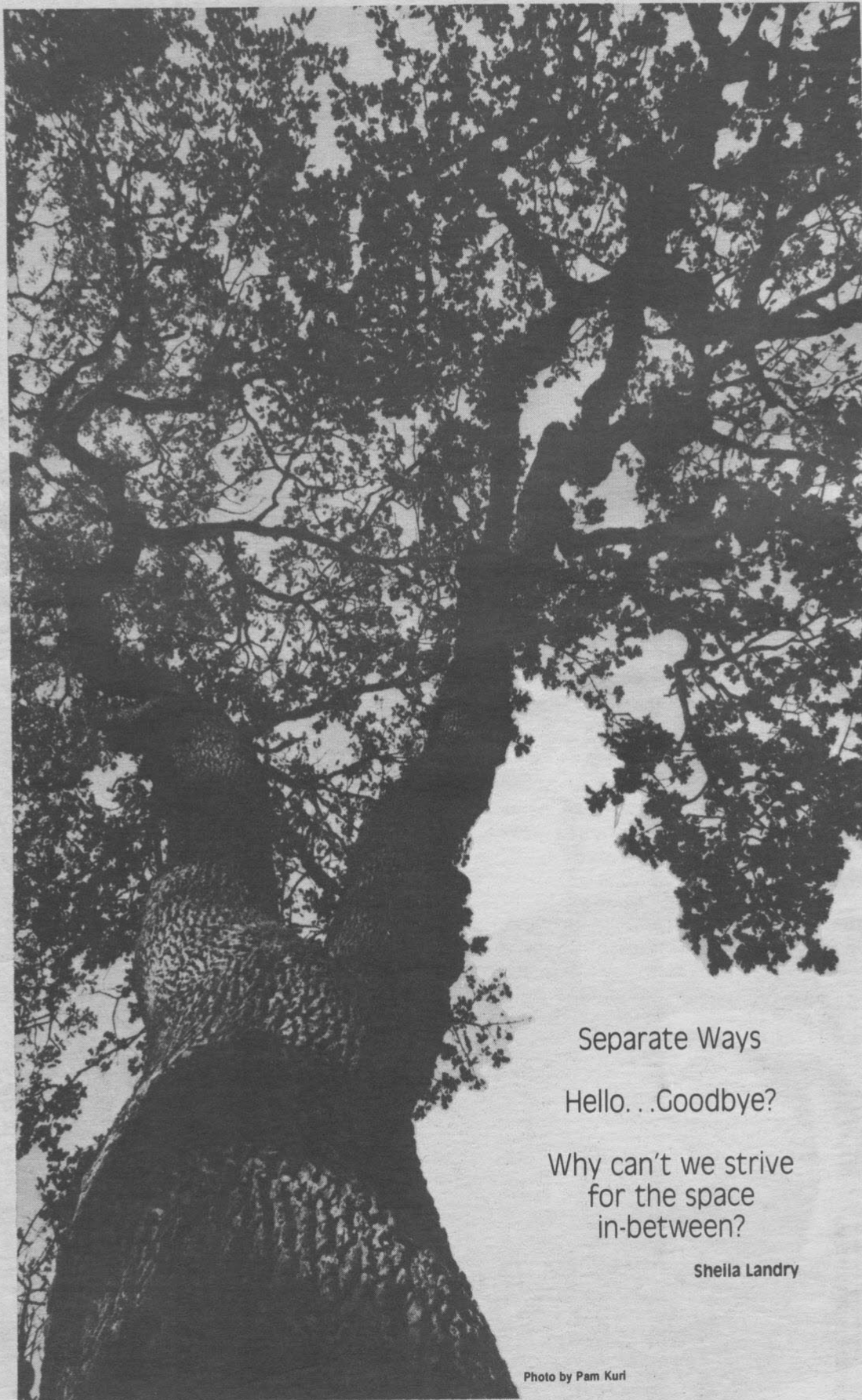


Tableau Tableau Tableau Tableau



Separate Ways

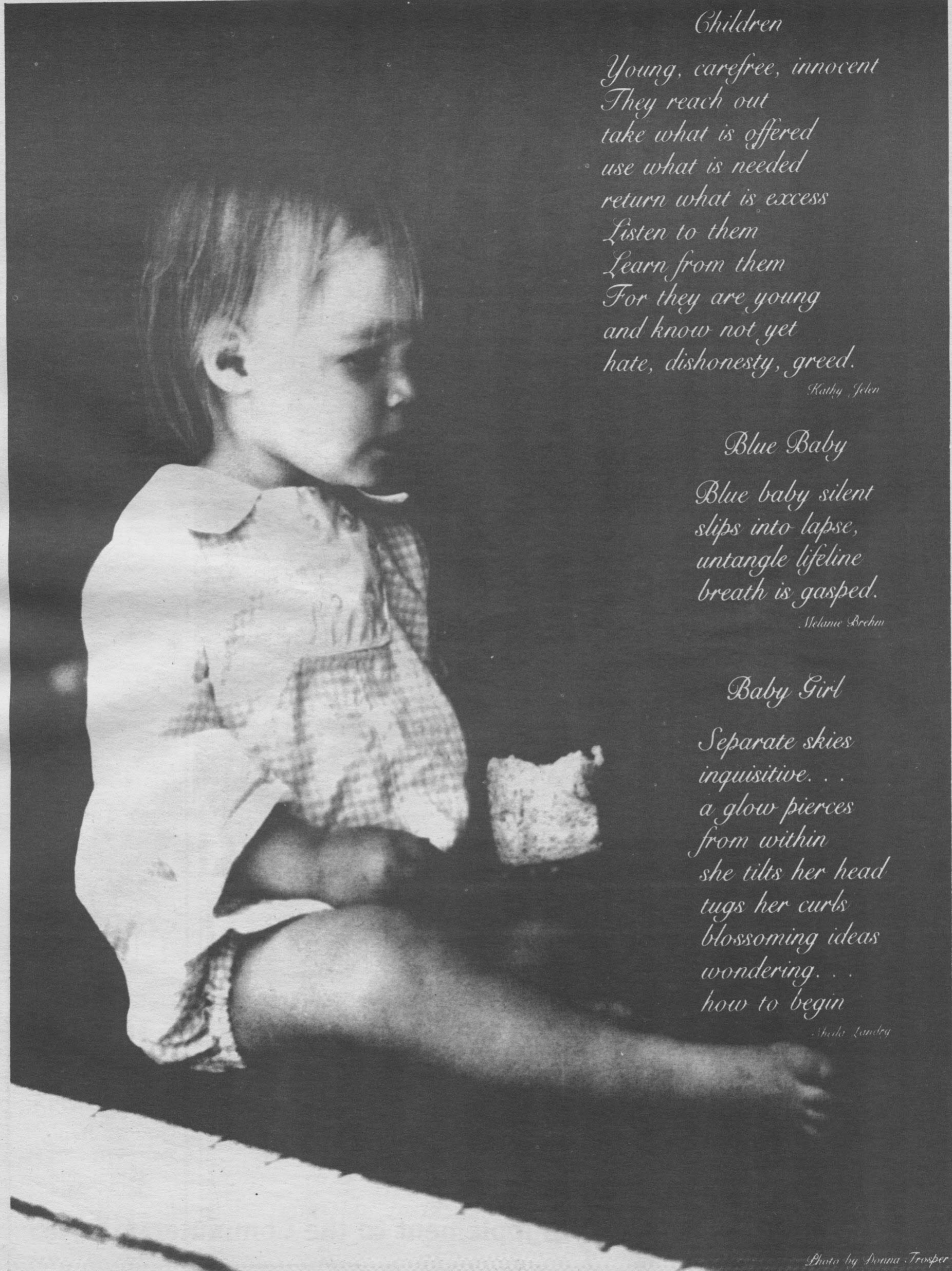
Hello...Goodbye?

Why can't we strive
for the space
in-between?

Sheila Landry

Photo by Pam Kuri

Fall '82 Literary Supplement to the Commuter



Children

*Young, carefree, innocent
They reach out
take what is offered
use what is needed
return what is excess
Listen to them
Learn from them
For they are young
and know not yet
hate, dishonesty, greed.*

Kathy Jelen

Blue Baby

*Blue baby silent
slips into lapse,
untangle lifeline
breath is gasped.*

Melanie Brehm

Baby Girl

*Separate skies
inquisitive. . .
a glow pierces
from within
she tilts her head
tugs her curls
blossoming ideas
wondering. . .
how to begin*

Sheda Landry

Phantasy

Phantasy lives deep in the mind close to the heart. Little realized, seldom spoken, it privately peoples the world of dreams and the elusive realm of self.

Diane Eubank



Kathy Jeleny
1982 ©

Clothesline

Everything I own is wet and I am dry.

A continuous ribbon of selves emerging from one another.

The cherry of August falls and stains the skirt of October.

Ants invade towels, butterflies exchange socks for underwear.

All day a dress hung in the sun, its arms stretched wide. Tonight it glows.

Scotch plaid crowds a bunch of button-down whites, elbow-to-elbow, shaking hands. He's loud and nobody hears two frayed argyles to one side, arguing.

My old things won't let me throw them away. The more I wash them the softer they lay. Just when I grow tired of them, they begin to smile

and when they fade and fray I think, oh no not yet. And they say, gently, Oh my child, didn't you know We were only here for awhile.

Leaves fall and brush my shoulder I mean the shoulder of my blouse, of course. It is over there. I am over here.

I fly flags of many ships: Red clay of Africa green wool of Ire, pale muslin of Islam, strips of water and fire from Navajo lands Tiny Texas calico shrunken in the sun for sunbonnets, tablecloths, white lace of Belgium.

