

Tableau

I'm not applying these rhymes directly to you and me, of course.
These tales of romance wryly put the cart before the horse.
When the groundwork's done, and values matched and marked,
Academically, I'll know the score. Don't sail before I feel embarked.
Now love is not love which bends with the remover to remove. . .
Oh, no! Boney diligence ply me back to shallow shores—
The sodden rim seemingly implores.
Here on campus a shovel is a shovel,
And we bury ourselves betimes.

Gretchen Schuette



Photo by Bill Hudson

Spring '83

Literary Supplement to the Commuter

Careless Charity

*A wingless sparrow numbed by cold
willingly fell into the caverns
of winter's abyss, and listened long
to promises of the void.
Shaken awake one steamy night
in a sweaty dance of joyous refrain,
then wrapped inside your feather blanket
winter's howl withers 'neath the rays
between the breaking clouds.*

Linda Hahn



Photo by Kathy Jelen

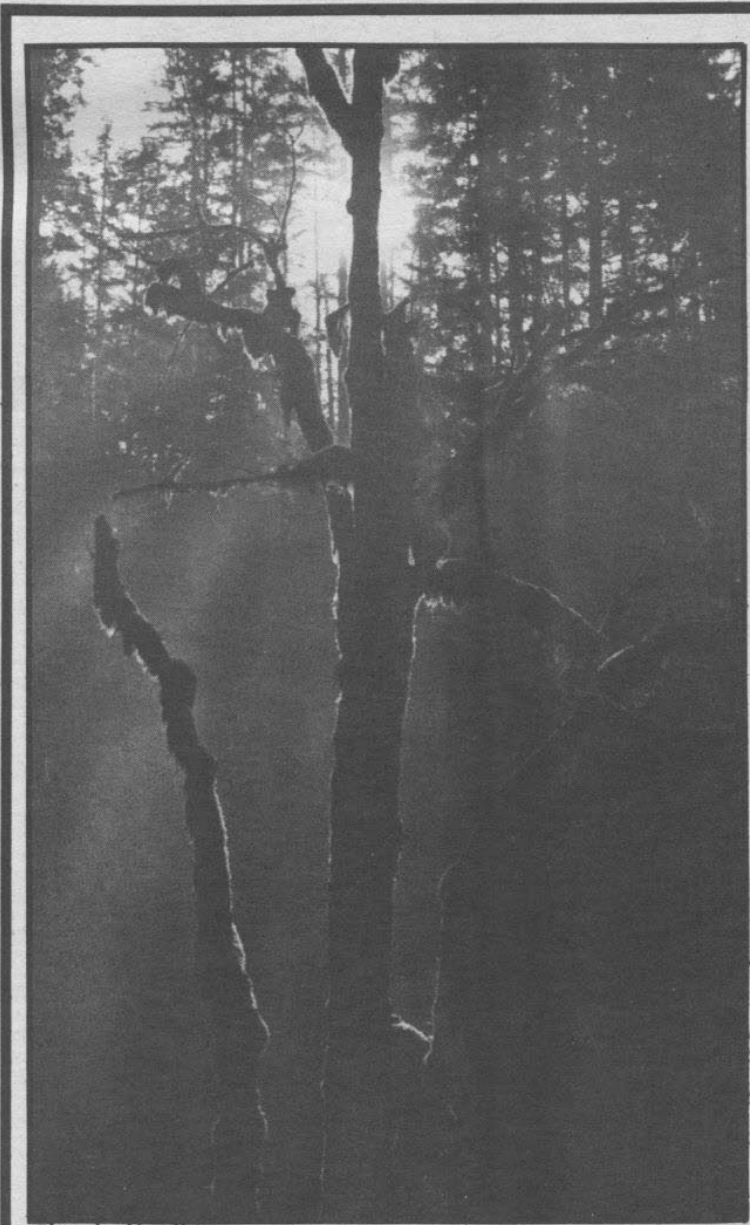


Photo by Alan Perry

April, Oranges, and the Produce Market

*The hump of bridge, third gear,
the river wide with winter damp.
Brakelights flicker through the fog,
silently shouting stop. It is dark
though 11 a.m. It is winter
though spring.*

*The fog replaces the rain, the wipers
still flick. More red lights, now
overhead. Then: blotches of
bright, the brilliant dappling
of crates of suns. The wet air
slides off their surfaces. This light too
is wet, yet wanted.*

*Horns blow. There is no turning from
this light. It is not a cloudy mirage.
The gray dissolves when touched.
Inside, I rub celery stalks
with other day seekers. Outside,
white and yellow and orange
light strikes the wet pavement
like flint.*

Don Scheese



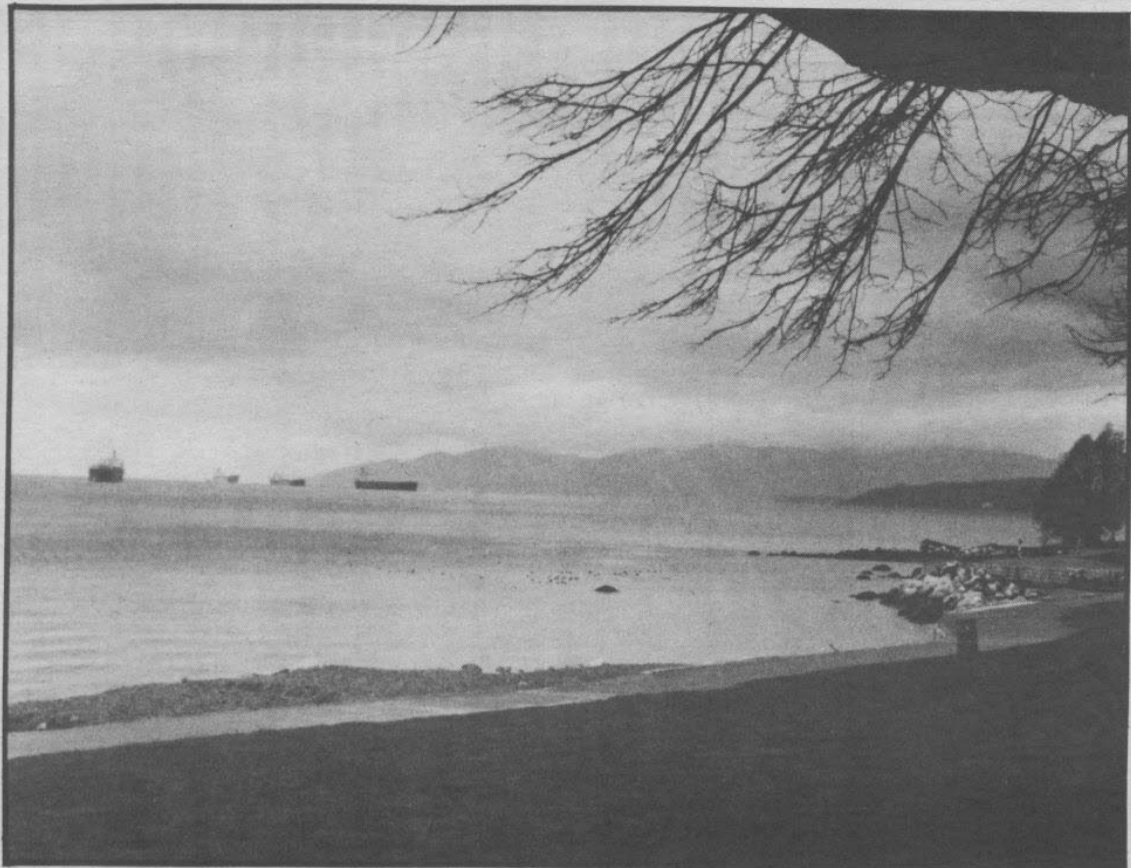


Photo by Pam Kuri

Seaweed Wine

*Aching fingers caress the glass
of liquid moonlight,
a shimmering river brought to my lips
as I close my eyes in search of the beach—
the rocking rhythm of lapping waves
that ebb and slide
like whistling wind from crevice to sea,
the foamy waves that crash dark shores
'til golden rays break the night.*

*Deep inside this seaweed wine
our faces meet in candlelight,
from ocean depths the parted waves
melt into the sea.*

Linda Hahn

1969

*A slight loop of moon posed on a chimney
Crosslegged he felt out the pores in the sidewalk
Mooncold the squeaks and hisses of the freightyard
Curled in his ears urging them alert
Ssh-clack, ssh-clack skipping eager
A half-throated laugh untying in her chest
"Quick!" he speared her hand, short she broke,
her legs wide, her head, blocking out the moon,
he laughed, she saw him. And kneeling
Their breath frosted the air from sound.*

Gretchen Schuette

Sometimes the Moon

*Sometimes the moon is a faceless
gold coin hanging in a deep
blue void,
Or a potato chip tossed upward,
slowly falling down.
It's a giant orange made of cheese
that turns into a lemon pie
with mountains of meringue.
Our footprints track its surface
after a million glowing nights
we finally reached out
and sliced a piece for ourselves.*

