanteze.
Eat of the ultimate pie.
Maybe it will take a day or maybe we’re already there.
And if we are not too busy, we could ask JESUS
what he meant to say.
Well, my son, what do you want to do?
The little tow-headed boy just grinned and said,
“Daddy, all I want is to go home with you.”
to the satisfied customers
by Linda K. Cuckovich

no one can comprehend the coming of
his silence
his secrecy
his solitude
(bland/sans demand)

he keeps to himself
lack of laughter
indicated apathy
expired expression

over there

he is distant
and not mentioned
he is twenty years too soon
in a world unprepared for
his silence
his secrecy
his solitude

over where?

no one will accept
that silence (intensive)
that secrecy (suspensive)
that solitude (offensive)

and no one could understand
anything belonging to him

any devotion (hardly adored)
any emotion (totally ignored)
any type of notion (evilly deplored)

as they saw him on his back
covered in blood
gun in hand.

they only know that their scorning can accomplish
no more.

The match is over
shaking of hands
demonstrate true comradery
But is the game really over?
Wouldn’t the match
rally inside
forever and ever

Tennis
With strength
yet
With elegance and
he plays.
Powerfully muscled
never stilled
never at a perfect
halt.
In tireless motion
he’s fighting
for each point
Expectant,
await crowds
in awed
silence ...
By Marianne Shin

Tennis
With strength
yet
With elegance and skill
he plays.
Powerfully muscled legs
never stilled
never at a perfect
halt.
In tireless motion
he's fighting
for each point
Expectant,
await crowds
in awed
silence . . .
The match is over
shaking of hands
demonstrate
ture comraderie.
But is the game
really over?
Wouldn't the match
rally inside
forever and ever?
Unnoticed, silent and unseen, he neared.
An absent-minded glance at a faintly familiar face, at a mysteriously embracing smile, startled my thoughts and enveloped my mind. And at eyes, eyes that drew my attention, depths of profound omniscence. A gaze, refracting and reflecting light and emotion, overcast and absorbed my heart in an unguarded moment, envisage of an illusion of passion.

What wind blew damp upon my house, So dextrously built of twigs, What shudder long and chill was there? What smell of rotten figs? What urge miasmic pushed my house And brought it crashing down? What self-annihilative face that laugh And Who the grisly clown?

If Bertha Baker has any resemblance to anyone, it is about someone living or dead. You can decide what has to the incident, you can decide, too. The common don’t think that it is a dream, the incident, that is; the sunny downtown section of our village. The poet, table, I just wrote it, or it wrote itself, out of some revulsion? prophecy? Somewhere there is a related poem. Perhaps if I write down the details, just as it happened. The poem, scrawled on the back of a grocery receipt, is insistent. I must try to understand.

In my pocketbook is the name, written on a scrapbook, of the woman. I wrote the name and address of Baker, and the complete address of her house, which read: “There’s a cement drive in the front. You can’t miss “Someone to live with.” She insisted upon this in her story, she said, “add what the name is for, so you won’t feel so lonely, honey. She wouldn’t have to do any work night.” So I added the words, “someone to live with pocketbook. On the back of the paper there are a few pieces of paper which she had in her pocketbook that seemed to me as if the marks had once been connected having been torn into smaller pieces.

But let me start at the beginning. It began and is lonely, honey.” I had just pulled up my car in from the driveway, I had gotten out of my car, realized that he had already gone. I was sitting in my irritation that he would ask me to come by and read my children book that I had been by at noon and someone else should read the note. I knew that they couldn’t explain exactly how such a short and subtle relationship is to hit obliquely. As I was signing my name to the door of my car, or rather, I felt her there before heard.

“I’m so lonely, honey,” were the words I heard in a hurried, garbled manner, she continued: “My life and I’ve never gotten over it. I’ve mourned him a lot, you’d listen to me. I’m so lonely, honey. I need s
WHAT WIND?

By Gloria Young

What wind blew damp upon my house
So dextrously built of twigs,
What shudder long and chill was there,
What smell of rotten figs?
What urge miasmic pushed my house
And brought it crashing down?
What self-annihilative face that laughed?
And Who the grisly clown?

If Bertha Baker has any resemblance to anyone living or dead, it is because her story is about someone living or dead. You can decide which. And what connection the poem has to the incident, you can decide, too. The connection must be there somewhere. But don’t think that it is a dream, the incident, that is; it happened perhaps two hours ago in the sunny downtown section of our village. The poem just happened: sitting at the kitchen table, I just wrote it, or it wrote itself, out of some unconscious layer of... what? fear? revulsion? prophesy? Somewhere there is a relationship between the incident and the poem. Perhaps if I write down the details, just as they occurred, I will know better what happened. The poem, scrawled on the back of a grocery list, seems to leer at me, evil and insistent. I must try to understand.

