

ASTRISK



ASTERISK '67: REFLECTIONS

A reflection is an image, an idea, or an opinion formed through consideration of a purpose. Whether this purpose is to offer a solution, to justify an answer, or to simply question an opinion, it is essential that this purpose be considered. This year, the **ASTERISK** is considering reflections upon life, love, society, nature, and the unexpected.

The viewpoints of these **ASTERISK** reflections vary. Some are optimistic, some are pessimistic; some traditional and some experimental. Each author is also unique in expressing his own style. This year, the reader will find as a valuable addition to the magazine, reflections from members of Lowrey's faculty.

The *raison d'être* of the **ASTERISK** is to provide Lowrey's senior high students with an effective outlet for expressing their thoughts, and to offer a wide variety of topics to please and challenge even the most discriminating of readers.

Linda Fountaine, *Editor*
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Lowrey High School
Dearborn, Michigan

DEDICATION

Creative writing is a form of expression that permits freedom of thought as it positively applies to art, poetry, short story writing, brief essays and other literary forms. To encourage such a form of writing is to ask for the ultimate of an individual. Beauty in written form is a talent possessed in degrees by all, but unfortunately, remains a latent talent unless encouraged and nurtured.

The Asterisk sets this as a goal and accepts the challenge of personal accomplishment. The effort is individually accomplished and of a voluntary nature. Such an endeavor as this must be recognized not only for its stimulation of individual creativity, but its contributions to the pleasure and growth of the readers.

The Asterisk stands as a symbol of Lowrey's interest in students, in their mature judgement, and their worthiness as rightful citizens of a democratic society.

My sincere compliments to the members of the Asterisk Staff and to Mrs. Helveston, their sponsor and co-worker.

Richard C. Seavitt, Ph.D
Principal

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REFLECTIONS ON LIVING



Respect Is Not Taught

by Regis Ormanian

Respect is not taught
As love is not bought.
It's born in the soul;
It's not to be told.
A front may be donned,
But neath it grows on
The anguish and torment,
The tears that are not meant,
The burning desire,
Like blue flames of fire,
The expression of feeling
That's not for mans dealing,
The love and the hate,
The urge to create,
The poet, the painter,
The sculptor, the dancer,
The artists of our time,
Though sometimes they're reclined,
Their hates and their loves grind
The emotions of each mind.
The rebels and groupers
The opinion of teachers
We rebels stand alone.
We'll not be ungrown;
We'll not be relinquished;
We'll never be finished.
Our cause is undying
Though some will be crying
The anguish and torment
The tears that are not meant.

There Are Many Questions

(For The Guitar)

by Larry Ormsby

C Em
There are many questions with answers I'd like to know,
F G7
They are a part of life, a boat we all must row.
C
The question of love,
Em
The question of hate,
F
The question of existence,
G7
The world's fate.
C Em
I think about these questions, both day and night,
F G7
Wherever, the answers, they stay out of sight,
C
The answer to love,
Em
The answer to hate,
F
The answer of existence,
G7
The world's fate.
C Em
Some day I'll learn these answers, the day I die.
F G7
Then why does my mind keep urging me to try?
C
That's Life.

SOLITAIRE

by *Laura Dunaitis*

One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . six . . . seven. Four cards up, three down. Put all the cards out in rows up. Three cards left over—the kitty. Put the six on the seven; the two on the three. Mechanical. Put the nine on the ten and now a row is cleared. Think. Which ace goes at the top? Look for the aces, the bosses. Decide. Mechanical again. The queen goes on the king. Mechanical.

All four aces are at the top now and you can win—if you can just turn over that one card. You can't. Think. God! No possible way to do it. You figure it out. The jack of spades is the hidden card and immovable. You are going to lose the game because of a black jack, the guy with the ulterior motive and the squinty eyes. Smash! The cards scatter and game is over. You lost.

