



Poets
to
Come

The Literary Journal of
Michigan Christian College
1980

THOMAS WM. ANTHONY

Come walk with me and share
the beauty of life, the breath-
taking tranquility of the peace
I find in you.

Come walk with me as we have
in ages past, when we were one
and the universe shown in us.

Take my hand as we stroll
through the sun, become one
with God and count his flowers
along our path.

Take my hand and feel the
life flow from within and grow
to build that knightly city of
old.

Sit with me awhile and lay
your head upon the shoulder
that has borne your tears, and
given strength to your dreams.

Sit with me awhile and feel
the heart within my breast that
n'er before beat now beating
while your touch remains.

Come soar with me, feel the
clouds upon your face, grasp
the stars, reach out and touch
the face of God.

* * * * *

As I sit in my solitude my mind
soars to the light memories of
days gone by. When the unicorn
romped in the meadow and the
eagle soared to the edge of
heaven.

Oh, my darling, remember the
trees, how they bowed as we
passed, how the morning mist
carpeted our path and the
spring, giggling at the lovers,
noticing nothing, lost in each
other.

My hand in yours, we walked a
path where time held no meaning.
I see you, oh so plain, playfully
running ahead, hiding peeking out
from tree to tree. Enticing,
cajoling... Find me... Find me!

Find me! On, please, don't ever
let me be lost! Never my love...!
What's this, a tear? Don't be
afraid... as I cup the sweetness
of your face to kiss away your
fears and feel my own salty
wetness mingle with yours.

As we sit, our souls so entwined,
all else disappears and the
universe exists only in us. A
union of spirit and soul so in
tune that we exist everywhere, and
nowhere at the same time.

Your countenance is aglow with the
bliss of a thousand loves,
reaching to caress my heart at
the very instant mine calls to
you. So complete, so full,
surely this is heaven!

As we lie in each other's arms
and speak the vows more precious
than have ever been uttered, the
wee ones scurrying about, are
our witness, the trees and this
meadow vale our home, and the
Master, our guide.

As we drift into the most serene
slumber, we bond and our souls
become one.

* * * * *

THOMAS WM. ANTHONY

As the shadows swiftly move
across my weary mind and the
dim light of evening fades, I
think of you. Never before has
the joyous feeling of such
sweet bliss taken but naught
and returned so much, while
never demanding but that only
the stars should light my way
safely. How often have I said
to thee... "Take, enjoy of my
feast lest tomorrow be no more.",
only to meet your mild rebuke
and wise understanding... "Nay,
my Lord! Is it good that a
hungry man should eat of all
that is set before him, or 'tis
better that he partake of the
morsels so lovingly prepared
by his true love? I say this
to you my liege, take not what
thou canst not give, and give
truly to but one. For 'tis
better to sip a fine wine but
a little, than to become
drunken of spring wine."

* * * * *

ANONYMOUS

I climbed up on the hill today
To let the wind blow through my ears
I sang a song to the trees
And the wind blew it away
Drops began to fall like gold
I prayed the wind might blow one to my lover--
So that he might know--
Grief too deep to utter

* * * * *

CANDY

EARLY MORNING SONNET
(a sonnet for love)

Hello my friend.
I see and feel and hear you very
close to me in this moment.
As the mist settles in, your
presence deepens with it.
Just resting over the tree-tops,
Drifting through the leaves as
graceful and light as a
snowflake floating on a current
You are all around me, as natural
as nature itself.
My thoughts are always open to you
as you speak to me in this
magnificent silence;
As you glide past my window on
the wings of a bird
You appear to me unexpectedly to
still my thoughts
"Come let us deepen our being as
the field and the glen
beckon us to share."
What is so close is so far--
You touch my heart.
Will you come to claim that
which is yours?

* * * * *

J. C.

Sometimes when I'm feeling low
And life just seems too lonely
I wish I had a love of my own
To put his warm arms around me.

To gaze into his eyes would fill my heart
And make me feel as though I belong
The simple pure power from innocent love
Could once again make me feel strong.

Spring should be a wonderful time
When lovers have kissed their first kiss
But for me it seems like this will never be
And it's the romantic love that I'll miss.

* * * * *

J. C.

Leave me once again, but this time do it for good
Don't come back saying you didn't mean it
You find me each time with tears in my eyes
And you know that I can't turn you away.

Don't say that you really could care if I would accept it
Darling I've waited so quietly so long and you never did care
How long can you keep us both hanging in space
Just because you're too scared to begin a quiet life?

Each time I look around in my house
All of it whispers in your voice
Get out of sight and out of my mind
Because I can't take this love anymore.

The chair you sat in still holds your shape
And I wait for you to fill it again
But if you come back again I'll lock you out
And keep you away from my heart.

* * * * *

Once again the night creeps in
And the stars dance in my mind
The music is loud and floats in the crowd
That applauds from the audience in my mind.

The lights glare and people stare
As I sit upon the stage
The grease paint smears with my own tears
For the script is one act and one page.

I must be strong and just hang on
The dreams will someday come true
I'll be a star and travel afar
And I'll sing out sad and blue.

But once again the night creeps in
And the eyes of the crowd still stare
The stage is set and I'll never forget
That the audience is never really there.

* * * * *

J. C.

Lonely--

My life will be so lonely
Never happy, no moon or starlight for me
I'll sit by a cold fire in the night all alone
While I listen for a ring from my silent phone
So lonely.

By myself--

I'll walk arm in arm with myself
Silently in love with the one who's not there
Looking so earnestly for his magic eyes
Wanting to cuddle up close to his side
All by myself.

When will this life give me more than just dreams
Empty promises, tears so bitter, and now it all seems
That someday will never come
And I'll live in my home
So all alone.

Silently--

I sit and sew a quilt for the two of us
Never will it cover the other side of the bed
Keeping me warm, it's folded in half
And it's all pieced together
So silently.

