

Fall 1984

Fall 1984

Valparaiso University

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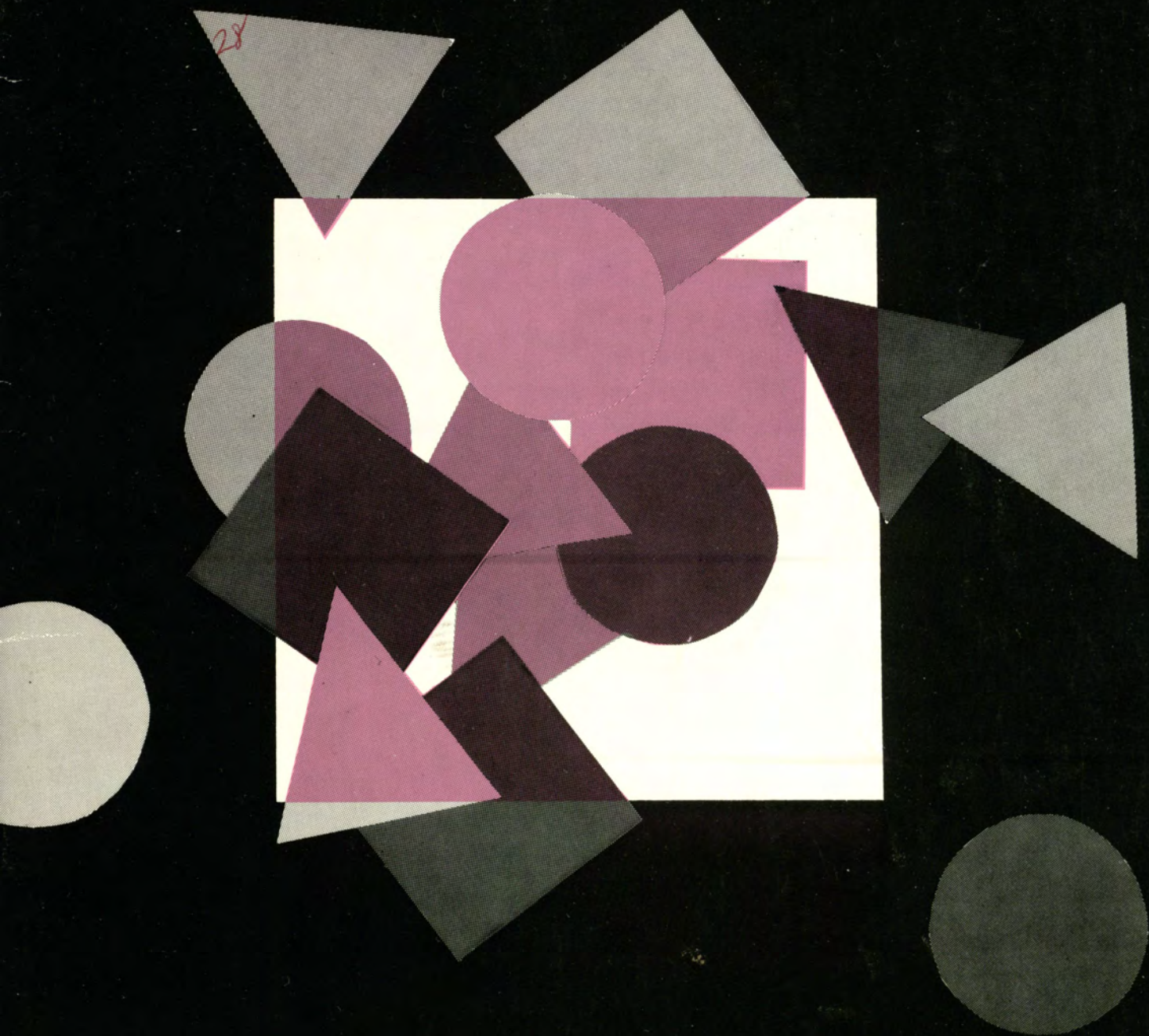
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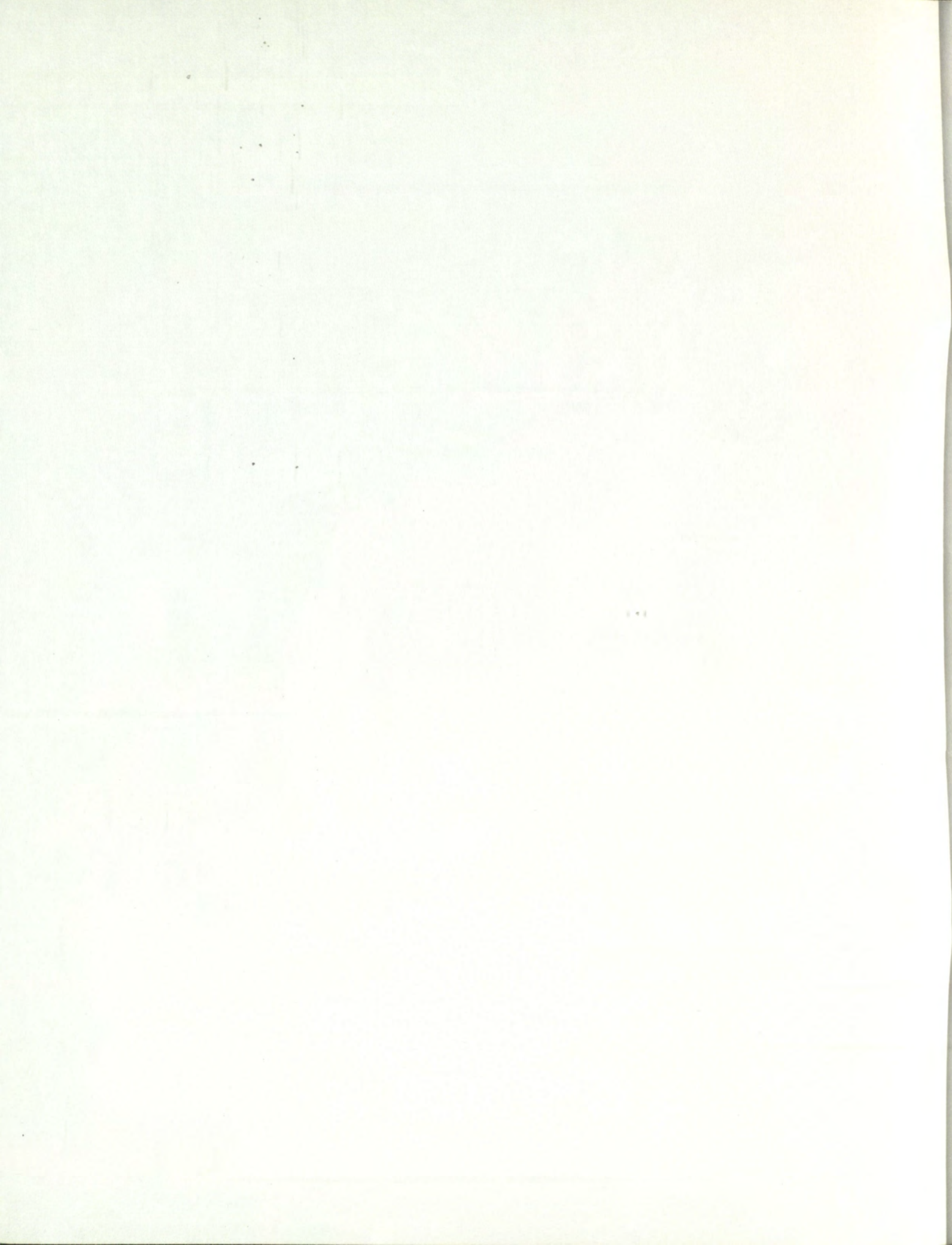
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F A L L 1 9 8 4





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**T**HE LIGHTER, VOLUME 28, FALL

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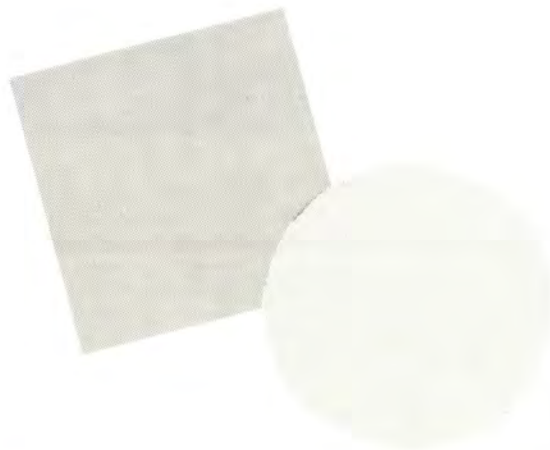
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125th Anniversary





**A**MERICRUISER

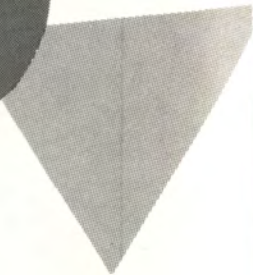
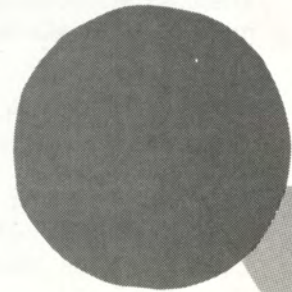
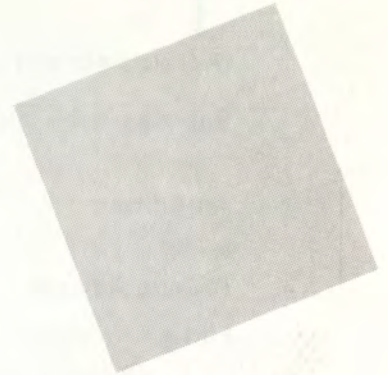
The fields page by, moving rectangles.  
 The dust coughs up at the edge of the road.  
 A farmer's wife waves as she hangs out the washing,  
 A forty-year life in slow, blurred seconds.  
 A hitchhiker thumbs by the side of the turnpike,  
 brakelights his hope, exhaust his reply.  
 The cows never move. They sit like black and white boulders.  
 A leaf pile burns in front of a caved-in red barn.

The man next to me, we sit in "No Smoking".  
 He's reading a novel 'bout death in the South.  
 His washing's hung on the edge of his necktie,  
 angular lines, seven miles wide.  
 Could live on his lapels with room for the neighbors,  
 drive busses across them and grow wheat and corn.  
 He looks up from his book, not smiling, not friendly,  
 and goes to the back for his second-class smoke.

I smile at the old lady in the next seat over,  
 her shopping bag full of grandson's success,  
 newspaper clippings of ballgames and honors.  
 Tears fill her eyes as she looks to the floor.  
 I turn away to prove I'm not staring  
 and see a flabby arm sprawled on the black plastic rest  
 The person in front of my knees is a mother,  
 scolding a child unseen in next seat.

As the signs, farms, and buildings become more familiar,  
 the busdriver's mumble tells us we're home.

by Bill Rohde

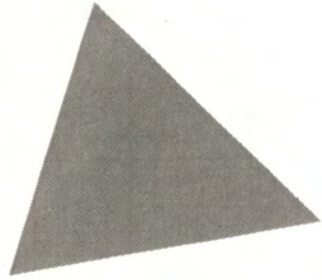


**A**STORY?

Shall I speak to you of flowers  
 along a grassy track,  
 Wind blowing 'till they shower  
 petals from their backs?