In my pocketbook is the name, written on a scrap of paper which came from her pocketbook, of the woman. I wrote the name and address myself, as she asked me to: Bertha Baker, and the complete address of her house, which I feel sure is there as she described it: “There’s a cement drive in the front. You can’t miss it.” Added to the bottom is the note, “Someone to live with.” She insisted upon this in case I should forget. “Now honey,” she said, “add what the name is for, so you won’t forget. Someone to live with. I’m so lonely, honey. She wouldn’t have to do any work, just to live with me. I’m afraid at night.” So I added the words, “someone to live with,” and put the piece of paper in my pocketbook. On the back of the paper there are large, scrawled crayon marks. All the pieces of paper which she had in her pocketbook were covered with crayon marks. It seemed to me as if the marks had once been connected on a larger piece of paper before having been torn into smaller pieces.

But let me start at the beginning. It began and ended with the same words, “I’m so lonely, honey.” I had just pulled up my car in front of my husband’s office, expecting to go to lunch with him. I had gotten out of my car, found the office door locked, and realized that he had already gone. I was sitting in my car, writing him a note, aware of my irritation that he would ask me to come by and then forget. The note was a cross between information that I had been by at noon and disguised irritation, disguised in case someone else should read the note. I knew that the irritation would be apparent to him. I can’t explain exactly how such a short and subtle message is accomplished, but one learns how to hit obliquely. As I was signing my name to the note, the woman appeared at the door of my car, or rather, I felt her there before hearing or seeing her.

“I’m so lonely, honey,” were the words I heard almost in my ear. With no pause, but in a hurried, garbled manner, she continued: “My husband has been dead seventeen years and I’ve never gotten over it. I’ve mourned him all these years. You look like maybe you’d listen to me. I’m so lonely, honey. I need someone to live with me. You look like...
you could help me. Do you know anyone who would live with me because I'm so lonely, honey."

She punctuated the stream of words with "I'm so lonely, honey," like a strange refrain of lament. She had on an old dress, halfway down to her ankles, with her arms hanging out of the short sleeves, long and awkward. They seemed to hang almost to her knees, and the skin on them was loose, with blotches of brown. Large, juicy blue-black veins stood out on her hands, which clutched at the air convulsively. Her face looked younger than anything about her. Her eyes were greenish-brown and clear, except when they welled up with tears, which they did, apparently, without her notice, flowing and ebbing like a tide. She had not ceased the stream of words, repetitive, gushing, almost incoherent, and yet connected by a thread of continuity.

Feeling a queasy uneasiness, I looked closely into her eyes. Is she crazy? What does she want of me? Could she be dangerous? The ordinariness of the sunny day, the parking lot, the offices of doctors and dentists gave an air of unreality to what was going on. My usual self-sufficiency had evaporated. I didn't know what to do.

There was a kind of sick embarrassment about being confronted so personally, intimately, by a stranger. There was also a sense of social decorum—I couldn't push her out of the way, close the car door, and leave. A trapped feeling of being caught like a butterfly in the web of her emotion, unable to get away, made me want to shove her away, escape from her urgent, demanding intensity. Somehow, I was afraid to do this. She and the situation were grotesque.

I managed to say that I didn't know anyone at the moment who might like to live with her. I started to say that I couldn't even find responsible househelp, and then didn't say it as it flashed across my mind that she might volunteer. I have used the word "grotesque" about her, as this is the word that comes to mind—Anderson's "grotesques," emotional cripples, grotesque in their inability to communicate and in their anguished efforts to do so. It was all right to read about such people in books, but what does one do when confronted with one? She seemed to be demanding something of me, to be trying to pull me into the wild circles of her egocentricity.

The look on her face, in her eyes, I have seen before. Frightened, pleading, bold, aggressive, lonely, lost. A woman alone in a bar may have it, alone, drinking, looking. I saw it once on the face of a black prostitute, walking off with the man who had picked her up—a haunting look, not at the man, nor at me, at nobody, really. I have seen a similar look on faces in the middle of parties. On my face, if one can see a look on one's own face. I suddenly became aware of all the times I had seen the look, or felt it. I guess I must have looked this way upon finding the office door locked. Maybe this look was what had led this wild, perhaps crazy, woman to believe that I could help her. But her look was this and more. It was an extension to the bizarre, the argument gone awry, across the abyss from which one could not get back.

