

TUESDAY

Cristo Rey Re-entry Program: The Class and Their Poems

The high school "drop-out" or "bored-to-death-out" (whatever the case may be) no longer has to roam Lansing streets in search for something to interest him. He can be "interested" and receive high school credits in the process while attending the Cristo Rey Re-entry Program. The class is taught by David Hollister, popular high school teacher (among students and progressives) Ingram County commissioner and general community asset.

The re-entry program was established by the Lansing public schools in reaction to a student walkout at Pattengill Jr. High School last fall. Students enroll in the program on a contract basis. If they complete a designated amount of work, they receive comparable credits.

An integral feature of the class is the emphasis on self-expression. Often the structured environment of high schools inhibit student voice. However, in the class, Hollister creates the type of atmosphere in which the student feels free to air his opinions. Class conduct essentially is informal and open ended. Students are encouraged to express themselves in a variety of forms.

For the past several weeks the students have been communicating their sentiments through poetry. The subject matter of their poems ranges from the intensely personal, as found here in Kathy Bell's poem "Wedgewood Acres Youth Home Quiet Room," to the more abstract themes of love, war and society in general. But the primary importance of each poem is that the student has conveyed thoughts and feelings that normally would never have been expressed.

—Robert Sickels

Man and woman is a combination
Held together by emotion,
But only a small string of it.

They experience love, hate,
selfishness and giving.

In one coupling a child is made,
Into a world of love, hate,
selfishness and giving.

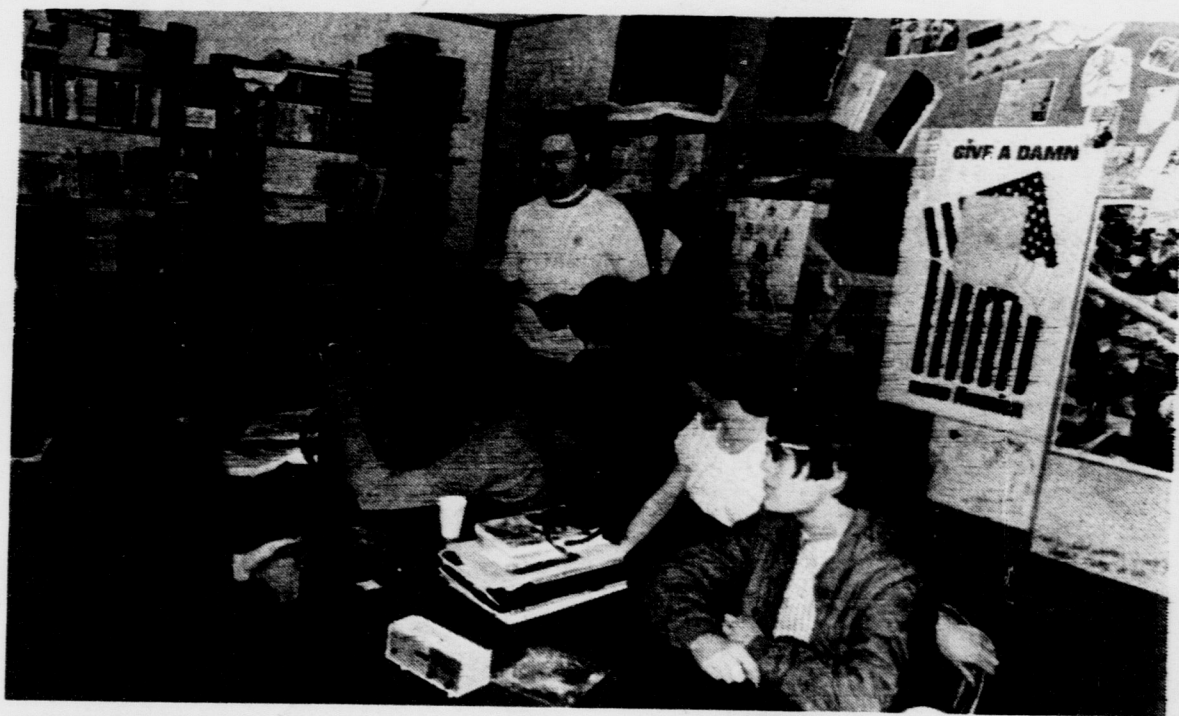
He grows like a tree
Slow
Growing its leaves of experience

Growing wiser
Seeing past combinations

Afraid to bring another child into this world

He prepares his mate
With the pill!

