"If you seek the kernel, then you must break the shell. And likewise if you would know the reality of nature, you must destroy the appearance, and the farther you go beyond the appearance, the nearer you will be to the essence."

Meister Eckhart (1260-1327)

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HOMAGE TO BOHDON HACZKEWYCZ

Poland was at war against the forces of Communism. A young man, only twenty-two, a brilliant medical student with a family, unpaid, volunteered to go behind enemy lines to collect information. He was captured, held as a spy, and publicly tried. He was surrounded by jeering enemies cut off beyond all hope of rescue, when the death sentence was passed, yet he remained steadfast in his beliefs and convictions.

This young man was my father. I never saw him or spoke to him. Yet, the knowledge I have of him is vast. People, even today, speak of him as a national hero; writers praise him in their books; and my mother, with a voice of love, tells me of their short life together.

Even though his life ended and the war against Communism resulted in defeat, he won his personal battle. In his death, my father was strong and undefeated. To die thus is to live forever in the hearts of men who thrill to courage and high purpose and passionate love of country.
FIRST GENERATION AMERICAN

Eighteen years ago my parents were faced with the serious problem of my upbringing: should they rely on their inexperience and handle all problems as they arose; should they follow the labyrinth of suggestions that were offered by their friends; or should they raise me as they had been brought up? After a hasty decision, hurried along by World War II, they adopted the methods used by their parents; and I was raised in an old-fashioned way.

My parents, born in a defeated country, were raised in the midst of terror and suffering. The Ukraine was being engulfed by Communism. This enemy, this evil, this disease needed reinforcements; therefore, it used unorthodox means to gain influence. The schools of Ukraine were forced to teach hatred and mistrust, forcing unknowing children into giving their loyalty to the state, not to the family. Families were being broken up; son was being turned against father.

The parents fought back, using the only weapon they had—strictness. By restricting the very movements of their children, the parents preserved family loyalty. With a minimum of freedom, children did not have the opportunity to be influenced by Communism. In this environment my parents grew up, and this strict parental control they carried over into mine.

I have often suffered from their old world ideas. Sometimes the sternness of my parents seemed synonymous with tyranny and cruelty. As I compared the privileges of my friends with my deprivations, I felt miserable. My companions enjoyed so many pleasures that my few seemed worthless. I often tried to find the reason for my friends' liberties, but only lately have I solved the riddle.

The parents of my friends were raised in happier surroundings than those of mine. They needed no protection from enemies, for no enemy was present. The only diseases they encountered were the diseases of childhood, not a disease of the mind and will. Therefore, they themselves had enjoyed the numerous privileges and freedoms that they, as parents, allowed my peers.

Although I still feel a sting of envy toward my friends, I nevertheless feel that my upbringing holds many advantages over theirs. Among the things that I value most is the power I have been given to appreciate the simple things in life.

I was taught to value trivial things, to get the most use, or fun, out of them. If I saw something I wanted, I had to go through a great deal of "red tape" to convince my father that the object was essential before I could acquire it. At first I accused my father of stinginess. Lately it has occurred to me that by not having all my "whims" acknowledged, I was made far richer. Though I lacked some toy, in its stead, I learned to value what I already had. In such a way I was taught economical management and pleasure in what I possessed. I do not yearn for things as soon as I see them. I think before I try to secure them. I work to get them for myself. I therefore value what I get more than my friends value their easy acquisitions.

The value of earnest study was also taught to me early in life. My parents, knowing the importance of education, set high educational goals for me. Only the highest scholastic ratings were expected of me, and low grades were unmentionable. When I brought home, an "A," it was received with pleasure but not with satisfaction, for an "A-" was possible. Unhappiness was shown at the sight of a "B," and anger at a "C." Anything lower was intolerable. In this negative way, the advantages of learning were shown to me.

Before graduation, no doubt was in my mind concerning college: I knew it was expected of me. Looking back, I am grateful for being so pushed, for had I not been pushed by my parents, I would not be gaining what I am from the life that, at the present, I lead; nor would my future hopes be so high.