Phil Weisbach

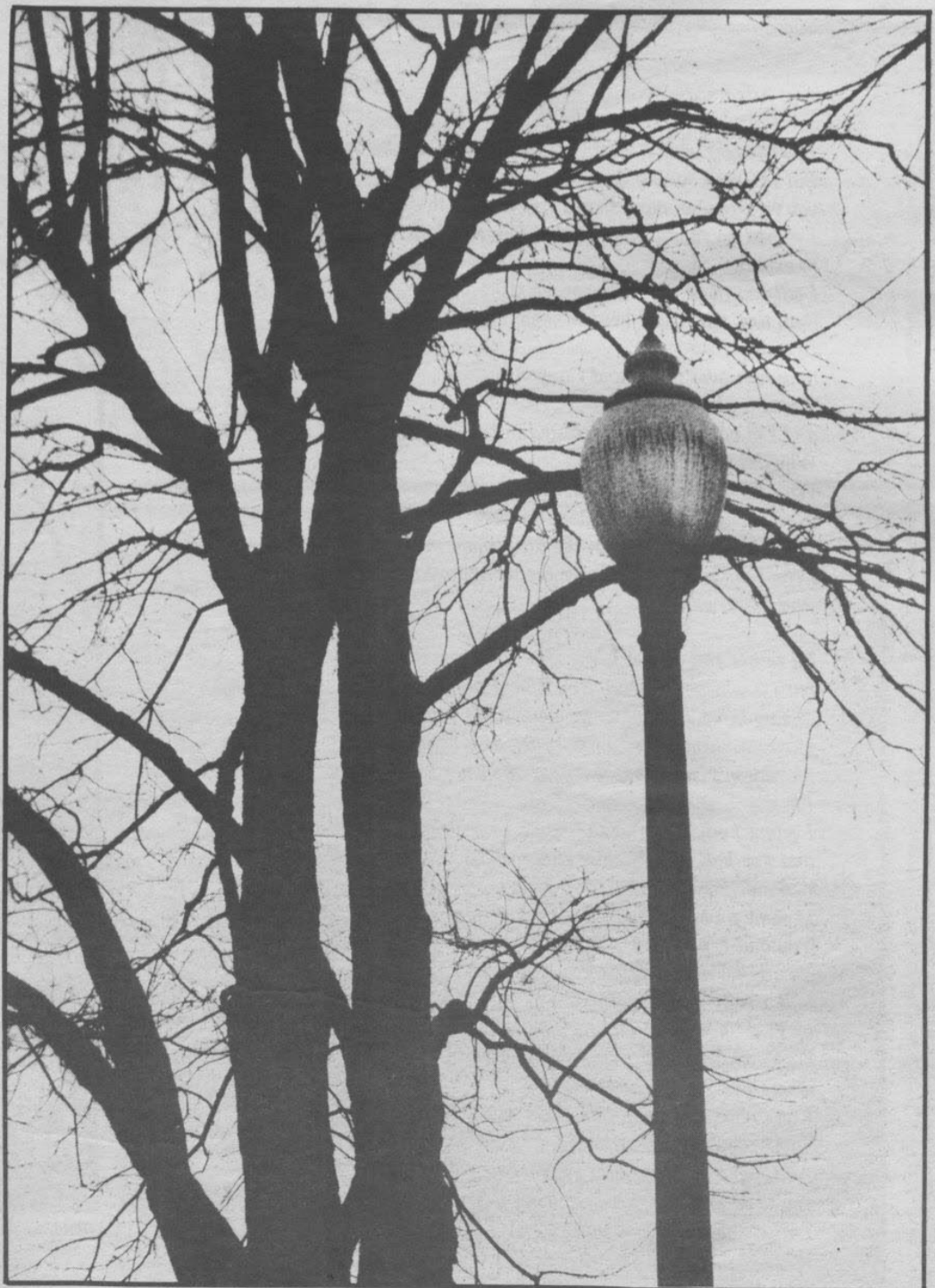


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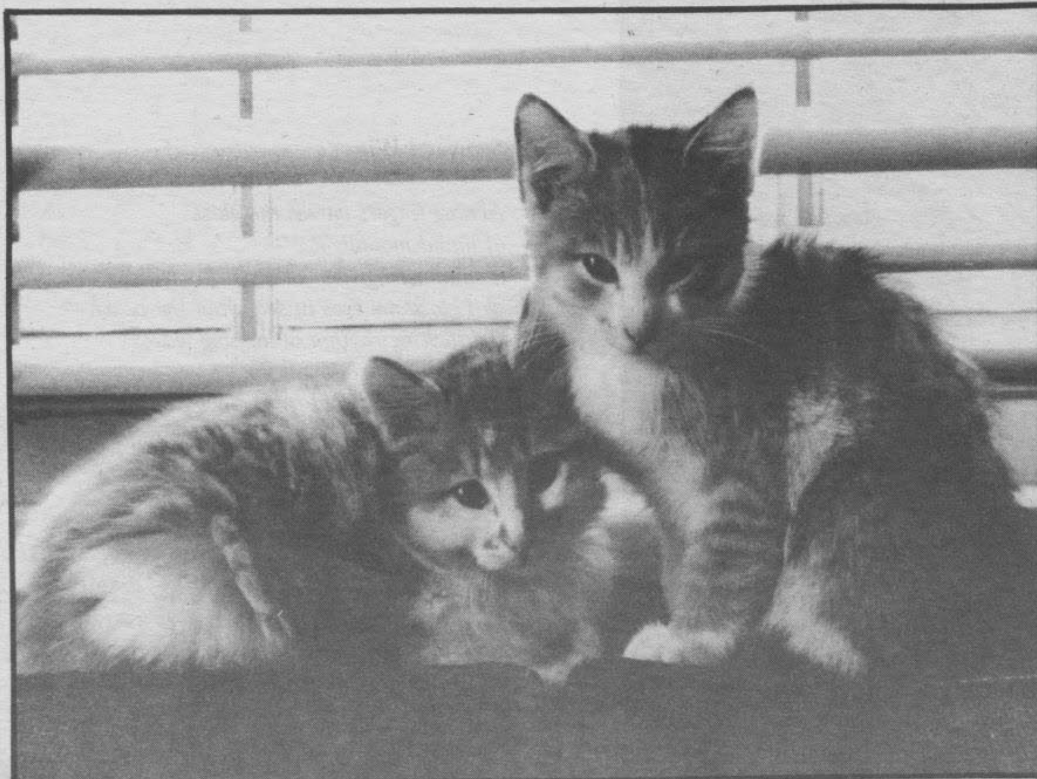


Photo by Diane Eubank

For M.

*Waiting in this rain for you to come,
My thoughts for ways to meet you on this street
That say my hands are open to your face.
I know I've waited longer than this night.*

*It was the quality of sleep,
The way I came to know you from the rest.
I take you now to years you had no part of;
Put you into rooms you never were.*

*I do not know the hand you hold from yours.
I cannot tell the face you own from mine.
I know I've found a place to leave my name.*

Rosemary Bennett

The Adversary

*You thought your strength could outlast my sadness.
But you were wrong. It's true
you've given me more than I had a right to expect. But then,
I've had no rights. And I did not know what
to expect.*

*I tell you there must be more to it
than toys that bleed lying broken, or a contest
of wills
or sunset over the Grand Canyon.*

*I need a place to hide,
and I'm cold. I'm not interested in sunsets.*

*Why did you make me so?
Why did you make me dirty with no place
to wash? Soft, with no place to hide?
Why sharpen me so I cut the air around me?
I can't act like a lady under these circumstances.
And I also bleed.*

*I'd rather rail at you
but I'll whisper instead. You'll hear my
hissing in your sleep, so far away, and you'll
moan: a hornet's nest of disbelief. Her again.
She doesn't care what she says, she's not careful.
I'm not.*

*I admit I could run this thing better with my hands tied,
and I've had no schooling either. But I see your hands
tied too,*

*in some unholy deal of your own design.
You and I, we know a secret don't we?
You'd like me better with a grin pasted to my face
and a belly full of gratitude—
and I'd like you better stuck between the pages of that
book, where you do all your best work,
where you get all the good lines.*

*Can't have everything, they say. Ha.
Some people'll buy anything.*

*And that's the difference between us:
you're buying, but you just won't pay.
I'm paying, but I just won't buy.*

