

70

AMHERST CENTRAL JUNIOR and SENIOR HIGH SCHOOLS, AMHERST, N. Y.

GRADE TWELVE

BUT DO NOT LEAVE ME

Go now,
But do not leave me.
For I need and desire
You near to me.
Laugh now,
But do not cease weeping.
For your tear moves my
Deepest self.
Embrace now,
But do not touch me.
For to touch is to hurt;
And I am in pain.
Go now . . .
But do not leave me;
But do not leave me.

Alan Welner

MEASURES

The passing time is measured many ways.
The rising sun, the changing moon we've watched.
At first, we marked the passing day with stick
and now by numbers passed by sweeping arm.
Today we scratch in space with knowledge gained
within that time we first did scratch and know.

Wayne Knibloe

WEBS

As I bend gently down
(scarcely daring to disturb the caution with
clumsy breath
To scrutinize
(in mute condescending fascination from on high
The swayingly balanced intricate web
(fragile with the minute majesty
of celestial firmament
Of spider
(pathetic little artist-potentate scurrying about in
Maker self-importance
I think
(inevitable associations with inescapable self
Of you
(longing?
And your artful web
(careful, gentle once again not to break the
fragile filament
About my life
(basking knowingly in transparent shelter of soft
enclosure.

Eric Scigliano



GET BACK

Tempera

Ridgely Francisco

Grade 12

SHOULD YOU NOT GO

I'll write for you a poem
of golden honeysuckle
dipped in morning mist.
I'll sing for you a song
so soft and sweetly
that afternoon glaze will doze.
I'll laugh for you a story
all of happy circus clowns
with pointy hats and floppy shoes.
I'll pick for you a flower
a petaled wonder
to caress your silent cheek.
I'll give to you my life
in crystal and tarnished gold
for you to stay with me.
I cry for you a memory now,
while poetry and you fade
within my dying song.

Therese Keating

ACCIDENT OF BIRTH

"How do you live in comfort, man of wealth,
While finding life fulfilled alone to self
While most men live on earth in greater need!
Both you and they are placed because of birth."
The riches of the world do go unshared.
The children of the poor, from birth, uncared
The gifts of God possessed by few are greed
Which will, in future days, bring hell on earth!

David Schiller

UNITY

A shade across the sun does creep unbid,
The coldness, darkness all becomes concealed
The fiery globe from all on earth is hid
Until the orb again is full revealed.
A rumble from afar forebodes much worse,
And of a sudden all around does shake,
Humanity must suffer Nature's curse,
The universe itself does seem to quake.
A man aware on earth one day does walk:
With all his senses he does revel there,
His lively footsteps skulking Death does stalk,
Then: gone from earth's abundant fruits his share.
Her soft stern grasp alone does all embrace,
The whole mere instruments of Nature's grace.

Steven Parmett

IMPATIENCE

We wait, we stir, the audience to Spring:
Here, Spring is shy and waits so long behind
The snowy curtains to appear! And yet,
She's played the play a hundred times before
And every time she but must take one step
Upon the wintry stage, and start to dance,
And all the tulips stand in wild ovation.

Mary Cohn

TOMORROW

Lonely
as a cloud I drift
along the silversand
Following the golden sunset
as
it
slowly
departs
from
this
day.
Leaving me with wonder
for what will come
Tomorrow.

Lee Bergwall

AND I FELT COLD

They were all leaving
And I felt the cold,
So I looked at the sun
But it had turned dark
And it began to rain hard,
Stinging my face.
The trees were too high to shelter,
I don't think they wanted to anyway;
The roads didn't lead to anywhere that day
Because there was no love to trade
And I wouldn't know how to use it if there was
And I felt the cold.

Peter Blacher

¿NUEVA VIDA?

Una rosa nueva
Se abre al mundo.

—ue el campo verdísimo vivientes,
—los animales corriendo libres,
—un niño sonriendo bajo el sol,
—su reflexión brillante en un lago pacífico,

Y vive, contenta

Otra rosa nueva (tan linda, tan perfecta, tal cual
la otra) se abre al mundo.

—ue las calles sucias de la vida desesperada,
—un gato hambriento, de huesos y piel,
—los niños jugando sin risa,
—su reflexión en un charco de agua fangosa.