What I felt was not pity: curiosity, uneasiness, embarrassment, fear, but not pity. The incident was too absurd for that. Her stringy, dyed, red hair, with a cap of thin, sparse white hair where the roots had grown out, was simply too awful for pity. The unremittingness of her voice, her bombarding emotion made me withdraw as though to escape bad breath. There was something fetid about her. In the hot sunshine her face seemed to waver, as in a cracked or distorted mirror, and I felt faint in the air which seemed to smell sweet-sour.

"Even my daughter won't come and live with me," she said. "I have a daughter. But she left." She went on compulsively about her daughter, how she had died at eight, but now that her daughter had another child, they couldn't at least come and see her. I made some small talk. She was of course interested in her daughter. She had no doubt what kept her daughter from her. "No wonder," I couldn't imagine anyone living with all with her.

There was a sense of incomprehension and shock I had to fight in my heart. As she rambled on about her daughter, which had dropped down the well, hit bottom. I thought she was a musician? Like an echo, another word sounded in my ears; "trombonist," and at the same instant the word, "musician." Of course. I wanted to laugh hysterically at this. The refrain kept running through her chant, "I'm so lonely," down into the growing terror.

"Well, I really don't know anyone," I said brightly, "I have the car, but I'll keep it in mind."

"You look like the kind of person who would help, honey. Let me give you my name and address so you can find someone."

It was at this point that she began to fumble through the car. There were dozens of scraps of paper in it, and she said her name on it. All of them were marked with the brave words of music. A perceptible shock went through me. I realized that she was insane. Almost frantically it occurred to me that she was a musician. Almost frantically it occurred to me that she was a musician.

"Why don't you go in and see the doctor," I suggested. "I'll give you something for your nerves, something to make it bearable."

She answered sharply. "He can't help me. I'm so lonely. I want someone to live with me. I want someone who would help." She patted my arm. At her touch my arm came back to life. I tried to move her out of the way and start the car, but the car wouldn't start, the arm wouldn't come down."

"Here honey," she said. "Take this paper and you can slide the crayon-marked side over and handed me the bloodied paper. I tried to put it in the box against my arm while still fumbling with the other arm."

"Here honey," she said. "Take this paper and you can slide the crayon-marked side over and handed me the bloodied paper. I tried to put it in the box against my arm while still fumbling with the other arm."

"I know you'll help me. You just look like someone who would help. You won't forget me? You could come on a cement drive in the front of the house.

"I'll do what I can," I managed to get the car door open. I saw her get into a car that was parked there, not wondering where she had come from. Who was the driver? Who and
left.” She went on compulsively about her daughter, her daughter’s husband, the child that had died at eight, but now that her daughter had another child, there was no reason why they couldn’t at least come and see her. I made some remark that the responsibilities of children was no doubt what kept her daughter from visiting her, but my mind was saying, “No wonder.” I couldn’t imagine anyone living with her or even spending any time at all with her.

With a sense of incomprehension and shock I heard her saying, “My husband died of thrombosis of the heart.” As she rambled on about her husband, I tried to hear the pebble, which had dropped down the well, hit bottom. Did she say trombonist? Was he a musician? Like an echo, another word sounded in my mind. She said it again, clearly, “trombonist,” and at the same instant the word, “thrombosis,” flashed through my mind. Of course. I wanted to laugh hysterically at this caricature of a person, while all the time the refrain kept running through her chant, “I’m so lonely, honey.” I pushed the laugh down into the growing terror.

“Well, I really don’t know anyone,” I said brightly, trying to close the door of the car, “but I’ll keep it in mind.”

“You look like the kind of person who would help me,” she repeated. “I’m so lonely, honey. Let me give you my name and address so you’ll know where to reach me when you find someone.”

It was at this point that she began to fumble through her large, shabby old lady’s bag. There were dozens of scraps of paper in it, and she seemed to be looking for one that had her name on it. All of them were marked with the large, crayon marks that a child of two will make. A perceptible shock went through me. I knew that these were her marks and that she was insane. Almost frantically it occurred to me that perhaps she had escaped from one of the doctors’ offices.

“Why don’t you go in and see the doctor,” I suggested hesitantly. “Perhaps he could give you something for your nerves, something to make you feel better.”

She answered sharply. “He can’t help me. I’m so lonely, honey. He can’t help me from being lonely. I want someone to live with me. I wish I would die. I’m afraid at night, I don’t want to die alone. And everyone has left me. But you look like someone who would help.” She patted my arm. At her touch my revulsion and fear were complete. I tried to move her out of the way and start the car, but she held me by shoving the pocketbook against my arm while still fumbling with the other hand for the paper she was looking for.

