



The Windy Hill review. 1982

[Waukesha, Wisconsin]: [University of Wisconsin--Waukesha Literary Club], 1982

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WINDY HILL REVIEW

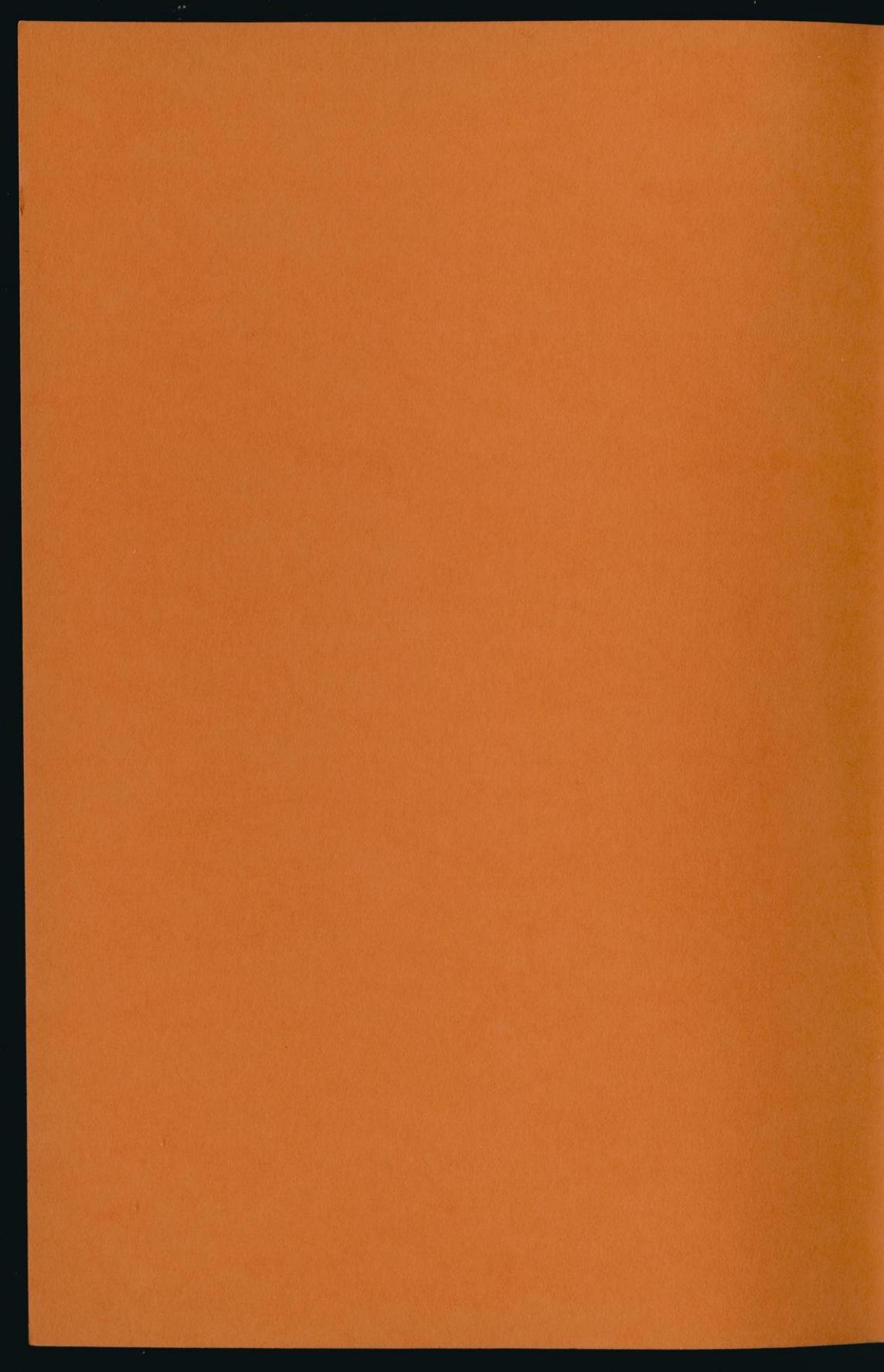
UW-WAUKESHA

1982

DONATE!

Poetry like blood should give
A chance for someone else to live.