* * * * *

Soon you'll be leavin' me
Starting a new kind of life
You'll get your degree and I have faith that you'll be
Forever the best little wife.

Tomorrow you're going away
Leaving to start something new
You've got goals and dreams
And now it all seems
That I've spent so little time with you.

(chorus:)

Drive away and don't look back
I know it's hard to say good-bye
We all have to part
Though it's breaking my heart
And it brings the tears to my eyes.

To all of my dearest friends
It's time for me to leave you too
While I sing in hot lights
On those long lonely nights
You know that I'll be thinkin' of you.

* * * * *

J. C.

While I sit here thinking of you
The music is quieting my tired body
And it makes me feel glad I'm here
Because I'm so lucky to have you now.

I wish I knew how long it will last
So I could prepare for whatever will happen
I don't want it ever to stop
Because I'm so lucky to have you now.

When I see you look at me
I feel like a blanket is around my heart
Warming the coldness I once had
But now the pain of ice has broken apart.

I look at you and wonder what you feel
If it's the same, if what I feel is real
How can we be sure if we really care
Or if it's just another thing?

Take me away into your world
Let me be at your side
But if you don't want me
Tell me now before it's too late.

Let me get into the vacuum of your eyes
Warm me with your sweet arms
Hold me close and come close to me
Come inside and see it's all right.

* * * * *

Last night I heard a song that reminded me of you
And it haunted my dreams all through the night
I couldn't stop thinking about you and your smile
And how I feel when you hold me tight.

The song was soft and tender, and I cried
Because it brought out strong emotions I felt inside
I've been trying to ignore any sight of love
Now it's coming to the top and it won't hide.

Baby, please don't go away just because you aren't sure
Let me know how you feel too
Because I couldn't bear to see you leave
Just because I think I love you.

Just hang on and give it all time
We don't need to take it fast
I'd love being by you if you'd want me to be
Cause I want this feeling to last.

* * * * *

J. C.

Look outside, see it raining
Watch the teardrops in the air
Look inside, see me raining
Can't you feel the love, don't you care?

(chorus:)

Our love is too much like the weather
Always changing, so unpredictable
I'd do anything to know what's going on
'Cause I love you as much as I'm able.

We've spent a lot of our time
Doing an awful lot of talking
But you better start showing some affection
Or you can pack your bags and start walking.

Please don't leave me alone
You'll see how much I love you
I'll do anything to make you happy
Cause honey, I can't live without you.

* * * * *

DESPERATION

When things are going okay and you're feeling fine
Start lookin' for the clouds
Without the silver lining
Then the storm will burst in no time.

It doesn't take long to lose it all, it can go too fast
The stars don't shine
In the cold black night
And you're hoping that this pain won't last.

Take it in and let it out
It's foolish to keep on hoping
They say it's wise
To reach towards the sky
But from experience I know it ain't so.

Don't listen to anyone and keep it inside
You can't win
You'll lose again
And slowly you'll die inside.

Maybe next time-- if there is one.

* * * * *

J. C.

(chorus:)

She doesn't love you, she'll only hurt you
She thinks you're just another man
Someday you'll see the one who loves you is me
Someday I know you'll understand.

(verse:)

I know we've talked a lot about her
I told you that it's all right
You can't decide between the two of us
And your heart is putting up a fight. (chorus)

(verse:)

You know that I've seen her several times
Once was too often for me
But just the way she acts around you
She doesn't care, it's plain to see. (chorus)

(verse:)

I know we're young and got living to do
Maybe someday we'll have to part
But you know you'll always be on my mind
And you'll always be ... in my heart. (chorus)

* * * * *

I saw an old friend a week ago
We smiled and talked
We cried and walked
For we both knew it had been a long time.

Many times I thought about my friend
We lived in the sun
We had lots of fun
And I wondered if my friend was the same.

Then one day when I didn't expect it
I saw her near
And I shed a tear
Because I had forgotten her smile.

It took me awhile to see her clearly
I saw in her eyes
The blue of the skies,
As I looked deep in the mirror ...
Where have I been?

* * * * *

J. C.

As the waters gently ripple
And the waters gently flow
While the trees bend down to touch the ground
As the winds begin to blow
The tender touch of God's loving hand
Brings life to all I see
It thrills my heart He made it all
For no one else but me.

The stars that watch us in the night
Reflect his heavenly eyes
The clouds were formed from his sweet breath
To make pictures in the skies
The wonder of the mighty lands
This beauty that I see
God created for all human-kind
But the best was just for me.

The rain is God's sorrowful tears
To wash the dirt away
He gave us more than stars and clouds
On one dark painful day
God gave me one special gift
On a sorrowful day it was
He painfully let a man die for me
And that man was his only Son.

So God, bring peace to this struggling heart
I know you've suffered much worse
For I love that one Son that you gave to me
And for the rest of the Universe.

* * * * *

Rainy afternoon, the sadness came too soon
And the rain is the gentle tears
That I've saved over the years
For a rainy afternoon.

Snowy night, now I know it's not right
The snow is so kind
As it eases my mind
On a gentle, snowy night.

Isn't it odd how the weather can tell?
It can read your mind so well
In the warmth and the cold
Whether young or old.

* * * * *

TRACY CROSSLIN

I have a feeling I'm feeling
I don't know what it is
I feel confused and disturbed
I feel hurt yet I feel good.

I want to run, jump and laugh
but I just sit quietly waiting.
Waiting for what? I don't know
maybe I'm waiting for someone
to come up to me and sincerely say
"I love you."

I seem to be trying to be free
then why am I hiding?
I'm trying to act confident.
Then why do I feel weak?
I'm trying to understand
but I haven't yet the knowledge to!

So where do I go?
What do I do?
How do I come to a solution?