Joni Parker

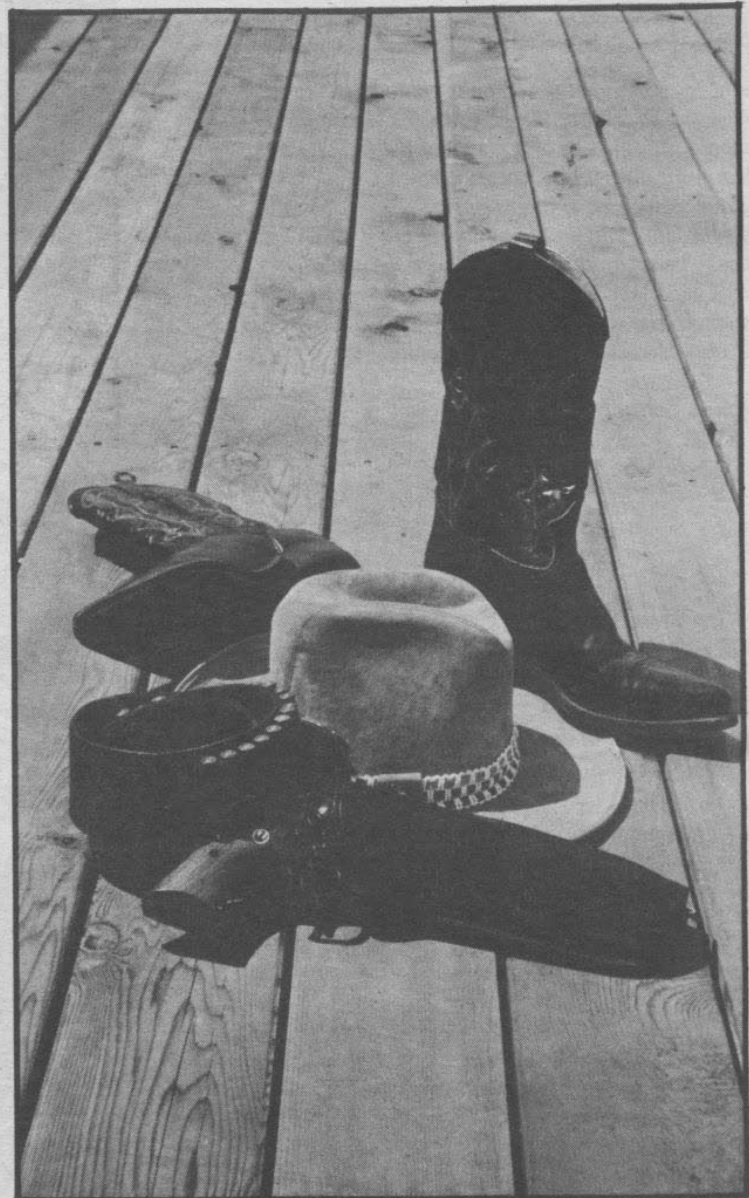


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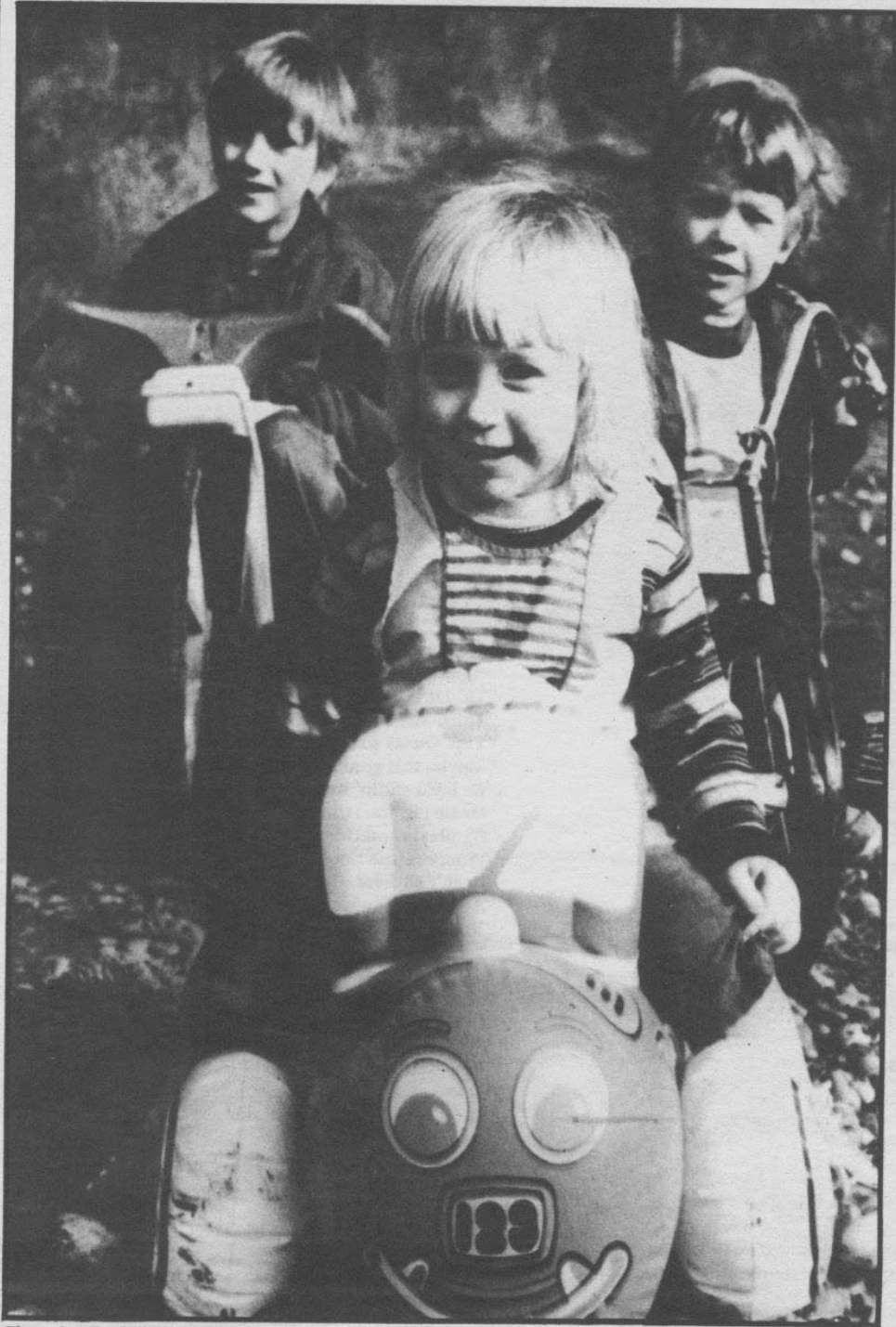


Photo by Sheila Landry

High School Revised

*she makes love quiet
 says things soft
 hides behind a man
 doesn't know how to get off.
 hasn't her own mind,
 trying to be meek,
 the willy-nilly female
 has a mouth
 but cannot speak.
 leaves no impression
 tells lies with ease
 deciding all the while
 whose eyes to please.
 maybe it's because
 of the little I see
 but the games girls play
 don't seem too fun to me.
 of the end?
 there can be none
 as beginnings pass by,
 songs left unsung
 a lifetime to sigh
 about feelings hid,
 time gone wasted,
 things never did,
 life never tasted,
 but,*

*maybe it's because
 of the little I see,
 but the games I'z 'sposed to play
 don't seem like fun to me.
 I'm a person
 I am real
 I got needs
 I can feel
 I can love
 I can hate
 I can swear
 and come in late
 I can drink
 I can ball
 I can leave
 or take it all
 I can laugh
 aloud or weep
 I can take
 I can keep
 I can have
 or have not
 without the masterplot.
 yea, maybe it's because
 of the little that I see,
 but I'd rather play with boys,
 get real dirty
 and bruise my knees.*

Linda Hahn**Later**

*Waves outside the scale
 Of features long serene
 The favored lines assail
 Changing what they mean.*

*Below the surface tension
 This life to light is bent
 And wells a fourth dimension
 I cannot represent.*

*Or can we find a way to show
 The radiant remain
 Half compensating for the flow
 That takes from what we gain.*

Gretchen Schuette

Photo by Al Sherer



Photo by Pam Strickland

Whose Fault is the Asphalt

Sammy and Jacob and Carroll and George
played marbles during recess.
Sammy scooped out and smoothed a bowl
with a lunch room spoon.
Then they kneeled behind their marbles,
each boy's nose close enough
to smell the delicious dirt,
the dirt that would be the future ruin
of the knees of their jeans.

Patty and Polly and Sally and Lee lay in the grass
fingering a blade or twig during recess.
They giggled and dreamed
and contemplated the sky,
and kicked away their shoes
and rolled off their knee highs,
then rubbed their hot feet
through the cool grass.

Saralu, who was very shy,
gathered mustard seeds
and dandelions

and buttercups
in her hands
for Miss Sanders,
who rustled like a wind when she walked
and smelled like bread
and smiled warm like a sun,
Saralu thought.

But then
the boys and girls,
the children of grass greening up,
gathered like a dark, brooding cloud
in the school yard one day.
The odor of oil and tar smudged the air.
The flowers, the grass, the marble bowl.
Gone.
Smoothed over. Gone.

"Who done this?"
"Don't know."
"How come?"
"Don't know."
"A ball'll bounce swell on this stuff."
"Yea. And we can skate."
"Dummy. Can't bring skates ta school."
"Betcha I can. Gonna ask Missanders. See if I don't."

"Sgonna hurt if I fall."
"Ya. Like the time I busted my elbow on Third Street."
"Third Street's madea asphalt, ain't it?"
"Yup. Guess so. All the streets is."
"Maybe this gonna be a street."
"Be hard slidin' inta home."
"Or turnin' cartwheels."
"Or playin' marbles."
"Where're the flowers?"
"I can't sit here. Gets my underpants dirty."
"Aw. Your pants got dirty from grass anyway."
"How'd you know? Besides, this is different dirty."
"Yeah."
"Bet they are makin' a street."
"Sure's gonna hurt if I fall."
"Come on. Let's play somethin'."
"What?"
"Why's it that color? I don't like it."
"Let's paint it."
"Maybe it's gonna be a parking lot."
"Ya."
"Shhhh. You guys. Saralu said somethin'."
"What'd ya say, Saralu?"
"I said maybe,
maybe when ya get big, little things don't matter."

Barbarajene Williams

Belfast Breakfast

I sit in the fake plastic aqua marina space chair
staring at puke yellow walls that are cracked and laced
with greasy prints of snotty-nosed wharf-rats who feed
the candy machine metal slugs when the old lady
in the repulsive pink apron, mopping the floor with dirty
water, isn't looking.