—Ginny Burr—





April 22, 1981

Dear Ms. Cottrell:

Your compendium of poems and camera copy were missent to me by Victory Graphics. I enjoyed a half-hour's break in the day, reading the poems; some of them are not bad at all. (But next year, for heaven's sake, get a nice drawing for your front cover---it's as bland and unappealing as a booklet on pensions!)

With all good wishes,

PAUL HASS.

Paul H. Hass
Editor

THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN
816 STATE STREET · MADISON, WISCONSIN 53706

Editor's Note:

It's been real!

Thanx!

Connie Cottrell

P.S. Thank you H.F. for punching out a label for me and thank you S.B. for your last minute support.

CONTRIBUTORS

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Ginny Burr

Robert Claus

Judy Lutzenberger

Sarah Connor

Geneva Marking

Connie Cottrell

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Carol Dolphin

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Harvey Fox

Margaret Oliver

Sarah J. Fyrnys

Sharon Pierce

Carol Gruber

Velma Powers

Darrell Hooker

REB L

Ann James

D. Rodrigues, Jr.

Sister Mary Joachim

Pam Shier

Bonnie Kubicki

Jeannette S. Stolz

Joan Lurvey

Bud Zessin (BZBZBZ)

Phil Zweifel

The editor gratefully acknowledges the receipt of contributions from the people listed above; however, due to space limitations all contributions could not be included.

NO I AM NOT

I am not a poet
I am an Artist

The empty canvas
The bristleless brush
A hater of hatred
A lover of lust

The yellowest
Yellow
The grayest
Gray
A rainy
Night
A sunny
Day

The bubbling brook
The cloud-filled sky
An end-less laugh
An end-less cry

I am not a poet
I am an Artist

The background is vivid
The scene is shy
A scene so livid
A picture that hides

The pictures I paint
are not seen with the eye
A picture worth painting
is seen deep inside

I am Not

David A. Rodrigues, Jr.

DIAMANTE

graffiti
crude, free
inspired, scribbled, read
idea, wall, paper, book
plagiarized, published, criticized
artistic, cheap
"litrachure"

Mark McCraw

health
robust, strong
thriving, contented, able-bodied
discomfort, apprehension, anxiety, deterioration
distressed, tired, worried
weak, painful
sickness

Bonnie Kubicki

stones
sturdy, dirty
scattered, tumbling, annoying
nature, simplicity, beauty, rarity
crushed, compressed, aged
enchanting, elegant
diamonds

Ann James

smoker
skinny, nervous
puffing, coughing, gasping
clinics, hypnosis, fees, success
eating, stuffing, gorging
relaxed, fat
ex-smoker

Pam Shier

SEASCOPEs - II

The sea twists
churns
pounds -
Screaming into the air . . .
and then is quiet, nonexpressive.
Driven by some inner pulse,
Moved by the external atmosphere
But feeling NOTHING -
Just like (can I say it?) me!

I need to think and love and feel
To laugh and to share
To cry and to hurt
To feel pain sometimes

So that I might never again
Come up with feeling

" . "

SOMETIMES

Sometimes -
I feel happy/depressed
witty/dull
open/shy
loved/friendless
I feel competent or unable to cope.

I feel too much;
I feel too little.

But almost never -
(oh, please remember this)
almost never -
Do I feel nothing.

Carol Dolphin

PROGRESSION

unawareness
indifference
dislike
abhorence
grudging respect
Growing Fondness
Smoldering
Passion
POWERFUL
LUST
Lasting affection
genuine love
grief . . .

SOFT WALLS

you're probably wondering
why this is written in
crayon

they won't let us
have sharp things
here

Robert Claus

IN THE CASE OF REALITY

In a magical world of illusion; in a political world of deception; in a sect-filled world of separatism; in a poetical world of allusion... what, I ask, what is reality?

Perhaps reality is a personal perception, a culmination of individual experiences, a mass of *aposteriori* knowledge. Perhaps reality is a figment of my imagination endowed with physical characteristics. Perhaps it is a castigated measure of the imagination of some higher Being. Or perhaps reality is not at all.

In the case that reality is a figment of one's imagination, how would we go about explaining two people having the same reality?

In the case that reality is sheer culmination of individual experiences, how do I hold real things that are not in my experience but are in my knowledge? The 5:00 news tells us of fighting going on in Ireland. I know this, it is in my knowledge, because I heard someone tell me about it. But is it reality? It is not in my experience...I am not fighting, and I am not in Ireland.

