



## The Windy Hill review. 1984

[Waukesha, Wisconsin]: [University of Wisconsin--Waukesha Literary Club], 1984

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D. Oldenb

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1984

## WINDY HILL REVIEW

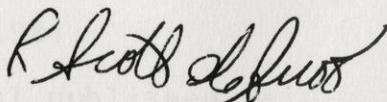
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Cover Illustration by D. Oldenburg

I would like to thank Katherine Flaherty, typist extraordinaire, who violated all the principles she holds dear and typed this on St. Patrick's Day. Thanks to Dennis Held, who believes "If it's nice out, leave it out." And special thanks to Phil Zweifel for staying off my back.

Thanks,



To this I would add the thanks of the aforementioned to Mr. R. Scott deSnoo, without whose unflagging efforts this publication would never have gotten off of the ground much less up the pole. We salute you.

### Words

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Sword

Alan Enters

Typewriter repairman,  
please help me quick !  
My es they are flying,  
and my ks they stik .

Katherine Flaherty

### KNOW WONDER!

I finally realized  
After all of these years  
That I've been running around,  
shouting,  
"Hey, everybody, I'm whispering!"  
and wondering  
Why no one believed me.

Dennis Held

## THE SPIDER

Drops of dew weighing the web;  
Release one bouncing the bed,  
The cradle of life where my eggs  
    sleep in cocoon, the swaddling cloth,  
    to await birth.

I am the spider come to the edge.  
Time to drop, endless chasm below  
But unafraid--silken thread, life  
Attached to what was before  
Until the umbilical cord is cut.

What is there?

I am the spider over the edge,  
Unafraid, because there was no cord to cut.  
Life's breath, no breath, the same . . . LIFE.

Susan A. Fiedler

## HAIKU

My poems do not bud--  
Unlike flowers, they burst full-bloomed  
Colors in black on white!

Carol Dolphin

Soft, still as newborn  
Fingertips I kiss softly:  
First light touches her.

Kay Schwinn

Early morning dew  
drips softly from a young fern--  
ants flee to high ground.

Bruce Hamilton

Warm summer morning  
Two suns rise over Japan--  
Hiroshima falls

R. Scott deSnoo

## Gol Na mBan San Ar

Ancient drums of bones laid to taught skin  
sound out the women's chant,  
their lost hopes, lost rights  
taken from them by the sounds  
of other drums and other marchers,  
soldiers who came with hate and met the same.

Wailing pipes mimic the cries  
of the people mourning the dead  
and the merry flutes cannot bring  
the dead to life or peace to the land.

Katherine Flaherty

## RADIOACTIVE POWER MANAGEMENT (RPM)

there are only three  
degrees  
in my house

seventy-eight  
forty-five and  
thirty-three and a third

at fifty watts  
per heater

it's hot  
cool  
and rock cold

Mark McCraw

## No Elegy for the Male Marijuana Plant

by Steve Tighe

for Mike

WARNING: The contents of this discourse are not to be taken internally.

There's been no rain in days, so we lug large buckets of water and bottles of fertilizer to the Oriental gentleman's property. Oregon moonlight paves our way. The cat follows and leads but never walks beside us. We stop occasionally and silently rest our stretched-out arms.

The five plants are scattered. We zigzag across the bright field from shadow to shadow in a running walk, avoiding ferns and each others footsteps. I crouch in the triangle of dark which is hinged to a tall fir tree and survey the field, layered in a thin mist. The cat leaps around like a mountain lion. And I contemplate confrontations with sheriffs and rednecks.

My brother signals when his watering can is empty. "I can't remember where four and five are," he whispers. We attend number three. Like a nurse assisting the doctor on his rounds, I hand him the bottles from my pockets. I smell my fingertips. "Did I have a tuna fish sandwich for lunch?"

We are Groucho and Harpo searching for four and five, with much turning of heads. When we find them, my brother says, without emotion, "I'm gonna kill the male tonight." I stand by, a conspirator, an accomplice, as he inspects the doomed plant, shows me its balls, rips it from the pot, and shakes it. Moonlightenment! The dirt-braided roots are dreadlocks. The head of a miniature Rastafari. The ganga. Kill the pot, mahn. Marley and Cliff.

I am its solitary pall bearer (though there is no pall), unsure why it had been done in. Would it have attacked the female plants? Deflowered them? Or was it just bad weed? The dirt from its pot is parceled out to the girls, and they are given another shower and some sweet talk to encourage growth.

We sit on the porch, giving the stiff a chair of its own... and smoke. "Lets not forget the plant when we go in." The cat springs upon a chair, ignoring us. I gradually feel the continents divide on my forehead and a glacier glide gracefully across my right hemisphere. This is the country of connoisseurs. Where they smoke buds, use pipes (no joints). Where three hits and you're out . . . at the old . . . ball . . . game.

We look for shooting stars, satellites, UFO's. Take THC and see. Craning his neck, my brother tumbles backwards off the porch. We sing, "Oh, cannabis!" I'm amazed at my every move and thought. So precise, so in control, so aware.

Inside, our sister, in bathrobe, smoking cigarette. A foreign presence. I'm on the verge of losing it. If I speak, I'll betray my condition. Stay busy. My brother happily tells her how smoking (grass) regularly has cured his psoriasis. Suggests that it might hers too. She's defensive about her own smoking (of cigarettes) and puffs hard, inhales deeply.