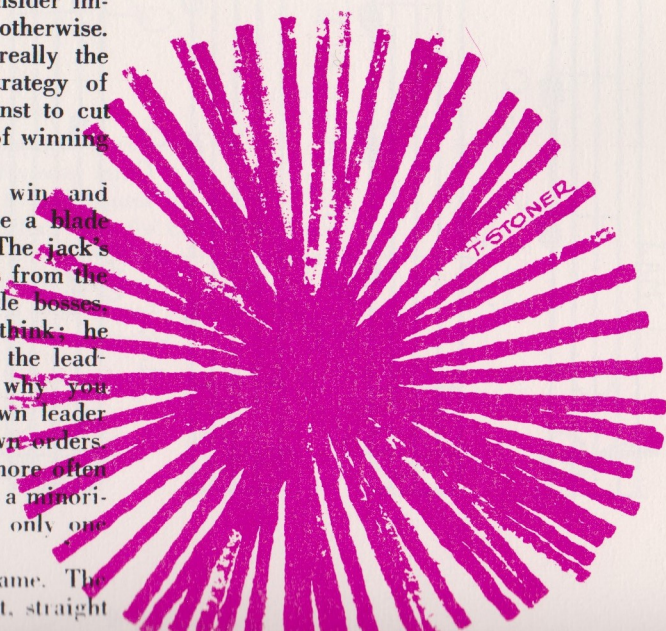
That's a lot like life. You mostly lose—especially to the guy you think may be a threat but don't consider important. The game considers otherwise. That unimportant threat is really the blade, a vital part of the strategy of the devil you're playing against to cut your game and your chance of winning apart. And you lose.

But sometimes you can win and beat that old devil! You have a blade of your own: individuality. The jack's a conformist who takes orders from the big boss and follows the little bosses, the aces, around. He can't think; he just takes orders and follows the leaders. Conformity. But that's why you can beat him. You're your own leader and you give yourself your own orders. You can think. But you lose more often than you win because you are a minority. There are 52 of them and only one of you.

Oh well. Start another game. The cards are gathered into a neat, straight

stack. Split them apart and shuffle them together again. Repeat—shuffle.

The cards seem to go together as you shuffle them. They're all the same size and shape with uniform backs. They seem to be hiding their faces on the inside so they can look like the rest of the cards and tell themselves they fit. Conformity again. They seem to go together easily and in accordance with one another. They all seem to fit—until you turn them over for the game and see their faces. Complete chaos. How can you straighten the jumble out? Mechanical. The four on the five. The nine on the ten. The aces go on the top. But you're in a minority again and the jumble is too big and too many cards are still hiding their faces, not yet overturned. The 52 conformists are a majority and they don't take orders from you. You lose again.



1. LET'S GO ON A JOURNEY,
IT MAY NE-VER END.
LET'S GO ON A QUEST FOR LIGHT,
WILL YOU COME WITH ME MY FRIEND?
COME WITH ME MY FRIEND
COME WITH ME MY FRIEND

JOURNEY

by John Luchini

Let's go on a journey,
There is nothing to fear.
Let's go on a quest for light,
To a place better than here.
(Better than here-better than here)

Let's go on a journey,
To a land far from here.
Let's go on a quest for light,
Where skies are bright and clear all day.
(Clear all day-clear all day)

Let's go on a journey
To a faraway land.
Let's go on a quest for light
To a place that we can understand.
(We can understand-we can understand)
Let's go on a quest for light.
(Repeat first verse)

