With this edition, Kaleidoscope celebrates ten years of contributions by the students and staff of Ashtabula Campus. To reflect the constantly changing concerns, forms, and patterns that have shaped Kaleidoscope in the past, the staff has selected an award winning poem from each of the previous editions. To complete the composite, the staff has selected work representative of the present. To continue to represent—in the best possible configuration—ever-changing conditions is the sincere hope of the Kaleidoscope staff and advisor.
IT'S ACADEMIC

What am I doing here?
Who do I think I am
In this world of scholars
And eggheads?

My goal was set:
To spread my wings,
To go out on my own
To gather new knowledge,
New ideas,
New theories.

But am I ready?
I'm not sure.
What if I blow it?
What if I fail?

I talked to Mom and Dad an hour ago.
I can't call again
For a while . . .
I wish they'd made me
Stay at home
Where it's safe.

Yesterday I learned
A new concept
that really set me in a new direction.
I must search out its meaning,
Its truth.

It's peaceful here . . . sometimes . . .
It's hectic . . . sometimes.
It's home away from home now.
I think I'll make it
At least
Until tomorrow . . .

Norma J. Sundberg
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FACTORIES ARE FOR BOMBING

Here where the first trick
    second trick
    third trick
Beat their machines to turn out more
    more machines
    for more machines
    for more machines
    for more . . .
Rinky-dink computers' lights
Winky-blink through days and nights
Preach a millenium of machines
    instant bleach
    dehydrated beans
    and test-tube babies like computers
to populate the world with neuters . . .

Machines in peace, Machines in war
Will bastardize the world before
Man misses what he barely saw —
    But baby needs a new pair of shoes, Jack!

And so, the first trick
    second trick
    third trick
Beat the machines till their hands grow raw.

John Bowen Parker
CYCLE IN MY ROOM

Silence
interrupted with thoughts
Thoughts
of dreams and fantasies
Fantasies
made from memories
Memories
brought out of the past
The Past
dead because of the present
The Present
alive with memories
Memories
remembered in silence
Silence . . .

Debi Sorine
THE TIDE OF LIFE

I gaze beyond Life's boundless sea
And spot a soul – the future me?
I squint against the springtime sun
And see I'm not the only one!

For there across the Sea of Life,
Beyond all trouble, pain, and strife
Are multitudes on shorelines vast,
In robes of gold, and home at last.

My eyes detect upon that sea
A soul afloat—the future me?
Through blinding rays of summer's sun
I see I'm not the only one!

For on the waters flounder most
Of those I'd seen on yonder coast!
Their gold robes scudding, fading fast,
Maimed by Life's own greener grass.

Approaching shore back from the Sea,
With flailing limbs—the future me?
To misty eyes the autumn sun
Reveals—I'm not the only one!

The naked, starving, sobbing throng
Who tread against the current strong
Are pulled back to the starting shore.
Their golden robes exist no more!

Sprawled on beaches of Life's Sea,
A tortured soul—the future me?
Through shadows cast by winter's sun
I cry! I'm not the only one!

For all who stood on distant shore
Amidst rich lands, are there no more!
Success the Sea of Life has spurned,
And bids gold robes no more return!

Judi Gamroth
THE ORPHANAGE

A greenhouse tended by a keeper,
An isolated environment with ideal conditions,
Perfect rows of growing beds;
Dormant seeds waiting to be fertile,
Budding flowers, vegetables transplanted;
Life sustaining lamps having no warmth.
Water with no moisture.
Foundation with no solidity.
None to care, all professing concern.

Shirley Hill Kearney

1970 Kaleidoscope
Shirley is teaching senior high English
at Pymatuning Valley High School.
TWO

I withdraw into me
the only reality
to contemplate and write poetry—
contemplate life and unlife
hate and unhate
unlove and
love.
Swirling into thoughts
of Spring
with perfumed air
and golden hair
and liquid eyes
unanswered whys
and slow
ly
thoughts
of s
p
r
i
n
g
break
in
to
thoughts
of
you.
Life stabilizes
into
seeing you
dancing through the meadow
in inexplicable joy.
Smiling
pleasantly my eyes close
and
sleep captures the memory
of you in its
arms.

1971 Kaleidoscope
Dave is teaching at St. Francis Cabrini
school in Conneaut. He also is an inde-
pendent photographer working out of
his home, Studio I.

Dave Narducci
Someone
No one understands
No one really cares
No one knows me
No one dares.

Jill Arnold

Me
In my youth I hope to become
a well-rounded individual
with the outlook on life that
in order to become what I wish,
I must have enough courage to
Stand alone.

Many people may have trouble
understanding my inner feelings,
buts I do not ask understanding
or acceptance of anyone,
only that I have
no limitations
on the development of myself.

