

cherry pit 1972

Go sit beneath the willow's jaded hand
Allow your canvas life to start afresh
Then wake the poppies nodding in the sand
Commence the day with honey-suckle-breath

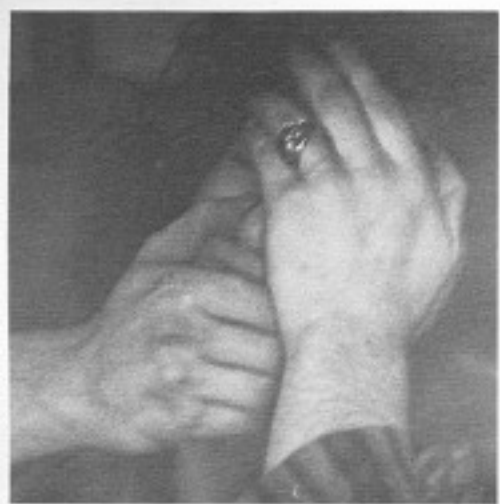
Release the yawning voice of infant pines
Unfold the waving tides of colored clouds
Unclench the yellow orb to skyward glide
And dry the clustered dew-drenched heads of flowers

Then pull the violet chord of pastel light
And separate the velvet mist with blue
And sew the moss to hush the river's cry
Reflect the dusk's quiescent solitude

Now sing the morning's music with a sigh
And dance the dance of dawn across the sky

Karen Goldman





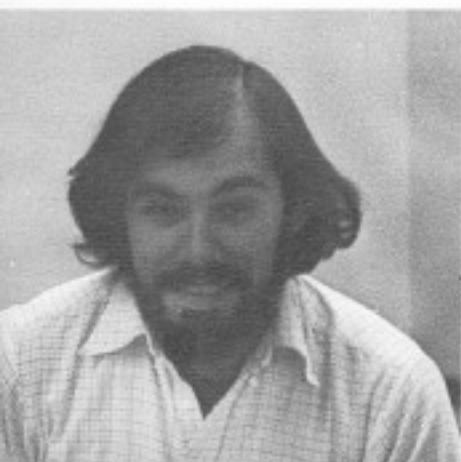
I wonder who they are,
The men who really run this land,
And I wonder why they run it,
With such a thoughtless hand.
What are their names?
And on what streets do they live?
I'd like to ride ride over
This afternoon and give
Them a piece of my mind
About peace for mankind
Peace is not an awful lot to ask.

Young, Shrieve,
Garcia, Lesh, and
Crosby

RONALD OLEVSKY



CAROL McKENRY





LEWIS MEYERSON

"It's all over!"



SHARON KRAMER

Your pain is the breaking of the shell that encloses your understanding.

Kahlil Gibran

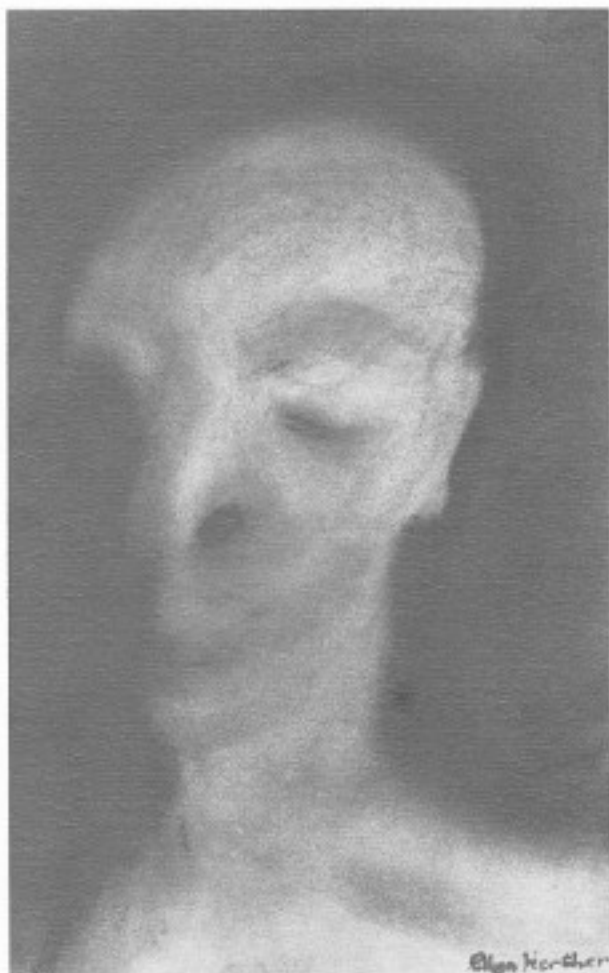






darkness in the cluttered attic
pocketing sleep from corner to corner,
fear into the back of your mind.
the moon, a weary heliophile,
trickles her small light, down to our small hands.
mother wails high in the torpid night
apollo comes too late-
the children are laughing in the morning

ruth





earth pouted, as sun snuk away, thoughtlessly
 abandoning her child
my hands are blue fingered and
 salty —
like the sea —
 the straggling ends
of worn-out storms
 come questioning the shore -
my face is numb
 i sit and wonder
 with the shrugging land
 ruth

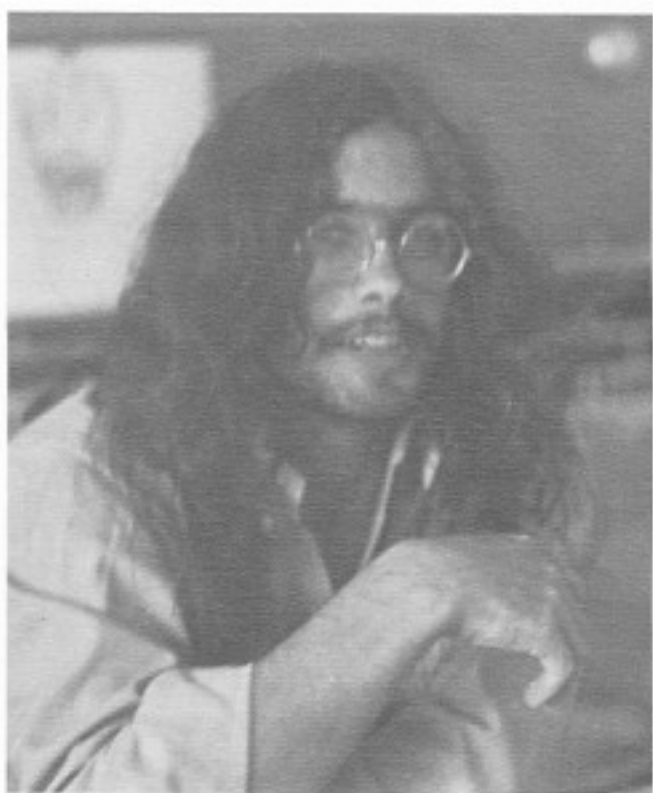


The air is colder now
And the sky is overcast
I left this summer of life
And came to the old streets once more
Expecting to find red cockatoos.
But there were no singing birds to meet me.

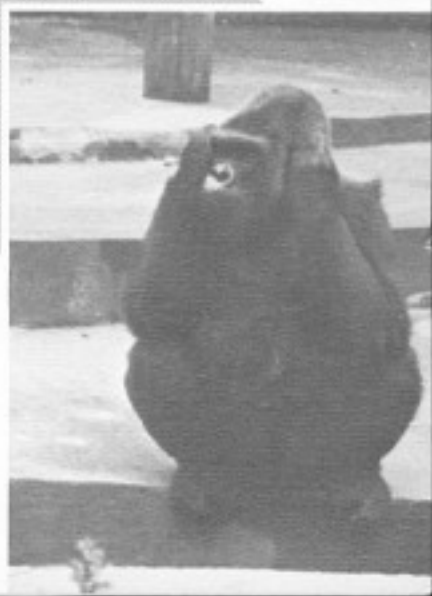
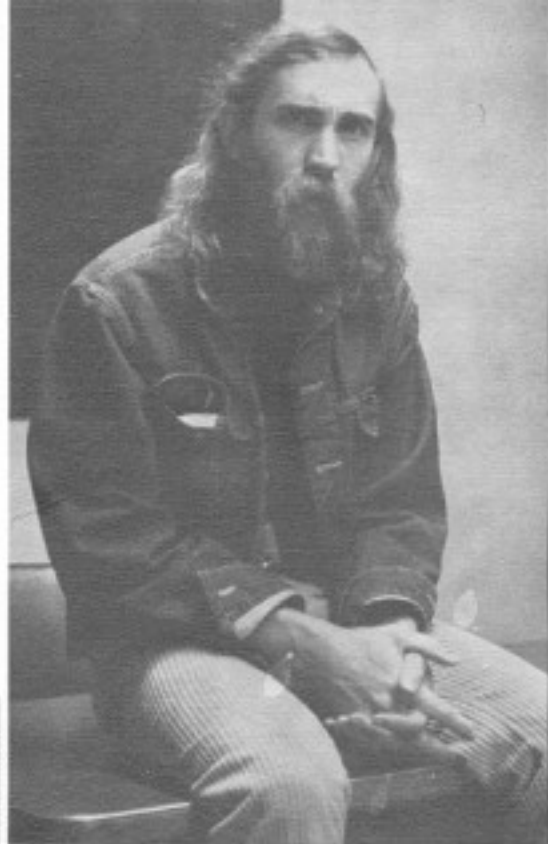
I sit in my tattered chair again
With my pipe, trying to read,
But the wind blows cold against my lips.
I look bleary-eyed at the gardens,
Once radiant, but now empty of flowers and songs.

Jeremy Burwell











No sooner will your troubles
emerge
That I will send them
back to their depths
Until that moment of the day
When they cast on a
new image
I'll spend miles
of happiness in
you
And I'll throw
away the thoughts
of debris
back in
like rotten bait

— Jason Rubinstein



Just one crystal drop
Rainbow in one light
Was all that could be wrung
And the monotonous frustration of trying to try
Was made more so, by wondering why

And she moves and sees and speaks
But is craving to run away from
The way where her body has run
And she numbly strains and wonders again
Why it is flat and one dimension.

Scuffing her feet in the ground and soil
Noting the ants moving as she tumbles their high-
rises
She is more together with them she notes
(In a funny kind of nothing-be-together way)
And uninterested turns to the side
And sees the grass growing ten thousand feet
high

And shrugs her shoulders and places her eyes on
one of the stalks
And walks away as they watch her movements

They cannot even cry one crystal drop
For their homes have run
And they wrinkle and shrivel,
And harden and hurt in the lightening
movements of the world

They can not turn themselves off
For their homes have run
And must see all 'til every day is done
Dry numb and tired they pace in their turnings . . .

Left to Right
Up and Down
Straight Ahead . . .
— Pokey Leeds

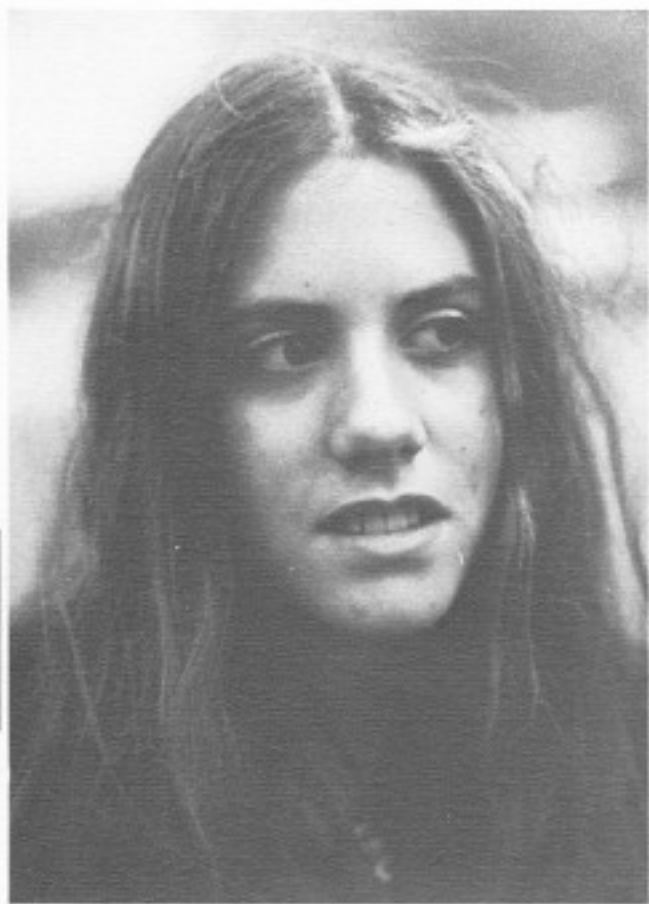




karen goldman







DYING

We live and say we love this flesh.
And yet we are quite purposeless.