In case reality is the imagination of some higher Being, I may just pop out of existence when He is tired of playing with me -- a silly little toy.

In the case that reality is not at all, why the hell am I writing this...and why are you reading it...it makes no difference...none at all.

Ann James

GANGES

I.

The gods sent you
to purify sinners--

Daughter of King Himalaya
and the air nymph Menaka

Siva guided you downward
gently to earth

Bearing your water weight
thousands of years

II.

Buoyed by clay pots, the faithful
float to your center stream

Sacred water fills the vessels
that will carry down

The stained soul
cleanses forever

Carol Gruber

1965

Another day draws to an end
And I sit in my unfinished
Attic room: Three or four cigarette butts
In a stinking ash tray; bedroom slippers
Askew on the floor; discarded clothes;
Books read and unread tumbled on the
Dusty dresser.

Village life spreads out behind me.
Children's voices at play; the sound
Of a hammer; a parent stifles youth;
Mothers exclaim over each other's child.
I know that some of the ladies have cleaned
The Parsonage.

From my slight attic window
The countryside is before me.
Through electric light wires
I can see sunlight golden
On a field of tasseling corn,
On distant hills. In between sits
A red brick farmhouse almost
Smothered in the season of
Lavish growth.

Geneva Marking

A nipple
centered in a breast,
food source for the child,
titallating introduction to intercourse,
organ of response,
erection of woman
surrounded by rosy aureole.
hidden from passing eye . . .

Why ???
to better inspire
the male ego
when exposed ?
devoured by eager lips
of the man,
the child ?
'til used . . .
fails to respond . . .
and is only
a period . . .
to the end of life.

REB L

FEELING POLISHED MARBLE

Hard

satin-smooth

yet

velvet

warm

Like the just-dried thigh

of an athlete after

a cool swim

No wonder the sculptor prefers you

to immortalize the human form

Your

orgasmic beauty

pulses

for release

Pam Shier

THE PICTURES ON MY WALLS

The pictures on my walls
Smile down at me.
I smile back.
But I know they really don't care
and it hurts me.
Look at their eyes.
Stagnant orbs, staring,
Seeing all,
Seeing nothing.
How dare they!
pretending to know what I feel.
The people of the world,
my fellow human beings.
They smile at me as I walk
down the street.
I smile back.
But I know they really don't care,
and it hurts me.
I look at their eyes.
Darting pinpoints of shifty darkness.
Seeing all,
Admitting nothing,
Smiling,
But looking down, avoiding my gaze.
How dare they!
pretending to care what I feel.

Stephen Moss

HAIKU

On railroads at night
whistles echo from both ways:
trains meet, see, and pass.

Joan Lurvey

On a black pine bough
silhouetted by fresh snow . . .
One cardinal waits.

Pam Shier

Gleaming water swirls
catching flashes from the sun -
Then...quiet water.

Bonnie Kubicki

Eating an orange -
like peeling nature away
from the Earth, whence it came.

Ann James

AUTUMN LEAVES

Paper-Rainbow
Shining gold, blushing scarlet.
Madly dancing--
drifting
down.
Carpet piece-meal lying at my feet.
Plucked fruit treasured out of season.

Treasured for memories captured there,
Of younger green days shared and
Friendships discovered.
Each colored with love or fear,
joy or pain
words or silence--
mounds of leaves swept in mind-corners.

So fragile--
lifting and sighing at a breath--
Yet weathering storm and burning heat.
And at the approach of winter-death:
one last defiant burst of brilliance,
(Heart-piercing beauty too deep for mere words)
Bold beauty bravely declaring
There's Hope!

There is hope--
even though
there's
letting
go.

Spring will come
And
green
life.
Tomorrow!

Sister Mary Joachim

AURA

Between the road and river
grass and trees converse
in a language of their own

Copper pennies in light green moss
shine from the shallow well
through clear, spring water

Brown-skinned children
come to the well
their language flows
from separate springs

An aura permeates the air
as we listen
the words are music
we have never learned

BRIGHT AND FRAGILE

newly opened poppies
fluttered proudly
delighted with themselves
not knowing a hard spring rain
could pommel them to the ground

I labored below them
on the slope
pulling grass from my rock garden
my agile form working
quick, efficient

the sudden pain was like
a bending needle
working its way
along the small of my back
cutting me to the ground

the bright poppies
swayed quietly above me
unaware of my helplessness
unaware of the danger of rain

Carol Gruber

FOUND: "A LITTLE DITTY FROM A HARRIED MIND"

"I don't
have TIME
to LEARN
anything.
I'm too BUSY
getting
an EDUCATION."