Easier to hold sunlight  
 captive in your hand,  
 Imagine rather your sight  
 and make the image grand.

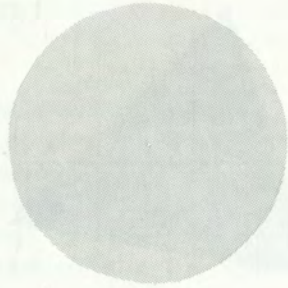
by Terri Herman



Great Yarmouth, England

Carol E. Jennings





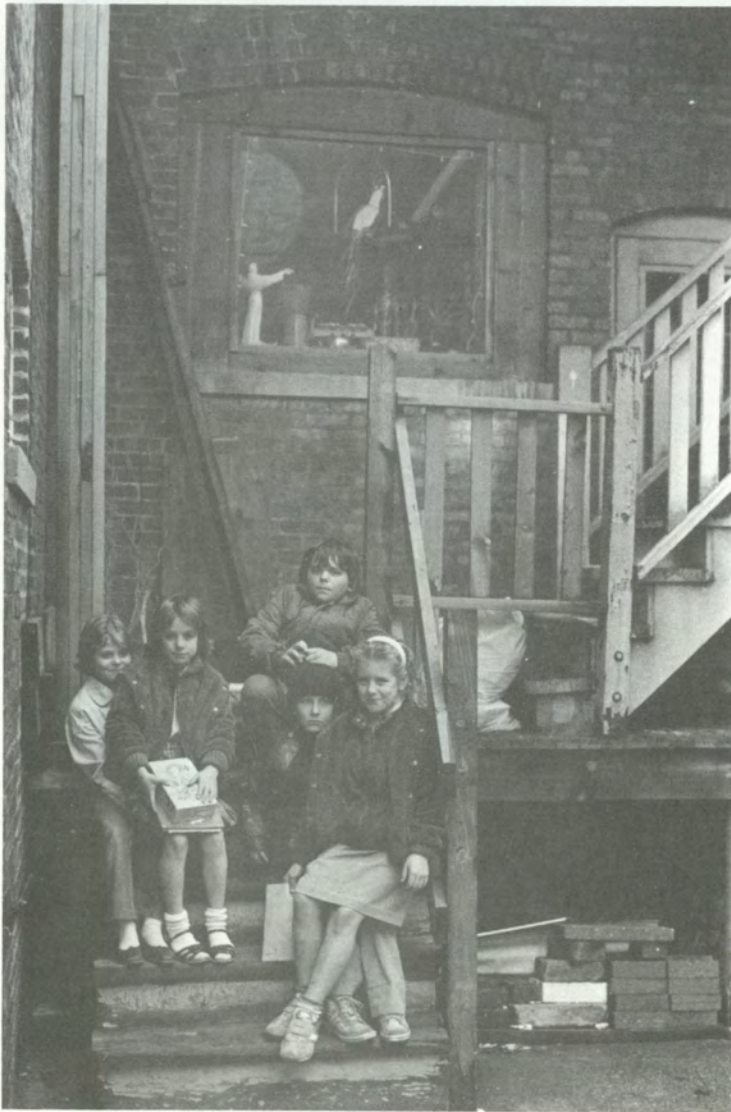
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**F**OR THE CHILDREN

red  
is a pigment of the  
imagination  
blood isn't really  
red  
neither is the hottest temperature  
and certainly not  
hearts  
but towers are not always  
ivory  
and they're still  
towers

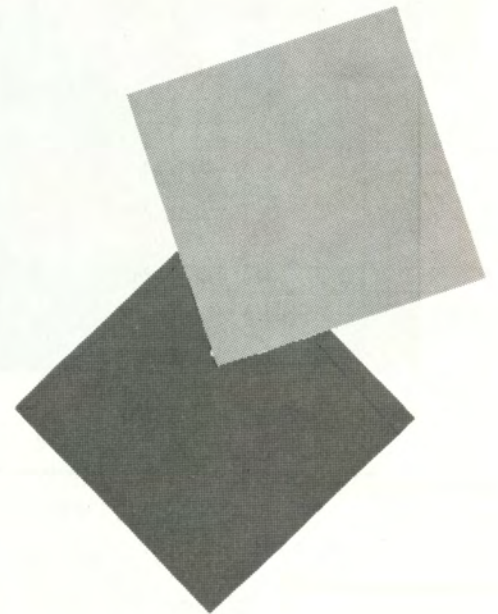
by S.M. Buss

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"Wednesday Afternoon"

Sherry LaMorticella



I remember once,  
When I was young,  
A tree.  
A small tree.  
Alone,  
In a large field.  
And it was autumn.  
And the tree was full of brilliant reds and oranges and yellows.  
The air was cold and still,  
And the sun smiled brightly in an empty sky.  
And I remember the way the tree caught the light from the sun,  
Colored it with its brilliant reds and oranges and yellows,  
And then tossed it back out into the barren field.  
A breeze began to blow.  
Very weakly at first,  
Almost unnoticeable.  
Cautiously, it spun quickly by the small tree,  
Tantalizing.  
The still leaves came to life,  
And they waved and fluttered ever so lightly.  
And the sea of tall grass in the field around,  
Still green and living,  
Began to move erratically to the silent music of the wind.  
The music grew stronger and steadier,  
And the leaves and grass grew bolder in their dance.  
The tree swayed gracefully as the supple wind whisked by.  
Its beautiful colors blended in constant motion,  
And life filled its branches.  
Sparse white clouds moved slowly into the blue sky,  
But the tree continued its game of catch with the sunlight.  
The wind crescendoed,  
And tugged on the clinging leaves.  
The clouds turned from white to grey and moved slowly across the sky.  
Shadows dulled as the sun was swallowed,  
The air grew colder  
And the wind grew stronger.  
Helplessly, a leaf lost hold and went floating away.  
And the wind blew even harder.  
One by one,  
Red after orange after yellow,  
The leaves were ripped from their branches.  
Their graceful dance was turned into a violent struggle.  
And the tree's beauty dissipated.  
Finally, all of the brilliant hues were gone.  
And the surrounding land was filled with grey air.  
Where there was once color,  
There was now a knotted, twisted mess of naked, pallid branches.  
And the tree stood bare in the cold wind.  
And I remember that it began to snow.

by Timothy D. Kolzow



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**F**ROM A DARKENED SKY

Drip, drip, drip...  
The rain falls, down from a darkened sky  
Upon the earth to lie  
In silent repose  
Within a puddle reflecting back the sky

Drip, drip, drip...  
The reign falls, down from a golden throne  
Unto those who've sown  
Reap now the wind  
And then to plant again upon a throne

Drip,  
The blood falls, down from an open wound  
Upon the empty ground  
That pleads to God  
To wreak vengeance and bleed a new wound

Drip,  
The life falls, down to the bloody earth  
The land of children's birth  
Sows souls to dust  
To grow and bleed like rains upon the earth

by Geoffrey Thomas

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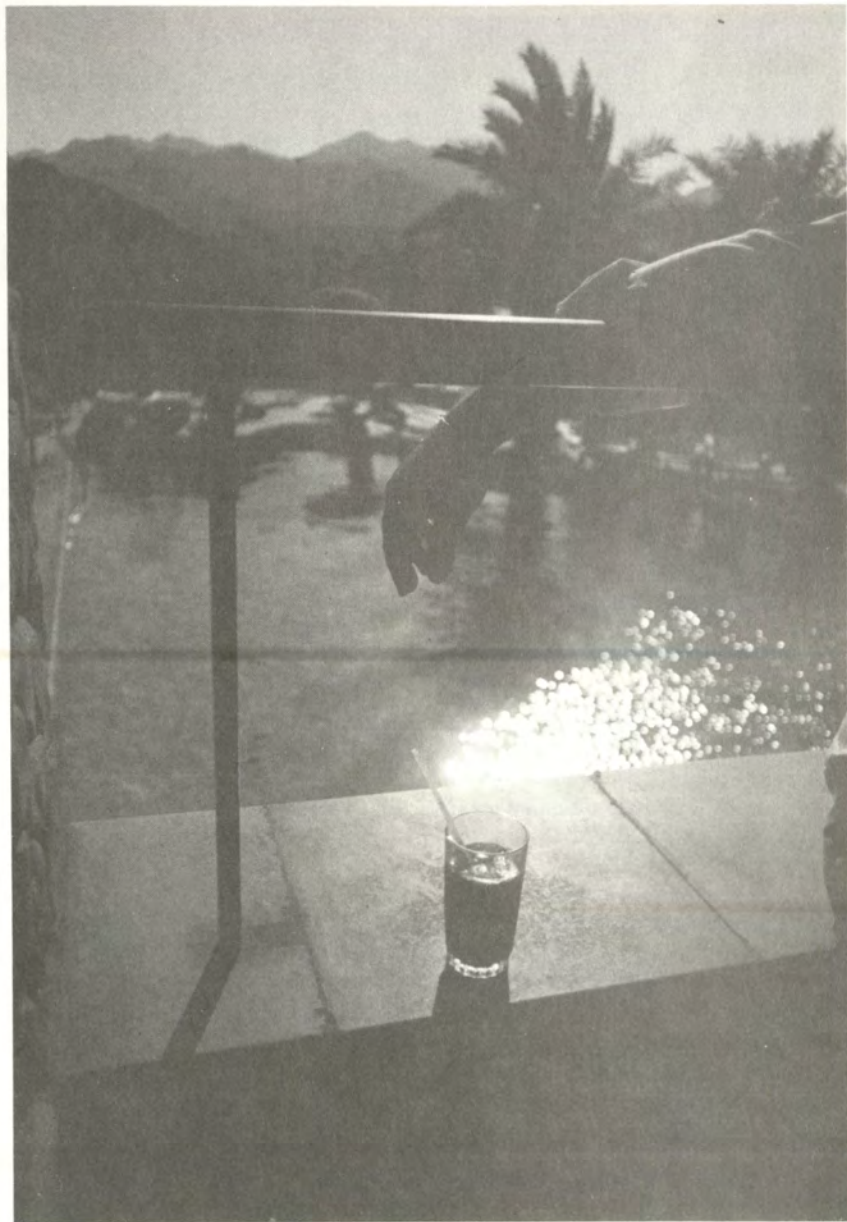
**M**ISS MACKENZIE'S WIDOW WALK"\*

It provided her with a clear view of her world  
A perfect spot from which she could observe all goings-on below—  
a safe, strong, castelated vantage point.

She built it herself—it had always been her passion, her life's work  
and definition.  
Every mourning was devoted to fitting another faceted post into its  
all-encompassing railing.

Miss MacKenzie was an inherent widow.

