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Untitled

Joan Bingham
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Frigidare

I opened your door with tenderness
 Pulled at it with style
 Anticipating all the while
 To find within your hold
 The fruits for which my labor's sold
 Soothing wine to quench my thirst
 Food for which my hunger cursed
 Light to guide my hand within
 Power to let my life begin
 The feast I sought
 The one I miss
 Only to find cold dark emptiness

Scott Barnard

Greek Gods — Roman ones too
 Mythological creatures encompass you
 Startled from perception
 Agony will flee
 Danced with confusion
 Of how you are thee
 Triggers the force within
 Captures the moment you can win
 Dare say you not believe
 Seek truth and perceive
 Know thine own self true
 Be as those who made you

Joan Bingham

once conductor

Frank, the craggy skin-stretched skull
 who is all arms, brain veins,
 and a bundle of ageless nerves.
 A portrait of mine own,
 most eccentriclike.
 The conductor, in 50 years, I will be.

Timing every anthem,
 checking off every item
 on the master rehearsal plan
 as the symphonic chorale of 6
 wonders.
 "All right, now, people, you see, watch
 me, up here, you see, for the phrasing and
 don't taper off . . ."
 The flail with a powerful
 full handed tremolo
 and the necessary delusions to proceed.
 And still rasping,
 50 years from now,
 at the 4 altos, 1 bass
 and one experimenter,
 and a young eye and ear at the keyboard.
 I will be free, you see, to proceed.
 And not taper off.

Lee Kesselman

To. A. L. R. (No. 7)

You make me shine
 when the sun is behind the clouds
 or asleep for the night.
 You make me shine
 like the brightest star
 that glows in a sea of millions.
 You make me shine
 with the flames of new fire
 that you have set in my heart.
 Oh, yes —
 you make me shine!

Paula B. Helfrich

"Alone"

Loneliness
 What words can describe it?
 None.
 The cigarettes
 The alcohol
 All are a part of
 I wish for one
 Some that I know
 Just some talk,
 Some idle gibberish
 with a friend.
 They certainly are
 few.
 To relate to someone
 out of the past,
 To rehash some long
 forgotten event over and over.
 Loneliness
 A harbinger of pain,
 of sorrow
 of want.

J. Reed Anderson

risk it

walking through A hallways
 is a flowering trip of triumph
 suburban lovelies and young heroes
 gathered in common passage
 graduating to higher class
 touching eyes
 unbearable tease
 I know that person from somewhere.

The Coward

This man,
 his mercenary soul
 Afraid to give of love
 for fear, of being trapped.
 For Fear
 Of Fear
 By Fear
 is he entombed.
 impenetrable
 And after all, is conquered.
 inconsolable.
 I will cry forever.

Carin Wiseman

under, over, around and through A hallways
 a sense of quality education
 with modern motivation
 sex, drugs, and rocknroll, of course but
 love and political awareness much more so
 wanting to talk to you, smile
 going to give you a degree
 make you royally high
 let you free.

stepping through A hallways
 is a solemn trip of meaning
 here we are, CD, 1982
 a place and time of triumph
 moving on, partying down, singing love song eternal
 on the rise, in the work, giving strength magnified
 yea, last night was so fine
 yea, good to see you today
 yea, we will do it again tomorrow.

Youth

we all have dreams
 of saving the world.
 we all have hopes
 of higher heights.
 we all have strength
 of new age unity.
 we all have love
 to share for ever.
 we all have the power
 to let everyone see true.
 for when you are young
 life is eternal adventure.

Edward Happel