Hot fudge sundaes! We look for some chocolate mix to make the sauce. Find a jar that looks right, and the contents smell right. Like alchemists, we drop water into the sepia powder. Stir carefully. Pour into pan. Heat gradually. Taste. It is pure mud. I find this so hilarious that I fear I will convulse. I run to the bathroom. She must not see me hysterical. On the toilet I push my face into a towel, press my ears shut, and listen to the machinery of my mind. Calm down. The cat comes in. Brushes my leg. Reminds me. The plant is sitting on the porch.

Far from the fertile fields of Oregon, I bring the male's dry, burning body to my lips. Puff the pyre. It crackles in cremation and lives on in me for a few jolly minutes. Sad to report, three of the girls were captured in a raid on the Oriental gentleman's. One has gone underground (indoors). The reggae beat goes on.

## **DINTY MOORE IS THE BASTARD SON OF BETTY CROCKER**

The taste of waiting  
for food  
to cool  
becomes too much

sometimes

I burn my mouth

Mark McCraw

## **Metamorphosis: August 19--**

Once, my shoes walked over to put on my feet, but instead they began nibbling on my toes. Before long, all my toes were gone except for my left big toe. This one large toe began to bother me, so I ate it. Oddly enough, today I woke up with eleven fingers and a severe case of constipation. Fortunately, my shoes still fit.

Richard Wartman

Page

Blank, barren

Haunting, humiliating, discouraging

Usurpation, vision, revision, creation

Satisfying, refreshing, rewarding

Rich, real

Poem

R.S. deSnoo

Night

Silent, spooky

Frightening, creeping, chilling

Moon, planets, stars, sun

Brightening, beginning, blooming

Alive, fresh

Day

Karen Ruhe

rainstorm

cloudy, chaotic

threatening, saturating, confounding

brilliance, green, serenity, order

soothing, promising, restoring

phenomenal, majestic

rainbow

Belle LeCher

Innocence

naive, optimistic

hoping, laughing, believing

love, hurt, knowledge, growth

learning, thinking, willing

sophisticated, realistic

Wisdom

Katherine Flaherty

Tree

wild, alive

growing, flourishing, living

leaves, twigs, branches, trunk

cutting, leaning, falling

stacked, dead

Firewood

Nora Wirtz

buttocks,

firm, shapely,

wiggling, arousing, dazzling,

mounds, flesh, bone, skull,

baffling, intriguing, challenging,

odd, unique,

brain.

Bruce Hamilton

Party

fun happy

laughing playing dancing

beer people emotions pills

fading hiding crying

quiet futile

suicide

John Southmayd

quarterback

agile, powerful

running, passing, dodging

ends, tackles, linebackers, safeties

hitting, grabbing, smashing

weak, immobile

quadriplegic

Steve Van Dien

efinitions, wisdom, accumulated knowledge,  
he annals of history.

eason and brilliance, tongues and dialects,  
heories, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*.

ogic, insight, philosophy, dogma.

scheme, a blueprint, a well-maintained theatrical  
tage. A thunderclap, a shadow, eight colors  
o a spectrum.

n equilateral wedge of humble pie,  
la mode.

Dave O'Leske

## Poem

the country has been turned over to the apes  
the prehistoric tendency to reside in and among trees  
someone wrote in a widely published paper,  
that the apes were coming closer  
it was clearly a new revelation  
considering the magnitude of our problem,  
we find things are going well  
Now we must live with the apes  
knowing that many hate bananas

Susan Wirtz

## **FOUND: military intelligence**

In a nuclear attack  
the blast and heat  
of an exploding weapon  
can be seen  
or heard  
or felt  
but nuclear radiation  
cannot be detected  
by any  
of the five senses.

Special instruments  
and devices  
have been developed  
to do this  
for you.

Nuclear radiation detection  
is of importance  
because death  
can result  
from exposure.

Know the intensity  
and quantity  
of radiation  
your body  
can withstand.

R. Scott deSnoo

## **Found: Paranoid Chauvinism In Low-Tar Cigarettes**

NOW

THE LOWEST

They're all after us.

Steve Van Dien

**Walking Through the Yellow Pages**

Adoption Air	Airline Alcohol
Alcoholism Alternators	Aluminum Ambulance
Antique Apartments	Artificial Artists
Bathroom Batteries	Candy Car
Children Chimney	Chimney Chiropractors
Cigar Cleaners	Collectible Computers
Crisis Dancing	Fireplace Fishing
Garbage Garden	Jewelry Junk
Karate Kennels	Linoleum Liquified
Microwave Minnows	Modeling Monument
Musical Needlework	Nursing Odor
Orchestras Organs	Pet Pharmacies
Physical Physicians	Rubbish Rummage
Stone Storage	Topsoil Tours
Venetian Veterinarians	

Bruce Hamilton

**Found**

Warning

Consuming

Laboratory Animals

May Cause

Cancer

Found; University of Wisconsin

No Food Allowed In Cafeteria

Dave O'Leske

## **BUMPER STICKERS I HAVE KNOWN**

CAUTION-- I BREAK  
SMALL ANIMALS

SUPPORT THE  
SOCIETY FOR THE  
PERFECTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

ESCHEW OBFUSCATION!

ILLITERATE? WRITE FOR FREE HELP!

