

the

HELICON

Spring 1960



THE HELICON

*A Literary Publication of the Students of
Rhode Island College of Education*

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STATEMENT OF EDITORIAL POLICY

The Helicon exists in order to provide an outlet for the creative writing of the students. The material was judged by two criteria - literary quality and appeal to the student body. This judgment is, of course, subjective. The editorial staff accepts full responsibility for the choice of material.

The staff was, however, disappointed in the comparatively small number of students submitting manuscripts. It would seem that in a school of this size, there should be more people interested in writing.

The same situation prevailed in the field of art. It was planned to include in this year's Helicon sketches by members of the student body. So few sketches were submitted that it was impossible to select an adequate number for inclusion in the book.

We hope that in the future there will be greater student support of the Helicon, so that the magazine can continue to grow with the College.

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A Poet Is Born—Not Made

He struggled hard,
A troubled bard,

Verses strained — outdated.

For, where the heart is,
There the art is, —

Unpremeditated!

Don Doyle

One for the Price of Two

Two threads of steel
Twining in the distance —
Each is one,
Yet, both are one.

Two separate lives
Walking toward the future
Each is one,
Yet, both are one.

Rails are joined by ties of wood.
We, by ties of love.

Janice Parkinson

YOU

Most, it is not seen.
Deep, it lies within.
Winter's white,
Spring's proud glow,
Summer's song,
Autumn's awe.
This I see . . . and much more.

John Hines

THE SON

Her black face was quiet, thoughtful.
Layers of fat rolled gently under her almost-
clean housedress as she walked. She
hesitated in front of the tiny house with the
flaking white paint, then knocked firmly on
the door.

It was opened almost immediately by a
short, heavy man whose pale face sagged
under a two-day growth of beard.

"Mornin', Mr. Riley."
"It's about time you get here, Mamie,"
he grunted.
"Plen'y a time, plen'y a time."

She walked quickly through the cluttered
living room, pausing only to speak to the
three small, dark-skinned children playing
on the floor. The bedroom she entered was
dark, and the air was heavy. A young
woman lay on the bed, her swollen body
writhing beneath the sheet, her thin, too-old
face damp and shiny.

"How you feel, Sue, honey?"
"I — I'm okay, Mamie. Ed's been taking
care of me. He — does real good." Her
voice was slow, thickened by pain.

"I'll get a cloth t'wipe off yo' face."
Riley sat on the arm of a chair, a can of
beer in his hand. "How is she?" he asked.
"She don't look none too good, Mr. Riley.
She'll have a hard time."

"Do you think we should get a doctor?"
His voice was strained and hoarse.
"Y'know yo' can't ford no doctor."
"That don't matter. I'll pay him some-
how."

"I kin manage," Mamie said shortly.

There was a scuffle on the floor; one of
the children began to cry.

"Shut up!" Riley yelled. The smallest
child, sobbing, wrapped himself around
Mamie's legs. "Can't you get 'em out of
here? They'll disturb Sue."

"They ain't no trouble. They's good kids,
Mr. Riley."

"Go outside and play," he said harshly.
The children scurried from the room.

The room was quiet. Riley finished his
beer. He walked slowly to the window, then
turned around abruptly. "I'm gonna get a
son this time. A son that looks like me."
His voice was loud, and not too steady.

Mamie spoke quietly. "It ain't them
kids' faults they're black."

"Shut up. I want to see my wife."
"Don't you upset her."

He turned around, halfway to the bed-
room, and looked at her, then went on. A
murmur of low voices came through the thin
walls. Mamie moved around the living room,
picking clothes and toys off the floor.
Riley came out. "She wants you."

* * * * *

Mamie came out of the bedroom slowly.
Her heavy footsteps vibrated on the bare
floor. "Yo' got a son."

"Is — is he . . ."
"He's white."

Mamie picked up the squalling infant and
Riley touched his son, gently. He moved
toward the bed.

"No." Mamie held out her hand to stop
him. "She's dead."

Judith A. Brown

CASANOVA'S MYSTERY

Henry Morgan Mason Tyler
Had a rat, which Aunt Myriah
Out of just the merest whim
Had one morning given him.

For Henry had a love undying
Of all things running, crawling, flying;
And after one short seige of bars
His Auntie found the answer—rats!

Her friends all said 'twas a disgrace
To have a rat about the place:
Consider the dirt—consider the smell!
So Auntie considered, and then said, "Well,

When you're lying in bed you always wonder
If that noise which comes from above or under
Be Burglar or Spook or Vermineous Pest:
Now I know it's a rat and I get my rest."