Y vive,
pero muerta ya adentro.

Susan Graves

RAINSTORM

A downcast cloud
 brims with despair,
Cries out to the world in a shower of tears.
The pleas are blocked out; nobody hears...
Their umbrellas are up.

Vicki Greenfield

WASTE NOT

How futile are the wasted hours when I
Am forced to merely sleep and watch the dreams:
Pale imitations come to mock me, my
Mortality, then vanish ere day gleams.

How wrong somehow to squander days of bright
And shining splendor, sacrificing them
To empty pedagogues propounding right
In dusty prisons which the stars condemn.

How ghastly is the tortured passage of
The wasted hours and moments not enjoyed
Which fill so much of life we mortals love
And pass on into darkness unalloyed.

And this the only warning I can give
Hold even awful moments you may live.

Amy Wrobel

“ . . . AND LIGHTNING CLEARED THE AIR ”

Like laughing sunbeams so we danced in love
Capricious carefree hearts that knew but bliss
'Till gentle zephyrs nurtured from above
Came whirling, twirling, blowing love's first kiss
And frightened 'lest our love be blown from birth.
Towards heav'n and lost, as soaring winds drew nigh
Our tears as gentle rain drops christen earth
Fell softly; yet we feared the raging sky.
With crashing thunder pounding in my breast.
Swift lightnings flash; the fire we'd feared—How wrong—
For lightning burned us not but did its best:
And melting us as one thus made us strong.
How foolish thinking rainbows come to play
Before the heavy storm has died away.

Bonnie Postmantur

FACES

The perfect beauty of the winter morn
Is cast on mountain faces white with snow;
Proclaiming life, they mirror warmth and sun
And bring to me a message often sent.
Not long ago my face was bright with warm
And sun and I were living free with love.
But yesterday seems not to matter now.
It starts to snow, the sun has gone away.
Those shining faces lifeless now and cold,
Receiving snow where once the sun had flashed
Its gifts and brought a smile that lasted not.
The message finds its way into my heart—
How like myself, I think, and yet I know
That mountain faces cannot know how good
It is to cry warm tears and think of times
When sun again will come into the world.

Nancy Nichols

OBSTACLES

The trade winds spread their arms, prepared to grasp.
She frees herself from their almighty clasp.
The mountains stand on high to halt her flight.
Alas! She slips right by in dark of night.
The dark myster'ous forests beckon her.
Their denseness can not trap her in the fir.
Her path is set; they can't delay her long.
As life, a' fleeting, sings her merry song.

Barbara Shafer

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM UNIFYING DEVICES

Despite the title of this play, the action centers in the eve of May Day and its flower magic, love madness, and love dreams.

The play is dominated by the theme of love madness. This love madness occurs in all the classes of lovers except the aristocracy, Theseus and Hippolyta, aristocrats who are day people. The rest are moonlight people. Bottom describes the madness of the lovers' state of mind exactly: "Reason and love keep very little company." The Athenian lovers use no reason; their sight and judgement are impaired; their love soon leads to loathing and eventually back again to love. In the prologue which is Helen's soliloquy in Act I, the blindness of the lovers is foretold:

And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind
And therefore is Love said to be a child.

1, i, 234

Theseus' epilogue in the beginning of Act V unifies and concludes Shakespeare's play on love madness:

Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact . . .

V, i, 4

Flower magic pervades the various scenes which take place in the forest and in the kingdom of the fairies. The magic of the love-juice from the western flower epitomizes the love madness to the furthest point of comedy, but always comedy of the heart.

The flower magic unifies the theme in another aspect. The fairies do not sleep on the flowers; they are too busy and too set in their plans. Only Hermia remembers lying on the faint primrose-beds; and only Bottom ever dozes on pressed posies; they, as the other lovers, have no plans of reason and make only asses of themselves.

The poetry of the play is dominated by moon and water. Lysander introduces the images of the moon and cool water which continue throughout the play.

To-morrow night, when Phoebe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watery glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass . . .

