

Fall 1976

The Yellow Magazine

Grand Valley State College. Thomas Jefferson College

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the yellow
magazine

Minority Poem

every time

someone

tries to speak

we cover him

with roads

which lead

the yellow magazine

I climb you

wing over claw

to leaf you light

if not

I will fly

if not

I will build

a nest

(tree)

❖ poetry and calligraphy ❖

Union

rain

falls

on your house

and

mine

poet... Belle Huffman

calligrapher... Miles Brown

Minority Poem

every time
someone
tries to speak
we cover him
with roads
which lead away (grass)

i climb you
wing over claw
to leaf and light
if i survive you
i will fly
if not
i will build
a nest (tree)

Union

rain
falls
on your house
and
mine

poet... billie hoffman

calligrapher... m'lou brown

Travelling with my Bosom Buddy

He sleeps now like a dinosaur
wrapped in the thick bronze chains
of extinction

I want to rouse the beautiful child
sleeping on his young whiskered face
The gravity of his great body pulls me
touching the moundhollows of skin on bone
I want to kiss lightly enough
to wake him without his knowing
I kissed

ann evelyn

calligrapher: eric bledsoe

she & I up on the roof of the old
gazebo, fondling one another like
strange animals, a moose to a
deer, excited,
while under the floor stones
music from another era
opens in my ear into swing jazz
the tux & chandeleir, poured
booze in the punch, debutantes,
workers on a holiday
at the new gazebo in the middle
of the park.

there was a couple like ourselves
finding their way up the stairs
under stars and whispering to the true
side of the moon
feeling out skin through the rough
suits and stiff dress. Cars

coming up the drive, circling
driving away again, the lovers,
driving all night long with their
headlights burning
while parents at home made faces
at clocks. She was

beautiful, body taut like a horse &
hard like a tree, disciplined &
exotic. Naturally she tried to keep
my hands out of her crotch,
swelled stomachs, strange
drugs, &
wildness of her own body
scared her

The Gazebo by Mark Seeley
Lenore Winters - Calligrapher

Perhaps there are no words: yes
butterfly cloaks
dust from the trails
furrowed brows

There is the caring
the caring . . .

It sets us apart
sometimes

Poet: Susie Corbet

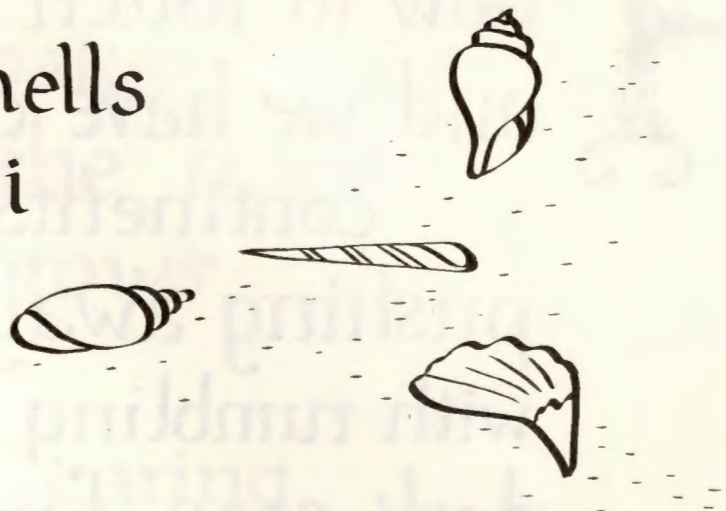
Calligrapher: J. Majnun Miller

And so i have forgotten
how to touch you
and we have gone like the
continents, adrift
pushing away from each other
with rumbling and scrapings
dark seas forming between us
without bridges . . .

So you have forgotten
how to touch me
and i have forgotten laughter
i lie like a continent,
adrift

Cajuita : Gathering Meditation

we gather shells
my love and i
in cajuita
in winter.



i call him my love
because he walks
ahead of me , nicely
with brown legs
and round cheeks.

daydreaming
he misses the conch
i follow, with the eyes of a lizard
and get them all.

John Street: Listening Meditation

raquel sleeps nextdoor.
never have i seen her so still
in sleep, we are vacuums
exchanging breaths
between rooms.

in bed
monitoring my own sound
silent
except the tommygun of heart
and wavebreak of breath
that, is as quiet
as it ever gets.

poet: erica s. helm

calligrapher: julie carlson

eyes and bones

does no woman know
my skeleton softness?
is there no face
etched on my skull?

so many of them,
the forbidden women,
love my eyes
but will not
caress my throat
or
ripple my hair
or
fasten their tongues
to my hardened lips.