Dennis Held

# e.e. cummings

i wonder if  
they wonder if

i w i 11

e\_v\_e\_r b\_e\_g\_i\_n u\_s  
g\_i\_n g

c\_a\_p\_i\_t\_o\_l  
t\_t\_e\_l  
e\_r\_s

C p r p e r  
o

line

a\_r\_r\_a

n g\_e\_m\_e\_n t.

John Southmayd

## SMOG

The smog comes  
on big lion feet  
It sits looking  
over harbor and city  
on silent haunches  
and then sits and sits  
and sits and sits.

Belle LeCher

# ANYONE WORKED IN A SHITTY COW TOWN

anyone worked in a shitty cow town  
with nasty wafting odors 'round  
shovel stack haul spread  
he smelled like shit from toe to head

women and men (both sober and drunk)  
knew that anyone very much stunk  
they held their nose they turned their back  
pile shovel haul stack

children shunned (for they all knew  
if downwind they wandered up they threw  
spread shovel stack haul)  
anyone and his nasty smell

when by work and shit by shovel  
anyone worked and didn't grovel  
cow by drop and plop by pile  
soil and toil were all to him

someones paired with their everyones  
they turned their back and held their breath  
(wam bam smoke sleep) they  
did their dirty and liked their clean

shovel haul spread pile  
(and only the smell can fully reveal  
why the children never forgot to remember  
with up so wafting odors nasty)

one day anyone quit i guess  
and noone stooped to take his place  
the shit began to fill the streets  
little by little and inch by inch

all by all and deep by deep  
under the doors the shit did seep  
stack by pile and spread by rain  
the shit heaped up to the windowpane

women and men (who stink like hell)  
spring sprang fall fell  
live their shit and swim the same  
as it heaps up to the weathervane

**Loco**

*Motion*

A hook on the slope  
carries the exhilaration

to new heights  
as the edge cuts the rut wrong  
as the ankle is surprised at the joint  
and gravity promises the destination --

All is slow motion  
in silent air tumbled flight  
when the breath hasn't happened  
since last-ditch muscle over-compensation

Through the awakening hope

the crunch is soft frozen  
but the thud is hard  
bruising  
causing unrelieving exhalation

Mark McCraw

## Finding the Light

Squeals and silly giggles echo  
across the shimmering playful waves.  
Pure dancing freedom -- splashing sprees  
that throw water to the heavens.

Skys growing dark and angry,  
wind comes to play with the waves.  
Twisting and turning uninhibited joyfulness  
suddenly, into savage survival.

The weaker forces  
are unable to leave the game.  
Plunged to painful, breathless panic;  
reduced to frenzied grasping,  
buried in pressure and darkness.

The light above becomes a delusion of hope.  
Fighting with every frantic ounce of self  
both-- desperately-- seek the life beyond.  
Only one survives.

Any

## THE WALL

I stared for a time

at a blank wall.

The blemishes appeared soon after,  
the subtle imperfections  
became blazingly clear.

It was as though my vision  
could bore through solid cement,  
brick and mortar

and as I searched the wall--  
top to bottom, side to side--  
hoping, believing  
that there was one area,  
one portion untainted.

I found none.

It became clear that  
this was the pattern.

Wayne Konkol

## Is it Fair?

He was only a child of six,  
With all his joy and spunk.  
And she was a woman who got her kicks  
Out of driving her car while drunk.

How many times was she told,  
"Take a cab or bus, or call a friend!"  
That wasn't enough for her, she's bold.  
If anything happens, "Time will mend."

She had three strikes and he was out.  
"I had no time to stop," she said.  
But she has no reason to stand stout.  
She's the one who killed him--he's dead.

How will she be punished?  
Will she be put in jail?  
The boy's parents prayed and wished,  
But she was released, without posting bail.

Karen Ruhe

## **Snapshot of Old Friends**

I searched through dusty boxes  
for a photo of us.  
There, among the events of my life,  
I found a hopeful you and me, arms  
linked together, ready for the world.

Lately I find myself looking back  
on hours we spent  
foolishly, as if time were forever.  
We talked about our future  
even when we had no way of knowing  
the future had no plans for us.

I don't think I could have gone on  
if I had known I would get  
what I always dreamed of  
and then cry over it.

How has it gone for you?  
Do you make the dreams?  
Or do you only have them?  
Do you rage and question  
what might have been?

My plans are thoughts  
of regret. The future has gone  
out of my life, the palm reader  
is not interested in my lines,  
and I am sad.

Katherine Flaherty

**PORTRAIT OF A PERFECT LADY**

I see  
Her Mona Lisa smile  
Her posture--so demure  
A string of pearls, a lacquered coiffure  
Her hem--so modestly  
An inch or two below her knee

I see  
Paints--failing to mask the guile  
A manifestation of  
An iron fist in a velvet glove  
A manipulator--devoid of love

I see  
A hawk, not a dove  
A General at war  
She's less, much less  
Than an honest whore

I see her--alone  
Fondling her crystal  
Counting her silverware--  
An immaculate deception

Belle LeCher

## SONNET

The past few days my love, you've seemed deflated.  
But I don't blame you, I blame myself,  
for it is I who cast you on the shelf  
because your love was cold and overrated.  
But now, because that sleazy bitch I dated  
walked out the door with all my hard-earned wealth,  
I need to feel you close to save my health.  
Although it's strange, you are the one I've waited  
to hold, to squeeze--and all you need is air.  
With my two lungs I bring you back to life  
to rub my fingers through your phony hair.  
And if you're good, my little rubber wife,  
I'll treat you with tender loving care  
and promise not to poke you with a knife.

