


1976

# UA68/6/1 Zephyrus

Western Kentucky University

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Zephyrus Spring 1976

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George Simpson

Steven Smith

Dory Spiller

David Surface

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# ZEPHYRUS

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# ZEPHYRUS

Spring 1976

A publication of  
the English Department of Western Kentucky University  
at Bowling Green

Sincere appreciation is expressed to four people who are responsible for the establishment of two creative writing awards. Beginning with the Spring 1976 issue; cash prizes will be given annually for the best poem and prose submitted to *Zephyrus* for publication.

Vera Boulton Pitney, former editor of *Zephyrus*, and her husband Bryan are the contributors of the poetry award. Both are 1972 graduates of Western and make their home in Clinton, Kentucky. The award for the best work written in prose is being donated by two Bowling Green friends of *Zephyrus* and the university.

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## CROW MEN

wrinkled old crow men  
perch on their paint-chipped benches  
magpieing to each other  
about how the river has raised  
and whose new houseboat is that  
they scratch and poke around  
between trees and swings  
nodding days away  
rolling one eye sideways when  
a strange bird comes  
wasting along the sidewalk  
so the old crows  
flap through the days  
until spring boat races  
bring all the gall-darned  
excited fools  
downtown to watch a river  
that has always been the same  
to the birds  
boats or no.

Denise Newbolt

## THE MAN

He finds his way  
through  
thick blackness

His light  
cuts the darkness  
like scissors cut ribbon

He travels deep  
into inner earth  
alone  
with the light

The light dies.....

A man finds his way  
through  
thick blackness

His light  
cuts the darkness  
like scissors cut ribbon

Margaret Shuffitt

ALIVE +  $\text{CCl}_3\text{CH}(\text{C}_6\text{H}_4\text{Cl})_2$  + DEAD

In the beginning the thoughts of Man were void and without form for fear was upon the face of the masses, and the Spirit of Earth moved upon the fear.

For Man had said, "Let there be light," and there was light and Man thought it good; but the morning and evening were both day.

Also Man had said, "Let us build in the midst of the forests and keep the waters from the waters," and behold it was so. And Man called the covered forests lake and the barren fields shore. All this She called the second day.

And Man had said, "Let us cover the grass with cement, the trees with soot and ash; let tall buildings appear to cover ourselves." And Man still thought it good. This She called the third day.

Again Man spoke, "Let us take to the heavens; we can rule the greater lights as easily as the lesser ones." And they thought it so for men had said to Man, "It is good." And to her it was the fourth day.

And Man said, "Let us destroy the great whales, the fowl of the air, and every living creature that moveth so that we may be fruitful and multiply." And behold Man did, and to them it was still good. This was the fifth day.

And then She said, "Man has had dominion over the fish of the sea, the fowl of the air, and every living thing and he has destroyed them and subdued me; Man has destroyed everything that was good." And there was breathed into them all the death of their own creation and behold Man became the dust that is the image of Earth. And this was the sixth day and in the beginning.

On the seventh day all Earth rested, for what had been done on the sixth was very good. And the next morning and evening were the first day.

Barry Elmore

#### COLD WINDS

Catch shadows of olive winter;  
Hold fast 'tween fleshy palms  
the muted smoke of gray-haired skies.  
When shrillness is calm,  
the azure has no eye.

Take bravely the gusts of unseen  
winds that whip at reddened ear.  
Though glassy slick the way may be,  
Let not cold cause fear;  
It trains the eyes to see.

Force the grayness deep within to  
Freeze in winter's white cloak.  
Sight beauty in slush, mud, and snow --  
from ruined char-smoke  
new building and hope grows.

Face the stinging cruel winter winds,  
and skies that black limbs crack.  
on the hard seasons, though grayish,  
Do not turn your back  
in pity and anguish.