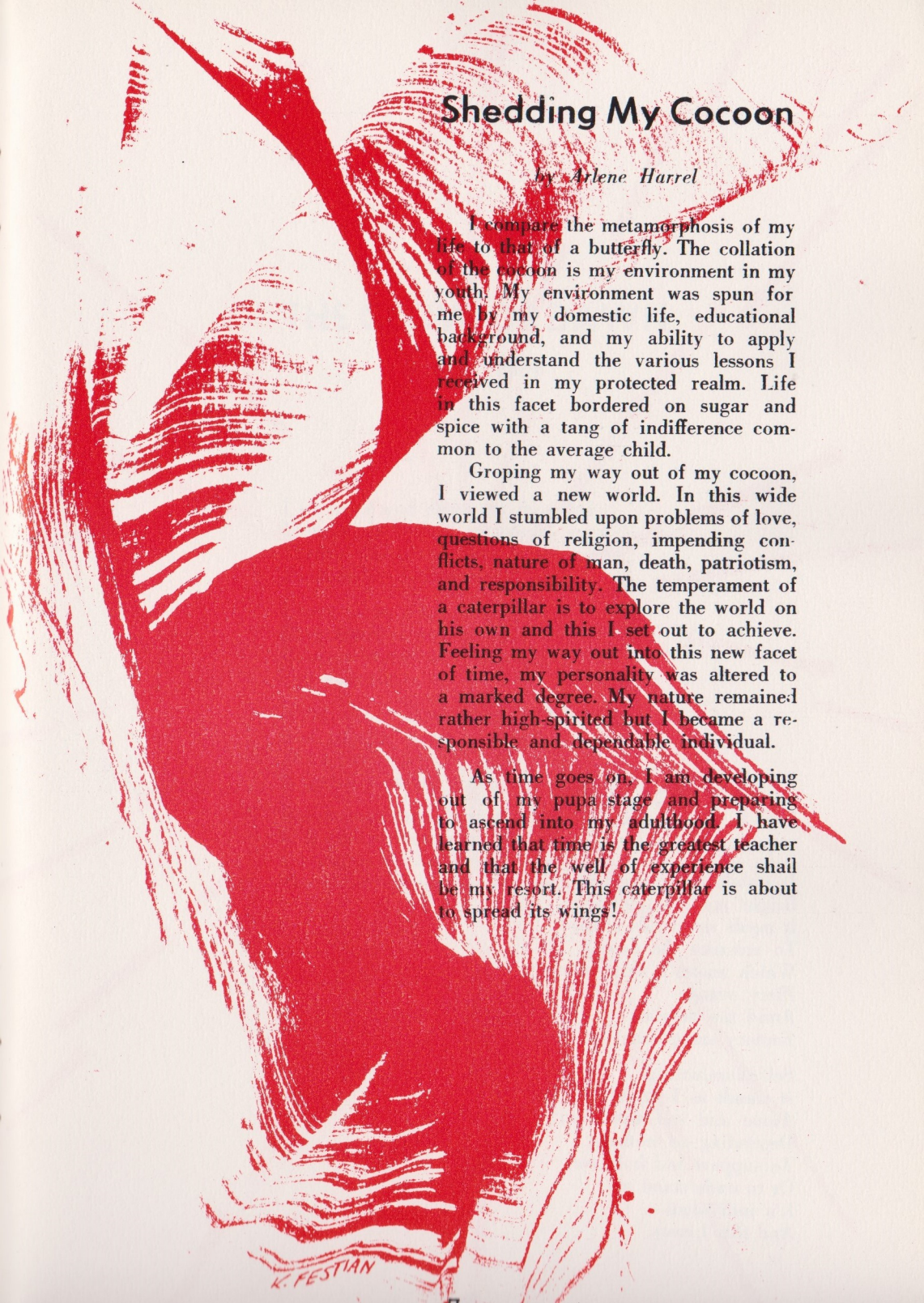
MY INNER SANCTUM

by Regis Ormanian

Here I am, though I'm not
As I seem in this spot.
I'm nowhere, just in emptiness;
Somewhere, just in darkness.
Right here, but no place,
A somewhere out in space,
A space on earth that isn't there
A dark mirage that isn't clear.
When the silence roars and I can't think
To this place I'll always sink

My Inner Sanctum

Where I go I'm not quite sure
But there's a force that is a lure
Into thought I slip and go;
Where it is I do not know.
It's dark and calm;
But like a bomb
The silence breaks,
My conscience wakes
And back again
I think of then.
But it does no good;
It's not understood,
This unused time
It is sublime,
A silence deep
Much more than sleep,
My Inner Sanctum.