V.P.

Harvey Fox

FOUND: CONFIDENCE

When there's nothing between
you and the world -
You're sure of yourself.

Bonnie Kubicki

FOUND: INVESTIGATION

cigarette pack label

sought for death

Phil Zweifel

FOUND: SEX EDUCATION

there is
a
substantial
interest penalty
for
early
withdrawal

Phil Zweifel

FOUND: INFLATION

It has been noted
that
one of the main causes
of inflation
is
the anticipation
of more
inflation.

Velma Powers

DO IT

ROUNDS: "A LETTER FROM A MARRIED MIND
ROUNDS: "A LETTER FROM A MARRIED MIND

ROUNDS: "A LETTER FROM A MARRIED MIND

ROUNDS: "A LETTER FROM A MARRIED MIND

ROUNDS: "A LETTER FROM A MARRIED MIND

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ROUNDS: "A LETTER FROM A MARRIED MIND

ROUNDS: "A LETTER FROM A MARRIED MIND

YOURSELF

PARALLEL LIVES

There was no telling what he'd do. Most of his actions were governed by impulse. Call or write beforehand? Not him. Whenever he showed up somewhere, the welcoming party was invariably unprepared. He liked coming unannounced. His presence, he felt, brought people to life: They began their lives only when contact with him was made and discontinued them once such contact was removed.

With long distance love affairs it was different. Since they last saw each other, a year ago, there'd been earnest exchanges of letters naming this date, then that as possible for a rendezvous. Every motion would, in a sense, be mutually granted, then denied. Something would always come up or next month would be better.

He paid little attention anymore to the content of her letters. Her unfailing references to his moving in with her and finding a job sounded like nagging he no longer wanted to hear. Apart from an acknowledgement her letters only offered him a rut. He'd skim them. Once in a while he'd just note the handwriting, to see whether it showed haste or deliberation, emphasis or underplay of an issue. The last few times he'd only observed the varying forms of address and farewell. Between the unnecessary discussions they enclosed, they said the most to him. Sometimes they'd begin, "Dearest," and end, "I love you." Other times they'd begin, "Dear," and end, "See you soon."

"A kiss is worth a thousand letters!" the postscript to her last letter exclaimed. "Can't wait to be with you!"

All had been arranged. He was coming to New York and could stay with her as long as he wanted. She'd even phoned him a week after the thing was set begging him not to call to tell her that, for some last minute reason, he couldn't come.

By bus two thousand miles he rode to see if "the old feelings" towards her still were there. The situation should not have caught him with his guard down: She knew he was coming; he was acting against impulse. It wasn't time for him to grow so intrinsically.

At the terminal she greeted him with open arms. While they embraced each thought of last good-byes and their feelings now.

"Sometimes coming and going seem like the same operation in time," he said enigmatically, "without there being anything in-between." Then, looking off into space, he said as enigmatically, "To an old man his whole life seems like a day."

There was a brief, trivial exchange of how good each thought the other looked but on the way to her apartment, unsure, even afraid, they hardly spoke a word. Spontaneous remarks were followed by inappropriate reactions, hesitations, or desperate attempts to say anything. Each privately remembered a single unconfessed blind date that had ended the night it began trying to determine what had been learned from the experience and how to use that knowledge now.

In her living room they sat divided on her couch as seemed polite for two people together for the very first time. Over a few drinks they searched for common ground. Little was asked about where the other was going. Shared memories, brought up even less, were remembered differently.

"Don't you feel funny being here?" she was finally compelled to ask.

He pretended that she'd only asked him if he were comfortable: "Oh, yes, very comfortable," he replied.

"We've both changed," she said after a time, "or maybe it's just taken us this long to discover that we've always been two very different people to begin with."

"You'll have to explain that a little more for me," he said uncommittedly: "I'm not willing yet to assume I know what you mean."

"The fact is," she sighed emotionally, "I still care for you and I still love being with you, but you move more quickly than me, I think; you're more of a free spirit; you're impulsive and I'm terribly insecure-- basically, and easily frightened and need to be approached

more gingerly and how can you? why should you!? cease being yourself just to please me. You won't change; neither can I! It's hard having you here, too, knowing you're just going to be leaving again soon anyway."

