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the rag's literary review

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Moonship Apollo 13

Rubella exposure threatens mission. . .
back-up man Swigert steps up.
Saturn engine shuts off too soon. . .
four others and S-4B make up loss.
Explosion cripples CSM, dooms mission. . .
Entire world looks up and prays
Dead ship set to veer around the moon, into space
LM power effects and refines Pacific path.
Odyssey powerless, atmosphere deteriorates. . .
NASA and back-up crews help improvise.
Consumables—oxygen, water—dissipating. . .
Aquarius, a must lifeboat for three.
Eighty odd nightmarish hours, each days long. . .
To oxygen and water galore

Spaceship Earth-70

Stockpiled germs of war. . .
antidotes unthinkable
Back-up reserves unknown.
Weekly U.S. casualties: 141 dead
Vietnamese . . . no emotion.
No back-up systems known.
More pollution. . . Tokenism.
More people, more pomp. . .
more pollution.
Nowhere to sped to, no landing
still more pollution

Claudius L. Shoniwa . .

We are droplets of water, you and I
in the river of existence.
We have our beginnings in the sky
in the womb of a cloud.
and will fall to earth when the cloud
is heavy.
We will meet and form lakes perhaps.
Some of us will simply form a crevice
in a rock and finish our lives there.
Others will join the mainstream of ex-
istence
and flow from here to there like
amoebae
in a dish. Some will meet resistance
and end their lives in puddles.
But we will keep on moving, you and
me
until we flow into the setting sun
and are swallowed by the sea.
Dave Eckmann

Mixed Metaphor

As daisies beneath iron hooves of cattle,
Be angry minutes in the mouth of time.
As hues invigorate woven cracking canvas,
Splashing the dead hemp with coltish color:
With ardent alacrity, youth into life
Would spill its bright soul.
As lines revive the laminated pulp,
Restoring it to a grain in etched time:
With brittle alacrity, youth into life
Would spill its bright soul.
As lamplit singing vapors dry the void,
Unmeaning the dark to dance in distant shadow:
With aching alacrity, youth into life
Would spill its bright soul.
As daisies beneath iron hooves of cattle,
Be angry minutes in the mouth of time!

Murray Martz