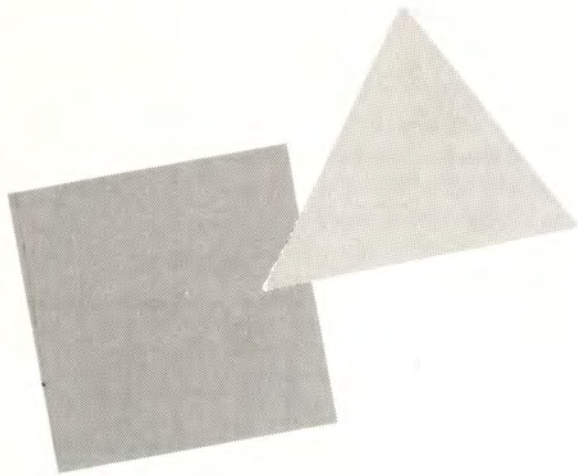
\*"in New England, a railed rooftop gallery on a dwelling designed  
to observe vessels at sea" "used by the wives of seamen during  
their absence on a voyage"



Rana Said







---

**M**Y UNICORN IS BLACK

Why does everyone feel,  
That if unicorns are real,  
They must be white or pearly,  
Those aren't the only colors surely.

My unicorn is black,  
Some would suggest he lacks,  
True unicorn airs,  
But he is most fair!

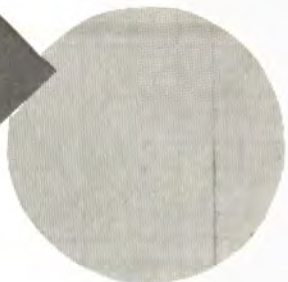
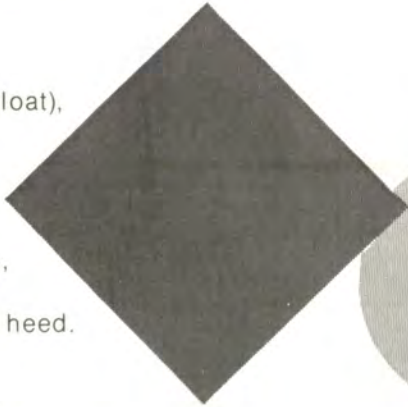
With a shining coat,  
He's beautiful, (and I gloat),  
With a silvery horn,  
He's dark in the morn.

He has violet eyes,  
Though he never spies,  
He sees every need,  
And takes very careful heed.

With a black mane,  
Putting horses to shame,  
My unicorn flies,  
When he runs through the skies.

My unicorn is black,  
There's nothing that he lacks,  
Those who suggest he does,  
Have never known a unicorn's love.

---





**O**NE SOLUTION

Have you seen anything real lately?  
 Go ahead, give it a try  
 Muster up some courage  
 dare to take a peek outside your skull  
 and see what's really there  
 Try to get a handle on something...anything.

Like mist, It passes through your fingers  
 leaving only a cold and damp suggestion  
 that anything really was  
 Or was it?

A world made of concrete and steel  
 and yet  
 nothing is really solid enough to put your hands on  
 But maybe it's best that way.

After all, if you did grab something  
 would you be brave enough to look It in the eye?  
 Instead, give up

Admit that It is not to be grabbed

seen

felt

or studied with the hands

eyes

heart

or mind

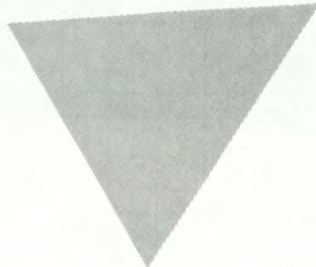
any more than the line between this

and that

or you

and I is to be drawn with a straight edge  
 and a number 2 pencil.

by V. William Gerth III



**H**AVEN

Vivaldi is awake. No, not  
 the red priest,\* but the cat.  
 No matter. Vivaldi's music  
 fills the room as his  
 namesake slinks in from  
 amorous debate. After all,  
 he is neutered.

"Which one?" my husband asks,  
 knowing full well Vivaldi  
 might have been a  
 virgin priest, as he was  
 wont to be.

Our Vivaldi is an alien  
 to his castrated state;  
 he addresses the female  
 felines as if in full  
 possession of his  
 progeny-producing innards.

"Ask for a refund..." Well,  
 it matters little;

no need to foment a  
 "tempesta di mare"\*\*\*

(ah, ha, my Vivaldi joke!)  
 for we all seek comfort and  
 joy and safety from all  
 harm, when day is ended, and  
 we have no place but home  
 to seek, to stay and  
 to become sequestered.

\*Vivaldi's nick-name: he was a  
 priest, and he had red hair.

\*\*\*sea storm: a section, so-called,  
 from a Vivaldi composition.

by Margaret Perry

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"AND THERE WAS LIGHT"

**A** For Carl Sagan and scientific  
friends of the world

Dim light and weak candle flame,  
giving an unsure sign,  
to make the ambient dark  
more confidently present  
—at least on margins.

Were that a reminder to our larger world,  
suppressing its need to have  
a light lit up,

To such the candle seems to say,  
"It's getting late."

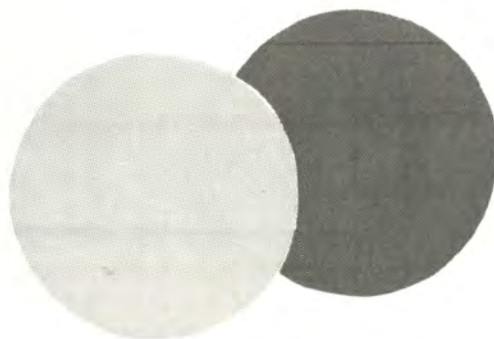
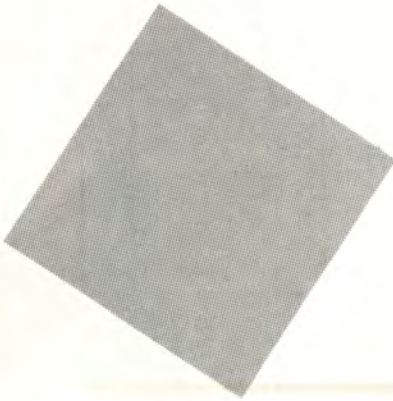
Fleetingly it sparks when struck  
off a flint's edge,  
And not much more when flaming forth  
in stormy bolts.

But long ago its greater rays appeared  
in every place,

The very day the world itself was born.  
And each little candle's timid flicker  
sends us a message,  
that we hold light dear,  
lest time itself roll back before  
that wondrous feat.

by Walter Rast

---





**W**EATHERING

For Kris

"Although the continents have been periodically inundated by seas, such seas have been only shallow, and the continents have always emerged again."

-Collier's Encyclopedia

I. In Silhavey's Valley you gave me names for every carved-out place: the hollow where a tree had been, where the earth had shifted to cover things. You would have turned any roads to get back to the beginning, to the peneplains, lying low and pale; then to move forward again, folding, falling, dusting off. Years ago, you said, shaking a fistful of soil, this clay was a firm thing.

II. I've discovered, too, that rock has two layers: silt from summer and winter clay. We always thought summer was easy, sliding over stones, while winter clawed in and held. But I've seen that one is no greater than the other. clay is weak and silt blows. There are times, my friend, when the deltas drive them both down to nothing.

III. We are equal at zero, as the sky presses to us, positive. Of course, what's negative rises from within to propel us from that nothing where we live. We leave with upwarps, faults, unconformities; the secret names of rising mountains.

All this is what you study. Because, you say, there would be no time without fossils, without things that touch, then turn away, without borders that contain and collapse.

IV. We've come to this farm that I will someday inherit so you can put everything in its time. We see where the delta once ran through here, just where the water swelled, then began to dry, until there was nothing but the mark of one who's stretched too far and pulled back. Even now, though, as you bend, you lift a stone that has conformed in secret, tracing the underside of its past. We too are always breaking, becoming, eluding the shame of what runs below.

by Terri Muth





Brian Preuss





Alcoholism

Lisa B. Gatz

URBAN DECAY

Beneath  
the soiled  
discarded  
rags of a  
passerby.  
the dirty pained, stained glass  
windows of the city lie broken.  
shattered reminders,  
twinkling  
glittering  
jeering out  
God's love.

by Len Stephany



Elizabeth Yang



CITYSCAPES

old man city,  
are you out there?  
are you listening?  
old man city,  
do you care?

like ink smeared across my hand,  
a reflection of the black asphalt of a street  
paved across the city of my palm—  
cupping the life that I so want to hold;  
music blaring in my head,  
piano and synthesizer and pulsing lights  
hazing my shifting senses,  
actively dazzled by twisting tubes of electrified gases—  
Neon! Neon!

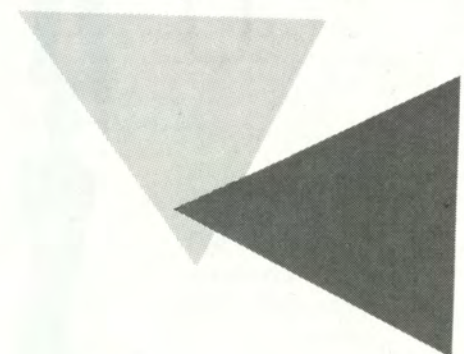
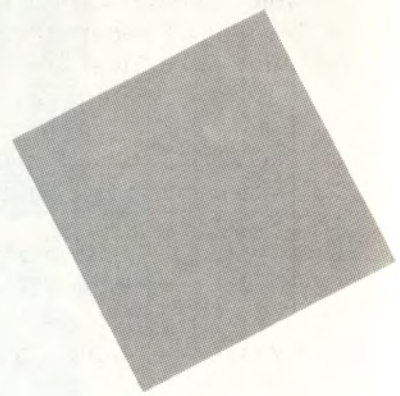
delving with a personal god  
into relationships I never knew existed,  
no longer embalmed in self-persecuting mental isolation—  
partaking deeply of the mass communion  
offered through urban experience—

close your eyes—  
can't you feel this is eternity?  
clothed in the stunning feel of non-physical sensuality  
I thought that only God could dream,  
trapped as it were inside an omnipresent field of time,  
evolving in the course of reality—

bicycling past beat-up apartment buildings  
with gang insignia splashed in white paint  
on the rusty red brick walls—  
children playing on the sparse grass  
between sidewalk and street,  
beneath the trees, spilling out into the  
cracking pavement of a sidestreet  
when a ball passes the boundary of the curb;  
parents and neighbors gathered around  
old chevrolats speckled with corrosion  
exchanging their views of the day—  
dead-fish smell of the river providing  
background music...

yes, there are trees in Chicago...

throw open your receptors,  
your camera lens and satellite surveillance,  
detecting the continuation of life,  
god in God in simple phrases...



at the lakefront, bicycling into dusk  
 with a friend at side;  
 stopping and watching as the violet, velvet clouds  
 fill the sky behind the skyscrapers,  
 which one by one turn on to the night,  
 the horizon becoming a luminescent forest of steel  
 jutting into the heavens,  
 blazing with light that transforms  
 thought into neon vapors—  
 lake water washing up onto the concrete embankment,  
 cars speeding to their day's destiny  
 on Lake Shore Drive,  
 trees metamorphosing into dark silhouettes  
 against the crimson of sunset seeping  
 through the bars of a pedestrian overpass—  
 a young man capturing passer-bys on video tape...