Now Casanova was its name
A rat indeed begot to fame!
It seemed to cherish acts nocturnal
And spurn the commonplace diurnal.

This worried Henry a lot, because
By all of Nature's regular laws
A pet was a pal with which to play,
And Cassie persisted in sleeping all day.

So Henry, who'd won his degree as a scout,
Decided to trail Casanova about
And learn himself what was the reason
His pal went in for midnight treason.

(For after all what worse disaster
Than a pet which refuses to amuse its master?)
So one summer night along about ten
Henry watched Cassie slide out of his pen.

And inch along the garden path
Past the pansies and robins' bath
Then into the shed through a hole in the floor
(Henry arrived through an open door).

There in the corner, more frightened than proud,
Sat Cassie, protecting a sizable crowd.
"A Family Man! And I thought it was vice!"
I never knew rats could have so many mice."

Paula Garganese



THE LADY DANCES

I can still remember her. She had silver blonde hair and tired blue-gray eyes. Her lips were full and were painted a preposterous shade of pink. The lines in her world-worn face were heavily covered with dime store make-up. Her arms were a little too soft and flabby, her hips a little too heavy, her legs a little too thick. I can still remember her, the lady in the green lace dress. And I can still remember that night at the Olympic Club.

It happened when I was working as a busboy at the Olympic. I was just a kid then, working my way through school. The work wasn't bad, and the money was good.

Well, anyway, one night a big party was at the Club. It was a testimonial for a noted politician. There were at least a thousand people present, talking and drinking and laughing and drinking and eating and drinking. After they had eaten the standard chicken dinner provided by the Club, they drank some more while waitresses and busboys cleaned the tables. Once a few tables had been cleared and carried away, a two-bit four-piece band started playing old, Jazz Age tunes with as much fervor and ricky-ticky-tick tempo as had marked the hot-cha combos of a few decades before.

A few daring couples then left their drinks and started dancing. There was a balding, middle-aged man and his plump wife, holding their heads up proudly and smiling confidently, as they did a fox trot which seemed to be their very own, and there was a platinum-blond floozie, trying hard to hold up her loud, inebriated partner.

The lady in the green lace dress was sitting at the last table I had to clear. As I was carting dishes away, she glanced at me occasionally. She was sitting alone and

seemed very (Heaven forgive me for using this word) lonely. When she saw that I had noticed her glances, she looked about the room nervously and puffed at a pink-stained cigarette.

Finally, when I had finished clearing the table and was about to turn away, she said, "Sonny, don't go away."

It was then that she asked me to dance with her. I'll never forget how she asked.

"Would you please . . . well . . . do you think . . . oh, dammit . . . would you dance with me? Just one dance. . . I . . . I haven't danced all night . . . and, gosh, I love to dance . . . Please . . ."

I don't know what made me do it, but I agreed. I forgot my job and my boss. I just couldn't refuse her.

So we danced. And we must have made a very amusing couple indeed—I, with my blue bow tie and my soiled white apron, she, so much older than I, in her green dress. Neither of us spoke while we were dancing. She was a smooth, experienced dancer; I was less so. I don't remember what the band was playing. All I know is that the number was fast and loud. So loud. It was quite an experience. I don't know quite how to explain my feelings except to say that I felt embarrassed and, in a strange way, honored and proud.

The dance ended, and the lady in the green lace dress, the faded lady in the green lace dress, thanked me, touched my hand for a moment, and, with a whispered "good night," left the party. I also whispered "good night," as the band began playing another forgotten ditty, another song from long ago.

Robert Goulet

ON WADING

One must admit that to be older is to doubt
Those certain values that in youth one held
As valid; but to expurgate these fears
And queries, find again the stream or brook
In which you waded as a ten year-old.
Slip off your shoes and cuff your trousers up
And squirm your toes in warm and powder-sand;
Then bear the chill once more. Slip on the moss —
Painted and round, water-smoothed stone;
Watch your toes blanche and in between them ooze
The warming mud.

To reinforce the bond
That ties the man to earth and to the boy
— To relive simple hours and plainer times —
Is to dispel the cares, exchange the doubts
For clear-cut purposes and certainties.

