



 * I-C-H-O-R PAGE TWO *
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SCIENCE

The arc of shells in calculated flight,
 The dread torpedo in its oily wake,
 The crushing strength of tanks in engined might,
 And gas that rots the flesh off, flake by flake--
 These are the fruits of science in these days,
 The votive offerings to the dog of war--
 Proof science is no deity to praise,
 But only human as all humans are.

Science bends low before the greed of men,
 Serves strongly in the cause of fear and hate,
 Is ample helper as the ranks go thin
 Before grim rampant death, insatiate.
 Yet science still is man's one hope from birth,
 His only chance to make a home of Earth.

---SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

(Sonnet written before the first Atom Bomb)

C O N C E I T

An earthworm's not a lovely creature,
 For he has neither face nor feature,
 Nor any eyes to see--
 He has no hair with darling curls;
 He has no shining teeth like pearls;
 His life's no jubilee.

Yet he has perfect symmetry,
 And does not work for a degree,
 But eats dirt merrily,
 And thinks: "A foolish creature, Man--
 Who says that he is better than
 A high-class worm, like me?"

---SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

UNVERNAL REMEMBRANCE

Though she,
Even in death,
Dark hair netted with unvernal leaves,
Is here in pale-simulated life,
She cannot assume a form that will press
Less sharply my breast.
Her bones
Are cold hung in my arms
And the leaves muss my clothing.

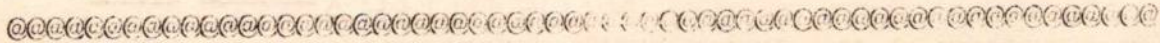
Though I,
Who would cold-chisel her name on the Capitol steps
While a million patriot Americans watched,
Am mindful ever of the tender sentiments
Given faithfully,
I cannot remember our duality at all
In languid days of the world's vernality.

---DALE HART.

PIERROT'S PATTERN

I felt the moonlight lave across my face
And dreamed I drowned within a wash of light;
Leaving no flake of foam or silver trace
I felt the moonlight lave across my face
Like some lost love's last delicate embrace;
Enraptured in that crystalline delight
I felt the moonlight lave across my face
And dreamed I drowned within a wash of light.

---GEORGE EBNEY.



 + I-C-H-O-R PAGE FIVE +
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THE END OF A DILETTANTE

The tinny piano near the bar had bourgeois notes only,
 Else the player did not choose to rise from the bourgeois
 just for the delectation of one customer.

The young man of the heavy-lidded eyes
 did not expect Brahms
 But he hoped for the lighter moments
 of Tschaiakowsky.

He got neither Brahms nor Tschaiakowsky.
 He got a wheezy version of The One O'Clock Jump,
 Although the time was two-thirty in the afternoon
 of an intolerable day.

The effete gentleman left quickly,
 with distaste but without ostentation,
 for the privacy of his quarters.
 Unworldly to a painful degree,
 he realized, suddenly,
 that he should leave the world.

Which he did, shortly after reaching his bedroom.
 The bullet was commonplace, and his last concession
 to convention.

In death, he represented an overburdened art
 fallen of its own weight.

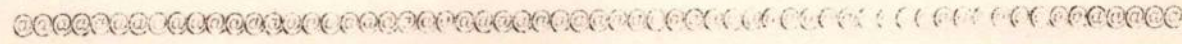
The coroner, something of a litterateur,
 Remarked that decadence is its own excuse for being.

---DALE HART.

From "Trilogy For This War"

Why should a single voice sing
 when the world has been shot
 through the windpipe?

---Rual Askew, Jr.



RENUNCIATION

What need have we for Life? The common multitude can live...
 Aye, let them live and feast upon the world's illusions. We
 Care nothing for the world: always before our eyes we see
 The moving shapes and shadows backstage. What could this world give
 To quench our thirsts? The wells of paradise, the lakes of hell
 Alike we know for shadows. The herd sins. Once, we sinnéd; then,
 One day the veil was lifted, and we saw the world of men,
 And that which lies behind the world, and from our minds the spell
 Of life was lifted. We have known all things that were, and all
 That shall or can be on this starry stage with life imbued.
 And we have seen the light called Lucifer set up against the heart
 Of chaos known as God. --- Aye, we could enter in the feud
 And see the light disrupt the darkness tyrannous: the fall
 Of God. But--this: to blast the seed whence life-impulses start!

---ROBERT W. LOWNDES.

HE

He was not yet fifty when he saw
 The fat becoming adipose around
 His heart. He knew his mind was quite as sound
 As ever, for it served him like a claw

To lacerate the rock of opposition,
 And fascinate the rich and vex the poor.
 No acrid fever dazzled his volition.
 His solemn heart was blind to every lure
 Of the starved and dying.

Only once,

Like some enormous puppet, he collapsed
 Among the perfect blossoms of his garden;
 His singing cry of terror burst and lapsed
 Unheard, like privacy, and simple pardon
 Came to ridicule his warring sons.

---GEORGE CRANE.

