



genesis

fall '76

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The editorial staff appreciates
the support and assistance of our
faculty advisors: Laurence
Lampert, Nancy Newton, and
Rowland A. Sherrill.

Invitation to Faculty

The editors of GENESIS are inviting faculty contributions of poetry and short stories for the spring issue, 1977. The procedure for submission and the acceptance deadline will be the same for faculty and students. However, the editorial board asks that at the most only three (3) poems and /or one (1) short short story be submitted by an individual faculty member. Each submission should clearly indicate that the author is a faculty member. Although faculty members will not be eligible for prizes, we hope that they will accept our invitation to have their creative work published in GENESIS.

—Editors of GENESIS

Instructions to Authors

Manuscripts are invited from all persons who have been students at IUPUI at any time during the last eighteen months prior to submission. Manuscripts of essays, fiction, or poetry, on any topic, may be submitted at any time to GENESIS, Student Services Office, Cavanaugh Hall, 925 West Michigan Street, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202. All manuscripts are considered by an editorial board elected by the English Club and the Philosophy Club. Authorship is not revealed to the board until a manuscript has been accepted.

All submissions must be accompanied by a separate title sheet containing the author's name, address, and telephone number. Essays and fiction should be typed on a sixty-space line and double spaced. Manuscripts of less than sixteen pages will be given first consideration. *Manuscripts must be submitted in duplicate.*

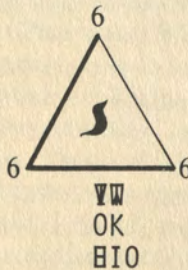
Authors whose material has been accepted will be notified prior to publication. Authors who wish to be notified of rejection prior to publication date—and all authors who wish their manuscripts to be returned—must include a self-addressed stamped envelope with their submissions. Any manuscript submitted too late for the current deadline will be considered for the next issue. Prizes of \$25 are awarded at the discretion of the editors for the outstanding entry in each of the categories of essay, fiction, and poetry.

Lilly Endowment Prize
GENESIS Bicentennial Essay Competition

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Tricentennial Essay

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Stable States In Unity

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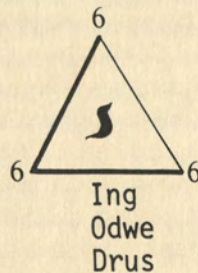
L✳M XO

Komposed syntagramerikly in styl of English letterwriting Old with no
Symbola.

komposer KOA

Kulturestan, S.S.I.U.

O.A.I.74 ber 4/26



This Society we call S.S.I.U. was not in the past konsistently better like these times now and in the future. Konseptualization was spuriously planed and konsistently eventualized slowise.

Society of B.A. (Blak Age), intowhich beginnings were made was fideistik and founded itself primarily on writings and mythol of G. Suess and Urzins. My knowledge on this pushy influence is small and not grat, but I remember Society of B.A. was very important on this. This was important to founders of S.S.I.U.

Beginnings showed S.S.I.U. (then termed Klonies) poor with ignorance of ruling S.U.K. (Stable United Kingdoms) and after rowing (Preliminary War of the Aggresions) Jen Kornwel of S.U.K. surrendered his hi rule of Klonies to Jen Washten, who kame to be Hi Superior Ethnarch, the First of Klonies. Klonies at that time were then U.S.A. (Unified Stable Amereka) and Kulturestan became a star on the map with an "O" around. (It was at first kalled Washtenstan!)

Masons soon komposed a set of rules kalled konstitutons and Society was Stablized to a degree. Masons ruled as Hi Superior Ethnarchs for a time and made U.S.A. gro. Masons chiped mottowise the "J" (IOD) Ing Odwe Drus, which these times is used still.

After time moved a good period the Masons and Cowans rowed over land disputes and U.S.A. was twained midwise with what was termed the Mason-Cowan line and bitter tears were shed from eyes of fathers and brothers making on the other with violent aggresions. (This was Second Preliminary War of the Aggresions.) Pepel termed Nigroz were freed from kabins of masters by Hi Superior Ethnarch Linkin who komposed the Man Usurp Pation Proklamaton which made them all laf with pride.

Aftertime of Second Preliminary War of the Aggresions, defeated Cowans traversed westwise in serch of gold and to Stablize the wilderegions of Amereka, Socializing lands with Cowan pepel and riding on their pet horses backs. Cowans rowed with pepel with feathers kalled Tribs. These unStable pepel made a noise like ooowooowoo and had cutters that were large in their pockets. Cowans seducidly Stablized Tribs on places kalled re-serf-atons. Tribs drank whisk and smiled and made beads with their hands.

Times kame to be G.A. (Gray Age) and Society moved to

produce. Mashines worked for many pepel and Society transcended an other Stablization faz. G.A. kame to be termed as the time and means, by Grat Alektrik. Alektrik was used as main force for Society and petrolum was also. G.A. was heedless of Ages to follow, and allowed Society exess.

Early in time of G.A. was okurance of Grat War of the Aggresions One, inwhich Europ was host. Society suffered hard inStability via the sanguisugous Sezur Kizer Krout who was defeated when U.S.A. kame to War. Hoa!

Not much time past until Hitler of Deuchland also kame of Power burning G'euss (pepel who adhered to G. Seuss thinking) and aggresing in many other ways also. Hitler was why Grat War of the Aggresions Two was taken upon by Europ, with S.U.K., Frankland, Rushstan and U.S.A. (HOA!) defeating Hitlers plans plainly. Adom bombs were used.

Niponstable fought and tasted plain defeat also.

With Grat War of the Aggresions Three part A. being a non komital type of an afar fought in Namstan for a few years of time, U.S.A. P.P.O.K. (Physikal Phenomina Observaton and Klassifikaton) at that time kalled sience strode madly to ease Society and fly pepel to Luna and back again.

Time shortly Grat War of the Aggresions Three part B. began with aggresive akts of violence on Korea and the Afrikan Aggresions began also.

U.S.A. being Stable, maintained a Stable way with Afrika, not wanting War and wanting Stability.

UnStable Shih was restrained after much konflikt and blud and dying. Now began R.A. (Red Age). Sience was begot from the bowels of superstiton.

Self became the objektive of Society and P.P.O.K. was kastrated. Sience became the fulfilment of Self with the Afaway Diskovery and Stability reigned smiling. P.P.O.K. was koncentrated of finding solutons to S.U.E. (Societys Unkontroled Enlargement) and Ekography. This process was disengaged by Grat War of the Aggresions Four.

Onager began kreading her bastard aggresions on ekonomikally sad S.U.K. resulting in a lues of bludy aggresitys. U.S.A. defeated and became an enlarged-more Society S.S.I.U. (Hoa!)

Soon was formed B.E.A.S.T. (Better Earth, Air, and Sea Trakts) which is a living testemone of S.S.I.U. Stability. With B.E.A.S.T. S.S.I.U. has the absolute right to S.T.A.B. (Stablize To Avoid Belligerence) other Societys who were aggresive and

unStable. This manner of korrekton has worked with a minimus of oppositon. Idea of S.T.A.B. works on propositon that when Society is free from aggresive qualities (Stablized) it strives to free all unStable komponents from the force of inStability (aggresion). This was made possible by Deus Agrebodomy, loss of aggresive tendancys by psychosonic surgery discovered by Deus, who was a G.I.G. (Grand Inspekter General) 33⁰ Stable Statian Rites Mason.

Chinland was first Society outside of S.S.I.U. to be de-aggresed. Peritis was an epidemic that kost millons of lives and krying for a long time ago.

After that O.A.I. (Orange Age Ichor) began. B.E.A.S.T. was reestablished with Masons and Socialized. At this time now B.E.A.S.T. gives pepel in Stable Society an adinkarnate number to fulfil. Everyone wants to fulfil The Number and everyone wants to be Joyous and die and kome back to Stable Society again many times. I am Joyous in S.S.I.U. and am glad it is 300 years Happy. I think in 3000 years I will be Joyous more and Sendik B with 3 sperm swimming down and to the right in my Atman within my Ajna with my Kund-snake Smiling.

ending

* * * * *

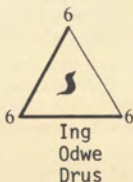
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Sub. Tric. Essa.
Komposer KOA

O.A.I. 74 ber 4/29

Inst. HEDNIM p.c.r.t. 3^o

Kulturestan Univer. Educat. Histrology Depar.



Masterling KOA,

This kriticism, written in syntagramerikal styl of English biunes two purposes: one—to korrekt your sometimes korrupt parasynthesis of syntax, grammar, konseptual thought pattern visualization, and ability to relate images by using a standardized alfabet konsisting of 6 vowels, 20 konsonants, 13 bietiks, 45 phonemes, gutterals, labinals, dentals, palantines, et cetera (etc.); two—to korrekt your obviously diminished ability to remember your Old Influence Lessons.

Title page kontains plain breech of set restriktion on this essay, nominally, *Symbola*.

The prpose of this essay is to projekt your ability to inkorporate thought into meaning via repetitious representation,

example (e.g.) letters, words, phrases, etc. As we both know Symbola is far superior as a method of solidifying thought, and more importantly, an exercise in imagination. This was to be avoided on this assignment. Symbola "LÆM XO" should have been executed as the phrase "300 Years of S.S.I.U.; From Klonyes Upto Present Time."

Since this essay is intended to be presented in understandable English, it should have been dated as "June 26, 2076 E.V." (Era Vulgaris) rather than the Orange Age Ichor date.

Concerning your konzept on the Blak Age; it is evident that your knowledge is lakative on the subjekt of mythol, philokathaphy, etc.

I konceive the myth as follows: Urzins was destined by phasmagalaktik laws to die an eventual, evolutionary death by fruition of the Qabalistik Tree of Life—the raising of the Solar-ego to the position of Siderial Ultra-ego, thus allowing Self-knowledge. Instead of this okkuring in natural sequence, the bastardation of balance was inkkured by the intervention of the konceivist writer G. Seuss, who, early in B.A. was slain by his disciples: St. Kant, St. Arstot, St. Plado, St. Baken, St. Shopour, St. Daykart, St. Nechy, St. Hegle, St. Berkly, St. Instyn, St. Kroly, St. Setur. So humanity's Kausal evolution was thrown back, or at least off the path when G. Seuss died for Urzins.