Earl F. Briden



ONLY LOVERS KNOW

Love is a secret alcove of the heart
Most visited when love is not.
Whispering memories are most bitter
When lonely winter husbands early spring,
Younger in love than yesterday
Courtied by love in early May,
Youth grows up entwined in love's arms
Finds a stranger in her charms.
Winter brings a sweeter song
Finds a truth where youth was wrong.
Oh, leaves will blow, doors will shut,
Hearts will bleed but love will never cease.
And only lovers know all love is caught
But loneliness unless secrets be shared.

Millie Mae Wicklund

SONNET

Is love the only thing to have in life?
The love that shocks and maims and kills the soul,
The love that leads to only fear and strife,
The love that soon becomes our only goal,
And over-rides the thought and mind and will,
Destroying happiness and peace and then
Destroying hope that feeds the soul until
It builds the foolish, grasping hope again?
For love is not the spring that poets sing –
Rebirth, regeneration, joy, and light.
It is instead a numbing, killing thing,
A slowly creeping, encraving blight.
And yet, I love, I worship, I adore,
I fall, I rise, and then I love once more.

Judith A. Brown

A LUCKY GUY

Charlie, that's what the guys in the office call him. His real name is Charles P. Davis and he's got a beautiful wife, a daughter, and a home out on the Drive – honestly, what more could a guy want, I ask you? And besides all this, Charlie's a real nice guy. He's always asking one of the bunch from the office out to his place for supper and a game.

Take the other night for instance, about 5:30 Charlie came over to my desk and asked me to come out to his place and have supper with him. Well, this was a break because Charlie has a lot of pull with the company. To tell you the truth, I was kind of afraid to call Margie and tell her I wouldn't be home for supper because Wednesday is the night we leave the kids at Ma's and take in a movie. But, I called and she said O.K. She was disappointed I could tell, but she said O.K.

So as soon as it was six, Charlie and I left. We went to the Horseshoe Bar for a drink – he always stops in there for a drink before he goes home. It's one of those places where no one speaks to anyone. Everyone sits around and reads the *Times* or *Fortune* and drinks a martini – very dry. We left there at seven and got in Charlie's 'Jag' – he loves that car like a person. As we were driving along, I asked Charlie if his wife would mind an extra guest – I know Margie would. She always goes out and buys all those things that no one ever eats when we have company – but Charlie said it was perfectly all right, his wife probably wouldn't be at home anyway. She's always on all kinds of committees to raise money. Margie's always reading about her in the society section. So, Charlie convinced me that it would be O.K.

It was almost eight when we got to Charlie's. The house was dark and it looked awful big just sitting there on the Drive. Margie and I drove out to the lake a lot with the kids on Sunday and Margie says that Charlie's might be the biggest house on the Drive, but that it has the best location. We went into the kitchen and Charlie got two dinners out of the big freezer. He said he had to buy it in self defense – his own cooking was killing him. Now, his wife is able to make up his dinners a week in advance and freeze them for him. Charlie put the dinners in the oven and showed me around. He has a garbage disposal and an electric can opener in his kitchen. Boy, what a life! Margie's always nagging me to throw out the garbage or to open cans for her. That's one thing about Margie, she has an awful time opening cans. Charlie asked me to leave my cigarette in the kitchen because his wife can't stand the smell of smoke. She can tell five hours after somebody smokes in her house. The dining room has gold curtains, and a big table with eight chairs. Charlie's wife had the Governor to dinner there one night. The parlor is

Louis XIV. Charlie said his wife bought it in New York and it cost him a mint. We went upstairs – the back way because the front stairs are broadloom and too much traffic might wear them out. There are four bedrooms. The first one belongs to his daughter but it was closed up because she's away at boarding school. Charlie hates the idea, but his wife thinks it will be a good experience for her. The next bedroom belongs to Charlie's wife. It was closed. Charlie didn't show it to me; he says his wife has a real phobia about people coming into other people's rooms. She even makes Charlie and her daughter knock before they come in. Margie and I ought to try that, the kids are always running in and out of our bedroom. Charlie's room faces the back of the house. He even has his own bathroom; so does his wife. He says it avoids crowding in the morning. I sure could use another bath at my place. I'm always racing the kids to get the bathroom first in the morning. And there's always a mess of Margie's junk in there – curlers, lipstick, bobby pins . . . The fourth bedroom is for guests. It was closed too – since his daughter went away there haven't been any guests, Charlie said.

