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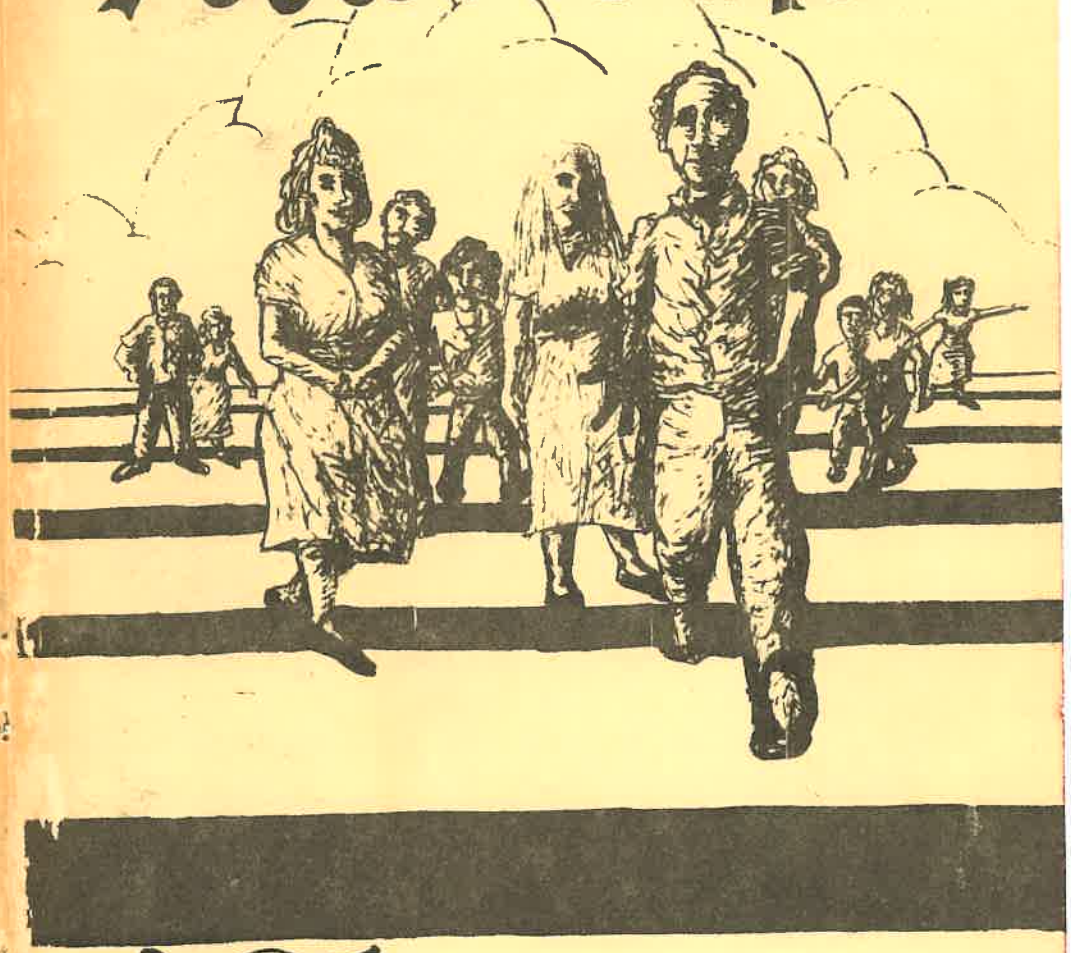
Poets to Come



turtle press

Poets to Come

The Literary Journal
of Michigan Christian
College
-1979-

I've written poetry in some form or another since age fourteen. The form has become less "free" as I've grown; partly because they've become less personal, possibly because I'm experimenting with more traditional forms now, but perhaps it's because true freedom lies in voluntary submission to restraints. The Scriptures, Donne's and Hopkins' sonnets, and perhaps, Tolkien's poems have of late been my most influential "restraints".

CHRISTY UPTON

I write when a notion suddenly hits me! Once I was doing the dishes, once I was falling asleep--in the strangest places and the strangest times an idea hits me! I think my style is rather unique--my English teachers also seem to think so. (Anyway, I like it.)
I never write to please anybody.
I write because I like to, and I hope the enjoyment I find writing is related to my readers.

