

The Windy Hill review. 1992

[Waukesha, Wisconsin]: [University of Wisconsin--Waukesha Literary Club], 1992

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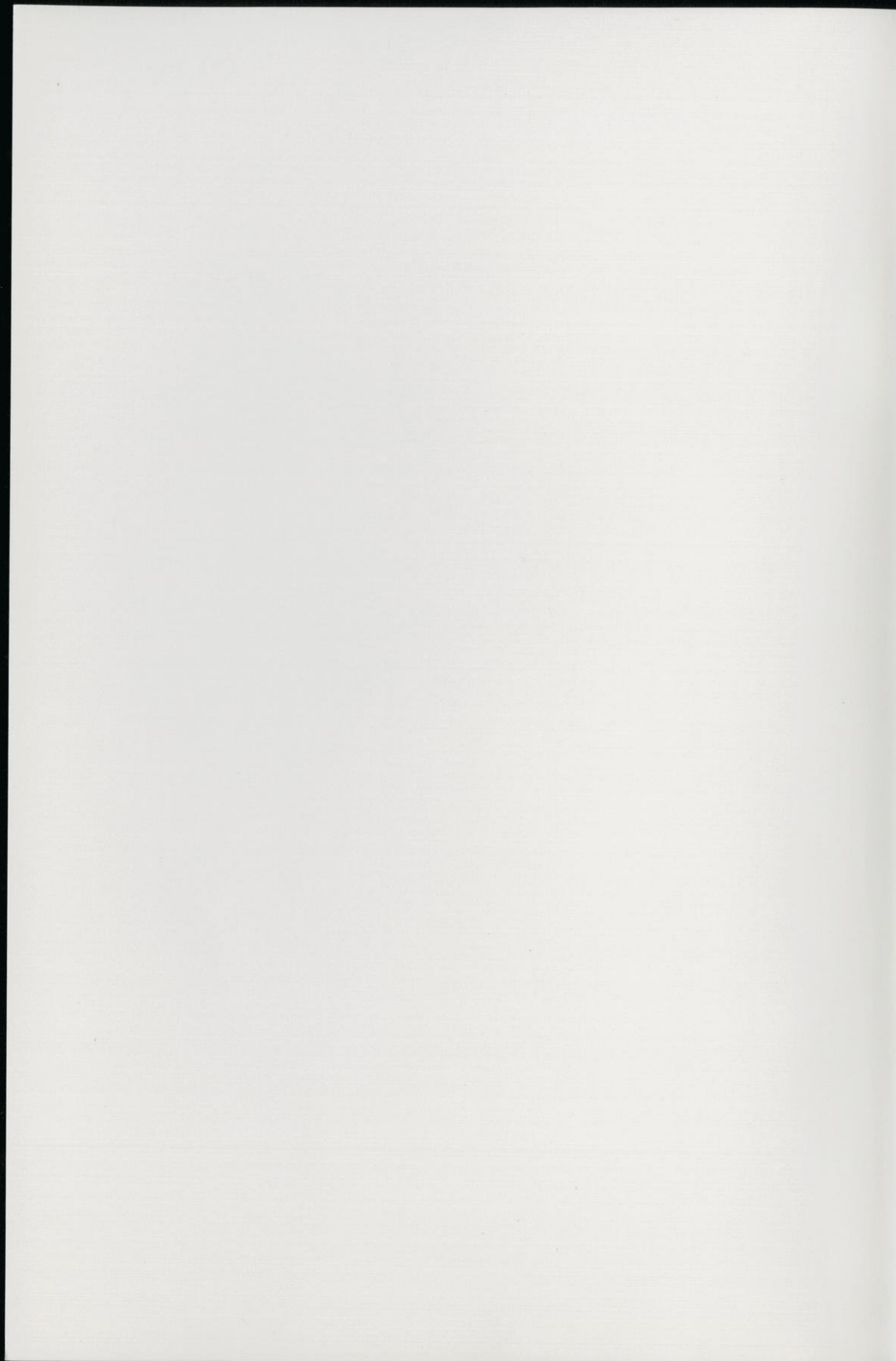
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The Windy

Hill Review

1992



The Windy
Hill Review
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This magazine is dedicated to the many readers, writers and editors whom the wind has chosen to blow our way over the years. Their footprints on the path may be blown away with time but the written words have been etched on these pages forever.

The Windy Hill Review 1992

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SONNET OF SPRING

The time of year known as spring has arrived,
and I find it so irresistible
that it is difficult to stay inside.
Now I've left my work upon the table,
and I walk. Water-color clouds drift in
large patterns toward the mid-day sun,
and fragrant blossoms fill the air, begin
to burst with different colors--every one.
Old women in their printed smocks are out
to tend their gardens of so many years.
As I take a walk on this spring-time day,
sight and smell are alive to nature's play.

Kay Maedke

birth

birth pangs begin
 with an aching awareness
 of tremors barely discernible, slowly
 increase in strength, until--
 like frantic fingers--
 they probe, spread upward,
 course outward
 and grasp with a stranglehold.

perspiration drips from every pore
 contractions-- one upon another--
 send tendrils of pulsating energy
 coursing through the body without relief,
 every fiber caught in the struggle,
 and then giving one last, mighty thrust...

an idea is born.
 satisfied all parts are intact,
 the exhausted vessel
 takes her rest, relishing
 the meaning of a miracle
 covering her newborn with tender kisses.

Carol Billings

Dawn
 Misty, Muzzy
 Slumbering, Snoozing, Stirring
 Chimes, Chirps, Chirks, Chatter
 Relaxing, Reflection, Resinging
 Lucent, Lucid
 Dusk

Bernie Carlson

deBra age Three

The sun at her back,
 the small child stands alone
 on the street. A newly opened
 flower rests between her fingers
 while she squints into the camera,
 a sheepish smile upon her lips.
 Her bright clothing of an age gone by.
 her bare feet firmly planted
 into the pavement below her,
 she stands unknowing. And
 yet, she is happy.

Damon Jeffery Duehring

Babysitter
 Competent, Eager
 Working, Watching, Waiting
 Helper, Teacher, Hugger, Pacifier
 Fascinated, Frightened, Frustrated
 Naive, Inept
 Parent

Bernie Carlson

The Straight and Narrow

Born on the way to the cemetery one day for no other reason than to learn to stay within the lines of life, my life line said my stay would be short. Inside the lines, I colored and played games, coming outside to wonder about what was beyond the playground.