I listen to the choir of sick machines coughing,
thumping, swishing, rotating soiled laundry round
and round in tubs that have known rank diapers and brown
sheets, and the dryers hummhummm, tossing flying
holey socks and clinging underwear across their 6 inch
T.V. screens.

From the corner of my eye, I watch the 16 year olds with one
underfoot and one on the way smoke their Marlboros dumping
ashes in tuna cans while their Woolworths language ricochets
off the walls, but the babies keep on screaming till a fist
meets their face followed by a quick, "I'll giveya somethin
ta cry about!"

I squirm in my chair as a hybred of Goodwill and Skid Row
sleazes in with a paper bag whose foul crusty contents
are willing and waiting for fumigation, and all the while
a hippie from the sixties carries on a conversation with
the invisible man (on temporary leave from third base)
sitting in the empty chair beside him.

I promptly get up and leavy my laundry to be divied-up
by the public, to hell with my typewriter fund,
I'm buying a washing machine!

Sis Boulos Deans

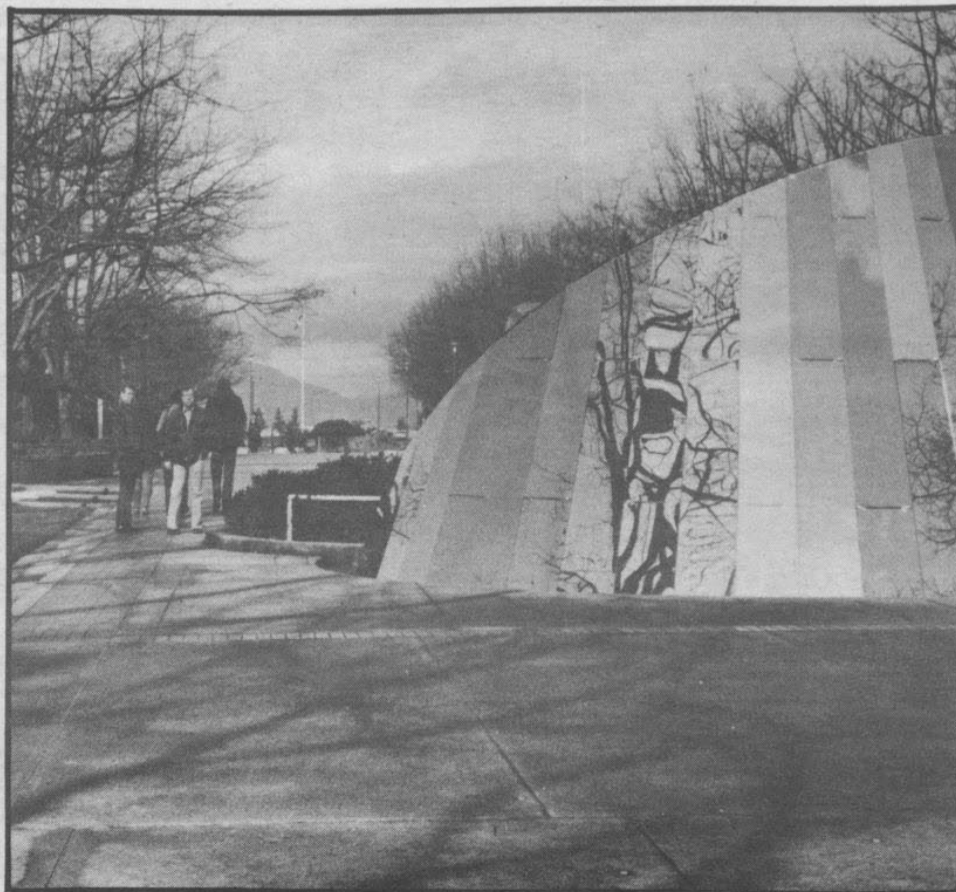


Photo by Diane Eubank

And the filth spreads to the children

It's dirty in Tijuana and
 the filth spreads to the children
 begging in the streets.
 There's a dump on the edge of town
 where cardboard shelters serve as homes.
 And the children beg.
 Grasping, hungry hands, dirty.
 Claws, reaching to exist.
 A tiny girl with wise old eyes
 seizing my clean American maternity smock.
 Begging.
 And there were others; hundreds;
 Begging.
 Reaching for a life that wasn't there.
 I threw pennies in the street
 and watched them grovel.
 The tiny one hidden in the tangle of humanity.
 Lost.

