1971

Saga 1971

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SAGA
1971
STATE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE
AT BROCKPORT
BROCKPORT, NEW YORK
I appeal from your customs. I must be myself. I cannot break myself any longer for you, or you. If you cannot love me for what I am, we shall be the happier. If you cannot, I will still seek to deserve that you should. I will not hide my tastes or aversions. I will so trust that what is deep is holy, that I will do strongly before the sun and moon whatever inly rejoices me and the heart appoints.

from "Self-Reliance" by Ralph Waldo Emerson
SOLO

Solo, like some dark bird against the sky,
who's only lately learned to fly.
I go my way alone,
I go my way alone.

Solo, I walk the foreign friendless land.
Till I hold heaven in my hand
I'll go my way alone.
I'll go my way alone.

To be alone,
is not so bad at all,
it means you've got to live
within the prison of your dreams.
And make pretend your only friend
unless of course you want to be,
like ev'ry willow in the glen.
And bend.

Rod McKuen
INSIDE OF ME

Inside of me
there is something
that no one will ever see,
some kind of something
I can't as yet define
I drown it every night with wine
for it's no friend of mine.

Inside of me
there's a wild thing
pushing to be free
like some mad maverick
that's been walled up
in a canyon all these years
feeding only on the fears
that drive it downward,
part of me
it longs to race down
to the freedom of the sea.

Inside of me
like a long forgotten
lover there
simple as silence
I can't even feel
the sound of something
almost real
and it's telling me be careful.

In spite of me
there are worlds around me
turning round
things I'll never find
and things I haven't found,
but they're real
and still the gulf between the world
and me is wide
as wide as my black soul.

Locked up inside
in a jail of my making I keep
that secret I own
till it dies all alone, inside of me.

Inside of me.

Rod McKuen
TODAY 1967 A.D.

In our time life more comfortable and complicated
People more busy and nervous
More money and more war
Everybody want more and more expensive living
If you talk about nature, she running into flower shop or go to country
for weekend
If anybody melancholy please take an aspirin
A poem is nothing
Not bigger than a banana not worth three cents
Sometimes after big dinner I wish you
Take a look little star
See yourself without
a
mirror

Walasse Ting
CHILDREN ONE AND ALL

Some of us live in big white houses,
some of us live in small.
Some of our names are written on blackboards,
some are written on walls.

Some of our daddys work in factories,
some of them stand in line.
Some of our daddys buy us marbles,
some of them just buy wine.

But at night you can’t tell Sunday suits
from tattered overalls.
Then we’re only children,
children one and all.

Some of us take our lunch in boxes,
some in paper sacks.
Some of us kids join in the laughter,
some hear it at our backs.

Some of our mothers sew fine linen,
some can’t sew a stitch.
Some of our mothers dress up poorly,
some of them dress up rich.

But at night you can’t tell party dresses
from hand-me-downs too small.
Then we’re only children,
children one and all.

Some of us learn our lessons poorly
some of us learn them well.
Some of us find an earthly heaven,
some of us live in hell.

Some of us go right on a-preachin’,
without makin’ too much sense.
Some of us hide behind a wall,
some behind a fence.

But at night you can’t tell picket fences
from bricks that tower tall.
Then we’re only children,
children one and all.

Some of us grow up tall and handsome
some of us grow up plain.
Some of us own the world in ransom,
some of us just our name.

Some of our people die in mis’ry,
some of them die in peace.
Some of our people die for nothing,
but dying doesn’t cease.

And at night you can’t tell fancy coffins
from boxes in the hall.
Then we’re only children,
children one and all.

Rod McKuen
Eyes to see me
yeah here am i
am standing
at the crest of a tallest
hill with a trumpet
in my hand & dark
glasses
on.
bearded & bereted i proudly stand!
but there are no eyes to see me.
i send down cool sounds!
but there are no ears to hear me.
Carl Wendell Hines, Jr.
WHAT I'M DOING HERE

I do not know if the world has lied
I have lied
I do not know if the world has conspired against love
I have conspired against love
The atmosphere of torture is no comfort
I have tortured
Even without the mushroom cloud
still I would have hated

Listen
I would have done the same things
even if there were no death

I will not be held like a drunkard
under the cold tap of facts
I refuse the universal alibi

Like an empty telephone booth passed at night
and remembered
like mirrors in a movie palace lobby consulted
only on the way out
like a nymph maniac who binds a thousand
into strange brotherhood
I want
for each of you to confess

Leonard Cohen
Only once have I been mute. It was when a man asked me, “Who are you?”

