



R0006516154

thesis work
master of fine arts

rochester institute
of technology
rochester, n.y.

copyright
by bonnie kimpland
1967

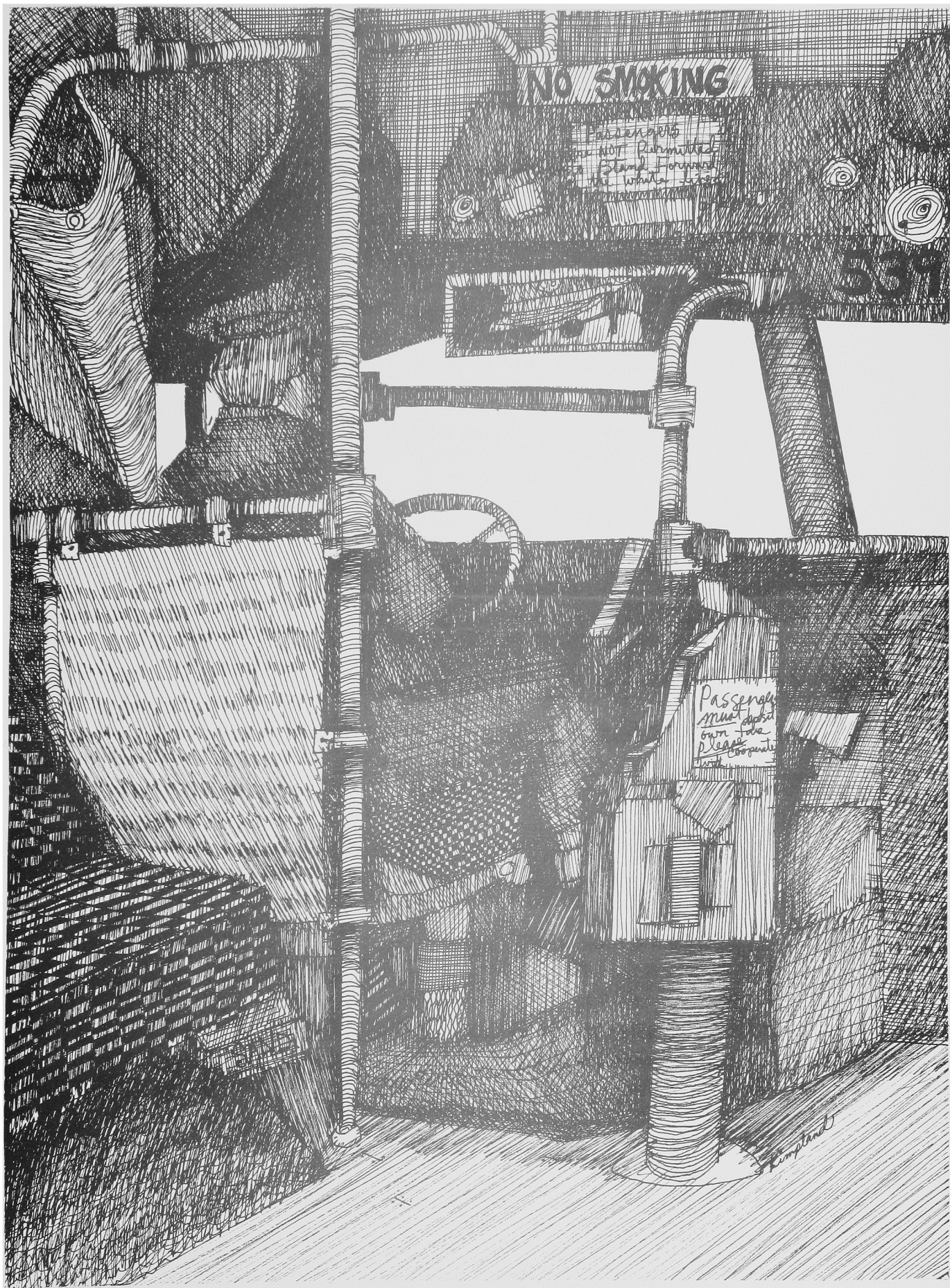
this is dedicated
to the one i love:

robert anthony macur

acknowledgements to:

mr. hans barschel
mr. richard covalciuc
mr. dennis miner
mr. david parker
mr. charles pearson
mr. donald robertson
mr. john solowski
and mr. robert taugner

without whom
this work
never would have been possible.



life is a long ride on a bus

who rides in the shoeboxes.
people called passengers.