Joan M. Sherer

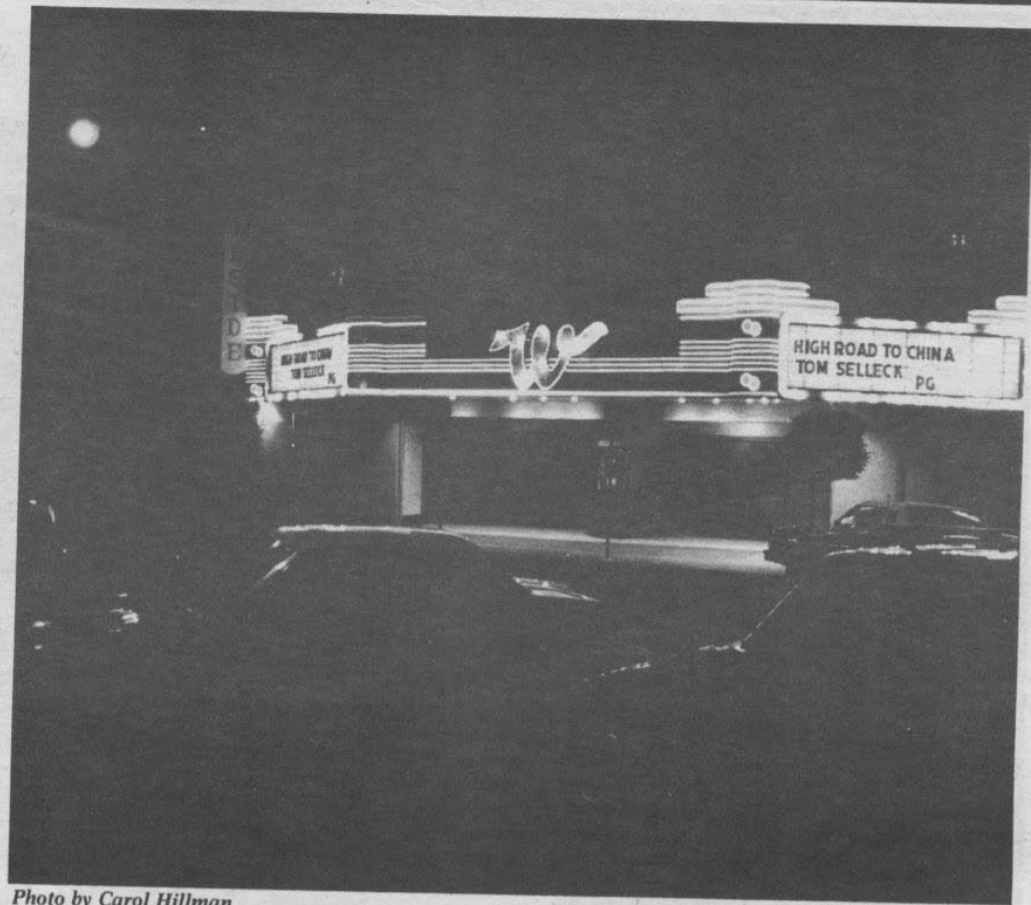


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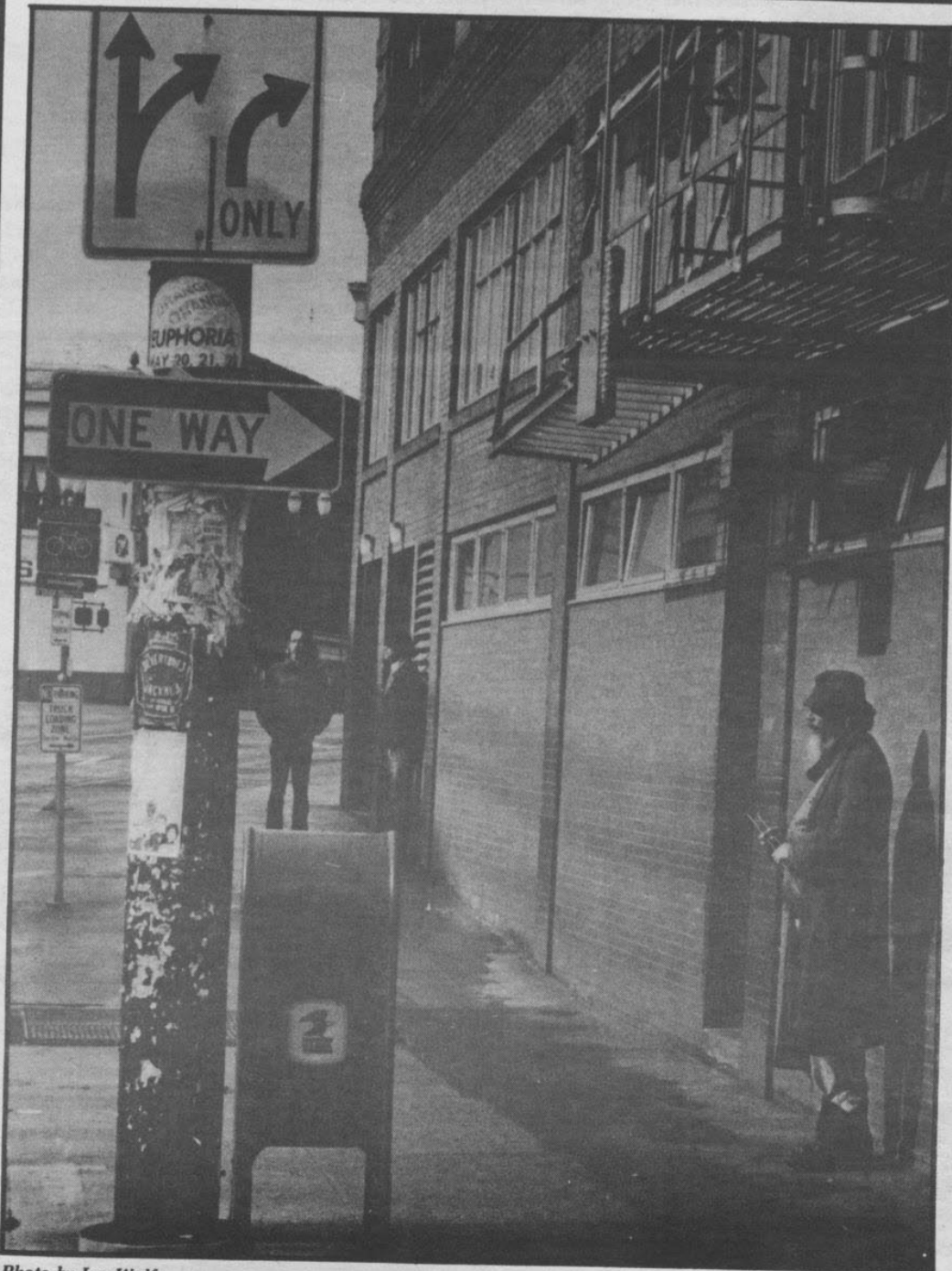


Photo by Les Wulf

The Veteran

I know what ya thinkin
 won't even look at me with
 those uppity eyes,
 but I know.
 I know ya talk about
 my dirty socks, my drinkin,
 but I can stare a hole in ya head
 I can see ya wheels turn,
 look at his hands shake, right?
 But ya weren't there,
 ya never smelled that smell
 like rotten meat left
 in the sun too long.
 Never felt that
 warm, red, blood
 smeared on ya skin
 thick as jam
 that dried despite the rain
 and itched like hell.
 Never felt like a stray dog
 who can't find home,
 who wakes up howling
 still over there
 watching it in color.
 There ya stand
 with ya stiff back
 and uppity eyes
 spitten on me in ya mind.
 Ya one of 'em
 the million-zillion faceless
 sons of riches who
 sent me there, to do ya
 dirty laundry.
 I could dig ya eyes out,
 squeeze those thoughts till they
 pop out of ya empty sockets,
 but alls I want's a quarter,
 even the dead get thirsty.

Sis Boulas Deans

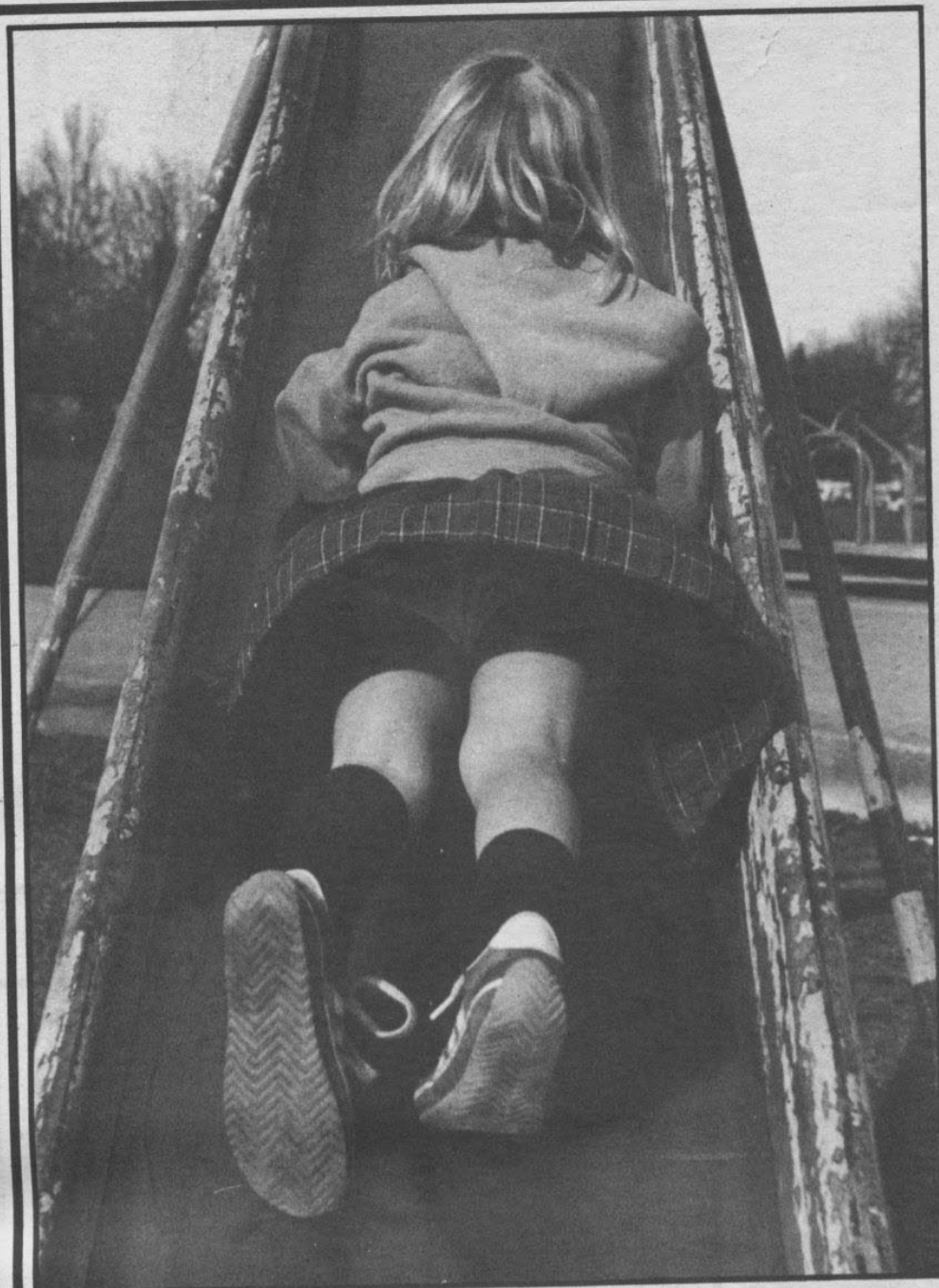


Photo by Lori Evans

A Still Point Again

*Begin with little. Not the definition. The feel of the word.
Say it softly. In the mouth. On the tongue. Feel the t's
Click like icicles, precise as needles, Thin as a silver strand.
Little. Hold the feeling inside.*

*Now see me rise from sleep. Walk the dark wood.
Listen to innocence. A day in birth. See me kneel
Accept peace, deep, deeper.
Hear me pray to be that peace.*

*Return home. Listen to the phone cloud my morning Face.
Watch me rush.
Drill head first over the hour. See me eddy through errands.
Then halt.*

*A train. Moaning. Heavy shrieks across rails.
Watch my hands on the wheel. No hands loving shape and texture
Hands becoming seconds drumming.
In this car. Beneath my clothes. Through my pores.
"The world of made" pushes.
Peace presses through my metallic breath.
See me bow. Ladened. Glazed red with clanging moments.*

I am a clock answering someone else's time.

*Now hear little children. Giggles rising like soda bubbles.
See this clock turn her face. See red shorts and white shirts.
Chasing to and fro. Coral waves across the school yard.
A soccer game. Watch the ball sail past goalie.
Then sweet cheers. Melodious confetti in the air.
Swirling around me. Swirling through me. Melting ice.
Becoming a smile for face.*

Far away. Hear the last rattle of the train.