Kahlil Gibran
America the
Befouled
Sing to tune of "America, the Beautiful"

Oh, Cancerous for smoky skies,
for pesticided grain...

Irradiated mountains rise as
an asphalt plain.

America, America, thy birds
have fled from thee;

Thy fish lie dead by poisoned
streams from sea to fetid sea.

America, America, thy sins prepare thy
doom!

Monoxide clouds shall be thy shower
... thy cities be thy tomb.
THE UNKNOWN CITIZEN

He was found by the Bureau of Statistics to be
One against whom there was no official complaint,
That, in the modern sense of an old-fashioned word, he was a saint.
For in everything he did he served the Greater Community.

Except for the War till the day he retired
He worked in a factory and never got fired,
But satisfied his employers, Fudge Motors Inc.
Yet he wasn’t a scab or odd in his views,
For his Union reports that he paid his dues,
(Our report on his Union shows it was sound)
And our Social Psychology workers found
That he was popular with his mates and liked a drink.
The Press ace convinced that he bought a paper every day
And that his reactions to advertisements were normal in every way.

Policies taken out in his name prove that he was fully insured,
And his Health card shows, he was once in hospital but left it cured.
Both Producers Research and High-Grade Living declare
He was fully sensible to the advantages of the Installment Plan
And had everything necessary to the Modern Man,
A phonograph, a radio, a car and a frigidaire.
Our researchers into Public Opinion are content
That he held the proper opinions for the time of year;
When there was peace, he was for peace; when there was war, he went.
He was married and added five children to the population,
Which our Eugenist says was the right number for a parent of his generation.
And our teachers report that he never interfered with their education.

Was he free? Was he happy? The question is absurd;
Had anything been wrong, we should certainly have heard.

W. H. Auden
I’LL CATCH THE SUN

I’ll catch the sun
and never give it back again.
I’ll catch the sun
and keep it for my own.
And in a world where no one understands
I’ll take my outstretched hand

and offer it to anyone
who comes along and tells me
he’s in need of love.
In need of hope or maybe just a friend.
Perhaps in time I’ll even share my sun
with that new anyone
to whom I gave my hand.
Every thought I have imprisoned in expression I must free by my deeds.
Kahlil Gibran
The voice of life in me cannot reach the ear of life in you; but let us talk that we may not feel lonely.

Kahlil Gibran
Life is a procession. The slow of foot
finds it too swift and he steps out;
And the swift of foot finds it too slow
and he too steps out.

—Kahlil Gibran
If all cultures could learn to compete within themselves, there would be no need to compete among cultures. And there would be peace in the world.

—Steve Dylinski
Into this valley of perpetual dream it will rest for you to prove that they wrought more perfect images of human life than we.

John Percy
You are here.
That is good

You are not here.
The goodness remains with me.
True love of life gives rise to a beautiful feeling that is outwardly displayed... as well as inwardly enjoyed.
Work consists of whatever a body is obliged to do, and Play consists of whatever a body is not obliged to do.
Mark Twain
Just what is all this shit about helping out, being involved, being concerned? How does what I do or what I refuse to do really matter? I came to college to become educated, that is, to learn, and the best way to learn is to listen to everything my teachers say, write it down, and memorize it. That’s the best way to get a 4.0, which in itself is “the intellectual accomplishment.” I don’t have any time to run to concerts, any kind of athletic contests, or any fancy club meetings.

What value is there in human encounter? We don’t learn anything from people, exception made only for those lecturers. I can learn all I want by reading books, and the rest I can learn by looking inside myself. I don’t need a student newspaper, a math club, or any of those movies shown on campus. All these are a waste of my time which is precious, which is so precious, to me. Why do I think this way? The answer is quite simple: all these involve people and people are unintelligent, boring and often useless. I would prefer to read a computer-programming book.
Can't stand it no more
The people cheating
Burning each other
They know it ain't right
How can it be right
Better end soon my friend
It better end soon my friend.
Robert Lamm
Terry Kath
an abstraction given head,
A giant on the horizon, given arms,
A massive body and long legs
stretched out...