“Here honey,” she said. “Take this paper and you write down my name.” She turned the crayon-marked side over and handed me the blank side. Shakily I wrote as she instructed me, thinking that not knowing what to do, I’d better do what she said. I felt as the wedding guest must have felt when stopped by the ancient mariner, held by his glittering eye. In fact, garbled lines jumped across my mind. . . “unhand me, gray-haired lorn—but the mariner had his way.” I wrote her name and address and then added the postscript at the bottom.

“I know you’ll help me. You just look like someone who will help me, I’m so lonely, honey. You won’t forget will you? You could come by and see me. There’s a large cement drive in the front of the house.”

“I’ll do what I can.” I managed to get the car door shut and the car started. As I left, I saw her get into a car that was parked there, not on the driver’s side. So that was where she had come from. Who was the driver? Who and what was she waiting for? Or had she
gotten into the car simply because it was unlocked? As I drove away, she was still calling, "Don't forget, honey. Just send me somebody. You can't miss the house. It has a large cement drive." She was wavering, and I smiled weakly and waved back.

As I drove home, I felt cold and limp. Why? How does someone end like this? I thought of the tangle of trash drifting in the lake which we had struck while running our boat. It had become entangled in the blades of the propellor and we had had difficulty extricating it. There was a part of a net, a bottle, a tangled rope, a child's shoe, an old and rusted padlock, and a dead fish. How long had such debris been drifting? When had these particular remnants of some past become attached to each other? Rubbish, but important to us as it had stopped our boat and twisted our propellor blades. What did her past consist of? What strange sea had cast her up?

Suddenly I felt adrift, too. I wanted to get home and to look at my children, at my husband. I wanted to talk to someone. I wanted to touch a hand of someone who loved me. I felt lonely, lonely.

Yet, as soon as I opened the door and went into the house, my earlier irritability returned. I wanted to leave again. The dishes in the sink annoyed me. The kids were certainly old enough to clean up after themselves. The grocery list on the kitchen table reminded me that I had still to go to the grocery store, that in my haste to meet my husband for lunch, I had forgotten it. And I had missed lunch. A tennis racket in the corner and a tennis ball on the floor, for someone to trip over, grated me. The stale smell of the flowers on the table, in stagnant water, completed the breaking of the spell I had been under. Quotidianness returned. Briskly I answered the ringing phone. My husband was explaining why he had forgotten our luncheon appointment. "You could have left a note, or called," I answered angrily. I felt cold, uncommunicative. I knew someone was with him as I heard him covering my anger, so that it would not be apparent to whoever was listening to his end of the conversation. What I had wanted to say as I drove home was gone. The moment was past.

I hung up and felt frightened and sick. I wanted to cry. It was then that I wrote the poem, or that it wrote itself.

Don't be mistaken about the poem. It is not about the incident. I don't know what it is about. The poem is a fiction but the woman and the incident were real. Lying on the table is the scrap of paper with her name on it. Bertha Baker, 117 North Rimmel Road, and under it the words, "someone to live with." And over and over in my mind, like an anguished refrain of lament, "I'm so lonely, honey."
THE DREAM CAME TRUE

By Viola Smith

All my life I've dreamed it would
Be so wonderful if I could
Have an income without toil
No irksome daily tasks and turmoil.
Then retirement came my way
A chance to learn how to play.
I'd dreamed of leisure time to do
Many things--but chance was few.
I tried this and I tried that
Sleeping late made me fat.
Travelling might fill the bill
Too much of that made me ill.
Staying at home was a bore
And so I thought more and more
That maybe my dream wasn't so good
I fell in a slump and started to brood.
And then I thought of another dream
Attending college—but that might seem
A little odd for my sixty years
But a class or two dispelled my fears.
And this, my story, I tell to you
That sometimes dreams do come true.
GOOD MORNING GOD
By Harold A. Holmes

the weeping willow
is heavy laden,
after a night of rain.
its branches hang low
as though it would weep again.
beside the patio there are vegetables;
tomatoes, carrots, beans, beets,
and flowers of different hue;
the creeping silver flox
has crossed o’er the walk
killing the grass, and weeds too.
in their midst two violets
dare to show their lovely face,
so tiny, and deep-dark blue
they seem to be out of place.
trees, vegetables, flowers, grass;
i ponder the mystery
of the fertile sod;
then, before sipping coffee,
i say, “Good morning, God.”

By Renee Licavoli

Swiftly moving beyond a grasp,
Wave-swept into the past,
Leaving no trail to follow behind,
Are the forgotten dreams of a tangled mind.