Our voices rasp as we come near,
"We will not leave what is for fear."

The newborn baby shrieking, life.
To say it loves, dead in the night.

And one lived life, the gasping spook.
Our ripping flesh, the pain not spoke.

This empty contest at an end.
The memory dust, a wanton din.

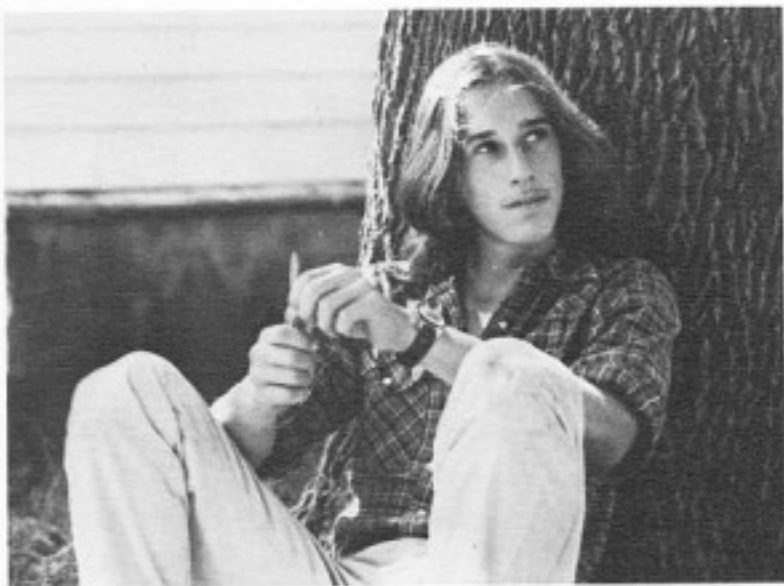
— R. Gaylord





DONI REMBA

Vanity of Vanities,
All is Vanity.
Ecclesiastes





does she fly?
or is it
the wind inside
her
that will not cease?
and does the water
slither down
on shoulders
undiscovered
as she
remains alone
when it will rain.
— ruth



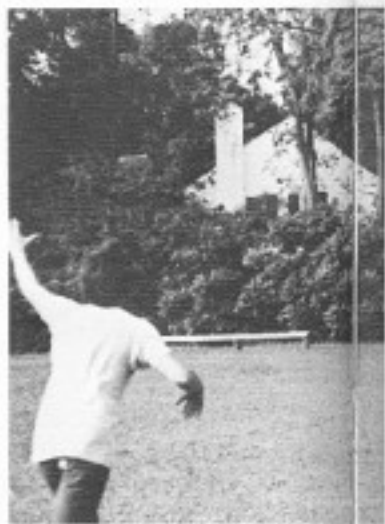


Flickering dances will organize
 the shadows of fire in his eyes
 and flaming mountains will count
 the tries
 while burning embers prevent
 denies.
 Onward and onward he rides the
 wave

"Do not prevent this
 stallion of life",
 the trees seem to whisper, then
 moan as the storm roars
 senselessly on in carnivorous
 form,
 eating and furiously screaming
 surprise as he rose up before
 it — his fiery eyes no longer
 in shadow

but seething with light ...
 "I WILL live!" he challenged;
 but vanished from

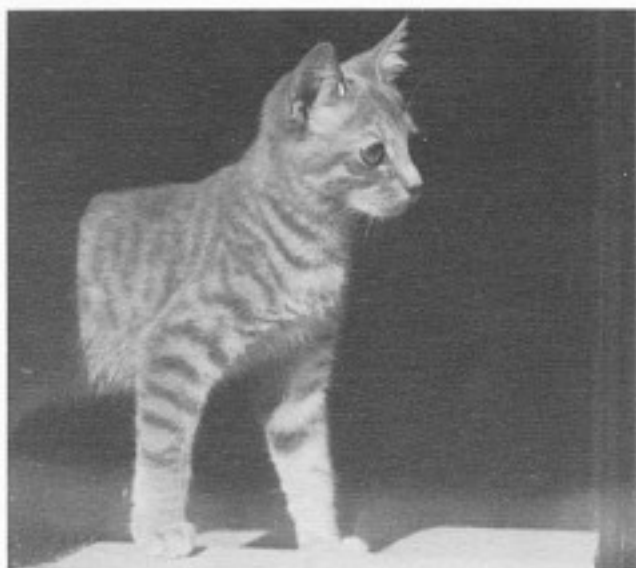
sight.
 Pokey Leeds





holly merrill

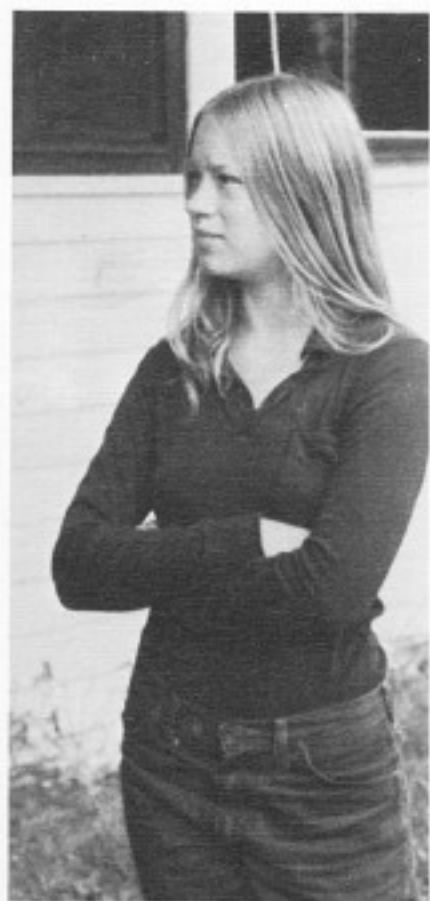




The clover still looks
green — even though it
has turned brown, and
the sun still looks or-
ange, even though it
has already burned out.
The world still looks
young — even though it is
dead by now — and life
has ended. But up comes
a new red sun, and it
all starts over again
in a different color.

Maura





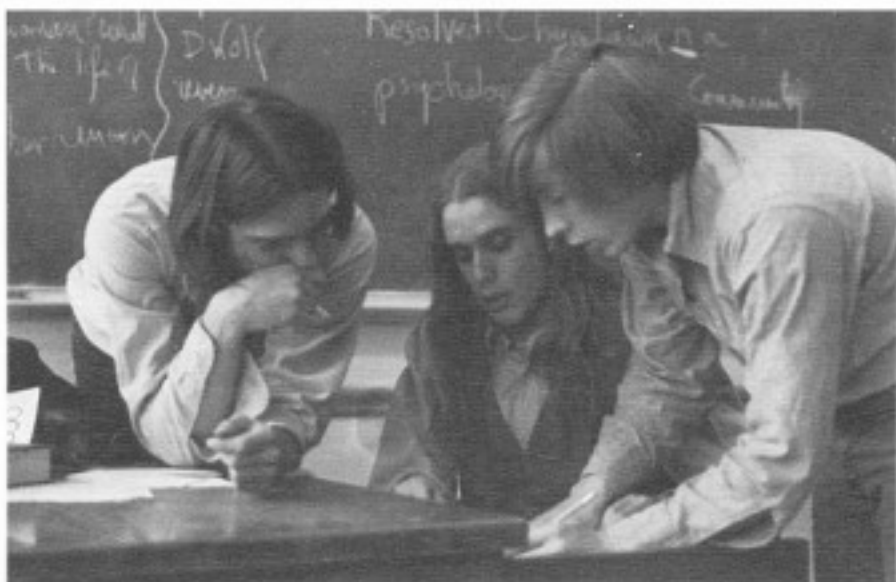


I sometimes wish the birds
wouldn't scatter and fly
as i approach . . .

anonymous





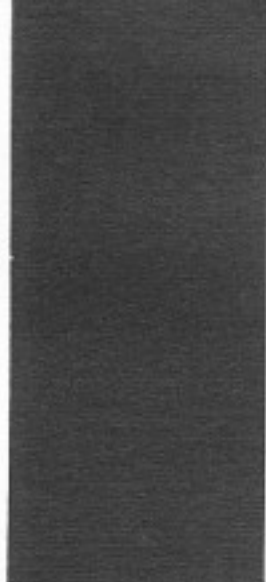
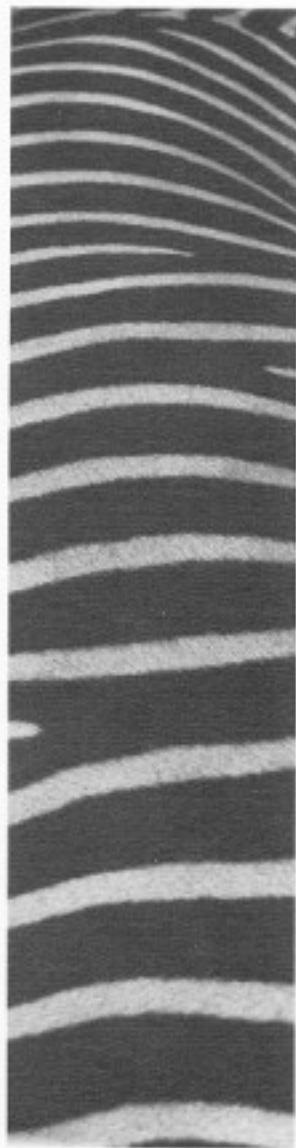


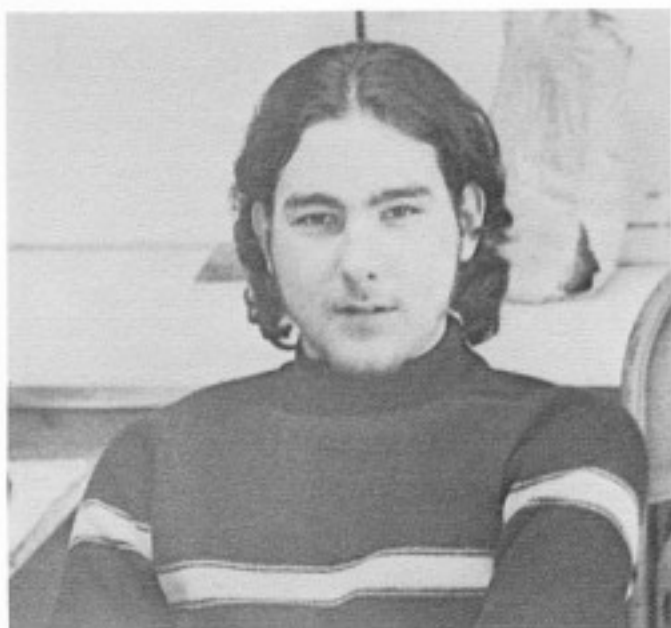
Thinking On Most Abstract Thought

We, nothing loth a lingering course to measure,
May gather up our thoughts, and mark at
leisure

Features that else had vanished like a dream.

Wordsworth





A wise man sees as much as he ought, not as much as he can.