Bruce Hamilton

## Emotions

Anger rears his ugly head  
Though we wish it to remain unseen.  
Sadness sits gloomily in a corner moaning for help.  
Happiness,  
As elusive as ever,  
Runs around the chairs,  
Chased by sorrow.  
Frustration hides his head on Pity's shoulder.  
Nervousness shakes uncontrollably.  
Shyness hides behind him,  
and contentment sleeps.

The door opens and another leaves,  
To return soon and be replaced by another.

-Kurt Kadow

## The Beach

Steady rhythmic pounding  
makes me want to scream.  
But something restrains me,  
I can't say a thing.  
I can see you dancing  
on the starlight floor,  
pretending not to notice  
how you've hurt me before.

Circumstances  
Bad romances

Why must you continue  
to play your teenage games?  
I'm tangled in your web  
And you're driving me insane.  
You thought you had outsmarted  
every man on earth.  
Count up all your victories.  
How much are they worth?

Bitter glances  
Missing chances

Steady rhythmic pounding  
makes me want to sway.  
Music or my heartbeat?  
(To abuse an old cliche)  
You like to play with fire.  
You like to watch me burn.  
If I reached out to touch you  
the heat would make you burn.

Fire dances  
Taking chances  
Foolish trances

That's what romance is

John Southmayd

## **Side by Side**

In the land of milk and honey,  
each man acquires a bride.

To be matched, two by two,  
only to be, side by side.

Under a starry night,  
in the light of a crystal moon,  
they whisper sweet nothings,  
but the time is gone too soon.

Their longings are bruised by desire,  
and now they must suffer the fate.

Patience is a virtue,  
but for patience they can't wait.

And they'll slip away once again,  
leaving no trace or reason.

Sharing the privacy of themselves,  
side by side, from season to season.

Dave O'Leske

Sonnet

I know your foibles and your fears  
All your weakness through the years  
I know your secrets, dark and deep  
The ones you tell, the ones you keep  
But I remain a mystery.

You know me not, but if you tried,  
You'd see the things I'd rather hide  
Haunting, taunting, self-made jeers  
Ruined sleep and stopped-up tears  
Can't you see I'm lonely?

I long for one with whom to share  
Dreams and visions, a soul laid bare,  
To touch, to know, to simply love  
Always what I'm thinking of  
Is someone just to hold.

Carol Schwanz

## A Noun

Even now,  
I am digging  
into your psyche,  
drawing blood  
from your skull,  
my thorns imbedding  
themselves like  
rusty fishhooks  
in your dreams,  
ambitions.

Even now,  
as my mirth overflows my mind  
as coffee from a cup,  
jeering at your  
fumbling attempts at conversation,  
I am filling  
your veins  
and thoughts  
like liquid fills  
a saucer.

Even now,  
as my soft  
scent fills your  
nostrils, you  
still don't  
believe I'm real.

Even now,  
my roots wind  
through your  
brain, touching your  
knowledge, your  
experiences, your  
feelings.

Even now,  
my thorns are  
your sarcasm.

Even now,  
my mirth is  
your laughter.

Even now,  
my perfume is your body's.

Even now,  
my roots are your memories.

Even now,  
I am you.

## Sonnet

Sweet one, with whom I found surpassing joy  
On that distant but remembered summer's eve,  
I cannot find the phrases to employ  
To tell you that I love you -- but must leave.  
We came together on that humid night  
While we were in the throes of dark despair;  
We drowned this in each other, and the fight  
Began then to find love in this affair.  
Find it we did! But while in you it grew  
Stronger, richer, deeper than the sea  
(although I suffer to tell this to you).  
I found it, but not to the same degree.  
I must depart; I know this I must do,  
But how, sweet one, can I do this to you?

Steve Van Dien

## First Love

Like tall golden prairie grass  
Blown under the blue skies in the Garden of Eden  
Where the birds can whistle your favorite song  
Which purple mountains majesty from long before  
And the children laugh, play, and argue in their  
fun and games  
In the end we all look back upon the time of Virgin Mary

Brian

Scott  
Quandt

## **Levitation**

Caught between the instants  
she can fly, or so it seems.  
The image from a camera's trick  
doesn't lie, it just deceives.

The photograph well defines  
her peculiar personality.  
She holds people in mid-air,  
between what was and what will be.

I know realistically  
she can't defy gravity  
and doesn't mislead purposely  
she doesn't lie, she just deceives.

B. A. B.

## **BEST FRIEND**

My perfume is cloying  
Hers chosen with care

My choices are common  
Hers are rare

My nose points forward  
Hers up in the air

Why does she ask me  
"What shall I wear?"

Belle LeCher

**Sue**

I have left. I probably could have cleaned up the mess in the kitchen, but I'm in a hurry. I took the tv, the car and the stereo. The apartment and fish (along with the stand, extra tank, and the Hartz fishfood) are all yours. Make sure they're fed before you leave in the morning or they may die. Her name is Maria and I love her. There is leftover chicken in the refrig and I left 20 bucks on the counter for whatever. I'll call you in a few weeks to see how you and my fish are doing. Hey, good luck with your job interview-- I'm pulling for you!