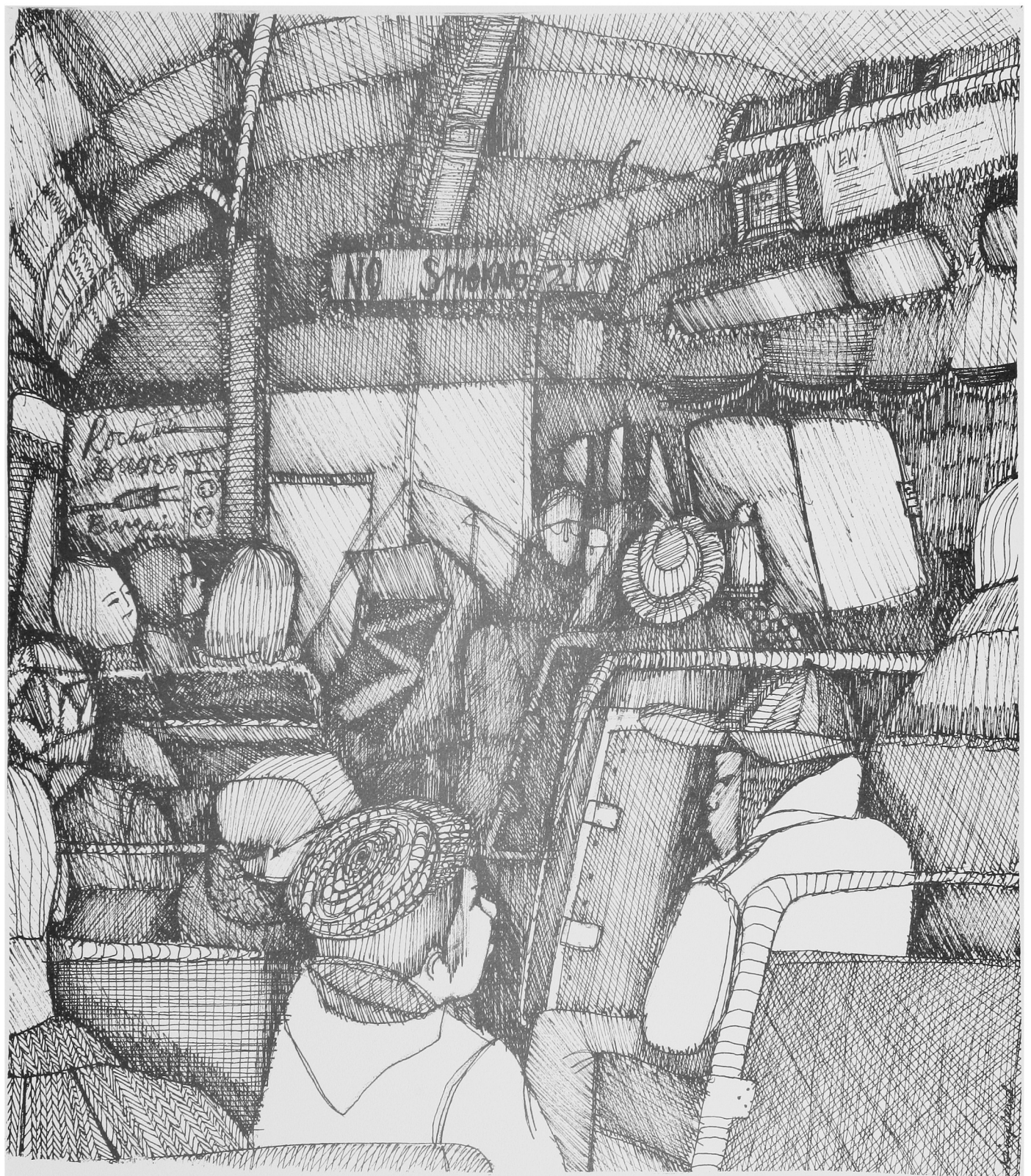
rich people passengers
east avenue ladies with thick dark furs
protecting textured clothes
fresh from a respectable dry cleaners
covering new silken undergarments
and corsets.

poor people passengers
from the other ends of town.
fat drunks dozing deeply
scrawny drunks with cataract eyes.
tired passengers mirror
the ocular fixation
sinking deeper into pools
of private thoughts
as the sun warms their bodies
penetrating the dirty windows.

jibbering in foreign tongue
an old woman mutters to herself.

shrieking teenager schoolchildren
showoff
shutoff
strutoff
flock together for herd security.

elderly grandmothers hoard
ancient paper shopping bags
sorting through threads, bits of string
crumpled magazines and neglected knitting
beneath the scraps of cloth
is a bread sandwich
wrapped in old newspapers.



fight?

does a cloven white collar
make a man
godlike?

should sheep follow?

are his words
wisdom?

students listen
and fidget
and frown
and shift in their seats.

but they come
in droves
voluntarily

to try

to find out.