I, i, 209

Titania says the moon is governess of floods. The rose of Hermia's cheeks fades fast "for want of rain" and Demetrius hails and showers oaths on Helena. The moon and water seem to unify the characters' emotions, their madness, and their actions. Their mad behavior is done in the moonlight, and their sanity does not return until the dawn of day in Act IV. Pyramis and Thisbe complete the wide scope of love madness in their tragic play. They exemplify Shakespeare's point further: they bring the moon and the love madness to their own level of absurdity.

(Continued on next page)

The love theme that transcends all classes of society; the moon madness that impairs all reason; the interaction of all types of fairies (the English adult fairies, the English hobgoblin Puck, and the tiny European fairies); the magical forest which provides unity of time and place—all are the devices of a writer which in Shakespeare's hands end in a work of genius. And the comedy is of the heart.

Beth Vertucci

SOMEDAY

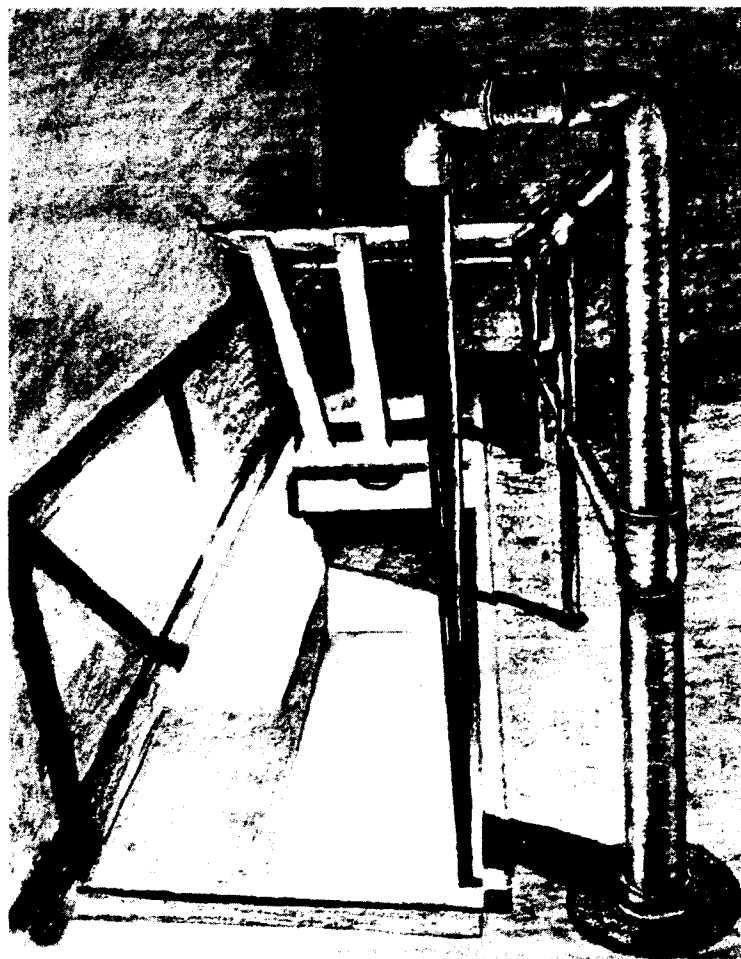
someday i will write a song
that will make the blues obsolete
everyone will listen to my song
and reach out for someone
near or not near
it does not matter
and we will all be One.

Gail Shister

LOOSENING

Like Spring's initial easing, gentle rain,
You came, arriving unexpectedly,
Releasing stale emotions, frozen pain,
And clutching sorrows: you have set them free.
Yes, you with sympathetic drops did deign
To flush away my wretched misery
And purge its wound and cleanse me of its stain
And thrust away its root-uncertainty.
But then I heard a change in your refrain
And sensed a failing in your energy.
A gentle rain in Spring can't long sustain
Its love, nor long could you keep yours for me.
So now you're gone, but still my mind is clear:
I won't forget the love you gave while here.

Dorothy Curran



BACKSTAGE

Charcoal

Betsy Wittlinger

Grade 12

BRIAN

A spark of brilliant light stands blazing
Backed on the stage by colored night
Exploding beat his soul is raising
This six-stringed god of golden hair.
Now has he raised his song too high;
Can he be gone, can this soul die?
The crowd it screams to hear one more—
His life is what they're calling for.
The night unbroken, now a wall
Which blocks from me his music's roar.
Please play louder, Brian,
I can't hear you any more.