Now I have come to a fork in the road.
Which way is the right way?
Please, somebody, don't let me go wrong.

* * * * *

LARRY FRANCIS (Written in response to the poem by Tracy Crosslin)

I have a feeling I'm feeling
and I know what it is
I feel certain and even tempered
I feel hurt yet I feel good..

I run, jump and laugh
but I just want to sit quietly waiting.
Waiting for someone
to come up to me and sincerely say
"I understand you."

I seem to be trying to hide
So then why did I bother to become free
I'm trying to act weak
Then why do I feel confident?
I'm trying to transfer knowledge
But I don't quite have the understanding.

So where do I go?
What do I do?
How do I effect a solution?

I am their fork in the road
let me be their right way.
Please me, don't let somebody go wrong.
* * * * *

DOUG DOYLE

(This poem was written in response to a poem written about the MCC "boys" and is fictional.)

There's a building on campus
it's called AG dorm,
It's pretty nice looking but
not very warm.
For it houses a collection of
nightgowns and curls,
That belong to a group called
the MCC girls.

Such a strange group of gals
I've ne'er seen before,
Their eyes and their lips they
gawp at the store!
Their manner of dress is sure
an odd kind,
You talk about fashion, they're
two years behind!

They look daggers at you when
you say a kind word,
To kiss a cute cobra would be
much preferred.
They call themselves women
if use no one else will,
By any man's standards they
can't fill the bill.

There's none that can cook but
man can they eats!
Every time I turn round they're
gobbling down treats!
They smother themselves in
baubles and beads,
In hopes that some man just
might take heed.

They don't have much dough they
don't have much smarts,
They've got an icebox in place
of their hearts.
They think that they're cute
they think they can sing,
They resemble a flock of crows
on the wing!

A man I once knew took one on a
date.
How cruel life can be, how tragic
a fate!
All that did happen I've yet to
discover,
I'll get information when he can
recover.

MCC men, you must rise to the
test!
Despite all the gloom we'll still
do our best!
I know that it's true that we
don't have a lot,
We'll have to get by with all
that we've got!

* * * * *

GINNY GATCHEFF

ONCE I WAS COLD

Then I found warmth.
It was a good warmth and
I was happier than ever before.
Then the warmth faded away,
And I had to make a choice--
Whether to rekindle the warmth
and chance killing it,
Or live in half-warmth.
I tried to revive it and
The warmth went away.

And I died in the cold.

* * * * *

SIDE BY SIDE

Side by side, they walked together.
Sharing the sorrows,
Sharing the joys.

Side by side, they cried together.
Tears for those gone,
Tears for those that were new.

Side by side, they laughed together.
Laughing at failure,
Laughing at success.

Standing alone, but the grey stone.
Apart for the first time.
Wondering how to go on.
Long empty years,
With no one beside.

The stones are now two.
No longer alone,
They rest together.
Once again, side by side.

* * * * *

It's raining today,
Gentle and slow.
God has a special way
Of letting me know
There is peace.

This rain calms me
And quiets my soul.
Thru my mind blows a fresh breeze
Now I can regain control
Of my life.

All around is still
Except for the soft
Falling of
The
Rain.

* * * * *

GINNY GATCHEFF

rain
drops
fall
all around
me

peaceful
quiet
drip
drip
drop

steady
rhythm
drip
drip
drop

fresh air
breeze,
birds
in the
trees.

everything's
wet

everything's
clean

everything's
peaceful
and serene.

rainfall
rainfall
drip
drip
drop.

* * * * *

Perhaps it was because I felt a need for love.
I was alone in the world.
And I was cold.

Although He could have left me in the cold and dark,
He took me in and loved me.
And I was safe.

Unafraid to stand alone in a world of sin,
I am at peace with myself.
And I am alive.

Life is now full of promise and joy and beauty.
God has filled my every need.
And I am.

* * * * *

MARIE HARLICK

CATCH ME

Here am I
Thought I'd never try again
And when I finally took the chance, I found
I couldn't win.

I'm losing one more time.
I gave it all away
I played just once and lost it all
I never want to hurt again,
I never want to fall.
So catch me.

Here am I, closed tight to love
Shut away from your touch...I cry
My wall built so high no bird could ever
fly to me.

I gave it all away
played just once and lost it all
I never want to hurt again,
I never want to fall
So catch me, hold on tight,
don't let me go into another night
Losing like before
Catch me.

* * * * *

MEMORIES

Memories won't rest in their place at the
back of my mind.
Like dust that rises again with the wind,
Flickers of the past are rekindled with
The smallest breezing by of a song, a look,
or a word.

Until before long a flame burns
Only to be quenched by tears.
And night subsides to night,
Each holding its own prayers,
And an endless emptiness that
Will remain void for what will
Seem an eternity...

'Til the first light shines
and brings the dawn.

I arise, fold up the night in my
bed, along with its hurts...
only to push them aside for the
day 'til night returns once more.

* * * * *

MARIE HARLICK

YOU'RE A NICE GIRL

You've helped me so much, and i thank you for that,
But love just won't come. I can't give it back.
You understand, you seem to be that way.
The love that you're giving I just can't repay.

But you're a nice girl.

I know you believed me when I said those three words.
And i felt them so deeply at the time.

But love just won't stay, I'm sorry it's that way.

But you're a nice girl.

I know that you're hurting, and you keep it inside,
You've been strong through it all --and that's good.
You're taking it well like a brave little girl.
Just like I knew that you would.

You're a nice girl.

I'm sorry I can't love you, but you're young and there's time,
Your heart will heal and you'll be fine.

But there'll be others to try
to hurt you, make you cry

Others to hold you, take your heart for a while
Others to say... you're just, a nice girl.

* * * * *

WIDOW'S DREAM

Darkness comes once more,
And like a friendly whisper brings your
memory to me again.