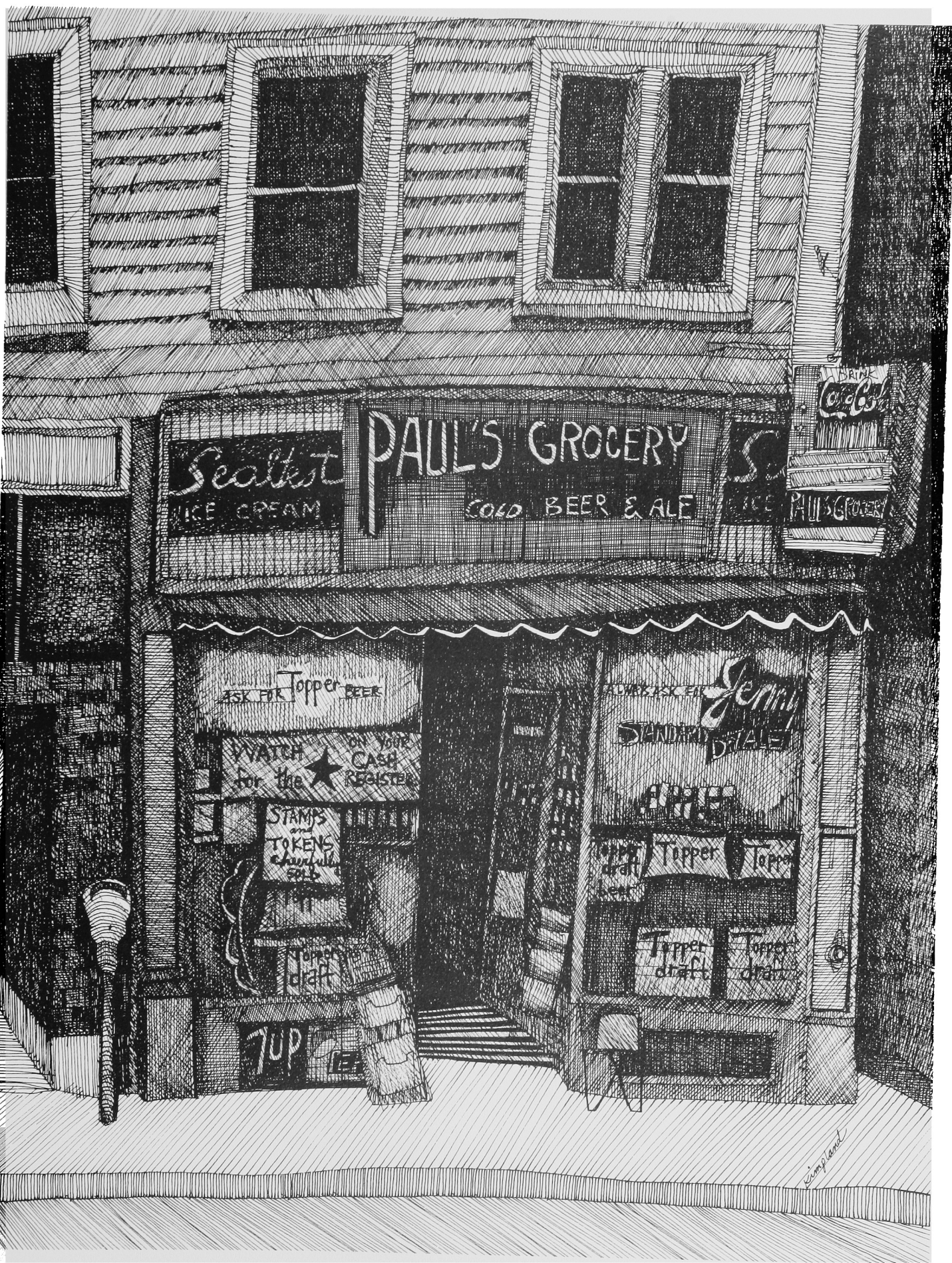
grocery store

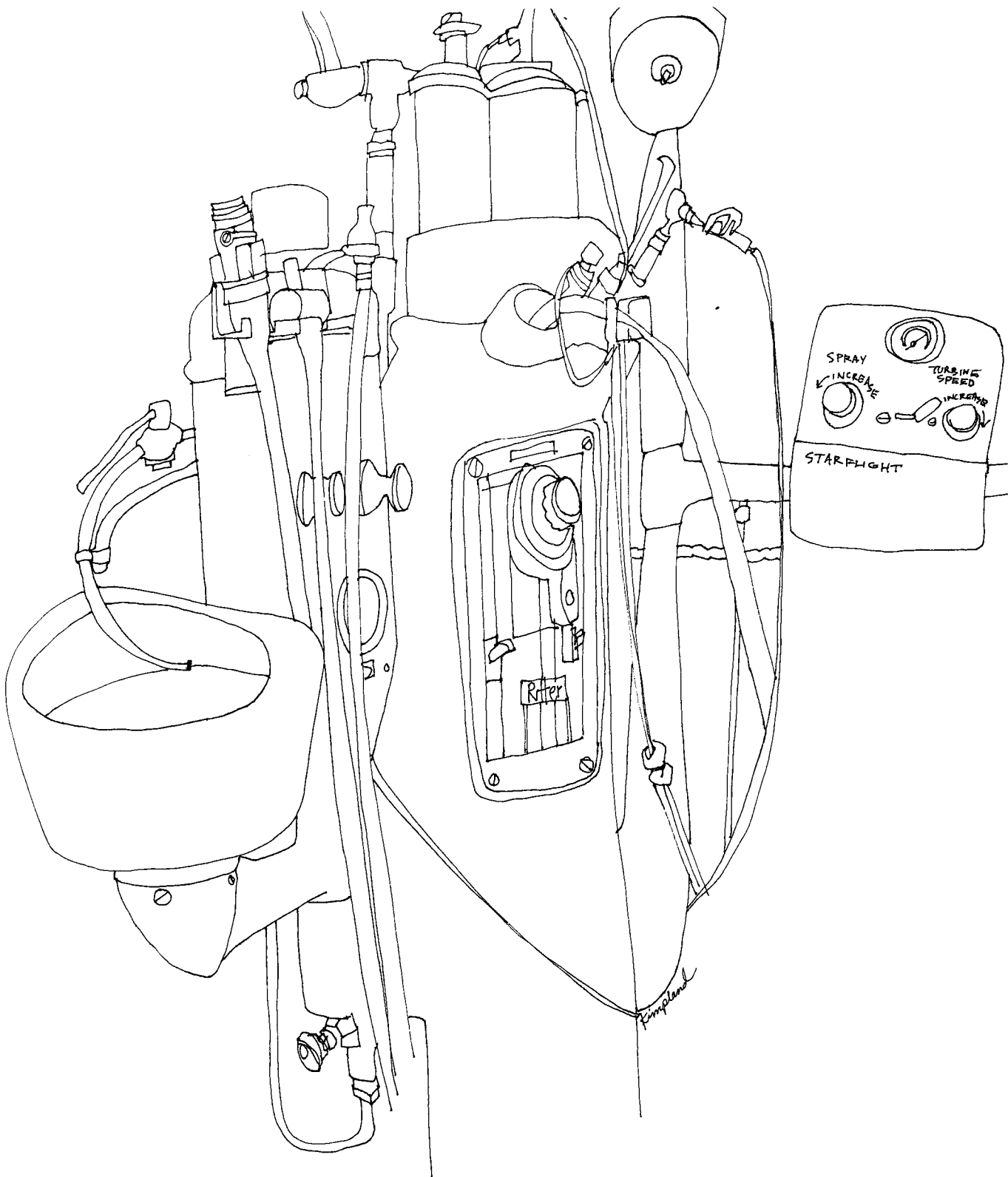
this is where
we buy beer
and eggs
and bread
and meat .