Proverbs





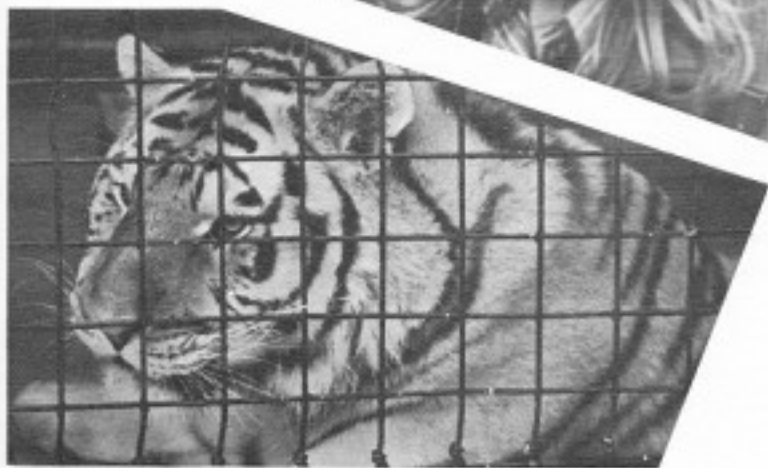
I eyed their play
so beautiful they were.
Unaware of today's depression
Their hair of blond, auburn and brown
Dangling to their shoulders
Eyes as wide and innocent
As those of a kitten
Skin looking as soft as
the puffing clouds on a
summer day.
Down the hills they went
In plastic motorcycles, wooden horses
and fire engines of silver against
red.
Over the hill I walked still hearing
their laughter and cries of
"I won! I won!"
Down to the zoo I wandered.
Children pointed at the
Weird animals never known
To their minds before
Their little hands squeezing through
the bars
Feeding the warm big trunk of an
elephant, a banana to a monkey,
Giggling at the seals clapping

Blowing their pinwheels
Pulling their balloon up and down.
Others wearing their days accumulation
of food
Grape soda mustaches, mustard at the
corners of their mouths, Cotton Candy
noses, Chocolate fingers, Coke missing
their mouths spraying their shirts

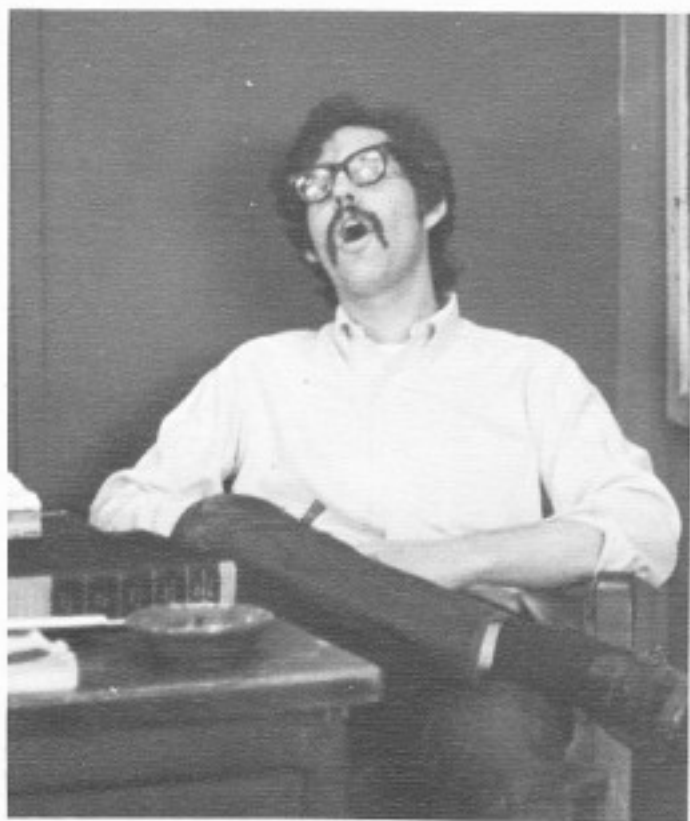
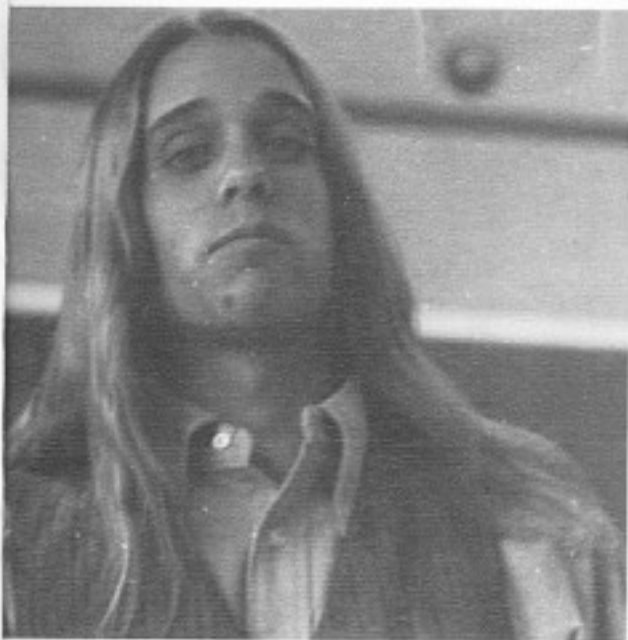
Old ladies in long skirts
of old pattern
Their wrinkles announcing
age had hit. Black pocket books
sitting at their sides and grocery
brown peanut bags feeding pigeons
that had come for the sake of
Food and not in kindness

Old men, legs crossed
in overcoats, white shirts and socks
With their garbage picked newspapers,
Wishing for their grandchildren
and possessing their identity
of a child.

Jason Rubinstein

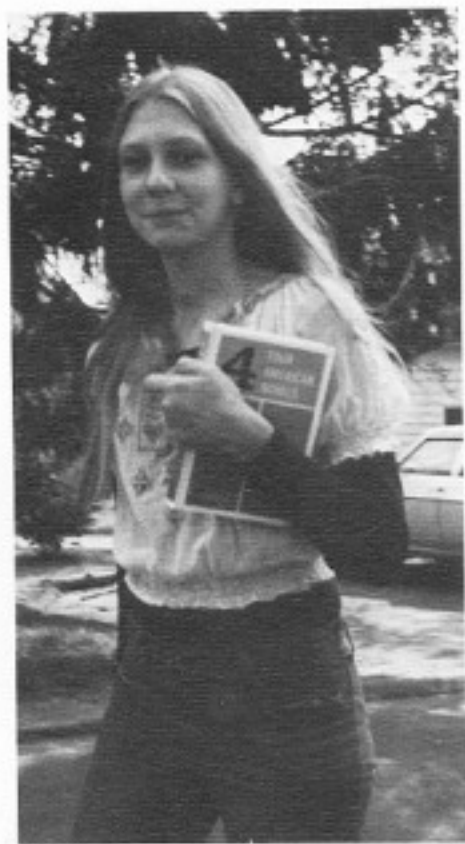






Sometimes I think this whole world
is one big prison yard,
Some of us are prisoners,
Some of us are guards.

Bob Dylan



SUE GROSS



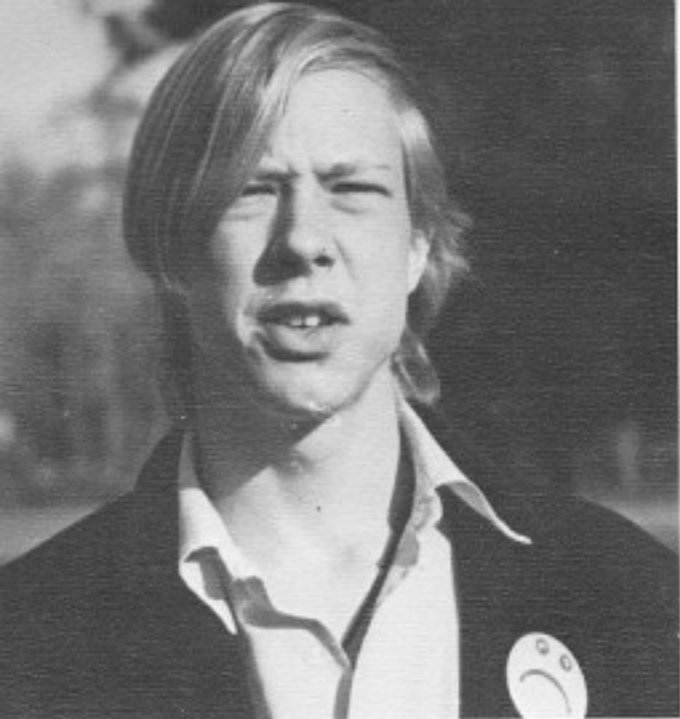
Karen Goldman



ROB STOKES

O God, I could be bounded in a
nutshell and count myself a
king of infinite space, were it
not that I have bad dreams.

William Shakespeare







Fly in an ice cube
 your face seen
 repeated by clever
 artisan who cut the
 crystal of your womb.

Mike Manners



ELLYN WERTHER

I am now what I will always be;
With time I will be more of what
I am.

D.M. Cohen



JEREMY BURWELL

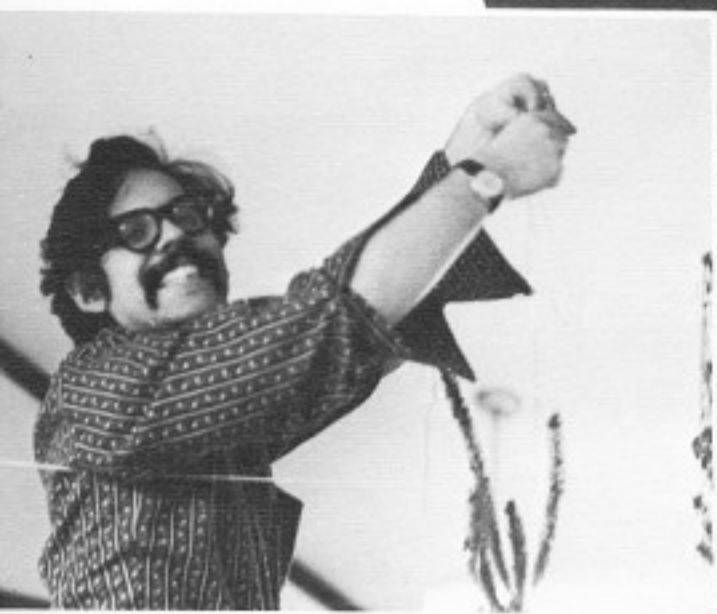
Unscrew the locks from the doors!
Unscrew the doors themselves from their jambs!
Walt Whitman







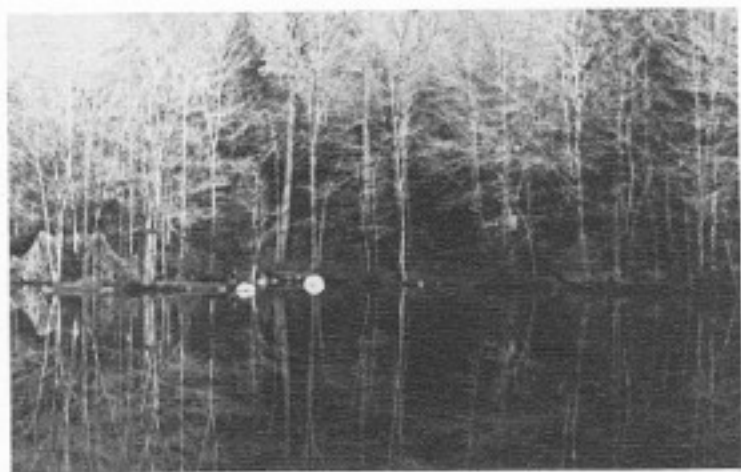
Karen Goldman





I can see
the leaves
falling
I know what it means
The cold and death
of winter

Maura







*SABRINA
ULLMANN*

Life is easy to live, to love your mind.





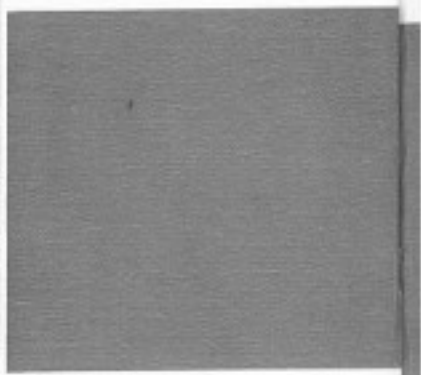
Garden Thought

A tiny figure lies still
Alone, beneath the budding grandpa oak
And among the tall color-blushed garden flowers
Enveloped snugly in fluid waves
Of Sunday afternoon sunshine,
He dreams, chin on hand.

Pointed branches sway, reaching satisfied
To touch each other,
And just beyond, animal clouds blow by.
A tiny bee flies past, and paused beside
Him on the edge of a tulip
To, watch a lone ant struggle to climb
A single blade of grass.

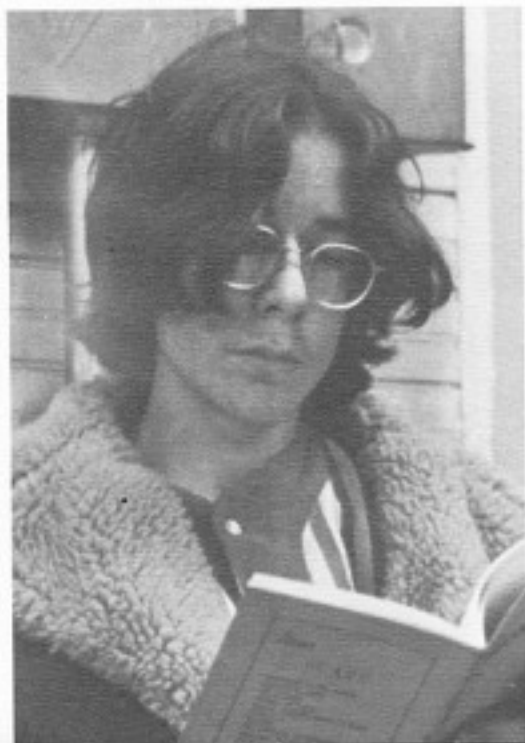
Now holding a stray, wind-plucked
Yellow petal to his eye, he peers out at all
The yellow world asking
Why the echo has no voice of its own
And why milk doesn't trickle out the
Bottom of the straw capped shut on top
And why Mama won't answer
If God lives in the garden.