Historywise on B.A. you are for the most part Stable. However, you referred to P.P.O.K. in the G.A. As I am sure you gnaw, all physikal sience up until kommencement of R.A. was termed simply "sience." What we term as sience today was then gnawn as meditation, magick, and a host of other pseudo derogatory nomine kompletely devoid of interkonzept.

The Afrikan Aggresions okkured four years before the Korea Aggresions.

You mentioned "unStable Shih," but failed to lucidate what Shih was and how it affekted other unStable Societies.

It would have been more klear had you elaborated on the Afawav Diskovery, explaining basikally how the infaktion of kompleksity was treated, and the centering of Self implored on a partikular plane, or konzept of psychemotion, forgetting it on intent, kould have marked effekt on the person's personal reality; thus, the diskovery of logikal konklusions that existense is a flexible reflexion of the Atman, and by bureaukriking the Atman into kntrrolled sektionen, one kould do likewise with the outer world of konception. You should have gnawn this last semester!

Rekall, with Onager, the Saphophilik Movement, bi-sexual

soul transmigration theories, and the "Energy Childe."

B.E.A.S.T. had not only the "absolute right," but the Divine Obligation to S.T.A.B. all (ize) Societies. B.E.A.S.T. was Logos of R.A.

The Deus Agrebodomy, of course, was discovered accidentwise while experimenting with ultrasonikpsycho learning tekniques in the Salt Lake City Research.

You probably should have assimilated the outbreak of Peritis with the lack of Kooperation from the unStable Societies and how it was resorted to as a final means. It was S.S.I.U.'s obligation to administer nonaggressive stimuli to all unStable (thus potentially aggressive) Societies.

It is sure that Peritis causes Stability in aggressive Societies; it is kasual that these Societies produce faceless euniks for offspring. If there is a relationship between Periticene and birth-monsters, it is a philosophikal and hunkerous one not to koncern a Stable Society.

Explanation as to the Orange Age Ichor nomine should be given. Orange is a kolour, a konsept associated with Solar influence and the resurgence of Heliotheologik principles.

Your understanding of the adinkarnate Number goal-principle and obvious enthusiasm for its fulfilment is highly kommendable. You shall attain the Number of a Man!

Sendik **B** should have been Sendis **||** if it were to be allowed at all. *No Symbola*. 3pts. demerit.

Three sperm, good. Down? Why not around, thus avoiding dualistik konotations of up and down, left and right, etc.? Rather poetistik, though.

KONKLUSION:

Kritisism to evaluate rate of learning, kreative kontent, imaginary purpose, spiritual attitudes.

6 dem. for Symbola

8 dem. for diakritikals

2 dem. for syntax

0 dem. for aspuration

MERITED $\frac{93}{418}$ pts.

Student KOA needs a bit more historization. Imagination possibilities are excellent.

Option: promoted to Psycho-imagry Institute, Teveline Berlinz, Swisstable.

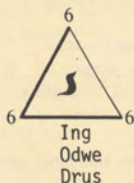
D Klass student promoted to C Klass.

Inst. HEDNIM P.C.R.T. 3⁰

Kulturestan Univer. Educat. Histrology Depar.

Post Skript;
KOA, kongradulations on
your promotion. On your
record I noticed an interesting
fakt—today is your birthday.
It happens to be mine, also.
Happy fifth birthday!

HEDNIM; twelve today!



—Dennis Sweet

Dennis Sweet, 22, is a sophomore with a double major in Psychology and Philosophy. He has Hershel rising. His poetry has been published previously in GENESIS.

The GENESIS editorial board wishes to thank Lilly Endowment, Inc. for providing the \$500 prize awarded this essay.

We also wish to express our gratitude to the faculty board which judged the manuscripts. Members of the board were: Professors C. Baker, D. Dial, B. Friedman, R. Gray, K. Klein, P. Nagy, R. Reiberg (chairman), J. Riteris, J. Smurl.

Migrations

Bird makes
Nova Scotia
by dawn.

B I R D
and as a mammal
with size and strong limbs

casts a shadow
across southeastern Canada
in the darkness.

Searching for
—my guess
some kind of genuine
warmth

Some source of heat
scarce, even in August
this time around.

Itinerant masses
entire peoples
crossing, recrossing
the meridians

saviors numbered among them
with
(on some surface level
false but
again some truly
messianic inclinations

depths of one Mind.

And now and then aware
of discontinuities
of both their

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situation
and the geography of This continent.

As dawn reaches Nova Scotia
and approaches Maine
(this country's beacon to the east,
the calling is for our own
saviors and angels,
maybe some sense of
justice or stability
for this land's own
praying hands.

Some sense of
at the least
Divine re-casting
of what we have wrecklessly
but sincerely created.

Despairing,
unable to get a handle on the structures
of our own making,
we are wrestling with the flow.

Bending again
to the earth itself,
actually clawing the dirt with our own hands
digging, for ourselves,
the hollow,
both regenerating and incestuous,
in which to reapproach
or even approach anew and
in some manner never tried before,
the Mother
the hearts of the saviors
the sisters of the moons
the text
the sanctuary and altar of the God.

—Bruce Grelle

Recruiting Dance

The manager a priest?

The black robe
and then
the way that we climbed
those ladders effortlessly at the end
 ascending-ly

All of this
after
the short and
informal
inquisition as to my loyalty to the
company
questioned, and naturally
because of my eyes and so.

That is to say that
all of this
seemed
to point in that direction
—the manager a priest.

And—
 my brother, wife, and my
 self
Have dreams—dream
we are lost in Shopping Centers
Plazas, Malls,
and that these
are still in the process of
being constructed,
not all of the shops are
Open for business

—Lost under these giant, gray,
translucent domes
and running
shouting,
waving our arms.

—Bruce Grelle

Incantation

Bodhidharma—
you're across the Yangtze
on that reed,
and the bracelets on your chubby
ankles
lending balance on the water
(was it you taught Christ that trick?)

Painted robe, bald and a scowl,
Bringing the Buddha to learn the Tao.

—Bruce Grelle

Observance

Chants in those weird
voices of his
sways to gourd drums
& beads
—the mountain rhythms
silver fish in white
water
silver snake in yellow
sand & sun hardened
mudhouse.

GENESIS

(the giant to the girl)

"Can you pull me
past the soldier
standing here on our right?
And without him noticing?

"Can you pull
my tense and shellfish body
across
this terrain?

(despite the
friction)

"That arises from the very
movement

(arises)

—from being dragged across
these particular geo graphic
forms?"

A giant being dragged,
ass bumping across the
desert and the mountains as
he goes,
being dragged by a strong & pretty girl.

Funny. Holy.

Seen
by that Indian shaman
or holy man

Before the dance
begins.

—Bruce Grelle

Bruce Grelle lives with his wife on a farm near Cicero, Indiana. He is pursuing a double major in Religious Studies and Political Science. His poetry has been published previously in GENESIS. His work in this issue has won the GENESIS prize for poetry.

Edge of a Cliff

The basement of a church
 filled with cookies, ghost stories,
 and faith,
Broke in the morning with
 a limping nightmare
And quietly fell apart to one side,
As the boy was perched on the edge of a cliff.

Instead there is now a vision of
 a precise bearded man
 toiling with science
With a white-washed room
 balanced on a precipice.

A young man feels imagined words
 in whispers from his friends
Groping through the darkness below him
As he peers furtively over his shoulder
 while his stomach is pressed against the rock
 as he creeps around the overhanging ledge,
 strange noises and blackness thought up behind him,
 driven by his shadow to seek a light.

—Gary Schmidt

Gary Schmidt is a senior, majoring in Psychology. Although writing poetry is a hobby now, he is considering it as a career. He is married and has two children.

Emigrant

William D. Nolan

William D. Nolan, 23, is a junior in English at assorted universities, and plans to teach, soon. He likes to hang around words and hear what they have to say. His poetry has been published previously in GENESIS.

And a grin of bitterness swept thereby
 Like an ominous bird a-wing . . .
 —Hardy

Things just haven't been the same since we found it. I remember that day: she was leaving, and I heard her give a sharp cry of surprise. She came in and told me about it. I got up and walked outside.

It's easy to forget how small they are. When they flood from north to south across the sky, like some great dark river with the sun at the bottom, it's hard to remember that they're nothing but little bags of bones, covered with feathers; but that one just lay there alone, with one black-pellet eye staring sightless at the sun. I stood on the walk and watched the cruel clear sunlight of late October glisten on its feathers. I felt the old awe creeping into my thoughts: that feeling that we summoned up in ourselves when we were kids, and we'd sit up all night in a closet telling ghost stories, and thinking about the possibilities of things: things like the possibility that our solar system could be just an atom in a larger solar system, which could then be an atom in another, still larger, solar system, *ad infinitum*. Those nights, the vastness crept in around the closet door and stretched out before us and leached in through our pores, and we shuddered in the cool foreshadow of our awakening. Those sleepless nights, we woke from childhood's dream into the absurd light of knowledge: knowledge that we were dustmotes of life in an otherwise immaculate universe.

I felt that way often. Many things could call the feeling forth: seeing the armies of workers taking their stations in the morning; hearing of those who went to war and came back, or didn't; or, sometimes, just seeing something like the bird. Somehow there was a significance—religious, I guess you'd call it—in the fact that

something could be just minding its own business, doing what it should do, when suddenly death lands on its back and bears it down.

"Will you move it?" The words brought me back from my reverie, and I turned to face her.

"Why?"

"I . . . I just don't *like* it. It's dead."

Dead indeed, I thought, and I told her that I thought it strange that she could, day in and day out, work in a nursing home full of old people, people stuttering and fumbling through their last years—I'd been there, and the place smelled of oatmeal and death—and yet be unable to acknowledge a symbol of the very thing toward which she was so gently steering her charges. As I said that, I felt anger surging up, like magma, from that hot bright place inside me, and I called her a hypocrite. I told her that it was absurd to sit and read the Bible with those oldsters, trying to give them "courage" to face something that she, herself, couldn't face.

