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The Tower 1961

Cover Page Footnote

The journal was later renamed Parnassus.



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Tower



THE TOWER

— EDITORS —

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Prof. Herbert G. Lee

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REVERIE

I lie on my back and soak up the warm October sunshine. The infinite dome of the serene heavens above me is blue and completely cloudless, its cerulean continuity broken only by the brilliant, blazing sun.

A nearly invisible jet makes its lone, slow but certain flight across the vast horizon, leaving a thin, bright trail of white behind which is quickly blown to invisibility by the unseen wind. The intruder crosses the fiery path of the sun and disappears in the blinding, burning brilliancy, only to appear again on the other side, unscathed.

Slowly the silver speck and the pleasant low roar of its motors fades into the distance, leaving me again completely lost in the fathomless soft blue of the sky. I and the hard earth beneath me are small and insignificant, conquered and nameless and unknown in this vast expanse of blue.

The sky whispers to me as it drifts by in the wind, tenderly caressing my hair and cooling my face made hot by the sun. Death, toil, pain, sorrow -- what are they? My balm of blueness will comfort and heal.

I close my eyes and listen again to the soothing voice of the wind, and I enjoy her pleasant touch on my body, while the warmth of the sun numbs and lulls me to a drowsy reverie. I am at peace.

Virginia Doctor

SILENCE

The little chapel rings with silence. Sunlight streams in the windows and falls on the empty pews - - pews that probably once held many people but now hold only the sunlight. Four straight walls stand quietly together, and in the lavender, rose, and gray wallboard seem to be contained a thousand, unheard thoughts and prayers, crying for utterance. But all is still, and no voice is heard.

Near the front of the room sits a tiny organ, which has known the feel of light fingers moving gracefully over the keys and the sweet sound of music issuing from its interior. But now the seat is vacant. No fingers lovingly touch the keys, and there is no sound - - no sound except the music of silence.

To the left of the organ, the pulpit stands as if to survey its subjects. But there are no subjects now, and the pulpit stares quietly at the rays of sunshine touching the vacant pews. Behind the pulpit on either side of the communion table, two empty chairs cast gray shadows upon the wall. On the communion table stand two unlit, white candles, pointing upward to a portrait of Christ. He, too, is silent, for He knows the pain and grief suffered by the people He loves. As compassionate love radiates from His face, the pulpit, pews, and even the walls seem to bow in quiet prayer to Him.

Pam Freeland

A PATTERN FOR WORSHIP

(Based on Psalm 100)

Gladly to to the service;
Worship the Lord joyfully;
Sing.
Let all worship Him - -
Every man,
Everywhere.

Recognize His deity
And Lordship:
He made us,
He has chosen us,
He cares for us.

Breathe a prayer of thanksgiving
As you near the church;
Praise God
When you enter the sanctuary:
For the Lord is Good;
His mercy is everlasting;
His truth,
Eternal

W. Ralph Thompson

FREEDOM

Freedom is one of the greatest of words; yet who can define it? Volumes have been written about it, but who can say what it means? Perhaps defining freedom is difficult because genuine freedom has its roots in our spiritual nature; it did not come out of an act of Congress, but out of the inalienable rights we possess as the creation of God.

It is when we forget this, when we forget the spiritual nature of freedom, when we make it an end in itself, that our trouble with freedom begins.

A young man decided to be free. He determined no one should tell him what to do, when to come in at night, how to spend his money. So he asked for his inheritance in advance, and with a toss of his head he went down the road singing the original lyrics to that once popular tune "Don't Fence Me In." There were no rules to suppress his gait; no religion to interfere with his rights. Non-charlantly he left them all behind - - discipline, restraint, responsibilities. This was really living.

But one thing he did not reckon with - - himself - - he could not get away from his conscience.

Those rights of his were not paying off as he had pictured. The more he got what he wanted, the less he wanted what he got; and one day he came face to face with the truth. He saw that freedom was not merely a matter of rights but also a matter of right. To indulge in rights at the expense of right is not freedom; it is just another kind of tyranny.

This is a free country, they say - - everyone can decide for himself what is right - - so with a shrug of the shoulders people go on their way singing "Don't Fence Me In."