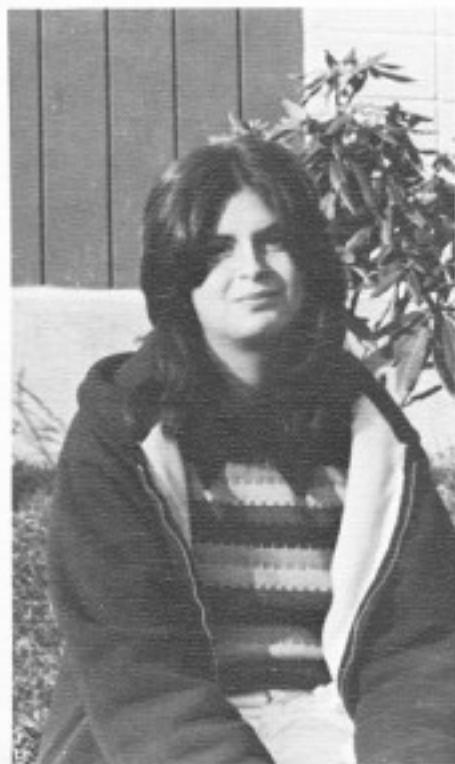
Karen Goldman

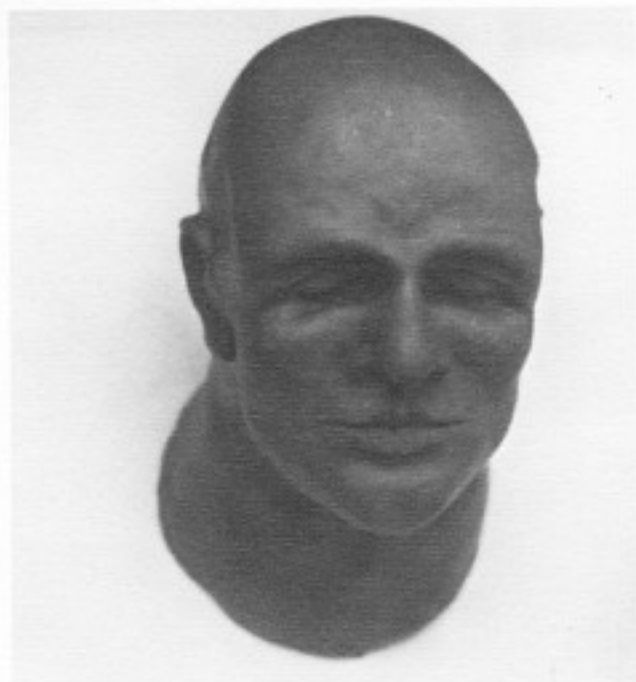


If I was a poet
I might write
And if I was a musician
I might play,
But I am neither so
I quietly mumble
With my thumbs.

Sabrina Ullman







The healer came today.
It was in the morning —
through trees of glass
through aluminum windows.
He had ridden up on a
sky-pink horse
to save my time
to show me sanity, —
in a tear packaged with woolen ribbons
and books.

A mushroom flower for a face.
The healer came today.

Sabrina Ullmann

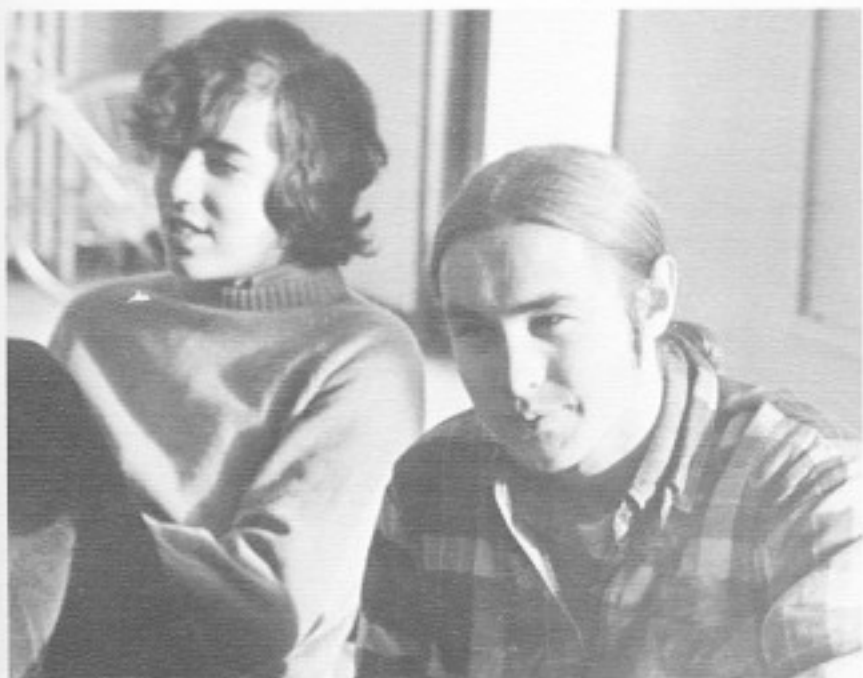


BEN GREEN

He who seeks to do the will of the cosmic father
has found a harmonious relationship with his
fellow man.







... Man is a prey
to his truths.

A.C.



Dust

Human spiders spiders spinning, spinning
vintaged silk fragments
and fraying old lace

hang loosely between the cold metal frames
of torturous vices
in their crumbling dungeon.

But all too soon the
protective black web
will become too heavy to be held by its strength

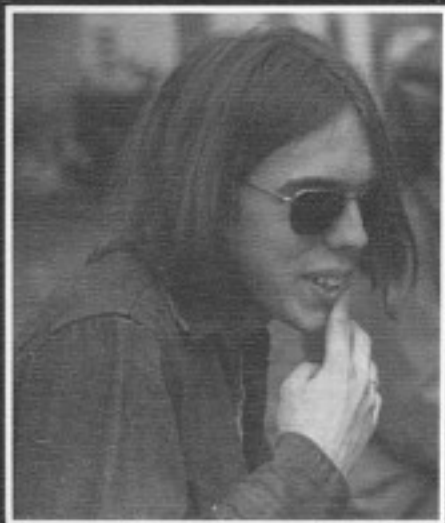
and the fraying black threads will snap.

It is there we are caught
to suffocate together
beneath our black fragile learning net

where reigns the balance.
ourselves and our net
will finally become one — dust.

Karen Goldman

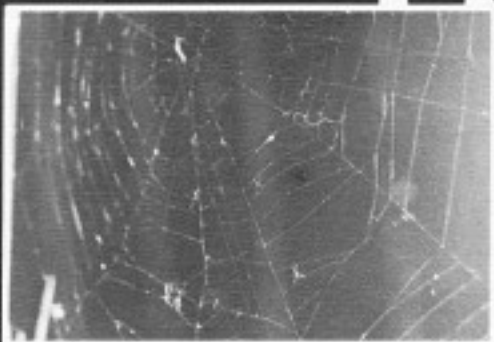




JIM SWANK

See my life, as it was yesterday,
See my life, as it is today,
Take my hand and I will show you
The moment lies the mystery

Seals & Crofts



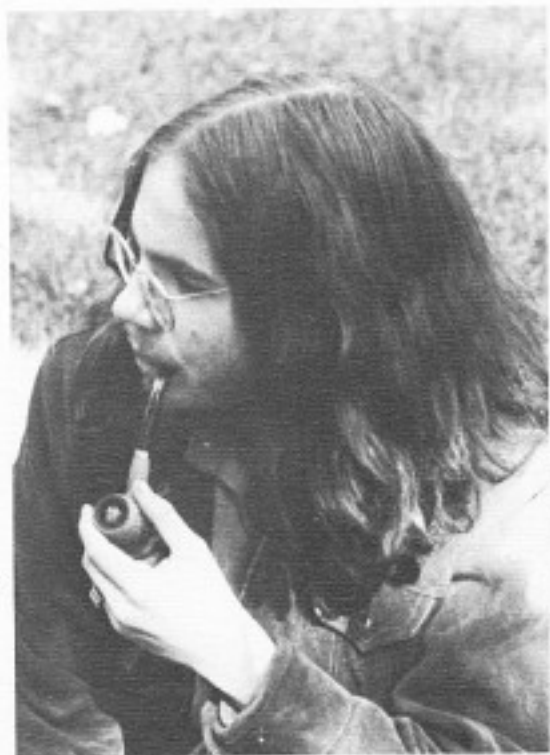


POKEY LEEDS

You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees and stars; You have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should.

Desiderata

Talking to an artist
about his art
is like
talking to a plant
about horticulture.
Manners

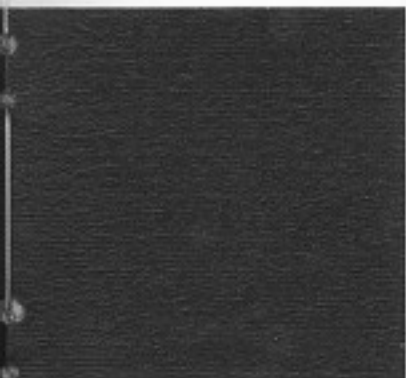


MICHAEL MANNERS



BRIDGET BREESE

Jai Guru Dev





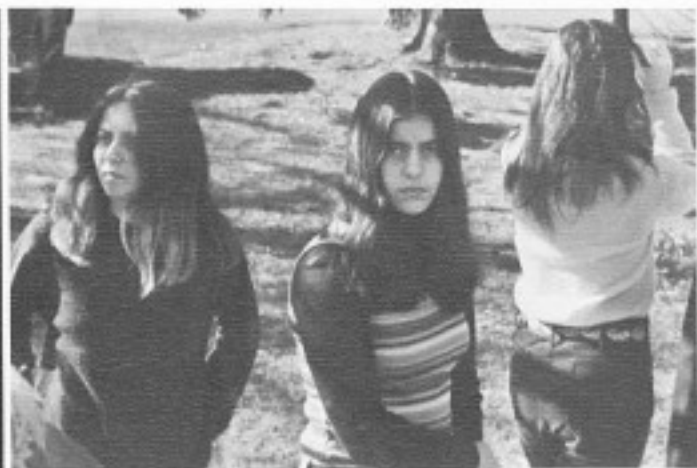


Plumage of pale green dance to tunes
of rainbow laugh
to, spread enchanted wisdom

Plentiful baskets of blue sky flying the
winged season
rest on my hopes
Caressing touch of humanity
Discover me