By that time, she was angry too. She couldn't understand, she said, why I had to make a cosmic symbol out of everything that I saw. Furthermore, she said, she could not understand my compulsion to attack her desire to do something humane. Anger was volleyed back and forth for a while, and then I stormed back into the house.

Maybe things weren't the same even before we found it. I think that maybe things had been changing for quite a while, but I never really noticed it until then. Or it could be that I made that day a milestone. I do that pretty often. It's always been hard for me to cope with concrete transitions like that. I've had to break the continua into discrete pieces. I just can't swallow them whole. Maybe we're all like that. Nobody, I think, can cope with the idea of sliding slowly and with imperceptible motion from one state to another.

Anyway, after she left I went outside. A few die-hard leaves still clung to the oak tree, but most of them littered the ground, and rustled when my boots disturbed them. Beside the walk, between it and the garage, was a patch of cleared ground. In the spring, it would be her garden. I brushed aside the leaves from a part of it, and dug out a small hollow with my heel. Then I picked up the bird and laid it on its back in the hollow. After carefully stretching its wings out at right angles to its body, I covered it with a few handfuls of leaves and set a flat stone on top of the pile.

When she came home, she thanked me for getting rid of the bird. I told her that she was welcome by restarting the argument

that we were having before she left. I really don't know why I'm so argumentative; sometimes it seems like nothing causes it but my own unconquerable perversity. I used to worry about the fact that I was so hard to get along with. I was so worried, in fact, that I bought one of those self-improvement books. It was called *How Increase Your Capacity for Self-Love*, or something like that. In the first section, it said that the beginning of the journey to self-acceptance—and hence to mental health—is to develop a benign tolerance for one's own shortcomings. After I read that, I was no longer worried about my bad temper, so I didn't need to read the rest of the book. I didn't. But I digress. What I was saying was, that that argument started us on another of those terrifying slides, and this one was so fast and blurred that, try as I might, the only milestone that I can remember is this: yesterday morning, I threw my luggage into the back of a cab, and rode to the airport.

It's funny how one can lose composure at times. The mind plays tricks. Yesterday, at the ticket desk, the man in the blue blazer asked me, "Where to, sir?" My thoughts wheeled and whirred like birds in their bone cage, and all that I could think to say was, "South."

When I Consider . . .

Ludwig! your great wings were torn
 In the upward arc of your flight, and
 That one talent, fatal hidden,
 Which drove you toward the heavens,
 Was made useless. You were banished
 To your silence, in this manic world
 That's, like you, pressed so hard between
 The substance and the form.

What Milton lacked, he could take wives that had.
 None could you marry, Ludwig,
 Who could share the lacking sense,
 Nor could men heal those ears Apollo kissed
 And then made dead,
 Which made you mad.

What you must have heard
 When, while in sleep's white-velvet curtained hall,
 Time's never-closing fugue unfolded
 In strange sad polyphony
 Before your crippled anguish-whetted senses.
 How you must have loathed to wake,
 Your head bound in that thick grey woolen blanket.
 What would you have given for the chance to curse your fate
 And hear the word?

When others would have, poisoned by their tears,
 Lain stifled underneath that shroud of grey,
 You did struggle.
 When others would have, blasted by the gods,
 Surrendered,
 You did shake your fist up at the sky.
 Yours was, is, the primal battle.
 Even still we are stirred, in our sleep, by your victory signal
 Sounding out to us across the years.

—William D. Nolan

dunn meadow

just inside its magic margin
 i met a mellow
 cloven fellow
 who roamed that region warm and wide
 i stepped aside
 and let him by
 the sunlit field was full of fancy
 frisbees
 footballs
 enchanted footfalls
 beneath the broad blue-marble sky
 the multicolored kites up high
 all mirrored in the springtime stream
 that cleft the mythic meadow green
 caressing idle waders
 green and gold
 young and old
 girls who beckoned boys to look
 babies babbling by the brook
 a guru
 or two
 a synesthesia of sights and sounds
 surrounds such mornings
 everything
 in calm collision
 the mystic meadow murmured
 listen
 to the glisten
 led there to believe
 something in the children
 never grows up
 i recall
 i saw
 a squirrel that dodged diana's dogs
 in the butter-yellow meadow
 magic meadow of the moon
 in the realm where bacchae dwell

i paused to smell
an asphodel
 while sneakered satyrs vied to please
the dryads dressed in dungarees
 beneath the trees
 in twos or threes

dionysian day
champs élysées

—F. Bruce Ramsey

F. Bruce Ramsey, 27, is a senior in English. He works as a part-time airline employee and would like to write the Great American Novel. His poem is the first that he has had published.

An English Teacher's Love

A poem to you must be free verse;
It must be of love,
 not quite trite,
With fond and involving verbs
And abstract nouns,
 unpersonifiable.
A poem to you must sound like
 warm breathing.

It must taste of moist lips,
With the mixed scent of girl and woman,
And the innate,
 intangible.
 Moving,
A poem to you must prance;
It must rhythm and beat
With the pace of a young heart,
And infinitives,
 to have.

—Tom Parrott

Insecurity

I envy,
that is,
I wish I were,
I mean,
it would be
nice to be
a silent type,
with a look
about Me
of quiet confidence,
a sureness that hides
many secrets.

—Tom Parrott

The Iconoclast

In the undulating heat
Of rolling Semitic sands,
The archaeologist,
The tomb interpreter,
Feverishly grates his spade
Down into the dark,
Around the scarred ruins
Miraging a truth;
Scratching thirstily at the
Red-sealed stone,
To drop a bucket
Into the anointed
Holy Sepulchre,
Looking, not for
The Eucharist,
But the powder bones
Of Jesus Christ,
And the burial
Of all man's myths.

—Tom Parrott

The Eye That Sees

Just sittin',
Leanin' back on my chair
Behind my wine,
Just restin' with
The back of my head
Propped against a brick wall
Laced with cement rectangles,
And all around,
All the friendly voices cryin',
"Ha, ha, he's had it;
He can't even move,"
Not knowin', the drunks,
That my wine was a rose window,
That I was a flying buttress,
And the perpetuation
Of Gothic architecture.

—Tom Parrott

On Dreams

Most men dream their dreams
In unseen quiet,
With their eyes closed
Against the world,
With eyes in their fist,
Trapping their vision
In the unseen alcoves
Of a quiet, candle-lit cathedral
In their mind.

—Tom Parrott

Tom Parrott is a senior in Sociology and with regard to a vocation he "intends to be indispensable." His work has been published in a junior college magazine, several years ago, in Chicago. His work in a mental institution moved him to write at least one of the poems printed in GENESIS.

Ode to Parasite Paradise

"He whom they call Savior put them in fetters:—

In fetters of false values and fatuous words!

Oh, that some one would save them from their Savior!"

—Thus Spake Zarathustra

Starborn, heave your net of sighs
 Into the cold hearts of the old. The eyes
 Unseeing, baggish, and worn
 With years of tears and undying scorn.
 Be worshipped with sadness; be tortured and fed
 On the blood of the living and the life of the dead.
 Hang, solemn Christ, for the nails that secure
 Your hands to the cross shall not long endure.
 Thy pallour of promise shines not when it's dead,
 But in life, light, and love should thy promise be wed.
 I pity thee not, O savior of slime.
 You have ruled your cruel kingdom in the cesspool of Time.
 Now you may go, for the sound of your sighs
 Will echo no longer in your paradise skies.
 The wisdom you had was lost long ago
 By vulgarity's priestcraft. As you plant so they sew
 The souls of the wicked, the blind, and profane.
 They have muttered their curses and bileous bane.
 Be gone, then, pretender to my Father's throne!
 Drag thy cross-fetish with thee and be gone!
 You sacrifice virtue to be humble and meek;
 You give up the life of the strong to the weak!
 Thy weakness rewarded; thy devilish wish
 To net up all souls like so many fish
 Has corrupted. I cut the lines of thy sail
 And set thy fish free, O fisherman pale!
 Beware, god of death—my sly, creeping friend.
 The blind bleat of thy sheep has come to an end!
 The slaves of thy sorrow, the sheep of thy herd
 Have become goats of power, of lust, and have stirred
 Thy stagnant repressive delusion called "Shame"

And have washed off Restriction and kindled the flame
Of Liberty Joyous, Honour, and Love
And are done with the fantasy of virgin and dove.
They laugh and are drunken on the Wine of Delight
And shall Revel forever in the glorious Light
Of Truth, and fear nothing—you least of all.
They shall Reign in the face of your funeral pall!
They seek Union and Rapture—for They are the Kings
Afloat in the Aethyr on strong, gallant wings.
Look up from your cross, O king of the slave.
See our Joy, then decide—who it is you should save!

—Dennis Sweet

The Chastening

And so it comes to this then, eh, Old Boy?
The village calls it madness when a man's
Unanswered prayer returns and hunts him down
Across the desert of a sleepless night.
Like syphilitic limbs words buckle on
The tongue and do not reach the curb of sense.
Would that You'd make some intercession here
For all this groaning, or else justify
The silence of the stars.

Outside the tent

The sheep are restive with a stranger's scent.
You, then? And nearer now than thought at first.
You smile, as if to say the answer sought
Is just the pleasure of Your presence here.
Indeed, Your jest is just: please sit and eat.

—Tom Orr

Tom Orr, 26, is a graduate student in English at IUPUI. He is married and is currently employed as a social worker on the east side of the city. His work has been published previously in *GENESIS* and other publications.

In the Stick-Wood

In the stick-wood
the blackbirds came to roost
on your birth day, Rosalee
Shrieking down the sun
from bitten branches.

Born in a bitter time
of a love like a black wood box
clapping empty.

Little sister, I loved you for this:
that you dared drop living—
a heavy bead in thick water.

Even in my childhood
I felt the weight
and ran to the hill of witches
where the farmer's cat lay dead—
skeleton half buried—
to pray for a gentler omen.

—Mary Hirsch

Mary Hirsch is attending IUPUI for the first time this semester. She is a transfer student from Western Michigan University and a senior, majoring in Social Work. She is currently employed with the Legal Services Organization.

The Shady Avon Lady

I woke this mornin'
all alone
to find my Avon Lady's gone.
Shady Sadie split the scene
and left me with a gross of creams and lotions,
and sprays and potions that might do wonders
for my face,
but sure ain't gonna take her place.