Some persons look down on the old-fashioned way of child raising, but I wouldn't exchange it for the world. While I have often been inconvenienced by it and my spirits may not be so light as those of my friends as a result of it, I know that through it, I received training in much of great value: training in application, endurance, persistence, and ambition. Through my parents' discipline, I feel that I gained a few extras which my friends lack. Though my parents once seemed unjust at times, I now accept them with understanding. Knowing what I know of their past, I could not, and I would not, expect my parents to adopt the loose bonds that bind many families. To the old ways, I bow in gratitude. They have taught me to value so much in my new world.
ONE WAY TRAFFIC

The door swings wide open.
There at her feet
Lies the whole world.
Ah, freedom!
She steps outside to find her dream.

The dream, if there,
Is lost in
Darkness, hardship, evil—
Oh, childhood, come back!
She turns. The heavy door has closed forever.

Ilse Lauerson

LETTER FROM A NEW CITIZEN

Dear America,

As I walk in the beauty of this cold clear evening, I look up at the stars. Oh, freedom star, so bright and clear, hanging in the sky—how strong is my desire to reach out to touch you! But you are so far away, guiding the way to a great ideal.

Good evening, great America. You are what that star symbolizes for me. You have made a way of life out of a single word—freedom. You have made a way of life from one principle—equality. Oh, but you know all about that. Your men and women thought, spoke, cried, sang, and died for equality and freedom while the world laughed at your strange idea that all men should be equal.

You didn’t give up. You amazed all scoffing dubters. Your ideal succeeded! Men with high ideals and fire in their hearts worked and created thirteen colonies in order to transmit their hard-earned independence to their children. Great men like Thomas Jefferson and George Washington had a feeling about your people, America. They knew that God had created goodness in men and that freedom would bring it out. Ah, to have these idealists come back to you, America—to you, who were in their day just an idea—to have them come back to see your people now in whom they believed! Oh, that I could see them to tell them that they were not wrong!
Now, look—there are fifty “colonies.” The spirit of the early men lives on and spreads through farms, mills, factories, revealed in faith, happiness, friendship, and love. Freedom once earned now can be enjoyed. I look back into the past. I think, was it worth the lonely suffering, the agonized struggles, the heartache, the loss of men’s lives? America, ask those who make you now—was it really worth it? Ask a farmer, when in fall, he takes in a rich harvest. See the sparkle of pride in his eyes. Ask a man who has just returned from casting his vote in a free democratic election. They will tell you.

Listen to the “Star-Spangled Banner”; see the triumph in the singers’ eyes. Listen to youngsters attending a basketball game when, in the last minutes of play, the home team makes a basket. See the Star of David and the crucifix side by side. America, you have made freedom work.

Yet, there is a stranger who wants to take your hard-won, hard-to-hold freedom away. He tries to poison your children’s minds with talk of the “common man”. I am a common man. I answer back with our flag, waving high against the sky. I answer with our Bill of Rights. I show him a Man on the Cross.

I look up at the wheeling stars—at a great fiery one! America, the fire of that bright guiding star of freedom hanging in the sky will burn in our hearts forever. Let us, your common men, walk with you—always forward—together and free.

Your proud and loving Citizen.

MIRÓ’S WALL

I see Miró’s wall—
Golden sunlight glazed
With great huge shapes
Frozen in the light.

Miró stands by his wall
Laughing.

Laughing as I would laugh
If I were God.

Bruce Hunsberger
POEMS

Robert Arner

THE COMMON ROAD

"How far you goin'?" the driver asked.
I paused, then, a little uncertainly.
What should I answer? Should I say,
"I don't know. Perhaps to eternity"?

Could I say to him that what he asked,
There is privacy to one's destiny
Which can't be shared, though tried.

Alone in the night, I turned my back
To the winter wind. The sky was clear
As I stood on the shoulder of the road
And watched the tail-lights disappear.

The frozen ground snapped wherever I walked;
More lonely sound I've never known.
The night wind echoed, "How far you goin'?"
"Don't know, but I'm going alone."
THE WALL

Between the world and myself
There is a window,
Double glass
That allows me to see
The happiness of others,
Yet keeps me imprisoned,
Unable to share the joy
Which I know for certain
Does exist.