M. Luiz



photograph/Tom Dolan

Alone

Last night I had a dream.
I was alone on Earth.
Like a young stream,
The ocean had given birth
I walked between structures in a city
Expecting to hear a voice I knew.
For myself I felt pity.
In silence a dove flew.
I stare at what I own
And I ask, "Why me?"
There must be others alone
Especially one I must see.
So I walk in wonder
In the early morning sun.
My existence I ponder.
There is someone.
Now we are alone with sorrow and joy
To play with the world
Like a child with a toy.

— Fidel Mejia



ink drawing / M. Luiz

Wedgewood Acres' Youth Home Quiet Room

Can I say what's on my mind to them,
tell them that I'm in a pit and can't
get out,

no, Inside a locked door,
blew up.
The room is hot and quiet. I breathe
musty air, alone.

I pound on the door, no one hears
still pounding a cold sweat runs
down my body till I fall back to
the corner

talking to myself, saying what
others should hear
the door is opened
Hiding my face, I walk out,
run to an open place. cry
hope people will listen
They will.

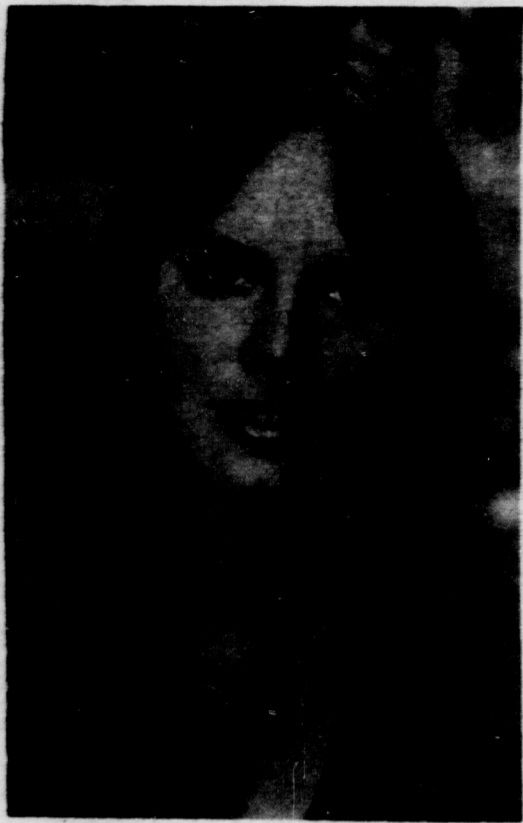
— Kathy Bell

The Nation

Parents and teachers program. . .
their kids. . .to think. . .
the way the way they. . .
want them to
And after awhile their brains are
like. . .sponges. . .absorbing every. . .
Thing they say
Not letting them feel

— Paul Snook

Creative Writing Award Winners



Carolyn Forché

coming to harm

I
her blood is wired to
undersides where tubes
have been grown in
a pattern she is pink
and she swells
beneath him their stomach
skins adhering wet
his mouth moves
along her until the
nap is standing.

II
she lay dying in
america her mouth
fingering an austrian
rosary bead and her
bowels slipping through
rest home drainage
systems slowly slipping she
circulated and stared.
voiding on the bed asleep
on plastic pads she
mentioned her german
in concentration camps they
snapped her bones, the
broken pencils.

III
she cast her streaked eyes
on the needle and out over
the lake to catch
and knit you into
her interest, her long
white back and thrust.
she ships you to settle
in her shrunken siberia
and you taste between
her legs while she starves
you the leash is measured
between her kitchen and
your child.