Outside the lines were fence rows to keep in and out what no one knows, lines of shoulds and oughts and rails of jeers and sneers for crossing picket lines and skipping lines.

I thought of line-free vistas but didn't have enough feet to skirt the boundaries, so I edged along straight lines, thin lines, and fine lines. I toed the line, got in line, held the line, and even drew the line--on Sundays.

I tried front lines, assembly lines, air-lines, bus lines, linebacking, being a lineman, made the lineup, making headlines. In lines of work I used rhumb lines, plumb lines, telephone lines, gas lines, and clotheslines. I even married pedigree lineage--or was that a dog?

I felt I was close to the brink, just inches from the border, I just didn't want to anymore.

I wavered, risked and weaved, over lines into alien territory, skittishly dodging hairlines and fence posts and fighter planes and mopeds, shaking and quaking at my gall or courage, a hero's death out of my space, my place, I crossed over the line by choosing yellow. I died on my way to the cemetery one day. It was the end of the line.

Sue Voegeli

A Windy Tale

The little child said, "Tell me a story of the wind."

And the mom said, "I'm sorry darling. I can only tell stories of the rain. Your dad can tell you a story of the wind."

And the dad, who was watching Monday night football, said, "Huh? All I know is this guy just got the wind knocked out of him."

And the child said, "Where did the wind go once it was knocked out of him? And how did the wind get inside of him in the first place? And how can I get the wind inside me? Or can I get inside the wind?"

The mom lifted the child and sat her on her father's knee and left the room smiling.

The dad said, "All air is wind. At least potentially. When a force propels the air, it is wind. When you breathe, you force air in and out. Air moved with your force, is your wind. When you say someone got his air knocked out, not all air, not all wind, but the wind that he has for breathing."

"Oh," said the child quietly. "But Dad, that is not a story."

"Okay, then," said the dad. "One day the wind said, *I'm going to see if I can run 100 yards*. From where the wind stood, that looked like a very long way. What made things worse were the obstacles in the wind's way. Trees and rocks and mountains all wanted to stop the wind from reaching the 100 yard goal."

"The wind was off and running--five, six, seven, eight yards when *bump--smack* into a mountain. But the wind was determined. Up again. Another try. Oops. Only two yards this time before he tripped and stumbled."

"How do you know the wind is a boy?" asked the child.

"I don't know," said the dad. "I'm only guessing."

"Guess a girl," said the child.

"Right," said the dad. "She stumbled and hardly recovered. But then she remembered her goal and got in and tried again. She did well this time, getting twenty yards before coming upon an effective block, er, I

mean, boulder. Tripped up, she had to start again. Try and try again she did , and after only four more tries, she found herself in the end zone."

"End zone?"

"That means she made it to her goal."

The child leaned her head against her dad's chest. He put his arm around her and enjoyed a sense of her warmth and closeness as he focused again on the game.

For a moment both were quiet. Then the dad raised his voice and began shouting things that had nothing to do with the story.

"Dad, Where did all this wind in you come from?"

The dad did not know what to say. He laughed. The child did not. She scooted down from his lap and went into the mom's study.

"Mom, do you know any good stories about the rain?"

Margaret Rozga

A Schoolroom in China

A stark white room, windows open to cobalt
Autumn shy, children's intense brown eyes
Hovering over time-worn desks and texts,
Touching pages tenderly, drinking
Knowledge from alien pictures, noiselessly.

Who are these mysterious children?
What will they, what can they become?
Children of the universe. diverse and free?
Or flat and rigid as the silent snapshot
they reside in?

Beyond, the birds are singing gingerly.

Sue Voegeli

Changes

Changes and lessons don't come with permission;
They come as surprise when I am complacent.
I fight with myself about changing traditions.

Comfort and ease are forced out by competition. New customs and manners
march in as new agents.
Changes and lessons don't come with permission.

Children grown up--so quick the transition
From parent to formal establishment.
I fight with myself about changing traditions.

Unforeseen pains force my soul to submission.
I struggle to win, I lose, I relent.
Changes and lessons don't come with permission.

With waning of time, the tears in remission
Break through the years with turbulence.
I fight with myself about changing traditions.

Why do I wrestle with sorry contrition,
The fragility of the human intent?
Changes and lessons don't come with permission;
I fight with myself about changing traditions.

Sue Voegeli

BUTTERFLY

Once a lady caterpillar
 crawled and grappled with the earth.
Inching along incessantly,
 she knew not laughter, knew not mirth.

Life kicked at her and stepped on her,
 brushed her off to the side.
She'd had enough of this heartless world,
 so she spun her cocoon, hid inside.

Then one day, the sun felt warm,
 soft breezes blew her about.
She'd lived long enough in her hermit world,
 she longed for freedom, wanted out.

No more a recluse, the world seemed fresh--
 green grass, white clouds, blue sky.
She vowed she'd never crawl again.
 She'd dance in the air. She'd fly.

As she fluttered, she saw a man.
 She wanted to brighten his day.
She flitted about him teasingly.
 He netted her. He took her away.

She thought he wanted to give her love,
 but he pressed her 'tween canvas and pane.
Now he shows his trophy to only a few,
 and she will never fly again.

Kathy Vick

I t r a i n s.

And earth worms evacuate their homes while I am a prisoner in mine.

I t r a i n s.

And the weight of the droplets pulls down the spider's web,
and the smallest of insects must seek a safer haven.

I t r a i n s.

And windshield wipers wave the water to and fro,
so I know there won't be a picnic.

I t r a i n s.

And chalk pictures are erased from the sidewalk
and replaced with puddles that tempt little children.

I t r a i n s.

And rivulets swell into rivers that wash yesterday's dust and dirt
down the street to the sewers.

I t r a i n s.

And tulips break the ground,
and lilacs awaken to the greening of the grass.

I t r a i n s.

And the earth is clean, and bright, and new because

I t r a i n s.

Theresa Cavalluzzi

Night of Summer

While the sun is the source...

I live for the night.

My mind is coursing wild,

as is the light in the eyes.

I thrive in the summer

within the depths of all the skies

hot passion, beauty, freedom, so cool it's mild.

wish you could see me every wild summer night!