(Used by permission)

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+ I-C-H-O-R PAGE SEVEN +
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POEM IN TWO PARTS

I: death is a dream of darkness

upborne as
the flame of resinous trees
which have fallen across
volcano craters
it was amaze coming
of electric darkness

attenuate-drawn
without placidity
thought was sucked
through the hollow tubes
of the senses into
a common reservoir

i am a busy man
the coroner said

II: heaven is a far country

a porphyry column
slightly truncated
he stood among the Greek ruins
of torchlit nights
and fell when the nights and days
were pulled away to be stuffed
into the hole they dug for him

planet-precisely
he orbited carelessly
toward a limited cosmos into
a perfumed cancellation

give me a corner lot in hell
he used to say

---DALE HART.

FROM AN OLD FAERY TALE

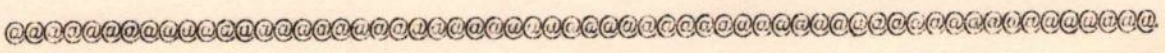
Mountain and swampland--and which to choose?
The little girl ran in her red-hot shoes.
Behind her followed red disaster,
And the child ran fast, but the shoes ran faster.
Past diamond castles where wizards screamed,
The red shoes danced and the child's eyes gleamed.
The world rolled up in a little black ball,
And nobody, nobody, saw her fall.
Down, down--deep down, where Proserpine
Yawns over goblets of mandrake wine,
Choked in a capital bath of clay,
She suffocates until Judgment Day.
But the little red shoes are dancing still:
I saw them dance in the wind on the hill.
How brightly they shone in the red moon's light,
Twinkling hells in the red moon's light...
I think I shall try them on--tonight!

---GEORGE EBEL.

CEZANNE ON CEZANNE

Cezanne! Cezanne! oh, what you said
In this book that I just read!
It has a flavor, idiomatic,
That time will never render static.
It stands alone--it is, indeed,
The essence of the artist's creed.
Sound the trumpets: rooty-toot-toot!
That for the boys in the Institute!
That for Le Grande Academe!
Down with the Philistines--one, two, three!
This is the stuff of a great philosophie:
"No one is going to get their hooks in me."

---GEORGE EBEL.



POEM FOR THE MAN WHO COULD NOT RECOGNIZE DEATH

It was difficult for him to think of dissolution.

He saw death in a broken branch of wild thyme
or in the mad gyrations of a web-entangled fly
but never saw its sullen face in the mirror of
thought.

He saw death only as manifested in other things.

In a narrow lane he plucked flowers that opened
as years within the vase of his body, smiling
when he found snakes of dissolution under every
blossom.

---DALE HART.

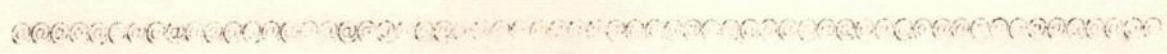
SITTING BY THE RAIL

In the vast loneliness, in the estrangement,
Where waking voices
Echo the matelessness no fierce embrace can mend,
Tentacles prod
And the nerve thrills falsely
Flooding its despair.

And we, so conscious of the deep delusion,
(Seeking the laugh,
The life that is not ours,
Seeking a certain pulse in the transfusion),
Plug in our hearts, and jerk our arms awhile,
Titter and cry
Like small Swiss dolls, and almost look alive.

---ALDY CHORNEY.

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THE VAMPIRE

Maul my eyes then, whet your razor teeth
 Against the raw cool splinters of my shin,
 Dress me in scarlet, furthermore, come pin
 Upon my watered breast some badge of this
 So gory spite you mocking call your kiss;
 I can no longer raise my flesh within
 This shell of weary, pumice-shaven skin
 Which you have drained as dry winds suck a heath.

Pretending now no longer honking goese
 Who raised templar resistance from within
 With frightened tempest and night-warning hiss,

I hereby, but not passively, to this
 Outrageous violence submit. My sin,
 With thirsty body, needs not you but peace.

---ROBERT-PETER ABY.

LOVE'S SINGLENESS

My flesh is torn; the torment of my will
 Bares bitter teeth and turns upon my pride
 As some sane beast might gnaw his very hide
 To rend the leperous wound which eats him still;

Though Love's a gory maw, mine cannot fill
 The aching emptiness fear burns inside
 Its own derision, can do nought but slide
 Its slattern tongue along my spine with skill.

Yet must I tend my Love and pat its head,
 Feed it on sonnets spiced, for it is mine,
 My unique Love, my bastard changeling child

Who is a ravening beast with stricken, wild
 And sightless eyes, the wallowing feet of swine,
 The single, boundless mind of one already dead.

---ROBERT-PETER ABY.

THE MIGHTY FORT

Contentiously his soul abjures
the dung of science, rank manures
wherein the maggot-worm endures,
and ventures into bowels of truth,
attacking with an ulcerous tooth.

He views an oak one perilous hour,
rain-drenched beneath a private shower;
his gibbous eyes are hot and sour,
while periwinkles fall like sleet
into a blank Parisian street.

He contemplates the shaman moon
in mirror dreams, and roars a tune
tornadic from a wild bassoon,
while Fortean volcanoes flare
high in the fulminating air.

He glimpses the Ambassador
who vanished and was seen no more;
he walks the metaphysic floor,
then, with Promethean aplomb,
he smites the viscous with a bomb.

---REDD BOGGS.

THIS IS AN ALL-POETRY NUMBER OF ICHOR

IF YOU ARE AN EDITOR, HOW ABOUT AN EXCHANGE?

IF YOU AREN'T, HOW ABOUT A SUBSCRIPTION?

2
1
1
1

4
1
1
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1