Imposing forms they can not describe.
Requiring order beyond their speech.

Wallace Stevens
And if there come the singers and the dancers and the flute players,—buy of their gifts also.

For they are the gatherers of fruit and frankincense, and that which they bring, though fashioned of dreams, is raiment and food for your soul.

Kahlil Gibran
Where the voice that is in us makes a true response,
Where the voice that is great within us rises up,
And we stand gazing at the rounded moon.

Wallace Stevens
My friend, you and I shall remain
strangers unto life,
And unto one another, and each unto
himself.
Until the day when you shall speak and
I shall listen
Deeming your voice my own voice;
And when I shall stand before you
Thinking myself standing before a
mirror.

Kahlil Gibran
The pensive man... He sees that eagle floats
For which the intricate Alps are a single nest.
Wallace Stevens
Scurrying feet—laughing voices—
They're gone and now I stand alone

My friend the sun is the only
One who remains behind to
Reflect upon my roles of knowledge

But soon he'll leave me
To wait in silence
For those first echoed steps of scurrying feet.
I will have an image
of quiet at hand
it floats away
I don't grasp
Larry Eigner
I am so glad that
You are here
It helps me to realize
How Beautiful
My world really is.
Never came winter stars more clear
yet the stars lost themselves
midnight came snow-wrought snow-blown.

Carl Sandburg
In loyalty to their kind
They cannot tolerate our minds
& in loyalty to our kind
We cannot tolerate their obstacles.

Life is a change
How it differs from the rocks
I've seen their ways too often for my liking
New worlds to gain
My life is to survive
& be alive
For you.

Paul Kantner
SUMMONS

Keep me from going to sleep too soon
Or if I go to sleep too soon
Come wake me up. Come any hour
Of night. Come whistling up the road.
Stomp on the porch. Bang on the door.
Make me get out of bed and come
And let you in and light a light.
Tell me the northern lights are on
And make me look. Or tell me clouds
Are doing something to the moon
They never did before and show me.
See that I see. Talk to me till
I'm half as wide awake as you
And start to dress wondering why
I ever went to bed at all.
Tell me the walking is superb.
Not only tell me but persuade me.
You know I'm not too hard persuaded.

Robert Francis
It's times like this when I wish
that the sun shine
And all of my troubles would melt
in the bright golden rays
To take away all of my fears and
light the path to my dreams.
With the pathway lit
I can go on forever smiling here
laughing there—and
Always knowing someone will be
there to see and laugh with me.

PLC
I do not call one greater and one smaller.
That which fills its period and place is equal to any.
Walt Whitman
There is that in me—I do not know what it is—but I know it is in me.

Walt Whitman
There was
what we call “words”
a bit of languages,
syllables,
each syllable made of air.

Then there was
silence
no talk at all
no more syllables
shaped by living tongues
out of wondering air.

Thus all tongues
slowly talk themselves
into silence.

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A GLANCE AT THE ALBUM

I saw only the edge
Of a photograph peeping out
Of the album: as if a ledge
Had given way in the mind,
Back, back, I fell.
Clutching the living-room air,
Down the years’ well
To a beach of childhood where
I surprised the lovers behind
Big umbrellas, and buried
Their scowls and bribes in the sand.
(Perhaps they all got married).

Back to the left land
And bit of unfinished picture
Where little would go as planned.
No art or other stricture
Could order it into a game.
It was a wild unreeiling.
Neither an unmixed pleasure
Nor without effect and feeling.
And this photo represents
A time when a kind presence
Let the heart rest a measure
Before what was coming came.

Gray Burr
MAYBE TOMORROW

They say no more clouds.
They say no more crowds.
Marching off to war
Like they did before.

If not today,
Maybe tomorrow.

They say no more guns.
They say no more sons.
Dying in the war

Like they did before.
If not today,
Maybe tomorrow.

They say no more hate.
They say it’s not too late

To put an end to war
Like we did before.
If not today,
Maybe tomorrow.

Rod McKuen