"I have no intention of ever leaving you," he said, "no intention whatsoever."

She shook her head in confusion, in despair. Crying, she threw the newspaper, turned to the job want-ad section, in his lap, then ran off to her bedroom.

"Jesus Christ!" he muttered with a sigh trying to resist being too overcome.

Minutes later he went after her, crawled beside her and they made love.

"That's relaxing," she said when they were through.

Next morning she quietly got ready for work hoping not to wake him. Before leaving she looked to see how he was doing and found him with his head buried halfway under the pillow.

"I'll have a nice supper waiting for you when you come home tonight," he said full-voice, surprising her.

"That, that would be nice," she smiled. "Don't sleep too hard," she said going away.

"Time to bury the dead," he announced jumping out of bed the moment he heard the front door close. It was the only impression left he could make. Dressed and into the street so fast he had to duck being seen by her turning the corner three quarters of a block ahead.

The mid-afternoon heat was oppressive as he hurried down the different streets towards the bus terminal with his travel bag in hand. The day had not expected him, yet he shuffled along and at times nearly danced rejoicing that the sun had risen in the sky to mark his return. And everyone on the street who was sweating was sweating somehow because of him. The world was so personal; it was created after him, in honor of him. Life, too, was so very, very personal.

Near the terminal he ran into a crowd of people forming outside a grocery store. Before their eyes were some men in white shirts, baggy pants, and short-brimmed hats met in conference around a pool of blood. Two or three had their hands on their hips; the rest

kept them tucked in their pockets. Sweat rolled down their cheeks and one or another was always shaking an angry fist at the sun. Three or four more men of presumably similar affiliation stood beneath a protective canopy next to the grocery store talking to some boys in undershirts and jotting things down in tiny notebooks. Adding color to the show were the blue uniforms of an occasional cop on the beat.

"What's all this about?" he nudged a bystander.

They were detectives, the fellow told him, rounded up from the various precincts throughout the city, sent to investigate the death of a young man who'd jumped from the tenth story of the grocery building. Only minutes ago, he said, the body had been loaded into an ambulance and driven off. "He thought he was an airplane," he added drolly. "Blind impulse," the fellow next to him more seriously said: "Only way you can destroy yourself so sudden," he elaborated, "is through blind impulse."

It was perhaps the basic information. Whether it was the ultimate information he was unsure. More was there, it seemed to him, than met the immediate eye. People were laughing and making all sorts of silly comments. The detectives, too, were laughing, slapping one another on the back and adding their share of silly comments.

"Looks like those guys are having a good time," he happened to remark.

"Why not?" the fellow on his left responded with a shrug; "they probably haven't seen each other in a long time."

"Yes," he said matter-of-factly and moved closer for a better look.

The whole thing reminded him of friends and relatives gathered together to pay their last respects to a loved one, of people who, for one reason or another, have lost touch with one another and now, seeing each other again, are happy for the death that has reunited them. Come and gone in a flash he saw himself the body in the coffin opening its eyes.

Last respects were no respect. Now and then, a word or two, usually mumbled, was flipped out like a cigarette butt regarding the fate of the young man.

Here and there other words, gut reactions, were discharged with disgusting gush or like spittle spit into a spitoon about the "mess" the "poor boy" had made. Nothing was said about his character or personal life except that he'd made a "terrific splash," which may have been submitted as an epitaph, and the suggestion that he was on something: "Didn't you know!?" one of the witnesses brazenly remarked, "Reality is for people who can't handle drugs or booze!" "Have a girl friend? Any friends?" was at least asked--what they call "a routine question." And sometimes eyes like spiders hurriedly crawled up and down the building to weave for the twisted mind a tale of the fall, but it was only tired comment when expressed.

Everyone was saying how hot it was getting when a police car pulled alongside the curb just feet from the pool of blood. The detectives already on the scene turned and stopped their talking to give respectful attention. Many of the bystanders had to crane their necks to see over people who were craning their necks to see.

Defiant of the heat, a plump little man wearing a trench coat and broad brimmed hat grudgingly threw open the back door and rolled out. The blood on the pavement he noticed at once, viewing it for a time with contempt as if its presence meant the ruin of a new tablecloth. Following this inspection, he shot a huge wad of tobacco from his fat jowly cheeks into the gutter.