Dan Murphy

MY LOVE

My own dear love, he's strong and bold
And he cares not what comes after.
His words ring sweet as chime of gold,
And his eyes are lit with laughter
Oh, he is jubilant, a flag unfurled—
Oh, a girl, she'd not forget him.
My own dear love, he is all my world—
And I wish I'd never met him.

Nanci Green

AHAB'S ANGUISH

I can see the world with anguish now
Consumed within by hideous tortured flame
I laugh a bitter laugh which has no mirth;
Don't dare to tell me there is no hell on earth.
Because you cannot see the things I see,
Do not believe that they do not exist.
What's hidden in a maddened twisted mind
Destroys man's soul, removes him from mankind.

Carol Glaubman

COMEDY

Chuckle . . . guffle . . . giggle . . . grin . . . smile.
Hidden sounds and expressions that are freed from within.
A sensory liberation. A key to unlock the human cell
A key in many disguises. As a mirror of distorted images
that can be seen as oneself. As a roadmap to uncharted
terrain that the rational world ignores. As a magnet of
like sensibilities. As a melter of plastic.
A formidable ally accessible to all.
The key is comedy.
Comedy is freedom.

Lamar Sanders

BACKGROUND

The pale blue sky is streaked with copper clouds
 The parched and golden fields regain their life
 The silent earth awakens from the spell
 Of solemn slippered frost that comes like death.
 I wander listlessly into the glen
 The lonely, stately grove my shady peace,
 The sunlight pierces boldly through the trees;
 It warmly nourishes the earth below.
 A subtle breeze blows aimlessly, then stops
 I climb the hill that seems to smile in green.
 This moment then will be forever one
 Of lasting joy because I think of you.

Linda Hapke

CYCLES

The wind feels good upon my upturned face.
 The roar of engine thrills my mind and soul.
 The freedom people speak of but don't like
 Is mine. I know what freedom really is.
 The thing those people live is not a life.
 Unfeeling zombies move but do not think.
 They'll never know the freedom that is mine,
 For I am of the wind, I'm here, then gone
 A fast-chopped bike is all the home I need.
 The others glued to roots they cannot see.
 They speak of freedom but they never know
 The fun that can be found upon this earth.

Marty Tufts

AN INSIGHT

The balance of man's mind is weighed by life;
 A scale that rests upon experience
 And vacillates across a life of strife,
 The limits of insanity and sense.
 The gulf between obscures itself by tides
 That wash the sands of reason out to sea,
 And lost beneath these waters, that which guides
 The mind gives way to stark insanity.
 But can one solve this schizoid mystery,
 This duplex that exists within the mind?
 Those thoughts are locked away that should be free
 To probe the streams of life where we are blind.
 The truth of travel soon becomes the find,
 So man must journey far into his mind.

Gregory Staple

NONSENSE

The noodle is a piece of dough
 So very small, it's true.
 But if you eat enough of them,
 Beware what they will do.

Debra Stoll

Oh, there once was a rather old nurse,
 Who did try to cure patients with verse.
 Though she lost three or four
 And quite possibly more—
 Tarry not, for it could have been worse.

Alan Block

We played a game of hide and seek,
 I said, "I'll hide, now don't you peek."
 He found me soon with great surprise:
 I'd just sat there and closed my eyes!

Bonnie Posmantur

An old chap, a gourmet from Great Britain
 By a love for spaghetti was smitten
 He as last met his fini
 In some poisoned linguini;
 You'll agree 'twas a fate very fittin'.

Eric Scigliano

Once a fatso Italian name' Santa
 Said "Down chimney I want, but I canta!"
 So he drank all the vino,
 Made him think he was tino:
 Now he's stuck on a roof in Atlanta.

Mary Cohn

Just a short time ago in Madrid
 I opposed the great toreador, Sid;
 Though the fight was a bore,
 The great Sid I did gore,
 Now welfare supports his poor kid!

Dorothy Curran

WHAT IS THE WORLD?

What is the world? To me, it's just a super-huge stage complete with scenery, lights, cameras, curtains, directors, actors and audiences.

The *stage* is wherever you happen to be whether it be a starving Biafra environment, a wealthy middle-class society, or an underdeveloped ghetto. Once you've been placed in a certain part of the stage, however, it is difficult to change to a different one.