Mary Hatfield

Time, a friend's face fades
To a chiaroscuro
Where once colors reigned.

EmmyLu Berkopec
pity this animal 
that has
five
senses (nothing more)
and calls it
Life. pity this animal that has
five senses (rejecting
all) and calls it
God. pity this
World that unuses today
for Your tomorrow
and calls it
Truth. beyond pity is
this
(un)animal Self
that
prices people
and calls
it
Love

Jack Kellogg

1972 Kaleidoscope
A 1976 graduate of Kent State, Jack is an assistant manager of data processing with The Ohio Bell Telephone Co.

The birth of summer;
The mid-wife, spring sun,
Draws the babe from winter's womb.

EmmyLu Berkopec
Opposing View Points
He had every intention of making that climb, But he stopped half way.
He needed some time To sort silly young boy thoughts From the truly young man thoughts
A young man should have in his mind.

"We know he deserted and just didn't try. Gave his heart to the wind of a hazardous sky. Threw a bookend at God And all that is good. Didn't grow up the way A normal boy should."

If I thought I could piece
All the loose ends together
If I thought you might listen
I'd tell
How I slipped on the stones
From the rock of my life
I thought I'd known so well."

"Where are the reasons for loving yourself? Are there happier days to be found? If I knew there was peace On the upper most peak Of this mountain I might consider turning around."

When he got back to the base Of the lonely old place Every face seemed to tell him He was wrong.
"We can't make provisions
For such indecisions
So get back up there
Where you belong."

"Where in the World
Are my father and mother?
Can you take some time out
From hurting each other
To love me?
I need all the love you can give me.
I can't walk up mountains
If no one will lead me."

"I can't pray to God
If I've never learned praying
And I can't love myself
When I hear what you're saying."

"He never listens
He doesn't care."

A base combination,
That faulty foundation,
And a boy who forgets
How to dream.

"When I was young
I used to be
Ecstatic
About a Christmas tree."

L. Knowles
A green time ago
I was traveling a-
way
only to find
my way
was white
in the dried leaves.
I would search
for life, a time
when puffball magic
filled ocean-like minds.
I remember for the first time
climbing hills
wading creeks
slippery thighs
Wow!
then suddenly
    like a magnet switching poles
I discovered
a phantom jet and it told me
about
night fighters, flying high
swooping
then dropping
five hundred pound realities
into my lap
tapping
sapping
generation lost
in the dried leaves.

Lenny Eames

1973 Kaleidoscope
Lenny is president of Oblique, Incorporated, an Ashtabula based auto parts store for the do-it-yourselfer.
FLASH ON A CHICK

the show is over—
    the curtains are down
and I see you in the footlights
    clothed in a wedding gown.

you’re a child-bride
    and you’re so forlorn
with dreams of plenty—
    still unborn.
your dreams are painful—
    and your heart seems torn.

wed to the world
    but held to your life—and it’s
a life that’s littered
    with quarrel and strife.
    —and it’s
a life that’s cluttered
    with what’s wrong and

but you’re wed to the world
    and it’s there you see
light.

Child bride
    with life before you
don’t look back to the ones
    who bore you
you have a world
    and it’s all your own—
soon you’ll go out
    and call it your home.
daughter to life,
    child of love; wed to the world . . . ,
your heart’s just so big
    but your mind is eternal
    and fighting to live.

your groom’s standing
    faceless
    in the sea of man—
his footsteps are traceless
    across the land.

and you’re wed to the world—
    your dowry is life
so live it . . .
    and offer it . . .
    upraised
    in your hand.

G. W. Boomhower, Jr.

1974 Kaleidoscope
An English major, Wil will graduate from Kent in June.
Lies in a field of grass
alone but for a shadow
who talks of olden days.
(I would shut you up, would cut you with my words)
Restlessly stands then moves softly away
as the old one wanders on,
longs for what used to be,
wonders if it really was.
Glistening salty teardrop
slides down freckled cheek
to become the cool, blue lake I stand before.
(Your shadowing time is gone)
From a tree there comes a bird.
Whispers lamentations in my ears
laughs softly, leering
then silently disappears.
Oh,
That I am alone
With the soul of an old one
who once was!
(the time for emotion passed
long ago.)

Debi Sorine
CALCULATOR

$5 + 7 + 5 = ?$
Click, click, click, click, click, 17.
Of what use is my brain?

*Khinzu*
(January, 77)

DIET YOU’LL LIKE IT!

Little Boutique has lost her chic
The loss was quite profound-oh!
She took in the slack, then gained it all back
With candy by the pound-oh!

*Norma J. Sundberg*

The tailor can pray
Threading a pattern of words
Through a thought fabric.