Everyone was quiet watching him as he stood in one spot looking troubledly about. Then, like an actor on the wings making a last costume check before going on-stage, he hitched up his trousers, smoothed out his tie, and adjusted his hat. Finally, with a slight lifting of the eyebrows, he trundled over to his presumably lesser ranking colleagues.

"Let's pick up the evidence!" he exhorted in a gruff voice, then laughed like an evil Falstaff because "the evidence," after all, had already been picked up and carted away.

His colleagues, gathering the drift of his humor, roared with uncontrollable laughter.

"How dreadful!" at least one of the onlookers protested. He would have liked to kill them, kill them all.

The big clock on the building to the right of the grocery store told him he'd best be on his way or else he'd miss his bus. Walking away, he said to himself, after hearing someone say that the fellow who jumped could have been "anyone," "A man is dead when his mourners are dead."

He arrived at the terminal late, but his bus hadn't left yet. On board he took a seat by the window and idly gazed out. A woman he could almost have sworn was the woman he'd come to see was on the waiting platform standing as stiff as the metal post that stood beside her. He sort of smiled in approval: It seemed reasonable to him, now that he was out of her life, that all her bodily functions should cease, though he might confess it differently. He couldn't help noticing then, couldn't help staring then at two young women standing behind her laughing hysterically and using their hands a lot to illustrate their points. For a brief moment he actually wondered how anyone could be so animated who'd never made his acquaintance.

Reaching into his traveling bag for some cigarettes, he cut his finger on the zipper. A little blood crept out. He looked around to see who was looking. He heard the laughter of the crowd and saw the faces of the detectives. The bus started to move.

Gerry Max

Mr. Ery/Ms. Ery

WHO DO YOU TURN TO NOW? MSUE

You don't have, so you steal
You don't belong, so you deal
You can't pretend when nothing's real
Who do you turn to now?

You can't hold on, so you let go
You always wonder, but you never know
You heard it said, but was it so?
Who do you turn to now?

You wait for time and it passes you up
You said you'd quit, but I see your bluff
You wanted it easy, but found it too rough
Who do you turn to now?

Yesterday's over, there's no tomorrow
Without any joy, how can there be sorrow?
When nothing's yours you have to borrow
Who do you turn to now?

You said you could laugh, I see you cry
You say it's not so, I only ask why
When I see you on the street, you just pass me by
Who do you turn to now?

Who do you turn to with no one in sight?
Who do you turn to, to change wrong to right?
Who do you turn to, alone in the night?
Who do you turn to now?

Sue M. Brown

SUBMISSION

He was burning leaves.

And she had wet laundry on the line.

And she knew that he could see her clean
white sheets.

But he couldn't stop the smoke.

And even after she washed the sheets again

They were never the same.

REFLECTION

In his loving eyes I see

All that I was meant to be

Clearly mirrored back at me;

I wish it was reality.

Judy Lutzenberger

MIRROR

he saw only

part of people

and gradually became

what he saw most

SLAPSTICK

slapped by his hand
i learn to survive
where --

slapped by their hands
i learn discipline
where --

slapped by his hand
i learn obedience

ILLUSION

Rising

by putting

someone else

d
o
w
n

Connie Ward Cottrell

PRO LIFE

We were anxious for ice cream, cool and smooth
to the spiraled tip.

Waiting in front of us a station wagon,
brimming over with bobbing children bouncing
around like kernels of corn popping in the
hot confines of their good humor wagon.

Suddenly the father turns, ugly frustration
smeared across his face.

His fat arm ending in a stubby fist swings out,
furiously striking whatever tousled-headed
target it can find.

His mouth moves in contorted anger.

We freeze in disbelief, warm grainy cream flooding
onto our hands,

While harsh sun-bright chrome proclaims
"Abortion is Murder."

Sarah Connor

THE BEST OF FRIENDS

Oh, yes, my dear friends
Cohorts and accomplices
of that immortal red fox!

I love you all I am able because
you have taught me so much
about the world, also
about myself. . .

How to build walls
with rocks of hate and judgement,
How to write rules
for unconditional love,
How to be single-minded
and two-faced,
How to do unto others
without recourse.

Ah, precious friends,
where will I ever find others
as committed as you?

Ann James

THE WAR

Before the war,
Life was great.
Freedom was mine;
This was my fate.

Before the war,
Children sang.
From all around,
The churchbells rang.

Before the war,
Birds would sing.
Flowers would bloom;
Nature was king.