HUNGER
By Vir

You’d clip my wings and chain
To soar no more in beauty’s sea
You’d give me naught but bread
And my soul would starve for me

Deviltry.

To feed the body is a simple thing
But food for soul and mind to
Can one define just what one
As search for truth and joy still

Relentlessly.
HUNGER

By Viola Smith

You'd clip my wings and chain me to the earth--
To soar no more in beauty's search.
You'd give me naught but bread for body
And my soul would starve for need of jaunty Deviltry.

To feed the body is a simple thing.
But food for soul and mind to make heart sing--
Can one define just what one needs
As search for truth and joy still leads
Relentlessly.

Man with Plow - Sandy Capecci
DREAM

By Mary Ann Lowry

If you see a balloon
with a bandaid pasted to it
flying about,
it’s mine.
I blew it up myself.
Some people who said
they were everyone
and who kept yelling
“Absurd! Absurd!”
punctured it with all
their compulsive idiosyncrasies.
Don’t laugh at it.
It flies and
limps a bit,
but it’s still better than
a plastic ball.
ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By Mary T. Brizzi

Do not flaunt your melancholy so;
Enjoy the sunset; have a cup of tea.
Winter will not last for long; the tree
Cut down last fall tonight will, fireset, glow.
Ennui with dreary tales, with crazing fears,
With spleen that spilled makes such a sticky mess
Has bored us all; wear that red token less
Upon your sleeve; with tears we're bored to tears.
The cycle of day and year will not abate;
Daylight is twelve hours hence; the year
Turns on its tail to bring spring here:
Much, true, to weep, but much to celebrate.
The old weary cycle's start of love will turn:
Bridges of flesh may smoke, but never burn.

By Elaine M. Rogers

Solitude -- I find you,
- an escape. Sweet
aloneness where no one
can look in or see
the secret self. Even the
closest one, when he
looks, he doesn't see.

A SMALL REFLECTION OF

She sometimes thought life went on about her with a merry-go-round going faster, faster, with no stopping, when James came home and found her.
“Honey, what's the matter? You don't even have the feel well?”
Sarah thought she felt well, she just was unsure of she wanted to accomplish with it. She had wanted to be an actress; she had wanted to be a good wife; she It seemed to her as if nothing had worked. And, oh She remembered her mother taking her to her lesson...

“And, Sarah, don't forget your leg warmers. Your practice you complained of cramps throughout the is very severe with her students about having them this time you will suffer the consequences had said.

She was remembering this incident all of a sudden years old, she was sent to ballet class. Her ballet in Mrs. James, she suddenly remembered; she had been She had forgotten her leg warmers that week when to be on time for her class. She had never forgotten the She had enjoyed ballet. It was with these lesson and stance. She couldn't count how many times Mrs. J and to pull her shoulders back. “You must always have Ballet is based on perfectly timed movements, perfect accompaniment.” How many times she had heard them this time you will suffer the consequences had said.

She was remembering this incident all of a sudden years old, she was sent to ballet class. Her ballet in Mrs. James, she suddenly remembered; she had been She had forgotten her leg warmers that week when to be on time for her class. She had never forgotten the She had enjoyed ballet. It was with these lesson and stance. She couldn't count how many times Mrs. J and to pull her shoulders back. “You must always have Ballet is based on perfectly timed movements, perfect accompaniment.” How many times she had heard them this time you will suffer the consequences had said.

From the ages of seven to fourteen, ballet had been taken to class. Each week she had spent hours practicing movements. Yes, she had loved dancing. She had for when she was dancing; it gave her harmony and a sense from school and change her clothes; then she would and practice. (Sarah hadn't thought of this in years, which her father had painted a pastel pink. Along with ceiling in front of which stood her balancing beam,) ballet, until the accident...

“Yes, I'm fine. I am sorry, I just haven't gotten just been thinking and remembering things all day ahead and wash up. I'll call you when it is ready.”
A SMALL REFLECTION OF HER LIFE

By Ted Pawcio

She sometimes thought life went on about her whirling ever-faster, as if she was on a merry-go-round going faster, faster, with no stopping, ever. This was the state she was in when James came home and found her.

"Honey, what's the matter? You don't even have the dishes done from breakfast. Don't you feel well?"

Sarah thought she felt well, she just was unsure of her life. She thought of everything she wanted to accomplish with it. She had wanted to be a ballet dancer; she had wanted to be an actress; she had wanted to be a good wife; she had wanted to be a loving mother. It seemed to her as if nothing had worked. And, oh yes, she had wanted to be a model. She remembered her mother taking her to her lesson...