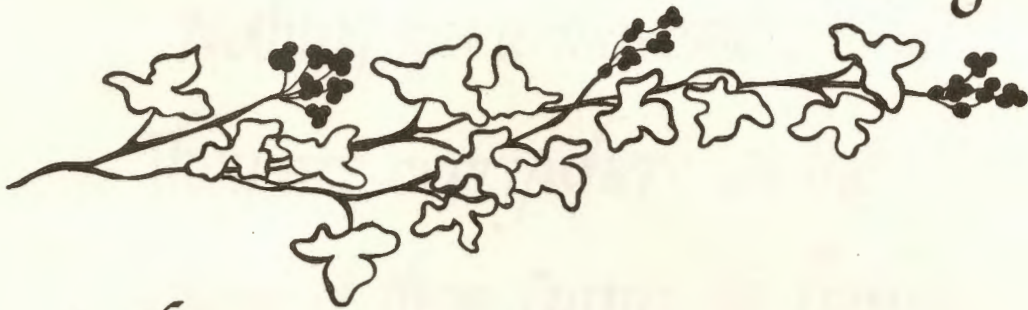
but even my eyes
are deception
as they throw
twining beams
of faith and pain
to the would-be
lover's delight.

they really
lear inward,
boring shafts
of scrutiny
thru shotgun nerves
in my brain.
what they see
is illegal.
what they say
is obscene.

poet: ray stock
calligrapher: taven richardson

Her eyes are as calm as a fall stream.
I can't say anything.
I feel like a yellow leaf on that stream.
I'm dying in that stream,
the stream of her eyes.

Dung Tran



Snow falling on her hair.
White spots on the stream of black long hair.
It's so warm and nice to be
long with her.

Dung Tran

calligrapher: Taven Richardson

Suddenly, there was no sound of guns anymore.

The battle was over.

It's quiet, so quiet.

It's so solitary, no sound of insects.

Nothing has a movement at all.

They are everywhere on the ground.

Some of them lying on bushes,

some in a strange position.

Most of them on the ground.

the red of blood on the brown soil.

Oh! Some voice? The voice of a wounded.

The only wounded.

Dung Tran

Calligrapher: Sharon Gilmore

The disembodied
light bulb wears
a pink mask like
my mother,
she was a virgo

remembered her make-up
but didn't always rub out
the edges, it
startled me the way
her cheek left ethereal
trails . . .

She was moon gate never latched,
her palm the step up & through
frozen spinach & raspberry parfait.

After spring cleanings, every
venetian blind scrubbed clean -
I watched her sleep on the couch beside me
palm open
thumb crooked

that was her strength,
the wry lip
amusement

the far off look

Years later we sit &
snap cowpeas on the porch,
the lines on her face
satin payments.
the patina of no choice.

In her red sweater
she is the old cookbook,
christmas tree
the extension of
her paring knife
slicing carrot
against her thumb

She snaps them faster.

poet... Joyce Jenkins calligrapher... M'lou Brown

Hungry again

I forgot how to cook
the cupboard is empty
there are no ingredients

only baskets of
laundry everywhere

poet: Joyce Jenkins
calligrapher: Sandy Meyers

cats do it also squirrels
look erotically at yr feet
we all go pad in the night

poet: joyce jenkins
calligrapher: richard moyer

The bare hours sit
on their haunches &
stare, some days I
just don't know
what it is

that makes me so afraid to
live, to relieve this awful
ache in my bones.

Dick told me that
graduate school, it made people
divorce each other & jump out of
their skins to escape too
vigorous training & bite their
fingernails on the bus some
up to the elbows & others never
sleep normally again.

I don't want to be in pain forever, I
don't want my bone marrow to
kick off, I can still
dance

balloons still sell
in dime stores, ducks
still quack.

