

# Quill and ink...

Editors Jon Pargas and Mel Allen, Jr.



honestly clandestine

By Mel Allen, Jr.

if only for selfish reasons  
 no need for others  
 then conscience is seperated  
 as if  
 that person was tearing the pages  
 from a loose-leaf life  
 and ripping them  
 piece  
 by  
 piece  
 by  
 piece  
 by  
 piece  
 by  
 piece  
 by  
 and throwing them piece  
 away by  
 piece  
 by  
 piece  
 by  
 piece  
 for us  
 saving moments  
 secret  
 but not hidden from  
 the rest  
 and the truth is always in the open  
 stupid  
 peace

I dance the dance I call attraction  
 twist and turn towards satisfaction  
 girls they shimmy and they shake  
 unaware of hearts they break

Now I dance the dance of death  
 no one to share this feeling with  
 unspent motion flowing free  
 still they will not dance with me

Here you see the dance of life  
 full of pain and grief and strife  
 I dance this dance in the public's eyes  
 safe inside my heart's disguise

The dance you see is Poetry  
 it flows from deep inside of me  
 and if I dance my poem for you  
 I hope you feel it flowing through

---Jon Pargas



## Harry

He sat quietly in a second  
 class railroad car.  
 I thumbed through a book  
 purchased at Dachau that  
 very day.  
 Dachau: the first Nazi  
 concentration camp,  
 a paragon of torture,  
 dehumanization and  
 death  
 The beginning of a dark page  
 in man's history.  
 An aged hand politely reached  
 for the book  
 I gave it to the man  
 Such friendly eyes  
 He looked at it quietly  
 not needing to turn a  
 single page  
 Memory was his book  
 He handed it back to me  
 Then steadily he pulled up  
 his sleeve to reveal the  
 branded numbers  
 They were his copyright.  
 He spoke no English  
 and I no Polish  
 but the word he spoke  
 told all  
 "Auschwitz"

---Heidi Jernigan  
 Reflections from Abroad

Is there anyone out there?  
 I need somebody to listen right now.  
 Can you here me? Friend? Mom? Dad?...Somebody?  
 I won't take up much time, I promise.  
 Please listen.

Hey you! I know I've never met you before.  
 Even a complete stranger will do for now.  
 Would you mind lending an ear or two?  
 I won't take up much time, I promise.  
 Please listen.

Am I important to anybody? Is there a  
 Person who will admit they truly care?  
 I just want to tell you something special.  
 I won't take up much time, I promise.  
 Please listen.

I guess I'll just talk to myself again.  
 I should have learned by now, nobody loves  
 A person like me. I'll listen to myself—as usual.  
 I won't take up much time, I promise.  
 Please listen.

All I wanted to say was that "I love you."  
 It's hard to tell yourself that — But who do  
 You tell when nobody cares about you?  
 You see, I didn't take up much time.  
 Did you listen ... yet?

— Randa Richards

## End of Her Reign

Reading with deep anticipation  
 My eyes ponder upon a foul deed  
 A goddess struck down from her throne  
 Within mid-air, her body projects light  
 Her heavenly body, turns to shadows  
 The sky mourns her decline  
 With fierce tears, the sky cries  
 As her body ceases to be.

---J.F. Bradsher