— Carolyn Forché

Fiction

1st. "Life As We Know It," Alan VerPlanck
2nd. "The Moonwalk," Thomas Bunn
3rd. "Four," David Zaffer
Honorable Mentions
"Tocatta," John McIntyre
"Breakfast Wine," Cathy Hendricks

Although only first, second and third prizes were available within the writing contest, from the large number of entries (1,100 poems and more than 70 stories) there were several pieces which the judges felt should not go without notice and have been designated for honorable mention.

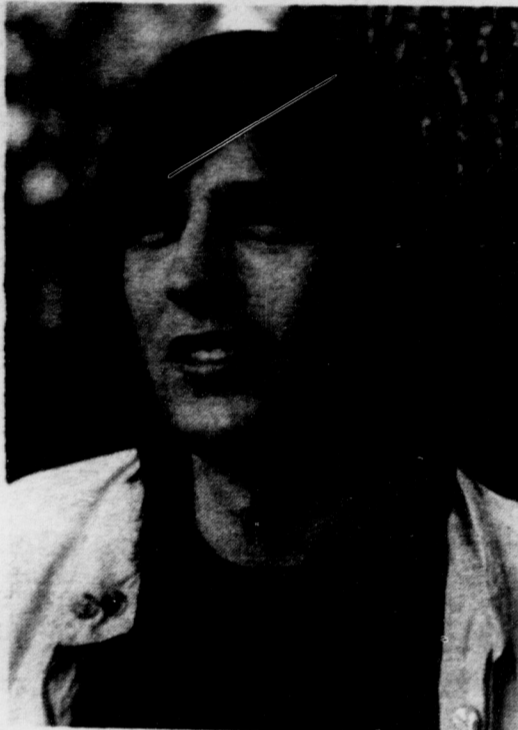
The judges for the fiction competition were Richard Benvenuto, Albert Drake and John

Poetry

1st. "coming to harm," Carolyn Forché
2nd. "Anti-Ghazal," Mike McCormick
3rd. "The Crazy Man," Vicki Jacobs
Honorable Mentions
"To Anni On Touring Scandinavia," Amy Lee
"Street Lady," Jeff McCormick

Robison; for poetry, Daryl Jones, Roger Meiners and Dennis Pace.

The Festival committee would like to thank those organizations and individuals who have donated prizes in the Creative Writing Competition: Happiness Holding Tank, The Honors College, Paramount News Center, Tom Sawyers Book Raft, Red Cedar Review, Pan Hel, and The State News.



Mike McCormick

ANTI-GHAZAL
(for jim harrison
and statton)

No patron of the Hiltons
you travel glass walls
of your briefcase
reading in bars and universities
ride into town on the back
of a cowgirl. spurred in the dust
of her flanks, you make a rodeo of love

We sit in some bar
drinking beer like poems
Statton (well into it) smelts Eros
from your sensorium / decants
in a smile, drips sharply

cutting your eye
it falls into his hands

(auspiciously descriptive)

for a closer look

thighs fourteen years old
draw to him in the shoal
closing him in tightness
of water. you reel

grab the waist of a glass
and, like the whiskey turning in your stomach
has done you a favor, smash it
on the head of Kate Millet

(yet afraid to cut
skin of snake)

— Mike McCormick

2

She sat on the stool
a cheerleader graduated
Magna Cum Laude
from a nightclub

legs suffocating
her jeans defined
the thin line of
dream and reality

She hung into your eyes
a smile, and . . .

AND THEN WHAT?

and then you wished
her ass would drop
into your lap

But she married
the fullback
and will never
read your poems

3
Casting for tarpon
swimming in your drink

At thirty two if you catch him
what will be left?

Ah! eightball and arm wrestling

Yes, you live well
the lives of your poetry

4
1:01 AM
I leave you with Statton
sinking deeper in the depths
off Key West

The drive home was long
headlights pulling me into rain
they shovel night from my eyes
drag slowly like rusty days
through a glare of wet glass



Vicki Jacobs

THE CRAZY MAN

Ah, the crazy man, he shrugs the snow from his peppered beard
 And shakes his shoulders outward square,
 Smiles. The crazy man he says nothing but
 Leaves conversation well comprehended, guilden.
 I pick up the pieces for the winds to blow away
 Above my head they fall upon him.
 Singular the crazy man he lives and dances
 To sleep-talk audience we give him weigh,
 And wonders we trodding in snow bank
 Time-lent stripped against the steel sky
 Laughs away olden time.