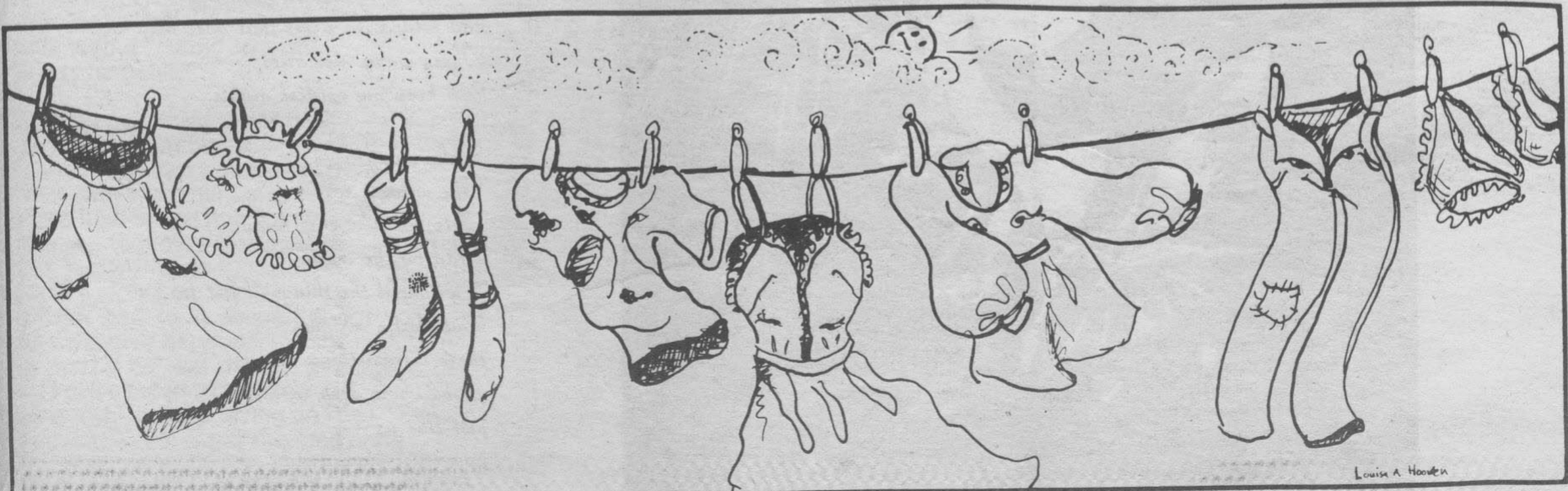
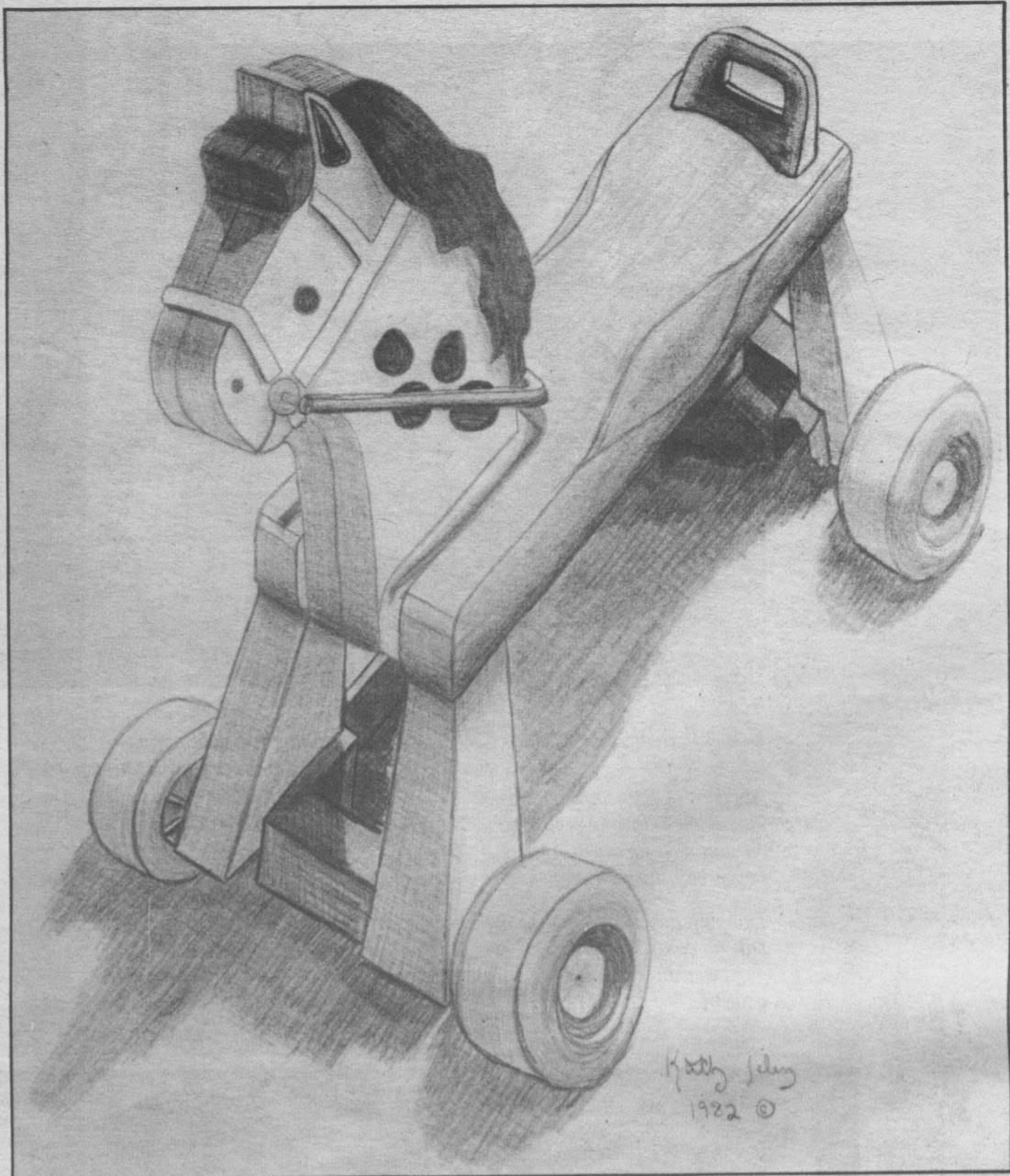
What an odd thing to write about. Clotheslines.

So ugly when it is empty So beautiful when full.

In the growing evening I prepare dinner. My clothes would like to come in, but they cannot. They are damp; they must wait.

All night my clothes sag Or flutter in the breeze, if there is one Or stolidly outlast the rain, if it be rain Or inhale, exhale dew-laden air in quiet dark if there is quiet dark Or silver light if there be silver light. Suddenly I must know.