sometimes
the milk is turning bad
and the meat
is not so pink
but that is the way
life is .

and if you get
a red star
on your cash register receipt
your purchase
is on the house .

but then
the prices
are outrageous
to begin with .





dentist

his equipment
appears
as a wicked monster.

the light is blinding
smarting the eyes.
but at least that temporarily
takes the mind off
the mouthful of pain.

the white bowl
where we all spit
bears a disgusting resemblance
to a small child's chamber pot.

a paper bib
is for when you go out to eat spaghetti
and not for a dentist's office.

at least the larger plastic bib
is a solid color and smells antiseptic
rather than reeking of permanents
and consisting
of bits of chopped hair
over trite designs
as in a beauty parlor.

i never recognize
my dentist on the street
because i am only used to
his upsidedown eyes
and hairy nares.



long hair

long hair is:

what you have to hold back
when you're getting a drink
so it doesn't fall into the wet water fountain.

long hair is:

what you have to hold back
in the morning
when you're brushing your teeth
so that
you don't spit toothpaste on it.

long hair is:

what you have to hold back
as you apply
your rollondeodorant.

long hair is:

something you should pin up
on a hot summer day in the office
because if you wear it down
you will sweat
and it will cling to your neck
like octopus tentacles
and make you nervous.

long hair is:

earmuffs in the wintertime.