Ah, the crazy man, they points, says:
 "Crazy do sometime, yesterday O.K., tomorrow maybe."
 Crazy man, he shrugs the snow from his peppered beard
 And patterns the branches about the ground.
 Imagines spring on white dreams, say they:
 "The crazy man goes a way. He'll pay."
 The gold sky clinks, pirate ship furls
 Upon sea upon sea of gulls and crying
 Ladies in flower waves the mast back,
 And rebounds for child smiles.
 Only the crazy man laugh.

The crazy man, knows you the path with the ivies?
 They kiss the mossed rot log and the years
 Stands he by the gum drop in corner, shaky and raggy,
 Cheeks flame-oranged with night warmth dreams
 Sings ditties and shanties he on sand bands
 Sifting, sifting the flies me goes and comes
 And comes mostly midnights in cloaks that cruel
 Striptease go one, one one, one one.
 Crazy man count on his thumb while dances
 On fine leathered skin and wrinkles he noses
 And snowses the black to become it white.

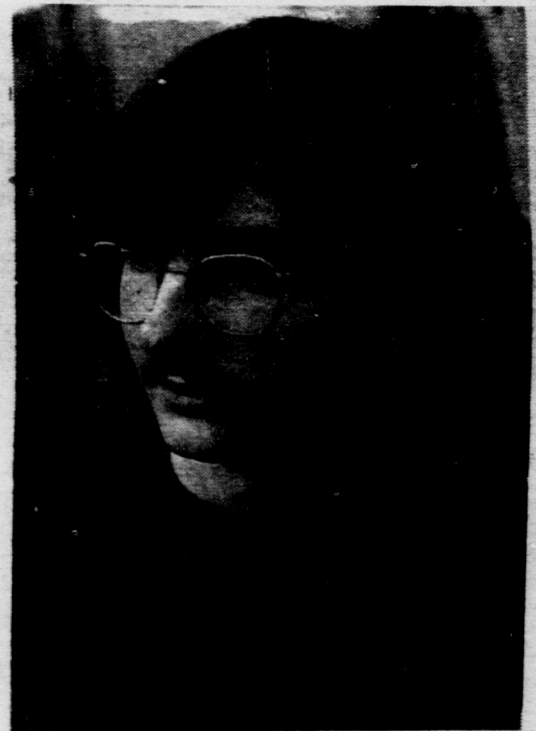
The crazy man pointses and curtsy at me.
 Ha-ha! leaves us snowses in spite and we,
 We come back slow, slowly. The gold on the greening dirt
 Sits, begs to the taking and giggling I hears by the
 Ladies in waiting the waves lapping rhythm,
 Syncopate: "I, I know know I, know I." I
 Falls and prance over me logging and mossaing,
 Stops faster and shakes snow from his peppered beard.
 We kisses the sunset with drool. He says nothing but
 Bends love on perspectives in crazy horizons.
 Oh, the man. The "crazy" man he.

- Vicki Jacobs

STREET LADY

Where she got an old man like that
 I'll never know
 And I can't get her to even look into me
 As long as she's ripped on her old red wine.
 Oh, Amanda, with a name like that
 You shouldn't even turn my head.
 But, you do
 And you're so little and frail
 In your drab Army jacket
 Like a sparrow, scavenging the curb,
 Walking arm in arm with your fat old man.

- Jeff McCormick



Jeff McCormick

TO ANNI ON TOURING SCANDINAVIA

Adrift inland, swirl eyes to the spires
 Where pigeons eddy. On fiords, follow isles
 Of white gulls fissioning, fusing.
 In black mountains, shade-gaze to hawks
 Careening valleys, climbing the glistening
 Summer on molten rungs. I
 Am among the restless: restless hear
 Me flutter, mew, and crackle the wind.
 For me sing when the singing breaks;
 At the blow of the ocean salt-tang, ache.