I began to write poetry and short stories in third grade. Poetry is an expression of thought--an almost "musical" way of talking. Miss Upton is a freshman from Rochester, MI.

POETS TO COME

Poets to come! orators, singers, musicians to come!
Not today is to justify me and answer what I am for,
But you, a new brood, native, athletic, continental, greater than before known,
Arouse! for you must justify me.

I myself but write one or two indicative words for the future,
I but advance a moment only to wheel and hurry back in the darkness.

I am a man who, sauntering along without fully stopping, turns a casual look upon you and then averts his face,

Leaving it to you to prove and define it,
Expecting the main things from you.

WALT WHITMAN

ior High I became interested in watching shows like Twilight Zone and Night Gallery. I liked these shows, especially when they had a surprise ending to them. I like the kind of story with surprise endings, so I wrote a few of them.

I feel an author is someone (not necessarily a writer--it can be the average person who isn't all that good with words), who wishes to make an opinion on someone, make someone think about something, or get someone in a certain mood. An author may just want to jolt someone, make him laugh, cry, or just get a "funny, indescribable feeling," like, "Oh, I never thought of that. But it's possible!"

David E. Schofield

Mr. Schofield is a third year student from Westland, Michigan.

I write when the pressures of the surrounding world and my inner depression gets so low that I need a way out. Many times thoughts or beliefs continually keep coming to my head, so I feel them so strongly that I must let them out--perhaps someone else can read it, relate to it, and find a consolation in their life. My style comes from whatever I am feeling at that time. It develops by repeated writing. I am influenced by people--actions, attitudes, etc. I began when I was eight years old.

Poetry is the expressions of thoughts and feelings on paper, with the author's words bringing to life a feeling or thought from the reader from the reader's own life. An author is an instrument of expression for the reader.

My words are mine... I only want the reader to be able to read my words and see something from within their own lives. If that is accomplished... then I am satisfied.

NOTE: All of David Schofield's selections presented heare, with the exception of "Chapel", were completed by age twelve.

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DOUGLAS J. DOYLE

Mr. Doyle is a sophmore from Grand Rapids, Mi.

I like rhythm and order, poetry is complete and clear, I write usually by inspiration, something motivates me. Kipling's "If" and Irish culture have influenced me. Poetry is an overflow of emotions, a poet, or an author is the vehicle that catches the overflow. Art seems to be man's attempt to recreate, this approaches God's creative nature.

JEFFERY A. INGRAM

Mr. Ingram is a freshman from Muncie, IN.

I started writing poetry about five years ago-spring '74. When I write poetry, I offen feel a need for solitude and peaceful surroundings; I suppose this helps me direct my train of thoughts and emotions. My personal poetry is largely consisted of romance, often used in my courtships.

DOLLY JONES

Miss Jones is a third year student from Flint, MI. I first started writing back in the sixth grade when my teacher encouraged me to keep a journal of my feelings. The trend just continued. I don't really have a style, I just write feelings.

BARBARA KEENE

Miss Keene is a freshman from Saginaw, MI. In high school I started writing for an American Lit. class and discovered I could "really do it!" I usually write when I feel good or when something really touches me. It's usually prompted be a need to share with someone. I also receive a sense of accomplishment and creative self expression. My style is

THE UNSEEN HAND

To Jack Hoover

Behind the brick and mortar,
   And hidden from the throng,
The unseen hand is working
   And toiling all day long.

There are few who recognize it,
   Still fewer know its name,
And some will never see it,
   Yet it guides them just the same.

The unseen hand sows time and tears,
   And aches in quiet pain,
But the harvest time is worth it:
   Young stalks of growing grain.

Once the hand was young and strong,
   And firmly gripped the plow,
To break new earth, to plant new seed,
   To carry on somehow.

But now the hand is weak and tired
   And starts to lose its grip.
Back to the earth from whence it came
   The hand begins to slip.
Yet its work is hardly finished,
   It hardly has begun.
The unseen hand fights back in vain,
   The hand of time has won.