Barbarajene Williams

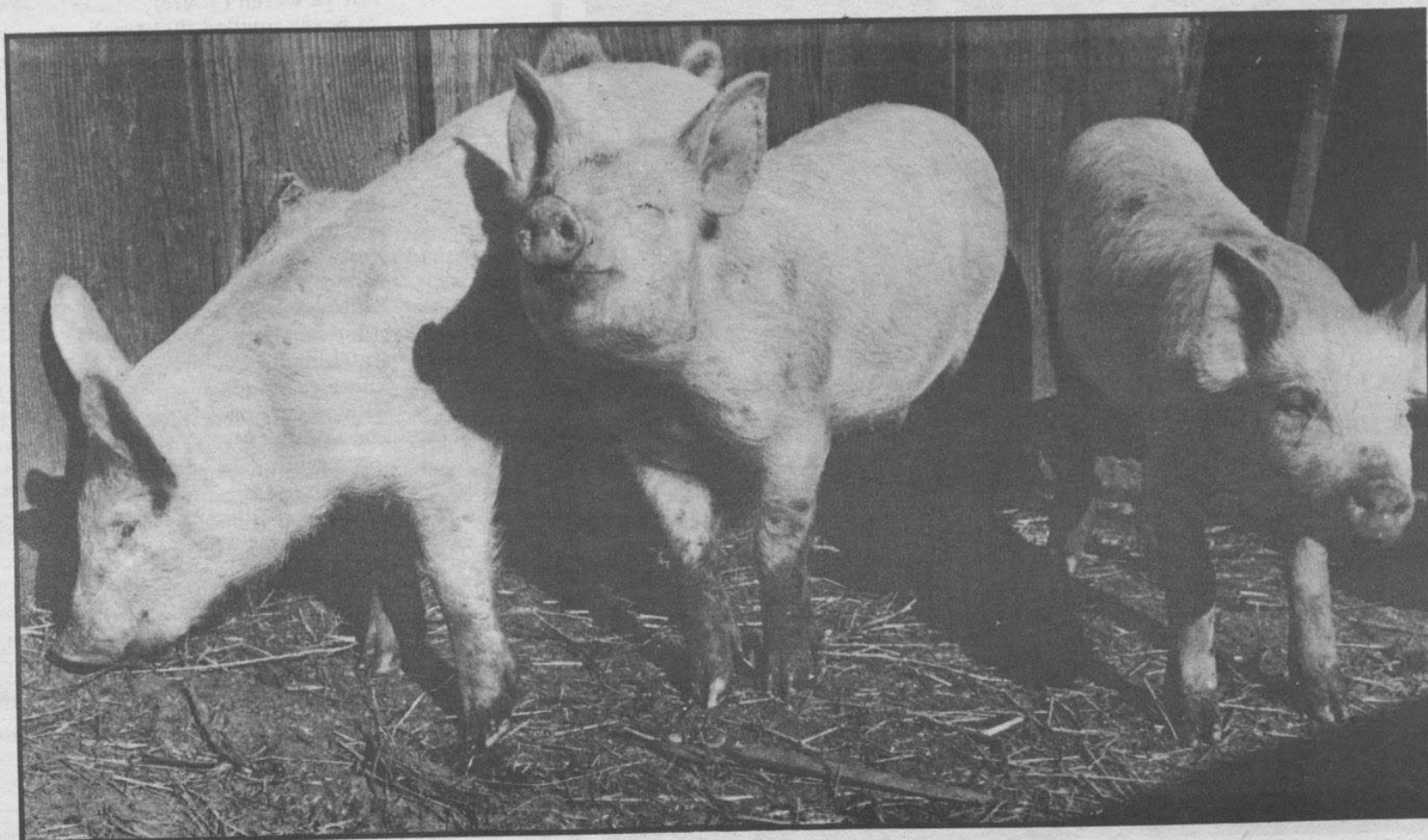


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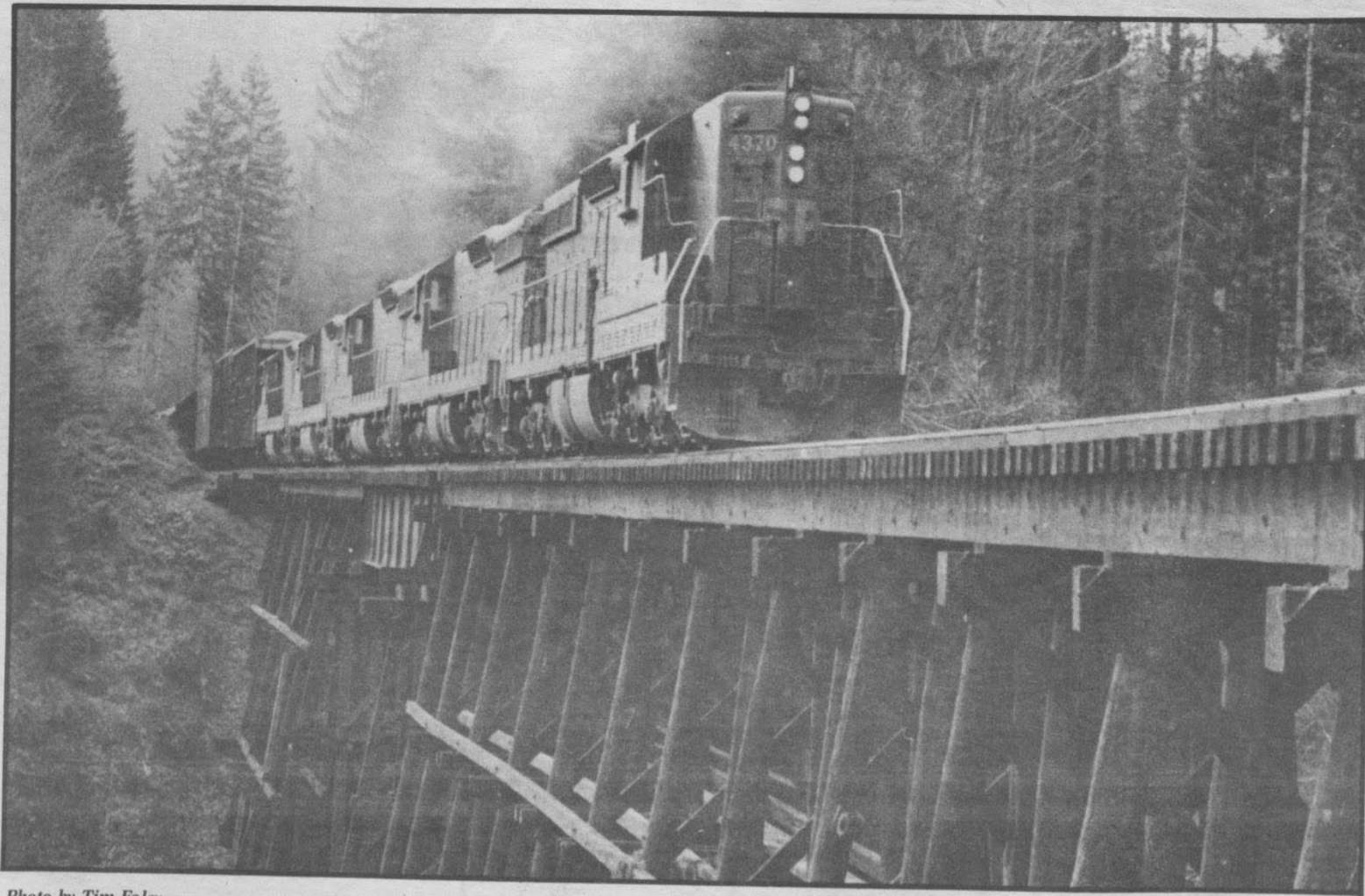


Photo by Tim Foley

An Aboriginal Tale

Australia, land of fortune. The desert, 1912. A train clacks down the tracks. In the dining car, a refined Englishman seats himself across from a young soldier of fortune.

"Hope you don't mind. It's the only seat open."

"No. My pleasure. Go right ahead. Let me introduce myself—I'm Langley Hancock."

"Nice to meet you. I'm Thomas Williams."

A waiter approached the table. Hancock asked Williams to join him for a drink and sent the waiter off.

"Care if I smoke?" Hancock asked as he pulled a pipe from his coat pocket.

"No. As a matter of fact, I was thinking of enjoying a cigar myself."

While puffing on his pipe, Hancock inquired, "How far are you traveling?"

"Just to Alice Springs, then I'll head West."

"Be careful of the aborigines."

Laughing at that Williams replied, "That's the reason I'm making this trip—to find aborigines."

"Why in God's name would you want to go in that forsaken country to find them?" Hancock questioned as he lifted the cool glass of brandy to his lips.

"Promise that no one will hear of this?"

"On my word as an English gentleman."

"I am in quest of lost treasure."

"Is this treasure of a lost city, copper or opals?"

"No. Only gold."

"Gold? My. I've heard of a few strikes here and there, nothing big. Hardly worth the time."

"Well, when I was living in America, my uncle, who lives in Alice Springs, wrote telling me the story behind the treasure that I am seeking. At that time, I was married. But last year I lost my wife, Barbara Joe, in a snowstorm in Oregon. Just after that, I thought about the story over and over again and settled on coming to Australia."

"Please tell me the story," said the excited Mr. Hancock.

"In my uncle's letters, he revealed the story of an aboriginal child abducted by a pack of kangaroos. The small boy was trying to kill a fly that bedeviled him with a stick, when the female kangaroo came flying through the air, stopped, shoved the child in her pouch, and bounced away at an enormous speed. This was extremely illogical behavior for a kangaroo, but what is logic to a kangaroo?"

"The years passed and the child grew. He had forgotten the aboriginal ways. He believed he



Photo by Laura England

was a kangaroo. A slightly deformed one, but, a kangaroo. Due to the kangaroos' daily diet, the child was at a constant state of malnutrition. He never starved, he just didn't grow right. He had two huge teeth in front and large ears that he stretched. He never ran, he just hopped to and fro.

"Getting back to the treasure, the child differed from the kangaroos in that he had a mean streak. He could band the kangaroos together, jump in a pouch and ride to a stream and gather throwing stones. When an aboriginal tribesman killed a kangaroo, the child would gather the kangaroos and storm the village, whooping the natives with stones.