We went back to the kitchen and had dinner. Charlie's wife is a real good cook. After dinner, we went into the den so we could smoke. We played rummy and had a couple of drinks. Well, after awhile, Charlie was feeling good and he started handing me this line about what a lucky guy I was. Can you beat that? He started talking about the "good old days" when he and his wife lived in a walk-up flat. I tried to straighten him out, but he wouldn't listen. Boy, what can you do with a guy who has everything and doesn't appreciate it? I figured that it was time for me to get going, so I started to thank Charlie for the meal, etc. But, he just kept thanking me and telling me that it was me who was doing him the favor. Boy, I got out of there fast!

When I got home, there was a note and a slab of pie on the table for me. Margie had gone to bed – she's up at six with the kids, so by ten she's really knocked out. I ate the pie and read the note – Margie's a great one for writing crazy little notes and leaving them around the house for me. This one said "Apple pie for the apple of my eye" – crazy, huh? She must have made the pie while I was at Charlie's – it was still warm. I figured I'd wait until tomorrow to tell her about Charlie's place. Margie's crazy about houses. She's always cutting out pictures of fancy rooms and showing them to me. Maybe she even has a picture of Charlie's Louis XIV room. I got my pajamas – Margie always rolls them up and puts them on the chair beside our bed – and got into bed, real easy. Wait 'til tomorrow. Wait 'til I tell her about Charlie's electric can opener.

Ann Maginn

YOU AND I

We're all stuck. We're stuck inside ourselves, just like clams, and we can't get out.

I can only understand you in terms of myself, and that's all wrong, because you're not me, and maybe you're not at all like me, so that everything I think about you is cock-eyed. When I try to think of you, or God, or the cat next door, I can really only

think of me, because that's all I know.

This is the main trouble with communication. Because everything is so personal, and nothing can be conceived except in terms of self, two people can't really talk to each other. Each is talking to himself, about himself. It's a wonder we ever understand each other — or do we?

Judith A. Brown

Observations from a Suburban Sidewalk

So here's the milkman — the Symbol of America's OLD Order — ruddy and wrinkled, blowing clouds of white vapor in November and patching the armpits and cap-band of his uniform with sweat in August. And SMILING.

At conveyor-belt cadence he still runs an activity reserved for the running specialists

at four A. M. he still rises an obsolete ritual and cast-off of that contemptibly simple Franklinian philosophy

at his work he still aims to please an objective interred beneath supermarket foundations.

"How", we of America's NEW Order ask, "can one be so brazen as to blantly assert that one is a Professional milkman?"

Why, even the better-paid cab driver would never admit to a fondness for, or resignation to, his position in this age of thinking-for-onself.

"A man entirely devoid of foresight;" we muse, "unrealistic! Is he not aware that the convenient aerosol bomb or the hygienic plastic bag must supplant the raucous, frangible milk bottle?"

"*Quel type!*"

And, wagging out heads . . . we dismiss the milkman as a relic of some pristine species, as a remnant who plants trees for shade and who chastises his children, who "goes for walks" and who pays for what he buys, who loves his wife and who is blind to the advantages of the chemical suntan.

Earl F. Briden



SOL Y SOMBRA

A lone bulb swinging from the ceiling twisting
shadows on the face of a man
Colored rays reflecting from a suit of lights
and a gleaming sword.
A short lonely walk down a darkened passage
then glaring white heat.
noise . . . dust . . . sun and shade

man faces himself

Conflicting forces meet in a climax of a swirling
cape and billowing dust
Dust rises no more from the wet arena floor
silencia . . . sangre . . . sol y sombra

A lone bulb swinging from the ceiling twisted
shadows on the face of the man
Few rays of light reflect from the dusty bloody
traje de luces and a crusted sword
no walk, no wait, no life . . .
just death.

Edward L. Rondeau

Make for me a rose, my child

Make for me a rose, my child
Mold it with your hands.
Finger the petals and leave your print
Your mark of ruby red or subtle gold.
Send your breath between each fold
Sweeten the very air.
Shed a tear for beauty's sake
And let it glisten there.
Surround it with the greenery of youth
And let me watch it grow!

Natalie Alvti

POVERTY ROW

In succession, houses rise
Their rooms turned inside out
Swallow the flow of time.
Nothing greets the eye held high.
Nothing meets the heart born dry.
Little is there for a rime.
Nothing breathes here but a doubt.
Fleeing nothing, something dies.

In succession, houses rise
Their rooms turned outside in
Follow the flow of time.
Something makes the eye hold high.
Something breaks the heart born dry.
Everything in here is from time.
Something lives here, call it kin.
Escaping something, nothing dies.