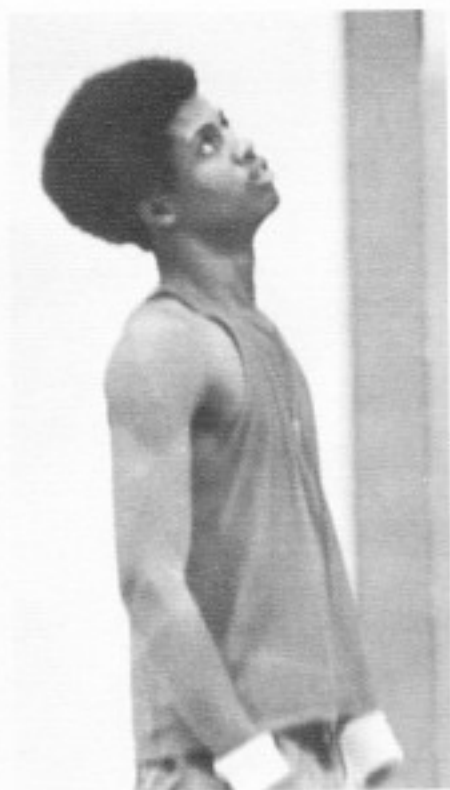
Marci















Karen Goldman

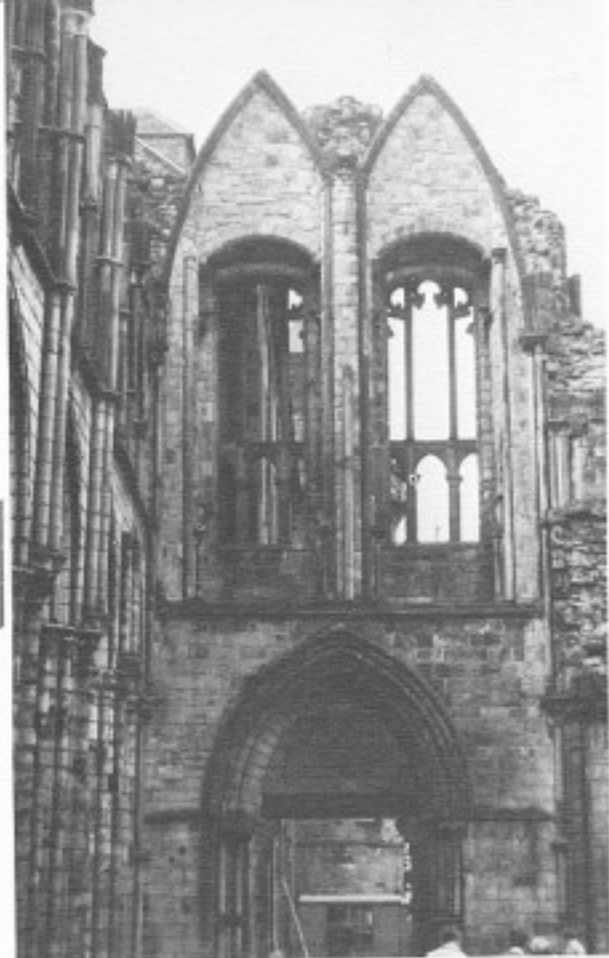
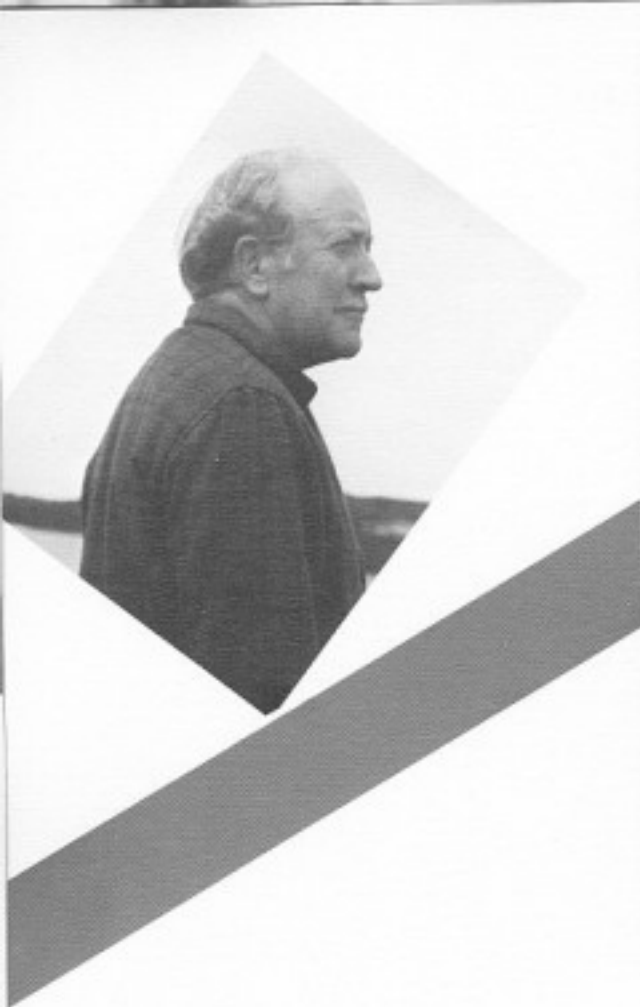
AN UNMERCIFUL RAPE OF HER MIND

Wandering through a mist of billowing confusion.
Her unnatural stride appears reluctant.
She pauses and glances furtively at the disfigured creatures
Who strut by her with blank glares of icy penetration.

Within her mind, she envisions the scorching flames of her desperation,
While her heart throbs rhythmically to the haunting beat
Of the melting conglomeration experienced by selfishness displayed.

This deterioration leaves her in a pool of abandonment.
Her tear-stained eyes reveal her inner mound of grief and sorrow,
And her contorted face expresses her agonized loss of equilibrium.
With only one last glimpse, I notice her falling, . . . falling, . . .
Falling, . . .

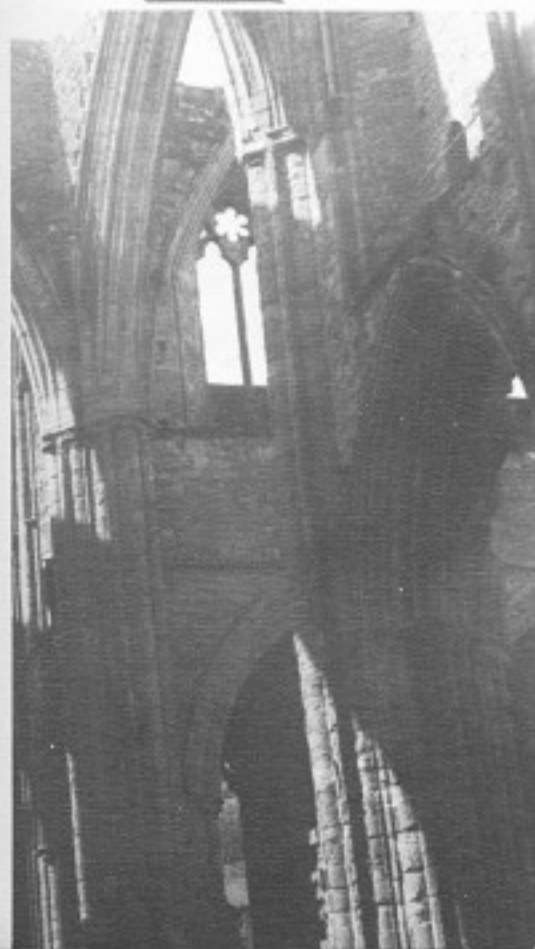
Sharon

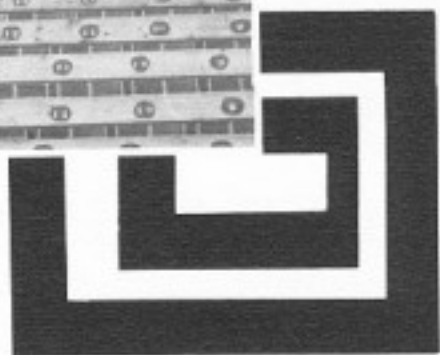
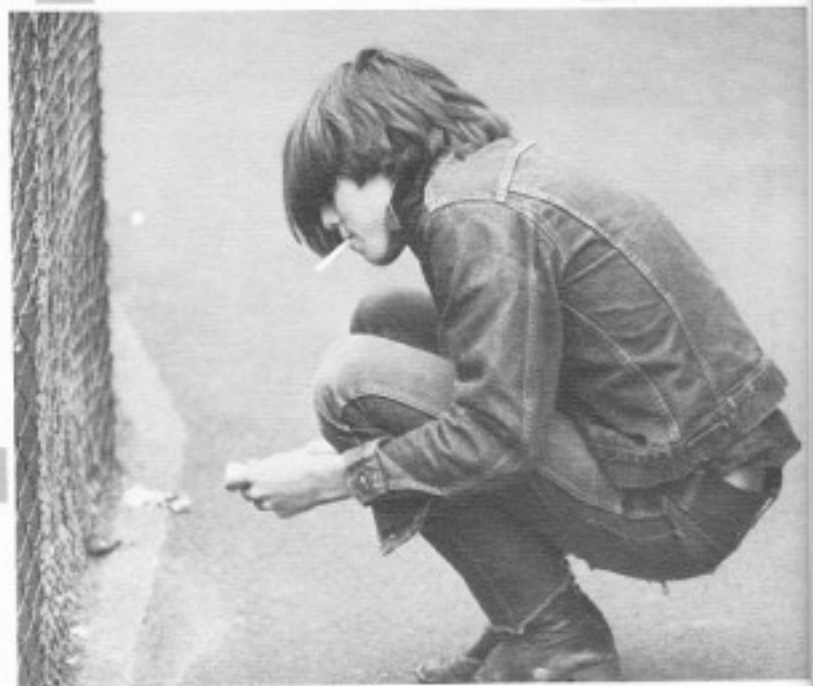


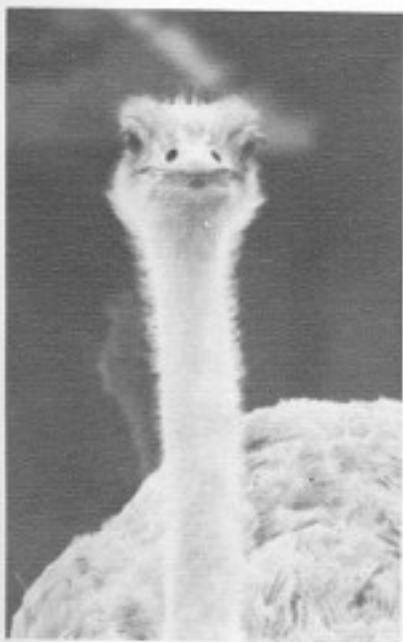
The Summer Seminars Abroad

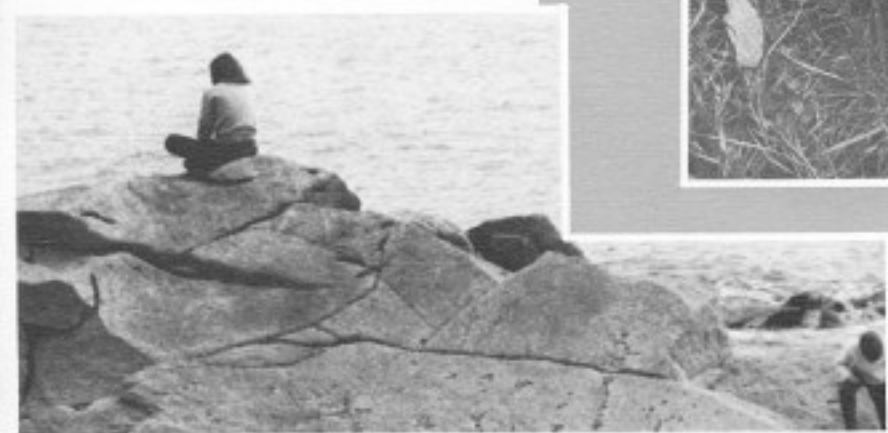
Cherry Lawners flying toward the sunrise and coming down in Birmingham or Manchester or London. Cherry Lawners in their own bus rolling through the darkness to see Stonehenge at dawn. Cherry Lawners lunching on steak and Kidney Pudding at the Cheshire Cheese in London . . . Seeing a Shakespeare play at Ludlow Castle . . . visiting King Arthur's grave in Glastonbury . . . sitting on the floor in Dylan Thomas's birthplace listening to one of Dylan's friends read poetry . . . finding the old farmhouse near Exmoor where Coleridge wrote *Kubla Khan* . . . chasing wild horses on Dartmoor . . . Trudging across the Yorkshire Moors to "*Wuthering Heights*" . . . Crossing the Irish sea to Dublin . . . Irish revolutionary songs in a pub . . . Climbing the Holy Mountain of St. Patrick on Mount Knocknarea to visit the prehistoric tomb of Queen Maeve . . . Crossing Lough Gill in a high wind to visit Yeats's Isle of Innisfree or sailing in almost no wind at all to the Aran Isles on an old turf boat . . . building giant sand castles on broad sandy beach after broad sandy beach . . . and meeting people, people, people.

With variations from year to year, experiences such as these have characterized the memorable summers of travel, adventure and laughter, many Cherry Lawners have known while touring and studying in the British Isles.