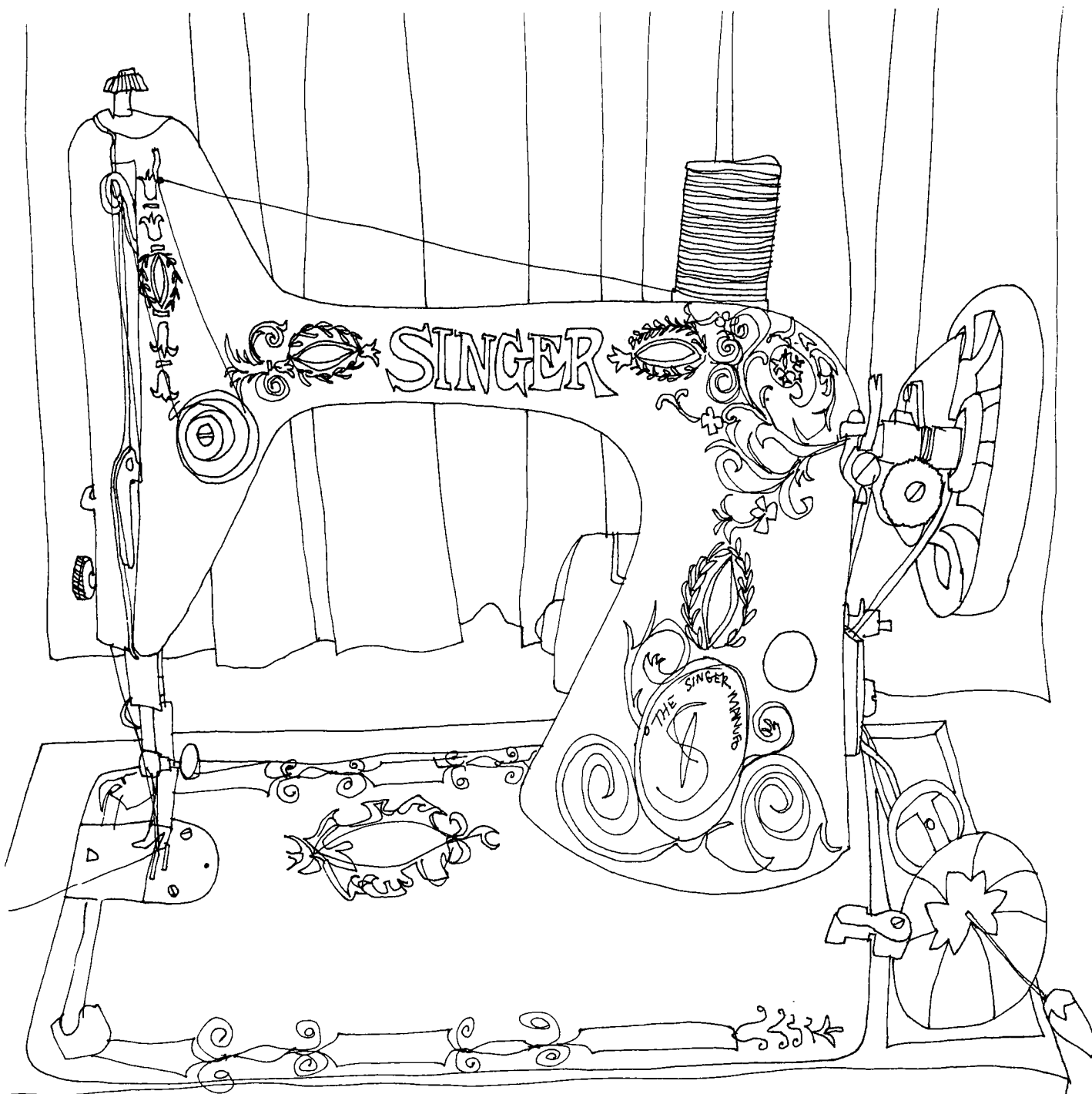
the cloth eater

a strange little creature
twelve years old,

ornate patterns
of red
and gold.

if you tread
on its tail
it spews out thread.

but it will never
backstitch
or zigzag
no matter
how much
you plead.



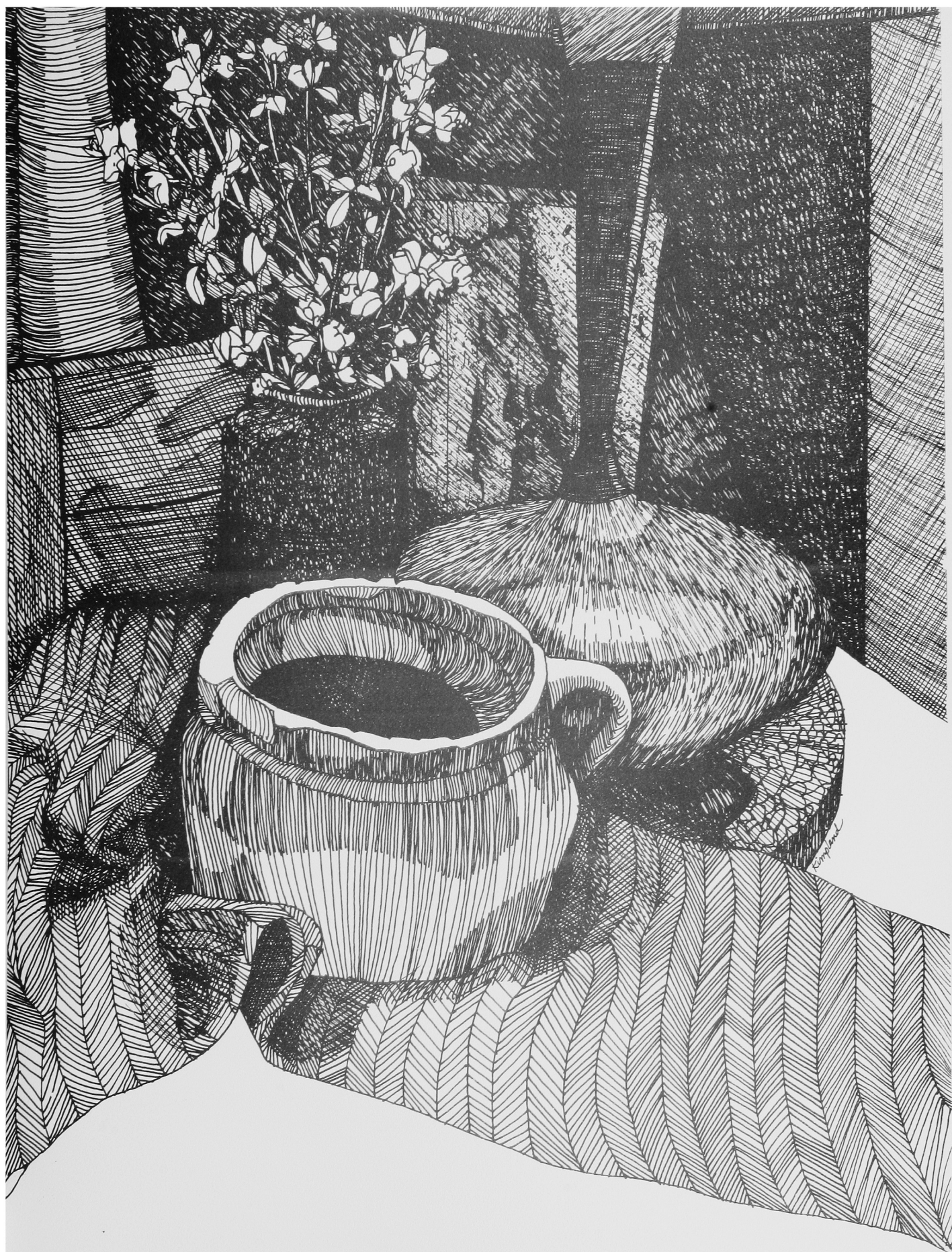
flowers

flowers are nice
to have on your desk

so you can gaze at
their stamens
and pistils
and between the leaves

when things get tough.