With what results? Divorce rates increase; the crime level rises. Tragic it is for educated people to be emancipated from all the taboos, but empty, with no capacity for loyalty to anything.

Freedom may be the emptiest of words if it means only absence of restraint or authority. Freedom of speech is empty unless we have something to say. Freedom of worship is empty if we have no God to worship. Some Americans who were upset when Russia closed its churches hardly knew that their own were open. Freedom of religion? They were free of it entirely.

Freedom is not good if it is an end in itself and divorced from divine purpose. The Scriptures say, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." Not just free from something but free to something. Not simply absence of restraint, but presence of possibility. Not just the power to do what we want, but the power to do what God wants. There is a vast difference between Christian freedom and the substitutes which materialism has fashioned.

When Moses stood before Pharaoh saying, "Let my people go," his dream of freedom was not of release from restraint and authority. No sooner were his people released from the authority of Pharaoh than God confronted them with another law, the Ten Commandments.

Who is freer, the occupant behind the Iron Curtain or John Q. Public in the U.S.A.? For the Communist has freedom - - freedom from making so many decisions. The regimented man does not have to think for himself. Denied the freedom of choice he has one inclusive responsibility - to do as he is told.

The free man, however, has one supreme responsibility - to choose what he will do. He is free to make choices; in fact, he must make choices.

A noted Christian physicist with many opportunities for large financial and professional advancement somehow is not free to accept them.

Five missionaries, face to face with violent barbarians in South America, somehow are not free to defend themselves with their guns, and thus they permit themselves to be martyred.

A medical research scientist is not free to settle down to a high-income private practice, but toils unceremoniously for years to develop a life-saving vaccine.

A Christian teacher with a promising future decides to spend his life in an African mission school. Did anyone make him go?

What force keeps people like these from doing what they want to do? Or is it that these are the people who are free -- free to fulfill their divine destiny? This is what I choose to call living in the realm of unenforceable obligation.

Everything that is worth something costs something. We have freedom today because someone else paid a price for this precious commodity. Love of freedom swept the Pilgrims across the Atlantic; it grew into the Declaration of Independence. It marched to Lexington and Concord with the Minutemen; it stood fast with Arnold at Saratoga and was paid homage by Jefferson, Adams, and Jackson. It swelled with the words delivered at Gettysburg Cemetery and rolled with the railroad to the Far West. It raised the flag on Iwo Jima.

Our forefathers found freedom most precious when it was threatened. The greatest danger to our freedom today is the seeking to be free from its requisites -- sacrifice, hard work, unenforceable obligations.

There have been times in this nation's history when all it took to combat problems of the gravity now facing us was to make them known. With the taste of freedom fresh on men's tongues there was little danger of apathy competing with action.

A way of life born in such a spirit now faces a crisis that must be met in the same spirit. While the multitudes think it over, while they juggle issues and watch the world plot thicken, there are still those who continue to sacrifice to maintain the hard-earned freedom which we enjoy today. For this we should be humbly grateful.

We want to thank God that we live in the land of the free, a land in which we are free to choose to live in the realm of unenforceable obligations and demonstrate the true purpose of life.

When Christ preached his first sermon, He said He had come to set the captives free, yet the first step in the process was to bind them to Himself with the command: "Follow me." This is the great paradox of freedom. We are not really free until we are bound voluntarily to something greater than ourselves. There is no freedom except in the will of God. Every other freedom is an illusion.

"Make me a captive, Lord, and then I shall be free."

Wilbur Cleveland

THE BASIC

Go man .

Take your ballads,

Shades and needles, and this

Noise about the beards, and back off .

Cut the hack-hack-hacking at my door .

Out of

Left field you come

Cruising, bugging me with

Phoney bits about conforming

To your common non-conformity .

If I

Dig your down-beat

Rhythms, hypo dreams and

Crazy pads - be calm, large daddies -

I'll come on, like strong, all by myself .

BUT I'll

Float my art and

Drive kicks in the channels

Dug by me . You cats go non-

Conform together while I solo it,

Like free .