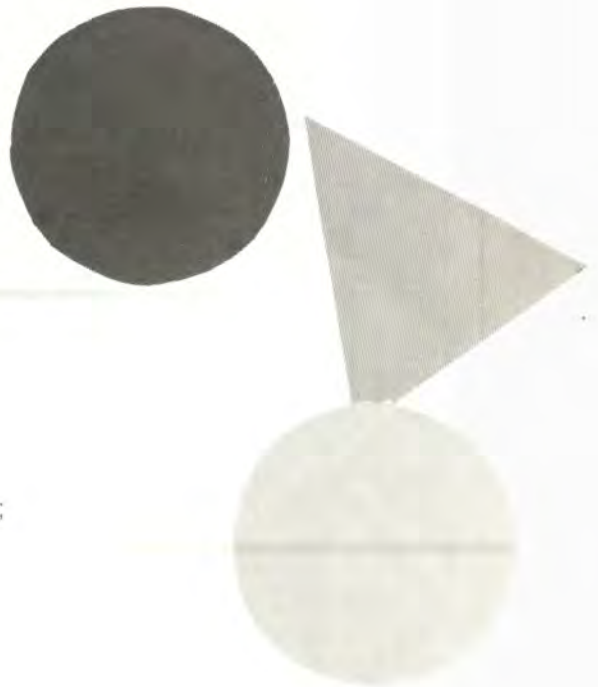
wandering night lit streets  
 under the phosphorescence of liquor store signs,  
 headlights reflecting on the slick pavements  
 like ribbons of silver  
 flowing under the wheels of the autos ahead—

dramatization of so many steps,  
 chemical analysis of acts one, two,  
 and a forthcoming three—  
 deciphering how all the segments fit together  
 for a photograph less than the whole.

leaving an evening spent in a store-front theatre,  
 laughing along with others in the audience  
 who have become less anonymous as the play progressed;  
 at intermission filling the cramped lobby  
 and standing outside lighting cigarettes and  
 speculating what was to come next—  
 afterwards waiting in a parking lot,  
 an apartment stereo making conversation louder,  
 and people walking with friends down the avenue  
 to seek further entertainment  
 as the city begins to erupt to life,  
 and the neon lights grow brighter in the darkening night—

frenetic approach of closing night  
 through the mist of a blurred audience,  
 and blinding theatre lights—

in dreaming lie and lying dream,  
 is the world all that it seems?  
 and decades of yesteryear  
 humbled for the moment—





T H E L I G H T E R

standing and waiting at two thirty a.m.  
for the bus that will never come  
even though one has passed by in the opposite direction—  
leaning against a post of the scratched plastic rain shelter,  
watching the cars,  
the few people at the other bus stops  
and knowing that the city never sleeps.  
that there is always life  
under the quiet illumination of the rows of street lamps,  
in the chill that permeates heart and hand;  
silently praying for that green bus of salvation  
that is passage once again to home,  
and sighing with unrequited relief when it stops for the light  
on the other side of the intersection,  
the driver a welcome figure framed in the windshield.

the world has to be survivable—

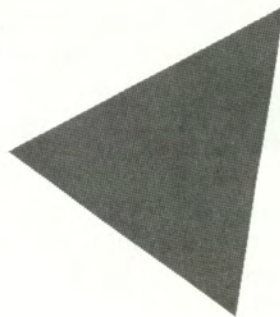
and I know that I would never trade it  
for a place where security is taken for granted,  
as it makes the end of the journey  
all the better—

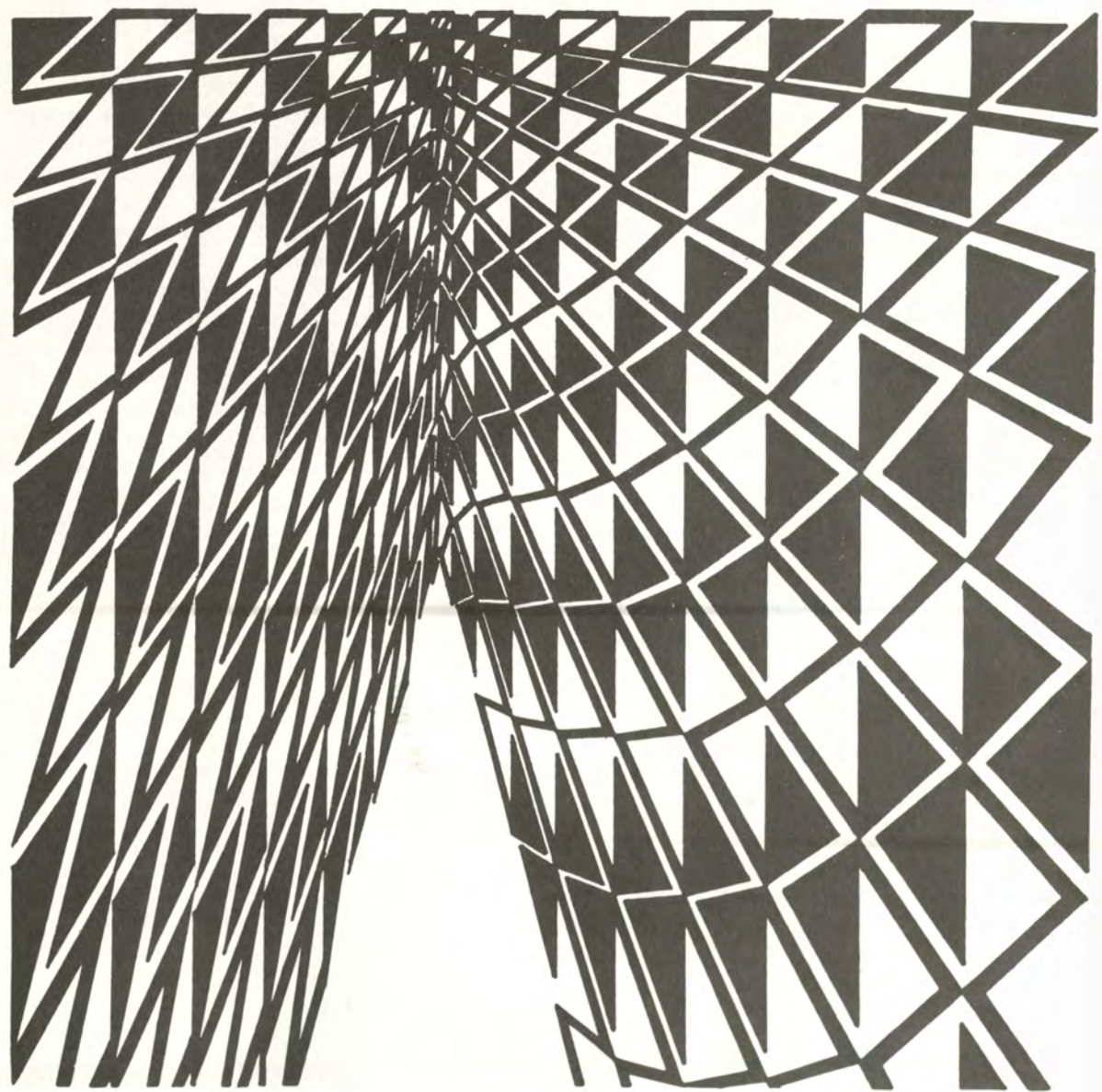
a placid residential street  
with a house covered with mottled grey and black siding,  
the garden in front filled with  
lilies and marigolds and evergreen hedging;  
a dog barking out the second floor window  
as people walk past—  
grey concrete steps with newly repainted black rails  
leading to the front door,  
and the feeling that indeed,  
home has been reached once again,  
welcome memories of journey's beginning and end,  
mingled with the people  
that make life—

I'd rather live in existential daydreams  
than be burdened with a static reality  
that seems to make no sense—  
instead racing to where life confronts you  
with no middle ground...

old man city, are you listening?  
are you there?

and a final ensorcelment,  
entrenchment in the soul,  
a last deed  
filled with idealistic expressions  
caught in a fading cry of  
neon, neon...







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**H**EAT LIGHTNING, WHITE STORM:  
PUERTA VALLARTA, MEXICO

The rain has swollen the sky dark  
and full as a mother's breast.  
I wonder why it touches  
so deep a thing as my sleep.  
Leaving Karen still sleeping,  
I unroll the sheet and  
go to the glass door,  
drawing back the curtain,  
heavy as humidity over our bed.  
Rain puddles around hibiscus,  
aztec lilies;  
drops form on bougainvillea over  
the porch,  
seeping under the tile floor.  
The Pacific breaks nearer,  
flooding the beach,  
our cobblestone walk.

What will I tell her  
in the morning,  
when we find our villa drifting,  
chameleons caught in the  
corner of our ceiling,  
past the Sierra Madres,  
past Los Arcos,  
along the malecon,  
riding the crests with the school  
of dolphin we saw by skiff.  
Touching her oily skin, I will  
watch all her  
overlapping parts surface,  
becoming salty,  
flippant as this night  
when the rain  
salts our dreams  
with restlessness.

by Terri Muth

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**C**ONTINUUM

Slowly, slowly, shifts the view  
As spokes turn, wheels turn;  
Sky above streaked pink in blue,  
Sun illumines golden field.

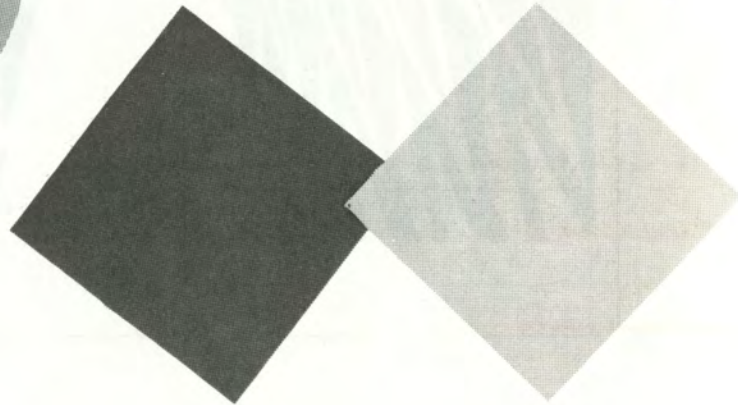
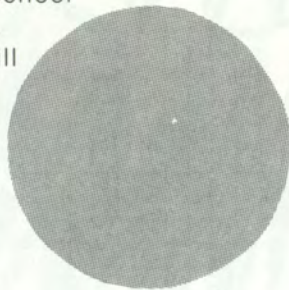
Marshland moves the scented air,  
Redwing blackbirds, russet weeds;  
The weeping willow's tattered hair  
Brushing low to meet the ground—

Shady forest wraps around,  
Cool air moves the autumn leaves;  
Robins startled by the sound  
Of coasting on the darkening road—

The panorama homeward goes  
And lonely stretch the open fields;  
Left behind the even rows,  
The setting sun, the cycle wheels.