.



cobs

human
hairlike
husks.

hard red
black
yellow and orange
kernels.

oklahoma.

battered popcorn.

the jollygreengiant.



banjo

i think he was disguised
as a banjo player.

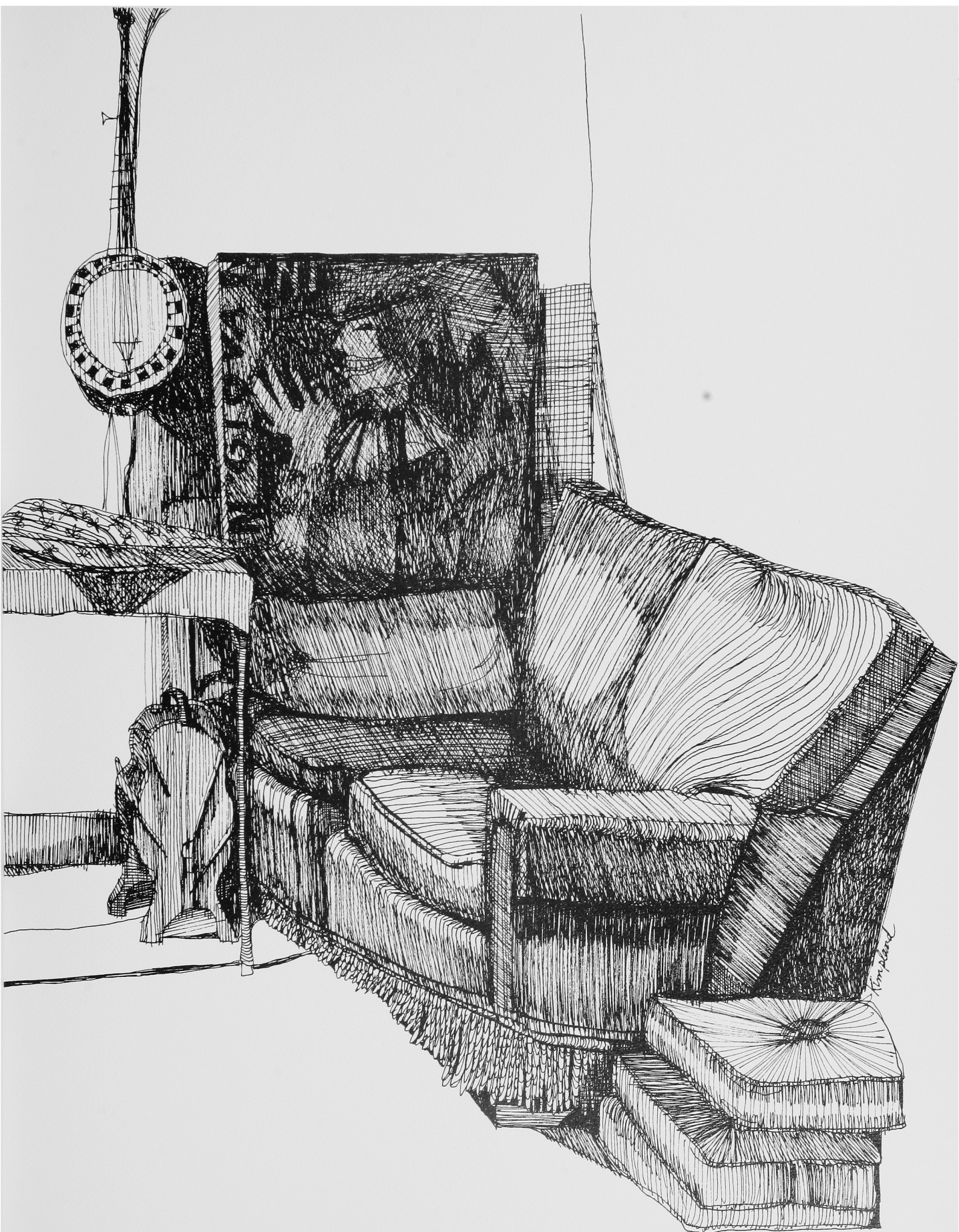
he didn't know how to go about
playing it
but he brought it as a prop
to our halloween party.

it was a beautiful antique
of fine tones
white parchment
silver patterns
and dark oiled wood.

and when he left we said
don't forget your banjo
because he was a little
tipsy.

however
he said he would come back
and get it later
because a bunch of kids
were playing it and singing
and having a good time in the other corner
of the room.

but that
was eight months ago
and it still hangs in the living room
waiting for him.