Joni Parker



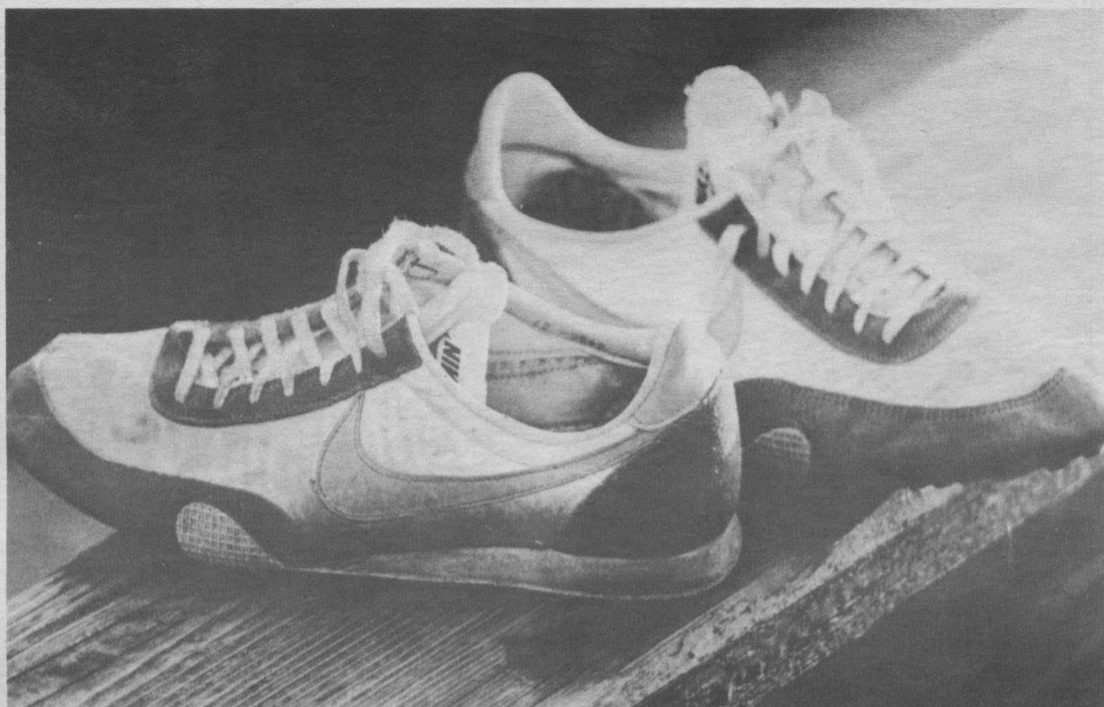


Photo by Maggie Gibson

Lazy

*Awaken of light through haze
lazy non-conforming wishes
remain in a forsaken daze
lay in bed, forget the dishes.*

*Dancing daydreams go through head
still no control
can't get up, must stay in bed
past the heart to very soul.*

*Binding physical activity
dormant warmth does hinder
useless to society,
a desire fire cinder.*

*sit and wait
as time goes past
benefits hoped to last
do
as time keeps ticking,
going fast.*