Drew Von-Craig MetCalf

Free to Be

Give me freedom floating rainbow-fresh outdoors:
I'll wrap it around my wilted spirit for a day. I say:
Bury rigid structure under dusty attic floors.

Binding rules and formulas, colorless and lifeless chores
Prevent yellow butterflies from mingling with bouquets. Today,
Give me freedom floating rainbow-fresh outdoors.

Rusty robots, canons, codes and clones--or
Bouncing bubbles, swooping swallows free to stray? I pray:
Bury rigid structure under dusty attic floors.

Flirting breezes, wispy clouds with license to explore
Spaces, places, meadows laced with Queen Anne's airy blooms.
Give me freedom floating rainbow-fresh outdoors;
Bury rigid structure under dusty attic floors.

Sue Voegeli

METICULOUSNESS

Listen to Moses
 cut man's lesion
 cut man's soul

Let's live in lions
 in limes
 in lemons
as most senses live

Scent our souls in love, Moses
 tie us to men
 men lost in men

its lesson is mine
 timeless miles
 timeless men

Smile, sun! Smile on me!
 ...as tin locusts cut men's soul.

Rebecca Keenan

The Free Verse

The free verse poem

has no
concrete set of rules or even
a flimsy set.

It worries not
about rhyme, nor
meter
about

and runs

the page
chasing

rabbits

doggedly.

(if that is its wish)

It may
trickle
like a
faucet
not quite
tightened
therefore
dripping
through the
quiet
evening.

Or rush like a late night freight through a country crossing
with no lights or gates or warning but the thunder of its
tonnage rumbling ahead for miles...

Or be the calm

of an open field

swept by dusk...

crickets singing heat-songs

with the wind.

Todd Zimmerman

The Perfect Jump

You see her everyday on your way home from school. She has no shame, wearing flimsy cut-off tank tops and tight cotton pants and jeans rolled up to her knees. You thank God he hadn't gotten to her parents like to yours who still make you go to church every Sunday even though you're seventeen and who make you walk eighty-nine-year-old Mrs. Evans to the Food Mart and back every Monday and Thursday in coordination with the Sunday School Little Helpers For The Elderly at your parish. But Mrs. Evans is a fun old lady--she swears at the Food Mart meat man and asks you about your girlfriends. You were vague in your answers to those questions at first, but now she can't shut you up. You mostly talk about this girl Lisa.

You and Lisa have talked often about nothing when you see each other after school on the corner by the bus stop.

"Waiting for the bus?" you always say, and when she gives you the finger you swear at her. Then you both start making fun of Mr. Jack, the history teacher you both have during different periods, or any of the other faculty members of Stanton High.

"She sounds like a nice girl," Mrs. Evans says. You add that you and Lisa were born only an hour apart in the same city, you both have the same initials and that Lisa's brother was born in a hospital with the same name as the one your mother's cousin Beth had a child in. Mrs. Evans is astonished at the coincidence.

The day comes when you decide to make your move. She likes you, you're sure. In the last week she's been stealing your comb from your pocket. You will use this to your advantage. Having acquired her phone number through her friend's exboyfriend's mother's cousin who your mother knows, you will call Lisa for your comb back and ask her out. If she says no, you will consider killing yourself.

"Why call her," Mrs. Evans is curious as she adjusts the white hat pinned to her white hair.

"Why call her?" you ask, wondering if the old lady has been

listening to you the whole way to the store. "To ask her out," you say.

"Ask her out face to face," Mrs. Evans says.

You thought of this, of course, but quickly ruled it out. Mrs. Evans calls you a wimp so you're forced to explain your reasoning, but then you realize you have none. So you make it up--you tell Mrs. Evans that Lisa has an affinity for phones and, uh, has rarely said yes to a first date unless the guy asked over the phone. She buys it, you think, but you decide to ask Lisa out face to face anyway the next day.

"Go out with YOU?" and the Lisa in your dreams bursts into laughter waking you seconds before your alarm.

"Leonard!" your mom shouts, right as the alarm goes off--you don't know how she does it.

Classes fly by and Lisa is waiting for you at the bus stop. Her swear finger is already raised, but you're too far away to swear so you stick your finger in the air as well as shake it around.

When you get to her, you can't go through with it. You feel too awkward, maybe because there are fifty other guys and girls waiting for the bus all around you. But either way, you realize the only time you feel ultimately comfortable with her is when you're swearing at her.

But the next week Lisa calls you.

"I still have your comb, you know," she says.

"How did you get my number?" you ask.

She says through her friend's exboyfriend's mom's cousin.

"I see," you say, as you ask how Lisa's been treating your comb. She says that she's dropped it into two puddles and that it got run over by a car.

"That's good," you say. It's a good sign. And you plan to steal her brush the next chance you get.

Your senior year ends and you don't see much of Lisa over the summer. She lives on the other side of town from you, has her friends, you have your friends and your mom has grounded you from driving after you busted a headlight on a tree on somebody's front lawn--don't ask how the

car got on somebody's front lawn you always say. But while packing for college a friend comes over and you find out Lisa will be in the same dormitory as you at the state university.

"This is too perfect," you say to your friend, and you decide to give Lisa a call.

It's news to her about the dorm, and she sounds very excited. A week and a half later you and she are walking to Psych 100 together through the middle of campus talking about what you did with your summers. She looks better than she did in high school, and you don't know why you didn't take the bus to see her over the summer.

After seven psychology classes she invites you to her room and you are witness to the messiest female room you have ever seen. You have the messiest male room you have ever seen. Her roommate is out and the two of you wind up on her bed, but before anything can happen her roommate walks in. You invite Lisa to your room the next day, but first you clean it and tell your roommate to get lost for a couple of hours. But your roommate's a dick, and he walks in before anything can happen.

You and Lisa both become busy with your classes, and though you were never "A" students, you are trying to become such to impress each other. You only see each other in psych classes and occasionally study together at the library for a psych quiz or test. Whenever you try to be alone with each other in less studious settings, something always messes it up.

Then one day, a week before semester exams, Lisa's roommate becomes terribly ill and must leave campus. After hearing this from Lisa, you hear, "Would you like to study for psych in my room tonight?" You scream yes, and when night finally comes you are shaven, dressed sharply and are sprinting upstairs to her room. She greets you in a pair of loose shorts and a flimsy but respectable tank top not unlike from high school. You forgot your text in your room, but Lisa says you can borrow hers.

