

Spring 1976

The Yellow Magazine

Grand Valley State College. Thomas Jefferson College

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THE YELLOW MAGAZINE
is a publication grouped loosely around
Thomas Jefferson College.
Its attempt is to foster a dialogue
between differing art forms
emerging from this college.
Although we publish a lot
of poems and stories,
photos and artwork,
we welcome contributions in the fields
of writing, drawing, photography, music,
and dance (anything that can be
transmitted on
paper) You can usually find
someone to talk to
in the Poetry Resource Center,
in Lake Huron Hall,
about the Mag. There is one
back issue. Editors:

Ann Willey & Mark Seeley

QUOTE FROM COLLABORATION BY M. KOUSED & M. SEELEY
FOR THE YELLOW MAGAZINE

"it's not enough to write poems and hide them
under your pillows
it's not enough to do your thing and let
everyone else do theirs
it's not enough to find a good place
to bury yourself for the winter
we must speak to/for each other
we must bring the dark stories into the light
we must pool our energies to take the stone
off the mouth of the well
that springs in us all."

Thanks to the following folks for donations
Bud Haggard, Earl Hoer, Gil Davis, Barbara Gibson,
and special thanks to the Anonymous Donor
who gave \$50.00.

"If I could i would
color, and go to a place
called feeling."

(anonymous, from
Ben Mitchell's 4th
Grade Class)

NOTE?/ TAKE THIS MAGAZINE APART
REASSEMBLE

POEMS FROM A 4TH GRADE CLASS OF
BEN MITCHELL'S

My pet Trachus eats people with
muster and my pet stinks!

Kim, age 7

BLUE STREAMING MOON BIRD

Blue streaming moon bird
is so pretty you will like her.
Special moon like a blue ball.
Bright in the night. Night like
a Halloween. A moon
bird is a nice bird.

Racquel, age 7

WISHER WOMAN, CRACKS THE SUN

The time grows fast
the sea is rushes
winter lies again
farms are dreams
school right across my face
the school grows dreams
the street dies for love
the street grows again
the sun wishes for love
the sun flows around the earth
the light is bleeding for love
the woman is bleeding badly
the flow rushes more
a time come when woman got to die
the woman is musically if she dies
the woman begs for help
a woman dreams that she is crazy.

The book lies again.

Michelle, Michelle, Willie,
Jowanda, Angela, Patricia, Ben

My favorite color is
red and yellow and pink is
my Favorite color. I
like pink and yellow too
I like red better.

Brenda, age 8

crayons weave their
textured magentas &
medium rose past
your face shining
as it used to
when I saw it
out the window

on the phone your
neck is the neck
of the bus driver

and the folding skin
beckons, yr face
the bottom of my
grocery bag all
unglued, you are

the silver crayon,
slick to touch

joyce jenkins

Mist
is a vapor cloud
left over
from the radiant active
snows &
glitters when reflected in
the black asphalt
night, where shards
of broken beer bottles
live & die

mist is formed
by not looking
while making love

by aversion

by the indifferent slide of
your face away from
the refrigerator when
there is no more milk
& I have been home all day/

joyce jenkins

VISITING HOURS (FOR A MAN NAMED MINK)

last night i dreamed a red rose
on your bed

standing by the door
i wondered where you had gone

there was a rumped pillow
on the dark spread and the rose growing
where your head should have been

people waiting
in silent lines
to see the place

i said
a rose is only a matter of time
between places

moving away at tremendous speed.

billie hoffman

*

SONG OF SONGS

on the palm of my hand
your fingers curl
sleeping

after the rain
in the far distance
we hear a small voice
begin

and the trees and bushes
dance for hours
after

sisters

you say
i've changed so,
i'm not the
beautiful girl
with the
long dresses
and
soft hair
anymore.

but look at me now,
i'm
politically aware,
active,
intrigued by science.
doesn't that
count
for something?