navigation

if i make suggestions
as he drives

bob calls me
a backseatdriver

and other things

even though
i am sitting in the front seat .

so
i stifle my mouth
as he misses a turn
during the next day's drive

and when
we are hopelessly lost
he turns
and glares at me
and says:

what the hell kind of a navigator are you, anyway?

bob and the blue and white car

bob
drives our first car
in his dark blue sweater
with the colored bands
around the arms.

the beloved car
has lots of room in the back
for books and bottles
ski boots and poles
test tubes
and a briefcase full of thesis notes.
coats and paintings
and paper remnants
of hamburger drive ins.

and sometimes
a penny
or a paper clip
or a bobby pin
way down
on the bottom.

sometimes
the car
goes clunk into gear
and humm around sharp corners
and pssst flat in the back
and fssst fire in the front.

but these are the things
that make it
an exciting car to live with.



tent city

before we bought
our big green
coleman tent

we spent
two hours
spooking around
in tent city.

they have
tiny green tents
and huge
tan and orange ones

and they come in all
kinds of weird shapes
with windows
that zip
or tie
on the inside
or the outside.

but they all smell
musty
and damp

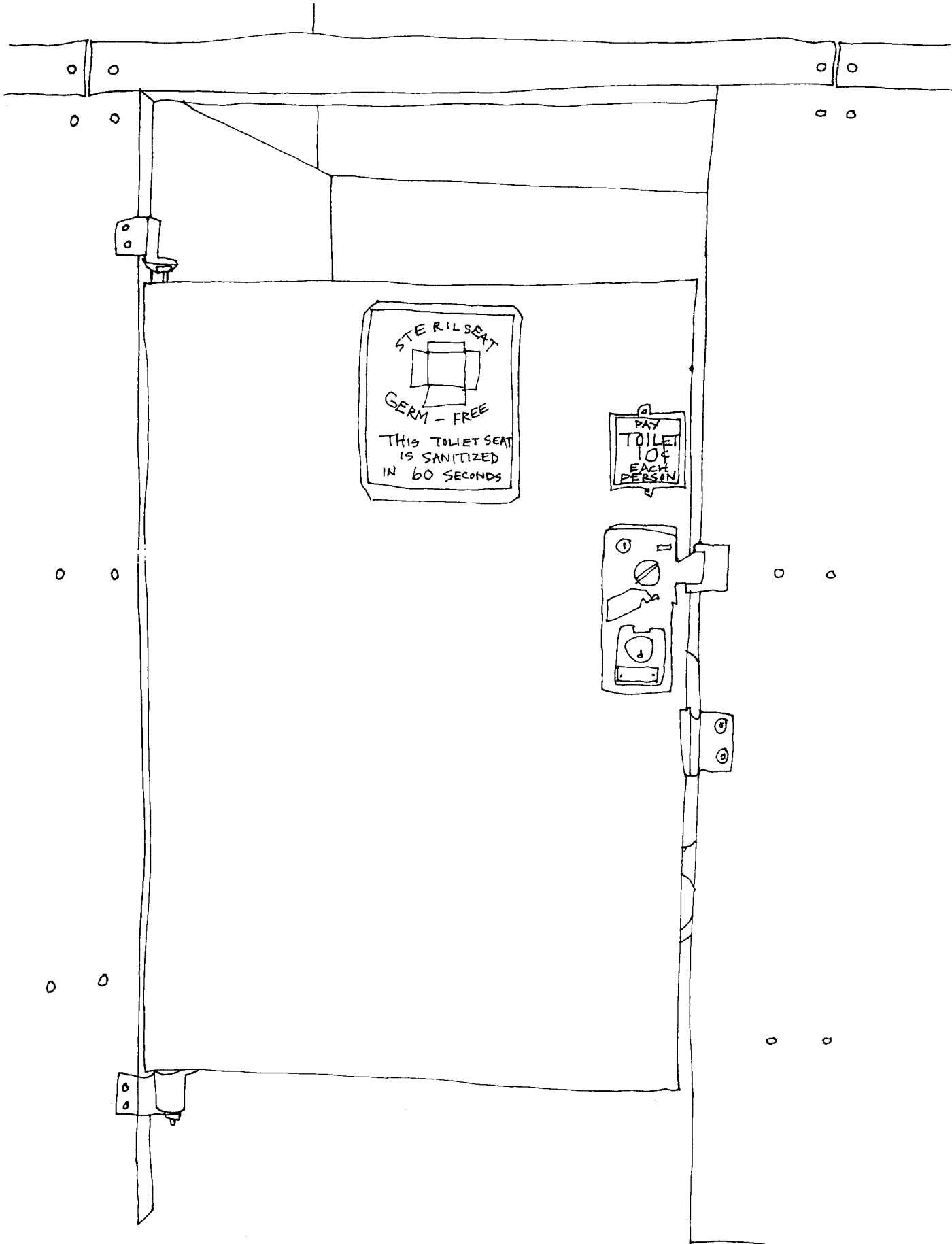
even though
they're inside.

and it reminds you
of when you were a little kid
and you hid
under a big blanket
draped over the dining room table.

berry bushes

how can they charge people
10¢
for a human function?

i would sooner
post
a trusted lookout
and go
behind the berry bushes.



flowers

patsy and i
would pick fresh flowers
in the field
still damp with dew
early in the morning

when i was a waitress
at the inn
one summer.

we placed bouquets
on the clean cotton cloths
over the wooden tables.

and i sometimes reminisce
about how nice it was

as i gaze
at the dusty petals
of the pink plastic flowers
in the greasy spoon
where i hurriedly breakfast.

flowers

flowers
are nice things
to give your sweetheart
a bunch of

when you want her

to throw her arms
around your neck
and kiss you.



good things

a wicker chair
a rocking chair

a weeping
willow
tree .

cotton cloth
some cork or wood
cool crisp sheets
and warm
soft blankets .

forsythia
blackeyed susans
a herd of black angus
and an irish setter dog .