Linda Winters

J. K. KABOOM

You know I called your name, but I called it too soon  
You had gravy on your face when you walked into the room  
You let out a laugh that was not over soon  
With a doo bop a ree bop, skee bop a boom

You growl like a dog and you walk like a goon  
You howl like a wolf in the full of the moon  
Announcing to the world, "I'm J. K. Kaboom"  
With a doo bop a ree bop, skee bop a boom

You walk down the road with a sack and a spoon  
Stopping all the traffic in the late afternoon  
The way you walk you don't leave any room  
Just a doo bop a ree bop, skee bop a boom

You jump on an ironing board and kick apart a broom  
You hang from the light in the center of the room  
You leave like you came and you came with a zoom  
And a doo bop a ree bop, skee bop a boom

Tony Moffeit

AGAINST PRO NOUNS

Oh heavy words,  
heavy, heavy words  
strangling around throat  
burning tongue dry  
Choke back  
tightening tongue and jaw  
Back teeth grinding  
chewing the letters  
and swallowing  
a personal and possessive  
lump of self.

Cynthia Minor



## SOMETIME

---

Frank Allan Davis

It was Saturday evening. The pinball machines at the laundry were occupied by the little kids. Their clicks and carney noises rose above the hum-drum of the washers and dryers changing cycles, spinning, or kicking off.

You really couldn't tell if she was black or white. It didn't matter. Tired has the same look in all eyes.

When she pushed through the door, she hardly looked around, but went to a washer and put a load in. She had on her worn houseshoes and a cotton dress. She smelled of work.

Her hair was not done. But it was her eyes and the gait of her step that you noticed. Her eyes told of her being continually up early and late to bed, with their lids occasionally closing to cover them with rest. Her gait was measured, measured from having countless times done chores into the night. Her feet barely slide over the asphalt tile.

As the washer kicked off, she rose from the metal folding chair and pulled the few articles from it and put them in the dryer. She had never had a washer and dryer of her own.

She lowered herself into another folding chair and stared at the drying pieces spinning inside the dryer.

Occasionally she would cough. It was the only sound in the now empty laundromat save the solitary spinning of the dryer.

She didn't get up immediately when the dryer unit quit, but stared into the still space where the clothes had been tumbling. She hoped the wearer of these clothes would do well tomorrow.

After gingerly folding the pieces, she half-shuffled out the door and down the dark gravelled alley.

As she was climbing the steps up to the plank floor of the porch, her son burst through the screen door.

"Momma, did you get my uniform ready for tomorrow?"

"Have I let you play in a dirty uniform yet, son?"

She sat down in the swing, making room for her son. She hadn't seen him since yesterday's supper.

But he went on out to the sidewalk and down the street.

## TO A DREAM

I rode my bike  
Down barren streets of asphalt where lay  
Memories of younger days etched in gray  
Framed in cold steel  
Joints and handles riveted  
To fortune wheels plasticated,  
I rode my bike  
Through dirty ditches  
Past old men and yelping bitches  
Past good friends who turned out louses  
Past empty houses.  
I rode my bike  
On sunny days rainy days  
On sidewalks and grass yards  
Splashing through puddles of forgotten mud  
And into trees ending with a thud.  
My bike rode me  
In races of win or lose  
On paths of - which way to chose?  
Through rushing winds of faster desire  
Right through practice time for choir.

Steven Patrick Smith

## TOUCH

I touch you  
and you respond  
As a guitar answers the player's hand  
With notes both urgent and content--fiery and mellow.  
And as the player's soul responds to the guitar,  
He becomes the instrument, and the instrument the player.  
  
You touch me  
and I respond  
As clay answers the sculptor's hand--  
Rising and falling into fantastic forms of delight.  
And as the sculptor's soul responds to each new shape,  
She becomes the clay, and the clay the sculptor.

David Surface

## REPROACH

The star lay fallen, flat on the ground  
and I failed to pick it up.  
Such pleasure I should have derived  
in helping it to the sky,  
but my staircase was cobwebbed  
with the remembering of  
when it didn't shine upon me.  
Is my life so clouded...  
my fields so barren  
that I'd not save a fellow child?  
The way of heart hardened  
now frightens me into belittlement.  
Watch the heavenworks  
begin to fail itself and me.