by Chris Grusak

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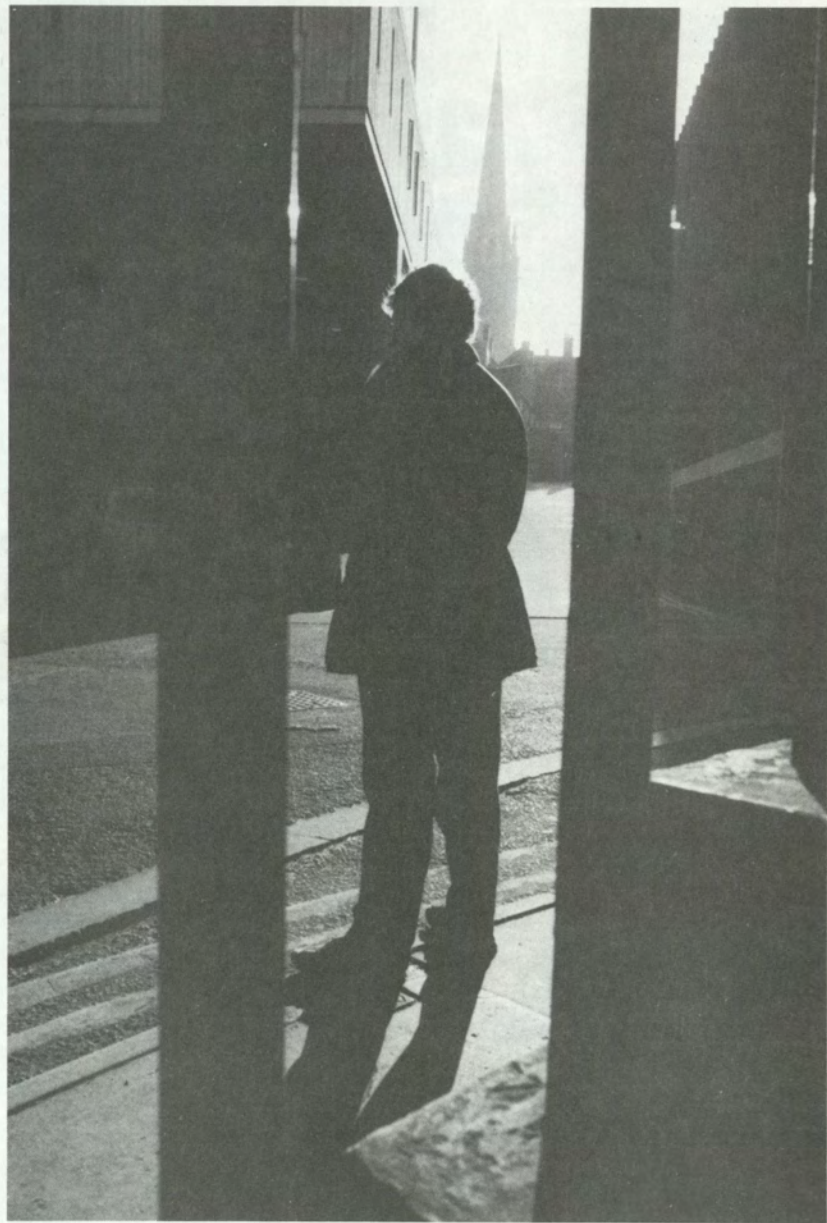






Karl Stengel





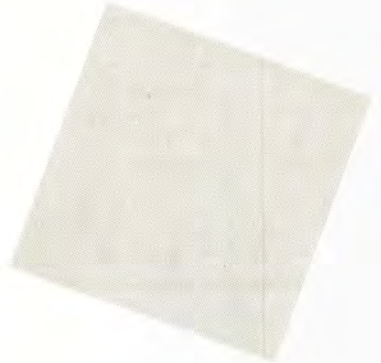
Carol E. Jennings

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**W**INTER EVENING

In the half light of early evening  
I struggled to stand aright in the  
skates, snugly fastened to my  
feet; feet flat and awkward—  
I dared not float forward  
for fear of falling. O,  
but then I did;  
and felt the  
breeze burn my face;  
and heard the laughter around  
me, and laughed, too,  
at my fears, even as  
falling, I dreamed to  
conquer worlds beyond.

by Margaret Perry  
(Kalamazoo, 1949)



---

**A** SENSE

We march along the road,  
Seeking riches, pots of gold,  
We stride through days of many,  
Looking for money and reaching for plenty.

When life turns its smile on us all,  
We share a dream that cannot fall,  
But when it gives us a shoulder cold,  
We see life in a somber mode.

Today, the day for us made,  
In its sweet essence is quietly laid,  
Tomorrow, the day beyond us now,  
Is helpful being away somehow.

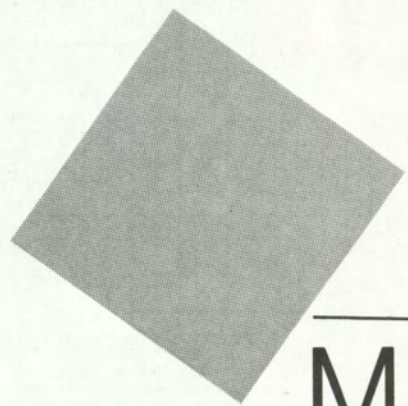
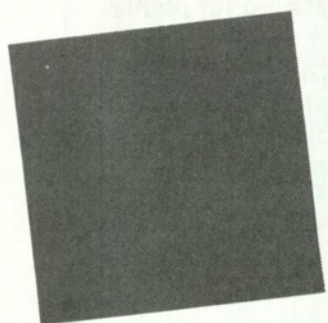
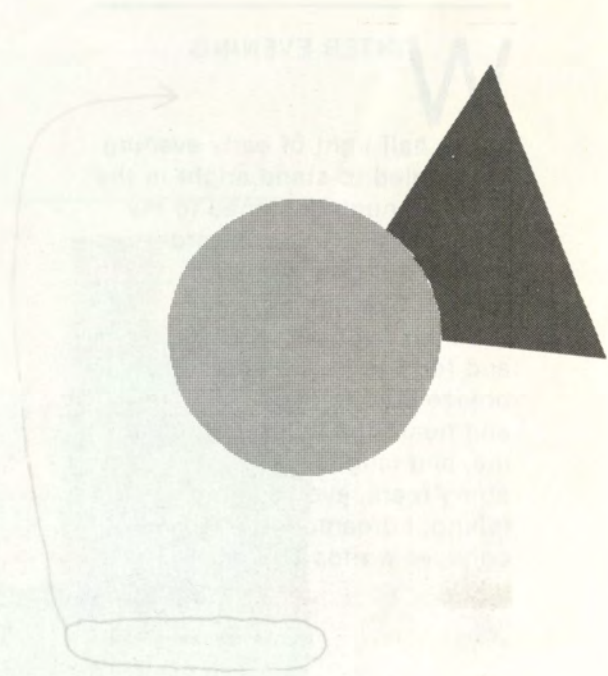
And yesterday, the day we love,  
Is now a memory up above,  
That no day need be near the same,  
As to bore the soul that we remain.



---

**L**ove  
is like a leopardess  
silently  
stalking  
her unsuspecting  
prey.  
It rips,  
tears,  
and rends all innocence,  
leaving behind  
only  
a soulless  
husk  
of  
vulnerability.

---



(written in the same day)

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**M**etamorphosis,  
sometimes senseless  
even when necessary,  
wrenches at my crumbling mind.  
I don't understand.  
When feelings seem to reverse,  
a once loving gaze  
becomes a wistful glance.

Does this mean the love is gone?  
by Christopher S. Peet

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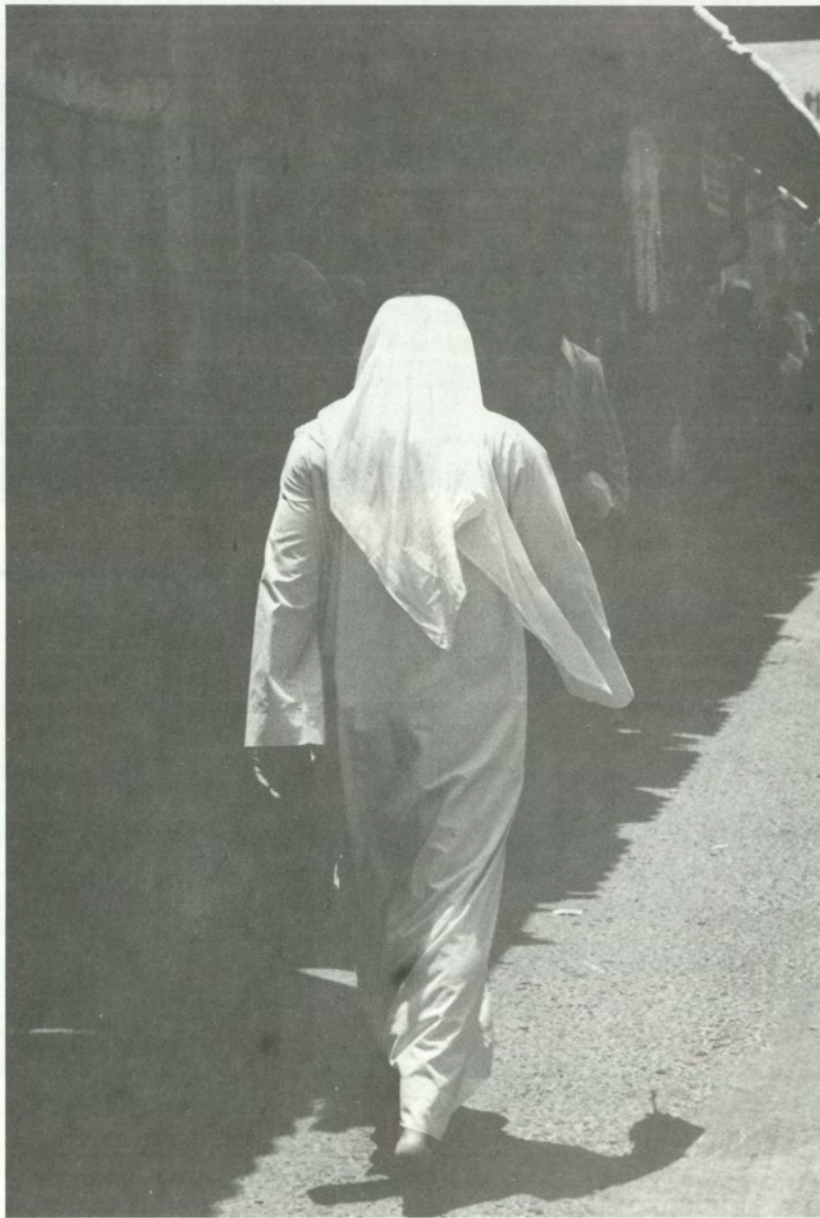
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**S**CRAPBOOK