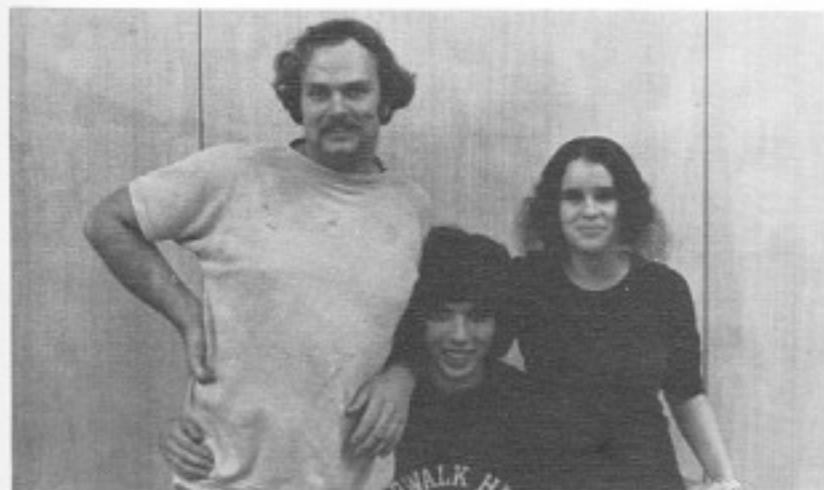




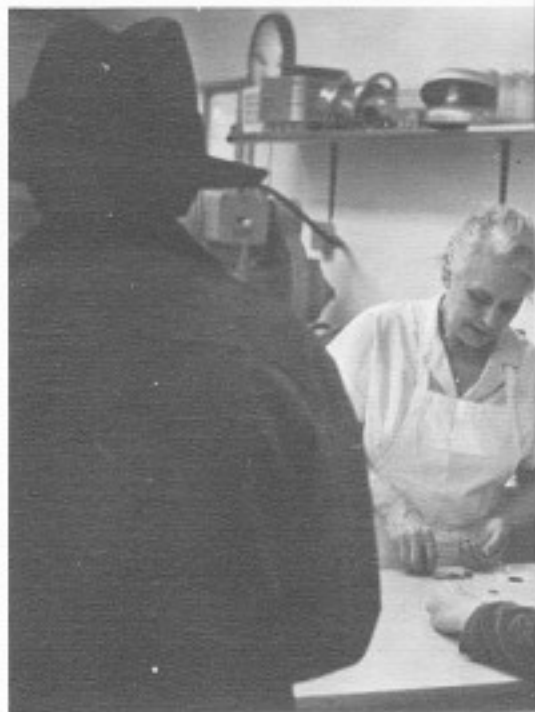


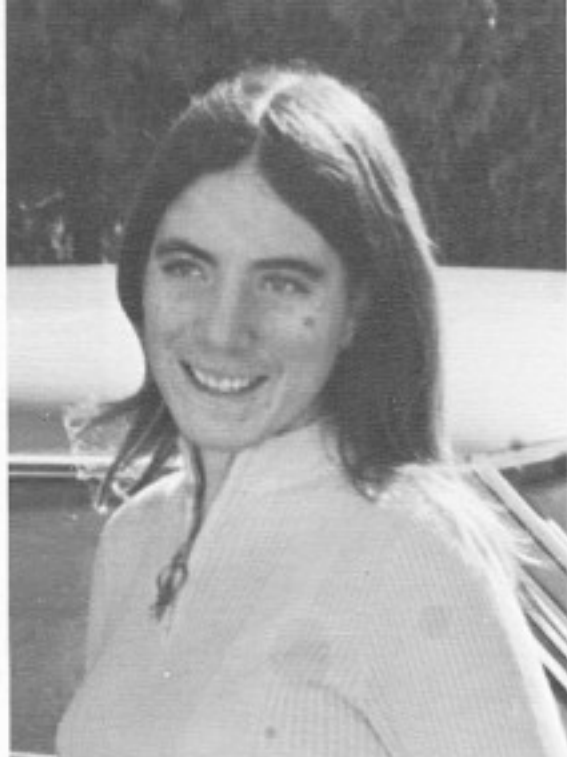












JODI MILLER

I need time
to find out where I'm going
I need people
to show me where I've been
I know the answer
and it feels good just knowin'
It's my friends
who show me who I am

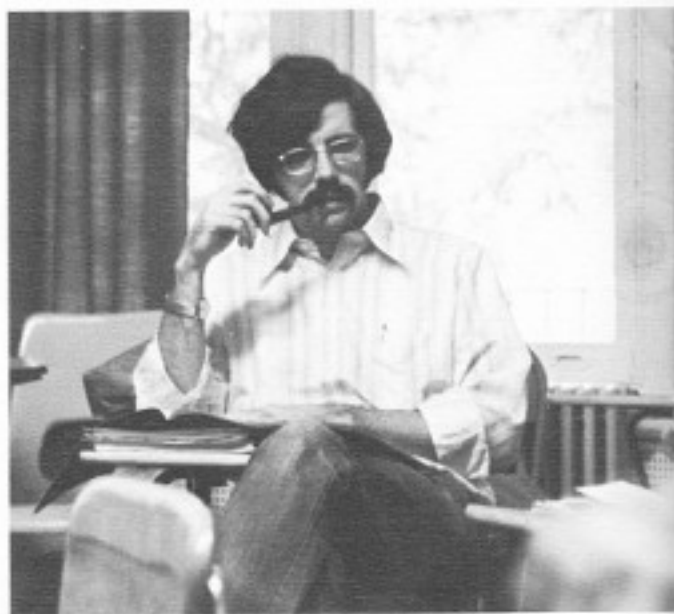
"Cowboy"





CATHY CAMPBELL

Within each of us there is a stillness and sanctuary to which we can retreat at any time and be ourselves.







walls of concrete

I'd like to knock down all these walls of concrete
Cold and yellow.
God! What a morbid shade of yellow.
But I don't have the money to pay for the fine
They would charge me when they found
The scattered stone hunks of uglies
And piles of emancipated debris.
Because they'd know that I had done it
From the big grin on my face
And the wind blowing in my hair.
And I wouldn't have the money
So I'd spend the night in Jail
Waiting for my mother to come bail me out
And she wouldn't understand that
I just had to let go
So I broke down that wall.
And all the inmates would laugh at me
Because they had once tried to break
Down the wall and run naked and free
And they already knew
That walls of concrete, cold and yellow
Are a hell of alot better
Than cubicles with no sunlight
And iron doors that lock with a key
That the guard keeps for himself
And only himself
And the only other copy of it in existence
Is under J. Edgar Hoover's pillow right now.
So maybe if I should be so lucky,
I'll find a good looking farmer
And live in the country as husband and wife
And feed the pigs and squawking geese
And plant a vegetable garden
While he sows the corn
And brings the cows out to pasture
... Maybe.

Ellyn Werther



PAM LEVY AND STEVE RANDALL

Love to us means just this . . .



A shackled bird
Escapes the cage
And soars with fire-tipped wings of gold
High above the iron weights
And far beyond
The high above.
All that is left
Are fading prism of color
That streak the moonlit sky.

Has he found the end of darkness?

Linda Becker



I am the dolphin rider
I ride in sun and blue
in colors of sex
I ride on sleek-soft skin
on a long warm body

I am the dream fixer
perverter of the mind
in images of copper flowers
in thoughts of tangent towers
who cry wet dreams

I am the grown-up nation
hidden in childhood's body
clinging to merry-go-round men
hidden in cold cologne
hidden in flaxen fire

I am the innocentless
frozen; still in hotness

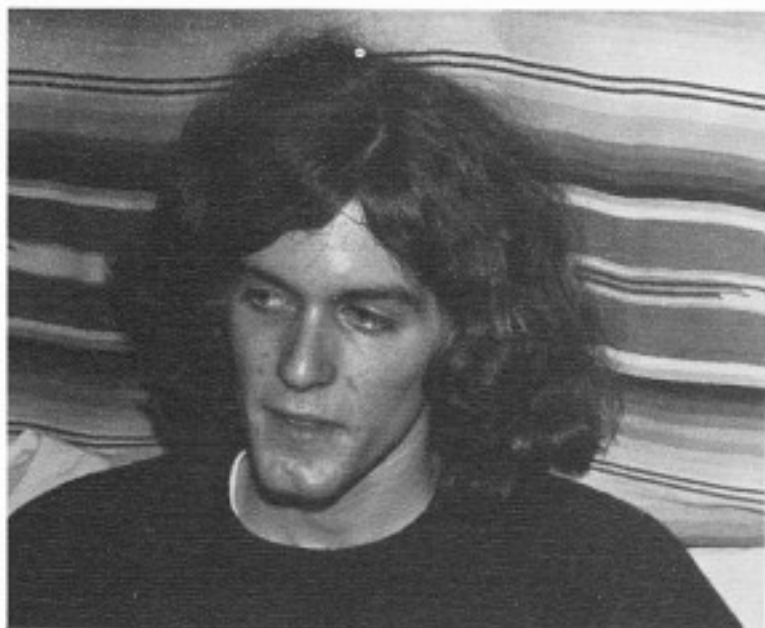
Sabrina Ullman



BRADSHAW HEANEY

Probably the moon hovered over his head
a silver protest
as his image wavered in the ripples.
What did he think of
in the falling instant?
Did he know that:
at dawn
his shoes were found,
brown empty shells
proof that they were once the base
for a man standing on the edge
who spilled at midnight?

betsy



ERIC THOMSON

The green rings danced around the moon
Spilling shallow on our faces
The octopus of night screamed silently in minor
Death don't fear at your feet lies fortune
And then his arms hung limp in blot drops all over
I flew across the garden, to swim in the milky sea
Of worship
The gods were lined up for inspection wearing bibles of
Their faiths
Trust in me, no trust in me they begged
And all slunk off towards the dishrag dregs of doom.

Sabrina Ullman

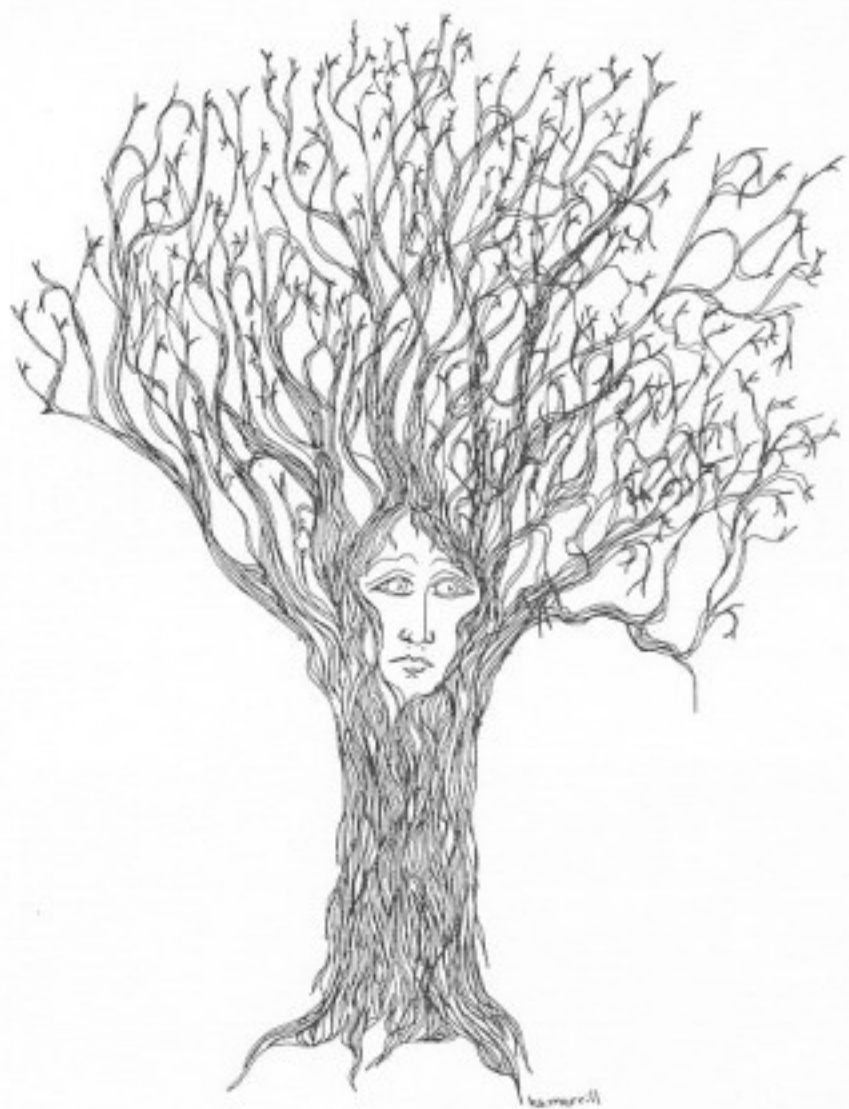


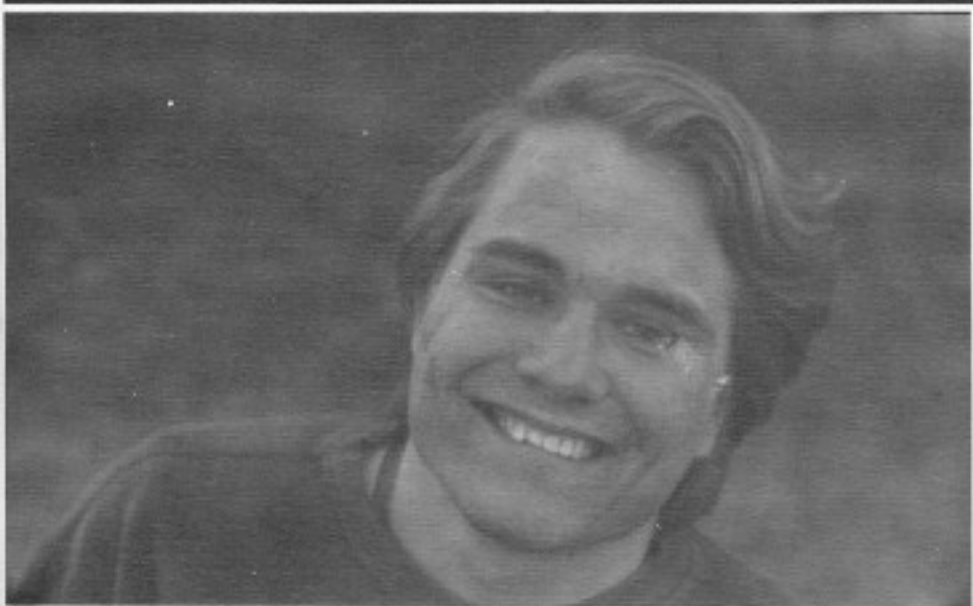
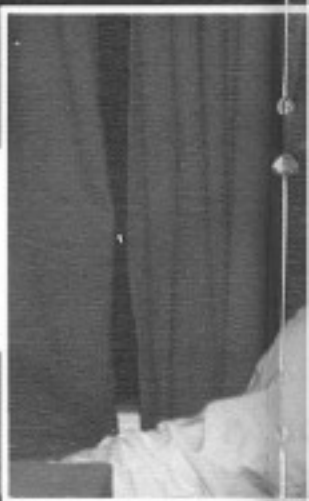
Black Cat World

I am a skinless mummy.
They have feasted on my flesh
And died in my bones.
And I live in my loving black cat
And have died nine times.
We speak cat language together
In hypnotic silence.
And nobody shall ever enter
Or peek through the walls
Of our black cat world.
I enter through her two round seas
Of ever-burning green flame
To lighten my endless path
And she drinks from my chocolate milk eyes,
Being swallowed by their restless currents,
Taking her on a timeless journey,
And we swim hand in paw
And we float through the black waters
Of our private cat world,
Disturbing no one.