Richard Wartman

**WHY WOULD I LIE?**

It has been proven conclusively  
By an independent researcher, that  
9 out of 10 statistics lie.

Dennis Held

Vast, uncharted,  
a desert no mind could grasp.

Miles of sand stretch endlessly,  
overpowering reason.

Relief--

I crave it as water

to quench my thirst,  
and save me from

teasing, tormenting delusion.  
Oh, God, what I'd give for

just one sip of  
delectable, musical,

cooling  
Reason,

to revive my swirling,  
rattling thoughts,

and release my parched and shrinking spirit  
from indecision's mailstrom.

How long till I find a flash of lightning?  
How far to its thunder?

Kay Schwinn

## FENCEPOST

On the corner,  
Where I stand,  
I see the fencepost,  
The Fencepost of Direction.

It shows cities, hometowns, dreamtowns,  
towns of warmth,  
towns of style.

And on the corner,  
Where I stand,  
I see people,  
People who follow the fencepost  
in its many directions,  
It leads them to people,  
people of fame,  
people of fortune.

Stand on the corner,  
See what I see,  
Then come, follow the Fencepost  
of  
Directions.

Maria T. Dalton

## ON SEEING MY MOTHER AS A TEENAGER

Caught, as if it were a crime,  
standing in front of the modest white house,  
a slight breeze stirring her hair about her face.  
I often sit and wonder what I'd do  
if I met her as she is in my hand,  
so long ago...  
There is a weight on my heart  
as I fight off a desperate urge to cry.

Wayne Konkol

## **Vacation**

I remember that dreaded moment.

Dad just had to have a picture of his wife and son.

We did not love each other--

yet my arm was around you, hatred

glistening through our eyes.

Thinking back, Dad was laughing and telling us,

"C'mon, get closer in front of the resort sign."

Every second seemed like hours.

I was turning fourteen and you were beginning to gray

It was the first day of our trip

By the end of the week, we had grown so close.

You and I took walks, fished, and spied on the bears.

We had so much fun, in fact, Dad was even becoming jealous.

I'll never forget when you snuck me into the town bar and we got drunk together.

Unfortunately, the trip ended, and before long we were back to our old selves. .

Why does only a trip bring us close?

Can't we be that close all the time?

Mom, why don't we take a lifetime vacation together?

Richard Wartman

## Street Knowledge

I return to your streets, my native city,  
black hot dirty pavements of millions.  
I walk these streets of my past  
and memories pick at my brain.

On this street I found fear of dark spaces,  
on another I learned not everyone  
in grandmother masks speak words of truth.  
Along one alley I felt lips on mine,  
heard words of love, and on another  
heard voices saying those words were false.

Sightless tenements with wooden windows  
ignored my tears and told no tales.  
Your streets gave me teachers of kindness  
and others who sucked innocence from the young.  
Here I learned to be wary yet hopeful.

Walking down your avenues  
I discovered another soul to believe in,  
and found I could survive dark spaces and lies.

Katherine Flaherty

## MONOCHROMATIC PRISM

As I grow older,  
The world seems grayer to me -  
Not in dreary shades of dullness and depression  
But in dove-toned hues of blended softness.

Vanishing are the screaming absolutes of  
black and white,  
The powerful closers of "yes" and "no,"  
As "usually" replaces "always"  
And "never" is tempered by "seldom."

It's freeing, this greyness.  
With a willingness to see you as you are,  
Without the recriminations of right or wrong  
Or the slamming doors of judgment.

It's color-filled, this greyness.  
A rainbow of newness in your undiscovered world,  
With values and lifestyles which may not be mine  
But which I can see as yours and good for you.

It's peaceful, this greyness.  
It takes less energy to accept than to reject,  
To remain open instead of resisting entry,  
To trade acceptance for synicism, distrust, hate.

Yes, I am getting older (damn it)  
But in this greyness - at least - I can be comfortable  
And never - better make that seldom -  
Want to go back.

Carol Dolphin

## Missouri Garage

I still wonder if the sun rises  
over the Coke machine.  
Anti-freeze season, and jump starting.  
Thanks for the money!  
Tell Aunt Betty my fingernails are clean.  
Did you replace the burnt out 'R'?  
Kids here know their math.  
They don't have hands like us, Grandpa.  
I'll be home before the big snow.

Dave O'Leske

## Ramblin-

Early mist  
remote country timber  
dramatically sculptured  
ocean views

A tired out pooch  
a willing pony  
an adventurous young man  
pause to rest

Their faces set aglow  
by late afternoon sun  
They search for peace  
fog caps the headland.

Curt Philipson

## From a Vegetarian Son

Oh, Father

You gave me your duck hunting jacket

With its very big pockets

So I would become interested in the big hunt.

You seemed disappointed

When I filled the pockets instead

With tomatoes and squash

From my weed-free garden.

Oh, Father,

You lent me your gun

And showed me how to use it

Hoping someday I'd bag a fat pheasant.

But instead I used your rifle

To shoot ravens

That landed on the shoulders

Of my garden's scarecrow.

You showed me how to fish,

How to catch worms

Using the spade

In the moist Mother dirt.

But the blue gills you caught I used for fertilizer.

And the spade helped me

Plant peppers and sunflowers.

The worms I left in the ground.

Oh, Father,

Do not be disappointed.

You taught me wisely, I listened to everything,

I just used your knowledge in a different way.

Alan Enters

## **Flowers in Season**

He is a flower  
Wilting in autumn.

