Your spine is a gray chain
携 up by the earth,
sales touching only
empty space: you smell of sleep.
Your body breathes without you
Your pores dream without you,
you smell of sleep and tears.

Hands rush in ringing to touch,
to pry your eyes
awake
you crowd as much on the narrow
stage of a day as you can—
Aristotle, Quantum
Mechanics, tennis
Income Tax, Freud—
even a sit-down
conversation
keeps you hopping
rabbits from a hat—
Prattle: "When on the steps you
paused to talk
your eyebrows and elbows, your smile
kept arching upwards, your

Your hair falling down around
you were a fountain to me then
oh to draw
near enough to feel the splattered spray."
It is a delight
Oil light and motion and strife.

But there is always someone
sitting backstage on a stool
wrists limp over its edge
In a shadowland of failure—musing—hesitation—
And so we begin at the borderline
of the land the camera didn't catch,
the band of black between
the frames of film—

You smell of sleep and tears—
Of words breathed and unbroken—
You smell of sleep and peace.
And then another frame;
Ears open, eyes focus
in fields of close and far,
And—then—what—
The Every Ordinary day.
To listen actively is a kind of speech.
Four Before Flight

Four mornings, and you see
sun go to grass,
hope for light in leaves.

Four mornings, and you watch
snow turn to glass,
pick flowers
with fingers
like silver spoons
in a garden.

Four mornings
and you take
red berries
for meaning.
If you find wings,
wake air,
still the ground
might know.

Mary Hess
How many cans can a can-
if a can kicker can
can a can—
kicker can kick cans
how many kicker kick
cans?
And who-ever-it-was said, "I will have all their lives intersect in one place and see what happens."
We seek the great forgotten language; . . . .

A stone, a leaf, an unfound door. Thomas Wolfe
Dr. Bernie Jacobs

Feet are free!

Flout 'em, scout 'em

Dr. Betty Lance

Bud A. Goodman
You could see the whole field from there, and you could see the two teams bashing each other all over the place. You couldn't see the grandstand too hot, but you could hear them all yelling, deep and terrific . . . because practically the whole school except me was there. J.D. Salinger
And it's daft to think deep, you know, because it gets you nowhere, though deep is what I am when I've passed this half-way mark because the long distance run of an early morning makes me think that every run like this is a life—a little life, ... Alan Sillitoe
Dee Mehl, Jim Burkett

Steve Becker

Drew Semivan

Kalamazoo College

This school, Baptist in origin, was chartered in 1833 by the Territory of Michigan as the Michigan and Huron Institute and was known as Michigan College in 1835. Instruction of college level has been given here longer than in any other Michigan school. In 1845 the present campus was purchased. The campus and college were granted in 1858. The pioneer school has won national renown as a liberal arts college with special honor in teaching of humanities.

Charlie Frohiman
Andy DeSanteis

...... going off on your own
On some lopsided jagged course
For which there’s no equation, some unbecoming
Switchbacked crossfootsd trek in a maze
Of your own invention, some dying
Fall no star could fix ......

David Wagoner
A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and tuna noodle casserole.
Even if all things moments be murdered known photographed ourselves yawning will ask ourselves ou sont les neiges . . . .

e.e. cummings
Time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.
Know woman, he who hears not a cry for help
But passes by with troubled ears
Will never hear
The gentle call of a lover or the blackbird at dawn
Nor the happy sign of the tired grape picker as the Angelus rings

Bertolt Brecht
"Guys like us is got no famiby. They make a little stake and then they blow it in. They ain't got nobady in the worl' that gives a hoot in hell about 'em."

"But not us. Tell about us now."
Hedda Gabbler

Henrik Ibsen

Classes finally release you,
Parents come too soon to claim you—
Between the two, you try to bottle
Essence of lightborn, shadow-thick quad,
Of faces cradled, brushed or burned by ours,
To rain strong scents on that linoleum place
Or tumble back through years from now to now
The End of Learning?
Curiosity has a kind of immortality. Like the mythical Phoenix, the desire to know continually springs forth anew. So we have emerged from the alchemist's curiosity to explore the boundless geometry of the molecule. And tomorrow's version of shaping matter will be even more awesome. But not alien, for it will have the familiarity of an old idea returned.

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