

WASHING MACHINE VACUUM CLEANER DREAM

when i was small
not too tall
used to sit near the wall
saturday morning washing machine dream
sit there and listen
thump thump swish swish
sleepy feeling cozy and warm
dreamin with imagination
as my brother does the same
and ma calls for our
dirty sheets and pillow cases
and rain outside keeps us in
on the shore of sound swim beach
where only
washing machine dream people go
till vacuum cleaner comes along
warmth song strong
and belong to the band
bring visions of a land
outside my door where
lightning strikes now and then
over the field
and we cuddle on the front porch
up high and watch
and say it's fun
and that's all we know
even when the rain falls
so very very hard
and sewers plug
with junk
the street six inches in water
and one time we got
the tail end of a hurricane
saturday morning TV shows
lead me to whom knows
as Clarabel blows his horn
and Buffalo Bob runs wild
and he's a grownup too
it's all very simple
and so is God

Zeitgeist

it's all O K and it hasn't
changed much cause
i know what waits
so with all this in mind
i go away to college
and find i don't fit in
but the army is out of the question
so what am i to do
but go along with boredom
and continue learning
more and more
open the door close the door
till i'm thinking empty thoughts
and a poem like this
comes about once a week
or even less
and how come there's no such
thing as a simple
calculus book
that is simple
just like a washing machine
vacuum cleaner dream

—Leon B.

FLORAL HARLOT

winter christens every bastard
in a willow-font of gentle snow
melting into beaded prisms
that rest upon the oleander—
careful not to lend me
their curious opal humming—
the tinsel of their Exequies.
hidden in chrysalid parodies
ballets of myth and dying
like those forgotten Innocents
(scribbled in your spectrum)
pirouetting into spring
like raped orchids.

—Garry Collins

The Plight of Cinder-Dwarf or

Lost In A Fairy Tale

By RALPH GRANT

Once upon a time there lived a small, pink, ugly dwarf named Cinder-dwarf. Her friends called her Cinder for short. Cinder really wasn't that ugly. True, she had an unusually long, crooked nose, and one of her legs was on backwards; but she wasn't ugly. Her hair was her most outstanding feature. A childhood disease had overstimulated the hair follicles and as a result her hair grew at a tremendous rate. Five feet of hair was a lot for a two foot three inch dwarf. It had to be cut daily, and luckily she had three very sharp teeth because scissors hadn't been invented yet.

One day Cinder went out in the woods to collect beriberi for dinner, when what to her surprise a Snow White began to fall. Usually it was hot at this time of year. Well, Cinder ran to a gingerbread cottage to seek shelter. You may think it strange to find a gingerbread cottage in the woods, but it was cheaper than brick. As she burst through the door, munching all the way, she came face to face with a wicked witch. Who else would live in a cheap cottage in the woods? The witch shrieked, "Now you've done it! I just baked that door yesterday and you will replace it!" "Step into the oven," she said more calmly as she closed what was left of the door. But Cinder fooled her and ate her way through the back wall. She was smarter than most people in fairy tales.

Cinder struck a very amusing picture as she ran out the wall, her hair and her backward leg causing her to stumble and fall with every step. On about the twenty-third fall she grabbed her hair and went to work with her teeth. Satisfied that it wouldn't need cutting for at least another day, she picked herself up (literally, for her arms were just about four inches longer than her body) and left the woods.

As she limped down the yellow brick road to her home, she came upon a large, handsome frog which she immediately recognized as the local prince who was under the spell of a witch. So of course she picked him up, took him home, put him under her pillow, and waited for him to turn back into a prince and marry her. But apparently the spell was defective and, although he did turn back into a prince, he croaked, so she buried him in the back yard for good luck and bigger tomatoes.

Next morning, bright and early, Cinder went out to find her friend, Ugly duckling. He really wasn't a friend, but he was the only one Cinder knew who was uglier than she was. She found him sitting in his usual place next to the pond, staring at his reflection in the water, waiting to be changed into a beautiful swan. "Good morning, Ugly," said Cinder, putting an emphasis on the name.

"At least both my legs are on frontwards," he retorted.

"But such ugly legs!" she replied.

"Well, some day I'll be beautiful. And all that will happen to you is that you'll get old, your teeth will fall out, and you'll turn into a ball of hair!"

"Oh!" she gasped. She had never thought of that! So off she ran into the woods, knocking on all the trees, trying to find the one with a wise owl in it. After all, any woods with a gingerbread cottage and a witch and all the other things mentioned must have a tree with a wise owl. At a big maple tree she finally got an answer. A door in the trunk opened and sure enough there stood the typical wise owl, glasses and all. "From the looks of you, you're obviously not my Avon lady, but come in anyway," he said.

After much consultation, the wise owl told Cinder that as soon as she got old, and felt like her teeth might fall out, she should sleep on twenty-eight mattresses under which she should have placed a pea. This would prevent any unhappiness in her life.

Thirty-eight years later, when Cinder felt her teeth beginning to loosen, she did as the wise owl had advised her, but within a month her teeth had fallen out, and her hair was growing at an uncontrollable rate.

The wise owl was sitting in his tree quietly solving the problems of a blonde house breaker when he heard a knock at the door. He opened it, and there stood a large ball of hair with a crooked nose and one leg on backward. "What happened?" yelled Cinder.

"I don't know, Cinderella," said the owl.

"My name is not Cinderella!"

"Well that explains it" said the owl, the treatment only works on princesses." Cinder thereupon coined a new expression, and proceeded to have what is now known as a "hairly fit."

She did live happily ever after though, despite her physical handicap. Cinder became a very successful runner and remained undefeated until her famous race with a turtle. You've heard of "The tortoise and the Hair"?