Two minutes later the fire alarm goes off, and it's not a drill. Two hours later the firemen announce the first few floors are okay, but all the residents in rooms 610 to 619 need to go to the gym where some cots have

been set up until the damage to the floor's hallway can be assessed and repaired. Lisa lives in room 619.

Miraculously, Lisa's roommate returns to campus the next day. Her problem was a false alarm. "I'm happy to hear that," you are heard saying. That same day the sixth floor is ready for all the students again, and you ask your roommate how he's been feeling. He says not only has he been feeling fine but that he didn't miss one day of classes all four years in high school. so you offer him money. He's a very sly bargainer and takes you for more than you'd like to admit, but it's worth it. That night he will not return until dawn. You shake on it and call Lisa.

She enters your room without knocking, wearing the tightest miniskirt you've ever seen, a partially unbuttoned white blouse, and no socks or shoes. This is serious, you think, and you ask her what page she wants to start on. She smiles and walks towards you. You know it was a stupid question. As she approaches, you are sitting on your bed, waiting for your roommate to walk in, a fire alarm to go off or for a phone call from your mother. You picture hundreds of guys shouting YES at your situation and Lisa, almost to you, catches the light switch without even looking. You look back on your eighteen years, on all of your successes and failures, on all the girls you've ever taken out, ever wanted to take out, and those you just wanted to jump. You realize that Lisa is the most intelligent, funniest, wittiest of them all and has the best looking pair of eyes you've ever seen. You picture Mrs. Evans, how proud she'd be of you. You picture yourself, unable to ask this same girl out months before. Soon you can picture nothing else but Lisa, and then she is upon you.

Second semester you and Lisa have no classes together. You see her now and then in the dining hall or on the street, and each time you both reminisce of that night before semester exams and plan another, but it never works out for some reason. You find another girl, Lori, a psych major who lives in a single and after graduation you and Lori are engaged and doing psych profiles on your family and friends. When Christmas comes each year, you get a card from Lisa with a swear finger drawn in and a list of demands if you ever want to see your old comb again, and you

write her back, remembering high school and college and thinking that some day the two of you will meet again, maybe in a suburb outside Chicago at a McDonalds with a playground and you'll go to her nearby apartment that has a water bed and Lisa will change into something more comfortable and there'll be soft music playing, chilled champaign, and multiple locks on the door and then the water bed will spring a heavy leak.

Dan Stalder

Netherlands

The sands
and land
held her,
then he
held her hand,
and healed her heart.

Sean Geraty

Great Fish Remembered

Winter's white blast has mellowed and passed,
Spring is making her glorious plunge.
It's mid-May up North as we venture forth
To search for hungry muskellunge.

The trill of a loon, a mourning dove's croon,
Spread spring out over the land.
A stiffening breeze shakes the shore-line trees
While waves slap up on the sand.

A pair of deer break into the clear,
See us, then leap out of sight.
A beaver searches through fallen birches
While pintails explode into flight.

At first we troll each sandy shoal
Till our hopes begin to sag,
Then cast the shore till our arms get sore
And the day begins to drag.

My buddy Doug with a weary shrug
Lays his sucker out near a dock,
I throw mine ahead at a bass-weed bed
But hang it on a rock.

Cyril, our guide, his patience now tried
Moves on to a small quiet bay.
On by very first cast, a vicious blast,
Let me land him, please, I pray.

All I saw was a pair of jaws,
A splash, and he dove out of sight.
Then off he tore to the nearest shore
Angry and eager to fight.

I brought in line one foot at a time
With every muscle straining.
At last I could see him as big as a tree limb
With little strength remaining.

God granted my wish when I boated the fish
 Fulfilling my fisherman's duty.
 With smile and voice husky, I toast you, great muskie,
 Rememb'ring your strength and your beauty.

Werner Menck

Leaving the Order

Up before dawn for daily prayers,
 It was dark and cold without words to share.
 I couldn't complain for they would hear me.
 Upon God's carpet they would jeer me.
 My worthless self on humbled knees,
 This dreary soul just tried to please.
 In silent prayer and routine rites,
 I say my life as habitually trite.

The cross was heavy around my neck;
 My back was breaking from the sect.
 Something deep within me was stirring,
 And my gaze toward heaven then was blurring.
 A hazy cloud began to form:
 To partake in mankind is why I was born.
 A joyous and golden scene had arisen,
 So I gratefully fled, released from prison.

There are masses out here, they actually speak.
 My silence was useless--I needed to seek.
 Dear God, please forgive me for leaving "The Way,"
 But now I can finally hear what You say.

Sue Voegeli

LOST CAUSE

Wow! What a doll. She's got a body that says "Does she?" and eyes that say "Yes."

She smokes like a chimney and drinks like a fish.

Look at her dance! When she shakes her hips she stops traffic.

It's one way to get attention.

She looks intelligent. I wonder if she's Phi Beta Kappa.

She's only in school because her old man gave \$10,000 to the building fund. Well, if her dad's got money so much the better.

She's got expensive tastes. You'll go broke taking her out.

I don't care. Live it up while you can is my motto.

Living it up can get you into a mess that takes a long time to live down.

She's looking at me and smiling.

She's looking for someone to buy her a drink.

Something tells me she and I ought to get acquainted.

Something tells me you'll be sorry.

Look, just because you're my alter ego, don't think you can tell me what to do.

I've always been right about girls, haven't I?

This one is different.

That's what you said about the last one.

What have I got to lose?

Your money, your health and your sanity.

Look, she's coming this way.

Don't say I didn't warn you.

Hi there. Haven't we met before somewhere?

