The Old Streetwalker
Roaming pointlessly down concrete roads,
The old street walker
Tossed like a dirty paper scrap,
The old street walker
Thinks of other days.
The old street walker
Muttering unheard curses
Roaming pointlessly down concrete roads,
Whistling a half-dead Irish ditty, 
To Simmon's College for Women.

To the M.T.A., 
The blonde lady yells 
The stumbling whiskey-wiskered bum 
The bum gets his match finally, 
To Kenmore, 
To leave her be.

Then falls to the black tar, shiny with wetness. 
To the tip of his nose, 
Fumbles his hand inside the right pocket 
Where it hangs momentarily, 
Scurry to their tree-houses like nervous squirrels.

Tattered-black leather shoe.

Of cars in motion ....
flash, neon signs silently stare open and closed,
Into the damp drops, searching to see.

... bodies like wax, and when they 
How Awesome is this Place 
I watched from a window to a street below 
How the wind wavered and quivered the black wires 
Strung from stick to stick, stuck in the road. 
Stray cats hideously screamed, 
From garbage-guttered ghetto alleys, Pain: 
All men's fear forced dead by frustration.

Dusk.

Dusk.

Day.

Morning? 

Boston Common

EXERCISE NO. 3.

Boochookoochico, baby, bye, see the stars in the sky, and please, 
Don't pick your nose, Robert. 
... But, it itched, father, and I forgot, 
Excuses, really, just don't let it happen again, aghast, simply 
Oh there, it seems the ship of the heavens is gone astray. If God 
had as many angels as there are stars in the sky, could they 
all fit on the head of ... but the stars can't all be seen. 
So, rockabye baby, in the tree top, if the 
cradle stops, you'll probably wake up and then I won't be 
able to sit here and look at the stars.

as Mother beams 
stretching galoshes and spitting seams 
the packaged tot woolily ambles 
out the kitchen door, as Mother beams; 
blinded at first by win'try glare, he garboils 'midst the fresh snow — how nice it seems 
to smell the peculiar freshness in the air 
'midst the new-fallen snow — how nice it seems 
to him that their brilliance mocked the very 
dullness of his existence. Robert, stop that. At least use your 
handkerchief. It was then, that he wondered, and it must be 
admitted, 
doubted, whether he could be one with the stars. Alone, with the stars 
and the brilliance, he saw in himself no complementary brilliance, 
only a soul devoid of any sparkle, a soul almost completely 
every thing 
which united him with the stars.

Andromeda was still in chains ...
Michael A. Rybarski

by Charles J. O'Neil Jr.

jews, circa 1940

skyles rhys

Dusk.

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In his book *The Courage To Be*, Paul Tillich speaks about the meaning of meaningfulness. The world is meaningless when there is no good reason for a person to be, to exist. The meaning of meaningfulness is the meaning of being. Tillich would say: "being must be thought as the negation of the negation of being." Concerning God: "The courage to be is rooted in the God who appears when God (the God of theism) has disappeared in the anxiety of doubt."

Kurt Vonnegut Jr. has faced us with the challenge 'to be' in the form of a 191-page, 127-chapter (paperback edition) book entitled *Cat's Cradle*. A man named John, who tells the story of how he had set out ("two wives ago, 250,000 cigarettes ago, 3,000 quarts of booze ago") to write a factual account of "what important Americans have done since the day when the atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima, Japan." The book was to be entitled *The Day The World Ended*. Instead, he has written a book called Cat's Cradle. The reason for this turn of events is the same reason his name is John: he is not, according to plan, at each appointed second, at each appointed place appropriate meaninglessness, and all included in the identification form, later used as part of a wanted poster of San Lorenzo and in 1929 Bokonon had filled out a police declaration. As John begins to recount the story of his search for the basic unit of the Bokononist religion, the concept of "youth and roll those days" is revealed by little Newt Hoennicker, midget son of the inventor of the atom bomb: "No damn cat and no damn roll and I emerged safe, clutching some pop. It was another day I didn't notice the Brewster Street vs. Livery Street bout and there's one thing I can't stand and that's a predictable woman and she is you know, your mother used to tell you like the 6 o'clock news and there ain't no cause for an advance but you haven't bothered me too much I have you and the T.V. is working and as long as you keep your mouth shut and you do what I tell you at the pool parlor but don't pay no mind to him. He likes to have his say and I can't blame him. If I was him I would have jumped on those Elvis Presley records and make him mow the lawn."