DISILLUSIONMENT

On a dull, cold December morning,
I walked through the clinging mist
That covered the stubbly cornfield
Until I came, at day's dawning,
When day and night exist as one,
To the fence that served to shield
From fallow field the productive ground.

Crows, ugly black birds in their coarseness,
Perched in a dripping tree,
They cast abuse at each other.
Yet it seemed that they, in their hoarseness,
Were screaming directly at me,
Considering me as a brother.
And I wish I could have turned around.

MEMOIRS

It was, I confess,
Like seeing a ghost.
Startled, I winced
To feel so near
One who was long dead,
Who was very dear to me,
Yet whom I could no more embrace.
So cruel, the mind,
That will not bury
The dead in peaceful proper graves;
Grotesquely playful, it insists
On resurrecting them in memory, but
Who can be absolutely sure about death?
Perhaps the living are really dead. . .
Certainly time exists forever
For the living, who, in the mind, know eternity.

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND

I cannot sleep, for the winter wind
Whispers to loudly over the snow,
Murmuring names of the friends I've left
Or those gone long ago.
It echoes my spoken and unspoken words,
Soothes shed and unshed tears,
And calls to mind mistakes I've made
Which, buried in the years,

Exist now only in my soul,
The charnel-house of deeds;
But the bodies therein do not change
Though the grave be grown with weeds.

The old man in the park is here—
The one with whom I would not stay
When he wished to talk; and here's the girl
I loved—yet gave away.

Nothing—nothing short of death—
Can destroy a memory.
Man, in his thoughts, I realize,
Embraces eternity.

GHOSTS

The mind is a dim woodland
Where phantoms dwell,
Haunting the thoughts and dreams of man.
There shadowy werewolves pursue shadows
To the precipice of sanity,
Where they leap or fight—
Consuming or consumed.

SONG OF THE SEA

Like a woman, the sea
Invites my soul
To journey, to wander away
From the world that I know,
The world that cares not a whit
Where I go.
. . . The sea . . .
She murmurs to me,
Tells me of isles
That the sun shines upon
Every day of the year;
To her story I go listen
And wish myself there
In the places she talks about.
So severe she seems,
So undisturbed—
She who visits these islands each day;
But of the dead that lie beneath,
The sea whispers not a breath.

NUNC DIMITTIS

You, who once—impatient—kicked
The living wall which held you fast,
How still you lie as thudding clods
Make one your present, future, past!
Vain was the struggle of birth,
In rain the pain, the surgeon's knife,
You are back—enwombed. In the earth,
You show the irony of life
Lies in its futility.
OF TRAGEDY

The solitary man upon a hill
Beneath the sky which overlooks us all
May, though the day be warm, still feel a chill,
Though nearer to the sun. And he may fall,
As only those who rise above the rest
May fall, since height is requisite to plunge.
That very quality which makes him best,
Makes him insanely dare a desperate lunge;
He thrusts himself upon the spear of fate.
Impaled thereon, he finds that death, though hard,
Offers release for him. The iron gate
Clangs closed behind him in his peaceful yard.
Imprisoned with the preacher there, he cries
To God in anguish, "Why was I more wise?"

GLEN ONOKA

I know a place where silver streams
Sluice and slip through vaulted narrows,
Dashing, dart beneath dark pines,
Safe shields from Apollonian arrows;

Where sun-shafts filter through, to dance,
To float on streams, like golden fleckles
On crystalline wine; where shade-cooled sun
Shines on leaping rainbow speckles;

Where water leaps from granite lips,
To plunge, to pour doubloons, new-minted,
Stolen from some troll's treasure trove,
Or diamonds rare, gold-tinted;

Where laurels line the sloping sides;
Where white-tailed deer pause, bow to drink
The sparkling gems and tumbling gold,
And night is silver-studded ink.

See there, beyond the waterfall,
Where earthly smoke and cloudbanks meet—
Dim in the haze, Deucalion
Slinks silent down the city street.