Millie Mae Wicklund

WE ARE ONE

We never tire of living
On Man Street
For we are one
And are content to roam
Laughing at this life.
Crawling serpents lead us
And we never fear the bed
For it is willed upon us
By a body insatiable
Which thinks only to diverge us
From the painful, empty night.
All is hollow laughter on Man Street.

We never tire of loving
On World Street
For we are one
And are content to walk
Marvelling at this love.
Dancing sunbeams lead us
And we never fear the rain
For it is not lashed upon us
By winds untameable
But falls as gently as a child's
Downy coverlet upon a soft cheek.
All is light and love on World Street.

We never tire of joy
On God Street
For we are one
And are content to stride
Rejoicing at this joy.
Soaring angels lead us
And we never fear the grave
For it is not put upon us
By a God unmerciful
But acts only to release us
As a key upon a door.
All is peace and joy on God Street.

Linda Murray

WOMAN WITH CANE

Wasted by her fruitless years,
 Drawn by hunger close to fears,
 Bearing the gifts of yesterday,
 She limps with cane, yet seems gay.
 Followed by her lonely shadow,
 She dreams of flowers in a meadow.
 Wears a gentle smile upon her lips,
 And wastes its tenderness upon street corner whips.
 Won't deny that life is bad,
 And yet hurries to add
 That life is good
 If one would
 Bear the gifts of yesterday.

Millie Mae Wicklund

SEE-SAW

Don't cry over spilt milk,
 Until someone spills the beans.

SEE-SAW

The way to a man's heart is through
 The hole in his chest that resulted
 From the loss of a rib.

Don Doyle

SEE-SAW

The word to the wise is sufficient,
 To the insufficient, likewise,
 To the wordy, edgewise.



ROSCOE

My acquaintance with Roscoe Siroke was brief, but I recall him perfectly. We met during the sixth grade, when boys aren't boys, and girls aren't girls, but everyone is just one big, happy baseball team.

We met in an English class, taught by a somewhat cow-faced woman named Miss Mirage. Forty-five of the forty-six in the class trembled when she fixed her gimlet eye upon them. I was the forty-sixth. Because I was an obedient, law-abiding, ambitious boy, she liked me, and out of her affection, placed me in the first seat, first row.

One day a boy in the middle of the back row announced that he couldn't see the board, and Miss Mirage brought him up to my place and sent me to his seat because I was always so trustworthy. The seat to which I was assigned was beside that of a boy with an amazingly long face, an amazingly long nose, amazingly watery green eyes, and amazingly wispy brown hair. This was Roscoe.

No sooner had Miss Mirage turned her back to help a pupil at the board, than Roscoe leaned

over to me. "Yuh know how to make airplanes?"

I shook my head.

He ripped page thirty-one out of his geography book and deftly folded it into something like a dart. "Here," he said, poking it at me, "fly it."

I whispered, "I don't know how."

Stunned at my ignorance, he stared at me, then took the airplane in his fingers.

Miss Mirage was, at the moment, having a tantrum up at the board, but I was too interested watching Roscoe prepare our craft for flight to notice her. Then came a bellow: "If I hear one more sound . . ."

Roscoe launched the plane. "Brrrrr," he said, loudly imitating a motor, and the paper sailed across the room until it collided with the head of a girl, busily doing her arithmetic.

The shaking of the floor warned us of Miss Mirage's approach. She lumbered down the aisle and grabbed Roscoe's shoulder in one huge hand and mine in the other. "Who was responsible for that noise?"

We didn't answer, and she shook us furiously. "WHO made that noise?"

I was beginning to understand exactly how a pair of dice feel, when Roscoe blurted out, "We," Miss Mirage dropped me and swung up toward Roscoe's face.

"Leave him alone," I shouted. "Get your hands off him."

I have since learned to slip under a long right, but at that time I was ignorant of the art of self-defense and went down under the first blow.

That was how I met Roscoe. The beginning of our friendship was bloody, but the development of it was bloodier. We too established a Reign of Terror in Room 306. He seemed to have a congenial dislike for authority, and he converted me from a teachers' consolation to something like himself. We spared nobody. Of course, Miss Mirage separated us as far as possible in the classroom, but Roscoe managed to keep in touch with me. One day during a drawing period, he held up a printed sign saying, "Sing." I obeyed him promptly; he joined me, thumping the desk to mark time, and we found ourselves banished to the hall, just as we had hoped to be.