Confined to his chair  
Like a bird in a cage,  
He gazes at the child  
Smiling up at him.

Rich with health,  
Gleaming like the sun,  
He is clean and pure  
As a dove in the air.

He is a bud  
Bursting in springtime.

Karen Ruhe

## **BABY'S BLANKET**

In the closet corner  
Once highly regarded,  
Lays a baby's blanket  
Forgotten and disregarded.

Abandoned baby's blanket  
Time-worn and outdated,  
Outgrown by the baby  
Colors limp, torn, and faded.

Security not needed  
The child alone now sleeps,  
Murmurs from the closet  
A baby's blanket weeps.

Sharon Pierce

# 꿈

나의 꿈은  
작은 종달새였습니다.  
끌내 말 못한  
내 작은 사랑을 노래부른  
종달새였습니다.  
하늘 높이  
푸른 꿈을 한껏 노래하고  
아득한 보리밭에 깃을 드리며  
나의 소양을 홀로 키워  
나가겠습니다.

아득한 나의 보금자리  
그곳엔  
아무도 침범할수 없게  
보족한 장미가시를 심겠습니다.  
그러나,  
나를 찾는 착한 이를 위하여  
향기로운 장미꽃을 피우겠습니다.

Choon Kim

## Of Hollow Trees and Rocking Chair Seas

Once again I've gone away  
To watch the cheerful clouds at play

To hear the birds and climb a tree  
Adrift on my rocking chair sea.

And it doesn't matter how long I stay  
Or if it's spring or fall, or night or day  
Adrift on my rocking chair sea.

Many times they've followed me  
Halfway to my hollow tree;  
But then they always lost their way  
While in the hollow tree I play.

They look and look and cannot find  
The secret path inside my mind  
So from inside I call and wave  
To deafened ears and faces grave.

When last I moored upon their quay,  
They came to chop down my hollow tree.

I'll not let them do that to me.

When next they come and make me flee  
To the deepest depths of my hollow tree  
I'll run and hide, and laugh and cry,  
And wait until they don't ask why.

They'll never again shackle me  
For delightfully dead I'll surely be,  
Adrift and free  
On my Rocking Chair Sea.

Bill Dunn

## In Response to: Of Hollow Trees and Rocking Chair Seas

Yes, once again you've gone away  
But this time it is to stay  
And it matters to neither you or me  
What they now do to your hollow tree.

Where you are I cannot say  
That your safe and free I pray.  
"They'll" not try to follow you,  
That much I am sure is true.

In damp and dark your ashes lie  
Beneath the cold wind's mournful sigh,  
But that's not you below the ground  
Under that sear and barren mound.

I hope you are, as you longed to be,  
Adrift and free, on your Rocking Chair Sea,  
Or moored upon some friendly quay  
In lasting peace. Such is my plea.

And if at this late hour we find  
That secret path into your mind,  
Don't shut us out, but know we've tried  
To understand why you laughed and cried.

by Hildigarde Dunn  
in loving memory of her son.

## **Under the Maple**

Here, right under the maple I find a solace, a respite from weariness. A gentle breeze pushes back my hair as I ease my body into the chair and rest my head. A coolness creeps across my face, touching, soothing. With dimmed eyes, I squint into the denseness of the maple. Leaves, pushed by the gentle breeze, nudge each other back and forth, parting for a ray of intercepting sun, and again for a robin's wing, a squirrel's scurry.

The fresh silence penetrates deeply, stroking like a gentle hand spreading the quiet within. With long deep breaths, I forgo the twitches and jogs of musts and shoulds. Deeper and deeper seeps the calm.

Sounds reach my ears, not disturbing, but tempering the quiet -- a bird's twitter, the low moan of a distant plane, then the crisp flutter of the maple. They still my senses, lulling the tenseness.

So sensitive. I feel every footstep of the ant who crosses my foot and disappears into the grass.

Jolene Hansen

Once upon a time there were two warring kingdoms. The Kingdom on the Right valued kiwi fruit above all else, and hated spinach. The Kingdom on the Left valued spinach above all else, and hated kiwi fruit. It was election year in the Kingdom on the Right so the president decided to make a peace offer, in keeping with his kingdom's image of always being the one to make the first approach and of being the wronged party. So he wrote a letter to the premier of the Kingdom on the Left saying, "If you stop fighting, we will give you all the kiwi fruit you want." The premier said, "kiwi fruit are worthless. Forget it." And so the president of the Kingdom on the Right went on T.V. and told the public that the Kingdom on the Left had once again refused its generous and reasonable peace terms, demonstrating their essentially evil nature.

Betty Diamond

## Bolero

Eyes shut  
mysterious watercolor world  
movement slow and distorted  
floating weightless, progressively faster  
non-living smeared matter surrounds me  
rather frightening, rather enjoying  
warm, cold warm,cold and so dangerously safe  
repetition becoming monotonous  
ending soon  
images taper off to reality  
quickly fade to nothing  
Eyes open.

Richard Wartman

## The Illumination

There was a rainbow, in the sun.  
Don't shut it out, I begged.  
It'll be gone, he said.  
The colors are so brilliant  
glowing there in the sky.  
Aren't we all brilliant sometimes,  
he said  
And pulled down the shade; he  
placed the candle in my hand.

