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GAZEBO

a poetry journal

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Gazebo
% Christopher S. Shank, Editor-in-Chief
Box 14
Wichita State University
Wichita, Kansas 67208

Staff

Christopher S. ShankEditor-in-Chief
Marsha A. DexterEditor
Dr. L. M. GrowFaculty Advisor

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L. M. Grow, Ph.D.

solo

throughout the song
it is the long white fingers
which design
narrate
reflection:

excitement of
string
in the moonlight
a kaliedoscope
of patterns
shapes

there is softness
in the wind
as i pause
to stir alone

--Anita Skeen

PYRAMID

the day's half done

and high noon sun

hot with gnats buzzing

leaves a thousand feet

of climb, part over

boot cutting slide rock

"I had other lives," Max said,

"but my understanding isn't

great enough to remember

them. I must perfect

my thoughts."

between the rocks

picking past the jagged

shale

a trail of sun

white heat here

above the timber

I tried to remember

--Stephen Barr

Night Play

Deep in the incense
mists of the forests
haunted by the dark gods
in their orgiastic dances
lost in ecstatic rapture,
Our Body, enflamed by desire,
awoke from Its dungeon
of primeaval slumber
drugged by millennia
of spiritual oppression.
Now in orphic splendor
singing, drinking the mysterious
rich wines and fragrant herbs
of the forest,
losing Itself
in the frenzy
of the satyrs

--Michael Shanahan

CIRCULATION

When a flea dies
it leaves no poetry
except its dust
from which may grow
pepper plants. Or

pomegranates
with red pulp to drink
and circulate in a man
a woman:

two in love and
scratching fleas
naturally mating
six legs each
interlocking.

--Earl E. Ridgway

HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF KANSAS
THERE IS A MOST SECRET OCEAN

You search the
backyard like a blonde
child for rain.

Two women float
near the green wires
of a willow
somewhere west.

One sings the invisible
delight of the prairie ghost
the other
taking forever glides
toward your face
like a shark.

--Dan Dyer

Collector's Items

On every letter that you send
the stamps are a blur of colors,
faces, flowers, monuments,
under the postmark
bearing the names of cities
and hints of the growing distance
between us.

Time pushes memory away
at every port,
each well-loved city broken up
in ruins, history erased
in a sweep of highways and gardens
turned into tombs.

You write: "There are tombs
wherever I go,
prouder than lindens
colder than autumn
in a spell of wind.

"In Karachi a plane came limping
back at dawn, but the only
casualty was the grass.

"I took a ferry from Kowloon
and met a mandarin travelling far
and late - he doesn't know how late.

"On your next visit to the zoo
to watch our favorite lions make love
you will not be alone. I know."

Too bad that there are stains
on all the flowers, the eyes
are gone as are the names of all
the mounds of stone. You see,
my album now contains
both the common and the rare
but I keep the rare ones
the rest are for exchange.

--Bienvenido N. Santos

" THE GREEN BOTTLE "

The bottle, deep and clear--a rich green
moves with the motion of the underwater currents

slowly drifting and twisting
near the bottom of the ocean

miles and miles
from any shore

it lifts and spins
inches and then feet
above the sand base

and settles again
causing tiny grains of fine white sand
to spiral silently

upward as the bottle sits
momentarily in a position

another current lifts
the emerald bottle
once again

only slightly turning
it one way then another
as it glides past
a smooth miniature mountain
rock formation
and stringy growth

sunlight filters thru
miles of water
reaches the bottle
and gives a certain geometric
section of one of its curves
a mysterious yet natural glow

without any sound

--George D. Drury

For L. Who Never Learned to Swim

A Love Poem

Waking I found her soft
white in my head yet
searched nonetheless her house
and laid waste a day's hours for hope
for one glance of her young eyes once
pulled away like small stones
in the broken outgoing tide.

--Donn T. Dore

the waves

washing this shore of Lake Ontario
the cold light shadows the sand
colors deeply a few thin trees
leaning, listening to the low words
of the blue gray waves

i have listened for two days but
they tell me nothing
as they rise, curl, then
spread over the sand

now i watch for the last
wave, wait for
the final
word

--Anita Skeen

CITY FROM AN UPPER WINDOW

a faint shell-moon

tides the sky out

deepening blues; air cools

sinking

in shallows, streets,

buildings

float on haze;

my eyes drift,

my head

just above water

--Stephen Barr

VILLON IN PRISON ENVISIONS
THE EARTH GROWN OPULENT

Your drunken comrades
collapse half blind
in cheap Paris taverns
their mouths red-stained
and beautiful

In someone's bed your
pink-nippled reeking
virginal chubby mistress
sleeps without dreams

Outside your window
suddenly hanged men
swing like vegetables
their dumb cocks
pointing to the stars

You radish-headed Frenchman
petty thief
you alone sing incessantly
from a damp stone cell

and sprout
a scarlet tear

--Dan Dyer

Open Season

The house came with the deed and a piece of land
broken into canals.
The books on the shelves bear
desperate titles
describing ills in terms that
beg the truth.

Here, lined along the stucco walls are instruments
of faith: this marks the shift
of urgencies the heart contains,
a tourniquet to stem
the poison tide, sharp steel
of various cunning for growths
and wounds beyond grieving.

A bedroom hides a loose cord
(to summon wayward ghosts perhaps)
no hand has pulled since
father died
asking questions while a flock of pigeons
crowded him off the land.

What are the uses of your love
among these awkward ruins
of my inheritance?

What brought us together
was a storm such as we never expected
in late fall.

Afterwards, the sun shone
for days bouncing off sparklers
on the dust that had settled down
for the season.

I, too, wanted to ask
and saw a cloud of pigeons
descending upon me.

--Bienvenido N. Santos