Now younger hands with bigger dreams
   Reach forth to till the ground;
New hopes, new land, new field, new grain,
   The unseen hand lives on.
The unseen hand is covered,
   The earth reclaims her best,
And the land in which we place it
Lies more fertile for its rest.

I once told my roomie that I'd write
A nice poem about love since all she
Reads of my writings are poems about
How I perceive things
Maybe to me love isn't what it is to her-
I see the reality of it where she sees
The magic of it.
But her magic could be her reality.
I don't know, but I do wish
That I could find some magic like hers
Somewhere in this world.

* * *

I love to run in the snow
Kicking up clouds of puffy
Whiteness that endrapes
My chilly body with its
Cool cleanliness.

I love to lie on my back
And swish it around and
Feel it fall soever-
Gently on my face.
I love to stick my tongue out
And feel the sizzle of warmth
Meeting cold, crispy snow.

* * *

Sweet Sunshine,

Tap your fingers against my mind

And hold out the darkness that lurks around.

BARBARA KEENE

A seed is planted,
Watered and fed,
Watched and nurtured
Down in its bed.

Slowly it grows,
A bit at a time,
Till it peeks through the dirt
To see the sun shine.

Then it shoots up,
Grows with a spurt,
No longer thwarted,
Suppressed by the dirt.

As days pass by
Sunny and warm,
Taller and stronger
New buds are born.

Alas, the moment,
Awesome and bright
When the tiny seed blossoms
Arrayed in its might.

Beginning's a struggle,
And not all seeds sprout
But with patience and love
The blossom comes out.

Remember the children,
Each special, unique,
Help them to flourish,
A new day to seek.

Heartbreaker,

I guess that I'm lucky

That you haven't numbed my soul

With your sweet flowin' gracious words

That tear women apart.

It's because I know

How you like to use your beautiful smile

To cripple a lot of willin' hearts

That you haven't caught my eye.

And I guess that it's sad to say

That this time you're the one who loses

In this game that you're

So willing to chance and play.

So, when your smile is ready

And your words feel fine on your tongue,

I'll still be able to direct you to the door

And say that finally someone else has won.

DAVID E. SCHOFIELD

Ode to Earl Kinkade

He lives; He lives in me. He lived
long, prosperous days. Yet, he
died old and poor.
He lived; He loved; he was loved; and
tonight he died. . . forever.

Snowy-white hairs thinly painted over your head.
Eyes that were weak with age. . . looked inside.
Ever a smile; ever an ear to listen.
Bearing gifts to the little children, and some
jokes or a story to tell their folks.

Who will take your place?
Who can begin where you once were?

My friend, my beloved brother, how I
loath death's claws which surrounded you.

Chapel

I come in, sit down and visit with my friends.
But, do I visit with God?

I sing all the songs; The harmony is so lovely.
But, what did those words say?

I listened to the man's prayer.
But, look at all the lint on me.

I listened to the scripture reading.
But, are not the fall leaves lovely as they fall?

I went to Chapel today
Did you go with me

CARBONA

A piece of paper comes to life

Painted with thought and emotions of

A creator who thinks and feels

In his own special way.

* * *

This isn't to be sad-
It's to be a celebration.
Today my eyes are smiling in the warm
sunshine. . .
Knowing that your eyes are capable of
doing it too.

Weeks have gone by now since we've parted
And I know that I'm able to be on my own.
Aw,yes, I still miss the sparkle in your eyes
And the warmth of your hand touching mine-
But I know that life is good and that I'm

MICHELLE REPCHAK

Waters of the Soul

Faith is as deep, as ever flowing
and blessed through God's touch as
the magnificent, wonderous ocean.

In the depths of the soul, faith
reflects shimmering warmth sent
from the Son.

Faith washes away the sands of
evil from the shores of worldliness
and replenishes the shores with
reborn golden grains from heaven.

Faith flows freely and abides
according to the creation plan
of God.

Faith provides an atmosphere of
peaceful life for those who rely
on the clear, clean fresh air.