The *directors* are the so-called important men and women. They range from president to billionaire to director. The people who can make their voices heard over the clatter of the planning of Act 1-9-7-0 are the advisors or assistant directors.

The *curtains* are the faces or lies or propaganda that people hide behind or live by. They prevent everyone from seeing the wrinkles that should be ironed out to make the play more successful.

The *lights* are there to follow each "important" person and study and observe them so that their actions can be related in a condensed form to the "unimportant" people.

The *cameras* show a complete and unprejudiced view of the world and its problems. Unfortunately, audiences take them merely as pictures rather than true-to-life happenings.

The *audience* and *actors* are perhaps the most important part of the play. On this stage they actually are one and the same. They merely switch roles when necessary. When one or some of them are disturbed deeply by something the directors have done or not done, they try to change the script by protesting; however, a few tend to carry on their supporting roles once they have earned recognition. When the problem is one they are not concerned with, they just sit back in the audience and watch the play progress or digress. There are exceptions, however, like the actors who aren't good enough to make the stage; or haven't a *chance* at making it. These people *must* take their seat in the audience. That is why the audience sometimes throws apples at the stage.

Petrine Benzino

WALKING

Tis not so bad to be alone,
If all you want is peace of mind.
To turn a page or throw a stone,
In solitude your peace you'll find.

Glenda Ford

A THOUGHT

A child is not unlike a rose:
He needs a lot of love and care.
Now napalm kills a child quite fair,
But if you let him live, he grows.

Daniel Bloch

THE ONCE AND ONLY LEAF

Agonized groans
Resound from a distant skeletal tree, while its
Ebony limbs stretch their bony fingers to grasp
Frigid brilliance.
Something red loams
The bright beauty of its blush to the vacant tree,
Appearing as a grin entwined in its branches—
A wind-whipped kite.

Paula Chiaromonte

FOR THE BIRDS

Here in summer
Migrating there in winter
People do it too.

Marilyn Rohl

CHANGES

Oh, once so green and once so lush
But now so brown and bare;
The mournful limbs upon the brush
Are hung in great despair.
Oh, once so blue and once so fair
But now so cold and gray;
The clouds so heavy in the air
Do seem to weep all day.
And who has caused this misery?
Oh, there's just one to blame;
This treachery and villainy
Are simply winter's game.

Debra Stoll

WINTER'S FIRST BREATH

The ground lay soft and silent through the night,
When frosty winds announced the call of cold;
The shock of daylight through the trees revealed
A pristine whiteness, fresh and left untouched
By living footsteps. Now the warmth of morn
Pervades the air; the beauty lingers, as
The glistening snow lies captive in the sun.

Ellen Ehrenreich

GRADE TWELVE

LOVE

Fingers swirl in caress—
soul and mind marry
Music is born, love is made.

Glenn Plaskin

THE BIRD

The bright and little fellow flew the skies
Then perched upon your window sill to talk
And oh how well you listen to him sing
For he can sing a song that you can not.

Kimberly Fiddler

WALLS

Uncertainly I tread the path to you,
Afraid of faulty steps and clumsy falls
Afraid to mar my chance for love anew—
In fear and for protection I built walls.
But you saw through those walls and came to me
Together hand in hand those walls we'd raze.
Through days and nights I thought how it would be,
The love we'd share once I escaped the maze.
One wall, however, stood above the rest,
A wall that only I could e'er destroy:
The bricks of jealousy my strength did test—
I failed and lost the one that was my joy.

I have not one except myself to blame.