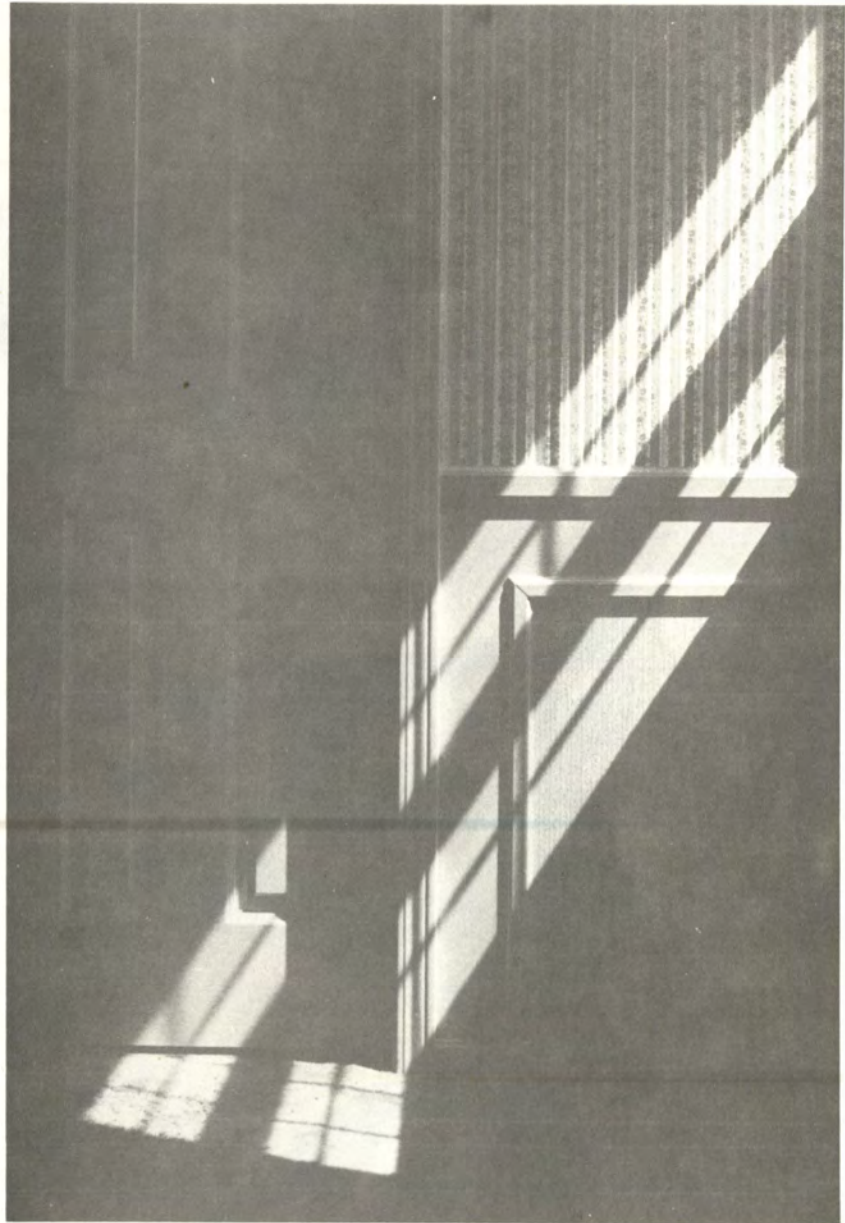
Twisted and torn,  
fragments of time,  
Gathered.  
Tossed into pages  
hurriedly.  
A semblance of order,  
long thoughts  
emerge,  
Preserving the past.

by Len Stephany

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Rana Said



Laurie Dojan

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**G**OODBYE

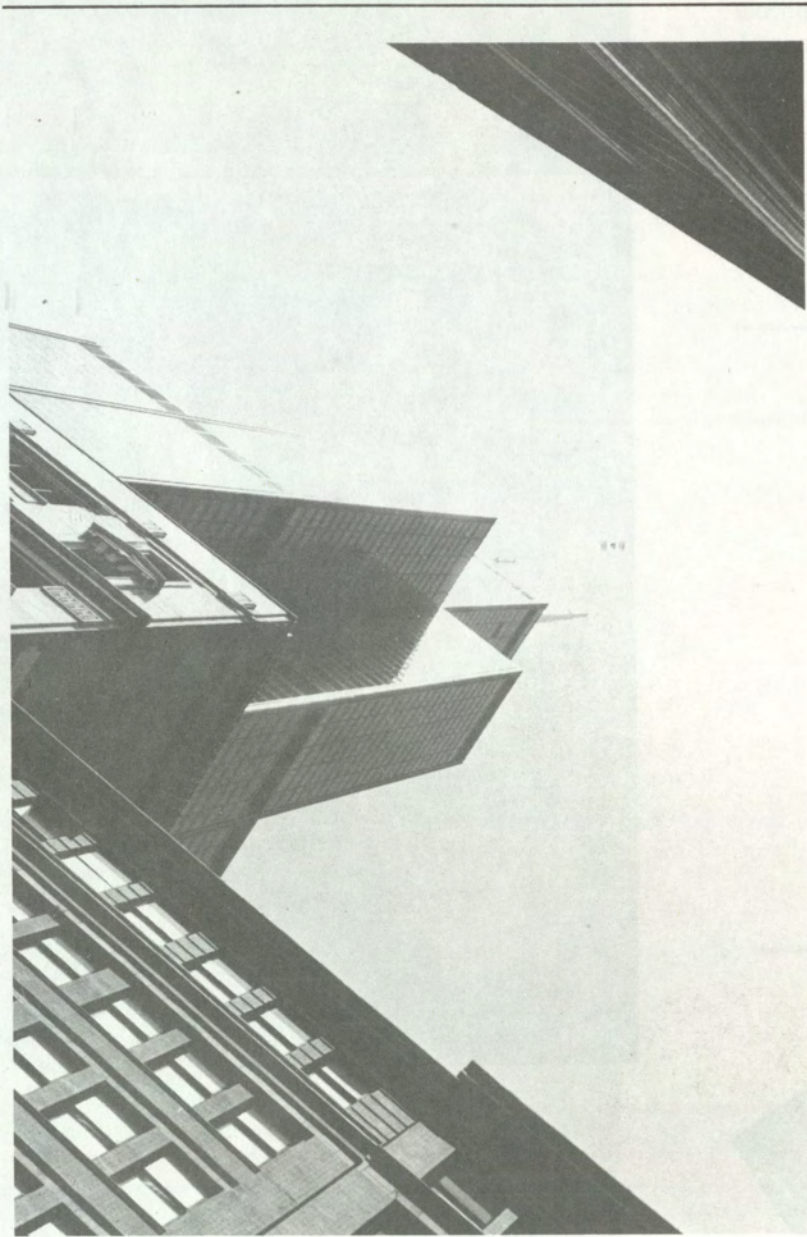
Sign the yearbook,  
say you'll write,  
"We'll keep in touch"  
"I won't forget you"

Yet we all know  
we won't write,  
we won't call,  
we will forget.

by Sandy Pekarek

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S. Al-Huneidi



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**D**EATH BY CRYSTAL

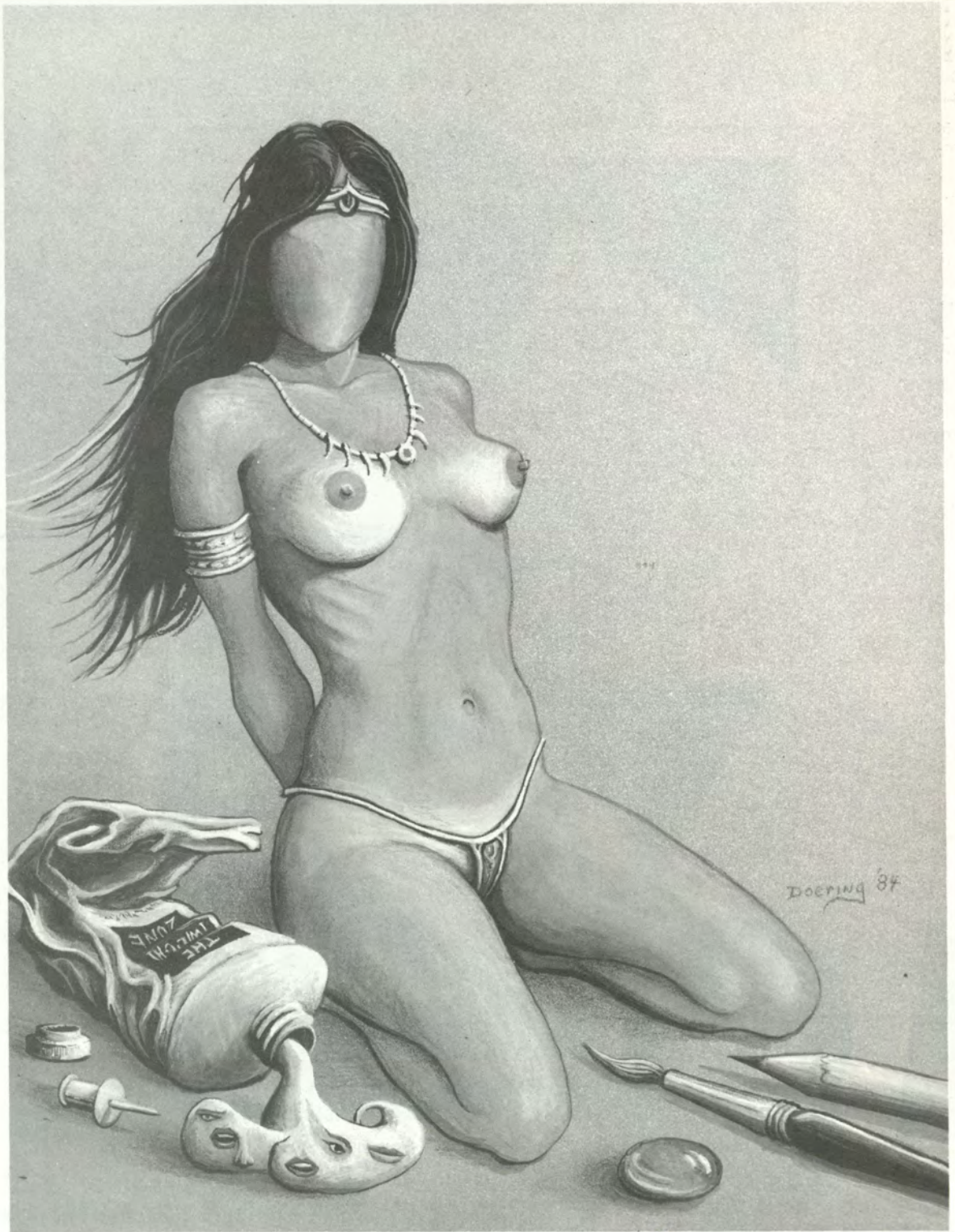
I took a walk during an ice storm.  
Rain like  
meltable glass chips  
pelted down.  
The trees were laced  
with coats of ice,  
glinting under the streetlights.

Every bud, branch, and twig  
wore the brand  
of frigid beauty.  
Nothing was spared  
Not even a small sparrow  
trapped by the crunchy wet snow.  
Her small body was varnished  
in layers of ice,  
tiny curled feet poking the air.

A natural figurine  
encased by nothing more  
than frozen water  
which in the springtime  
would have only quenched her thirst.

by Patty Ward



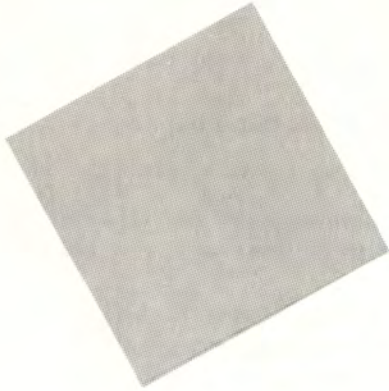


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**T**HE CREATION OF MAN

No face  
He had  
Eyes like rain  
To see  
No face  
But saw  
A man  
In the dust.  
Rain like tears  
To fall  
And raise up  
Standing  
To face  
No face  
A man.  
And breath  
To live  
To liven  
What is good.