Shedding My Cocoon

by Arlene Harrel

I compare the metamorphosis of my life to that of a butterfly. The collation of the cocoon is my environment in my youth. My environment was spun for me by my domestic life, educational background, and my ability to apply and understand the various lessons I received in my protected realm. Life in this facet bordered on sugar and spice with a tang of indifference common to the average child.

Groping my way out of my cocoon, I viewed a new world. In this wide world I stumbled upon problems of love, questions of religion, impending conflicts, nature of man, death, patriotism, and responsibility. The temperament of a caterpillar is to explore the world on his own and this I set out to achieve. Feeling my way out into this new facet of time, my personality was altered to a marked degree. My nature remained rather high-spirited but I became a responsible and dependable individual.

As time goes on, I am developing out of my pupa stage and preparing to ascend into my adulthood. I have learned that time is the greatest teacher and that the well of experience shall be my resort. This caterpillar is about to spread its wings!



THE SUN

by Laura Dunitis

It stands alone up there
Bright and dominating;
It needs no clouds around
To enhance the beauty,
Which makes it shine sharply
Fiery orange
Amid the desolate
Factory smog and filth.

Self-illuminating,
It stands as I would like to:
Alone and self-sustaining;
Depending on nothing
To support and hold me,
Or to understand me.
It's individual—
And this I envy.

THE GLOW OF DAWN

by Chris Attard

I sit alone and think my thoughts
Though dark they sometimes seem;
There's discontent deep in my soul!
I wonder — is this me?

I used to be a happy girl;
Most troubles passed me by.
But now somehow it seems to me
I sit and often cry.

What's to be done when shadows come
And grip my heart so tight?
The glow is gone, the dark so near.
It seems a useless fight.

But through the dark the glow of dawn
Will always reappear.
I'll search my heart to find myself;
The dawn comes sooner there.

Spring Fever--Diagnosis And Cure

by Laura Dunaitis

Incurable it may seem, for
The good Lord never meant to redeem
All of these poor teachers
From our talks of the bleachers.
Nowadays, epidemics are the common trend,
Especially with us kids whose thoughts never bend.
Doctors say that Spring Fever is laziness in disguise;
But we must admit that we're never ones to realize
That math and cloud nine just don't mix,
And that English just isn't one of our kicks!
History is supposed to be a subject with lots of scope,
But each of us sits there dumbly, looking much like a dope.
However, I think we'd rather stay outside
Than sit all through classes feeling denied!

THEY

by Bob Irwin

Down the darkened streets I ponder
Through the frightening paths I wander.

I hear the sounds spoken so near
Such fearsome sounds yet pierce my ears.

They speak not words of love or cheer
But speak the words of hate and fear.
They taunt and haunt beneath the soul
To cause no peace, is now their goal.
No rest nor sleep, I ponder on,
I tell myself I can't go on.





REFLECTIONS ON NATURE

WAITING, WAITING

by Carol Wolven

The leaves were a dull, degrading
shade of fall.
Trees shed their summer tone, becoming
wretched and poor.
They stood, stripped and silent
in the wood
Waiting, waiting.

Silence and stillness ruled the quiet
land of wood.
Peace lived through the frozen
phases of winter.
A gray and barren form of a
grave dwelled on.
Waiting, waiting.

There were no moving objects to
bring life to the wood.
Deadened debris of a year's
past remained.
A sterile, snarled mass of nature
existed.
Waiting, waiting.

Then slowly and lazily a yawning
light shaped the twisted garb.
Slowly the barren land produced the
products of fruitful growth.
Spring was awakened at last,
after waiting, ever waiting.

THE FIRST FROST

by Vanessa Schweitzer

Silver drops of icy glaze
Coat the water fronds.
Lily pads bedecked with frost
Decorate the ponds.
Blazing leaves, varnished white,
Embrace the lofty trees,
Dancing quite emphatically,
Swayed by autumn's breeze.
Pearly clouds and twinkling stars
Frame the radiant moon.
Nothing's more majestic
Than when autumn is in bloom.