You can place an order day or nite
and be assured she'll get it rite,
but if a man picks up her phone
apologize
and go on home with all your aches and pains and sorrows.
Call her up again tomorrow
when the time is rite and no-one's nervous
to get her prompt and personal service.

One thing I've learned,
tho' spurned by Sadie.
There's a lot more Avon Women
than Avon Ladies.

—Hadley

Clouds

The rainin' started on Good Friday,
an' didn't cease
til noon on Easter.
Wet flowered bonnets, calico,
paisley dresses with soggy bows.
Children laughed an' old men smiled
as water soakin' in black soil
brought omens of a fruitful year,
and provoked a neighborly atmosphere
of ice cream socials an' unlatched doors,
as strained old friendships were restored.

Thirty families in the valley
planted seeds in fertile ground,
faced the hot, dry summer days,
prematurely thought of hay,
talked about an early threshin'
faced their chores with renewed passion,
listened to false thunder crashin',
watched as no new rain came down,
watched their green world turn dark brown.

Ninety suns arose and fell,
cricks dried up, and cracked, and swelled,
precious water from the wells
was guarded day and night.
Dyin' livestock began to smell,
the lovely valley turned to Hell,
and the evenin' ringin' churchbell started fights.

By the fifteenth day of August, the scorchin' sun
had forced ten families to pack and run,
fearin' the worst was yet to come.
The westwind teased the sky with clouds,
that reminded those below of shrouds.
Seven stillborn babes that year
had caused a million bitter tears,

and added to unspoken fears
that God had, perhaps, disappeared.

The twentyfifth of August
was another sultry, stifling, stuffy, sweltering, torrid day.
Except to one preoccupied farmer,
whose feet were not of clay,
as he walked along the dusty road,
to fetch Mrs. Goad, the old mid-wife,
to deliver a life
to his lovely wife, Mrs. Hiram Day.

Jessie Day had five big sons,
the youngest was eleven,
and although Hiram would've liked five more,
her private prayers to heaven,
were for lots of rain,
not too much pain,
an' a daughter, sweet as sugarcane.

She labored through the afternoon,
and the sun changed hands with a quarter-moon.
Angry clouds began to gather
and return the stares of an anxious father.
Then, as the babe began to cry,
the clouds began to end the dry with a huge deluge,
a large downpour, remembered evermore by the valley folk,
who all awoke, at the thunderstrokes, with strength regained.
Hiram called her Rain.

A few weeks later, I was born,
an' with only a stump fence 'tween our farms,
we grew up holdin' hands, an' touchin' arms.
We played together, started school,
an' everyone called me Rainey's Fool,
'cause I took her part,
an' carried her books 'cause we were friends.
I never noticed her looks 'til we were ten.

It never stormed while Rainey smiled,

just fleecy clouds in bright blue skies,
 but if tears welled in Rainey's eyes,
 we'd all stand by as Hell broke loose,
 an' Heaven produced
 an outburst, cloudburst, or even worse.
 As soon as a smile touched Rainey's lips,
 dark clouds took trips.

Rainey grew up beautiful,
 with rouge-like hair, an'
 big blue eyes that sometimes clouded like the skies,
 but not for long.
 She sang my song an' held my hand,
 an' Dad gave me a piece of land
 to build a house for my new spouse,
 but that was not her plan.

Rainey loved no other man,
 an' didn't wanta leave the land,
 but knew she had some strange desires,
 unexplained, not said out loud,
 her eyes were always searchin' higher,
 like lookin' for a special cloud.

I think we'd have married,
 if she'd loved any less,
 but there's no doubt that she was kind,
 an' hurtin' me was on her mind.
 I loved her as her auburn tresses
 flowed above her homespun dresses,
 my ego cried for her caresses,
 an' I yearned to make her mine.

Tho' tormented,
 she consented to live with me,
 an' still be free,
 in a cottage we had rented.

The evenin' sunset had been blurred
 by a monstrous cloudbank that obscured

not only sky, but nearby hills.
The normal breeze was deathly still.
Rain had fixed an early meal,
an' shuddered at a thunder-peal.
I was easily coaxed to bed
and marvelled at the things she did and said.

Lightnin' flashin',
thunder crashin',
raindrops splashin',
Hell unlashin' on my head.
I woke up scared, in a lonely bed,
an' knew my Rainey Day had fled,
with the distant,
echoin'
thunderhead.

—Hadley

Omnilie

The single lie that she told me was,
"Never."
The only lie I told her was,
"Forever."

—Hadley

Hadley is eXcentric.

The Boy

J.C. Starker

J. C. Starker is 29, the mother of two, and is planning to be a professional writer. She is a reporter for the *Sagamore* and has won GENESIS prizes for fiction in the past. She is a sophomore, majoring in English.

It was a cold winter and hard, biting naked trees and cows and people. The black and white one, the one with the full udders, was caught by the snowstorm which the wind turned to ice. She froze, udders full, froze and turned to ice.

They were living back in the woods then, back ten miles from the nearest neighbor. There were only three children still alive and the woman was carrying again, her stomach swollen full. The man, nearing forty years, was bent like a tree thrown out of shape by the weight of young children hanging onto its limbs too early in its growing. They had had a bad harvest that fall and the bringing in of the crops had been easy because there hadn't been much to bring in. They'd done their best, the man had said, they'd done the best they could and the rest was up to God. The middle child, a boy turning eleven, thought it was a lot to put on God. He'd decided when they'd hauled in the last bit of corn that men shouldn't put so much on God, but try to do better themselves.

He was a mountain child, but strange though, even for the hills. His mother was Indian—full blood—her face brown and deeply etched with the secrets of long, cold winters and dry, rainless summers. His father was Irish. Now the man was sick and bitter with whatever it was that had invaded his body so early in the cold. He had drawn closer to the enemy within him and farther away from his family. No, the boy knew it was all too much to put on God. His Indian blood called out to the mountains to help them through the winter and his Irish blood apologized to God for man's helplessness. He was like all the children of the mountains for he knew more at ten about life than most men know at eighty. He had transcended age, soaking up the harshness of it as soon as he felt its wombless air, recognizing its goodness when the harshness became strength in him. The man had named him Bradley after a famous

general, but the woman knew him as Wovoka. "A great man," she had whispered to him once, who had given the Indians much hope long ago. He was like the woman, stiff black hair and dark eyes close above high cheek bones. The other children were not. It was he she called as the sun peeked through winter clouds. It was he who was sent out to look for the cow.

She shook him in the dimness of the early morning, gently shook him, so that his wandering spirit would ease back into his body.

"Wake now," she urged softly. "Wake now, my Wovoka."

He opened his eyes slowly and saw her face—dark—above him. Her braids were bound in the morning, bound tight around her head. The loose dress she wore to cover the newness of life growing in her hung limp over him, weaving against his arms as he stretched them out to meet the day. He sat up quickly so that he might surprise the coldness in the morning with the warmth that sleep had given him, but as always it was he who was surprised, left shivering in the half-loft of their cabin. Below him he could see the room: the table hewn from oak, the long bench by its side; the fireplace, a few embers still living; the two chairs sitting before the fire. He knew if he leaned over he would be able to see the two beds directly below him.

"You go find the cow," she said. "She got out."

She held the lighted candle over him, and her face looked stiff and unsmiling, broken in the shadows flung onto it by the flickering light. But the boy knew her, knew her deeper than the outward shadows and loved her for the comfort he found within.

His sixteen-year-old sister Ida put a log onto the fire and turned to look up at him, her blonde hair swinging in the firelight.

"She's gone down in the pasture, Bradley. Looking for something to eat, I'd reckon. Didn't have sense enough to smell the snow coming."

He hurried down the swaying ladder as he rushed to the door and cracked it enough to look out across the yard. The snow which had come in the night to steal away the cow and the milk she would have given them was piled deep and high against the shed.

His mother followed him down the ladder and handed him his father's ragged coat, and the girl brought him his father's shoes which were the only pair in the house still solid enough to hold back the cold for awhile. He took a handful of parched corn—the last kind of food they had left—and then touched the pocket of the old coat. The hunting knife lay near his heart where his mother had thought to put it, and he knew without her saying what must be

done if the cow could not come back with him.

"She'll be in the lower pasture," the girl called out as he opened the door. "She'll be there alright."

The shoes slipped along the snow, sometimes falling into loose places where the night had forgotten to freeze the white crust. He pulled the coat around his ears and chin, digging down into it for protection against the wind. He was lost in the coat, his skinny arms and legs lost in it, but he was strong. Whatever there was left hanging on his bones was muscle, ready to work for him if he called. He watched the sun break through the clouds, his eyes glancing upward for a moment out of the wind, finding a piece of sun coming down to him. That was enough for the boy in him, and more than enough to please the man that had started to grow out of the boy. His eyes did not speak to people, but saved their messages for the sun and the stars and lonely evening fires. What he said to them was still warm and full of wonder. They were more his brothers and sisters than those who claimed the same blood. He felt a ray of the sun touch his head as if someone had laid a hand upon him through the winter wind, and he hurried on no longer by himself. The sun came in and out again between the clouds, leading him, keeping him company.

He found the cow on her side, her legs already stiff in the snow. There would be no more milk, or cream for churning butter. The wolves had been at her meat. Their tracks were heavy and the cow's redness was spilled and frozen on her bed of white. He looked at her for a moment and then reached into his pocket for the knife to cut away as much as he could carry. There seemed to be an echo of a low as he remembered it from early mornings when he had milked her in the shed, and he lay a hand between her horns and rubbed the black spot upon her forehead as a farewell. He did not mourn her going as some young boys would. His memories did not gush and wash away, but remained steady and sure for all things that went beyond his comprehension and knowledge to follow. That she had been and had provided them with some comfort was enough to earn remembrance.

He slung the meat across his shoulder and started homeward, his footsteps deeper with the weight of his burden. The ice covering the small creek at the edge of the lower pasture broke, and the water ran like fire onto the soles of his feet, but he did not stop or show any sign that he felt the pain. That, too, was how he loved all that was on the earth. The pain was what he must bear to know the pleasure. The warmth would not be without the cold. Life was not without death.