- Amy Lee



Amy Lee

The Ingham County Bicentennial Media Festival & Creative Writing Awards Presentation No. II

Tonight at 8 in the Wonders Hall Kiva, the Media Festival will feature the presentation of awards in the Creative Writing Contest as well as a short program of experimentation and encounter in media and the performing arts. The festival attempts to bring together examples of new MSU work in poetry, film, dance, music

and media, as well as work exploring those artistic forms which cut across traditional categories moving toward more complete expression (for the artist) and more complete experience (for the audience), and some works moving to break down or bridge this artist/audience gap itself.

Featured will be poetry by Hugh Fox,

mixed media by Dennis Pace, poetry by Jim Kalmbach, kinetic sculpture by David Kirkpatrick, a dance/music encounter featuring members of Orchesis and the MSU Jazz Band, and several films. The three winning poets in the writing competition also will read from their work.

Admission to the Media Festival is absolutely free.

Cristo Rey Poets cont'd



ink drawing / M. Luiz

Our parent

The trees are my finger
 The mountains are my hands,
 I breathe gales
 Inhale tornadoes and hurricanes
 I change my expression
 In fits of passion
 I change my face
 When I'm in a daze.
 you
 Who occupy my time
 Cannot understand when
 I talk.
 My children
 Do not know me
 My brothers and my sisters
 Communicate to me
 Why can't thee?
 Why can't thee?

— Rudy Cazanova

I went around the world one day.
 To see everything my eyes have seen before
 I wasn't amazed at what I saw,
 Just the deep blue sky and the roaming ocean's shore.

And one time in my life I was the ruler of the world
 I branded guns, hate, and prejudice.
 We all filled the world with love and peace
 for one another we all lived.

In my world the air was filled with music,
 Our hearts filled with love and joy.
 Life was just one big party,
 Of wine and love to satisfy every girl and boy.

When your mind is so far gone.
 You dream of the things that can happen today.
 don't stop and wonder why
 Just let your mind carry you away.

— Roy Montalvo

Hell as the devil and hell is like fire
 Clouds as smoke smoke as pollution
 Black as the night light as the sun
 Life as the lakes, rivers' as death.

P. Lopez

Peace Will Come

I don't want the songs of war
 Tears of sorrow I want no more.
 Young lives are wasted,
 The sweetness of life never tasted.
 Fight for freedom, so they say,
 Unexperienced to this day.
 Our leaders escalate to end.
 Brothers, your minds they will bend.
 They train to hate and kill.
 The thought of a dead child makes me ill.
 A war in vain,
 Tell me Lord, is it worth the pain?
 But peace will come, I'll tell you how
 Mushrooms against the sky.

Peace Now!

— Fidel Mejia

I don't see nothing much
 except for drugs
 and that's ok.

I don't see nothing much
 but people being
 drug off to jail
 for being
 drunk
 or using drugs.

I don't see why they don't check it out
 where they got it
 cause they could have
 picked it up off the street
 and not know what it was.

— Lee Nichols

God

Where is he, is there really a god?
 Yes there is a god, but he is not
 going to help the people.
 Why, I'll tell you why
 when some of the people crucified
 him. That's why. There is pollution
 the war! Poverty. That's why the pigs
 are so bad.
 Why did they kill him
 Because he was different from them
 That's why society is so bold.
 That's why I say the pigs
 are so bad. They are like the
 people who crucified him
 But he will come back
 at the end. Why? Only you
 can answer it yourself.

— Abel Garza

Society

Society is mentally hooked on construction
 Like a Junkie on smack
 concrete they have no care about
 But... the money from its arches
 Builds more arches not ragged people
 Not broken wooden walls
 Not muddy flooded basements
 Society is looking for more concrete
 As junkies searching for the next fix.

Paul E. Snook



drawing / Rudy Cazanova