Jacob Campbell

THEN, I REALIZED WHAT IT WAS

The sound of a bull frog  
Frightened me,  
Until I heard it a second time.  
Then, I realized what it was.

The hoot of an owl  
Frightened me,  
Until I heard it a second time.  
Then, I realized what it was.

The coarseness of a calf's tongue  
Frightened me,  
Until I felt it a second time.  
Then, I realized what it was.

The flash of lightning  
Frightened me,  
Until I saw it a second time.  
Then, I realized what it was.

The hurt of pain  
Frightened me,  
Until I felt it a second time.  
Then, I realized what it was.

The course of my life  
Frightened me,  
Then I looked at it a second time.  
And it frightened me even more.

Sandra Kay Lay

i want to do a lifetime.  
yet i don't want to move.  
it is so exhausting  
to put out effort when i know  
effort is not results.  
and when i know i do a failure,  
i just don't seem  
to want to do a lifetime  
anymore.

Kathy Miller

## A MOMENT OF MADNESS

by Dory Spiller

"Well, so what if they have been commenting on the fact that all I get anybody for their birthday is books," he says as he walks toward the shopping center. He never drives a car, because they are just too fast. "O.K., I'll show them this time. I will get something else... Where shall I go? I've got it, the sports department in the biggest store in the mall."

As he walks under a street light and pauses unsurely as he attempts to cross the street, he is spot-lighted like an actor on a stage. But, his costume would seem odd on any stage. He is wearing well-worn overalls with embroidery all over them, and a rough blue workshirt also adorned with embroidered flowers. He is about 5'10" tall, and slim. His straight black hair comes down to his shoulders, where it curls slightly.

As he enters the mall he seems to shrink and takes on a timid attitude that contradicts the flashy red scarf tied at his throat. He passes the bookstore, putting one purple sneaker in front of the other, looking neither to the right nor the left, and enters a large department store, determined.

"Good, the sports department is not too far away. I won't have to go too far into the store." But guarding the entrance to the sports department is a large mannequin with a baseball bat poised over the aisle. At the sight of this guardian of golf clubs and basketballs, he panics, thinking he sees that guardian move toward him. He turns quickly and runs into a soft wall of fat that grabs for him. He rebounds in another direction fleeing both the fat woman and the mannequin armed with a baseball bat. As he runs, thinking only of getting away from these two terrifying menaces, he is unaware that he has transversed a great distance, taking him farther into the depths of the store. When he stops running, convinced that he has thoroughly confused his enemies, his worst fears are realized. He is practically surrounded by mannequins; only one way out. He quickly walks toward the vast distances he perceives to his right, but is blocked off when he runs headlong into a wall of mirrors. Realizing his mistake he rummages in a nearby counter and comes out with a purple silk scarf. By folding and rolling the scarf and putting one end in his mouth to wet it, he makes the ultimate in armaments, a Rat-tail, with which he plans to ward off the mannequins.

Suddenly a woman steps from behind a mannequin, and comes toward him. She says, "May I help you," as she continues her advance with a stilted mannequin grin.

"No, get back I say," he says as he pops the air immediately in front of her face with the Rat-tail.

She turn and hurries off, yelling for the manager.

"Well, that one was pretty easy, but there are still many more."

He turns and starts trotting off, but he no sooner gets started when he runs into the wall of fat again. This time it is dragging a child behind it. Again it gropes for him, but he nimbly escapes the fat woman's reach, and is off running in another direction.

Feeling fortunate, for so narrow an escape, he is confronted by an old sales clerk who has everything under control. "I *will* help you."

"Get back," he screams and runs off again.

Running more wildly now, he is bumping into counters and knocking over things. Next it seems as though the clothes anticipate him, so they jump off the counters in front of him and try to entangle his feet.