And I have died in her burning flames,
But still more cautiously
On her black cat paws
And she has drowned in my restless seas,
But still breathes calmly
Through my black lungs
And we share moon dreams
And watch over the night
Singing black cat chants
Silently to the world.

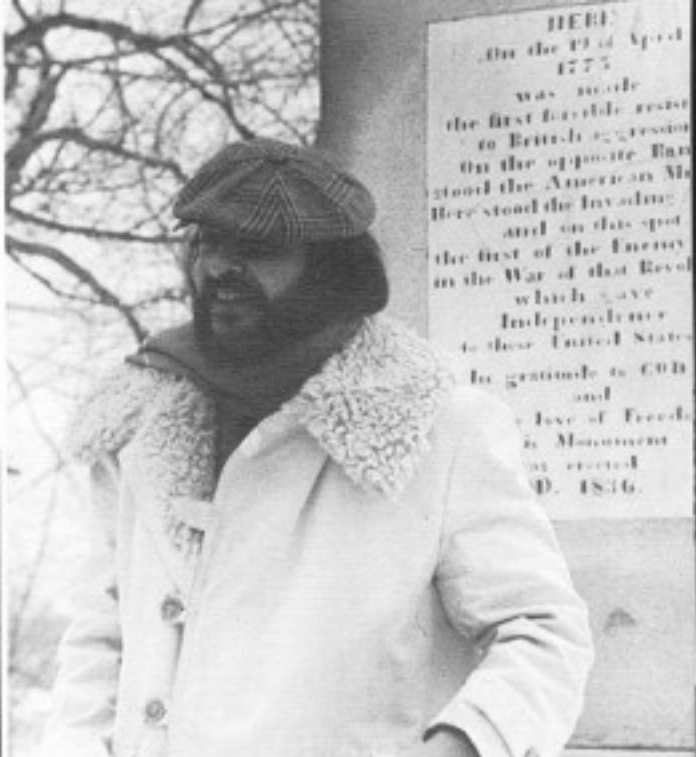






LUKE IMMES

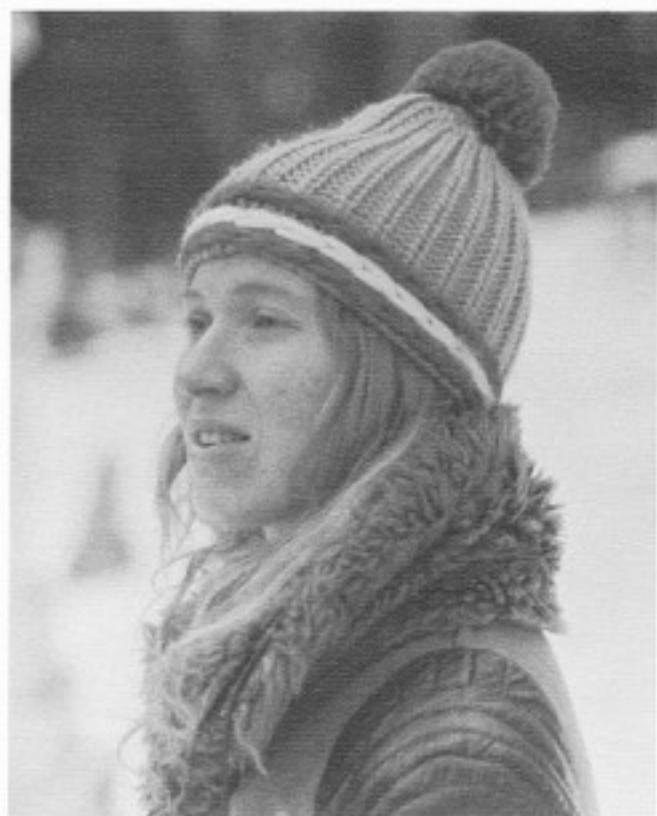
Coming to Cherry Lawn School was very beneficial, it helped me to develop my intellect very much.



SHARONE EINHORN

I am a teenage cancer, with a plan.

John Berryman





Meek and lowly, pure and holy
Chief among the "blessed three".

Charity





"The loudest cry under the sun above is the silent
goodbye from the ones you love."

Melanie

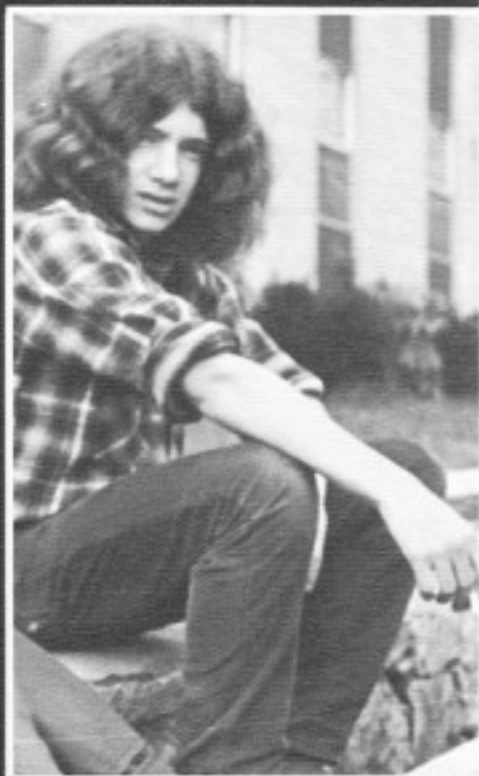
SANDRISE ROSENFELD





DAVID HOOTEN

Get up, get into it, get involved.

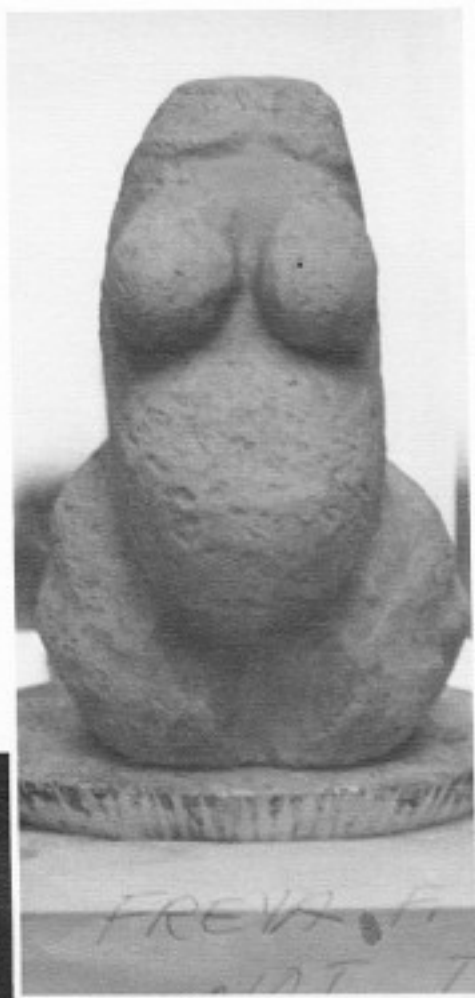




ROBERT ABT

If at first you don't succeed try try again, but then stop no use making a damn fool out of yourself.

W.C. Fields

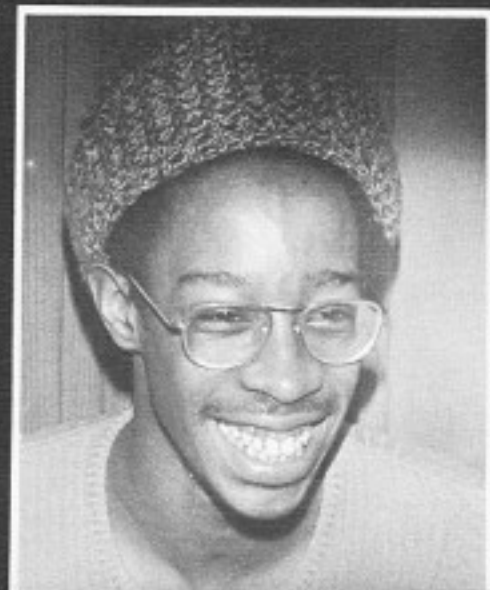




DAG LARSEN

"... I shall wear the night
air as my funeral shroud."

T.J.D.



Depression stabs me like a thousand daggers
Each penetrating the feelings of loneliness
Like an ascetic old man
whose life can't find
the bliss he once possessed.

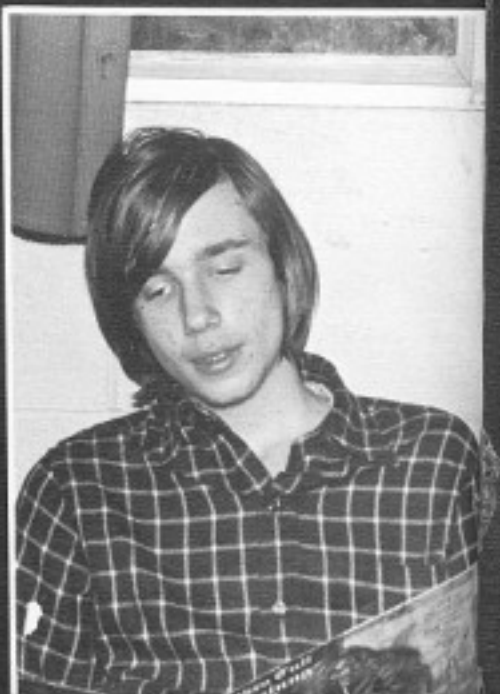
Old man, diseased,
crawls in
Leaving me beg for elation

I don't want to feel like a lone
peasant, rotting in the cold, coal-gray,
sparkled silver, grazed in black rock, black
wall casted in shackles to die from life
his ivory white skeleton
becomes visible each day as he lay on
the hay covered floor enhanced in memories
of past life

No I'm built to feel the ice cold wind
blow persistently in my face
the twenty below zero setting in
my pale features as I walk on
in the soft flakes of new fallen
snow
To walk happily the cold ocean
sand of night, eyeing the moon
swaying reflections of the sea's skin

This night of dejection will fall asleep
awakening, I hope, set afresh
in a new salubrious onlook

Jason Rubinstein

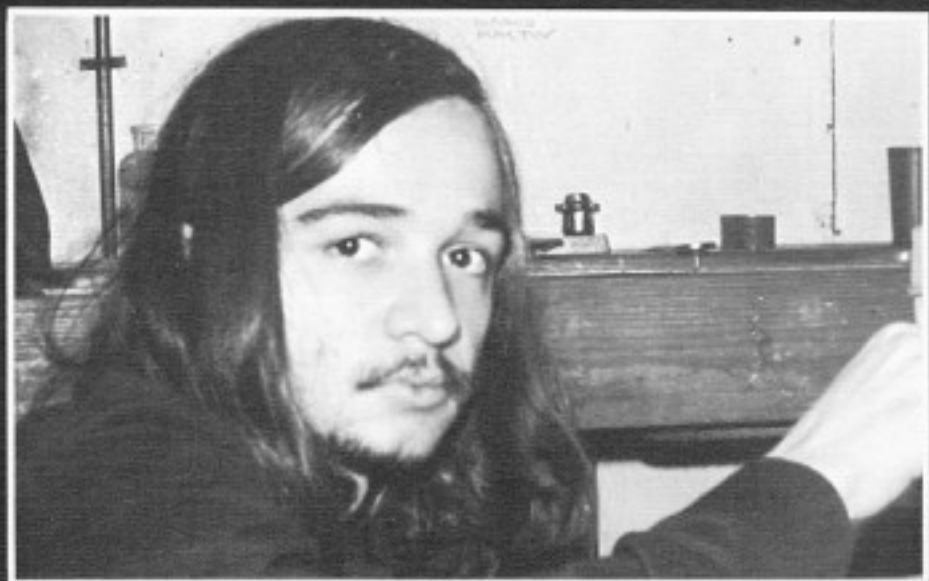




burial down stream

i ride in with evening — slowly
as the crawling river —
the river moans for me
carries me when i cannot move.
treetops stretch in weak relief,
pale body in pale night
drawn steady by the taut string of immortality.

ruth





DAVID WOLF

My life is too short for waiting
As I see the setting sun
and I know again that
I must carry on.