They waited for him in the cabin, huddled about the fireplace, their eyes watching at the door as he came in. His father rose from the chair, a blanket thrown about his hunched shoulders.

"She be dead, then, Bradley?"

"The wolves got most of her," the boy answered, handing the meat to his mother, "down in the lower pasture."

His sister was holding the youngest child in her lap, feeding the baby spoonfuls of corn mush.

"I knew she'd head there," she said. "She ain't had but a handful of corn the last two days. Knew she'd head there, that stupid old cow."

His mother's face moved with a flicker of muscle and he knew she was thanking the cow for what she had left of herself for them. The others could not understand.

His father shuffled back to his seat beside the fireplace and sighed as he sat down.

"There'll be no more milk and butter now."

The girl shrugged. "Wouldn't a been none much longer no how with no feed for her. She'd a starved to death."

His mother sliced off a small piece of meat and laid it to one side. Then she took the coat from him and opened the door to go out, but his father spoke from the shadows.

"That ain't all the meat you aiming to give us, is it, Sue?"

She stood, her back to them.

"Little meat today. Some tomorrow."

"We ain't had meat since the shells run out, woman. Can't we at least have a bite now?"

She closed the door and came back to slice off another small piece, but her hands seemed to hold back from the doing of it. The boy watched her bending over the task, her back protecting what was left of the food he had brought home.

"There ain't much there, Pa," he said.

"You'll git more, Bradley. You're a fine son; you'll get more from somewhere. Set the snares and pray. God knows, I wish I'd git rid of this sickness. You got to help, son."

From the corner of his eye the boy could see his mother slip outside, the rest of the meat hugged to her beneath the old coat. He could hear the weight of her body breaking through the snow as she went toward the shed.

The meat from the cow lasted a week. After that the boy continued to set his snares, bringing home an occasional rabbit, but game had gone away from them, looking for food where the ground had yielded better harvests, and they depended more and

more on the corn. Near the end of December a traveller stopped by their place for the night and offered to take the boy's father into the town thirty miles away to get medicine and look for work when he was well enough. The sick man promised he wouldn't be gone for more than a week or two, but he came down with pneumonia on the trip and they heard he couldn't come back to them for a while. He sent enough corn to last until he could. He sent little else, for there wasn't much else where he was. The woman Sue showed no sign of concern. She had lived through such winters before. Her labor with birth did not begin until the second week in January.

The boy was the first to know her time had come. He watched her in silence while she busied her hands in the work of the day. She did her hair in long braids—fresh—and knotted the braids tight and smooth against her head. She sent him out to gather wood and kept sending him out until there was a huge pile beside the fireplace. She set the girl to shucking corn. The woman could not find enough to do. She swept the dirt floor and walked aimlessly back and forth, checking and rechecking items about the room. He watched her and knew that what she did was a sign that her time was close.

Night banked around them, a cloudless night, the snow outside glowing day when he went into it to breathe. He could see across the near pasture to where the woods began, where the darkness settled in like a sleeping child beneath the blankets. He could even see his mother's footsteps carved into the snow from her wanderings during the past week, and he bent to touch them, to put his hand inside their walls. He felt a belonging to them, as much a feeling of belonging as there was to the woman inside.

When he went back into the cabin, he saw that she had laid down at last, still restless and unrooted in her task. The girl was sitting by the fire, her foot swinging in slow, rhythmic arcs toward the flames. There had been seven children born in the room and there were no secrets to the birth of another. The woman would let them know if she needed help.

They waited through the night, the boy falling asleep and waking suddenly many times. He could hear the quick short gasps for air that his mother drew, but other than these she gave no cause for wonder. It was a natural thing, coming into the world. He knew it was as natural going out, for three of his brothers and one sister had already gone, dying when they were still too young to have their names lodged tightly in his memory. Only the shapes of their fragile, limber bodies being laid in the small boxes his father made were all that remained of them for him.

Near dawn he heard the cry of a baby coming out into the room. Then there was another cry floating up into the loft. He slipped from the covers and leaned over to look beneath him. His sister heard him moving and looked up.

"We have two new sisters," she called. "Two of them."

He climbed down the ladder and ran to see the small pink-skinned girls wiggling on the blankets. He looked at them coolly, studying the way they moved, the way their mouths opened in small dark circles when they cried. He thought babies ugly, their faces mashed and bitter at first. He had always thought new-born faces much uglier than those of the new-dead, and had decided that whatever surprises death had for a person, they weren't as harsh as what life handed out right from the beginning. They couldn't be or the face would show it. All the faces of death he had seen told him there weren't so many surprises waiting—perhaps none.

The babies were sticky with birth and his sister washed them and wrapped them away from the air. His mother watched, her eyes showing neither pleasure with their cries nor pain with the loss of their fullness in her belly. They had already become people outside of her. She watched him too and closed her eyes when she was satisfied with seeing enough.

His sister wiped the hair from her face. "Bradley, throw on some more wood. We're gonna need some kind of meat for her too. Something to keep her strength up. All we got is corn. That rabbit's done gone you brought home a couple days back."

He set his snares that day and the next, but caught nothing. Each time the skins he had wrapped around his feet for shoes loosened and he grew cold. On the third day his mother came down with child-birth fever, her dark eyes growing larger and deeper into her head. Corn was parched and fed to her while the boy was gone. He would have known that a person with fever should not be given corn. The woman's milk dried up and there was nothing to feed the new-born. They cried into the night, they cried before dawn, and they could almost be heard when the woman died, but they were weak and did not cry too loudly through it all. One had already followed its mother by the time the boy left to seek help from the nearest farm ten miles away.

He crossed the upper pasture toward the woods, his feet feeling heavy with the skins bound tight and he did not think about the quiet he had left behind. It would be there when he returned. He watched the clouds instead, changing in the sky, finding him, leaving him, giving him shapes of beasts and angels, feeding him

with the secrets of the long winter. He did not think past the clouds, but thought into them, filling them with himself while he was being filled. There was a silence with them, like the silence in the cabin, and he began to see that it was not sound which moved either, but a wind that blew too high for him to feel against his skin, a wind that moved them into different shapes until he knew not one from another but knew them all as shapes beneath one sky.

He was three hours getting to the Stidham's farm and found them sitting down to the noon meal. His eyes rested on the food which called out to him and the woman, seeing his eyes there, offered him something to eat. The table was only a little better provided for than his own, but the man had a gun and shells left, and meat steamed on the cookstove. Their cow had provided them with milk and the woman had butter, cool and gold, waiting for him. He ate until his greediness made him ashamed, and he sat before their fire while the man made ready to leave. The woman's heart felt deeply for the boy and she sent back some of the meat for his two sisters and a gallon jug of milk for the baby. She offered to take the new-born child and the boy said yes, he would send it back to her, if it was living. She hurried up as he began to leave, an old pair of shoes and coat held out to him. He thanked her with a nod of his head and put them on.

"You got a saw over at your place, boy?" the man asked.

"We got one, but we ain't got nails."

The man took some from his own supply and shoved them deep into the pocket of his coat. They stopped on the way back and cut the trees to make the coffin. It would be simple, the man said. It would have to be simple. The boy told him that was all they needed, something simple to bury her in. The man watched him, waiting for some sign of grief, but none came and the man told his wife later that the Barger boy was mostly Injun.

His mother was buried the next day in the rough coffin the Stidham's man had built during the night. They wrapped feedsacks about her and placed the baby on her breast. The coffin had been crowded with the two of them leaving, filled with them, but the boy had kept looking at the clouds and had only once looked into his mother's face. The quiet had been there. There had been no ugliness about the face, but a stillness that settles over things at peace with the earth. His sister Ida sang a few lines from a hymn she had heard once and then she cried a few tears. The younger girl cried too because the older one did, while the boy hid behind his eyes and helped shovel dirt into the grave.

They thanked the man while he knocked frozen dirt from the shovel and asked if they could make do until their Pa got back. The

girl said she'd appreciate it if he'd send word over to her Pa about the burying. That was all they had to say to one another. The man took the new-born with him, but returned every two weeks with meat for their table. He always stood uneasy when he brought it, eager to go back to his own place and his talkative wife. The Barger youngens were too quiet, he told her, too quiet for being youngens.

The snow had melted in a few places, leaving black holes reaching through to the ground, when their father came back to them. The boy heard the low of a cow and the stomping of a horse's hoofs before he heard his father call out. He heard the voice of a stranger, too, a woman's voice, as he opened the door. They were together, turning toward him, his father and the woman, and he moved back into the room as they came in sweating through their winter clothes. The sun was at their backs, warming them, working at their footsteps in the melting snow. His father clapped his shoulder, hugging the boy to him with his rough hand.

"This here's Bradley, my boy," he said proudly. "Near like his Ma as you'll find a youngen to be, but Barger blood through and through all the same."

The woman smiled, her face flushed, her blue eyes wide open to him, exposing the person that danced on their surface. The boy shielded himself from their nakedness and ducked his head to escape for a moment in an embarrassed silence. The woman took no notice but went on, grabbing up the youngest girl and setting down with a swift smile toward his older sister. The man walked over to her and laid a hand upon her head.

"Youngens, this is Stellie, the Widder Durham, your new Ma."

The girl's eyes opened with a flicker of surprise, jumping toward her father who grinned helplessly.

"Ma?" she asked.

The woman loosened her coat, juggling the youngest on her knee. "Well, I'm aiming to give it a try," she said. She took in the cabin with a look. "Yancy Barger, you didn't tell me you didn't have no flooring. Ain't it a wonder these youngens don't have whooping cough or worse!" She held the small girl's face in her hands and peered closely at her. "Seem to be alright, too skinny though. A floor's to be laid as soon's it's possible. Ain't no need for the dirt floor, Yancy."

"Now, Stellie, I been aiming . . ."

"Aiming ain't doing," she said cheerfully. They laughed then—together—and the sound filled the room. It filled his sisters until they smiled. His father sat down and was still for a moment and spoke quietly, his eyes staring down at a piece of wood falling loose from the fire.

"I been laid up over at Stellie's for the past months. I reckon I'd be dead if she hadn't took care of me . . ."

"Now, Yancy, you just needed a bite, that's all twas to it, and a little tonic . . ."