The many blessings of faith give
great pleasure to all who draw
from the abundant riches faith
offers and are as great as the
wonders and purity of life found
in the ocean.

JEFFERY A. INGRAM

Sleep,
captor of the weary,
enslaved is the dreary.
Who hear the constant pounding on the
drum,
. . .pounding on the drum.
The heart is fond of this peaceful rest,
this childlike action is put to test.
When footsteps shatter that serenity of
glass,
awakening you only to see a shadow, a
mass,
quickly moving cross the floor, in the
corner,
. . .out the door.
God only knows what creatures they bo,
why does He allow us these things to see...,
Sleep.

ROMANTICISM by Edgar Allen Poet

Earth, sky and seas,
Moonlit forest trees.

Exotic places, erotic faces,
A pneumonic summer breeze.

Angels! Demons! never a common soul.
Beautiful women take a heavy toll.

Fog and dew, other dampish weather,
Webs, worms and shrouds--gravish tether.
Damp nitre, tetrameter catalectic, English
Leather.

Romanticism?

"Nevermore!"

it made our friendship more
beautiful than ever.

Now fall is here, the pups
are full grown, beginning to
leave their home. The leaves
are turning colors and dying.
We too have changed and are
finding our different ways.

Now with the last rays of
sunshine with the autumn
wind you are gone, and so
am I.

L O N E L I N E S S

Is it an empty room?
or echoing walls?

No, maybe it's a full room
and laughter
but feeling alone
and hurting
from the inside.

Sonnet #3

James 4:14

"What is your life? It is even
A vapour that appears for a little time,
And then vanishes away." How foreign
A phrase to men both elderly and in prime.
The young see a whole life lay ahead to be
Used in work, play, and love; they think it real.
Old man, long-lived, looking back does see
All his labor, all his love full they feel.
How does this fit with those words inspired?
How will they ever be real in our life?
We, by our ownselves, working are tired
Over a lifetime of vainly wrought strife.
God, You know life s years, ineffectual,
Truly are vapour to life eternal.

Sonnet #9

Job 4:1-7

The life of man who is of woman born
Is short-lived and full of constant turmoil;
Flowers come and are then of life shorn,
So does man flee, and returns to the soil.
God then also will keep His eyes on him,
And to Himself brings him into judgement
Can he then cleanse himself at his own whim,
Rectifying all that his days have spent?
His days are numbered as only God knows,
The limits He's set are impassable:
Besides his last day, his others He trows
Faultless, in a way unfathomable.
For, a tree still hopes, e'n when it is downed
For sprouts springing from roots deep in
the ground.

Behind This Painted Smile

Behind this painted smile there lies a tear.
A tear emerging from a heart that is
broken.
A multi-colored tear filled with
emotion.

I ll get over you, I know it ll take a while,
But I ll cover up every trace of a tear
behind this painted smile.

AVTOMAN'S BANE

A Ballad of the Est of Inkleind

From Esternius, Nobelius of old,
In the land now called Yegernia,
Came a prince who was fearless and bold,
Who was known throughout all Jernia.

Automan, was he well named by his kinsmen
And he led them with a mighty hand.
Well did he crush his enemies and then
He s divvy-up the plunder grand.

So he laid up for himself much handsome treasure
From every peoples in far lands.
Such shimmering silver was his pleasure
As the gold that was in his hands.

"Twas a midsummer's night when he could not sleep
With greedy thoughts of gold in his heart.
He filled with treasure his chamber deep;
And for a dragon s skin did his own depart.*

With an evil yell into the air he flew,
And laid waste all the surrounding fields.
His kinsmen fled from their land in lieu
Of a dragon terrible that never yields.

Once did the dragon to the village of Ikarb
Come again to destroy and plunder.
But a man named Dran, with a nighty barb
On his bow made Automan thunder.

Those Times Are Over Now

There were times I was so happy
I thought sunshine was here to stay.
There were times I was so miserable
I thought happiness was a land of far away.

But now my heart drifts in the air
and I don't even care. . .
Those times are over now.
I think.