Silently I listen to words you once spoke
to laughter we once shared and the
feeling within is revered.

When sleep comes it fills my head
with joys beyond earth's capacity,
for my joy comes from the wishes
made possible through sleep's magic.

But sunlight brings joy's death,
And she lets me know of reality.
The reality of my tears that fall on the
empty space beside me.

* * * * *

MARIE HARLICK

SILENT LOVE

So real, yet unused.
So deep, yet abused.
So warm, yet made cold.

Love... never close enough to hold.

Though unfed the fire grows
How long, the heart only knows

Love's patiently waiting for a call
to come near.

A call so silent,
only a heart can hear
And the eyes are a window
to a cry unheard.

Each day they say

"I love you"

Though the words are unheard.

* * * * *

BOB ISENBERG

People
People all around us
Everyone different
Yet everyone the same.

There are short people
Tall, skinny, and fat people.
There are beautiful people,
Not-so-beautiful and good people.

Some are fun;
Some are loud;
Some are quiet as a mouse,
And some are wonderful.

Few are good friends.
Many are unhappy;
Few know where they're going
Many are looking for a place.

Yet with all our differences
The same, the few and the many
The short, the tall and the good
We are all somehow the same.

I guess that's the way God
wanted it to be.

* * * * *

Life is full of many troubles.
Things don't work out,
Things don't go right,
They just seem to fall apart.

People hurt us
They tear and gouge
And we cry right out loud,
For our hearts are breaking.

We feel drained and empty.
But there is always
Light down the road
To guide our way.

Keep looking ahead
Toward the light
Forget the past
It's over and done.

* * * * *

BOB ISENBERG

When will I see it?
When will I see?
When will I?
When will?
When?

Where will I see it?
Where will I see?
Where will I?
Where will?
Where?

How will I know it?
How will I know?
How will I?
How will?
How?

I'm not sure
But it's there
When? Where? How?
They don't matter
It's always been

Just open your ears
Melt your heart
Let go of pride
Take a look
You'll find it inside!

When you see it
You'll know it
You'll show it
You'll keep it
But always share it.

It will fill you
Yes, right to the brim
You'll burst with joy
You might even cry
For it has come to you

It always tells the truth
It's always there
It never leaves you
Though you may leave it
But why?

It is your friend
It is your ruler
It is your hope
It is your life
It is God.

Reach out and take it
It wants you to!
Can't you see?
What people say
They don't matter, do it

When is now
Where is anytime
How is let go
It may be hard
But it is there.

* * * * *

MY FRIEND

There's no one to comfort me
I'm so alone
I'm lost, I can't find my way
Help me.

I've tried by myself
Doing this only brings failure.
I've tried talking to others
It doesn't help enough though.

But I have a special friend
He's always there
Sometimes I'll walk all over Him
Like I don't even know Him.

He's very faithful
No matter what I do
I just wish I'd used Him more
He wants me to.

He wants me to so bad that
He died for me.
Me, a sinner, scum and such
He died for me.

Jesus Christ, my friend.
Do you know Him?
I'm glad I do.
I feel better already.

* * * * *

BOB ISENBERG

Friends
People who love you
Not for what you could be
But in spite of what you are.

A lonely road,
A rocky road,
A winding road,
A hard road,
Is life.

Friends
Someone who understands
The highs, the lows, the joys,
The tears, the laughter,
the silence.

A stormy sea,
A thundering storm,
A thick fog,
A rainy night,
Is life.

Friends
People who care about you,
Someone who listens and
Nods in understanding or
Hangs his head in
disappointment.

A shelter from the rain,
A beacon in the fog,
A harbor in the storm,
A partner on the road,
Is love.

* * * * *

* * * * *

TERRI MCGHEE

In the beginning a shared acquaintance.
Small and shy, but definitely shared.
There was growth, it couldn't be stopped--it was in the Light.

The Light encouraged more,
Friendship became more easy.
The growth continued because the Light brought with it Love.

The Love encouraged trust,
Confidences followed closely.
Growth in Light and Love became more because they shared with Life.

Light, and Love, and Life,
The bonds that bind so tightly,
Should they be broken and the growth inhibited by betrayal of such
bonds?

* * * * *

TERRI MCGHEE

CHANGES

One single glance,
The chance was absurd,
But it changed lives, thoughts, places.

One single date,
It was I who asked, you were too nervous,
But again, the change affected us.

I fell in love,
You went along for the ride,
But in time, you changed and loved me back.

Time flew by,
We wanted to be together always,
But that was prevented by our changing locations.

We bound each other with a promise,
But it couldn't be kept,
Time had changed me.

You gave me time,
Until I made up my mind to be with you always,
Only to find, time had changed you.

You fell out of love,
Hated me even, and that's when I gave up,
I couldn't fight against that and I sought the changes.

Suddenly you were back,
Wanting to return to what had been before,
I searched and fought the changes to return, but was defeated.

Life is full of changes,
Hang on to what you've got,
Hide it and find that change has sought it out. .

* * * * *

KATHY MILICEVIC

FACES

Crowded places
full of people.

Some are laughing
some are weeping.

Crowded places
full of people.

Many searching
but not finding.

Crowded places
full of faces.

* * * * *

FRIENDS

Happiness
Laughter
Contentment
Encouragement
Love
Understanding
Peace
Freedom
Hope
Unity
As one.

* * * * *

CHANGING IT

I'm out to change
the world. The big
round world.

My head is full
of ideas. I'm full
of energy and ready to go.

I open the door to reality,
my dreams fall apart
my ideas are worthless.

Without God's armor
I can't do anything
my own shield is tarnished.

* * * * *

YOU NEEDED ME

"You needed me"
But in return I needed you.
Thank you for the perfect
moments & lovely memories.