Duane E. Duran

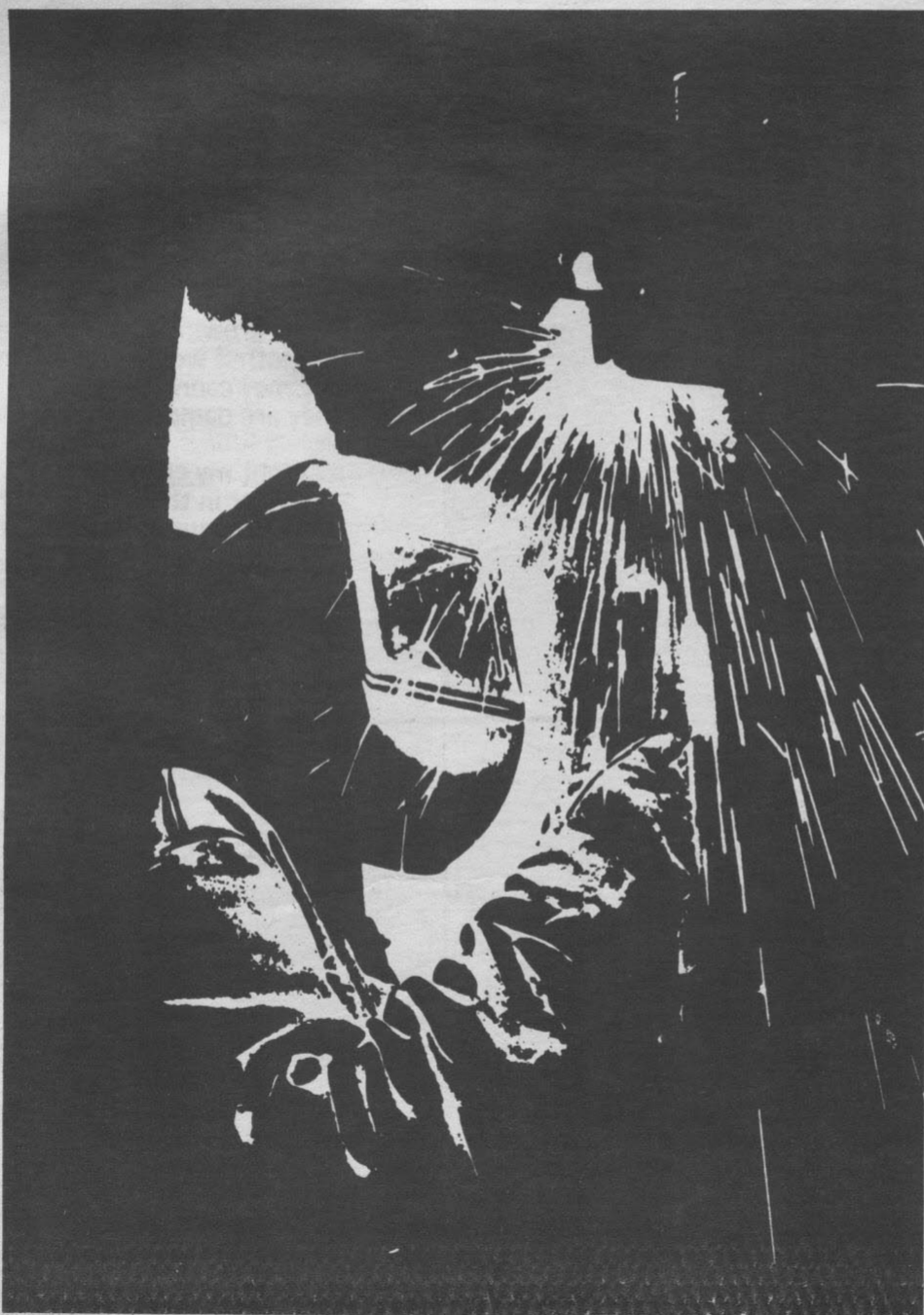


Photo by Tim Foley

Whirlwinds

*Faster, faster
whirlwinds
best way to go
No time to yield to learning
only time to show
don't stop and listen
got to keep moving
why?
Never stopped long enough
to know. . .*

Sheila Landry

By Diane Eubank



Tears

*Fireflies
Like dancing lights
painting the sky
When day was done
washed away
one moonless midnight
While I was sleeping
No longer seen by anyone.*

*I touched a dying leaf
and watched it fall away
from its weeping tree
Never to return
When summer would come back, someday.*

*My surface held unbroken
While I digested poison fruit
I listened to words never spoken
I don't remember
But somehow I knew.*

*Between the lines I read
the timing wasn't right
When winter turned your head
and folded the arms that once held me
These warm memories
help keep my coldest nights.*

*Take away
The wildest rose
This meadow ever knew
And by the ocean
I withheld the things I felt for you
But that's alright
there is something for you
Somewhere deep inside
just like us
you must have dried
tears that never left your eyes.*

Chris Seifan

The Pond

*Dawn eludes the darkness upon
the pond.
Sirens whispering breath fogged
across the glade.
Green leafage sprout tranquil
patterns of beauty as mysterious
spiders slide across their beaded
webs.*

*Cool frogs steam through pads
and reeds to pop their eyes through
the mire.
Dragonflies appear like tiny
helicopters with cellophane wings.
The day lingers on like a floating
butterfly until time rests its
awakening eye in silence.*

Phil Weisbach

THE BLIND MAN

*I met a blind man
as I walked the winding
path home today.
He stopped at the edge of a field
as I watched.
And he smiled and his dulled eyes
twinkled as if touched
by an inner light.
It was then that I discovered
the simplest of all truths: though we
pity the blind man,
he hears the crickets playing
in the grass—
And we do not.*

Allen Scarborough

Death of Innocence

**She graced the sea with massive
beauty, plunging and purling through
billow and wave.
Flesh and blood pound and bone
slipped into the deepness arising
to spew clouds of mist.
He was small tenderhearted
following the beginning of his
existence.
Their pilgrimage continued northward
as she gently pressed on.
Closer to home she slapped the
ocean splitting waves, rejoicing;
He bobbed in small triumph.**

**Dark clouds grew on the horizon
as a ship of death sailed in.
"Thar she blows," the human sound
that instantly froze her heart.
Wooden boats with fuzzy cheeked
sailors steadily stroked toward the
money, the oil, the perfume.
With sharpened harpoon in hand
and coiled rope at feet the butchers
eased closer.
She was innocent to man's insanity
unsure and afraid.
Death, with its elastic arm cast
the first harpoon.**

**Pain upon pain burned her flesh
as the blood bath began.
She tried with every ounce of strength
to pull away from human greed,
but the hold would not surrender.
She began to realize this was the
last of her world, no sunny days
no starry nights, no songs.
Her heart sunk to its deepest depth
as she watched her pup.
Why must it be^o was the last thought
as her pulse faded to nothing.
He was lost, shocked, dying on the
inside as the cool water numbed him.**