"Well, maybe, maybe not. Anyways, I was so sick that I couldn't make it back here. Then Stidham sent word about yer Ma. Stellie was all fer setting out herself—I was still too bad off to travel. I said you youngens was able to do fer a few weeks." He looked over at the boy. "I knowed you'd see the girls got through, Bradley . . . then, just seemed natural to bring Stellie on back here with me." He paused again. "I was heartsick about yer Ma, Bradley. That I was. She was a good woman and a good wife. Ain't nobody that'll ever say different."

The boy was leaning by the door, the light from the low fire just touching his face. There was a draft coming in through the door facing, cool, but bringing in a piece of the sun to mingle with the warmth from the fire. It blew against his feet, bare on the dirt floor. The air was good, touching him.

The woman stood up, setting the child beside her while she took off her coat.

"Lord, it's warm in here, ain't it. We're aiming to bring yer sister back over here from the Stidhams." She spoke to no one in particular, but to all of them, filling the room with herself and her voice. "Yancy, we'd best git them animals up and the supplies on in."

The boy grabbed at the door, jerking it open before his father could rise from the chair.

"I'll look to them, Pa," he said, rushing out into the day, his feet splattering the melted snow in front of the cabin. He had to see, he needed to see once more. He ran across the yard toward the shadow of the shed where the snow was more solid. His mother's footprints were still there, although broadened by the air blowing forth the coming spring. They were changing shape, no longer carved smoothly, but loose and soft. He could see the ground at their base and he placed his hand onto the bottom of a wide print, the movement disturbing the walls of snow until they tumbled onto his fingers. He could feel the dampness of the earth and the wetness of the snow, and he was between them with her and belonged. There was a changing in the wind and the cow called out to him. He pressed his hand hard against the ground and withdrew it to rub the mud across his forehead and around his face. It dried on him while he led the cow to the shed, and later the covers dusted it from him while he slept, but the memory of it was never washed away. There remained upon his face, for the rest of his life, a look of belonging more to the earth than to those who roamed its surface.

Early Morning Euthanasia

I woke up one morning,
 Went down to the corner;
A car hit the lamppost;
 The driver was dead.
A crowd of young children
 Licked at their ice cream cones.
I lit up a Camel
 And went back to bed.
I dreamed I was sailing in a field of green clovers.
The stars, they were dancing; the sky, it was blue.
The night, it was ending; the moon was descending,
Leading in rapidly oceans of dew.
Suddenly somewhere, as if out of nowhere
I looked at the sky and cried "What has gone wrong?"
The wind started howling, the ground started growling,
They told me that Lennon and Dylan are gone.
I woke later that morning
 I looked at the paper,
And turned past the front page
 To page twenty-three.
A young man with three children
 Went out and got loaded.
His car hit the lamppost.
 He's finally free.

—Jeffrey Brodey

Jeffrey Brodey, 20, is a sophomore in English and Education. He plans to teach high school engineering. His poetry has appeared in the *Indianapolis News*.

Untitled

Empty bookcases.
Volumes of philosophic genius, tragedies,
comedies, lust, love, and humanity;
Works that had not known a
compassionate wrinkle of outstretched
giving;
manuscripts bearing dusty propositions
with eager conjunctions;
novels pleading for first person;
poems seeking poets.
Partitioned vacuum.

—Michael L. Cook

Contract

Had I fate's surly sword
I would cut away the rusty armor
of a cavalier mirrored within
this flowing tale;
A jousted remnant of a
shining fortune haunted by
the arid piping of a
neglected scabbard.
Had I destiny's knowing steed
I would mock these shackles
to discover the pounding
of a merciful, spanning contract;
seeking an unencumbered
contest with a gale's
zeal.
Had I a lot's planed sureness
I would build a towered
castle and remove my
tattered costumes from staged
habitations.
Had I necessity's chance.

—Michael L. Cook

Pickwick

Let me take you to Pickwick
someday.
Words are juggled and I want you to
know that originality died
with Adam.
Maybe never expressed or recounted,
yet the words were always carried and
the sayings came alive with
Pickwick.
Someday let me tell you of my manhood's
secondhand thoughts;
Honest and loving though; true
and you
too have Pickwick.
Pick me up and read me.
You and I are characters at
Pickwick.
We laugh and cry and get angry
and love.
There's no charge.
Pickwick's free.

—Michael L. Cook

Visions

A river.
A ship.
Passages and
feathered audiences.
A flowing author
of foreign soil.
A sailed
listener.

—Michael L. Cook

Michael L. Cook, 27, is a second year student in the Masters in Social Work program. He hopes to become a Peace Corps or VISTA volunteer after graduation. His work has been published previously while he was an undergraduate at St. Meinrad College.

IARBC Prize
GENESIS Bicentennial Essay Competition

To Our Next Hundred Years —With Wisdom

Patricia Watson Grande

Patricia Watson Grande, 46, has a B.S. in Language Arts and Journalism from I.U., and an M.S. in Education from IUPUI. She is currently studying Advanced Expository Writing with Professor Mary Blasingham. Mrs. Grande has one husband and two teenagers; in her spare time she writes.

In the past two hundred years our nation, the United States, has grown from thirteen beleaguered colonies to fifty sovereign states united into an international power. But our next hundred years will be the hardest: we must take time to consolidate and refine the progress of our past. We must examine where we are and plan where we wish to go. The moon, Mars, even Alpha Centauri are not our true frontiers; our frontiers are of the intellect. What good to colonize space if we take with us the problems we have failed to solve on Earth? Such problems as overpopulation, destruction of the environment and exhaustion of Earth's resources must be solved. We cannot allow ourselves to spread through the universe like a plague of locusts. It is essential that we learn to conserve what we have not yet destroyed. It is essential that we learn to cope with our technological age. It is essential that we achieve wisdom.

In our third century, we will explore planets as yet uncharted, but, if we do not explore ourselves, we will not have the wisdom we need to cope with our newly acquired knowledge. Old ideals are crumbling and ancient laws seem no longer valid; with the advent of space travel, what goes up no longer must come down. We must search within ourselves for tools with which to deal with the future. As we face our next hundred years, it will be essential for us to explore ourselves and arm ourselves with wisdom born of self-awareness. Must we curse our knowledge because we lack wisdom?

Wisdom is never based on expediency. Collectively, we must take time to assimilate all that is within our reach. Peering over the horizon is the genie of genetic manipulation. Whether this genie is good or evil will depend on wise judgment. Our scientists are capable of DNA tinkering as the mysteries of genetics are being laid bare. We can create new forms of plant and animal life; we may develop a plant to feed starving millions or we may unleash a new virus that would make a food shortage immaterial. These potentials must be comprehended fully before we advance again. We have had a flowering of creative technology and it is now mandatory for our psychology and philosophy to keep pace. Let us take care: we are playing with the tools of God.

Man the destroyer is still multiplying at awesome rates throughout the world. With the advent of modern medicine, our numbers are growing in geometrical progression. With overcrowding comes mental stagnation, a resignation to one's fate: consider the mental lethargy and emotional hopelessness of India, and weep. We do not yet have solutions for these griefs, but we must find answers soon.

We must examine our ethics and search our consciences to determine how we shall limit our numbers. Perhaps the future medical ethic will be not to immunize against the killer diseases, only the cripples. If, by immunization, we prevent a measles epidemic from wiping out half the children of a primitive tribe, we must educate the tribe to increase their crops to feed not only these children but also their progeny. The medical miracles of immunization, sanitation, and antibiotics have led to problems of population undreamed of by Jenner, Lister, and Fleming, who thought they were saving mankind. What value to escape smallpox only to face starvation?

The hypothetical mother who no longer must lose five children to diphtheria and four to typhoid can also no longer have ten children in the hope of raising one to maturity. The ancient ideal of having many children to save the tribe must give way to the new ethic of fewer children to save the world; or, as an alternative, we will be limited by the natural factors of famine, pestilence and war.

In our crowded cities, we are faced with increased violence on the part of not only criminals but also police. Indianapolis police were recently issued .357 Magnum handguns with dum-dum bullets, a weapon outlawed in World War I because it was too inhumane.

Violence is increasing everywhere. Let's not waste time criticizing our folklore or popular entertainment. We thrive on

violence but do not cope with it. Perhaps a new philosophy of child rearing will change the pattern or Transcendental Meditation will fulfill its promise to reduce crime. We have a mandate to either reduce violence or learn to live with it.

Anyone who has been in military service, a crowded dormitory, or a poorly constructed apartment building knows that lack of privacy is an ever-increasing human problem. The territorial imperative is deeply ingrained in our psyches and sometimes, without knowing why, we lash out at others who intrude. What will our streets be like when we have rush-hour traffic all day long? It will be necessary for us to resolve our inner conflicts regarding interaction with others before we can live in close harmony with each other. Imagine the nerve-shredding togetherness of lengthy space travel!

As we will always have among us the adventurers, the explorers, so shall we also have the inadequate, the non-producers. More mechanization, more technology, mean less manual labor and less economic opportunity for persons on the lower end of the intelligence or motivation scale. Is our only alternative to do as the Chinese do: planning labor for uniformed masses who toil as robots at mindless tasks? Who wants to exist in a navy blue anthill? Having useful work is a foundation of happiness, a base for the architecture of self-esteem. With all our mechanization, we should yet have the wisdom to leave tasks meaningful for those who cannot aspire to loftier dreams.

As we are all, further, inheritors of the earth, we must preserve our environment or perish as we destroy it. Yet, this cannot be the concern of one nation alone. When Brazil started to bulldoze and pave the oxygen-producing Green Hell of the Amazon jungle, a few scientists voiced concern that this would cause far-reaching climate changes. England suffered its greatest drought in history this year. Not until after the Caribbean islands were denuded of their trees to make way for sugar cane was the relationship of forests and rain comprehended. One nation—the United States—no longer stands alone and will be even less alone in the future. How can we continue to consume the high percentage of Earth's resources that we do when multitudes lack even survival necessities? Our oceans no longer shield us from the world's realities and we must confront the world's problems as our own. We cannot continue as consumers of plenty in the midst of want; we cannot continue to destroy the earth in our search for fuel and other riches.