I'm sorry we couldn't last as one,
many months have gone by since
our last goodbye. I think of
you now as I leaf through the
memory book of fun that we had.

"You put me high upon the
pedestal" I thank you
for letting me be your special,
single, red rose and for
needing me as I needed you.

* * * * *

HOME

Home, I'm going Home,
my heart thumps with excitement.

Only two more days after
today, please give me patience
to wait.

In my mind I picture
my pastel room, waiting
invitingly just for me.

My mom, dad, brother,
sister and dog waiting
on the doorstep.

I reach out my arms to
hug & touch them. They all
vanish.

It was all a dream,
a silly dream. In two
more days I'll be
home, yes home sweet
home, and I'll see reality.

* * * * *

KATHY MILICEVIC

YOU

The dawn is breaking in the new day
and I'm thinking of you.

I long to know you
you are so gentle and kind.

I'm still afraid to talk to you.
I don't want to scare you away.

You are no higher than I
and I'm no lower than you.

I like the distance between us,
though I long to know you.

Distance makes me feel good
because I know that nothing will vanish.

I'm afraid that if I touch you too closely
you will vanish like the evening sun.

* * * * *

WHEN I NEEDED YOU

Whenever I need you,
you are always there
with an outstretched hand
saying, here I am ready
to help just now.

Many times I'm lonely
and discouraged thinking,
there's no one to turn to, yet
when my head is bowed low
I see your hand, and I repeat
your line: "Follow me."

Oh Lord thank you for
remembering me, even when I
was careless enough to forget you.
I'll follow you, and I know
that you will follow me and
help me along the way.

* * * * *

I CHANGED

Last night I changed.
Somehow my will is stronger now,
Stronger to go on and fight.

It's funny though, for my
will should have been strong
right from the start.

* * * * *

KATHY MILICEVIC

MY FRIEND

as the music softly plays on
in the twilight
as the silent tears flow
freely down my blank face,
as I hold on to a substitute
that could never be you

I remember . . .

I remember . . .

The first day we met I was
afraid. Slowly my fears
vanished and we became
friends. Soon we shared
all our secrets, joys and
sorrows. My loneliest days
were turned into happy ones,
you were always there.

I remember . . .

I remember . . .

I never knew pain such as this
I never got a chance to say goodbye
I was never warned once of your
condition, and then all of a sudden you died

I remember . . .

I remember . . .

yes the music still plays softly,
and the tears still flow silently.
The day turns into dusk as
another part of my heart is
torn and discarded.

I remember . . .

* * * * *

HILLS & VALLEYS, ALL IS WELL

Lord you give us so many Hills
and so many valleys.

The valleys pull us down and
things don't quite go right.

But whenever we are low you pick
us up and lift us higher than before.

When we think too highly of
ourselves you dip us down again.

Things brighten up when we stand
on peaks of hills. Thank you for
the power that you have given
us through your great love. Thank
you for the Hilly road to heaven.

* * * * *

CHERYL RAINSBERGER

TO THE MEMORY OF TIMMY GOODIN

It's too bad when we lose someone dear,
He was at once so close and near.
But, now he's gone to that home up high,
And we understand why he had to die.

The pain he had was too much to bear,
So, God is really being fair.
He put Tim out of his misery,
So to be with Him for eternity.

But, we do still mourn and cry for him,
We'll always miss our precious Tim.
We're glad for him, but have lost no love,
For he is with God in Heaven above.

I Love You Timmy!

* * * * *

CLAY STURGEON

A DREAM

(chorus:)

I just can't look for an easy life,
I got to survive through strength
I cannot dwell on the things of the past,
the road is long and my feet get weary;
I'm looking for a dream.

(verse:)

All my life I've learned the things, I need to know,
My folks have always shown me, the way I need to go.
But it's come to a time when I need to decide,
If I want to go on crawlin' or if I want to glide. (chorus)

(verse:)

Every day I face troubles, they seem to never end,
My heart is always breakin', but it seems to never mend.
I don't understand it and I guess I never will,
But I gotta keep on goin' and pushin' upward still.

(bridge:)

My dreams will always haunt me until I find my way
To the things that I am looking for, I'm headed for that day. (chorus)

(ending:)

I think I see my dream,
Some day I'll find my dream.

I'LL FIND MY DREAM!

* * * * *

MICHELLE SAVARD

The small boy awoke. For a moment he couldn't tell where he was; and then he knew. He was at his grandma's with his parents for the Fourth of July weekend, and today was The Big Day! The little boy grinned and sat up in bed. His tousled hair shone in the morning sunshine. He'd brought his bat and ball so he could play baseball with his uncles today. His family always got together at Grandma's house on the Fourth of July. Grandma and her daughters all filled the picnic table with goodies: cakes so moist and sweet they wouldn't crumble; cookies that melted in your mouth; brownies so chocolaty you'd swear that a whole Hershey bar was in one piece. And then, later on, the meals! Hamburgers fried on an open grill by the little boy's uncles, put on fresh, warm buns, with crisp red tomatoes!

Then, after exactly two hours (carefully clocked), the little boy would plunge into the warm lakewater with his uncles. They would all splash and yell at each other and have a good time. His uncles always tired soon, and the little boy would be left to swim alone, since he had no cousins and wasn't tired of swimming.

Realizing he was daydreaming and wasting a perfect day, the little boy leaped out of bed and pulled on his favorite number 13 shirt. His grandma had given it to him on his birthday. She didn't believe in superstitions (she thought they were silly), so neither did the little boy. Next came the jeans. This was the pair his mother had been after him to throw out. They were hanging by threads. The little boy loved to wear them. They were the very best for climbing trees, fishing, and playing baseball.

The little boy went into the kitchen. His grandma and aunts were in there washing dishes and cooking breakfast for the uncles who sat at the table. The little boy sat next to his favorite uncle, Uncle Ed.