Robert Gordon

Villanelle

I'm suffering from a writer's block
 The time to my deadline is a race
 While the bounding clock says, "Tick tock"

Today there are no rhymes in stock
 It seems I've run out of grace
 I'm suffering from a writer's block

My empty head is in nasty shock
 Of ideas and words I've only a trace
 As the bounding clock says, "Tick tock"

For a small idea my soul I'd hock
 My mind is a barren place
 I'm suffering from a writer's block

On my imagination there's a lock
 Round and round runs the chase
 And the bounding clock says, "Tick tock"

The hours pass me by and mock
 My efforts to quicken the pace
 I'm suffering from a writer's block
 Still the bounding clock says, "Tick tock"

Patricia Lundberg

Useful Survival

**I'm asked why I'm pleasant, why I smile,
why I usually present a pleasant face,
when mostly confined to my domicile
with a wheelchair as my resting place.**

**It is a hard question to be asked.
There's no simple answer, of that I'm sure,
no easy solution, no one-time task,
but here are some hints that help me endure.**

**Mostly, it's a matter of attitude
and following a brief set of rules.
Start with a feeling of amplitude
and discard pity as the work of fools.**

**Don't waste time with objectives
that are impossible to achieve.
Set easier goals, be more selective,
let attaining them be enough to receive.**

**Maintain control as much as you can
by directing whatever is done for you.
Decide what you want and make a plan,
then decide by yourself what you want to do.**

**Be demanding of all who can help you,
but do it with respectful behavior.
Remember what you want your helper to do
is easier when done as a favor.**

**Develop the skill of self-discipline.
Force yourself to resist what you crave.
Look right at temptation and don't give in;
keep staring until the urge goes away.**

**Look for anything that gives you joy,
regardless how large or small.
Build up a list of things you enjoy,
Then stubbornly insist on doing them all.**

Turn boredom into a useful time
 by filling the space with a busy mind.
 Count all the words within sight that rhyme
 or memorize backwards the words on a sign.

Werner Menck

GRANDFATHER

In myself, I see the man,
 a man of pride, wrapped in faded flannel,
 yet sensitive and understanding,
 like the sweet flowers he walks among.
 A man of strength,
 seen in the bricks he carries,
 yet caring and compassionate as the gentle breeze on his face,
 For years he was there for me...
 Now I miss him,
 Not without sadness and anger,
 and as I walk through the wilted garden,
 I see this man,
 my grandfather

Sean Geraty

August Shore

Atop the roof on shingles soft with heat
from a day under the hot late summer sun,
we watch the shadows lengthen as it falls,
slowly-- calm and slowly-- to the water.
Four stories from the ground, we talk and wonder...
Before it gets dark, should we clamber down?

We know we'll later have to come back down
From the roof in search of greater heat
But time is slow now. Leisure is a wonder--
With no deadlines, no reason to race the sun
to the end of the day. It rests like water
of a lake, not rushing rapids towards falls.

A passing breeze removes my hat--it falls
over the edge and gently drifts down
to the shore and stops short of the water.
Bare now, my forehead feels the last of heat
From the slowly lakeward-sinking sun.
Will my hat stay put for now, I wonder?

I stay up with the others, for we wonder
if we'll see the famous flash when sunset falls--
the green burst sailors speak of, when the sun,
in perfect weather, touches down
with a great flare, something to do with heat
and bending of light near the water.

Perhaps we are too high above the water,
 I think, since we have seen no flash, and wonder
 if the tales are true. Now the heat
 of the sun warms elsewhere, and night falls
 on our roof. Soon we move down
 to build a fire -- a piece of the sun.

Wood blazes, popping; imitation sun.
 A bonfire warms us near the whispering water.
 Night waves lap the sand, up and down
 the darkened shore. We start to muse and wonder
 where and who we'll be in coming fall.
 I shiver and draw closer to the heat.

A few more days of sun and nights of wonder,
 then water cools and leaves begin to fall.
 Best to slow down and stretch the summer's heat.

Todd Zimmerman

Mountain
 Majestic, fresh
 Exciting, invigorating, inspiring
 flowers, wildlife, streams, sand
 echoing, intimidating, haunting
 desolate, withdrawn
 valley

Sean Geraty

FALL

Just as the leaf loses its grip
from the branch that holds it,
I am losing my grip on him.
It's getting colder now--
I can tell
the leaf
is going to fall.
The sky is gray--
I'm trying to make sparks
to light the fire
that once was,
but the wind is too strong
and my hands are growing tired.
Hesitant, I look up--praying
that the leaf hasn't fallen.
Through my tears, I see
the branch
is bare.
Now I walk away alone,
the crisp wind slapping me
in the face.
I realize that just like the leaf
I have lost my grip,
he is no longer there.

Amy Nasciszewski

I WILL

And to my parents,
i will
their many years of
love
which i didn't
appreciate and
never wanted
while they were there

to my
sister and brother,
i will
the love
i
neglected
to show
you when
i had the opportunity

to the boy
who
broke my heart,
i will
everlasting
friendships
and hopes for your
future happiness.

to my friends,
i will
a note of
regret
over the fact
i didn't realize
your true friendship
when
i possessed it.

And to the
man
i love,
i will
you myself,
as a woman
and
a part
of you,
never
to be willed
away.

Their Last Photograph

Three men standing together,
As close as the boys they'd been yesterday.
There was no way of seeing their fate.
Three faces awash with happiness,
But now adrift in a sea of command,
Controlled by a higher force.
Three bodies they called their own,
Outfitted in the colors of youth and hope,
But now draped in a drab uniform.
One, embracing the two,
Now longs for another embrace from his wife.
One, cradling a dog in his arms--
Soon that form may be a body.
One, staring ahead,
Now stares at the enemy.
Three boys experiencing joy and carelessness
In this, their last leave.
Three men experiencing fear and control
In this, their first war.

Mollie Sisson

CRIMES OF PASSION: THE RAPIST

The most rewarding part of the evening is when she's had too much to drink, & she starts coming on to me, kissing my neck & breathing heavily, getting warmer. That's when I know I can't be blamed, it's not my fault, she wants it, she wants me, what am I supposed to do? say no? I'm only a man, of course, I'm going to give her what she wants, she'll put up a good fight, but that only means she's playing hard to get. After I have her all to myself, I push her down on the bed, she likes that, & it's only after I've put myself in her & the pillow over her mouth that she pretends she's not having a good time & tries to make me feel guilty by kicking & screaming. I tell her that this is what she wanted, what she asked for, & I kiss her gently to prove this, but she pretends not to believe me. I never cover her eyes, her eyes show how she wants me & I want her to get a good mental picture, so she'll remember me. I pull out and take the pillow from her mouth to let her breathe, but then I smack her real hard with the back of my fist, and then she sleeps. Tomorrow she'll wake up, and she will remember, & want me again.