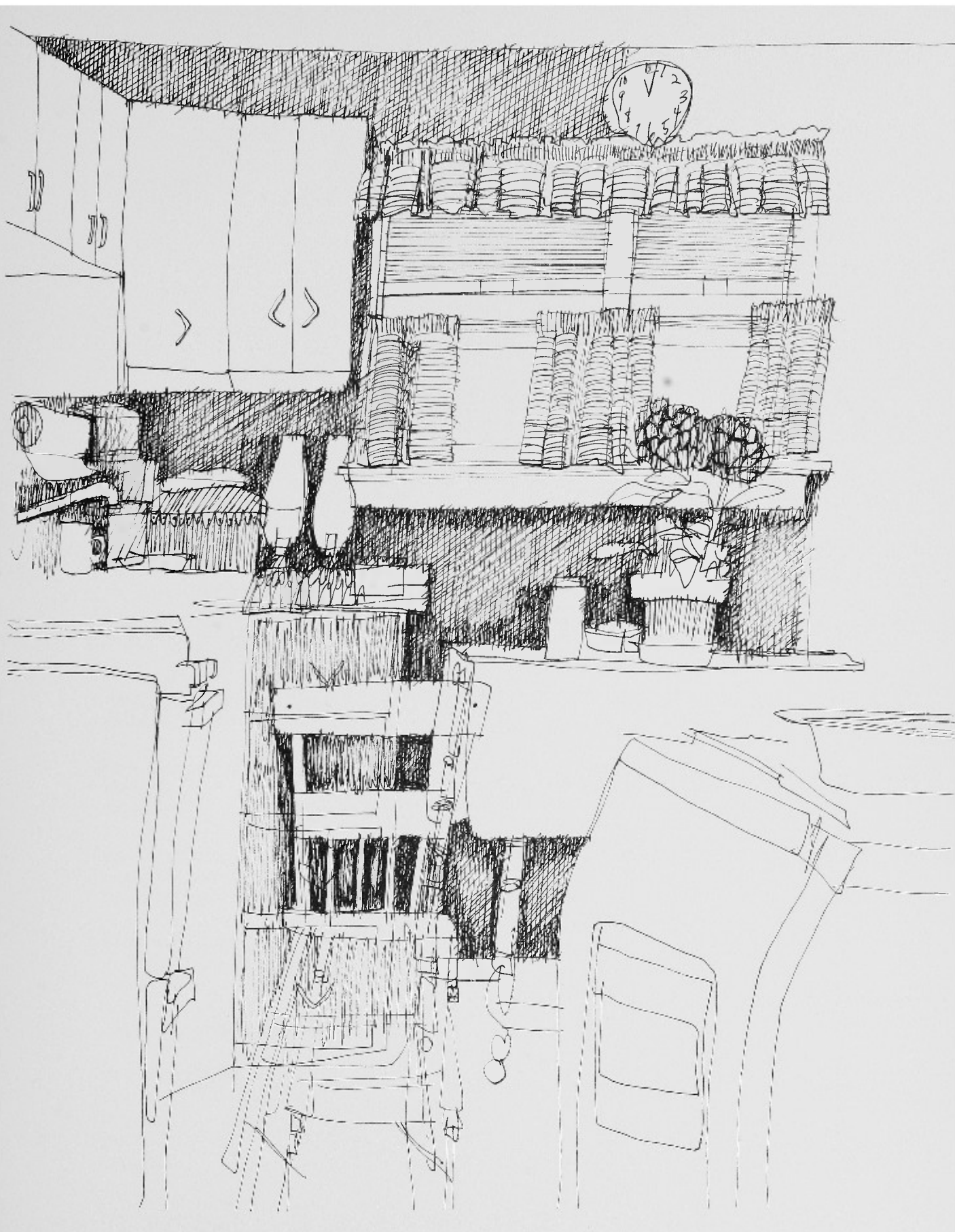
beaded curtains
white rope hammocks
and genuine quilts .

sammy davis
anthony quinn
and audrey hepburn .

shelves full of good books
and ornate designs
on old sewing machines .

a blue and white
china plate
a fine line drawing
paintings
brass and copper kettles .

knitted sweaters
dry brown weeds
and a letter from doctor salamon .



they

how can i ever tell them
or show them

how terribly much
they mean
to me?

my parents
are like boy scouts
are supposed to be:

kind and good
generous to a fault
loyal
patient
and truly understanding.

and my family
is simply the best family
anyone
could ever
wish for.