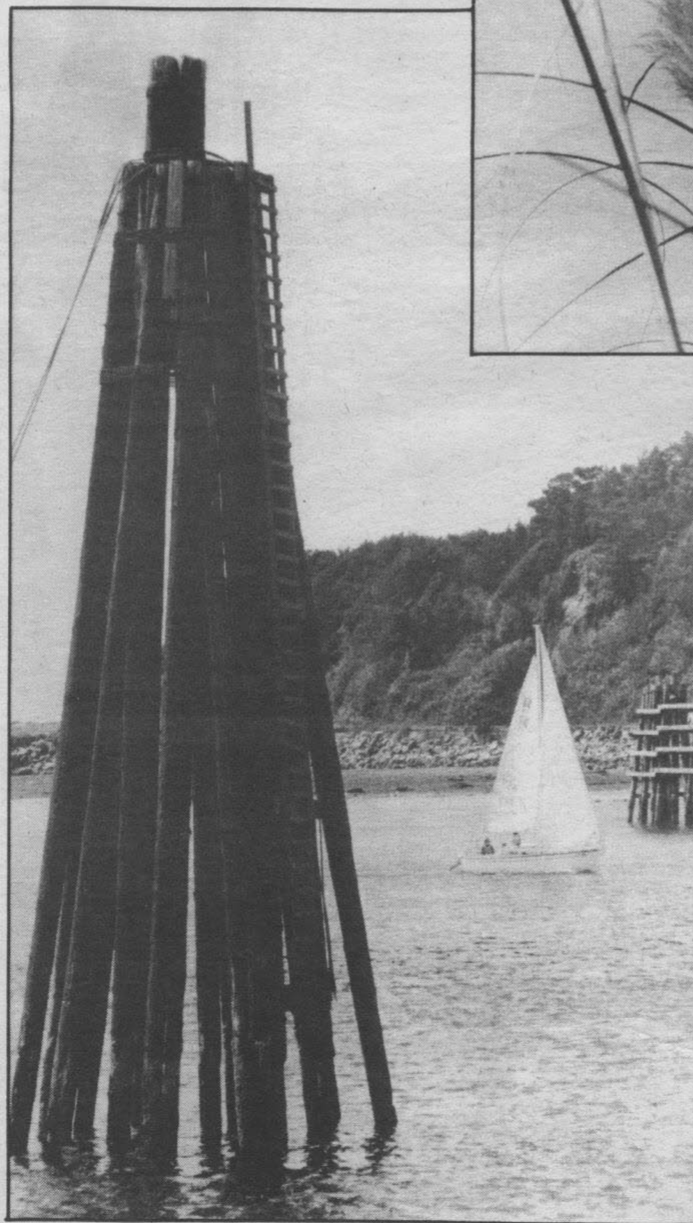


Photo by Maggie Gibson



Photo by Laura England

LITTER

*On the shoreline
a plastic bag
waves in the breeze
A herald amidst
the sands of time
Poverty of thought
from mankind.*

Melanie Brehm

Man in a Bottle

*This damned bottle is so slippery
From the inside.
The rest of the fluid is warm though
When again I've failed the climb.
This glass tomb protects me
from the sounds I don't
Want to hear.
Tear stained faces and
Silent cries recede in my
Smoke dimmed mind.*

Billie Howard

Carcassonne

I hate the face of Christ,
his thorny plaster crown,
the marble pupils of his sightless eyes
they tell me once
were black as night in winter.
And the ecstasy, most of all,
on his upturned face
as he slowly dies on the frame—
those ribs, what do they ooze?
If he were mine I would not leave him so.

Joni Parker

The people came to pray
And to follow in God's way
The people bowed their heads
When they learned what God had said

The people awoke one morning
And forgot what they had learned
The people went about their chores
Thinking only of bread they'd earned
And the people arose one morning
And discovered flames as they burned

The people cried at what they saw
But their eyes did not deceive
As he stopped to roll his big sleeves up
And paint another scene
And the people cried
Why must we die?
And the people
Found their knees. . .

Les Wulf

Why does man's shame
silence his tongue
in the presence of the church-goer
but fails to respect
the presence of God?

Kathy Jelen

Photo by Pam Kuri



Bewildering loneliness captures again
the mind without sorrow;
the soul without end.
Escape reaching heights fall from the sky—
it does good no longer
simply to cry.

To corners of darkness the body retreats,
fantastic journeys,
uprising entreats.
Applause is astounding climbing to stars—
how good it feels
to break out of jars.

Broken glass falls, cutting the ground,
revealing comedy
in each cold sound.
Angels will laugh and God will cry
when it does good no longer
to forgive those who die.