WINTER

by Vanessa Schweitzer

Fluffy, flippant snowflakes
Drift through leadened skies,
Coating hill and valley
In ermine piled so high.
Bare and gnarled branches
Sway bleakly to and fro,
Casting gloomy shadows,
Tendrils on the snow.
Chilling, clutching frigid winds
Frisk among the trees
Now bared of verdure foliage,
Lashed by northern breeze.
Flirting stars and frosty moon
Blink at icy lakes,
All marvelous works of wonder
That only winter makes.

I AM THE SEA

by Linda Kaips

Pearls, silks, satins, brocades. Tar, turpentine, paint resins, chains, ropes, and miles of wooden docking. Ships from all parts of the world come and go, and giant men with sweat glistening on their bulging muscles, drag, throw, and roll the products of the world down rickety gang planks to warehouses, where they will be stored.

Ragged children with dirty faces run and tag each other, jumping over the rope coils blocking the path. Here and there a mangy dog forges through the refuse lying along the pier, getting his morning meal.

Seagulls wheel back with the salty sea breeze, and scream curses to the bustling workers below. Now and then one of the white birds dips low and picks minnow or sea perch which had drifted in with the evening tide.

The sun is hot, and steam rises from the saline puddles on the pitted cement seawall and wooden docks.

Waves roll in, crowned with cottony white caps. The docked rowboats

at the end of the pier rise and fall, making bubbly gurgles as one wood slaps the water.

Once, there was nothing here but wide, sandy beach, and the seagulls were also wheeling then. Man had not marred the sand with his footprints, nor with docks, piers, and warehouses.

The waves came in then, as now. But they rolled in then, with a peaceful sloshing gurgle, and broke over the white sand.

Storms came then, too; but the fury of the water pounded and beat sand and did no harm, while now the puny ships and docks splinter and die, crushed by the power of the storm.

Some day the beach where the ships now anchor will again be rid of man's puny structures—and will again resound with the echoes of sandpipers and seagulls instead of foghorns and ships' whistles.

I know, for I am the sea; and I have seen it happen before.

GOD'S SNOW

by George Noory

The sparkling, sprinkling, snow,
How I wonder how it glows.
Reflecting, shiny light from stars
That only heaven knows.

The crystalline of sparkles,
The quintessence of the shine,
How it glistens every twinkle.
How it sparkles is divine.

SPRINGTIME

by Vanessa Schweitzer

Multi-colored flowers
Open wide their eyes,
Blink at passing robins,
Soaring through the skies.

Trees begin to blossom,
Curtained green with leaves,
Parasols of emeralds
Swayed by tepid breeze.

Spiders spinning jeweled webs,
Lace against the sky,
Snares for nature's insects
Blindly fleeing by.

Streams of sparkling water
Radiate a sheen,
Framed by hills and valleys
Painted brilliant green.

Flocks of graceful songbirds
Cocking heads to sing,
Complete the vivid portrait
Created here by spring.

FALL LEAVES

by Rick Knebusch

As I lay and
Watch
An almost ancient
Oak,
I see
A once fresh green leaf.
But now it's
Unwanted,
It's like
Something dead.

A higher power saying,
"Die, die now."
You see them swaying
Their tight bond.
Trying to escape
Back and forth
They pull;
They tug;
And finally
Make their way
Down.

They flutter softly
Round and round
On a carpet of wind
To the near frozen
Earth below.
The end is near
Half a year
Old.
But now
They're
Dead.

B. IRWIN

ODE TO A TOAD

by Nancy Yeager

As I was hopping 'round the pond,
I heard a ghastly noise.
I turned, and to my great dismay
I saw a group of boys.

On their face was concentration;
How they wanted to catch me.
On their forehead, perspiration;
They had run, 'twas plain to see.

I led a very merry race;
Which was to no avail.
Then they put me in a place
Where I began to boil.

I felt the water rising;
I knew I'd boil alive.
I felt my eyeballs bulging;
I knew, soon, I would die.

I looked and saw them standing;
How I envied one and all.
They were born so powerful,
And I was born so small.

My birth into this unfair world
Began a tragic episode;
Since they were born the torturers
And I was born the toad.