"And, Sarah, don't forget your leg warmers. You forgot them last week and after practice you complained of cramps throughout the entire lesson. You know Mrs. James is very severe with her students about having their proper equipment. If you forget them this time you will suffer the consequences with no help from me," her mother had said.

She was remembering this incident all of a sudden. Every week since she was seven years old, she was sent to ballet class. Her ballet instructor's name hadn't always been Mrs. James, she suddenly remembered; she had been Miss DuBois until she had married. She had forgotten her leg warmers that week when she had been rushed and in a hurry to be on time for her class. She had never forgotten them again, though.

She had enjoyed ballet. It was with these lessons that she gained her perfect posture and stance. She couldn't count how many times Mrs. James had told her to stand straighter, and to pull her shoulders back. "You must always have perfect posture in this art, Sarah. Ballet is based on perfectly timed movements, perfect posture, and excellent music for accompaniment." How many times she had heard these words from Mrs. James, she could not even begin to count. She suddenly realized that to this day she still maintained perfect posture.

From the ages of seven to fourteen, ballet had been her life. Every week her mother had taken her to class. Each week she had spent hours practicing at home on the perfection of movements. Yes, she had loved dancing. She had felt a sense of oneness with the world when she was dancing; it gave her harmony and a sense of being. She would come home from school and change her clothes; then she would run to her ballet room and practice and practice. (Sarah hadn't thought of this in years. Her ballet room was a spare bedroom which her father had painted a pastel pink. Along one wall were mirrors from floor to ceiling in front of which stood her balancing beam.) It seemed as if she had only lived for ballet, until the accident...

"Yes, I'm fine. I am sorry, I just haven't gotten around to it, the dishes, that is. I've just been thinking and remembering things all day. I'll have dinner on shortly. Go ahead and wash up. I'll call you when it is ready."

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22
I'll make chicken and potatoes I was eleven years old at the time and the recipe says nutmeg funny I don't remember using nutmeg before father and mother took me there also I need celery it's in the refrigerator chop chop into small pieces I was so excited at the very idea add bread crumbs it says it was going to be our summer vacation I need a large baking pan we went there thoroughly excited and I hadn't ridden a horse before since then either baste the chicken with butter not margarine margarine does put a funny taste on meat when used for basting the sun was shining and I should chop the celery smaller and we got on the horses dad and I on the same one mother was on another one chop chop must make them smaller yet we were following the trail when it happened why must I think of this now it's only upsetting chop chop the doctor said my leg would heal at 450 degrees for two hours until well-browned though it was never the same and oh how I tried second rack for the pan in the oven for three years I continued to take ballet but I never regained all that I had lost then they took him to the hospital but already it was too late preheat oven first on account of my leg my balance was forever afterward upset too easily he was already gone when they arrived though oh yes I almost forgot the nutmeg for three years I tried until I was fourteen years old but my sense of timing and equilibrium was off I don't know how mother stood it I was still in the hospital so I didn't have to go it should be done at 6:30 and I must peel the potatoes...
By Renee Licavoli

Let me die
the death of
an eagle.
My spirit
forever untamable,
released to the
wild country.

Composites

By Elaine M. Rogers

Each one of us moving
about; lives touching lives.
Each with its own need. Each
with its own gift. All that we
are and all that we hope to be,
is because of you and me.

The Shell

By Renee Licavoli

If it had been a pearl, no more would its value be,
Nor if it had been found wave-swept in a far-off island’s sea.
But found it was on a small lake’s beach,
The tide having brought it just within my reach.
In Ebony and Alabaster

By Sue Linville

Distant music sang
and then seemed only from a dream
as an ivory moon slid across the night
emerging to reflect
he turned his moist dark eyes toward her
she smiled and winked with a frosted laugh

Crystal snowflakes glided
from the obscurity of space
joining the argent iced expanse
blanketing the crest
and she ran across the virgin whiteness
he called and chased with an impassioned stride

Ebony silhouettes stretched upward
against the moon’s pale glow
twisting branches in a transparent breeze
as if waking from a sleep
then reaching her, they tumbled laughing
and soon grew silent in a close embrace

An early sparrow called out twice
as the morning’s east began to grey
the moon faded in the growing light
a last star blinked from view
she turned her sharp blue eyes toward him
he touched her pale cheek with his warm black hand
YOU HAVE ALWAYS LIVED