"Here he is now," his grandma's lined face crinkled into a warm smile. "Have some breakfast." She served him a plateful. The little boy began to gobble eggs and bacon. Between bites he asked, "May I go to the sandlot and practice baseball?"

His mother smiled. "Certainly, if you look both ways before you cross the road," she answered. The road she spoke of was a two-laner, and was quite busy. All day, every day, loaded trucks and semis thundered through. The trees lining the road shaded it, making visibility poor. There was a sandlot opposite Grandma's house, which the boy loved to go to and practice baseball. He had to cross this road in order to get to the sandlot. Everyone always worried whenever the little boy went to his grandma's, because he had to cross this road to get to his beloved sandlot.

"I'll be careful," he answered cheerfully. He finished eating and ran to get his baseball and glove. As he looked out his bedroom window he saw his uncles forming a game. He'd better hurry! He ran through the kitchen to the front door.

"Remember," his mother said.

"I will," the answer was cut short by the slam of the kitchen door. The little boy's mother smiled as she continued her dishes.

The little boy grew more excited with every step. The wind was singing in his red hair; the sun shone beautifully and he forgot everything except playing ball. It was great to be alive!

The sudden blaring sound of the horn and the impact of the semi were the last senses he knew.

KLW

THE PLANTER AND THE PLANTED

No one here shall ever know,
If Johnny's seed did ever grow;
But this one thing we know is so,
That he did ever plant and sow;

How shall I boast of this friend of mine?
But to say in my life, I've n'er seen such a kind,
Who drifted, and traveled, toilsomely on,
Laughing, and crying, life let anon.

Wisdom says he shall be found in the earth;
Not in a mansion next a fireside hearth.
Dirt holds the truth, the roots of the source,
So the tree stands high, where birds plan their course,
And fly away hungry to a land far away,
Which holds their destiny, which from they shan't sway.

Hold fast to that bird, as he leaves your short sight.
Consider his motives, his wing flapping flight,
And sure direct posture, his fast moving might.
Consider that bird, when in life you must choose,
All your meadows, skies, and their myriad hues.

* * * * *

IN PROTEST TO THE RELIGIONIST INFERNO

On Sunday morning
When all seems quite well,
I go to early worship
And the preacher preaches hell.

Swell, said I, brother preach on!
Convert the fearless lost,
Bring them to their knees,
But this I'll say sir, if you please:

If you offer no ease,
No rest in Christ,
Then to your beatings I'll sneeze, and to your hell I'll say, 'nice.'
If solely through dread you find the lost
Causing fear through sinning's cost,
While love you leave behind;
Then preacher I ask, where is your mind?
No truth did you find.
Your heart at last
To good is blind; and in evil cast.

* * * * *

KLW

DIVINITY'S SPRING SEASON

Baby blue skies and bright brilliant morning sun
Is gray to some, with curtains closed in their gray compartments;
not seeing

The joy and peace of rolling golden hills,
And thrusting tree limbs reaching for eternity.

You should know my friend, that
The rose bush is blossoming, expressing joyful release
At the long winter's close.
Why do you lie in this sadful repose? Get up!
For in this great morn is breath-taking peace. Look you;

The town is bustling, busily hustling, hecticly rushing,
Smiling, laughing, sweating, selling, trading goods and wares.
But in the middle of the day, the field half threshed.
The farmer suddenly stops, to listen to the warbler's meek and gentle
song. Look you also, see;

Two lovers, faint in the distance, hand in hand
Then arm in arm, then body and body entwined;
In the daisy meadow walking, running, growing
Tired then lying, covered by the golden blanketed bed:
Then talking, musing, telling of their dreams, all their
Hopes and aspirations, all their goals; then tokens taken
Never to be broken. Lastly can you see,

How the worshippers worship, working in their fields,
How the lovers are praying in the meadow, glorifying God?
See the creation, and see yourself as such.
Go out and touch the earth, mold, mend, make,
create in beautied earth--love; live in lasting praise.

* * * * *

THE RELIGION OF "THE CATCHER IN THE RYE"

Warning society about her particular evils is a large task to tackle. Warning individuals is hard enough, but admonishing a society of societal and especially spiritual diseases may seem impossible. Nevertheless, many people, in contemporary American society, and throughout history, have preached a fervent gospel, either social or religious, which was in tension with popular thought. People like Socrates, Jesus, Martin Luther, Thomas Moore, John Locke, Aldous Huxley, Jane Addams, William Cullen Poryoux, Ernest Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald, John Updyke, and many others whether notable or not, have warned and affected society in very profound and significant ways.

One particular author which I would like to focus on is J.D. Salinger, whose novel points to some very serious problems of our society, i.e., American society and the western world. Salinger wrote "The Catcher in the Rye," about a young man who has a rather serious identity crisis. His family is of upper middle class status (his father is a corporate lawyer). He is sent to different private schooling institutions for boys. He is sixteen years old, his name is Holden Caulfield, and he is obviously at odds with the world and with himself. He repeatedly commits acts of insubordination in the schools he attends, and is consequently sent to many different schools, failing academically and socially in all of them. The young man has few morals or concrete values; he is a profuse liar and has little or no respect for either his peers, his elders, or himself. The climax of the story occurs when Holden has been kicked out of the last school he attended, has taken off to New York, and has met his little sister to discuss his life and destiny. He tells his younger sister that he cares for no occupation, except a certain ideal conception of an occupation all his own. There would exist a large field of rye, where children played all day, and at the end of the field there is a steep cliff. It would be Holden's occupation to stand near the cliff and make sure that the children didn't fall off the edge. He would be "catcher of children in the rye." This would be his job, all day, every day, to make sure the children while playing didn't fall off the edge.