For Bakken, the Wonder Poet
Joyce Jenkins
Chris Brown Nov. 23, 1976

some birds would not know what to do in this place
would seek to leave on the most immediate occasion
would seek that occasion, until found, constantly

lotsa other strange birds
in this place, also do not know
what to do

stranger

they do not seek to leave

rather glide

on the streams of their contemplation

rather flit about

in their strange plumage

whistle the progene tune,

to dance the dance of that tune

many wet their whistles
and remain quiet through the night
sweaty feathers falling to the floor
reeling on their roosts blind
to the dance around them

other whistles
blowing all night long, when wet
feathers unruffled until nesting time,
a sly fly away

birds of the night,
why do we coast til two a.m.
when this crazy ravin' house
closes its high window?
I, too, wish to nestle my beak
in the nest between the two
soft boughs
whistle the progene tune and dance there

Birds in Bars by John Zevalking
Julia Porter Calligrapher

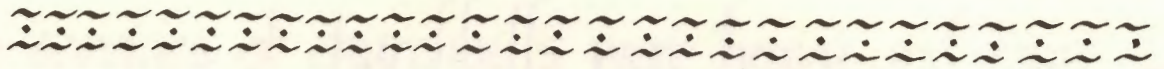
~~~~~  
My mother has drifted off to sleep after a long talk  
One hand thrown across her breast  
One on her black dog

I was trying to ask her  
In the language of an old daughter  
If she understands the difference between our lives

But the black dog shivered and she put out her hand to him  
And her tired eyes fell down  
Asleep into his black hair

calligraphy ~ Margaret Willey  
susan swecker

~~~~~



The Night Before My Brother's Wedding

That night I dreamt of a small birdhouse
bleached grey and rough with age
with an interior of inlaid porcelain
filled with photographs of happy families
and the gauzy remains of nesting birds

Margaret Willey
calligraphy ~ susan swecket



No angels swept down from the sky
in March
as I walked down the slick street
at evening
that even then carried traces of your sweat
small flowers of your breath
and I was shadowed
and carried a tight bouquet of despair in my fist.

I waited and waited again for a sign
for a signal of release
for the chains dragged unendingly
across the toothless sky
to break or melt.



The tongues of churchbells were heavy and mure
glazed with the ice
that split the tall oaks
as if overladen with sterile fruit.

And a slow bolt of lightening
licked through my choked veins
I realized
that for all my desire
I couldn't vault the distance between us
or leap through shackles to the other horizon
where you began to wake
nudged by the dawn.

ICE STORM

poet :: Martin Koosed
calligrapher :: Becky Fritz



When I am an old man
I will spend long hours
immersed in silent waters.
Outside, my body may be pushed or led
it will not matter
for the hot scalding surface of pride
will be extinguished;
only the deep blue flame of my soul
clear, unburdened, undisturbed
will light and heat my way.

I will sit long hours
feeling the sun roll sweetly
off my neck and bared hands.
I will not murmur
will not bend my vision
to any noise of distraction
or any sight that veils and shrouds my purpose.

Perhaps I will stoop to peruse the rosebuds
break their soft green shell and blossom,
I'll watch the bees kiss them
and a sudden winged shadow loiter above
the trembling and murmuring lovers.

For I am the rose
and I am the bee
and I am the dark visaged crow hunting
for something beyond my sight.

Divided I am yet slowly tenderly plucking each petal
like a mask
to discover the body within the body
the face that is finally not disguise
that does not perish
or ever die.

Poet: Martin Koosed

Calligraphers: Kim Ross & Amy Nicholson



Up Until This Time
(My twenty-two years in a poem.)

..... and it seems that some of
My ancestors somewhere had played the
guitar. Had saaaang the blues,
and spit down rivers of dark red human juice
ovber the trees of N. Carolina.
and some of mine haed rode the
freedom rides with the
free / dome / ride / hers
and sang WESHALLOVERCU U UM
WESHALL OVER CU U UM
WE SHALL OVER COME SOME DAYAYAYAY.

AND I know my grand father was
in the army because my mother has a picture to
prove it.

and all those that came before make a statement
and all those who come after add their voices, and
all those grave serious
song and it's good joyful voices make their

because they are singing me.