Sarah Bush

2 you've changed too
you're less
independent,
you cook meals
for a man
you used to
just wait for.

you don't
freak out
so much
or maybe
you don't tell me
about those
hassles now
because
you've got
a man.

two women .
in separate
beds
listening
to
Laura Nyro
in the
dark
makes me
want you

for Terry

today
my breasts
resemble yours:
small
firm
and far apart

under
my soft
pink
sweater

DAY ONE (FLOWERING PLANTS CLASS)
for John Warren

sloping down into creek bed
where potters come down to get their clay
the ravine still eroding
from their footprints
the trillium's leaves like duck's feet
springing out of the ground
by tree roots

on the first day of spring
three inches down
the soil
is warm
a foot down
and it drops a centigrade
drops back into winter
drops back into the sleeping seeds
dreaming through long months

on the surface
trout lilies glide through the soil
their scaly leaves slick
against moss
hepatica
on the southeast slope
facing sunrise
facing creekbed
facing river
the silky white hair
and tinge of violet
coming into the petals
like spring
the green pistil
house
of seed

Mark Seeley

seperating from the class a few of us move
downstream
to another ravine
less trekked
we find moss holding the bank together
no flowers
scattered wild grass flowering like bald men
the moss can hold the side of the hill
like a net
until
decaying
the lilies come
or ferns
this nervous tension
between falling and being pulled
this late blooming
in the fifth month of the year
sprouts moss in all of us

from SIGNS

THE CITIES IN BLOOM

but o they are beautiful
with their towers topped with the sun
and gardens on their roofs
and o it is beautiful
when the traffic makes animal noises
and the people walk in their clothes that belong
to the wind and move like a sea
and o it is beautiful to come to the markets
in the morning and watch the sellers mingle
with the buyers and the goods mingle with stalls
and bags and the ships in the harbor
and the crying for bargains
and o it is beautiful when the night
edges down between buildings and the music
springs out of basements
you dive down into the cellars
and dance
beat time with your feet and make
the roof collapse
and o it is beautiful when the sax breathes
yells and screams and the trumpet
with its golden elbow
and lungs
and o it is beautiful to go from bar
to bar down streets that stay open
all night and never exhaust them all
it is beautiful to stay up all night and laugh
it is beautiful to let the stream of faces
flow around you like an island
it is beautiful when the cities go wild like weeds
it is beautiful and o
let us not forget
let us not forget to mourn them
and all their broken
music

mark seeley

MAYAKOVSKY

I

Your father
 they say
 was a forester.
No! You
 were the son of Daedalus
in flight. You were
 Cuchulain's child
battling the dull waves
 of this world
 with your sword of words.
You were larger,
 brighter,
you were stronger than any of us.
You were a fool:
 no one
 can be
a poet
 and a politician
in the U.S.
 or the U.S.S.R
 and survive
 for very long.

II

Mother: your child is weeping
he is sick with blood on his hands.

Mother: your son has become
a murderer for your sake.

Mother: can you hear me?
Mother: cut the bell from the church steeple

dress in black tear your clothes
Mother: your son has taken orders

like a computer. Under your watchful eyes
he has learned to love
 his killing.

Mother: turn off your T.V.
Your son will not come home.

Mother: mourn for him
he is a creature undead

frozen in the chaos of his own consciousness.
Mother: he remembers the cold steel
cutting into his wrists
 your red smile
 over tea.

III

It's cold here
cold as a February
in Siberia.
Storms from the south
have died
for now.
And the sparrows
allied with the wind
own the black-skinned trees
unchallenged.
I take my part
in the earth's
slow and lazy revolution.

I orbit
around a sun
that shines
for few and too rarely.

You are right:
this planet is ill equipped for joy
especially in winter.

But you are the only devil
in heaven
lighting ten thousand suns
with your dead smile
giving us mortals
a little extra warmth
to get by.

MIDNIGHT SONG

Now the heavy truck growls in the street
its path its blade sweeps
snow, chains clink.
I am bitten.