SAMSARA

My searching soul ascends, like mystic smoke
That needs must have a fire to make it rise;
It, too, spreads out. Then peacefully it lies
Upon a couch of air, the prayer I spoke.
Commingling with the wind, whose vaporous cloak
Conceals it from the world, and from my eyes,
It goes to visit God. In mute surprise
I hear the holy laws Jehovah spoke.

Transported from my senses into thought
For all too brief a time, I now am sure
That God exists. But with my soft amen
My wandering soul by sensory bonds is caught.
Unfit, it was dismissed, and deemed not pure.
It must return to earth, to try again.
"The Quarry"

Florence Ashton

Watercolor

"Back Alley" Mary Lou Scrima Tempera

Pottery

Larry Hassler
THE NEW CRITICISM

The term “New Criticism” came into general use after the publication, in 1941, of John Crowe Ransom’s book entitled The New Criticism. The phrase has been flung about so loosely that Ransom at one time said, “I do not know what is meant nowadays by a ‘new’ critic”; nevertheless, he has lately embraced the term as properly designating the movement in America (paralleled by one in England led by Eliot, Richards, and Empson).

Ransom was originally associated with a group of Southern writers called the Agrarians. Their official literary publication was the little magazine entitled The Fugitive. Most of its contributors were associated with Vanderbilt University. This group, who strongly opposed the materialistic effect of industrialization in the South much as the nineteen century European Romantics had done, were prominent among the founders of the New Criticism. Some of the contributors with Ransom were Allen Tate, Robert Penn Warren, Donald Davidson, and Merrill Moore. Other major figures are R. P. Blackmur, Yvor Winters, Kenneth Burke, Cleanth Brooks, and Randall Jarrell.

The New Criticism has been affected by the following theories and forces: I. A. Richards’ The Principles of Literary Criticism. Richards’ disciple William Empson’s Seven Types of Ambiguity; the work of T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound; the anti-romanticism of T. E. Hulme; the psychological theories of Jung, particularly the archetype concept; the French Explication de Texte, and the concepts of the Agrarians.

Although there are minor differences of opinion among the New Critics, there is enough general agreement to list the following as representative characteristics:

1. Ontological criticism or intrinsic evaluation of the work itself. The work is considered as a separate entity with its own laws for being. It understandably follows that historical considerations are frowned upon. The ontological critic is not concerned with the source or origin of the work, nor is he concerned with its moral or social implications, nor is he concerned with the biographical in an endeavor to examine the personality of the author. The primary concern of the ontological critic is to discover the intrinsic worth of literature.

2. Almost exclusive treatment of poetry

3. Specialization of vocabulary (almost incomprehensible to the uninitiated)

4. Explication of a chosen text encompassing twenty or thirty pages of a learned literary journal such as PMLA

5. A trend toward authoritarianism as exemplified by Eliot’s embracing Anglican Catholicism and Allen Tate’s becoming a convert to Roman Catholicism.

Since we are still feeling the impact of the New Criticism, it is impossible to evaluate it with any degree of perspective. The reaction of scholars and critics has been divided between whole-hearted praise and severe censure. The impact of the New Criticism on literary history as a whole and its degree of effectiveness will have to await developments. Obviously, however, it is affecting present critical standards tremendously.
INTENT AND ACHIEVEMENT IN WORDSWORTH AND GINSBERG

When I read Wordsworth's preface to his Second Edition of Lyrical Ballads I was struck by what I feel are similarities between his poetic intent and that of the contemporary American poet, Allen Ginsberg. Also, some of the critical comments made about Wordsworth by his critics are not unlike the critical salvos that Mr. Ginsberg has withstood so admirably.

Both Wordsworth and Ginsberg felt themselves confined by the narrow and arbitrary poetic concept of their day. Wordsworth felt that poetry should be written in "the language of men" rather than in a stuffy poetic diction. One need read only the first part of Howl to realize that Ginsberg's language is not in the best poetic tradition. Both poets felt themselves to be, I think, heralds of a new poetry that would, as Ginsberg said, "...get poetry out of the classroom and into the street." Both were mistaken on this point. The "man in the street" doesn't read poetry so any poetry written for him will go without an audience (and find little favor with the poetry-reading public).