"Now this is where the treasure comes in—the stones were pure gold nuggets.

"So, my plan is to ride from Alice Springs and find this Kangaroo child, that is more than likely a man now, and try to find the stream bed.

"So what do you think?"

"I think that's just about the tallest tale I've ever heard. It's a wonder you haven't told me a cross eyed aborigine carved the first boomerang while trying to make a spear. You Americans and your imaginations. Pardon me, I think I'm a little ill," and at that moment Mr. Hancock proceeded back to his compartment shaking his head.

Mr. Williams was left with an astonished face.

Seating himself again in his compartment, Mr. Hancock withdrew a paper and leaned against the window for light.

A smash and crack jarred the reader. The window was shattered and in his lap rested a gold nugget. Quickly he looked out the window, and there among the kangaroos, eyes squinted as they sped along, was the Kangaroo Man.

The conductor came and told the passengers not to be alarmed—it's just a kangaroo problem.

by Phil Weisbach

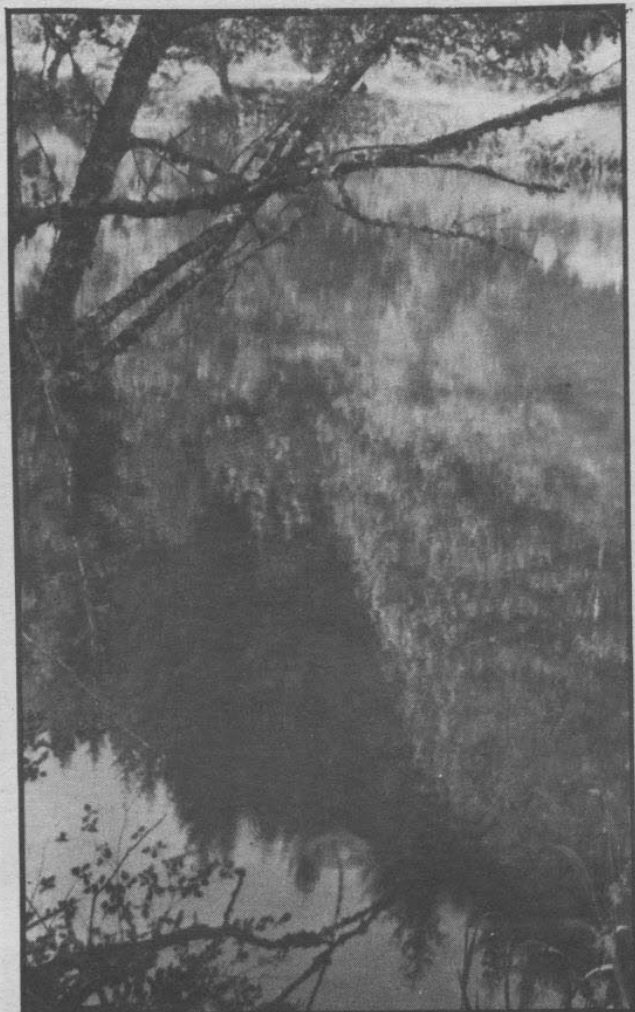


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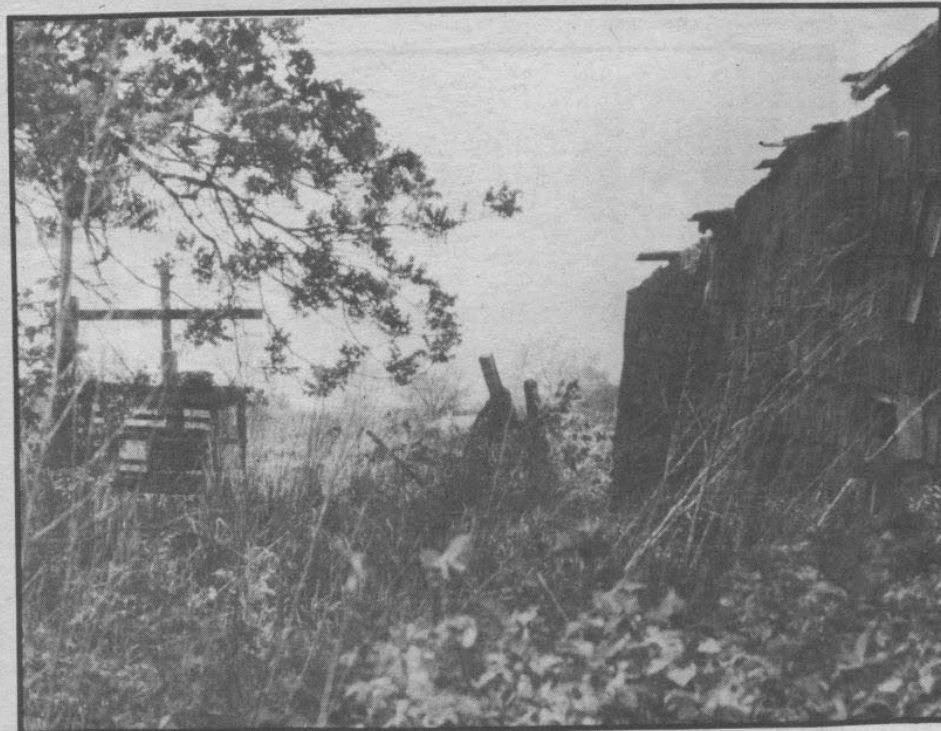


Photo by Mike Todorovich

*Love won is sun beams
Storm clouds at eve like eggplant
Resemble love lost*

C. Keller

*Hush of two vanished as one. . .
The thundering telephone
Don't answer*

Mike Woodburn

*oblivious to
the colors of life, the sad
one knows only grey*

Anne Dollar

*Watch the plastic, just beyond the glass
Jewels slide from the sun
Not like rain, these walk, never run.*

Mike Mason

*Gliding silently
along on two thin wheels while
the numb tide roars ever on.*

M. Smith

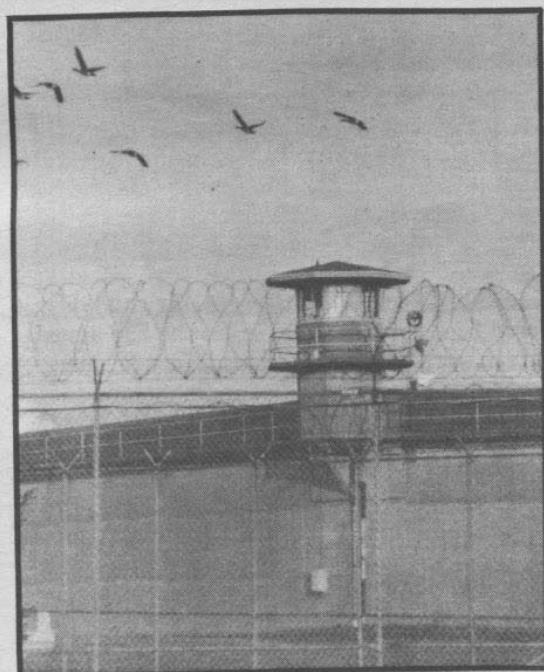


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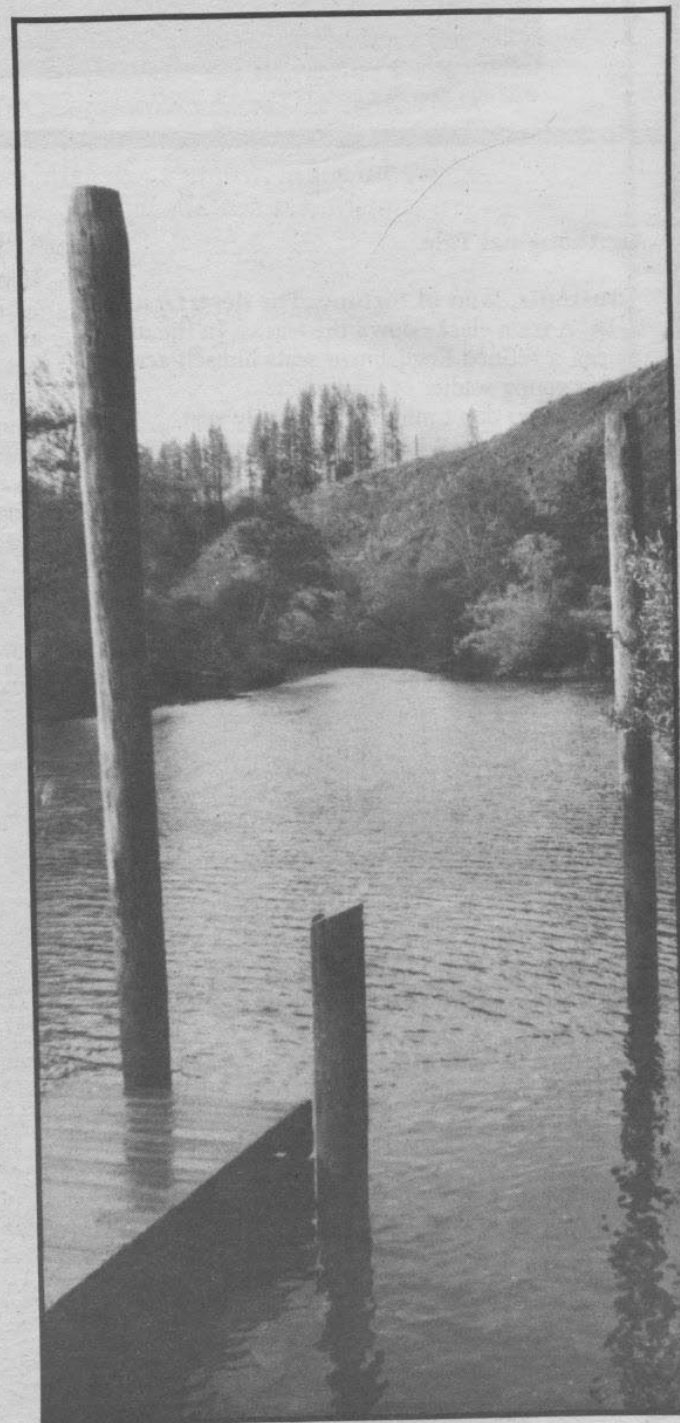