By Mary T. Brizzi

In my mind's eye you have always lived
in a cottage with many windows
in a stand of aspen at the top of a hill.
I know the idea is crazy; you live in a small Ohio town,
or inside yourself, mostly, or wherever you can create a quietness.
But there is still in my mind this small cottage
and you are always, in my mind, sweeping
the front step when I walk up. You always
eye me judiciously before leaning the broom
against the dooiframe. We sit on the stoop
and eat cookies or fruit. Occasionally
you invite me in.
I take off my boots and bang them against the stoop,
because the way to the cottage is rocky
and sometimes, when the creek runs, a bit muddy.
We talk quietly about quietness
very restfully among aspens with the wind still
at the top of a hill with a view of the tops of trees.
And we speak more, dreamily,
inside the elegant rusticity of your cottage,
gazing from open windows or stirring mugs of tea.
When the conversation is over, I sit again on the doorsill,
and pull on my boots. The wind rises; the sun is warm.
I wonder, barely aloud, if I have overstayed.
And as I walk down, the leaves rattle in the wind.
Compared to you, the aspen is a very noisy tree.

The Creation

By

A silent moment of anticipation
Obese with a thought that has been
Feeling heavy, it remains inside
Kicking, taunting me with its greed
It is not yet time

An obscure moment of pain
It tries to escape; I keep pen in hand
But there is nothing; the pain persists
I try to call it forth with all my effort
It is not yet time

A cautious moment of interlude
Words flow quickly, but are not yet
It is only a warning, a message of hope
Thoughts are rushed; commotion
It is not yet time

A joyous moment of pain
The thought creeps slowly outwards
Tearing away part of my essence
To emerge, no longer truly part of me
The time has come

A quiet moment of recovery
I relax; the pain quickly fading
The words before me are alive with hope
The creation is complete; rest soon
The time has passed.
The Creation

By Sue Linville

A silent moment of anticipation
Obese with a thought that has been carried too long
Feeling heavy, it remains inside
Kicking, taunting me with its greatness
It is not yet time

An obscure moment of pain
It tries to escape; I keep pen in hand
But there is nothing; the pain passes
I try to call it forth with all my energy
It is not yet time

A cautious moment of interlude
Words flow quickly, but are not fulfilling
It is only a warning, a message of greater creation
Thoughts are rushed; commotion surrounds me
It is not yet time

A joyous moment of pain
The thought creeps slowly outward
Tearing away part of my essence
To emerge, no longer truly part of me
The time has come

A quiet moment of recovery
I relax; the pain quickly fading
The words before me are alive with my thoughts
The creation is complete; rest soon follows
The time has passed.
PROMISES

By Mary Ann Lowry

The fading sun mists through
The tall hills' trees,
Lighting the country valley
With bursting sunset flame.

The water of the mountain stream
Trickles on like life itself.

In this last light
My mother thinks about her life and
talks about her death,
Her breath as fragile as the
Fading autumn mist.

We look at a trinity of stones
Stuck dagger-like in the cooling earth.
One done with dates and name.
Her stone and mine are there,
Recording only name and birth.

I see her face,
Grooved with lines.
And I think of how a tree is
Grooved with lines to mark its time.

And how a flower marks its passing
With its beauty,
Yet leaves its shape behind
In heart and mind.

I make promises as intricate
As the frost-mist of her breath.
He wearily squinted at the digital clock beside him. Still she continued shaking him saying, "It's time away from her, he wondered why she was bothering began tickling. He was just about to impatiently remembered and was instantly awake, chuckling since the game had begun.

"Please get up, honey. It's Christmas, and I want large yawn, he showed his disinterest by burying his action also hid the smile which was spreading uncon that hurts!" he yelled and turned to face his impish wide-eyed little-girl face, full of excitement. Her expression her to him in a big hug. "Okay, okay, you win; we'll Her eyebrows wrinkled together in anticipation of a or take a shower first." Laughing, he patted her on the back of the bathroom. He peeked back in and said, "R presents until I'm ready." The pillow she threw bounces as he escaped into the bathroom.

He made an elaborate production of taking a shower working up mountains of lather. While he showered every year at Christmas. He always placed her gifts fore they went to bed. She was so excited that she him to tell her what was inside her presents. He told them until Christmas night or saving them for the next. She enjoyed the playful exchange both that night and the next, they played it with love in every move.

Finished with his shower, he went back into the bed of the bed. "Are you ready to open your presents yet?" that she leaped from the bed to his side. He took her into the living room. She ran to the tree with a squeal there. Secretly he was pleased; he was not too adept that they would not look very pretty to her. He shoo would be happy with any presents he gave her.

They exchanged gifts in a leisurely way. Each gave it being opened. There were more kisses and as many a pleasant and loving morning, followed by a luxurious. But, sadly, the game was over for another year.