"See what I got?" Roscoe asked as he held out a large key. It belonged to the supply room, and consequently, when no one was looking, we slipped down to the room and let ourselves in. I was disappointed at first to see nothing but gallon bottles of ink, hordes of paper, and thousands of pencils. Roscoe, too, looked disappointed at first, but not for long; as usual his mind did a little churning and came up with an idea.

He picked up a gallon bottle of ink. "Come on," he said. "You take one, too. If this key unlocks the cloakroom, we can have a swell time."

The key did fit, and we went around filling the teachers' boots and rubbers with ink, and - as something of an anti-climax - tied knots in their coat sleeves. When we had finished, it was it was almost time for the drawing period to be over; therefore, we locked the door of the cloakroom and went back to the business of being educated. I have always regretted that I could not have been there when the teachers discovered their apparel. We were present at the general assembly, however, called to discover the evil-doers, and we enjoyed it, but seeing our superiors washing out their footwear and untying their coat sleeves would have been much more fun.

Roscoe and I did not confine our friendship

to the school building, but pursued it happily elsewhere. We enjoyed many childish pastimes, of which our favorite was fighting. Every Tuesday, with a flock of admiring disciples, we waited in a lot and took on all comers. Most of the battles were gory, and there being no rules, many combatants stoned as well as slugged one another. One day while hammering away in the dust with two boys, we spied a policeman heading our way. No movie producer ever filmed a madder chase than that which followed. The policeman's legs were longer, but ours were far more agile. We never used sidewalks when they could be avoided, and we knew all the devious routes around the neighborhood. Just where we lost him, I'm not sure, but I think that it was in the yard in which there was a vicious bulldog. The beast was asleep when we came into the yard, but stirred as we dropped over the fence into the next yard, and I feel certain that he was awake to greet the policeman.

It is strange that Roscoe and I came to the parting of the ways over a simple, normal thing like baseball. He and I were captains of two teams that met after school in the lot, and one afternoon we got into an argument over whose team should bat first. I was holding the bat, and he tried to pull it away from me.

"Get your hands off," I said, and backed away from him. His face darkened, and his eyes began to narrow. "You give it to me." He dove at me, reaching for the bat. I raised the bat over my head, and brought it crashing down on his face. As he went down, I began to run. "I'll kill you," he roared as he started after me.

I looked back only once. The sight of his swinging the bat, his hair over his eyes, the blood pouring from his nose, and his face twisted up in pain and anger scared me enough to make my legs fleet. I got to my house a few seconds before he did, and still frightened out of my wits, I stood in the living room and watched him retire in defeat.

The following day, Roscoe was transferred to a parochial school for the rigors of its disciplinary system, and I never saw him again. For a long time, I slunk around the neighborhood in mortal fear that I should encounter him, and even now I am uneasy at the possibility. Anyone else, I believe, would laugh at what I did to him so long ago, but not he. I dread the day we meet, for murder would be child's play to Roscoe.

Gerald Schooley

ULTRA NIHIL

I look upon my world so vain;

It smirks 'neath placid face,

Although 'tis only one mere stain

In this colossal space.

Ingredient thou art, O Earth,

In fortune's recipe!

So helpless in thy orbit's berth

In such perplexity. -

Does airy musing men annoy

(Thus seeking, find we Him)?

Perchance, for some 'twould be sheer joy,

For some, mere childish whim.

Don Doyle

ILLOGISM

"They were having a hat sale downtown . . .

I spied an inexpensive-expensive one.

(It matched the alligator bag I had just purchased.)

I thought of my husband's tattered suit,

of the unpaid mortgage,

of the milk bill . . .

So I bought it."

MORAL: Man is limited by reason - woman only by eternity.

Don Doyle

PREDESTINATION

Heaven called me to her door

By invitation white.

The heart accepted for the soul

Its journey into light.

And like the golden plover who

The Arctic night must leave

Or perish in its jaw, I soared

My summer to receive.

But midway in my migrant flight

God's couriers unrolled

The list of gospel truants

Written on damnation's scroll.

Heaven called and I declined

Its privilege to take;

The favor of eternity

Must no exceptions make.

Betsy Greene

HANDS

Durer venerated them;
They in turn will pray for him.
Soiled, singed, scathed, scarred,
Measure of a man, by God!

Don Doyle

APPEAL

Lead me to a light
That I might
Wipe away
His blood
And be called
A righteous man.

Gene Brickach