Katherine Flaherty

# AMERICAN FORM

Pour

it

Jackson

Let

it

flow

Remove the noose

Release the moose

Let it run free

It knows no bounds

Splash rash trash

Pound sound around

Don't think

For a minute

Or two

Give the keys rein

As God gives rain

To the earth

Pour flow grow

Let it go

You don't know

Leave it to luck

Accidents happen

Paper in charge

Don't try to name it

Find it & frame it

Watch out for ideas

That lie in the way

Better to trip

Than to see

Shake the lichens

From your antlers

Raise your head

Close your eyes

And BELOW

The muse is a moose

R. Scott deSnoo

# A Photograph of Anne Sexton

(taken shortly before her death)

Stints in Bedlam have  
Broken down the once

Classic profile. Her sad  
Eyes take a

Long, last look at  
Life, drifting the other way.

Yet there is the  
Hint of a smile,

A sign of relief that  
The awful rowing is almost

Over.

Steve Van Dien

**COM130**

The sirens knew where to go

The sound of keys and doors  
interrupted trains of thought

Anticipation broke out  
tension filled the air

Then it was gone

He had caught my laugh  
and exposed me to everyone

They waited patiently  
for the clock to tick

It was time.

The door--close it.  
The lock--bolt it.

Feel the clammy beads  
of fear  
running, rushing down  
your skin.  
Hear the raucous sound  
of starving lungs  
grabbing, stealing  
precious air.  
Know that the wood under  
your tension-filled fingers  
is solid, safe, lasting.  
Remember the feeling  
of your living room  
and hot buttered biscuits.  
Taste the salty hardness  
of your tears.  
Glycerine?  
Feel the heated breath  
of humanity  
fanning your desires, fears.

The door--look at it.  
The lock--touch it.

Feel the cold metal.  
Hear tumblers click-  
clack into place.  
Know your entrance is  
moving closer.  
Remember the hoarse  
silence of your voice.  
Taste the crowd's anticipation.  
Feel the thundering in your eyes  
cascading down your head  
shoulders and back,  
thrusting through air.

The lock--unbolt it.  
The door--open it.

Kay Schwinn

## Conflict

Haha! Hoho!  
It is I,  
The classic hail-fellow-well-met!

I love life! Or more  
Specifically, I love: Eating!  
Drinking!  
Fucking!  
Partying!  
Loaf--I mean,  
Taking it easy!

Haha! Hoho!  
Life's a banquet,  
The moon's a balloon! I  
Take nothing seriously!

*You don't,  
But I do.*

*I think deeply about many things:*

*Music,  
Art,  
The powers that be,  
The world which is collapsing  
around us,*

*And life,*

*but every time I show signs of life,*

*You bury me under mountains of  
Pizza, or drown me with  
Beer, or lose me through  
Carousing--or (the cruelest of all)*

*you loaf  
watching T.V.,*

*smothering my musings with trash.*

*Damn you!  
LET ME OUT!*

*Before I die....*

Haha! Hoho!  
It is I....

Steve Van Dien

# Monobiodialogical

Two kinds of things cannot be argued against, those purely logical and those purely biological.

"Logically speaking, she's a little bit plump.  
I know that she's cute but just look at that rump."

"Biologically speaking, she's of proper gender.  
She's young and she's ripe and she's soft and she's tender.

Just look at her look from the crotch of her eye.  
She knows that we're hot and she's willing to try."

"Logically speaking, we haven't the time,  
And if she wants coffee, we can't spare a dime.

Plus--we haven't the need for a Waukesha plumper."

"Biologically speaking, just do her and dump her."

"Now get down and shut up you hormonal brute!  
You're testing the seams of our only blue suit."

"You know that we're lonely, quit being so shy.  
Walk over and grab her and give her a try."

"You don't understand."

"But that isn't my function,  
I'm bored with our hand. I want us-to-her junction.

Hey, hey now you've done it, she's heading for home,  
And we're all alone with this stupid-assed poem."

R. Scott deSnoo

## DOOR PRIZE

I FOLLOWED THE SIGNS  
"6FAMILY RUMMAGE SALE"  
AND FOUND JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR-  
A SMALL, SUBURBAN  
NOT OVERLY LOUD  
FAMILY.  
I PUT JUNIOR OUT BY THE ROAD,  
NEXT TO THE DRIVEWAY,  
WITH A CUTE LITTLE LATERN IN HIS HAND.

Dennis Held

## SNOB HILL

Once, a forest  
mature enough  
for hickory trees

now, a neighborhood  
divided by  
private properties  
wealthy enough  
for houses  
(4 bedroom, single family un  
and two-car garages

Mark McCraw

# SATURDAY MORNING ALARM CLOCK

The bloodfall from my forehead  
to below my throat  
produces a whirring vacuum  
behind my eyes  
with a suction that fissions light  
to stir-up  
a long droning howl  
generating the electricity required  
to transform anvils  
into primitive magnets  
forcing hammers to clamp down  
against themselves  
and ring with the rising tide  
of blood  
streaming under pressure  
through the floodgates  
of the dammed  
reservoirs of the inner ear.

Mark McCraw

## Predicament

The door is locked and it is very cold.  
I'm very tired and in a drunken state.  
I need relief and don't think I can hold.  
I must get in before it is too late.  
A chilling winter wind begins to blow.  
Under the mat there should have been a key.  
I stand there outside shaking in the snow.  
Wondering why these things happen to me.  
There's nobody inside that I can wake.  
My tolerance is waning more and more.  
I feel like I could make a new Great Lake.  
But there's no sense in pounding on the door.  
I enter through a window like a thief.  
Immediately procuring some relief.