During the war,
Life was fear.
You didn't run
When death was near.

During the war,
Dirt was bed.
Guns would sing out;
Friends would lie dead.

During the war,
Rain would fall.
Men were starving;
The rats would crawl.

After the war,
Life was dark.
None went back
Without a mark.

After the war,
Others cried.
Parades were cold;
Many had died.

After the war,
Freedom's won.
An only child--
Fatherless son.

Before the war,
Life was great. . .

Darrell Hooker

THE GAME

The game-field
is a circle

In circles
we all run

There are
NO rules
to winning

That's how
the game
IS won!

We play the game
both
Day and night
both
Day and night
We play

Some
may win tomorrow--
None
will win today

On and On
We stumble
On and On
We play

The score
is never tallied
The Game
it never ends. . .
both
Day and night

It
follows
NO
one
ever

WINS !

David Rodrigues, Jr.

INCUBATOR

From a mold
white and clean
Stumbling forth
covered with cream

Soon, it has
melted away
Fuss remains
not to stay--

Stand there still
just to wait
To see what
is your fate--

When at last
you look around
Find there's others
to be found

Now, you'll just
watch and sit
Soon you'll scratch
and peck a bit. . .

. . . and when
your feathers
And fat
is full

CHOP--your head
around you go

Plucked and sold
broiled or baked
Short end of the
wishbone--

Is a chicken's fate

David Rodrigues, Jr.

CHECKED FROM GLORY

It is one of life's greatest ironies that the most instructive of memorable experiences often stems from the bitterest of personal defeats. Such was the case several years ago, when as the #1 player on my school's chess team, I stood leading the Southeastern Conference with an undefeated record and one match to play. Since I had all of the known "dangerous" opponents behind me, I felt nothing stood between me and the championship, except, I discovered, my own arrogance.

I could almost taste the sweetness of victory in my mouth as I met my opponent. A rather shy junior, he was playing "top board" competitively for the first time and seemed rather nervous at the prospect. The fact that Bob, our #2 player, slyly called me, "Master of the 64 squares" within his earshot, didn't seem to help his disposition at all. Meanwhile, my eyes strayed frequently to the shining tower of a trophy in the back of the room. We began. I drew the white pieces, and on the second move he strayed radically from the standard line of play. Thinking him an amateur, I confidently went for his jugular before I had even established a safe haven for my king. I quickly dominated the center and prepared a massive kingside assault. He reacted with a series of seemingly cumbersome queenside deployments along with several queen moves, those sure signs of inexperience in the opening. "Let him attempt to conjure some non-existent attack," I thought to myself. "He seems oblivious to the rout I am about to put to his king." The battlefield began to look like that of ancient warfare, units moving in tightly organized formations, absolutely led by some high commander who was often oblivious to his opponent's reactions. I had established my most lordly demeanor. Head held high, flared nostrils, arms akimbo and with an icy calm, I maneuvered my knight deep in his lines, supremely confident that he would be unable—"Check." His first words spoken since the start of the match caught me off guard. Recovering, I saw that he had sent his queen across the board for what looked like a useless, "nuisance" check. Further analysis revealed, however, that my premature advance had left my king somewhat vulnerable and that the standard defense of his attack would knock the guts out of the carefully planned assault I had going on the other wing. Unwilling to let him off the hook, I saw that sallying my own queen to interpose would either force him to retreat and lose time, or trade off his only well-positioned piece. Either result would let me carry home my devastating attack. A mere heartbeat after I had made that move, I was hit with a streak of dizziness, much like a man driving his car, waking from his daydream and finding that he had driven over a cliff. I had just thrown away my queen. Trying to look calm, I noticed that my opponent no longer looked like a nervous, inexperienced kid, but a confident, assured chess player, who promptly brought his bishop to its commanding square pinning my queen.

"In a bit of trouble," I said, hoping to lure him to recklessness while I continued what scraps remained of my attack. This time he ignored my doomed queen and defended himself. A couple of moves later, my desperately hurried attack fell just short, and he sent my queen and my game to their grisly fate in one fell move. As I knocked over my king in defeat, a short, bitter "Damn" slipped out. I had blown it all.