There were times my knees would weaken
at the mention of your name,
And times I ve clutched your picture
And gently touched the frame.
But now things aren't the same.
Those times are over now.
I think.

"Le Creep"

You crept into my mind, and before I knew it
my thoughts began to center around you.

You crept into my life, and I was so thankful
and happy that you had become a part
of my life.

You crept into my heart, and found a tender,
special
place where no one before had entered.

DOLLY JONES

The Thrill of Real Letters
The Agony of "Air Mail

Each day I build my hopes up
but it s to no avail
For when I open my mailbox
all I find is "air mail.

A campaigner will phone
to get my vote
But never a letter
or never a note.

People are busy,
I know that it's true
But just a simple 12-page
letter will do.

It should be a crime,
the punishment a fetter
When a lovable person like me
does not get a letter.

I should rent out my box
it's practically brand new
I could put out a sign
"it's never been used!"

Junk mail would be fine
but what could be better
Than the thrill of a card
or a hand-written letter?

Loneliness is. . .

. . .when I smile

and they smirk because
their hearts are dead to me

. . .when I try as hard as my

human body can enable me,
to reach out and touch someone

. . .and they reach out their

hand to push me away.

. . .when my only friend is a

24" box casting indifferent images
of people who *talk to me*.

loneliness=a brain that
sits within a body wrapped
with skin over bones and flesh
that was drained inside.

TERRI McGHEE

Ideas
jailed find
in my a
brain, n
e
s
c.
a
p
e
through my pen.

Dairy

Thoughts written with pen,

Ideas put down on paper,

Feelings that are never sai

I hear the cliking of the ice
inside the short, wide glass
producing a distinct sound
unique from any other...

and I know
what it is filled with
and what it does
once it is gone
from my sight

then I since the rythme shake
and hear the nervous tap
against the table

then feel the striking
of the match
and hear it in my mind
then breathe the puff of smoke
and never breath it again
if I can
his head tips slightly
and wobbles as if not controlled

it is lifted back upright
to take another puff
then falls limp as before

his hands move from repitition
knowing they must lift the glass
and bring it to those
wretched lips and into the head
of him that knows not what he is doing
and cares not
but continues to do it because
he feels he must
to survive.

KARI JEAN DORSEY

HIM

I remember vaguely my first love affair. I was five. He was six. I had long, brown pigtails. He had short, curly hair. I was cute. He was cuter. I was quiet and shy. He was loud and friendly. One day he hadda party. I was invited. I didn't know whether to wear my short, pink dress or my long, blue dress. I wore yellow. He wore green. For eats, we had potato chips, soda and sandwiches. I wasn't hungry. He ate everything. Girls and boys of all sizes came to his party. I remember Nadine; she was fat. Then there was Greg; he was ugly. I won't ever forget Rocky 'cuz he gave me my first kiss. And then Pat; she was pretty. Most of my friends came and talked to me. He didn't. I didn't care. Later during the party, his mother played some music. He wanted to dance. I didn't. We danced. He wiggled kind of funny. I wiggled perfectly. He didn't think so. I did. Near the end of the party, he took me outside. I wanted to go home. He wanted to talk. We sat on a little piece of wood and made faces at each other. I laughed at him. He laughed at me. Soon my legs hurt and I wanted to go inside. He wanted to show me a bug. It was ugly-(the bug I mean), His mother called him and told him it was time for me to go. I was glad. He wasn't. He said he wanted to kiss me goodbye. I wanted to shake hands. He kissed me and it was nice. He wanted to stop. I wanted it to last forever. Hand in hand, we walked back inside the house.

you place your hand lovingly
upon his back
slowly guiding him out--
following behind

i back up slowly to let you by

not wanting you to know i'm there
i hide behind the door
crouching as small
as my body lets me

your eyes don't see me

they look onward
toward what i don't know

i get up and close the door
but my eyes are glued
upon your body
they will not move
a force beyond my control
keeps them forever there
stuck to your image
it is impossible for me
to see anything
just the fading picture of a man
drifting away
i blink my eyes
after a time

...he is gone

the desk looks
as if he had never
been there
empty as before
his figure has vanished
like a ghost of my
imagination