A mannequin is chasing him yelling, "I am the manager. You must leave the store," but he knows better than to stop so this fake can trap him by saying that he will show him the way out.

He ducks behind a counter and hides on a shelf beneath it, while the parade that is chasing him goes by. When they are gone, he slowly comes out to investigate where he is now. He is no longer anywhere near the clothes department. "Thank God." All around him are innocent television sets in many shapes and size. All are turned on and are on the same channel. Walter Cronkite is telling the news. Seeking advice, he asks a cute little 17" model how to get out. Walter says, "Conflict in the Mid-east, so we should turn to the West." Thanking him profusely, he turns the sound down and turns in a complete circle, wondering which way is West. He suddenly grins, puts his index finger in his mouth, then holds the finger up in the air, looking for the wind. The air conditioner behind him blows softly. He starts creeping along the counters, traveling in the direction he has determined to be West. Soon he comes out to the mall again and like an old Indian scout runs the final open space between the Wilderness and the Fort. He is safe in the bookstore. Calming himself he browses along the bookshelf. He seizes a copy of Plato's *Republic*, pays for it, and walks home to disguise it a little in bright birthday paper.

### REFLECTIONS

Reflections on the water  
Images one has cast  
A stranger's face staring at me  
From a gilded looking glass  
Whose silhouette stands before me  
Whose soul within it lies  
What substance fills this mortal shell,  
Who am I?

Rosemarie Cowherd

### LIKE SHADOWS PASSING

Time like shadows passes . . .  
Fast, fleeting,  
It runs along the height,  
flies farther  
than I thought possible  
into a starfilled night.  
Time rushes and churns  
as sleep comes and goes.  
Alive with boiling insanity,  
It knows nothing of death,  
is delirious with immortality . . .  
Like shadows passing . . .

S. D. Cole

### SOMETHING LIKE HER LETTER

Jeb walked through her dream  
Like a Madison Avenue BINGO sign  
She saw him a-gleaming  
A fantasy fit for herself  
It's only time before they meet in New York  
It's only time before they sit down and talk  
And with his mind like a knife  
He carves her his wife  
A brief figurine he'll adore  
It's only time before  
The bell ringing place kickers  
Read it in the morning news

Don't you see the English sandman?  
1967 - almost  
Your eyes were too dear, my sleepy  
Your eyes wrapped me up to keep me  
I'm a very first impression  
I will be your second lesson  
Lead me to your caddy-cornered room  
Dear dreamer  
Lead me there and real sleep will resume  
Scar abreach me, Star beseech me  
These are things you'll have to teach me  
I've got wraps and ribbons on my brain  
I'm determined - optimistic  
Fix the path my unseen mystic  
You're so sweet and you're so smart  
We've been bred light years apart

Funny just how fast those years have gone  
Ain't it strange how fast those years have gone?

Jeff Haskins

### RURAL ROMANCE

In that misty summer night  
a sweet enchantment still enlights

my weary mind to float again  
to bathe beneath the moon of then

snug in August's eerie balm  
caught in its magnetic calm

she and I there all alone  
like two seeds of nature sown

drawn together in desire  
a summer country night inspires

whispers woven in soft breeze  
lulled aloft toward cloudy seas

quivering flesh in happy taste  
having found the dream it chased.

George Simpson

dispirited , cylindrical i

dispirited , cylindrical i  
love killer , demon warrior  
to live is finally to die  
to become ashes , to scatter

hollow saviours paw vain prayers  
their anxious gods befriend  
I find no god in me , just  
twelve beginnings without end

twelve black demons rising  
always , inevitable  
and before the angel clock i , praising  
God cylindrical

Gary Lee Hottinger

## INSANITY

Pound for pound

We are re-ground

fresh

The criterion for noticing

hamburger gone

bad

strange smell

strange color

strange

A matter

of taste

contrasted with choice

Grade A

What they say is best--

Eliot

ate it

and out

came Waste

Land of the free

fenced.

Kim Robilliard

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