Geoffrey Thomas



---

**E**SCAPE

Clinging thoughts, I try to get away.  
From the security of romantic ideas,  
or the ideal for which I wait?  
What am I afraid of, what do I fear?  
The future?  
Lonliness?  
Being single?  
I am now.  
I am nearly free.  
Must couples be so blatant in  
their happiness?  
Must the love of children tempt me?  
Visions of romance dance in my bed.  
NO, go away thoughts, go away fantasies.  
You are the relics of my traditional  
childhood, an arcaic culture,  
a past idea.  
BE GONE old bones, skeleton of the past.  
The skeleton on which I grew.  
Where do I grow now?  
Look ahead, blaze a trail,  
find a way.





In the beginning God created the heavens, the earth, the alcohol distillation processs, and teenage college students.

And the social life of the college students was dark, void, and prohibited (thanks to V.U.'s alcohol policies).

Then God said, after seven weeks of course, "Let there be alcohol and parties with alcohol".

And God saw the alcohol and the parties with alcohol, and it was righteous and bitchin'. And God separated those days without alcohol, and called them weekdays, from those days with alcohol, which he called weekends.

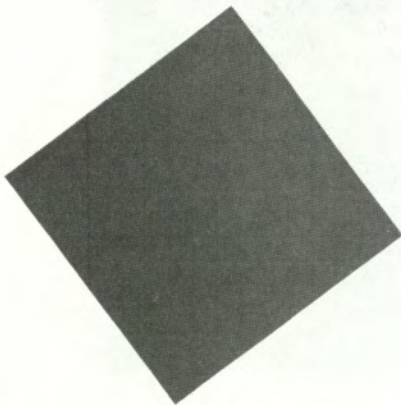
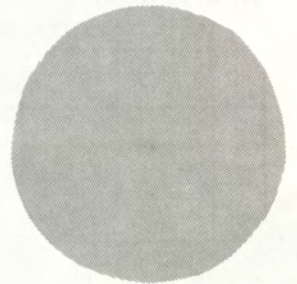
Then God said, "Let there be an expanse in the midst of these 'days', and Let this expanse be able to fill the weekdays and separate them from the weekends. And Let this expanse be called 'classes and homework'".

And then God said "Let these teenage college students go to classes and do their homework on weekdays, but on the weekends let them party until their 'COOKIES CRUMBLE'!!!

So take heed all college students, and obey these sacred scriptures...

by M.R.H.

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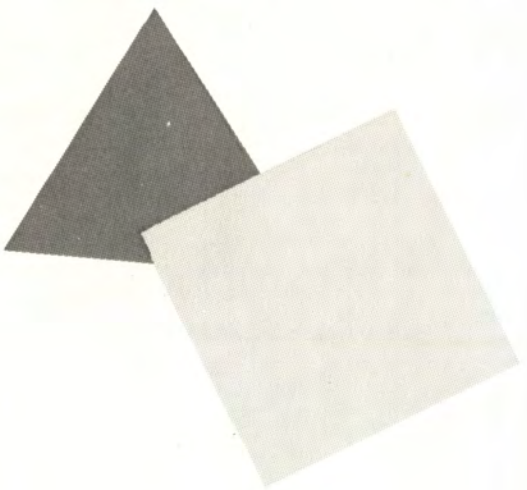
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## S TILL WE HANG ON

Still we hang on  
Like dead leaves in winter  
Turned brown  
Refusing to let go.  
This wounded wing will fly once more  
Before the sun sets  
And the wolves come  
Before the wind blows cold memories  
And frosts the glassy eyes that stare  
While we hang on.

by Geoffrey Thomas

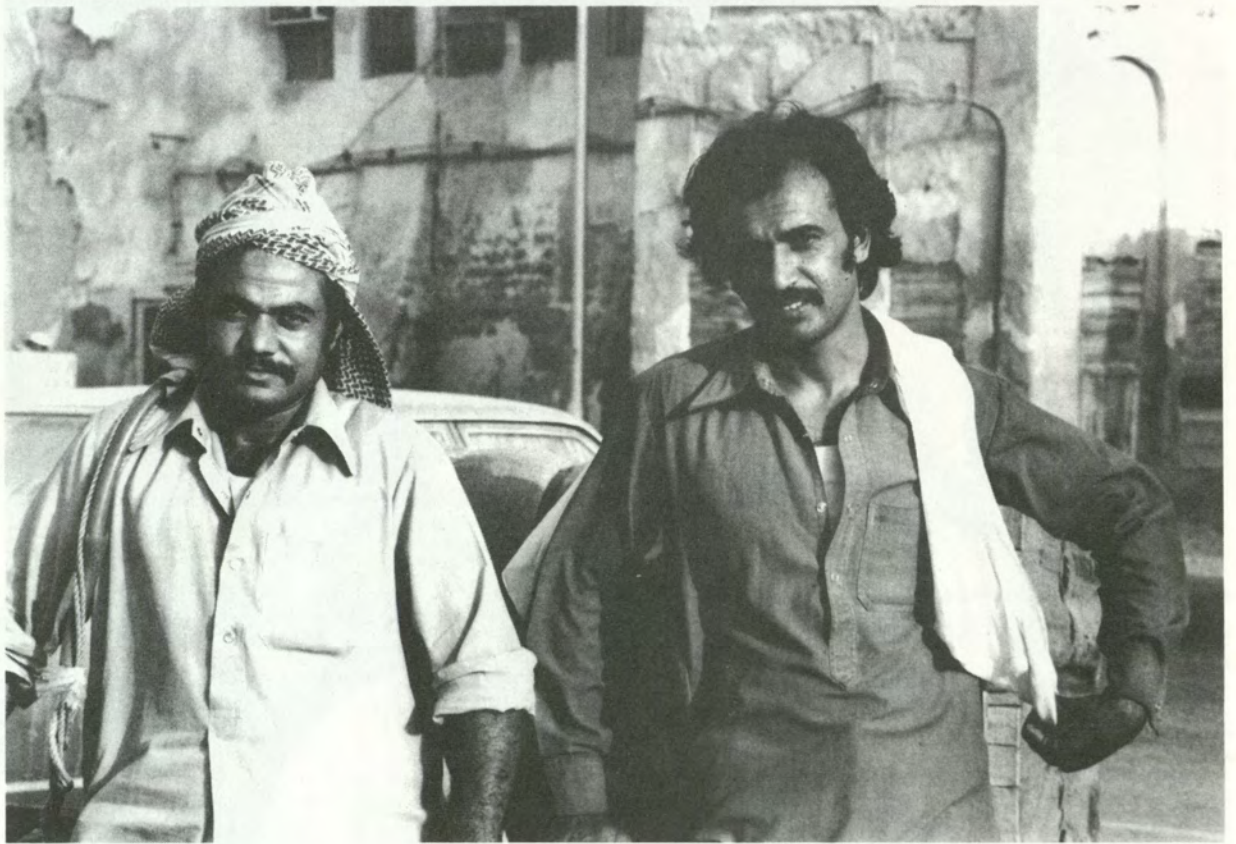
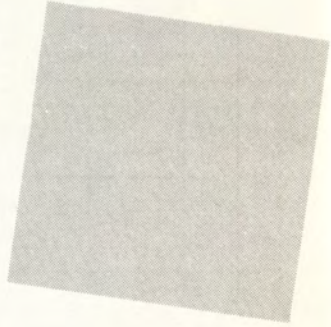
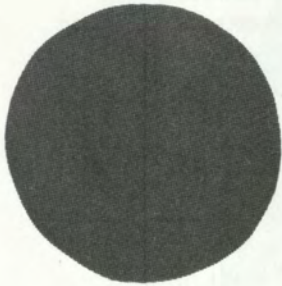
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Exeter, England

Carol E. Jennings





Rana Said

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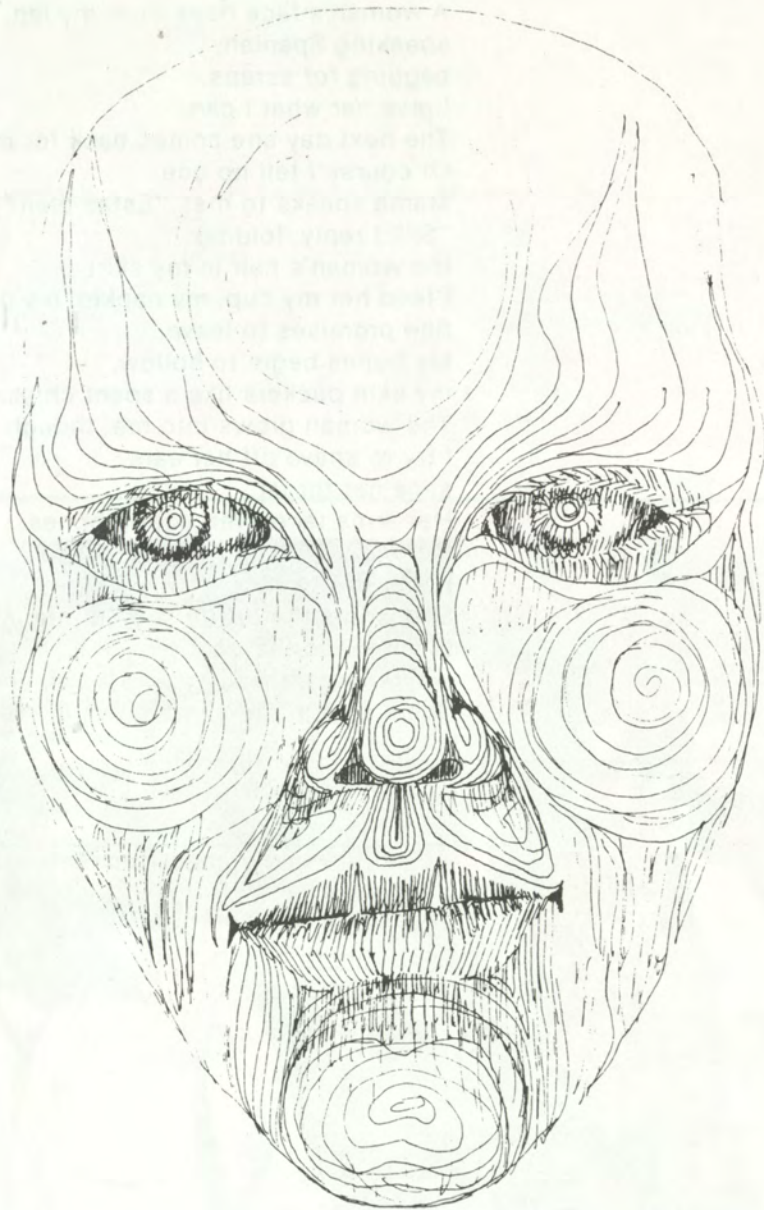
**S**PANISH DREAM

I must eat wax paper cups, even though I am full.  
A woman's face rises from my lap,  
speaking Spanish,  
begging for scraps.  
I give her what I can.  
The next day she comes back for more.  
Of course I tell no one.  
Mama speaks to me. "Estas bien?"  
"Si", I reply, folding  
the woman's hair in my skirt.  
I feed her my cup, my napkin, my plate, silverware.  
She promises to leave.  
My bones begin to hollow,  
my skin puckers like a spent chrysalis.  
The woman grows into me, though  
I try to shave off her ears,  
slice her throat.  
Her arms take over, eating bones  
Her eyes are hungry for my face.  
I peel from her.  
She wraps the brittle shell of me in a basket;  
takes me to the park  
where she attaches me to a Fall limb.  
She wants me to climb down in the Spring.