A yellow light blinks through
curtains closed
Your eyes

The day folds like a fender 'round a pole
blood comes away from
my forehead
snow presses into the wound
into my bones

This danger before sleep
your body cool, white:
and a blade scraping asphalt
prowling

martin koosed

IN HONOR OF THE WAXING FORCES

Earth bitten into pieces
By teeth too old to name,
The blood-flow of a New Age
Matriarch in March,
That split seed of a summer
Falling into woman
To become the fruit of Spring.
Ram on cruel cliffs, waiting,
Impatient to proclaim the message
From the last light of our Winter's
Cold and distant sun-
Burst warmly on the breaking streams.

*

Hair of an Arien child;
A deep, red fire, dancing,
Her thin, wild legs in celebration
With the nearing echoes of an
Earth awakening.
In caves, the Springbreath bellows out
In musty heat
While the bear lumbers forth
From the grave of sleep to
Newborn berries.

*

Yawning woods,
And she,
Sunning her full moss belly
And green leaves laughing
On the hilly breasts,
Through pains of labor
From a heavy Winter sky,
Her bag of waters breaks
To give us twins;
Thunder tumbling out
And lightning thrown
Like spears between her legs.

(Moon in Leo)

Eloise Montpetit

*

But there is a quiet, wet-faced smile
Of darkness
When the goddess waxes full
And shadows eddy forth
Across the room.
But there is this space of waiting
In Magic
When the skein of energy
Resting in the throat
Unwinds and flickers in the eyes.

But there is that time
When the squirrel's play
And owl's song
Are stronger than the city-
This moment
When the teeth of Winter
Withdraw within that
Sensual, warm, wet mouth
Of Lady Spring.

ON THE WAY TO NEW HAVEN (TRA LA)

In Albany bus depot we stay in the bathroom
and hide out from the perverts
and bleach blondes

On the bus I dart in and out of sleep
high flown jazz embroiders my dreams
I open my eyes to green turnpike signs
and car lights
and close them again

I change buses in Springfield
walk through the dark bus
strewn with stretched out sleepers
good night/ safe trip

It's 4 A.M. I read and write
for two hours waiting
waiting until dawn

Dawn brings the bluest truest
achingest blue of morning
and the winos too
'You deserve to be raped' he tells me
after I tell him of my trip through Canada

Sleep my way to Hartford
and again change buses
the bus finally says New Haven

Eastern seaboard day
Zen thoughts/ Connecticut
would be here if I was home
on my mattress asleep in Michigan
Connecticut would still be here!

New Haven... Finally...
cabbid it to your house
#13 I ring the bell
you half asleep scamper down
and peer through the door

'Holly!' you hug me
give me cream cheese on brown bread
and jasmine tea
& even though I'm not home
I am home

Holly Price

I sat on the porch
those hot summer nights
thick lazy nights
cars cruise
jazz sax blue note
S around drippin'
an' drippin'
all over
me.

(white girl
blue-eyed devil girl)
must be easy girl)

an' the smell'a my own skin
too heavy too heavy too heavy
to hide.

*

I always wanted to come over to your house,
sit next to you with my shoes off and
drink the red wine waitin' on the shelf.

And I wish you could feel at home with me
like you do with those city cats
who wander up to see you
because you know how to touch them.

I think the reason I love you is
your black hair and black eyes
you always smell so good

and your words are night waves flowing
over dry split earth.

Christine Shepard

THE PUNISHED

The record was scratched and old. She played it over and over again because, I think, she must have known. Everyone hated it. One woman hid it for a while. Otherwise she said the drive to murder wouldn't quell inside her. Her solution was prophylactic. Appropriate because just about the whole place was prophylactic. The passion to murder was too much alive: blunted dreams, castrated and forgotten, were official policy. The corpses were supposed to stay buried. But we kept digging them up to suffer the death all over again. The deed never ended; it was all too clear.

Repetition was the order of the day. Every day. Order after order after order. How else could the machine run? A sergeant was appointed to choose the clothes she could wear for the day. Her wardrobe was stored somewhere beneath the basement. It was perfectly logical. Everything was. If she were permitted to choose her own clothes, the entire day would be spent changing and layering outlandish varieties. Obviously, to spend a day that way was wasteful. Providing a chooser saved hours and hours. Sergeant's thrift left time to sleep. But when she tried to sleep, they stopped that too. She was to sit up and wait until lunchtime.