This novel deals with the problem, first of all of the failure of the so-called American Dream to stand the test of time. The old dream is epitomized in Holden's parents, a moneymaking materially wealthy family. But Holden rebels against this. The social upheaval of the 1960's speaks loudly of this rebellion, and the failure of material success to bring fulfillment. Holden's impractical and completely ideal concept of his fulfillment brings into focus the tension between materialism and true fulfillment. Holden's concept of life is pure, totally alien to the desires of his peers, his family and associates. His life is in tension with materialism and his desires transcend the partial fulfillment which materialism can bring.

"The Catcher in the Rye" is obviously both a social and religious novel, as most notable literary works are. The main character yearns for a peculiar deepness which our society and every individual wants and desperately needs. The symbolism of the book may very easily be paralleled with the incident in which Jesus called Simon Peter and Andrew from their jobs as commercial fishermen when he said "follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." Jesus called

two individuals on an adventurous endeavor that far transcended their natural labors. No longer were their toils to be merely for the purpose of material sustenance, but for a purpose as deep as religion implies. Holden was grasping for that kind of change, a change so radically different from the traditionalism of his family and peers that he wanted to drop the net of human purposelessness as the disciples did theirs.

When we look at all of Holden's problems: his alienation, dissatisfaction, and desperate search for purpose and fulfillments while all around them seemed to be nothing but opposition, and when we compare him to contemporary society and its ills, we understand Salinger's inferences. This novel therefore becomes for the reader and society a valuable piece of literature, infinitely applicable and significant to contemporary society and the individual.

* * * * *

MIKE VILLAR

NEVER ENOUGH

Don't say it
 It hurts me so
 To know that I'll
 Never get enough of you,
 But you've already had
 Too much of me.
 It's over,
 But not the pain.
 The pain of knowing
 That after a time
 We will be in love again,
 With someone else,
 And what we once thought
 Would be so special to us forever,
 Would be just a memory,
 No more or less.

* * * * *

DOES HE CARE?

Flowers bloom
 A child dies
 Grass grows
 A woman cries
 Stars shine
 A husband lies
 Things go wrong
 And God still tries.

* * * * *

THE BREATH OF GOD

A space,
 so cold,
 free from strife.
 A space, so old,
 void of life.
 God breathes;
 it warms
 and life abounds.
 God acts;
 a world with
 life's sweet sounds.

* * * * *

SHUT THE DOOR

That sound! Quick, please
 shut the door. I need
 Jesus in my life no more.
 The world is mine and so
 Are my talents. I will live
 While I am young!
 And God looks down
 And softly weeps.

* * * * *

MIKE VILLAR

A house,
Empty, all alone,
Dusty stairs,
Unused phone,
Squeaky boards,
Leaking pipes,
Dark and dingy,
Void of life;
It whispers,
Sighs,
Cries alone.
It sobs,
so softly,
yet so strong.
The need,
so tender,
yet so true,
of a love
for such as you.
I am
a house.

* * * * *

Time. Slowly, softly gliding
past.
The years flow by until at last,
you look around at life and
find,
That life is ending; but no one
minds.
The others don't care, because
they're lost too.
Their lives fly by; They're just
like you.
What meaning is there? Just
who does care?
I tell you, in this greedy world
there's no love to share,
People want and people take,
And love carries too high of
stakes.
So no one loves and no one cares;
But deep inside it's always
there.
It's there, a deep and glowing
light
It's there, but people always
fight,
To shove it, beat it, tear it
down

A wind, a breeze, a fleeting
glance
A smile, a look, just one more
chance.
A time, long past and far away.
Why can't we be in love today?
An autumn breeze shoots through
your hair,
The smell of leaves, a lack of
care.
The seasons change but we will
stay.
Why can't we be in love today?
Your hands, your lips, your warm
brown eyes
Your loving touch my soul unties
My love for you takes all my
being
Why must love carry such an awful
sting?
A winter's night she passed away
Twenty years ago; today
But twenty years she's been with
me
And twenty years she's set me
free.

* * * * *

To quiet it, but it will always
sound.
It sounds a call for love so
clear
A love completely free of fear
A love for God, a love for
Christ
A love so great it knows no
price.
And all it asks is just one
chance
That's all it takes to make you
free.
"Who me?" You ask. "Why should
I try?"
"God is dead, yet I do not cry!"
You don't because you've never
seen
The way God works inside of men.
Yet the choice is yours, God
loves you so
To let you choose just how you
go.
So choose, but wisely, mind you
friend
Because there is a God you've
never seen.

ANONYMOUS

ELLEN

Ellen your heart sparkles clearly like a sonorous brook,
Like the stream in which I swam nigh on a year ago.
God-paradise surrounded it, it was a wilderness nook,
There blest rest my spirit took, nigh on a year ago.
Yet incomplete, I hear a still small voice,
some words,

O man, why do you say, 'this is rest, blest peace',
When in this stream lay jagged stones, and without grow briars,
Surely you jest, surely you dream, step out of this sinking mire,
Before you lay in much entire, lest our hearts their beating cease.
Our luck by fate must expire, best leave our love retire.
But longing for wholeness, I repeat these words,

Ellen, delusion has tainted your mind with lies.
Utter no such conclusion, it is a painted illusion,
Of some despairing conclusion, which your nature denies
O storm faring maiden, of your nature your words do belie.
After this I heard a voice as a breeze
Whisper softly these sobbing words,

It's not been long since I first saw your face,
When my heart quickened pace, and my tongue
Wet to taste the flavor of your love.
We then later met together in a rendezvous place,
To state our strange case of love; and Love
It's not been long, as I remember, that the brightest embers
Burned hotly in a throng, our union was strong, but now it's gone,
O darling! O God! what went wrong, why can we not sing
Our joyful former song?
As she wiped her eyes, from mine came
Sorrowing tears, and I cried back in grief,
Saying,