Colleen L. Lanigan

SEDUCTION

Every raising of the bottle,
every tipping of the glass.
Slowly, comfortably, I will take from you the pain.
Slowly, surely, you'll give to me your soul.
Slowly, painfully, I'll take from you those loved.

You'll give up for me your family,
You'll give up for me your life.
Yet as I tear these from you,
to me you'll run to cry.
It is I who never leaves you,
It is I who never runs.
For as long as I will be here,
I know you will as well.

Since loved ones I have chased away,
it's down to you and me.
I'm now your one and only friend,
a friend you hate the most.
Now nothing's left to take from you,
let's make you hate yourself.

Craig Bronk

me

the world managed to exist without me until august fourth 1969

i was born into a family of seven

two parents

three brothers in front

one sister behind

life was normal

as far as i could see

later on

people told me

that i drank as early as the second grade

sometimes i can remember when i drank

most times

i cant

it doesn't matter

if i remember or not

i drank

i drank too much

too soon

i drank to get drunk

i got drunk because i liked what it did for me

i didn't want to feel those feelings

or think those thoughts

drinking made me feel good inside

i felt stronger

i looked more attractive

i was smarter

things didn't bother me as much

it was easy

just don't let mom and dad find out

after awhile

drinking got suspicious

there i found pot

my drug of choice

pot was cool

it did the same thing drinking did

and more

I didn't have to worry

about school

my friends

the job

family
 the future
 the present
 pot took all those worries away
 plus much more
 it almost took my life away
 luckily
 for some reason un-be-known to me
 i knew i had to stop
 i couldn't
 i tried
 i couldn't
 i tried
 i
 couldn't
 it had me
 it took hold of me
 it wouldn't let go
 i wanted to stop
 it wouldn't let go
 i wanted it to
 i needed it to
 please let it end
 or i will surely die
 i was sick and tired
 of being sick and tired
 i need help
I'm an Alcoholic and a Drug Addict
 the hospital helped
 for six months
 and sixty-seven thousand dollars
 it worked
 for a little while
 i drank
 i got high
 higher than a kite
 boy did i feel bad
 when i was in the hospital they told me to go to AA
 so i went
 i got drunk
 i went back to AA

i got high again
 i went back
 they told me to keep coming back
 so i did
 they said
 go to meetings
 read the big book
 call your sponsor
 don't drink
 one day at a time
 they said
 after awhile
 before i knew it a year had gone by
 then two years
 then three years
 it was june tenth 1988 that i took my last drink
 life is better
 not easier
 sometimes even harder
 i'm doing more then i ever did when i was drinking
 they call that growth
 take the action
 help a newcomer
 it's a new way of life

Grant Garvens

"In the Four Aces Bar in Ozaukee at Noon"

In the Four Aces Bar in Ozaukee at noon
 Sat a hag in a wrap lined with pelts of raccoon.
 Blitzed on a barstool, afflicted with ale
 She lifted her head and proceeded to wail:

"Would any of you be alarmed with surprise
 If I told you I've lived with detest and despise.
 Always seen as a beast of despicable pity
 By the swingers and stalwarts of this loathsome city?"

The schoolboys would hurl wads of gum at my neck,
 Then they'd turn on their charms for Miss Ellie-Jane Fleck.
 Alone on the playground, I sat on the curb
 Pulling gum from my braids (all the while, unperturbed).

My home was a shack built on poverty's roots.
 Father came from the coal mines with soot on his boots.
 He'd knock off the ash with a kick to my head,
 And I'd nurse all the sores in the box called my bed.

The homecoming reject, cotillion-go-not,
 My puberty spent in a restaurant's lot
 With bottles of beer and a bag of old chips.
 The hops were my hopes as they passed through my lips

In morning, I'd scramble to make it school
 (Regarded by peers as a homely young fool)
 On a rickety school bus ('the poor's limousine')
 I'd sit in the back to avoid being seen.

Voted by my class the least apt to succeed,
 Left scarred by their words (like the scourge of a reed).
 I've managed to maintain their low expectations
 By living my life like a drunkard's vacation.

While your eyes may regard me with hatred and scorn,
 I've simply resulted from where you're all born.
 You may live in the suburbs and dine with the boss
 But your DNA binds you to these walls of moss.

I've managed to hold on to my rightly place
 In this town that saw me as hell's modern's race.
 So before I am labeled as unwelcome trash,
 I'm still an attendant at this wretched bash..."

And as quickly as that, she was tossed from Four Aces
 onto MacMillian Street, left to her failing graces.
 And the patrons inside never gave second thought
 To the barfly, a victim of salvation's drought.

Robert Kraus

Is It Real?

I wake up in my dream. I am alone in a room full of people.
 I see the sound of voices. I hear the heat of bodies. I feel
 the scent of perfume. I smell the tang of champagne. I taste
 the colors of balloons.

Invisible are the balloons around me. Inaudible are the words
 close to me. Still is the air above me. Odorless are the flowers
 by me. Tasteless are the wines near me.

A perfect image of emptiness through the smoke. A muffled high-
 pitched sound. The humid air is icy. A familiar scent of nothing.
 I eat what's not edible. I am in bed with people alone. I am
 awake dreaming.

GinaMarie Griffith

Dinnertime

Her tears drip onto the meatloaf

No one glances twice

"Is this the train to Lomira? Am I going home?"

A wrinkled hand grabs mine, not ungently

"Git me outta here. I got \$30 in my room."

A toothless women in a dirty green dress laughs hysterically

As they strap her to a chair

I dodge flying silverware and almost trip over a naked man

Sitting Indian style wearing hot pink heart shaped sun-glasses

He raises his eyebrows at me

"Picking grapes won't help your sins"

His perverted grin slides off and lands in his lap

A bald man gnaws the air and designs the wall with his bare feet

A young woman with black eyes ceremoniously places a paper napkin

On her head and kneels on the floor

Fake, yellow happy-go-lucky tiles that are there to impress

Visitors from the government

Beth Blachowiak

"Winter's Wail"

The grief is like winter,
not the early mild gusts of November dawns
nor the mild March mornings that melt snow into puddles
but a December deadland
of barren terrain, ice-shelled.

Black mourners, the withered tress
through which the bitter,
howling winds
that escape my throat
reverberate.