Carl Thompson

THE PRISONER

A plane droned lazily across the steel-blue sky and its wings glinted in the yellow white glare of the sun. The air lay thick and still, saturated with the heat of a summer afternoon. And in the little town, active life seemed to be at an absolute minimum. Yet in one room on one of the side streets, action was unfolding rapidly.

"A dark little man who held a cold, blue automatic in his hand was advancing across the room. Facing him against the opposite wall stood another man, waiting. 'O.K. cop, this is it,' snarled the little man."

But suddenly the reader slammed the book to the floor and stood up. "No," he cried, "I can't find what I want in some crazy book! I've gotta find my own excitement." He glared at the barber chair in which he had been sitting, and at the red, yellow and white bottles of hair oil which were stacked neatly in the window. He looked at the rows of clippers and combs and scissors behind the chair. And finally he looked up at the diploma which hung at the top of the mirror. It stated that William Cattlet had graduated from the Capitol Barber College on May 28, 1958, and was hereby qualified to serve as a competent barber. He snatched a water glass from the wash basin beneath the mirror and hurled it at the diploma. And as he whirled to look at the shop once more, it looked more and more like a prison cell. But this time his gaze fell upon a poster which was hanging on the wall, and in the light of that poster the bars seemed to swing open.

Two days later the shop was in the hands of a realtor, and Bill Cattlet was on a train bound for Camp Lejune, North Carolina. As he gazed proudly at his U.S. Marine Corps I.D. card, he felt certain that this was the first leg of the most thrilling adventure of his life.

Eighteen weeks later, basic training was over and Bill was stationed in Massachusetts. The winter wind dashed across the barren and deserted Massachusetts parade ground and piled its burden of snow against the grey walls of the barracks. For most of the men, time passed slowly; but in one of the headquarters barracks, it was completely suspended.

"A man worked stealthily at the combination of a safe. He hardly breathed as his fingers felt for the jar of the tumblers falling in place."

"Cattlet, how many times have I told you to cut out this reading while you're on duty? Suppose the colonel came in and saw you reading this jazz? We'd get our tails chewed for six months. Now get up here and look sharp. Here come a couple of officers."

With a sullen "Yes, sir," Corporal Bill Cattlet, USMC, Company Barber, laid down his book and stood up. His eyes swept the room, hatred in their glance, and as the two officers entered, shrugging off the wet snow, he picked up the clippers, which had become to him a ball and chain.

John Oswalt

A TOUCH OF GOD

The sky was alive! The aurora borealis had come out to play across the heavens in dazzling beauty.

I recall now that it was rather cool that night and I had only a light sweater for a coat, but I never felt the cold as I marvelled at the changing illumination. Colors began to appear, and just above the pale yellow sheen came a pearly mint green, as cool as the glaciers and snows from which the light was reflected far up north. The shapes reminded me of stalactite and stalagmite formations in caves, but about thirty degrees west there was a castle of mint green, a perfect castle in the air. The pearly sheen surpassed mother-of-pearl in awesome beauty. Building on the cool green across the horizon was a light touch of raspberry -- like the huge red raspberries I loved to eat as I picked them at my grandmother's when I was small. But now the juice had been squeezed out and used to color a fluff of cotton candy. Pale yellow fingers reached up into the zenith of a deep, dark blue velvet sky. Stars were shining through everywhere, and their lights were colored by the fluorescent Northern Lights. I gazed and wondered a long time, thinking many thoughts, watching the aurora move across the northern horizon.

Marge E. Cook

AN INTRODUCTION TO MODERN MUSIC

Generally speaking, the artistic music of our own age is not well received by present-day listeners. Although the situation has improved somewhat during recent years, nevertheless, the public is far less responsive to the music of the twentieth century than to that of earlier times, particularly in comparison to the venerable masterworks of eighteenth and nineteenth century composers such as Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, and Verdi, whose compositions form a large part of the standard repertory of our performing organizations.

Several reasons have been suggested for this generally prevailing lack of interest in modern music. It is impossible to discuss these thoroughly within a short article, but certainly one of the main reasons for the layman's inability to appreciate much of the new music is the fact that it is considerably more complicated than most of the music of past periods in history. In fact, I doubt that

certain extreme examples of contemporary music will ever be understood by the untrained listener. Some very complicated works by composers such as Anton von Webern, Ernst Krenek, and more recently Karlheinz Stockhausen seem to be intended to be understood only by trained specialists, and in some especially esoteric cases are perhaps written solely for the satisfaction of the composer himself.