Wordsworth tells us in his Preface that in his poetry the reader will not find what he is accustomed to in the way of language and meter. He says the poets of his day use "gaudy and insane phraseology" and cries out against them for their triviality and meanness both of thought and of language. Ginsberg assails modern poetry on the same grounds. Far from writing the type of poetry that lends itself to the New Criticism; that is, the microscopic inspection of every word, Ginsberg discards all concepts of meter and rhyme in favor of "Hebraic-Melvillian bardic breath" writing "poetry adapted from prose seeds, journals, scratchings, arranged by phrasing or breath groups into little short-line patterns according to ideas of measure of American speech" (Wordsworth's "language of men"?) and goes on to say, "...a tragic custard-pie comedy of wild phrasing, meaningless images for the beauty of abstract poetry of mind running along making awkward combinations like Charlie Chaplin's walk..." Not quite the I. A. Richards idea of poetry, I would say.

What Ginsberg is now attempting, and what Wordsworth in the nineteenth century was trying to do has met with favor on certain levels, especially among young men of strong sensibility and meditative minds. Coleridge called their devotion to Wordsworth and his ideal akin to a religious fervor. Ginsberg, no one will deny, is the mullah of Beat poets; and one of the outstanding characteristics of the Beat mystique is its religiosity.

It is partly this religiosity that makes Ginsberg a moral poet; not the reformer, uplifter, do-gooder, tent-meeting moralist in the Elmer Gantry genre, but a moralist in the sense that he is deeply concerned with how to live. In fact this is one of the concepts for which the Beats in general have been attacked—that they are not concerned with any socio-economic-religious idea of what to live for—they are concerned with how to live. Matthew Arnold says in his essay on Wordsworth, "The question, how to live, is itself a moral idea"; and he feels that Wordsworth, because he was concerned with this idea, was a moral poet in the same way I feel Ginsberg is a moral one.

Wordsworth and Ginsberg however, have a tragic fault which, I feel, is their undoing: both are victims of tremendous egotism. Each presents a narrow life which he has portrayed as the "real thing," the one way to live. The nature that Wordsworth gives us is not really nature, but nature as he saw it. It is doubtful that the farm folk and rural minds which he presents were capable of the thoughts he attributes to them; it is doubtful if their lives were as picturesque as a reading of his poetry leads us to believe. His language of men is also the language of men as interpreted by William Wordsworth.

Ginsberg shows us a different world, it is true. With him we tour skid row and the habo jungle instead of the English country-side; but the effect is the same—it is not really skid row: it is Allen Ginsberg, and he is not telling us the whole story any more than Wordsworth tells it.

To reveal the whole truth is beyond the capabilities of either poet. Wordsworth looks no further than the lake country and his narrow romanticism; Ginsberg looks no further than the corner bar and views the Partisan Review with suspicion. Their anti-intellectualism and exaggerated opinions of themselves and their message lead one to wonder if readers might not have had better poetry from both poets if they had practiced what they preached, and actually given us the language of men, rather than the language of Messieurs Wordsworth and Ginsberg.
SHE

Gay as a carnival;
Fresh as the unrehearsed spontaneity
of a brilliant spring morning;
Unpredictable as the weather,
Yet tender as the first yellow-green leaves.
Wild, joyous, free, alive
and living:
She is all this.
Unsettled, someday,
she will choose someone with whom
to
Consume her life-zest.
Till then,
Enjoy her driving vitality, those of you
She considers a necessary part
Of her life!
Live up to her challenge, if you are able!

Jerome S. Gottschalk

MEANINGLESS NONCONFORMITY

Jerome S. Gottschalk

Entity unto myself—
World of inner presence.
Inability to associate—
communicational block
among peers . . .
if there are any.
A sense of beauty
in grotesqueness—a
surrealistic satisfaction.
The desire to be alone
and yet
the wish for surrounding
humanity . . .
Likes and dislikes of the moment
without perspective.
Raison d’être: Continual and
increasing perceiving—
but none with whom to share it.
Alternating beauty-passion
and
Meaningless existence,
Uncertainty of direction.
A paradox
difficult to define.
MARK

Diane Stockburger

His bristly, tufted hands were bent and speckled; still, there was great strength and agility in them. To me, they were the outstanding features of one who struck a happy medium between Santa Claus and Tarzan. He eyes were quick and nimble, always on the roam, looking for a new sight on which he could comment. His voice, though, was certainly not one of his best qualities. In its normal tone it sounded much like the noise a mouse makes when it is frightened; but though it was far from loud, it could boom when he was reprimanding someone.