It was past eleven o'clock when he opened his Christmas." "Oh, good morning, Mom, Merry Christmas" over to your aunt's for the family get-together; breakfast as she left the den where he was sleeping during his wake and went into the kitchen for breakfast.

"Hi, Dad, Merry Christmas," he said as he sat down as we were dreaming when I woke you up; you were smilin
CHRISTMAS PAST
By Larry Jones

He wearily squinted at the digital clock beside the bed. Five a.m. glared coldly back at him. Still she continued shaking him saying, "It's time to get up; please wake up!" Rolling away from her, he wondered why she was bothering him so early. She followed him and began tickling. He was just about to impatiently push her away when he suddenly remembered and was instantly awake, chuckling silently. It was Christmas morning, and the game had begun.

"Please get up, honey. It's Christmas, and I want to open my presents!" Presenting a large yawning, he showed his disinterest by burying his head in a pillow. Coincidentally, this action also hid the smile which was spreading uncontrollably across his face. That smile was soon replaced by a grimace of pain, however, as he felt her pinches from behind. "Ow, that hurts!" he yelled and turned to face his impish wife. Looking back at him was a wide-eyed little-girl face, full of excitement. Her expression caused him to laugh aloud and pull her to him in a big hug. "Okay, okay, you win; we'll open the presents on one condition." Her eyebrows wrinkled together in anticipation of a condition she wouldn't like. "Let me take a shower first." Laughing, he patted her on the rump and headed through the door of the bathroom. He peeked back in and said, "Remember, you can't go look at the presents until I'm ready." The pillow she threw bounced off the door frame near his head as he escaped into the bathroom.

He made an elaborate production of taking a shower, singing in a very loud voice and working up mountains of lather. While he showered he thought of the game they played every year at Christmas. He always placed her gifts under the tree on Christmas Eve before they went to bed. She was so excited that she could hardly sleep, so she pestered him to tell her what was inside her presents. He teased her terribly about not opening them until Christmas night or saving them for the next year. They both thoroughly enjoyed the playful exchange both that night and the next morning. It was their game, and they played it with love in every move.

Finished with his shower, he went back into the bedroom to find her sitting on the foot of the bed. "Are you ready to open your presents yet?" he asked. She was so excited that she leaped from the bed to his side. He took her hand and they walked side by side into the living room. She ran to the tree with a squeal and looked at all the presents lying there. Secretly he was pleased; she was not too adept at wrapping gifts and was worried that they would not look very pretty to her. He should have known, of course, that she would be happy with any presents he gave her.

They exchanged gifts in a leisurely way. Each gave a present to the other and watched it being opened. There were more kisses and as many thank-yous as there were gifts. It was a pleasant and loving morning, followed by a luxurious breakfast and other good things. But, sadly, the game was over for another year.

It was past eleven o'clock when he opened his eyes. "Wake up," she said, "it's Christmas." "Oh, good morning, Mom, Merry Christmas." "Get up and get dressed to go over to your aunt's for the family get-together; breakfast is on the table," his mother said as she left the den where he was sleeping during his visit. He got up, took a quick shower, and went into the kitchen for breakfast.

"Hi, Dad, Merry Christmas," he said as he sat down at the table. "You looked like you were dreaming when I woke you up; you were smiling," his mother pointed out. "I was
dreaming of Christmas; it was a pleasant dream," he answered, hoping she wouldn’t ask for details. His father mentioned that it was too bad they had opened their gifts the night before; there was nothing to do Christmas morning. But both parents agreed that it was nice to have him home on Christmas for the first time in five years and it was good for him to be with family instead of alone as he had been since his divorce.

The family Christmas gathering was full of people he hadn’t seen in several years and cousins who had grown so much he no longer recognized them. His mother whispered their names as they went in and out of rooms on some secret missions. Everyone laughed, ate, drank, and appeared to have a very good time. For several hours he socialized with them, telling them what he was doing with his life and his plans for the future. They all seemed impressed and wished him well.

Late in the evening the laughter softened a little, and the food and drinks began to lose their appeal. Everyone began to break up in small groups and scatter about the huge living room to discuss babies, sports, and to solve the world’s problems. He quietly retreated, however, to an overstuffed chair in the corner to regain a small amount of privacy. As he sat comfortably with his own thoughts, he looked out of a smiling face and was very lonely.
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ELAINE M. ROGERS is a freshman majoring in the College of Arts, and has a first appearance in the ICON.

KATHY SANTONE is an English major in the College of Arts and Sciences. She is a member of SAB, SAC and the ICON.

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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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