

Winter 3-11-1983

## Untitled

Truman Fox  
*College of DuPage*

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SOLZHENITSYN'S SCHISM

*This world, you say, is but a mundane egg  
Cracked — split, torn apart, like  
A softball in the late innings,  
Might even have to postpone the game,  
Cancel the playoffs  
And turn out the lights for a century or two.  
What's that, Al, we haven't suffered enough?  
Too soft and out of shape?  
Don't worry, there's another slide under way  
That'll shake down the markets,  
Throw the gold bugs into a frenzy,  
Stir up the old primal juices and  
Get things jumpin' again.  
And meantime, Al, don't you fret about  
Your papa's already crossed the Alps  
(not even the king of decline had that  
in mind for this millenium)  
And as for nerve, we've got plenty  
On reserve, bottled up,  
Sittin' on a shelf in South Carolina  
In case things get out of hand.*

— Charlie Kostelnick

*One man said to another,  
"I'm going to fight with nature and win."  
The other man said, "It's impossible."  
The first man said, "I can."*

*He chopped down 40 trees,  
And burned 40 more,  
He polluted the land and oceans,  
He polluted the sandy shores.*

*He built a factory,  
Filling the sky with smoke,  
Destroying all wildlife,  
He laughed — what a joke.*

*The man stood alone on the dead black earth,  
Then he realized something frightening,  
What had he proved by struggling with nature,  
Then he was struck by lightning.*

— Larry Friedman



WARRIOR

Truman Fox

*He had no arms —  
And there were stumps —  
Where his legs —  
Used to be.  
But a face so full —  
With black/grey beard —  
Was all —  
That I could see.*

*Half a man?  
He could not be —  
For there is no such creature.  
His eyes and soul —  
Contained the limbs —  
That a total man would feature.*

*Our eyes met —  
And intertwined.  
He filled my soul with hope.  
Life shined bright —  
Within his glance —  
And I knew —  
That he could cope.*

*A voice so soft —  
Pierced my ears —  
And a booming cry rang out.  
INSIDE OF ME —  
But NOT in him —  
He had no time for doubt.*

*Boy child playing —  
Grown man running —  
The battle —  
Has led you to hell.  
And you are not —  
Just any man —  
You've served your country —  
Well??*

— Mary Ryder-Swanson