

# Crumbs from the Carnival

Patty Grebe



Ferris wheel fantasy  
Wheeling, spinning dizzily

U  
P  
t  
P  
i  
l  
t  
w  
h  
o  
o  
s  
h  
!

Sashaying round the sky  
Falling into out of short of through . . .  
Breezy june elation  
Tinny, peppy tunes  
Our song, your song, their song  
Soars charts, clogs hearts  
Of summer carnivalees  
Spending penny candy dreams  
At the top of the thrill machine;  
Cumulus kisses, frothy whispers  
Wiggle on the wind  
Yellow-toothed whiffet  
Teases, tortures,  
Cranks it faster  
For the screams;  
Down below

Along the stalls  
Greasy patties spattering  
Taffy raffle mustard squirts  
Cotton candy dream melts  
Under the rinse of jelly bean lights;  
Midgets smidgets  
Pay to see  
Guaranteed  
Perversity  
Boa flesh swaths the neck  
Of spangled-lady shimmying  
Love is enough  
Is love enough  
In a bazaar  
As bizarre as this;  
Candy panda apple bear  
Give fifty cents  
Win Aunt Gertie's quilt  
Puppets bobbing  
Hawkers robbing  
Bingo buttons flipping on cards  
O-66 N-44  
Yet another winner . . .  
On this taffy-slappin' night  
Falling into out of short of through . . .  
The almost smile, the almost hello  
Triggers the birth of a fantasy  
At the top of the thrill machine  
Falling through a fantasy  
At the top of the thrill machine.

Copyright ©June 1978 Patty Killian Grebe

"I'm into words," she said.  
And immediately I envisioned  
The serifs of an A  
Dancing about her head.

"How nice," I replied,  
"That the alphabet is in good hands.  
But pardon me, dear madam,  
While I brush this B aside."

"No, no, you don't understand," she asserted.  
"I'm into media, graphic representation.  
The medium is the message, dear sir,  
And the words are merely inserted."

Oh, I see, I thought to say.  
But then thought better of it  
As I pondered the media of the past,  
The words of Shelley and Millay.

"I don't understand," I finally protested.  
"What ever happened to the message.  
Though I do appreciate the medium,  
I think the words are being molested."

"Silly, silly man," she laughed.  
"I see no value in what one reads,  
But just in how one reads it.  
Now that's the writer's craft."

I thought, and thought a moment.  
But still could not decipher  
The significance of media  
Nor the meaning of her comment.

I watched her as she phrased,  
And leaned over as she printed,  
And whatever she penciled out,  
Seemed just those parts that time erased.

"What are words meant to be," I retorted.  
"If not the medium of ideas,  
And the substance of communication  
Whose depth you've grossly distorted."

"Now you're playing with words," she smiled.  
"Though you may not want to think so.  
Just admit that language is a game  
And a paragraph's a puzzle nicely styled."

"But language is a thing of beauty," I sniffed.  
"And not to be taken lightly.  
Though I do appreciate your artistry  
It's your mind that sets my soul adrift."

"I never feel comfortable wrangling  
And always try to avoid it" she sighed.  
"Though I do admire a well-placed participle,  
It's your principles that leave me dangling."

## Parentheses

"But what about the writers of the past," I shouted.  
"When words did not expand just to fill the space allotted.  
Although they may have tried to fill a void,  
I somehow kind of doubt it."

"Nonsense. I call words 'gray matter' — summarized —  
And the final product the packaging," she replied.  
"Now admit the value of a picture over words,  
Whether they're emboldened or italicized."

I sat and dwelled upon the essay,  
Then stood to expound upon the poem,  
But when I finally moved to speak,  
All I could do was cough, and mutter "Hemingway."

She was gone, and I was left in lethargy.  
Then I realized upon reflection  
That a conversation doesn't end with a period  
But with an apostrophe.

And an inflection.

Robert Jasinkiewicz

## Creation



I stood by a rock  
On a wide, wide shore  
And watched the sea  
Roar out its call  
Like the fire and ice  
Of life and death  
And the air that yearns to be free.

Of life and death  
And the breath of God  
Blown through the dust  
That lay like chaff  
By the feet of God,  
By the feet of God  
Lay you and I and we,  
And out of the dust by the feet of God  
We came from the edge of the sea.

From the edge of the sea  
Crawled thou and me,  
And in time came thee;  
And out we crawled, side by side,  
By the side of a wind blown sea.

And from the sand of the shore  
And the life of the sea  
Came the life of you and me,  
And we grew by the sea, by the wind blown sea —  
Cells split by the power of infinity.

An eon, or two or three,  
Has passed from thou to we to me,  
And now I stand to stare  
At a rock bound by an inland sea.

And watch the cells of the wind blown sea  
Smash on the rock near me,  
By the side of a rock  
By the side of an endless sea.

And you and me are all I see,  
Are all I see,  
By this rock,  
By the side of this rock,  
By the side of a windless sea.



Robert Jasinkiewicz