Life escapes the harsh seasonal
bitterness with hibernation.
Lands-iced, lakes freeze.
Movement ceases to exist.

Snowdrifts collect
where once grew green grass
and ice slabs surface
where once flourished flowers.

I will awaken tomorrow,
snowflakes on my slippers,
icicles on my eyes.

Robert L. Kraus

Prayer

I close my eyes and wish the tears away;
I think of happy memories of my past.
All that is left is for me to pray

For an end to this unpleasant day.
The pain I feel, I know will always last;
I close my eyes and wish the tears away.

"It'll get easier," or so they say.
How can they know? My pain seems so vast...
All that is left now is for me to pray.

I wish I could see him once more to say
How much I loved him. It was over so fast.
I close my eyes and wish the tears away.

Once we were so happy and gay,
but I lost my innocence--forced to grow up too fast.
All that is left is for me to pray

That someday soon I'll be blessed with a ray
of sunshine--bright and vast.
I close my eyes and wish the sadness away.
All that is left is for me to pray.

Michelle M. Heinrichs

FIREWORKS 1991

Dancing colors died,
leaving wispy skeletons
hanging loosely in the sky,
their smokey arms
reaching for the earth.

Clustering like ants,
people at the lakefront oohed
and ahed at the explosions
bursting the night
with heavenly rage.

And it was glorious.
The best ever, I heard them
say from lawnchairs, or bundled
deep in blankets
to thwart nightly chills.

"They dedicated
this to those people who died,"
someone said. "Sad, very sad,"
someone answered,
"But some fireworks, hey?"

They clapped approval,
as shimmering gold sparks flowed
down in a cascading arc
to touch faces tilted
toward the sky.

Christy Steele

You do believe me, don't you?

"Who told you I was here?
Why did you come to see me?
Whisper or they'll hear you."

"I won't whisper."

"I'm kidnapped, can't you see?
Undo the knots!
Why are you staring at me?"

"I'm not staring."

"Quick, before he comes back!
He comes up the elevator.
Shout out the porch!"

"I won't shout."

"They want to cut me into pieces.
Don't touch the food; it's poisoned.
That's how they're doing it."

"No one is doing anything."

"I'm going to write a book when I escape,
but I won't tell you what has happened.
You won't believe the ending."

"Yes, Grandma, I will."

Rebecca Keenan

Loss

Sitting in front of the mirror
not recognizing my reflection
Gone the dark hair
the bright, innocent eyes
Gone the small town
the people I could count on
Gone my youth
and hopes for better days ahead

The price I paid to be
an American legend

Gone Norma Jean

Sitting in front of the mirror
not recognizing my reflection
Now platinum blonde
all too aware of what people expect
Now living in Hollywood
where everyone wants a piece of me
Now older
realizing that I'll only get in deeper

The price I paid to be
an American legend

Now Marilyn Monroe

Michelle M. Heinrichs

HAVE I TOLD YOU?

Have I told you?
It's tough getting old...
I sure don't get around like I used to.

This house was once brand new.
But I can't keep up with it--so it's sold.
Have I told you?

Yes, it's sold. But I can't remember to who...
It's so far from downtown and the walk is so cold.
I sure don't get around like I used to.

It's O.K., don't look so blue.
I found that old picture of us in the frame of gold.
Have I told you?

I remember when I'd take you to the zoo.
Your hand was so little then--easy to hold.
I sure don't get around like I used to.

Oh, dear me, what is one to do?
Well I am getting old.
Have I told you?
I sure don't get around like I used to.

Kay Maedke

ALL RIGHT

The noisy bustle of the doctor's office bounced between my ears like a fitful ping pong ball, and I wanted to scream at everyone to shut-up. Across from me a baby started an obnoxious wailing. I leaned my head against the pole next to me, willing myself to sleep, to escape from the drone of these mindless bees buzzing around me, milling around the room like it was an ill-fitting hive. I wanted to be on an island by myself, letting the office be the back-drop for my own internal drama.

"The doctors are running later than usual," the older man on the other side of me ventured to the owner of the baby.

The woman looked up, her squirmy off-spring looking like an angry red beet. "I know," she said. "We had an appointment at two, and it's three-thirty. I don't know if Mikey can wait much longer."

"Great," I thought. "If they're that far behind, I'll be late for work. Damn, I hate this place."

An older lady, busily knitting some sort of yarn thing piped in, "Isn't it terrible what these HMO's put us through? Once upon a time an appointment meant something."

The baby started screaming again. I wished I had remembered to bring my headphones.

"What's wrong with him, dear?" the grandma figure asked.

"I don't know," the mother answered. "He has a fever and has been spitting up. My mom said that I should bring him in."

"That's right," the older man said. "You can't be too careful about these things--especially for such little ones." He reached across and brushed a sweat-plastered strand of Mikey's hair away from his eyes.

They lapsed into silence, and I tilted my head to look over the partition at the other side of the office. "There must be at least fifty people here," I thought. "Damn, this could take forever." A little boy with ugly plaid pants, and some sort of mental problem caught my eye. "Great," I murmured, "just what I need." He bounced over to my side of the room, and grabbed my hand.

"Come play with me?" he giggled.

"No, I'm sick." I said. The grandma figure was smiling benevolently at me. I wanted to grab those knitting needles and run. The little boy started patting my head. Then he kissed me.

"There," he said, "you'll be all better now."

I managed a smile. "Thank-you," I said, but his attention had already been diverted to the baby.

"Ohh, baby," he said and started poking Mikey. Mikey started crying. The woman pushed the boy's hand away.

"He's sick too," she said.

The boy leaned over and gave the baby's hand a kiss. "All better now," he said and bounced back around the partition to the other side of the room.

I closed my eyes again. The gentle buzzing lulled me into that pleasant state between reality and the other.

Then I heard it. A dull thwacking thunk, that seemed to linger in the sickly tainted air.

"Someone's fallen," somebody screamed. I opened my eyes and bolted up as if my spine were a lightning rod that had just been struck. Tension zapped through the room.

The grandma figure sat staring, her mouth drooping like it'd been dislocated. Even the baby stopped crying. We sat staring, numb, as if we were actors in a grotesque silent movie.

The moment seemed to last an eternity.