Even land-building involves destruction. It is only in 1976 that we have become aware of the value of our wetlands, those strange

half-sea, half-land marshes that nurture marine life. For decades we patted ourselves on our collective backs for "building land" by dredging swamps. Florida is now infamous for destroying the mangroves, those nurseries of the sea, to build condominiums. In the future, we must learn all the infinite values of a particular type of land before changing it. We must learn to build without destroying. It is a part of wisdom to determine the best use of land and sea.

We have the power not only to move mountains, but to plumb the depths of the seas. We had hoped to find a treasure trove of food hidden in the sea, but the watery cupboard is rapidly becoming bare. There are a few "sea farms" producing oysters and shrimp; in the Caribbean is an experimental facility raising green turtles. But farming the sea appears to be a dream for the future. In our next hundred years, hopefully, we will at least stop polluting our oceans and learn how to breed and herd fish rather than hunting the wild ones to extinction.

In our frantic search for food, oil, coal, gas, gold, diamonds, we are, with a vengeance, wielding our dominion over the earth. It is for us and our young people to replenish the ravaged strip mines, the polluted waters, the decimated wildlife. We must do this with courage, vision, and wisdom. We have preserved the last of several species of wildlife in zoos or other protected areas. We have helped increase their numbers and returned them to their natural habitats, or to some similar areas that did not block a valuable mineral deposit or the way of progress. The Hawaiian nene geese are an example of this replenishment, as is our salmon restocking program; for whooping cranes and the great sea turtles, it is too soon to judge the outcome. As our youth become more interested in preserving the beauty of the earth, they can develop more sophisticated ways of preserving endangered species. Operation Noah's Ark employed rowboats to save animals drowning in the dammed Nile. It will be essential to save as many diverse forms of wildlife as possible, simply because our land is diverse and in diversity lies survival. The relationship of mercury-poisoned tuna to people is only slightly more distant than that of the caged canary to the old coal miner: if they go, we go. Let us dedicate ourselves and our young people to replenishing the earth and protecting it from further damage. We have the technology for such preservation; do we have the wisdom?

Evaluating our priorities will become ever more necessary. When environmentalists wanted to forbid killing passenger pigeons, the pigeon killers responded that this would destroy their

livelihood. Now environmentalists want to regulate the fluorocarbon industry because fluorocarbons destroy the ozone layer in the upper atmosphere, causing unmeasured damage by allowing more dangerous ultraviolet radiation to reach the earth. The fluorocarbon industry protests that it generates eight billion dollars a year and employs over a million Americans and regulation would destroy their livelihood. Our government has decided to wait two more years for further evaluation of the problem before recommending regulations. Where are our values?

Our idealistic young are developing greater social consciences than ever before in history. They, who will carry this nation forward, organize peace marches, work on food lifts, suffer beatings for other people's civil rights and give their hearts to presidential candidates they believe will save the world. Their dedication is symbolized in dress: not the cashmere sweater, strand of pearls and tweed skirt of the forties, but blue jeans for all, a unisex uniform that speaks of non-materialistic values. They do not envision Huxley's *Brave New World*, nor does 1984 darken their horizon. They are civilly disobedient and their religion is psychology.

Psychology and philosophy are keys to the mysteries of the mind. The wisdom of understanding ourselves enables us to understand others and, thereby, the world. We have not yet resolved our old problems and there are ever-new and more complex questions springing up as from dragon's teeth. Defining our values, setting our priorities, knowing ourselves and our needs are steps along the way to dealing effectively with our future.

Our present task is to prepare our youth to face and solve the problems of growth, ecology, economy, population, dwindling resources, future shock, culture shock, the technological explosion. It will be their task to bring order to this chaos. They, who will live in the next hundred years, must deal with problems that are not yet even in our nightmares. But we can and must show them where to find their tools.

Psychology offers salvation of the mind if not the soul. The positive emphasis of humanistic psychology may be the saving of mankind; for every person to fulfill his potential and give his best to society may lead us through our technological wilderness. The future is fast upon us and without self-knowledge we are lost. We must learn to cope with rapid change, with ethics necessitated by new technology: When is someone dead? Does each person have to ask for death? Will doctors become modern Torquemadas, snatching people back from the welcoming black wings of death,

foiling the failing heart, the insensate brain? It is not death who has the sting; it is life. Will the cloth, water, and fire be replaced by the heart pump, breathing machine, and temperature regulator? Do we have the philosophies necessary to cope with these questions? Where, then, can we learn? In short, will technology require a new theology?

Therapists are the father confessors of the new theology. The petition, "Father forgive me for I have sinned," has become, "Therapist understand me for I am distressed." Surely no priest in the confessional has guarded more secrets than therapist in the clinic. Is it that we cannot face ourselves alone, that we must have a confessor hold the mirror that reflects our feelings? Fortified with acceptance or absolution, we explore inner space and find the origins of wisdom with which to know and understand ourselves. After we have vanquished our private demons, we can start toward new horizons. We need to achieve the wisdom of knowing ourselves. We need to achieve self-acceptance in order to accept others. We need to achieve self-confidence in order to have confidence in others.

We need wisdom to live with one another. Our society is a rich, yeasty mix of cultures—a source of its strength. Successive waves of immigrants have added to the blend, sharing bits of culture, absorbing parts from others, yet each group has maintained its identity. The Irish cop, Jewish intellectual, Italian restaurateur, German engineer, Chinese laundryman, Japanese gardener, Swedish lumberjack, Mexican bracero, English shopkeeper, Portuguese fisherman, all have joined to make this nation great, yet retained their individualities. We must learn to live in this hearty brew, utilizing one another's strengths, bracing one another's weaknesses. It will be a part of our wisdom to enhance all contributions.

Our vision leaps from exploring the seas to exploring space. We bend the rivers to our will and harness the winds and the tides. Ours is the earth and everything in it, yet we have not wisdom. Let us pause in our headlong rush of conquering technology to reassess ourselves and our values. We must ever return to the fundamental questions: Who are we? What do we want? Where are we going? Why don't we understand ourselves? When will we acquire wisdom? How shall we prepare our youth for the future?

Those are questions that must be answered in the future. Before us lie the challenges of the next hundred years. Let us meet those challenges with wisdom.

Wisdom—that harvest of knowledge which permits sound

judgment, that depth and breadth of mind, that mental poise, that quality more rare than rubies—wisdom we must have.

The GENESIS editorial board wishes to thank The Indiana American Revolution Bicentennial Commission (IARBC) for providing the \$500 prize awarded this essay.

Saint Mary's

Questing after butterflies, gambling
—once again—
accepting single communion.

Late the consort, voyeur midwife of the god dying,
giving birth to himself, I,
moved by the natal-smell, I,
the essence of life, I,
enflamed by the moment of his emergence,
singe my clumsy, nocturnal wings on the passion of your emanance.

Applauding my hallowed folly
with the hand upraised to bless
your maiden-flight
—a new I—
amidst all those eyes, weep.

Singular.

—L.M. Conrad

L.M. Conrad, 24, is a student in English Literature. This is her first poem.

Spring Song

Love, it is spring now.
The trees say so, the tulips raising
and nodding their blood red heads say so.
Grass upends like cutlery, a
field of it. It says so.

And the women, love,
drag out their annual deaths.
Spring's an attic full as hell.

Quietly, I pondered mine this morning,
its manner, its old song,
how it models its own attempts:

two steps forward, a twirl and back,
another quick turn, showing the front
and back, the sides of it.

There is little change from year to year.
Death's always the charmer, the candy promiser.
With a curious hand I fondle
the erect question,
stroke the brute
till who's who confusion.

Baby, I am as strong as my death
this year.
Able to hand back the gun, the pills, the gas.
Able to give those dark opportunities
my glowing woman 'no thank you.'

Love, it is spring now.
I have lived through the call.

This year.

—Sarah Rose Gillespie

*Sarah Rose Gillespie, 26, is an English major and the mother of two children. Her poetry has been published in *Indiana Writes*.*

Easter Interval

The storm last night
washed the world
and humbled the tulips.
Rain came relentlessly
moving madly in the wind.
Electrical lights
exposed the secret growing
of green things.

The air parted rapidly.
The air rushed together
Crashing
and the earth shook.

Devoutly now the dogwood spreads
Innocence over
muddied water
opaque to light.
Narcissus gazes
Intently
at his glistening skin—
Wet with passion
without purpose.

Last night I awoke
to find my soul
wandering in the grass,
drenched and shivering—
Returning
reluctantly
to familiar places.

Now I
find it
Listening
carefully
for a wind sound
or far off thunder.

Waiting
 Patiently
for unguarded sleep.

—Stephen Stouder

Response

There is wildness there
Touched by wildness
still springtime
Not free
so much as wishing
Afraid
Waiting to be where . . .

And I am touched
by wildness now
and springtime
and those wishes
and by fears.

There is silence here
Touched by music
still wonders here
Not magic
so much as secrets
Some unknown
Wanting to be there.

—Stephen Stouder

Thermodynamic

Into this Universe, and Why not knowing,
 Nor Whence, like Water, willy-nilly flowing;
 And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
 I know not Whither, willy-nilly blowing.

—*Rubáiyát*

Often I have looked upon that water.
 Rivers and rivulets, ponds and pools.
 The sea from shore.
 Both frozen and flowing water.
 Flowing and falling water.
 Melting and freezing water.
 Granite cracking,
 Stone dissolving,
 Mountain melting,
 Insidious, insistent,
 Transient eternal water.

Sometimes I have listened to the wind.
 And have felt its fluid body touching mine.
 And have seen its loosened power
 to scatter tiny leaves and milkweed seeds
 Harmlessly here and there—
 Or freeze the fiber
 or fan the fire.
 And it has stripped the grainy flesh.
 And ripped the life away.
 Dancing old dances of dying and death
 Drying out the desert.
 Drawing up the water
 that it may carry, but never keep.

There is only water in the wind.
Here only water within.
And ceaselessly flowing rivers
Feed a sea filled with creatures.
Interface of foam and froth
 creepling
 dewdrop
 breath
Captured after all
by the ravenous working of wind
a cloud floating easily drifting
 inside the air
 against the sun
 passively changing
Torn and Shattered
into raindrops
into rivulets
into rivers
flowing into seas and captured
carried again, released again
Falling to flow
Over, Over and over.
And ever into the sea
to spawn new creatures in the depths,
Swallowed and swallowing.
Dying and decaying
 slowly sinking
to feed the swelling, surging mother of my being.