By lunchtime she had begun to talk and giggle to herself. It appeared she was in the middle of an argument. She slapped at her stomach, scolding four separate spots as if she carried babies in her pouch like a kangaroo.

Perhaps they were Vietnamese babies. Her words tumbled over, interweaving and overlapping. No one listened, and she was scarcely acknowledged unless her motions became too frantic and disrupted our veneer of balance. If she commandeered a neighbor's potato to share among her charges, she would be noticed. Usually however, her rantings and lullings remained within the limits of her self and whatever extensions she alone understood.

I heard her mutter something about being only a poor Korean girl. She was certainly no spy and she had to superintend these babies she carried. Her gentle slapping suggested they were not behaving quite properly. But her babbling built to a frenzy as she maintained her innocence. Absolutely a poor Korean girl could not be accused of being a Nazi spy. And Hitler's atrocities could not be impaled on her breast. She was innocent!

In spite of her protestations, however, I was convinced of her guilt. I knew she was not responsible for the horrific acts that scrambled and bled from her lips, but I watched her flee a guilt that propelled without mercy.

LHH MEDITATION

I press my face
against the glass door.
Snow images swirl, wind
blows clouds of cold.
Atom particles stream
in chaos--no, the pattern
is unclear only
to my mind. I think
that it has snowed this way
forever, wind has always
stormed across Lake Michigan
gathering moisture over
that steamy water, dumping
white on flat plains east
of the lake, west of the ocean.
I think no indians stayed here
after the solstice, before
the equinox. I hear
a piano phrase repeat itself
from the next room. Piano phrases
always repeat themselves, that
same passage has been heard
a million times. Footsteps
pound down stairs, a baby cries
for the hundredth time today,
my heart goes out to a lost love
across the continent, when
will I find you, new love?
A woman and man open the door,
roar into the blizzard
laughing, his long hair
blowing wild. I think how
we live in warm electric
caves, and move from cave
to cave in steel boxes
powered by the decayed pressed
bodies of plants and animals
alive a billion years ago.
I think that the blizzard
doesn't "rage," snow is not
cold to a tree or even to
a squirrel dozing among
dry leaves and acorns
in the ravine. Only
to poor hairless upright beasts
like us, heavy with overgrown
brains, inventing machines,
inventing music,
inventing love.

barbara o'mary

LAZARUS IN STRIDE

What'll it be?
We are not older,
just more lonely.
Tired tap dancers
like Lenny Bruce -
wasted and deaf to last laughs;
O why don't you just sing?
Invade kingdoms
and escape.
O why don't you just listen?
The old man with his flute
spread eagle,
is free form
is from the forest
is the sound of fog
feeling the backs of shallow graves,
is like the sap
leaving the trees slowly.
Soon to the sea
he will float, his flute singing
a canticle for the coast.
The crucifixion is now
and he wastes no time attending.
He says, The sea will stay
trickling through Noah's two hands
like sand. I am not worried. I can still whistle
with wet lips.
I can still waltz on the waters. It's just
that I'm tired
and I know I will outlive
my soggy shoes.
O why don't you just surrender?
Feel her, like all the youth in Asia,
dip and trot in unmarked graves.
O why don't you forgive her, Lazarus?
You, more than anyone, your flute in your side
know there are too many thorns
and not enough flowers.
Soon, Lazarus. Sing.
Last Call -
Sing to the return of forever.
The stars are still
for wishing
and the roads
remain old.
It's the last dance
and the lights are dimmed.
The floor empties
in partners.