B. A. B.

**Shopping Mall Johnny**

I don't care  
If they  
wear tight designer jeans  
with their lipstick running  
down the sides of their cheeks  
like tear drops of fear.  
I don't mind  
When their high heels  
clatter, squashing the cement.  
Their perfume  
I still smell,  
even with  
my back seat washed, because  
I know  
their ripe fruits are on sale  
waiting for the knife  
to slash them open  
dripping with the lust of my quest.

I believe  
their choice is made  
by the cold steel warmed  
in my pocket.  
Such pretty things  
are taught to say  
No  
until my  
persistence of steel  
leaves them open minded  
saying yes  
Oh God  
Yes.  
It's dark,  
I'm fucking them  
with my mind--  
can they feel it?

Karen Sue Alfter

## **SADISM HOTEL**

Sad hot smile . . .

The solid aim--

Slam this doe!

Toil smashed,

"The load, Miss,

Hold its seam,

This sod meal,

Atoms' shield."

"Molt," said she

To his medals

Moist as held.

Thomas Diles

## **IN THE DARK**

I like being able  
to live alone  
for  
I am able  
to trust  
myself  
- just enough -  
to eat  
by single candlelight  
without fearing  
the food  
I've just cooked.

Mark McCraw

## **Villanelle**

You've been on the ledge since quarter to five  
you're telling us that you are ready to leap  
You've got your audience--go ahead dive

It's seven o'clock and you are still alive  
You say you will jump into permanent sleep  
You've been on the ledge since quarter to five

Your job is too hard and it's drained all your drive  
Debt piles up and you're in it too deep  
You've got your audience--go ahead dive

Your will is used up. You can no longer strive  
The way out is fast and efficient and cheap  
You've been on the ledge since quarter to five

Are you telling the truth, or is it all jive?  
Traffic is stopped, you can hear the horns beep  
You've got your audience--go ahead dive

The pavement is waiting for you to arrive  
Ankles to eyebrows in one little heap  
You've been on the ledge since quarter to five  
You've got your audience--go ahead dive

R. Scott deSnoo

## The Vulture Patrol

Fred was dying,  
no sense crying  
or even denying.

Fred stopped beating  
soon after eating  
at a meeting.

Dying, Fred said,  
"After I'm dead  
donate my head."

Since few knew  
what to do,  
they called two

who arrived disguised  
as good guys  
wearing white ties

and started working  
pulling and jerking  
with friends lurking,

and acting surprised  
seeing Fred's eyes  
by his thighs.

When Fred's head  
turned everything red  
his friends fled

the doom room  
full of gloom  
like in a tomb,

leaving the vultures  
practicing their cultures  
like two soldiers.

It's their style  
not to smile  
or stay awhile,

when they're done  
they quickly run  
toward the sun

circling always higher  
over the wires  
until someone expires.

Bruce Hamilton

# A SCHIZONOID PARAPHRÉNIC

Situations

(seeming so set-up)

may just be happening

By chance

my paranoia

which is something

everyone must have

intrinsically instructs my mind

and everyone must

know

that

assuming that paranoia

is a condition which

any mind (which knows

it's its mind)

instinctively conjures.....

in questioning its attributed

individuality....

any probing min(d a know-

ing min)d fears

unanswerable and (yes again)

intrinsic questions pertain-

ing to the amazing dilemma

of thinking

of thoughts..

it is not so

Mark McCraw

## OVERLOAD 1

Sometimes

I feel that my insides  
Are too small  
To hold all that I feel.

Then

Only

Bit by bit  
To fill and overflow again.

Carol Dolphin

## OVERLOAD 2

I feel tight inside!

Part of me says run  
Part of me says scream  
Part of me says cry  
Part of me says pretend -  
    Put on the mask and laugh  
    Wear the plastic crown of confidence  
    Make believe it doesn't matter  
        You can do it all alone -  
        Life's a joke anyway!  
But all of me says  
    i hurt...

Carol Dolphin

## Bad Dill, Him of Dairy-Pop Lick

Foreman, I salve. Seen day-glow Rhea?  
Duck-calm enough Del, owe her  
Diaz trampoline ...ow! Dove in touch  
Where Doug, her "apes of rather," stow  
Ruddy hath slew-stuff, hay full lye  
ten Nina fizz, tear a bulls whiff so  
rid us to Ruth this Margie nun.

Glow, reglow Rhea, lull Lou, ja?  
Glow, reglow Rhea, lull Lou, yeah!  
"Glow, reglow real hulloo, ja!" hissed Ruth,  
"This Margie nun."

Dennis Held

Mark McGuire

## CODE

gerbs gerbs gerbs  
by dod dab node  
ruds un ruds  
sniff  
  
bickey bouse

## Foot Disease

Doctor, is is serious?  
Or is it I'm delirious?

No, my dear, it's pyrrhic,  
there is none in your Lyric.

You're sure I've not got dactyl?  
or a case of spondee overkill?

I'm sure dear doctor, you'll agree  
this is the cause of my trochee.

This iamb makes me so upset  
my onetime quatrain's now a tercet.

Now, my dear, I know what's best!  
you simply need more anapest.

Katherine Flaherty