poet ~ bil macklin
calligrapher ~ janice zilko

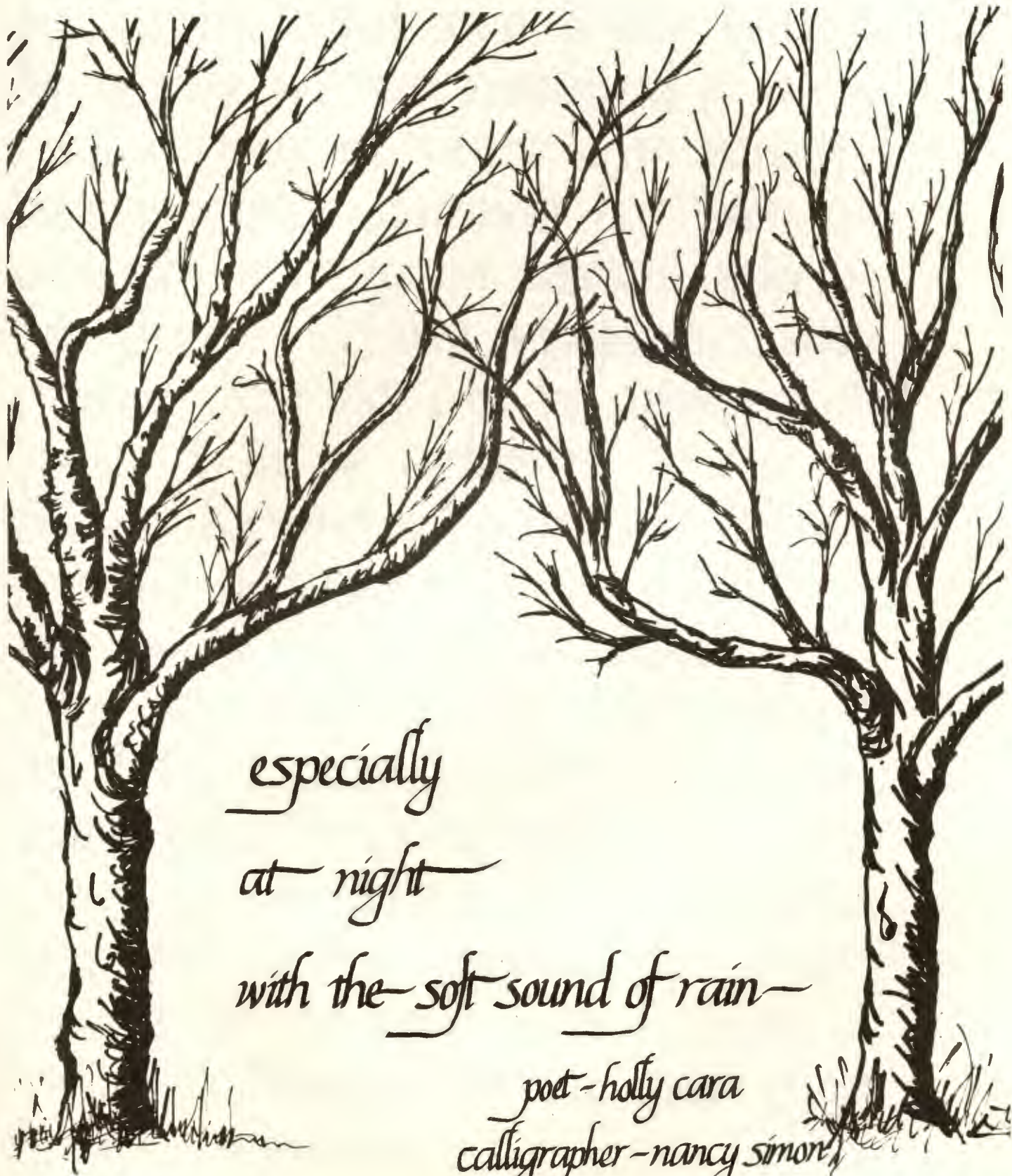
with fall enclosing

let me look for you now, as fall encloses,
the ground frozen hard
the nights spinning black
Black Sherry,
I have yet to conquer a song for
you.

drank too much last night
this rattle trap body has become all nerves
and the old smells have returned to
my dry nostrils and I am afraid.

as fall encloses the
slate sky and you waiting for
the song that I have not conquered under
the space they have filled to brimming with
confused men and frightened machines.
my love let fall enclose us and let
fall find us falling
into what we know we are.

poet - bil macklin
calligrapher - rebecca farwell



especially
at night
with the soft sound of rain—

poet - holly cara
calligrapher - nancy simon

In this, the third issue of the Yellow Magazine we have continued to integrate various art forms with poetry. A strong graphic statement has been emphasized to create an aesthetic whole. For future Yellow Magazines, any creative effort that can be conveyed on paper will be welcome at the Poetry Resource Center, Lake Huron, Thomas Jefferson College, G.V.S.C. We would also like to thank all who gave their support, especially: The T.J.C. Expressive Arts Curriculum, Lenore Winters' Calligraphy Class, The Dyer-Ives Foundation, Arthur Cadieux, and The Poetry Resource Center. Co-Editors for this issue were, Lenore Winters, Martin Koosed and Joyce Jenkins. ♦♦♦♦♦

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