The basic unit of the Bokononist religion is the *karass*: "... teams that do God's will without ever discovering what they are doing". A further elaboration of the karass is: "If you find your life tangled up with some other person's, it's your life's work to make it straight in terms of what is right for that person and for you."

Bokononism possesses many such meaningless terms, all defined with appropriate meaninglessness, and all included in the Books of Bokonon. Bokonon is the San Lorenzo pronunciation of the name 'Johnson', Lionel Boyd Johnson, a Negro Episcopalian who began to confess on the island in the Caribbean Sea called the Republic of San Lorenzo. It is on this island that fate ultimately placed John in his search for the facts "for the book I never finished, the book to be called *The Day The World Ended*."

Before anyone gets the idea that this is a review on Bokononism, it might be wise to quote what John writes on this point: "I do not intend that this book be a tract on behalf of Bokononism. I should like to offer a Bokononist warning about it, however. According to *The Book of Bokonon*, that person may be a member of your karass, member of your karass. I'm very much a member of my karass. Bokononism possesses many such meaningless terms, all defined with appropriate meaninglessness, and all included in the Books of Bokonon. Bokonon is the San Lorenzan pronunciation of the name 'Johnson', Lionel Boyd Johnson, a Negro Episcopalian who began to confess on the island in the Caribbean Sea called the Republic of San Lorenzo. It is on this island that fate ultimately placed John in his search for the facts "for the book I never finished, the book to be called *The Day The World Ended*."

The story uses two basically stock characters; an intellectual writer who is trying to "find himself" and all that, and a down-to-earth, straightforward girl who happens to be a prostitute. They fight for a while, begin to see their own faults, and finally find themselves in love. The story is a very funny demonstration of the talent of two good actors. It is just a very funny demonstration of the talent of two good actors. It is just a very funny demonstration of the talent of two good actors. It is just a very funny demonstration of the talent of two good actors. It is just a very funny demonstration of the talent of two good actors.
tears

I, Pygmalion

IF as a person for a purpose
I be pushed and dragged naked
Over dirt or sharp stone;
IF alone I must will
To fill no wooden horse
To creep from to kill;
IF in the end I spill and breathe and pray
Life into the living
So that the living live for me;

Then I, Pygmalion, might sooth to death
Suicide’s festering soreness
With beauty-life’s new feel.

by Charles J. O’Neil Jr.

Cotton clouds
flirting with the blue
reflect on the trampled snow
below
ushering in those wintry blues
that hold my soul
watching you float
in the boundless sea of blue
seemingly you are so free
but those tradewinds unmercifully
drag you to nowhere
we are not the kingpins we think
we are but the footprints
we leave in the snow
we come and go
leaving only our marks
thoughtlessly created masterpieces
impressed in the crusted snow
If they gave me another chance
I too would be floating
in the sea of blue
at least the clouds
are creative.

Tom Magner

My Life is Living

The emerald grass that
is the blanket of my
bed lies beneath the
bough of a rustic maple
tree.
In the evening I sit
beneath this bough and
feel all
and rain filtered
through its branches
and sun curling its
leaves
and moon boring its trunk
hollow
and wind trimming its
bark.
The bough is curled and
mottled grey
and is the lumber of my life.

Philip A. Tetreault

Drinking thinking they got it made

There're all out there
making plans for tomorrow
next week
next year
me, I know better
just living today
forgetting yesterday
not worrying about tomorrow
they’ll probably drop the bomb
by then anyway.

Tom Magner