Mark had a reason for making his voice boom; he was the driver of my high school bus. This man, whose age was indeterminable, called bus driving his hobby. When he talked about driving his bus, Mark said, "My Gott! A man's got to have some pass-time, and bus drivin' is mine yet. Why if I didn' drive this bus, I'd chust go crazy. Yes, sir!"

Everyone knew that Mark had other things to do besides driving children to school every day. He owned several farms on which he labored. As his wife was ill, there was a lot of work for him to do in his home. He was a hired man, butler, chauffeur, and loving spouse all at the same time. In his spare moments, he had animals to feed, eggs to collect, cows to milk, and gardens to weed. When he found time to be bored, Mark would go visit the neighbors to find out what was going on in his neighborhood. For instance, in the fall of the year he always had to find out who was going to college. Generally, he could ask the principal of the local high school; but, when he was not in, Mark turned to the school board members. Next, he asked the neighborhood gossip, then the families of the pupils who graduated, and, in desperation, the students who rode on his bus.

Mark had a quality which many of the people in Pennsylvania possess with pride. He loved to speak the dialect known as Pennsylvania Dutch. He could often be heard conversing with a fellow Dutchman in his questioning monotone, slipping from English to the dialect and back. Mark would say, for example, "Hello, Carl. It's a nice day. What chew doin' today?"

"Guten Tag, Mark. Es ist ein schone Tag. Ich will noch am Stadt gehen zu meine Bruder."

"Ich geh mit. I have for a long time not seen Hans," might be the bus driver's remark.

"Al recht, kum mit mir," would come the invitation.

In English, this conversation can be explained by saying that Mark invited himself to go to town with the man. He wanted to visit his friend's brother.

Although he was the driver of our bus, Mark never talked to the pupils unless he wanted to learn about some neighborhood gossip or to scold us. When he was really angry with his little tribe, he usually stated, "Hey, you kits, vy ya don' sit down and shut up once! My gosh, ya make such a racket that ya make me nuts!"

If that sort of an oration did not make the pupils settle down, Mark stopped the bus. Then he turned around, left his seat, and started back into the darkest corners to find the trouble. When he found it, Mark gave the youngster involved a little push and plopped him down in his seat. He never hit a child in all the time I rode with him.

His bus was one of the great loves of Mark's life. He babied it as if it were his only child. This heap of shining metal, which resembled a large yellow dinosaur, was all Mark's. A long time ago he had bought it, becoming the only driver in the school district who owned his own bus. Mark could often be heard remarking, "This is the finest bus around, and she's all mine!"

He had a name for his baby; he called her Hannah. Why did he name the bus Hannah? Mark explained it this way: "Well, ven this bus I bought her I thought I'd name her somethin' pretty. So nice and clean she was. Hannah I named her 'cause she reminded me of a little Quaker girl who was shined and ready to go to meetin'."

According to Mark, Hannah was very temperamental. He was usually coaxing her to go a little faster. "Come on, Hannah, we gunna be late if ya don' hurry up," he would sigh.

When he was reprimanded for being late, he would say, "Ain't my fault! I think Hannah's got von of her spells again!"

There were times when we rode through treacherous snow banks. On those days, Mark always said, "If it wouldn't a' been for Hannah yet we'd never a' got here once!"
Likewise, if the bus ever stalled, he could be heard yelling, "Hannah, get goin’ and stop bein’ so nasty!"

When the youngsters piled on the bus saying how cold it was, he would remark, "Chust a minute and Hannah’l keep you nice and warm."