Carrying the matter a step further, one may ask why the music of our century is so complicated. Why does one find so many complicated rhythms, and in particular, why is all of that dreadful dissonance used? In answer to this, consider first that music, like any other art, must reflect the life of its time. Since our century is generally one of turbulence, it follows that much of our music is violent as well. Admittedly, this situation results in much music that is not "beautiful," at least in the traditional sense of the word. Yet it can be, and often is, meaningful, and I believe the latter to be a more fundamental function of art.

In seeking a style more in keeping with the tenor of modern life, composers have done considerable experimenting in recent years. In fact, the period from about 1910 till 1930 constitutes one of the most violently experimental periods in the history of music. Of course, many of the experiments carried on during these years were not successful, but it must be born in mind that in any era, a vast amount of inferior music is written in comparison to the handful of masterworks produced.

One further point should be stressed at this time, namely that it nearly always takes a certain length of time for a new musical style to become accepted by the majority of the listening public. In periods when the musical style is relatively simple, this process usually does not take long, but in periods when the style is complicated, it may take many years. An outstanding example of the latter condition is furnished by the late string quartets of Beethoven. At the time when Beethoven wrote these works (early in the nineteenth century) they

were shockingly "modern" and were given a very cool reception by musicians and listeners alike. It was not until the 1920's, about one hundred years after they were written, that they became popular even among musicians. Today they are considered to be among the most important works in the string quartet repertoire. Thus, a new style must be given a fair chance.

But all things considered, there is nevertheless a substantial amount of the music of this century which I believe can be meaningful to the untrained listener, provided he will make a genuine attempt to understand it. What with the recent deluge of excellent long-playing records and the vast improvement of record-playing equipment in recent years, the most convenient way to become acquainted with contemporary music is by way of the phonograph. Thus I should like to discuss briefly certain recorded compositions which should provide a good general introduction to modern music. None of the compositions are simple to the point of being trivial; in fact,

they are all works which are respected "standard repertoire" of the twentieth century. On the other hand, they are not so esoteric as to be inaccessible to the layman. The remarks below will probably be supplemented by the descriptive notes given on the record jackets.

1. Serge Prokofiev, Lt. Kije Suite. This is a good piece to start with, as it is not only fairly conventional, but it is also descriptive music. The late Serge Prokofiev was unquestionably one of the major Russian composers of the twentieth century. Musical composition is subject to severe restrictions in the Soviet Union because the Soviet considers the arts primarily as propaganda tools. Nevertheless, some very fine works are occasionally written in Russia. The Lt. Kije Suite is taken from a comic ballet and illustrates Prokofiev's humor and his genius in scoring for the orchestra.

2. Samuel Barber, Adagio for Strings. Barber is one of America's leading composers. An early work of his, the Adagio, illustrates his remarkable ability for

writing beautiful melodies and harmonizing them in a simple yet contemporary manner.

3. Samuel Barber, Symphony No. 1. This unusual symphony is in one movement instead of the customary four. It is interesting to observe how the composer presents, develops, and restates his themes.

4. Paul Hindemith, symphony, Mathias the Painter. This three-movement work is taken from the composer's opera of the same name. The opera concerns events in the life of the fifteenth-century painter, Mathias Gruenewald. Each movement of the symphony describes in music a panel from Gruenewald's famous Eisenheim altarpiece: movement one, a concert played by angels; movement two, Christ's entombment; movement three, the temptation of St. Anthony. A leading German composer, Hindemith, is interested in adapting eighteenth-century forms to contemporary harmonic idioms, a tendency often referred to as "neo-classicism."

5. Igor Stravinsky, "Suite" from Petrouchka.

Taken from a ballet score, this work describes events in the life of a puppet. It illustrates the composer's marvelous ability to write for the orchestra and also shows his preoccupation with complex rhythms. Stravinsky was born in Russia and now lives in California.