After shaking hands, and talking to my opponent, I discovered him to be an unorthodox player with a streak of brilliance, much like the player I had been a year ago. Safe, slow, positional chess would have defeated him, as I know well. To boldly ignore one such as that is to court disaster. I had prided myself as a judge of opponent's character, but that day a massive dose of overconfidence and arrogance cost me dearly. As gaming in my most important hobby, the lesson learned that day would be very useful, albeit hard-earned. And as I walked out of the room in defeat, out of the corner of my eye seeing the towering silver trophy, shining ever the more brightly now that it would never be mine, I knew the lesson I learned I would not forget easily.

Weston Erni

STOPPING BY KNU 10 ON A FROSTY MORNING

Whose space this is I think I know.
But what the heck, it's ten below.
She cannot see me stopping here
To set my car atop the snow.

My little car must think I'm queer
To tremble with such awful fear;
A ticket should not make me quake--
Five dollars isn't very dear.

This lot is like a frozen lake;
A close-in spot I've got to take.
Too late! Her compact's coming. Hark!
Now quickly leave, for heaven's sake!

The pit is lonely, wide and stark.
Though now my car won't get a mark,
I've miles to walk after I park,
I've miles to walk after I park.

--BZBZBZ

METAPHYSICAL DICTIONARY

from
Aporia
to
Zugzwang

FROM APORIA TO ZUGZWANG

you and me
and
every
position
in-
between

Phil Zweifel

PEACE

Peace at last, no more to roam,
I found the place to call my own.
Alone in the dark, yet I have no fear,
Those troubled voices, I never shall hear.
Footsteps above me walk away with a trod;
Stop for a moment, then, a sorrowful nod.
No sadness please, I'm happy alone;
For I've found the place to call my own.
Above me was anger, above me was hate,
Sadness and misery were destined my fate.
Trouble and conflict shall never harm me;
As long as I'm here, I shall always be free.
Someday they'll find me, skull and bone;
Smiling forever, in the place of my own.

Sharon Pierce

1.

I hope that when I die,
You will be able to sell
A small book of my poetry
To buy a marker for my grave.
I don't want an eternal gas flame
Nothing like that,
But a lighted goose from Bibelots
would be nice.

Sarah Connor

SILENCE

tonight the silence
the warmth
missing
you the warmth
the missing
your silence
in needing
the silence
tonight
quietly cold
and silent.

Sarah J. Fyrnys

GODDESS' REVENGE

Goddess the snake lay very still;
Patiently waiting to make her kill.

Her keeper had a special treat,
Something better than plain old meat.

But much to Goddess' shock and surprise--
The mouse thought otherwise.

It seemed to take a distinct dislike,
And bit the snake with all its might.

The snake lay dying, clinging to life;
Who could have thought there'd be such strife?

But just before Goddess the snake died,
She ate the mouse and felt justified.

Bonnie Kubicki

THE LITER SIZE

May I taste your bitter wine?
It tasted so good that time before
It looked so inviting as it flowed
Like a river, knowing no banks
But mine

May I taste your bitter wine?
It's something so unique
I find it lovely and I want
Some more

Won't you come to me
now?
So I can sample it
again

Margaret Oliver

LIFE

Life,
like a raft
adrift
in the waters,
and choice
of a channel
could change
the entire
course.

Ann James

TO DRINK

My head is braking and eyes are spinning
in drugged escape of reality
that promises only a singe of nerves
and a bout of embarrassing forgetfulness,
causing me to stumble in the public waves
of sociality and etiquettes. . .
yet freeing me to flit from impulse to compulsion
and still be content with this inconsistency
that is truly a bottled inefficiency of expression.
This is, then, the value of inebriation.

THE CEILING

So far
away
and out
of sight
that
no one
notices
its
higher life
until
once
it weakens
and
falls in.

THE TELEPHONE

Hanging
on the wall
where
no one
pays attention
to its
lonesomeness
until
it finds courage
to ring
out loud.

Ann James

CHOOSE YOURSELF

about every dress
of ours is

of the dress
and the blouse the
MAISON

the dress
and blouse

Disney Dress

another variation with
different neck

another variation
with a ruffled
collar or ruff

Disney Dress

WRITING LESSONS

#5

Fine tune
Your tone control.

#7

Catch your ideas
On the fly.

#8

Don't let it
Sit around too long.

Do something with it.

#4

Skillful
Amputation

#3

This one I threw
Away.

#6

Make ordinary things
Seem beautiful.

#11

Writing lessons
Are easier to give
Than to take.

Phil Zweifel

HAIKU!

Gesundheit.

Ginny Burr