Badfinger

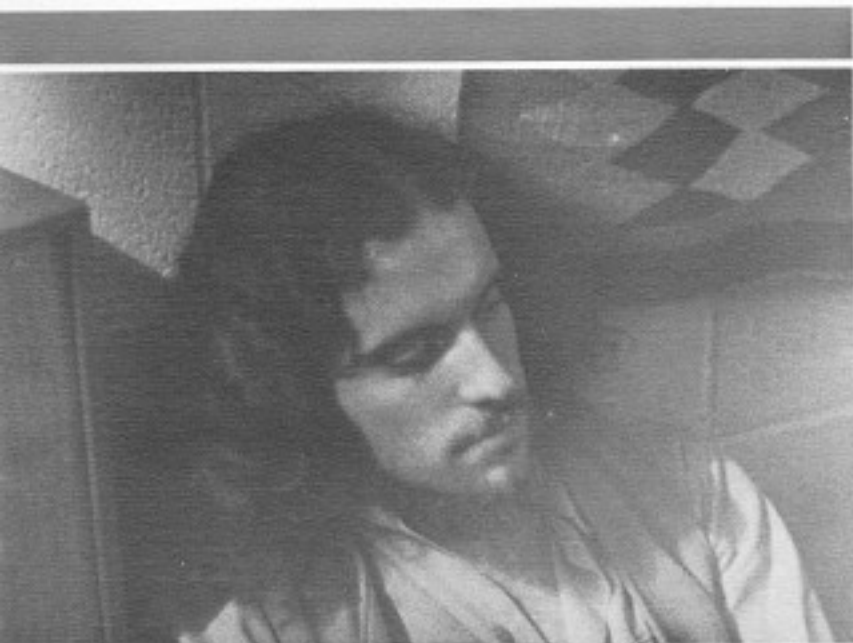
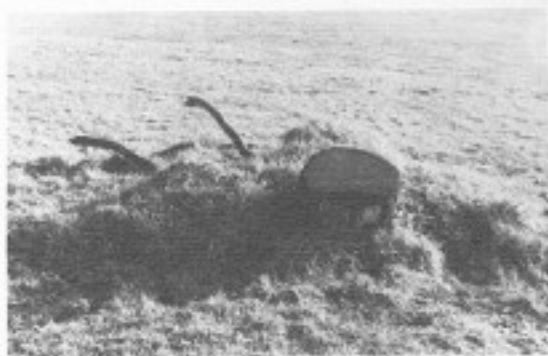


Yesterday,
December 17th.

It was a partly-cloudy day
And the Sun was having a hard time
Finding her position
In the ice-blue sky.
She wanted to speak to me
I know.
I felt her lips kissing my neck,
And her eyes, glaring, boring,
But not warm enough to melt
The icicle pop sky.
Her mouth was dry and
She asked for water many times.
I could not hear her often,
Her mouth was stuffed with Clouds.
Its hard to talk when your mouth's full

And it snowed today.

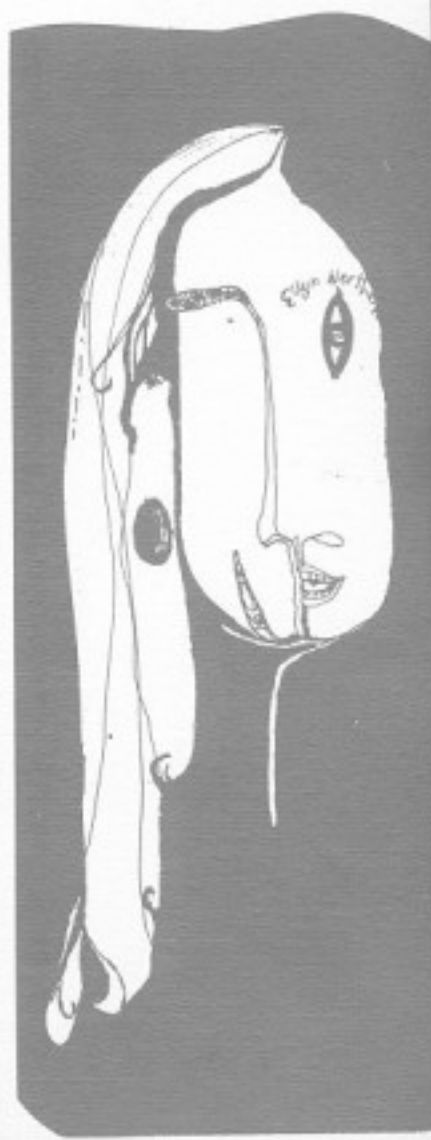
Ellyn

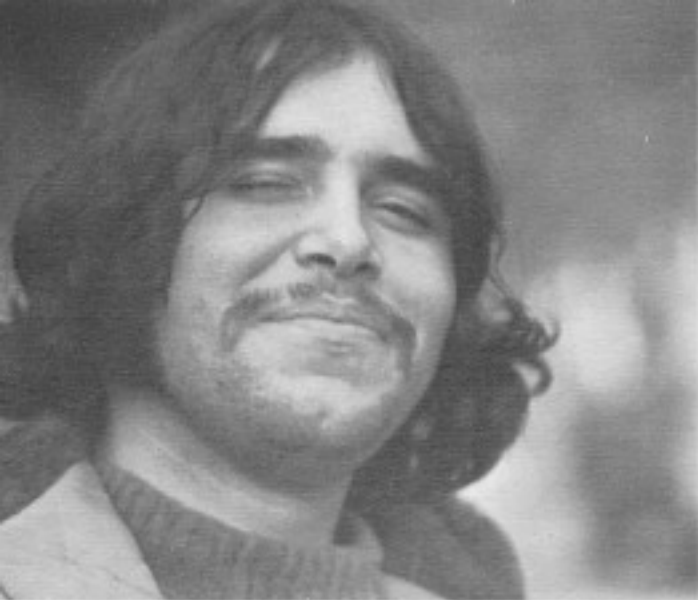


MARC ARDOLINO

I am a wanderer only, a pilgrim, through the
world. But what more are you?

Goethe



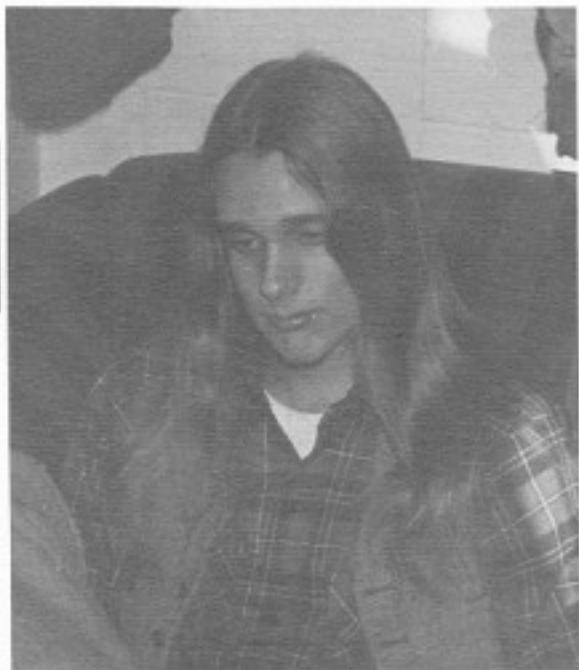


*GEOFFREY
BRESNICK*



Emotions are just like waves, watch them disappear in the distance on the vast calm ocean.

Namescar,
George



GEORGE ROTHMAN

Your company is magic
for it enchants me like a spell
let me do your crying
and you smile my smiles
and we shall communicate
and understand each other
you not loving me
is the most love I've ever had
Karen Goldman





MARY ELLIS



SARAH FALION

There is this print on my wall
A tapestry of climbing daisies,
red,
yellow,
brown and
blue
And their eyes are peering like curious submarine
microscopes on a foggy day . . .

They see me

And are changing to rifle gun sights,
Quivering with expectation
so
To whom it may concern

I donate my remains to science.
Pokey Leeds



Silently gaping at the morning
dew rushing by
Listening intensely to soft wisps
of cotton air
Sadly waiting, she wipes gently
the drops that caress her face

Sandrise



NANCY POSNER

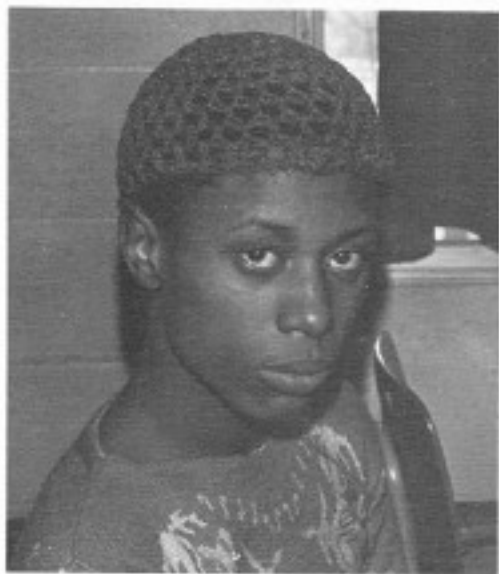


RITA DEPASTINA

Something wildly radical was being awakened: the senses — feeling, seeing, hearing, smelling, soaking up, “grokking”.



MARCY ROSENBERG



RICHARD GAYLORD

"... Even when this dream reality is most intense, We still have, glimmering through it, the sensation that it is mere appearance ..."

F.N.



RANDY GOLDMAN

"but i reckon i got to light out for the territory ahead of the rest, because aunt sally she's going to adopt me and sivilize me, and i can't stand it. i been here before."

neon sign
street angels
play
with now-false illumination
illusions present
sweet smells
in the shadows
of those
who beckon to
their
church
calls ...

Randy Goldman



A.A. MEDVED

*AS A FIELD, HOWEVER FERTILE,
CANNOT BE FRUITFUL WITHOUT
CULTIVATION, SO IT IS WITH A MIND
WITHOUT LEARNING*

CICERO

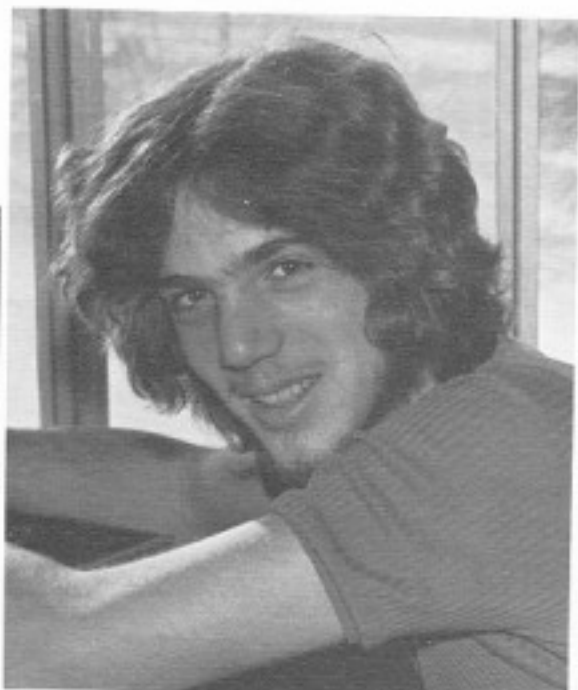




EDDIE PODOLSKY

O' what a wicked web we weave when first we
practice to deceive.

Anonymous



MILLE COOKMAN





PAUL MILNER



Noonday
The lampblack wing of some bird
Flanks the sky
My skin, stilted and viscid as a mummer's
Shrinks at
It's course.
Motion shovels the Minutes,
Wrings stiff feathers from the sky.
I trace entrails, and bloodless fledging
Bones
I slash my way to that place
Where light welcomes
Slaughter.

Sharone



GREG SALANTO



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Afoot and light-hearted, I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me, leading wherever I choose.

Hence forth I ask not good-fortune — I myself am good fortune;
Hence forth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing,
Strong and content, I travel the open road.

The earth — that is sufficient;
I do not want the constellations any nearer;
I know they are very well where they are;
I know they suffice for those who belong to them.

(Still here I carry my old delicious burdens;
I carry them, men and women — I carry them with me wherever I go;
I swear it is impossible for me to get rid of them;
I am fill'd with them, and I will fill them in return.)

Walt Whitman