Linda Hahn

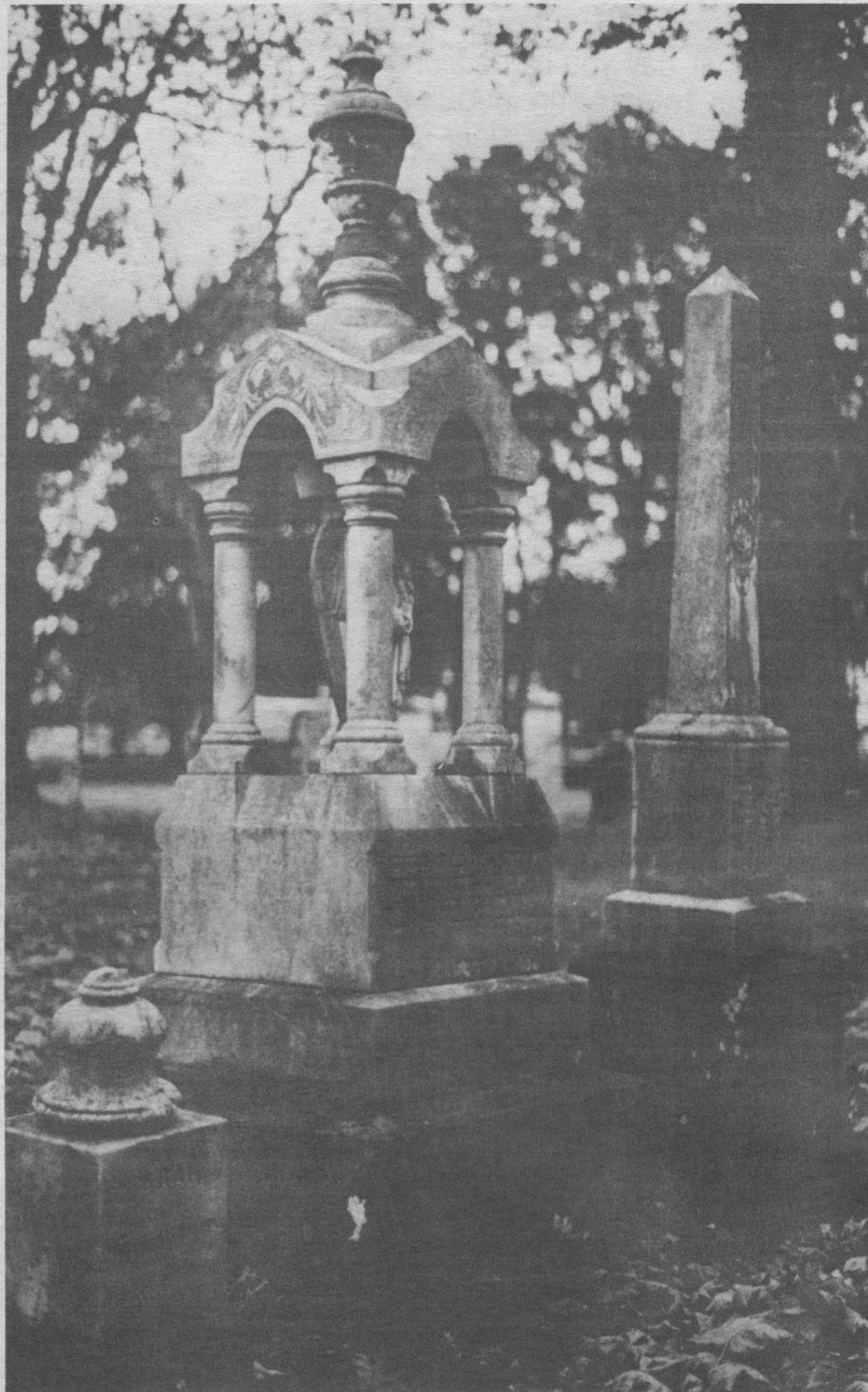


Photo by Pam Kuri

My God,
It's terminal.
They say I'm going to die.
Aren't we all terminal in a sense?

Hold my hand God.
I'm afraid.
It's not you I fear.
I've never gone so far from home.

Warm blood rushes to my face.
Thousands of tiny pins seem to hit my body.
I'm no longer afraid.
I'm going home.

It won't be long I heard them say.
How do they know?
It's like the last golden leaf
waiting to fall.
I've seen them stay till spring.

Dianne Brenneman

NIGHT STALKERS

Who are you
hiding beyond the light?

What do you want from me,
on this cold bitter night?

Where have you come from?
Somewhere in my past?

When I was younger,
I would have known.

How can it be . . .
so much time has passed by,

Why come now?
. . . It is my turn to die.

Melanie Brehm

For K.

I write for you
because that day you came along
just to hear the gulping, puddled rain
wash against the vacant cider still.
My words to say it did,
that's all.

Because you did not hesitate to come
or make excuses with the unlocked car
when you found the tracks were wet and rocky
I make poems for you
because you trust my words.

And I throw back like bed covers
or too-much dessert
the words of critics
who talk of sounds and thunder
and were not there to hear the rain.