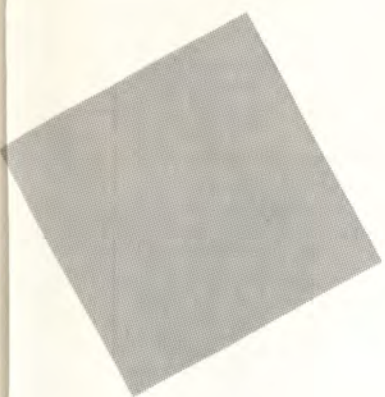
by Terri Muth

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Ungkuh Yang

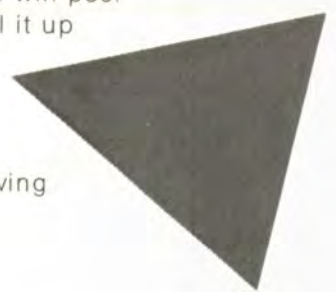


**A** SELF-PORTRAIT WITHOUT PAINT

I write a self-portrait of myself  
 Brian McGovern—on the last edge of 19  
 5'11" maybe six feet.  
 Wavy hair shaved on the sides  
 A single hoop hangs in the left ear  
 The face is nice—A broken nose  
 and glassy eyes.  
 A long neck which connects my head  
 to my shoulders. 140 pounds hangs on about  
 200 bones (is it 208 or more? I can't remember)

The inside is harder. Guts and  
 blood and cells are contained by the skin  
 A slice would make them  
 come pouring out.  
 The feelings  
 Are contained by something more solid.  
 It seems like an iron box of pride (or is it stupidity)  
 is clamped around my brain.  
 My tongue is tacked, nailed to my palate.  
 So many people will listen to me. But I won't  
 talk to anyone.

I will take a special knife and cut my forehead.  
 Then I will peel the flesh off, over my eyes, off  
 my nose, over the lips and away from the chin  
 down to my neck. With my knife I will cut  
 a line across my shoulders right to left and pull  
 the skin from my chest and leave it hanging  
 dangling around my knees like farmer's overalls.  
 Two cuts on my thighs and the skin will peel  
 off my legs, my shins, my feet. Ball it up  
 and throw it in a corner.  
 Will I be like a snake  
 who peels his skin and is  
 reborn. No  
 It will still be the same old me. Having  
 no skin wouldn't change anything.  
 I'd just be slimier to the touch.



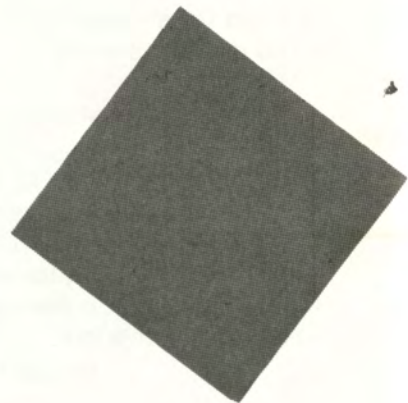
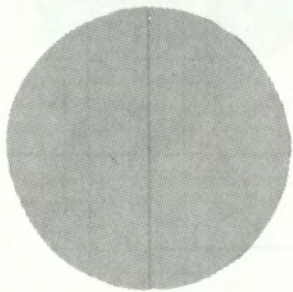
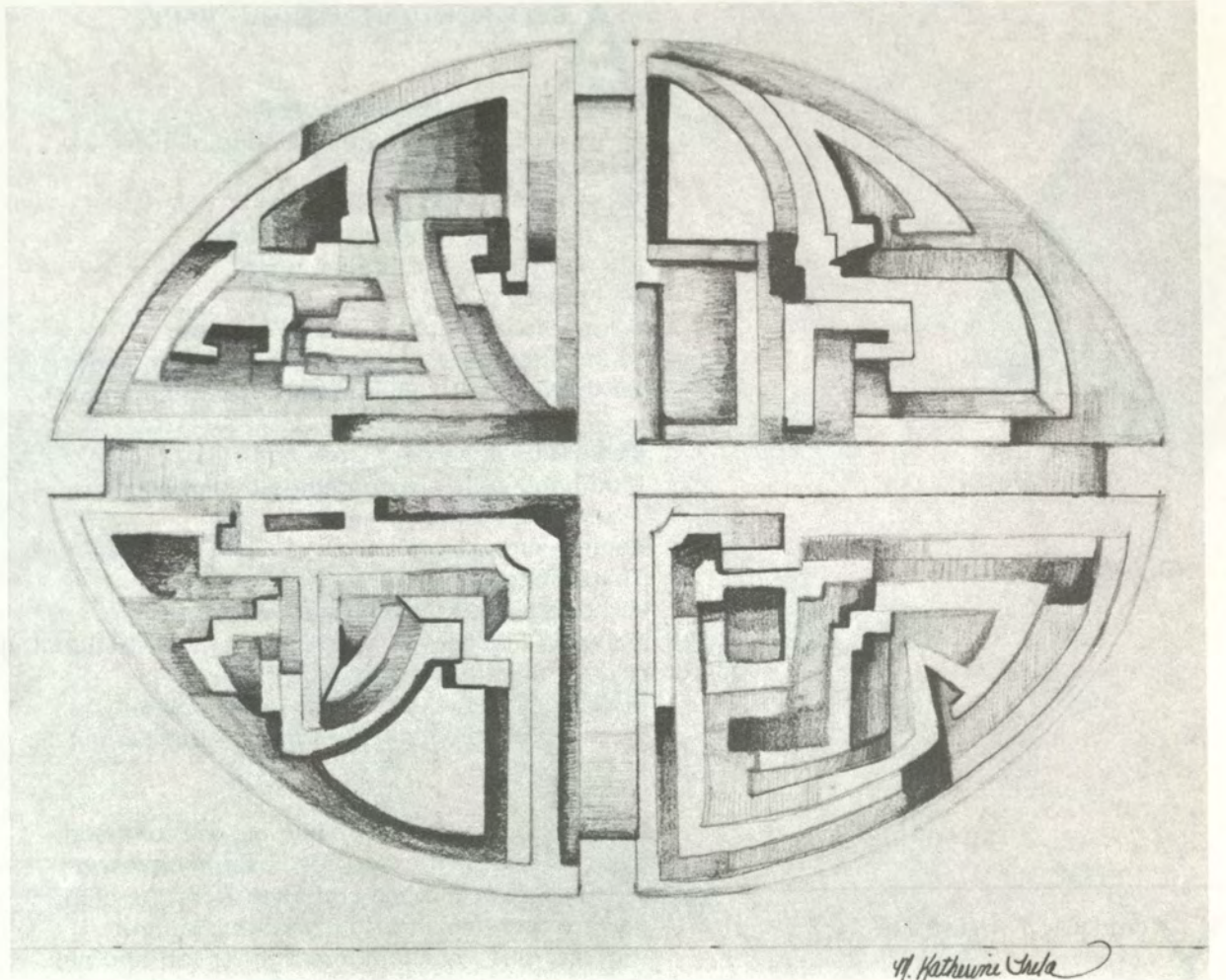
**Y**OU DON'T KNOW ME

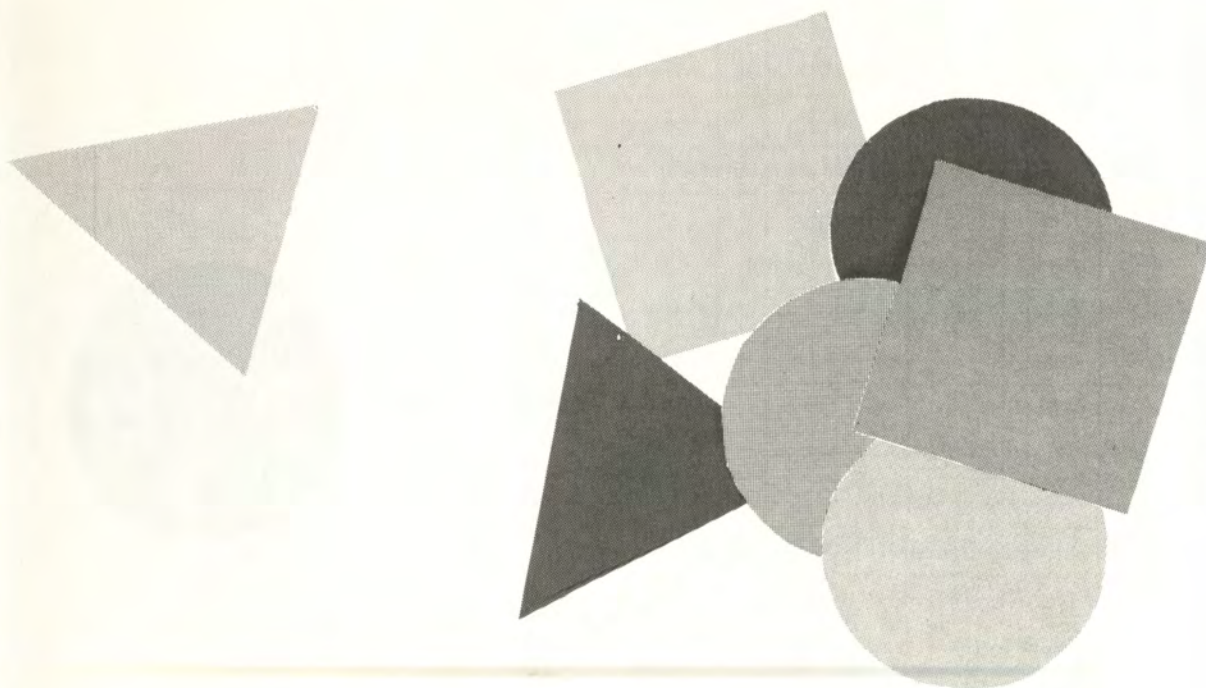
I speak the words you've heard before  
 And close the door  
 to reach the heart that beats in vain  
 Against the muscles that strain  
 to reach the final meaning  
 Of a moment in its amber-yellow core  
 is fixed for all eternity  
 —You don't know me.

I leave no memory in your mind  
 Of passing time  
 that marks no course to flow along  
 Like fleeting shadows soon gone  
 to mark a hollow human  
 And a wave that ripples vanishing  
 to a mirror surface staring empty  
 —You don't know me.

by Geoffrey Thomas







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# D

One can see a long way in the country  
Fields of corn and solitary oaks  
Mist hanging low in the quiet pasture  
And a long old paved road  
On and on into the soft red horizon

Time measured by seasons  
Thoughts measured by the earth  
The soil, breathing while it can  
An honest living

The vast expanse of cultivated creation  
Surpassed only by the deepening sky above  
As far as the eye can see

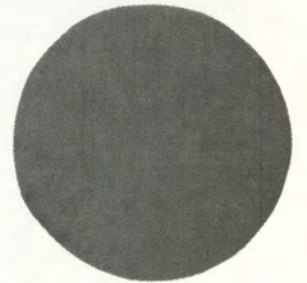
by Steve Volz



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