When Mark took Hannah to the garage, he always met Charlie, the garage mechanic. Charlie was over fifty years old, but he showed very little of his age. One reason for his youthful appearance was his mop of dark hair, which always hung in ringlets around his forehead. Charlie was tall and thin; consequently, he looked like a baby giraffe towering over roaly poly Mark.

Whenever Mark and Hannah came into the garage, Charlie would say, "What’s the matter with that wreck?"

"Hannah’s got trouble with her brakes," Mark might reply.

Above the din of Hannah’s motor, Charlie always yelled, "This old thing sure is ready for the scrap heap. She sure is a mess!"

"Well, Hannah’s mine, and you’re not gonna hurt her! You can chust fix her up, Charlie," Mark would retort.

After this remark Charlie would begin to hammer at Hannah’s motor. While he worked, he grumbled and moaned constantly. After a short time, he’d state, "She’s finished, but I don’t think she’ll last very long!"

That was enough for Mark. He would step onto the first rung of Hannah’s steps shouting, "I’ll pay ya later. Thanks for all the help!"

Then off he would drive without another word.

Mark was not in the habit of giving presents to the children who rode on the bus. However, I remember that he once gave me a gift. I had found a bracelet lying on the floor, and I had taken it right up to Mark. For a few days he kept it on the bus, but no one claimed it. Finally, one night as I was getting off, he stopped me and handed the bracelet to me. "Here, ya take it home once and wear it," he said. "Nobody claimed it so I gunna give it to ya for being’ so honest."

After that incident my esteem for Mark grew with every passing day. I thought of him as more than a bus driver; he was a nice man, a friend whom I liked very much. When at last I rode on that bus no more, I missed its driver for a long time. This old man, who was so close to me, is now just an image in my memory. He moves along the edges of my mind, a figure of the dawn and the twilight, a lingering symbol of the happy past.

Sandy Robinson

A SHEAF OF POEMS

DIES FAUSTUS

Such happiness!
Light, airy, free-floating steps.
Not even stepping—
Moving from place to place—
Not knowing now
Not knowing where
Not caring.
This afternoon I
Am happy.
What matter that it will not last?
Transient though it is, its flavor
Is none the less delicious—
This pleasure which is surging
Within me.
My eyes are open
And yet I see not where I go.
Now I don’t care—but
Someday I will again.

28

29
QUANDARY

I am.
I wish
That I were not.
Not to exist
Must
Be pleasant.
Not to be haunted,
Taunted by tortuous
Memories ... 

I had.
I lost.

I grasp . . .
I seek what I have not.
Why?
Oh, never to have been
Tempted by joy
The absence of which
Leaves me ill.
I am alone.
If I had always been so,
I should not mind.

TO THE THIRD OF A TRIO

Look—
I need you!
Not forever,
Certainly,
But for now.
In a few hours
I shall have forgotten;
But—
This moment
I am lonely.

VALENTINE

There are many names
Written on my heart—
More than on most.
Some
Are in pencil—
Red, blue, green—
Graphite
Which is easily erased.
Others are inscribed
In ink.
But even ink—
Indelible though it is—
Can be removed
Leaving only a minor tear
In the papery surface.
There is one name—
Solitary—
Away from others—
Burned deep into the flesh—
A wound that does not heal—
That throbs with pain
Whenever it is touched.
I AM AN ARTIST

This generation has thoughtfully
Laid out scenes
Already designed, drawn—
Areas safely divided.
Harmony, balance, rhythm—
All properly recorded—
Blocks of color planned and numbered.
The unadventurous
Need only match numbered color
To numbered blank
Resulting in an acceptable scene—
The same still-life hanging
On ranch-house walls in California,
In Florida, in Pennsylvania.

This is trash!
I care not that my self-appointed
Audience
Does not glean pleasure
Of recognition
As they view the
Gallery that is my life.
My experiences are diverse.
The paintings hung are of
Unrecognizable objects—
Bits and pieces of an
Ever-changing nature.
One is monochromatic—black and grey
And dirty ochre
The next is as brilliant as
A master's discarded palette—
A dichotomy in every corner.
But this am I—
The young artist—
And I'll not trade my sincere efforts
for stereotyped canvases—
Ever!

Ever?