Rosemary Bennett

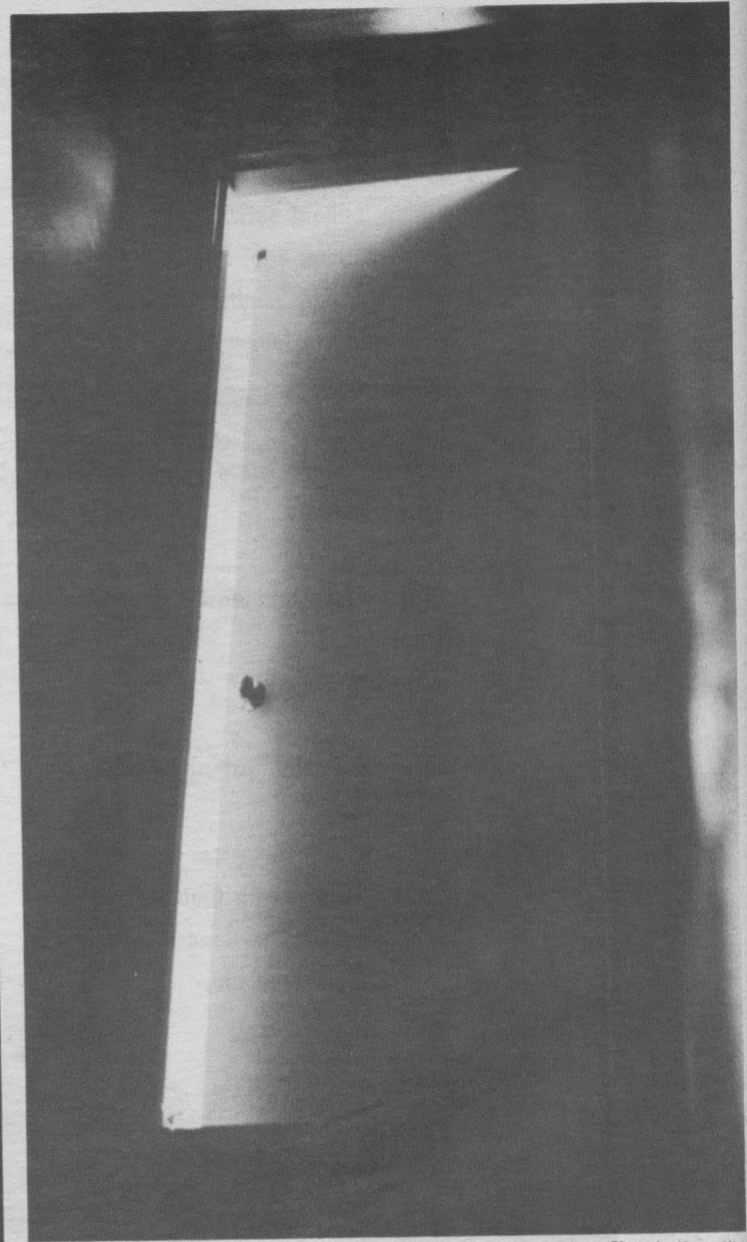
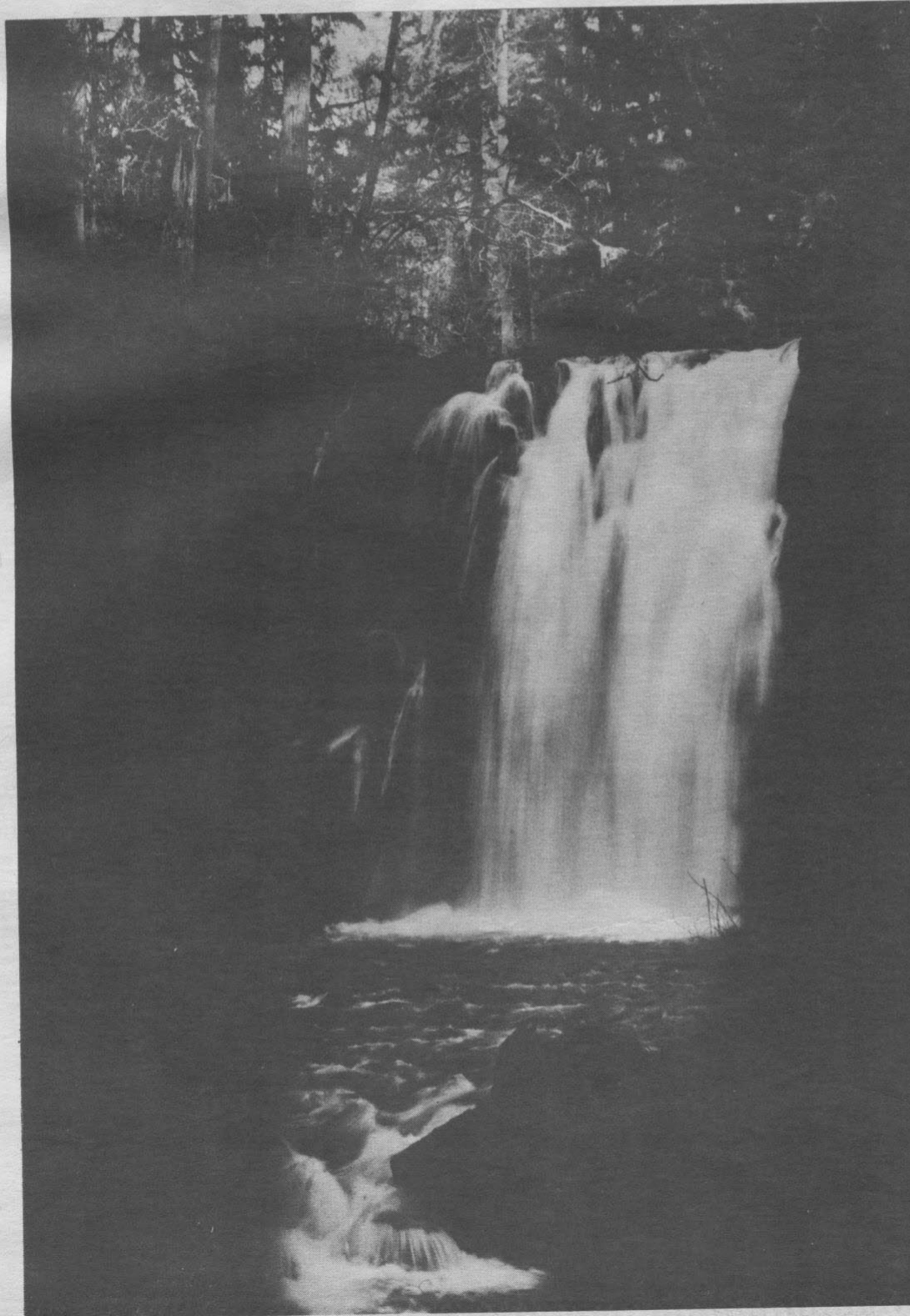


Photo by Karen Kirk

THE STONE SPEAKS

**THE STONE SPEAKS
IT HAS LISTENED WELL
TO THE COWERING WATER'S WARNING:
BE SMOOTH
TO THE FLUNG PEBBLES CRY:
BE SMALL
TO THE DARK POOL'S SILENT SERMON:
BE STILL
LISTEN:
NOW COMES THE SERMON FROM THE STONE:
DON'T TAKE LIFE FOR GRANITE.**

JONI PARKER

The Tableau editor, Shella Landry wishes to thank all the students who submitted creative works for the Fall Tableau. Not all of the submissions could be fit into this magazine, however, there will be a Spring Tableau and could be resubmitted then. To pick up manuscripts and art work contact Landry at the Commuter office, CC210, between 11 a.m. and noon on Friday.

Photo by Kevin Shlits