



"Poetry should serve as the axe for
the frozen sea within us."
--Franz Kafka

untitled

Let this be a
part of me
that you can see
and hold in your
hands when I
am not there.
And remember
that I am always
here behind you.
Once in a while,
turn around.
when you feel tired
of the poem,
you can see the real one.

Raylene Kaufman



untitled

What is it of the rain
of the noise and the sound it makes
that draws these certain words out
for which the poet takes.
Its unrhymed sounds of silence
perhaps maybe that is why
because of the disorder and beauty
Come, words, come draw nigh.

Raylene Kaufman

untitled

Council me, tell me of morbid preoccupation
and swing my shadows, swing my shadows
onto mechanical sidewalks which lead to me.
Perhaps they do stare at each other, the
rainbows, the rainbows whose colours have
been taken to clorox, left only to be skies.
My, my would you open your door to the fan?
Left and right, left and right,
feed my head to your metal contours now.
Will your well to contain good water which,
which when drunk cannot quench my maturity
which went asunder in 1492, in chlorox blue.
I do feel afraid for the child's doll thrown
accidentally fallen, fallen out of the car
window, last year's late glee rotting for attention.
Our green deer has no "a" in her name.
See? See back to it's name and turn it
away, break it's meat and sacrifice
it's pen and quill now.
All nations stand. Stand aside
and feel it happen again, for
freedom or wanton they'll steal
your shadow and hold it for ransom.
And we have won, Dick, we have won.
The flags are red with youthful blood,
blue with our tears, and white
with blinding angel's wings.

Flash



The Lance is now accepting submissions
of photography; black & white only,
please.
Submissions may be placed in The Lance
office folder, on the door of LA185. Please
include your name and extension number.

AFTER JANUARY 1983

1/9/83,
That was the day my life,
as I knew it, ended.

I was his by a
hit-and-run,
repeat offender,
unemployed & on welfare
drunk driver in an old junker!

The police caught him
trying to hide his void license.

You would think that I had a clear
case--
WRONG!

6 months-- half -a-year, as long as
he put me in a F*@king coma,
is all the judge handed-out!
The D.A.'s words, "You have 6
months of the man's life: What more
do you want?"
That not only angers me--
It makes me damn right furious at
out
so-called justice system--justice--ha!

Chip Neal

CRACKS

The cracks in the ceiling
resemble cracks in my heart
They grow close together
then spread further apart
They are easily made
and hard to mend
You can plaster them together
but they're there to the end
The cracks are not visible
but there none-the-less
I feel my life
is beginning to regress
My heart is very fragile
and the cracks aren't getting
thinner
It no longer takes an earthquake
just a minor tremor
Plaster or paint
could be my disguise
But nothing will hide
the tears in my eyes.

Jan Wilson

THE SHORE

The ocean kisses the beach
An on and off love affair
Consuming years of passion
They dance on the shore
Taking advantage of the short time
they have
They roll around, enflamed with love
The heat warms the land,
But only for a moment
They part bitterly,
Leaving the beach wet with tears,
Until they meet again.

Juanito Favorito



CASTLE

From atop the tower
village lies sprawled
running away from
this mountain
crazy streets stretching
in all directions
but this one
a farmer and his wife
bend backs over
hay rakes gather
the golden stalks
stack the wagon full
as the day's last
rays fall on this
heap of cement
and stone and profile
my body for
one instant
black image falling
on the green field below.

Pam Whitfield



NATIONAL COLLEGE POETRY CONTEST

Open to all college and university
students desiring to have their
poetry anthologized. Cash prizes
will be awarded for the top five
poems. Deadline: October 31. For
contest rules send a stamped
envelope to: International
Publications, PO Box 44044-L, Los
Angeles, CA 90044.

The Lance welcomes submissions of poetry and fiction.
Poetry should be typed, single-spaced and fiction should be
typed, double-spaced. Submissions must include the author's
name and extension number. No pen names, please! The
Lance reserves the right to edit submitted copy.