*Dee Dee Reddick*
Let us walk a while, you and I.  
Let us talk a while, earth to sky.  
And as we bend with the bending of the universe  
I will ask my question.  

Oh, do not ask its nature,  
You, too, have asked it;  
Asked it with dignity,  
Assonance and simile.  
Put plainly,  
It mainly boils down to:  
Do the uncommon feel the same  
Dullness that the common do?  

Did you feel abandoned, too?  
Did you feel isolation,  
Hesitations in answering,  
Wandering eyes and empty banterings?  
Did the mirrors begin to distort you  
Until you became their distorted view?  
Did the human voices  
Begin to shout and spit  
Like so much dishonored spindrift?  
Did you find the only way to peace  
To be to rise to  
The bottom of the seas  
Where the fish eat out your eyes  
And the incessant poundings  
of the moon-tides cease?  

Let us discuss these things, you and I,  
When the sky is a black wall  
Lit by one naked bulb  
and all else is discreetly dead.  
Let us go where we have both been led  
By the question that circles around with space.  

Oh, do not turn me away.  
Do not ask: Who is it?  
When I make my visit  
A permanent stay.  

EmmyLu Berkopec
Somewhere this evening,
like the tide searching out
the sand
two lovers will
find
one another . . .
Their voices,
which have been and will be
are even now
being
silenced by the subtleties
of an absurd
theatre of which they find themselves
a part inevitably. By
choice or chance
it hardly
matters, they
bow and take their places.
Somewhere this evening also,
as sure as
the sun
slides a hot slice
through
the down-west sky
someone is dying
gasping and weakly
choking
on the bile of an upturned and
hungry life
he deposits coins in a
sandwich vender,
comes up empty and/or meets his maker;
it hardly matters.
Somewhere this evening a recalling mind
flashes
smooth and satisfying—
Somewhere this evening a shrill spine
shiver shakes; without explanation, someone’s
security—
Somewhere, this evening I realize
that whatever,
vital moments end
and it’s time
to pay
the dues
. . . for fairy tales and fantasies
and dreams that don’t come true.

G. W. Boomhower, Jr.

1975 Kaleidoscope
AUTUMN'S END

Each day from my window's vantage point
I have watched a valiant struggle as,
Despite the wind and rains,
The last leaf on our tree
To its bough clings, defiant,
Vainly fighting winter's snow and cold.
Perhaps, as I, not wanting Autumn's end.

I looked today, my leaf is gone,
Last night, snow fell upon the ground,
All too soon our winter had begun!

rib
You are courageous
in your commitment to be
what you believe,
what you know
you are.

You are strong
in the face of not-yet,
an untruth fabricated
by those who disclaim

The skill, vitality, and style
that set you apart
from their eight-to-five lives
and carve you a place
in my heart.

A small place for one
who should have
the whole world to sculpt—

but real.

Claudia Greenwood

Vendors of fruit
Ripen slowly till sunset
Then wait for morning.

Dee Dee Reddick
ODE TO A MODE OF TRAVEL

The muffler doesn’t muffle
The ignition won’t ignite.
I find myself “hot-wiring” it,
But I can’t give up the fight.

I have to kick the fender
In order to open the door.
A swift kick in the right region
Has been known to do much more.

I loosen up the wiring
So the brake lights work again.
Or encourage the radiator
To throw water on the fan.

Which is another story.
(At the time it wasn’t fun)
I repaired the leak temporarily
With a wad of chewing gum.

I have visions of a two-by-four
Under the driver’s seat
Else one day I may disappear
My feet meeting with the street.

But as long as it’s still running
My motto, it will be,
To never let this crazy car,
Get the best of me!

Norma J. Sundberg
I have grown—
out of dresses and
bobby-socks and
Easter Sunday hats
into something not quite so
definable.
I no longer read about
Alice and Jerry or
Dick and Jane but of
Camus and
Hesse and
life.
I am troubled—
for when I was young,
I assumed that all
mommies and daddies
believed in God;
but now they tell me it's not so.
Please,
somebody tell me that when I
touch a tree,
it is a tree I touch;
and when I call,
Someone hears.
There are just too many things
I understood for so long—
and now,
I'm not really sure . . .

*ann marie gidus*

1976 *Kaleidoscope*
Ann Marie will graduate in June from
Ohio University.

we've found the true meaning of pinball
without even looking

it's nothing to say to each other

sorry babe
but i'm just too tired
to keep this nonsense sensible
can't quantify & rank emotions
& fit them into neat numbered nooks
as you can

as the saying goes
the damage is done
& patches aren't as strong as
the original fabric

*Gail Orchard*

1977 *Kaleidoscope*
Gail is continuing her education at Kent
Campus.
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