Jeff Willis

FOR THE OLD MAN ON THE BOSTON TROLLEY

word fragments

grind & squeak

making stops in the air

your mouth drools

sound, wet

noodles of remorse

memory creased skin

faded glass eyes

forget the lonely past

still life

your age rasping

the clink of pennies

no one cares to count

Ann Filemyr

LOVE GOES SWEETLY

where do I find another love
wilted flower?
we grew together and watched it bud in
foreign soil
the blooming bud embraced us
we fell together
what now my lip limp flower?
petals falling from my memory
the knives in my loneliness dripping blood tears

I dreamt of black roses eating yesterday's
death on my window sill
I was watching from the ventilator
but when I awoke I could not escape

at the funeral I adorned your grave
limp flower
at the services I grinned at the distorted
sobbing faces
and grinned as every shovel concealed the
mulching corpse
and myself, I was standing there beside
those other faces
trapped sobbing in the tin echoes of the ventilator

brad reed

Judy Thirlby

I'm at a party. A young attractive man with a bandaid on his cheek offers me a ride to a bar where I have to be at midnight. He'd like to sleep with me, but I'm not interested. On the way we talk about Panama. He shows me some Panamanian currency. He turns into a park, telling me it's a short cut. He misses a red light.

He stops the car and pulls me to him. I am suddenly terrified. I tell him I don't want him. He grabs and pulls, shoving me down. Everything is black around us but a small Snoopy dog swinging from the rearview mirror. I tell him I don't want to. He doesn't care. All the car windows are rolled up. I panic. "I have an infection. I can't screw." He says, "Prove it." I have on a sanitary napkin for the discharge. I pull it out and hand it to him. He opens the door. The light comes on. Some of my hair has come out and hangs from his fingers. I don't see much on the pad. He throws it on the dashboard. He can go to the free V.D. clinic in the morning, he says.

I look around at the trees. We are parked in a circle drive. There are strange things around us; I don't know what. I rub my fur coat. "Please," I say. He starts pushing again, grabbing at my pants and breasts. Sometime in here I fight. I can't remember if it was before or after I showed him the napkin. It doesn't matter.

I have never hit anyone in my life. I am hurt. My arms are pinned back like curtains. He is kissing me and pushing his thighs on me. I am frightened for my body, my uterus, my babies. "I'm not supposed to have intercourse. The doctor said." I am crying. "Please," I am crying, "don't hurt me."

I am another person, like slides changing, click, from one to another. I say, "Let's have oral intercourse then." I do not feel his hands shoot away, down into his jeans. Suddenly his penis appears, so large I think it is deformed. Everything has vanished again, is black. I can see nothing but his penis. I put my hand on it and rub up and down. He pushes my hand away. "I want your mouth." I bend over his lap, begin to lick. I do not care what happens to me. I am sick. I have gone so far inside myself I'm not real anymore. I am not here. Can't he see that? "Can I touch it?" I don't know what he means. He strokes between my legs, inside my jeans. It feels good. I start to move. I have gone mad. I could never throw this up. There is pain in every bone. I am disgust. I think I smell like a dog rotting by the road. "Oh God."

There is no movement in the car for a while. Then he pushes me over. I adjust my glasses. He pulls my left leg from my jeans, rolls my under-pants down. He is inside me. I feel nothing. Nothing. He tries to kiss me. The Snoopy dog swings with his thrusts. It is over.

He would like to know if I would like to have a drink with him. He would also like me to know he hadn't come; so there would be no proof of rape if I was thinking of reporting it to the police.

I had gone so far inside myself it took weeks to come back out. I walked up a sidewalk, and I knew I wasn't there. I took a shower, sat on my bed nude. I looked down and watched green ooze from my vagina. I didn't cry.

And now I have made myself sick again writing this. Working in rape education and counseling I have told hundreds of people this story. I have heard other more horrible stories. But this one is mine, it is a bone buried in my ground, and I am sick to feel it once more unearthed.

1

We are jars together
the same water fills us
poured mouth to mouth

I am giving birth
Soft figures are circling around me
All hands moving
Necklace slaps, breasts slap
Breathing is a chant

2

We are always weaving
we women
your cycle into mine
Slow months of red fusion
the shuttle slides underwater
scales grow up fingers

We are always weaving
the pattern around us enlarges
every day, new loaf of bread
the egg frying, a lover, a silver bracelet
Eo Eo Eo
different colors only

Our mouths, breasts, fine lambs wool a cotton field
Soosh Eo Eo Soosh
Soosh Eo Eo

J. T.







96/11/26
J. H. H. H.