6. Alban Berg, Concerto for Violin and Orchestra.

This is considerably more difficult to comprehend than any of the above works, but to many, it is a sincere and moving composition. It was written in memory of the composer's dear friend, Manon Gropius, who died suddenly at the age of eighteen. The compositional technique employed is that of the twelve-tone system, one of the major innovations in twentieth-century music. At the outset, the twelve steps of the chromatic scale are presented in a certain pre-arranged order, and throughout the work this series or "tone-row" serves as a basic structural device, not unlike the employment of a major scale in an eighteenth-century composition. The "tone-row" can be played backwards or in inverted form or

modulated, but the original sequence of notes must be preserved. Berg lived in Vienna and was a student of Arnold Schoenberg, who invented the twelve-tone system.

7. Bela Bartok, String Quartet No. 6. This is another fairly difficult, though rewarding, work. With respect to the form of his compositions, Bartok is essentially a neo-classicist. He is also fond of employing folk tunes and other ethnic elements from the music of his native Hungary. Movements two and three of this quartet are delightfully humorous, while the fourth and final movement is filled with elegiac sadness, possibly reflecting the composer's feelings on having to leave his native land in 1939.

Edward Pease

THE PERFECT DAY

It is a day when everything has gone right .

The air is warm and clear . Riding up the high-

way you can see the mountains in the distance .

It seems like a dream which has finally come true .

Something inside you can not be tamed .

The sky is very blue . The clouds are far
away, lightly resting on the blue mountains .

The sun feels good as it shines on the back of
your neck . The world is yours . There are no
responsibilities . Nothing seems to matter .

The past is gone; the future is far off . Only
today matters . And today is beautiful .

Carol Kaiser

The winds rushed and roared like a mighty train bearing down
upon its destination at full speed .

With the force of a million tiny daggers, the rains slashed
at the earth .

The candle of lightening in the horizon

Flickered . . . almost died . . . and then blazed again .

The thunder racked and rolled and rumbled in the heavens .

The tyrant storm lurched and raged its way

across the countryside . . .

Then after a time there was stillness . . .

And the soft, child-like pattering

Of a summer rain upon a tin roof .

Mozelle Williams

AND THEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT

Tires screeched as the car skidded around the corner and nearly left the road. Rapidly the speedometer needle climbed to 60, 70, and on past 80, finally coming to an unsteady rest at 85. I jammed on the brakes for a turn.

After spinning drunkenly onto a narrow gravel road we quickly picked up speed again. Suddenly a sharp curve loomed up ahead, and before I could slow down we were lurching around it. Then the back wheels left the road.

Frantically I yanked at the steering wheel, trying to get straightened around in the loose gravel. To my dismay, we only slid closer to a steep embankment.

Suddenly the car was completely out of control, and we shot forward into the blackness. For a moment there was silence as the velvety curtain of darkness closed in around us. Then came the rending sound of metal twisting itself against concrete.

Pam Freeland

A LITTLE BIT OF IVY

As I stood gazing at the Administration Building, once strong and beautiful, now a pile of useless ruin, my imagination took over and I found myself in 1975. The wind howled around me, tearing at my coat as if trying to take it from me, and ominous black clouds were boiling with fury overhead. The clouds and wind were the results of war. Everywhere was destruction, and I could not find anyone else alive.

Seeing the building in front of me brought a pang of remorse as I remembered what used to be. There it stood, what was left of it, a pile of broken, twisted wreckage - paper, wood, bricks, and scraps of metal. Once, it had been busy with life and laughter, indispensable, one thought, in its usefulness. Now, only an empty shell remained. The tall, strong pillars, once beautiful, had fallen in disgrace, dirty and broken. I walked around the building, trying to recapture some remembrance of its strength, but I saw only a skeleton.

It is a picture, I thought, of the world, once beautiful, proud, and strong, not realizing the danger of hidden forces working silently towards its destruction. As I listened to the lonely wind whistle through the empty, fire-gutted rooms, I felt all hope drain from me. Then, suddenly, I spotted a bit of ivy, clinging tenaciously to the side of a wall, refusing to relinquish her place, as if trying to cover up some of the ugliness. I felt vigor and determination seep back.

