12-4-1973

UA12/2/1 L'esprit

WKU Student Affairs

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.wku.edu/dlsc_ua_records

Part of the Gender, Race, Sexuality, and Ethnicity in Communication Commons, Illustration Commons, Journalism Studies Commons, Mass Communication Commons, Photography Commons, Poetry Commons, and the Public Relations and Advertising Commons

Recommended Citation
http://digitalcommons.wku.edu/dlsc_ua_records/3506

This Magazine is brought to you for free and open access by TopSCHOLAR®. It has been accepted for inclusion in WKU Archives Records by an authorized administrator of TopSCHOLAR®. For more information, please contact topscholar@wku.edu.
L'esprit

College Heights Herald

Paradise Envisioned

This is the bridge we built,
a steel-beamed link
to the new world
where tiny toads lecture on lust
and abandoned shells
fill with river-bottom sand.

We wander this Eden.
Adam and Eve
in blue jeans.
L'esprit

College Heights Herald
Tuesday, Dec. 4, 1973

Co-editors............. Fred Lawrence  Valerie Elmore
Photography editor............. George Wedding
Artist.................................. Jim Alexander
Advertising.................................. Al Cross

Cover photo by D. J. Johnson
Cover poem by Elaine Ayers

L'esprit is a literary supplement of the College Heights Herald published each semester. It began as a class project for a Problems in Journalism class and was first published in January of 1969. The name is a French term meaning spirit. The goal of L'esprit is to provide, in as proper a literary style as possible, an outlet for original poems, short stories, pictures and art work by students and faculty of Western Kentucky University.

HEADQUARTERS IN COOPERATION WITH CAPITOL PRESENTS

Been searching for that special old album? We can order any record or tape, old or new.

12-9 Mon-Fri 10-9 Sat 12-6 Sun

108 WESTERN GATEWAY CENTER

The Individual Store for Individual Tastes for Individual People

ALICE COOPER SHOW
Municipal Auditorium
Dec. 8     8 p.m.
tickets at Headquarters

Jim Croce
Just Released
I Got A Name
Love Is Buying A Gift From
Headquarters For Someone
Dear To Your Heart.

Jo Jo Gunne
Jumpin' The Gunne
Mason Prophet
Come And Gone
Untitled

Yesterday,
The day I was a child,
It’s here with me, yesterday,
Swallowing me like the clammy silence
Before a summer storm
Or the warm hand of a loved one
Aren’t the dead.
It shimmers in visions of a dream
As a sunsetting on the stilling surf of a dying day.
An emotion without a life.
A breath in the wind.

Yesterday was a day of signs that had no meaning.
Of truth that had no causes.
Of work that was a game,
Of games that were a life.
Of love that was a guiding hand
And a dog named Spot.
With yesterday came the little that was so big.
The important that was nothing.
The nothingness of importance
Like the seasons to the sea.

Sometimes,
The silence of yesterday
Find me when I am alone,
Whispering echoes of lost voices in my ear
And painting the damp pupils of my disillusioned eyes
With shadows, smiling, long since gone.
But yesterday has had its day, and that day, today, is done.
And with it a thousand hybrid seeds
That now are only we.
The pages of the past,
Like the glorious expectations of the future,
Are timely, torn and worn away,
If it had only known where it was going,
It would have never gone.

Andrew Sahl
junior

"She’s Busy Tonight"

The bar on the corner
the streetwalkin’ gal
the deafening loud music
I’ve heard her called "Silent"
the click of her pumps
the night startin’ slow
now a man’s voice
the price?
they quickly go
"Temptation" it plays
over and over again.
the music is right
she’s busy tonight

Jim D. Browning
freshman

woodcroft

milwaukee pods
used to grow in the field
between the highway and woodcroft street
we made games of their silky white strands
fairy games for two
magic threads leading down dark passageways
where the vegetation grew and formed secret places
for careful storage of our gathered field treasures.

Martha Shields
sophomore

... and You Were There

I felt alone and uncertain.
No rules were made
No ideals set
But you were there.
In need of friendship and truth
I had no truth
And no true friends
But you were there.
I opened up—began
To understand
My own thoughts...
... and you were there.

Susan C. Smith Whitney
sophomore

Bring Back the Sunshine

If I could know exactly what
you’re thinking when you
look at me that way,
then maybe I’d find words
of solace, appropriate
words to say
to make you feel strong
and confident again—
bring back the sunshine
and take away the rain.

Bevky Taps
junior

Susan C. Smith Whitney
sophomore

RECALL

The mind is an elusive machine
With lots of do’s and don’ts.
When it does it can recall each thing
And when it doesn’t it won’t.

Susan C. Smith Whitney
sophomore
Man and Wife
they lived together
man and wife
and in the twilight
they reviewed their life
they had scaled no mountains
rose to no great heights
but they had shared a bed
on every long night
and their bed love still burn
the charred embers white

Jim D. Browning
freshman

CAVEAT EMPTOR
How we laughed...
at the day with green eyes
and fangs instead of teeth
who gave us a half-eaten apple
for a quick peak at our panties
and went away
whistling
thinking he'd gotten what he paid for.

Elaine Ayres
senior

green horse, a
we had green horse, a
it was and it is a
glass horse of green
brought to us at once
long ago once
it was what it was then
that it is still
no matter where it sits
no difference when it sits elsewhere
besides where it always sits
beside seven candles
and a wine bottle
it is still
and it is still motionless
which makes it still still
remaining emotionless
unless you count a slight change
occurring when the sun
positions itself in a certain way
as if to say
this is a once brought
never sought
good for naught
green horse, a

Martha Shields
sophomore

Moods
When Spring Time Blues cause
endless dreams of love to
fill my brain.
Then thoughts of you,
hopeful and hopeless,
cause my eyes to rain.
And contradictory to these
winter feelings
I laugh to think myself
in such a mood
and smile to think that life
has been so good.