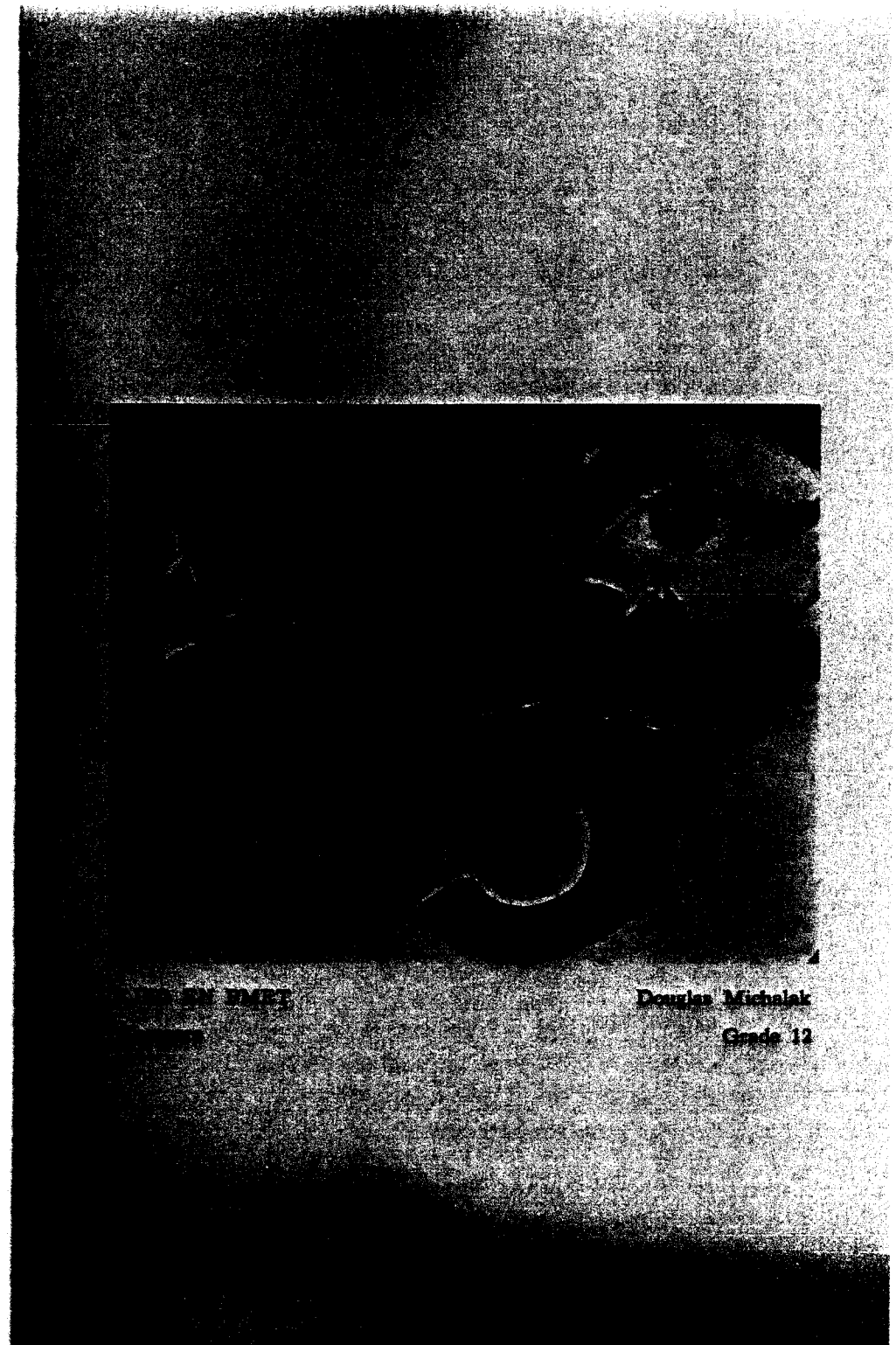
For it's been done—before it was the same.

Marianna DeLong

PARTING

The graveled path beneath my foot produces a staccato crunching, an odd contrast to the even, rapid heartbeats in my throat. My destiny approaches, and I, in anxious anxiety. Doubts quickly flee as our two hearts rise together. A printed letter passes between our hands. I clutch the brightly colored paper, knowing it will be important later. We climb to a secluded ridge, settle comfortably upon the soft, brown earth. The ticking seconds pound and echo, disturbing my desire to suspend each moment on a silver thread in eternity. Beyond the face I search; my eyes perceive the blurred lights of green and gold . . . melting, changing . . . to tears. I am dismally aware that This Time is fading as I reach—and grasp—emptiness. Final words pound through my body, settling in my heart. "When you part from your friend, grieve not . . ." Cursing the inventors of Time, we part.

Barbara Helwig



Douglas Michalak

Grade 12