Barb Davis

AFTER A STORM

The cool air and the drizzle swept against my face as I wandered aimlessly along toward the pier. The dreary little street was deserted except for one lone lighted lamp post at the corner. A heavy fog from the ocean had rolled in and settled like a massive cloud covering the buildings and sheltering the gray sky from the peering eyes of man.

I reached the pier and stood to one side and watched the white foamy waves beat upon the miles of lonely beach and then retreat to gather force to resume their attack.

Walking farther out onto the pier, I looked down into the black water below. I tried to fathom its depths, but the hollow echo of the waves made it seem bottomless. At the end of the pier I could see the storm that had drenched our town just a few minutes ago moving out over the ocean. The dusky, gray clouds lay low over the white caps of the waves and poured their moisture into the engulfing body of water. Through the fog I could see a dim light and hear the dull drone of the fog horn from a ship making its way through the wind and rain.

A gust of cool wind through my damp clothes chilled me; I started back toward the street. As I walked down the steps leading from the pier, I could smell the salty fragrance of seaweed and hear the flop of the breakers onto the cold, wet sand. The corner lamp post was still the only inhabitant of the street.

I suddenly realized that I was lonesome; I hurried past the dreary buildings toward the cheery lights at the inn.

Barbara Bennett

A SUNSET

When I see a sunset I see a symphony - a symphony whose
silent thunders in symmetry span the labyrinths of forever.
Its silken rays anoint me with a balm of purity that sweeps
the gold dust from the soul.

I feel a penetrating thrill, then a diminishing of identity
until, discarding the parenthesis of self I bow, humbled
before the crown everlasting.

Then, suddenly, awe begets awe as the essence of heaven
endues my being.

Behold, I am a king, alone - - viewing the volcanic sphere
of the ages, the flaming ruby which adorns the hand of God.
Standing on the fringe of earth I feel a glow of serenity,
a nearness to divinity, and a kinship with the eternal.

No, I am not alone. I sense her presence beside me.

I speak to her and she hears, not with fleshly petals of
perception, for I speak not with sound, but with the soul.
For a treasured moment we thus commune, and in so doing
taste the beauty of infinity.

Will Cleveland

MOONRISE

Twilight,
Is the Loveliest
Time
Of the day.
The pale, grey sky,
Constantly darkening,
Seems to sweep the light of day
Under
The rug of night,
And then,
To shake out a dust of stars
From
The pale curtain above.
Trees and shrubs appear as dark smudges
In the distance,
And the grass,
A black carpet,
Rolls
On
Indefinitely.
Soft and full,
The Moon
Peers shyly through the leaves
Of the trees, who in turn,
Jostle each other -
To catch a glimpse
Of -
Her.
A breath of wind
Murmurs soothingly
To the clamoring earth,
Leaving it,
Hushed -
In breathless anticipation.
Then,
Majestically, the Moon
Sweeps up the great stairway in the sky,
On Her way
To spread a jeweled web
Of -
Moonlight,
Over the world beneath.

Barb Davis

NEIGHBORS

Mr. Johnson works at the mill.

Morning at seven finds him at his hearth,
shoveling, sweating, swearing.

"It frosted last night; the house was like a barn, and
the price of coal is up five cents on the ton.

The car's without its Prestone; its tires are too smooth
for snow.

This window needs some caulking, that one a new pane.
And those blasted leaves . . . The front yard's covered
with them.

Wouldn't you know it; the rake was smashed last summer.
Oh well! With today's overtime I'll buy another."

Mr. Hyman works at the poultry plant.

He sees his share of entrails, but not enough of nickles.

His front lawn too is covered, but with regal reds and golds.

He sees a wealth unequalled just beyond his splintered pane.

To him the frost means fodder shocks dotting a distant
hillside.

And pumpkins strewn about with goblins hidden inside.

The wind doesn't threaten him. It whispers of bins loaded
with winesaps, of cellars pungent with the scent of
chilled, sweet cider.

Each day to him means newness -- new sunshine, new
colors, something before unknown.

Each fallen leaf holds secrets; each cricket tells a tale;
no stream gurgles for nothing.

Mr. Hyman lives.

Benton Minks