—Stephen Stouder

I Wish

To lose my mind
and find it
in your words.
To find my pride
in your praise.
Ignite my soul
and see it glowing
in your eyes.

To cause you no pain
unintended,
and give you pleasure
effortlessly,
Measuring time
by moist motions only.

To open doors
and breathe
your humid air.
To be naked
in a rain of kisses
falling fainting to a flood.

Say no to no
yes to yes.
Swim in your seas
bask in your breath
then sleep
dreamlessly
and awaken in your dreams.

—Stephen Stouder

Stephen Stouder describes himself as a person by accident and necessity, a student out of habit, and a poet by pretension. His poetry has been published previously in GENESIS.

Letter To The Editorial Board

Sam's Attic
Any Night After Class
And old Dominoes

Editorial Board

The Good, the Bad, and the Literary (formerly GENESIS)

Indianapolis Community College

In the Shadow of the Medical Center

New Bloomington, Indiana

O Exalted Ones!

Sometimes High and ever Mighty

Inconceivable conglomeration of penetration:

Hearken, if you don't mind. Hear, O hear! my humble treatise, "Philosophy as Composition," herein appended onto. Inexplicably picking up a copy of the distinguished *Snagamore*, on my road to Damascus, I am unavoidably inclined to say, I was stricken, not to say divinely sickened, *and* late to class so I just didn't go anyway, by the call for a wider participation from the corrupt-but-that's-the-way-it-is body of studentia from out of the real world somewhere, I believe, either or both North of Michigan (Street), East of Blake (William)—or, South of New York One Way, *or* Moat Street that separates your (and our) edifice from the vast and voidy parking places beyond which sets the sun, or so we have been told by our professors.

Needless to say, but you can never be sure, it had become nec-essary to save your elitist and effete, however fine and nice, compilation of ethereal trash by students of philosophy and

composition from its inevitable fatal transfiguration and ascension into heaven, which does not exist, or so we have been told by a couple of our professors, and therefore out of existence, and we wouldn't want that, now, would we?

Springing, as I do, from East of the meridian, beyond the stygian river of the Fall and South of streets which shall remain numberless, and from those very Riterian heights which loom above this my once humble treatise, and, therefore, from a world which is, for the sake of argument, real intersubjectively, and so a fertile source of compost with which to ensure the continuing generation of your estimable, if no longer esteemed, but soon to be reinforced *magazine*, to use the French term. Posing, at great risk to my pristine body, if not my soul, which does not exist, or so I have told my professors, as a Dental Hygenist (sic) from Gary who works for an abortion clinic on the Southeast side, I composed a poem to be entered in the lists for some reason.

What it is that I have rendered to you, service aside, is something called "Poetry of Experience" by your professors (as of last week, they chose not to be MY professors)—and the reason for it is, as I was saying earlier, that I underwent a conversion (on the road, remember?) from a real nobody from the the real faceless crowd of business and psychology majors to a spreader of words for all who can have ears to read them, stomach to stand them, and whatever may be required.

If in so doing I have ever offended any of you, let alone real people from Muncie or Evansville, let me denounce in advance the hypocrisy of such people, as it has since become known to me in the restroom (Library, indeed!) of the selfsame garret from which I send this Epistle to the Corinthians which you now know yourselves to be. There are some who do not wish to be saved, or so my (former) professors have damn well told me, and judging from the looks of you people, you may be among that ever-increasing number of them. In any case I shall/will never be back, for although the real world is not what my professors told me it would be, it is still a sort of world, and I would not set myself back there even if it is the only way to get a copy of your (by now) revived artoid journal in which undoubtedly shall/will be found, with the necessary editorial corrections because God (if he were) knows, I'm not perfect, even my mother told me that when I was bad, although I now know that she was mistaken, or so I keep telling myself. If, through my formerly meager efforts, abetted by Alice, Apollo (they call him that), Shirley, and the rest of the people up here, your pamphlet is salvaged from the ignominious evaporation that was

slyly hinted at in the *Skagamore*, I hereby abrogate myself from all subsequent responsibility from the wilful submission to the artistic frenzy.

Formerly Yours,

EAP

The Raving

Memoirs of an English Opium Major

Once upon a midnight, Dearie, while I blundered, bleak and bleary,
 Stepping over many quarrelsome curios while heading for the door—
 While I nodded at the napping, suddenly I heard a flapping,
 Above the mindless tiresome rapping I had heard before.
 “ ’Tis some editor I muttered, flapping through the open door—
 Only that and nothing more.”

Indistinctly I remember, it was early in December;
 And each separate drinking member fought his ghost upon the floor.
 Eagerly I fought tomorrow—vainly I had sought to borrow
 From my beer release from sorrow—sorrow for the test before—
 For the ridiculous exam on stuff I failed to read before—
 Unknown now for evermore.

And the silly, sexy, shady hustling of each passion lady
 Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic fancies never felt before;
 So that then to stop the flaming in my heart I kept exclaiming
 “ ’Tis some editor entreating manuscripts outside the door;—
 This it is and nothing more.”

Presently my head grew clearer; so I stumbled somewhat nearer,
 “Dear Sir, or is it Ms., truly your indulgence I deplore;
 For the fact is I’m escaping, from a literary raving,
 And so you show up here flapping, flapping just outside the door.
 So let me be first to tell you”—here I fell right through the door;—
 Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness leering, long I lay there, snarling, sneering,
 Shouting, screaming screams no mortal ever sought to scream before;
 And though the silence wasn't broken, still I thought my arm *was* broken,
 On the floor so hard and oaken
 And the only words there spoken, was the curt command, "Drink more!"
 This I shouted and an echo shouted back again, "Drink more!"
 Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the barroom turning, rekindled thirst within me burning,
 Soon again I heard a flapping, somewhat faster than before.
 "Shirley," said I, "Shirley Dewey! Something here is awful screwy!
 Can you tell me who the rat is, even you cannot ignore—
 Let me lay my hands upon you, and this mystery explore!"
 "Only you, and nothing more."

So I sat there, looking curish, when with many a flounce and flourish,
 In there strode a sticky critic, whom we always did ignore.
 For not the least sense had he, a literary sugar daddy,
 And not a meaner lad (or lady?) had I ever known before—
 Sucking at the breast of Alice, muse of poetic candy store—
 Sucks at that and nothing more.

Then this old loony bird provoking my mad fancy into joking,
 By the vacant empty gazing I had often seen before,
 "Do you claim to pick the newer from the literary sewer,
 Dusty, dim, half-blind Reviewer, wandering from the littered shore.
 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Right Newtonian shore."
 Quoth the Critic, "Omnivore."

Much I marvelled this unbrainly fellow going on so vainly,
 Though his answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
 For we cannot help believing, there is no one more deceiving,
 Than an eruditely seeming critic at his chore—
 One who sucks upon the breast of Alice evermore—
 With a name like "Omnivore."

Then the critic looking at me, all at once began to pat me—
 Said one phrase as if his soul in that one phrase he did outpour.
 Let me tell you what he told me, of the bill of goods he sold me,
 And my reply of rapture, "No one else has known before!"

Of all the other crazy critics, no one else has known before!"

The phrase? "Your poems I adore."

Startled at the stillness broken by a phrase so aptly spoken—
"Oh, well," said I, "What he tells me he has told them all before.

Keeping poets off his back so, cultivating this, his knack so—
To make up for what he lacks so, and to not seem such a bore,
Always telling hopeful poets that which cuts them to the core:

"Publish *that*? Oh, Nevermore."

But the critic was so charming, my defenses still disarming,
So I reeled into a seat beside Alice, her bust and more.

Then, upon her bosom gazing—Oh my god, it was amazing—
Fantastic fantasies raising—positions never known before,

To this dim, unbrainly, bastard—crude and tasteless editor,

Always croaking "Nevermore."

Thus I sat all drowned in dreaming, but so innocently seeming,

While my foul and fiery eyes now burned into her bosom's core.

There's so much I would have told her, while I drooled upon her shoulder—

Had I only been much bolder, to mine that rift's poetic ore,

But because I wasn't bolder, I'll never have that precious ore—

How depressing! Nevermore.

Then it seemed the air grew denser, and I thought of that damned censor,
And of Sarah Primm whom I had tickled in the candy store.

"Wretch," I yelled, "thy God hath lent thee—by this angel he hath sent thee
Recreation, inspiration, in thy poetic chore;

Take, oh take this inspiration, and forget the editor!"

Quoth the Critic "Nevermore."

"Critic!" said I, "thing of evil! critic still although a devil!—

Whether Lampert sent, or whether Sherrill shoved you through the door,

Desperate yet all undaunted, in this barroom all enchanted—

In this place by whores still haunted—tell me truly, I implore—

Is there—*is* there room in GENESIS?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"

Quoth the Critic "NO—NO MORE."

"Critic!" said I, "thing of evil!—critic still, although a devil!

By that waitress that bends above us—by the beer we both adore—

Lift my mind from consternation, is there any publication
That will take my great creations, that you claimed you did adore—
Take my rare and ripe creations, that you claimed you did adore?"
Quoth the Critic "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird-brain fiend!" I shrieked upstarting—
"Get on back to Sherrill's sermons and Lampert's Newtonian shore!
Leave no red ink as token of that lie thy lips hath spoken!
Leave my fantasies unbroken!—Leave the bust that *I* adore!
Take your beak out of my beer, and take your body out the door!"
Quoth the Critic "Nevermore."

And the Critic, as is fitting, still is sitting, *still* is sitting
Nuzzling at the bust of Alice, where in fantasy I had dined.
And his mind does all the thinking, of a dumbass who is drinking,
And all the beer into him sinking, shows the nature of his kind.
While I suffer that dark nature, awful nature of his kind.
And why do I? Never mind.

Sophistication

Kittens,
Ears back,
Playing at fighting.
Batting at butterflies,
Flitting, alighting.

Cats—
Supercilious.
Calculatingly cruel.
Acute unawareness,
Soft stepping and cool.

—Stephen Stouder