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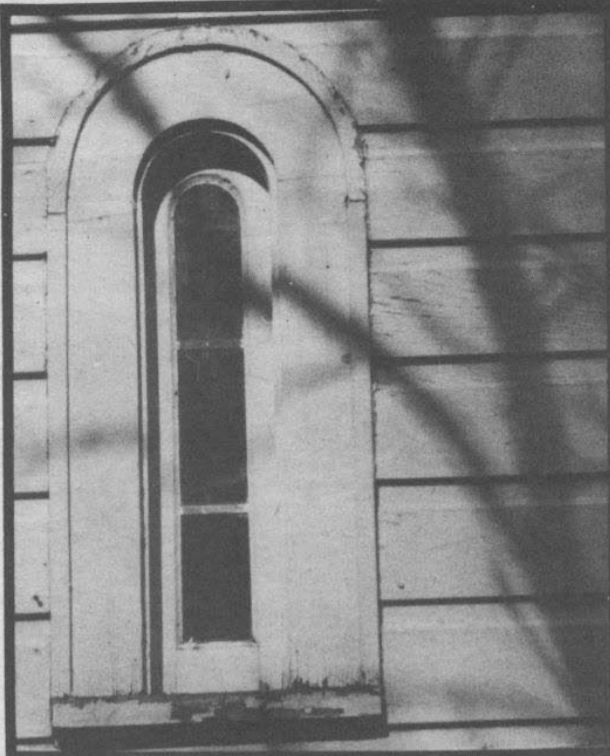


Photo by Kevin Shilts

Grampa

Beneath the high white ceiling
surrounded by walls clothed in priceless paper
across the Persian rug of royal pigments
beside the glaze' cherry table adorned
with relics blessed and bestowed by Popes
he sits from me in a rich burgundy leather
chair with hand crafted silver studs.
His suit is custom-made grade flannel
shoes, black wing-tips,
in his roadmap hand between two olive fingers
protrudes a Havana, its incense
as familiar as benediction.
When he speaks I lean forward
his raspy voice hesitates, he selects words
like stock exchange
an autocrate, a speaker, creator of progress
his vocabulary holds no lazy verbs nor
ignorant adjectives.
Like a seasoned vintage his
power becomes more potent

when he walks at 89, men
remove their hats and stand aside.
From Lebanon immigrant to
influential American
his course was set with
thorns, but
he's made of granite his insides
pure genius
peers quake in his shadow
they know what he is capable of,
his monuments stand firm like
Russian novels they perservere
and he is always recognized
as is his name.
But I who have the same
dark brown eyes with no whites,
the same shade skin,
who carry the same name with pride
and have inherited the stubborn need to better,
I have watched him plant roses
and have seen him cry.

Sis Boulós Deans

Boxes

Like a hamper on a treadmill
I never stop for very long.
An existence resembling
a strand of milkweed
drifting across a naked field
landing hereandthere
while the wind catches its breath.

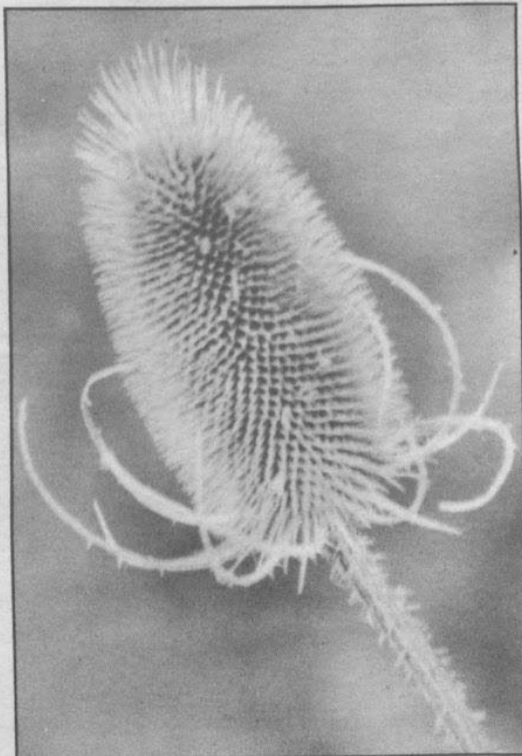


Photo by Kathy Jelen

wooden
plastic
mostly grocery store.
I am a connoisseur of
shapes
strengths
sizes.
Hidden in each,
a piece of me.
In apple crates are
albums
T.V.
stereo
speakers.
In plastic dairy cartons live
Joyce
Lawrence
Faulkner
Webster.
In the black trunk (a close
relative of the box) rests
important papers
blown up photographs.
A wooden wine box for
best material,
cardboard for
that forgotten but never
thrown away.
Boxes!
confines of my soul
time capsules
slivers of my duration
harboring surprises when
unpacked after a lapse
some still patiently
waiting for postage, an address.

When I expire
turn my carcase into ash
Let me drift
across a naked field
like a strand of milkweed
landing hereandthere
while the wind catches its breath.
For no one box could hold all of me.

Sis Boulós Deans



Designed by Pam Strickland

A New Life??

Precautions were taken
Conception accidentally occurred.
A decision must be made!!
A career to study for
No time for another child now.
No money to bring a small
Bundle of joy into this ever-
Changing frightening world.
A decision is made. . . .
The date is set
The time is early
To terminate what could be
A new life.

Carole Wagler

Success

*What is the purpose of our society?
Who defines it?
Is it to pile personal wealth before we die, at the expense of many others?
To compete with all life to get "rich" and be "successful?"
This seems the purpose now, but was this defined by the rich, or by the poor?
What is the majority?
Or should society's purpose be careful to the greatest number possible, fostering cooperative work of all for all?
If some have too much, others have too little.
Should society's success be judged by the number of stereos or of people who must sleep under bridges? By the number of penthouses or of kids who become junkies since they'll never have one? By the number of hot tubs or of bag ladies with no bathroom?
The success of our society is now defined by private profit and not by social cost; but who set that definition?
Reconsider basic assumptions.
What is the purpose of our society?*

L. Todd Sullivan



Photo by Diane Eubank

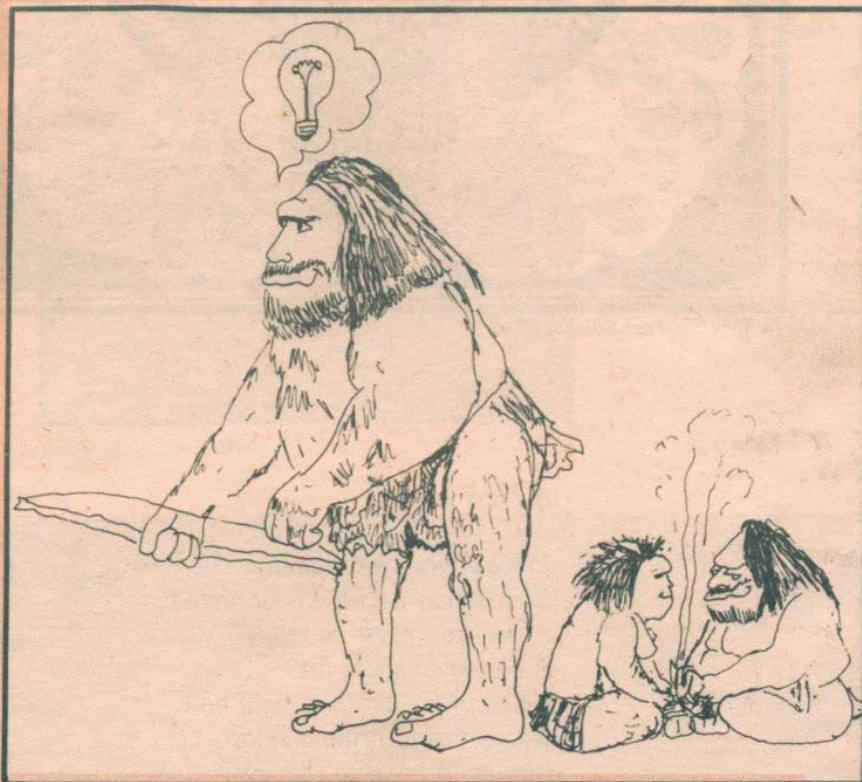


Tableau Editor Sheila Landry thanks all LBCC students and staff for their contributions to the Spring '83 Tableau edition. Contributions can be picked up in The Commuter office, CC210, on Friday, June, 3, between 10 a.m. and noon or 1 p.m. - 3 p.m.