Halt now, for death has seized your lips,
Stop now, for I feel the quenching drips
Of despairing chilling lostness, a lostness
To make me willing to allow that last word slip,
For us to take a sip, and let our Satan sift
And rend to pieces, yes, rift, God's own gift of love.
Thus I further spoke to my love,

Ellen all the past is here in grayest yet brightest display,
Like a flag on a mast so solemnly dignified,
Demanding a cast to eternally stay.
I hope at last our love be revived,
But I fast and pray, begging, darling, will it stay?
And I fast and pray, asking God, should it stay?
From this reply, to His Majesty Most High,
Went my last and beating cry, in torment spoke I,

ANONYMOUS

O God! What shall I do, what can I do,
But damn the maddened storm-tossed sea?
Or curse that merciless wind, which rends
And tears from stern to bow, the high mast
And wooden hull, weary from hurricane journey?

Do you deceive, O Master of the wind and sea,
With partial sunshine, and sporadic ceasing
Of that thrashing terror, which burns my cheeks,
And strips my mind of all security from perishing?
Or is it only that I must further wait,
Wait for a season most befitting for placidity,
Or a tranquility still yet foreign to my mind?
This must be the case, this must surely be the case,
If no, the dreadful sea would engulf me, yes,
The sea would swallow me whole.

* * * * *

AUTHORS

THOMAS WM. ANTHONY

Mr. Anthony is a Bible major from Pontiac, MI.

Basically, I began writing out of a love for the intrinsic beauty of life that no other writing style seemed to satisfy. I feel that poetry is the romantic's letter to life, nature and his inner self.

* * * * *

CANDY (Barbara Keene)

Miss Keene is a psychology major from Saginaw, MI.

I began writing because I found a need for self-expression and creativity. To me, a poem, as a whole, is a picture in words of a feeling, image, or message. It is something that leaves an overall impression.

* * * * *

J. C. (Jill Charvat)

Miss Charvat is a musical theatre major from Toledo, OH.

I've been writing since I was a child. To me, poetry is a way to express my thoughts and feelings, and to encourage the same or similar thought to the people who they are written for or who chance to read my work.

* * * * *

TRACY CROSSLIN

Miss Crosslin is a freshman from Plymouth, MI., majoring in music.

I began writing because I thought it would do me good to write down my feelings. This poem was my first and only poem written. I wrote it during my senior year in high school. Poetry to me is a source of communication in an art form. It is the only way I can really express myself other than with music.

* * * * *

DOUGLAS DOYLE

Mr. Doyle is a Bible major from Grand Rapids, Michigan.

As a youth I read quite a bit and became inspired to write at about the age of 14. It was at that age that my first work was published. I feel that poetry is an overflow of emotions and an imitation of life.

* * * * *

GINNY GATCHEFF

Miss Gatcheff is a freshman from South Williamsport, PN. She is majoring in counseling.

I began writing in grade school for an English class. After that I just kept writing for fun. Poetry is a way to put your feelings down in words. But it's more than a mere statement. It is an artistic way of expressing ideas.

Poetry is neat.

Poetry is fun.

When I think I've ended, I find I've just begun.

* * * * *

MARIE HARLICK

Miss D. Marie Harlick is a biology major from Hazel Park, MI.

I began writing when I was depressed. To me, poetry is a self-expression.

* * * * *

BOB ISENBERG

Mr. Isenberg is from Melvindale, MI. He is an accounting major.

I began writing at the encouragement of my roommate. Poetry is the way I feel about the things I write about.

* * * * *

AUTHORS

TERRI MCGHEE

Miss McGhee is a communications major from Roanoke, IL.

I began writing when I was in high school for the high school newspaper and the several writing courses that I was enrolled in. I do not usually write poetry, but I instead try to creatively write. I enjoy writing about personal experience and try to colorfully put emotions and descriptions into words. My poetry is an inner expression of my feelings and thoughts about personal experiences. The poetry of others is an opportunity to see into that person's concept of his own life, feelings, and experiences.

* * * * *

KATHY MILICEVIC

Miss Milicevic is a home economics major from Sterling Heights, MI.

I began writing when I was once sitting in my Spanish class. I was looking out of a second floor window at the outside scenery and felt inspired to write about it. Poetry, to me, is thoughts, ideas, feelings and emotions on paper. Poetry is a way of expressing yourself and the things around you. Poetry is also a way to express your artistic abilities.

* * * * *

CHERYL RAINSBERGER

Miss Rainsberger is a journalism major from Temperance, MI.

Ever since I can remember, I have written letters and enjoyed doing it. I've always wanted to write and just now have begun to do so. Poetry is your innermost feelings written down in a way that someone else may be able to understand.

* * * * *

MICHELLE SAVARD

Miss Savard is from Lake Orion, MI. She is working toward her Associate in Arts degree.

I had always loved to read, so I decided to try writing myself. To me, poetry is only enjoyable when it says something exactly how I feel. Otherwise, it's a precise, rhythmical way to say something.

* * * * *

KEVIN WALKER

Mr. Walker is a freshman from Walled Lake, MI.

I began writing when I was in grade school. Poetry to me is the intimate expression of our being.

* * * * *

MIKE VILLAR

Mr. Villar is from Dearborn Heights, MI.

I began writing in school and continued for the enjoyment. Poetry is an outlet for me. It lets me get out my feelings and thoughts in a creative way; a way that is far more satisfying to me than just talking.

* * * * *

CLAY STURGEON

Mr. Sturgeon is a music education major from Phoenix, AR.

I just felt the desire to express myself in song, so I began writing. Poetry to me is music. Poetry usually happens with me in a song. Song-writing is my way of telling others and myself how I feel at different times. Music is beautiful to me, so is poetry!!

* * * * *

NOTE: Each author retains the rights to his/her own works.