Becky Tipton
junior
goals of a man
never be.
he'd get in the morning
his soul
he'd never seen.

the goals of a man
was to leave the mine,
and to have
a happy Christmas
for his kids,
but to have
a decent Christmas,
he had to sell his soul
to a man
he'd never seen.

so the goals
of a man
were hidden away...
shackled behind reality,
he loved
his little kids
too much to see
them cry,
so he sold his soul
to a man
he'd never seen.

were to leave the mine.

TO EMMA TAYLOR ON PLUM STREET

the straw hat on her head
died to her withered black chin
overshaded sensitive brown eyes
brown M&M's that told
a long heritage flavored with bitterness
of slavery.
she came to pay her electric bill
for power run through
rotten wires in a ranted shotgun house
they came and pulled her hand
from the hymnal one Sunday
to tell her
the fire had caught
all of the old things
her mother and grandmother had passed down
from old times
the power had tried to burn and
lap up her belongings
but she believed that
a few things were left alone
and the small wrinkled black woman
would gather them up to
move into the house next door
so she paid another $3.00 to transfer
the electricity.

Denise Newbollt
sophomore
THE GREAT USURPER
(Kudos to a baseball Immortal at World Series Time.)

Ah, the intinite beauty of Robinson looking,
home plate is body,
a sanctuary only the terrible tag denied.
His grey head erect in the fading sun of our Ebbets Field afternoon.
The truculent body, a dynamo rampant
that started, stopped, cajoled
and with the windup - churned, churned, churned.
Chocolate Caesar spatching through the wind,
paralleled, at once, at last
With placid earth.
Semi-seconds away from a cosmos to conquer
and the horrid war with tools of ignorance.
The gingerbread mitt lurking in catcher's paws
a destiny all its own - threatening,
awaiting magic "whack!" of white against leather.
And the thirst - finally - of execution
as gazelle limbs hooked across and away
from the tag.
We, our breaths held in the hinterland above,
aware that God, in this moment of Eternity
must - at once - choose a Dodger or a Yankee.
The Berra tongue - as the man in black - God's witness
flashed the judgment - as angels sang
of SAFETY!!!

Yogi - Satan's visiting disciple - dancing desperate circles
in the dirt.
The portals opened.
Cheers that punctured the air.
(Thank you's for the prayers of hirsute men
of barreled chests
and short sleeves.)
The commotion of the multitudes
- the choir without wings -
we weren't in Heaven.
Only in Brooklyn.
Long View

Shooting over the highway at seventy miles an hour I meet fenceposts and telephone poles swishing past in blunted panic, receding in the rearview mirror, gone like falling screams.

Recognizing its own kind, my heart, unhurried, paces itself by those Kentucky knobs that keep the river and wide bottomland between us and never fall behind but follow like a head of graceful beasts still undiscovered and unnamed they live so deep inside the continent.

Teaching

is running in place with weights on your feet.

It’s an old injury that never heals and so I go into each hour still sore from the last exercise.

Loving the possibilities of wood–blender shapes, wings, visions of flight frozen in seasoned stuck dry and durable–I work in a sultry greenhouse air sculpting in ice shapes that melt in the mind, I write on water, I sweat, and always come away wet behind the ears.

If Your Birthday Is Today

you are a year older and well into a cycle which began with the alignment of Venus and Mars in your seventh house which is mortgaged to the Daylight Savings and Loan Association.

Expect your days to accumulate like old newspapers full of band news, to come back canceled checks, to lie swollen like the pages of a book left out in the rain.

Stay away from friends, partners; avoid telephones, since their ringing starts dozens of memoranda fluttering in your stomach, like birds roused out of sleep.

This is no time for a change, keep wearing those same dirty socks. If opportunity knocks, say you gave at the office.

Driving Home

Sorry to inconvenience so many people, and feeling it a breach of decorum to have so private a thing happen in public.

I think I will probably die in a long line of traffic on an evening in December when mercury vapor lights are coming on.

A red light will jam in my brain and I’ll sit there slumped over the wheel blocking a main artery while angry cars begin to honk behind me.

A traffic division helicopter will dispatch a cruiser and report on a radio station’s afternoon Travelling Home Show one stalled car, one lane of traffic backed up.

The cruiser, the ambulance, the mobile TV units, the whirling lights, the curious looking into the camera—all will flicker on the screen at 10:07 p.m. The face of the eyewitness who discovered the truth will fade into a commercial at 10:09. Newsprint will disappear like dirty snow. Traffic will flow smoothly once again.

Journalists with their noses into news will miss the only story worth the telling. So here it is, like footage recovered from a correspondent who went careening into death, cameras clicking to the point of impact: high over the town, above tiers of power lines, a black river of birds turns slowly and flows south.

Dr. Jim Wayne Miller

The poetry on this page was written by Dr. Jim Wayne Miller, right, professor of foreign languages at Western. Dr. Miller has been writing poetry for several years and is the author of three books of poetry, "Copperhead Cane," 1964, "The More Things Change, the More They Stay the Same," 1971, and "Dialogue with a Dead Man," to be published this spring. His poetry also has been published in "Southern Humanities Review" and "Georgia Review," and he has written book reviews for the Louisville Courier-Journal. Dr. Miller, who has been at Western 10 years, received his undergraduate from Berea College and his graduate and doctorate from Vanderbilt University.
IN CONCERT

THE DOOBIE BROTHERS
with DALTON and DUBARRI

TONIGHT  8 p.m.  Diddle Arena

TICKETS  3.50 in advance---4.00 at door

Hall’s Men’s Store  Coachman Ltd.

WKU Business Office  Taylor Drugs