The little boy with ugly plaid pants lay on the floor twitching, blood gushing from his head, pooling on the reception floor. We looked at the quivering mass, unsure of the status quo; unsure of our role--an office of islands watching a drowning.

"Doctor! Doctor," someone mercifully called. Frozen faces thawed into shocked horror.

The mother clutched her son, as if the bleeding man was threatening his existence. The grandma's face was slack, as if the strain had been too much for her facial muscles and all I could think was that I didn't want him to die in front of me. This wasn't right. People were supposed to die peacefully in their beds or in white, sterile hospital rooms and in some extreme cases in a bad area of town where they had had the misfortune of being shot. They weren't supposed to die in front of me, in the middle of a peaceful suburban HMO.

A white-haired man from across the partition ran toward the spasmodic lump. "That's my son," he screamed at us. "That's my Tom! Martha," he turned to a plump woman with wispy grey hair, "Martha, that's our

Tom! Somebody do something. That's my son who's bleeding there." He ran back and forth, from one end of Tom's body to the other, impotent. His raw emotion stabbed me. Tears trickled down my cheeks. "Please. Please," I thought, "Please Tom, don't die in front of me." The words became a chant, swirling louder and louder through my head. A cry was raised. "Doctor! Doctor! Where the hell is the doctor?" Then came the white-coated swarm, surrounding Tom's twitching mass. "What is the procedure?" I heard a nurse yell.

"Call an ambulance," someone else said.

They put a pillow under his head. I watched as the blood slowly stained it red. Tom's father kept saying, "It's all right, Tom. I'm here. It'll be all right now. There's nothing to worry about; daddy's here."

The ambulance pulled up and they took Tom away. A nurse sopped up the brilliantly red blood.

"Merciful Heavens," I heard the grandma figure say as she started knitting, "They'll be even farther behind now."

The young mother rocked her son, trying to calm his fussy cries.

The older man next to me put his hand on my shoulder and I realized that I was still crying. "It's all right now," he said. "It's over. He'll be O.K."

I gave him a wan, salty smile and leaned against the pole: but as I closed my eyes, I couldn't help thinking that it wasn't all right at all.

Christy Steele

GARDEN HANDS

Tiny woman
Garden hands
Perspiration
Glistens in the wrinkles by her eyes

Sharp spade
Weathered
Wooden handle
Cleaves the green sod clean

Round hole
And deep
She digs
First soil, then rocks and clay

Grudging husband
Obedient sons
And work horses
Sweating, straining in their harness

Expend energy
And a humid
Sunday afternoon
To plant and prune and nurture

By her trellis
With the roses
Near the trumpet vine
Out where the apples bloom and bear

One lifetime
She knew
Would pass
Before the tree would bear in full

Five generations
Maybe more
She knew
Could take pleasure from its shade

Working hands
 Tamping soil
 Hauling water
 In buckets by the score

Farm woman
 Knowing
 Uncaring
 That her blisters weren't for her

Unselfishly
 Gave to me
 Summers full
 Of pleasant shady afternoons

This year
 A hundred years
 From then
 An old lady who loved the land

Bequeathed
 to me
 A truck-load
 Of nuts for breads and candy

And sharing
 With those
 Less fortunate
 Who didn't have a tiny woman

With garden hands
 And vision
 And faith
 In a future she would never see

Terry Hollembaek

Empty Bird Feeder

In the Center of the Picture Window
The Bird Feeder Stands Empty
and Stuffed with Snow
No Birds are Attracted to the Feeder
We can't Feed Birds This Year,
Because We'll go to Japan for Two Weeks,
Because Nobody will Fill the Feeder during Our Absence,
Birds might Die; So Bob Said.
On a Snowy Day I'm Sitting in Front of the Empty Bird Feeder,
Wishing Birds to Visit Me.
Wishing I don't have to Go to Japan.

Chiyoko Bermant

Passage Into Blackness

**I watch the beast
Bite into my skin
Poisoning my blood
Killing from within**

**I look into the fire
His eyes are glowing red
And see the rage and senseless fury
That possess the undead**

**Once alive, never dead
Consumed by an anger beyond this earth
Passing it on with poisoned blood
Creating a morbid rebirth**

**Once infected
The victim becomes
One with his Father
One with his Son**

**A new beast begins
Passage and deliverance
Away from mortal thoughts and cares
Into fire and blackness.**

Brian Machan

The Keeper of the Lost

The Lost are confined
 In the labyrinth of the mind
 Where the whiteness turns to grey
 In the darkness of the day.
 And they'll be here to the end
 When their thoughts begin to bend
 To fit the stories they are told
 So the world fits the mold, of

The keeper of the Lost
 The enforcer of the cause
 It'll do no good to fight
 He'll tell you what is right.

The Lost are possessed
 By the sins they have confessed
 To the walls all painted white
 that condemn them in the night.
 And their only source of fear
 Is the apocalypse drawing near
 Result of power out of hand
 Too late to make a stand, against

The Keeper of the Lost
 The enforcer of the cause
 It'll do no good to fight
 He'll tell you what is right.
 Just one look into his eyes
 And you will not question why
 You cannot disobey
 And live to see another day.

Fighting the straight jacket straps til you're bleeding
 A kick in the head from his boot sends you reeling
 Into the corner so impeccably clean
 But filled with those monsters that're making you scream
 Louder and louder; the world shakes
 Louder and louder; like an earthquake
 Louder and louder; how much can you take
 Louder and louder; until you finally break
 Down. Down to
 The Keeper of the Lost
 The enforcer of the cause
 It does no good to fight
 Cuz he'll tell you what is right.

Brian Machan

Desolation

I
Tell
no one

I lie
alone
A soiled seat
A last line

So
Sad

So
alone

Not too
sane

Soon
it
is
too
late

End it

End it

End it.

Bernie Carlson

"Burial"

Four black suits
with a shine to their black boots
put my mom in the ground.

Put the box
with the fancy silver locks
down where the worms are found.

Robert L. Kraus

BURIAL

The grey kitten's passing
Left a dark brown scar
Of not yet frozen earth
On the sheet of first now
Beneath an aging lilac tree

Terry Hollembaek

Inside Information

I creep along in the shadow of my Master as he walks along the path to a place I shouldn't go beyond the perimeter of my safe zone. I think I should stop but my legs do not listen; I am compelled by my appendages to carry on. Carry on, carry on to the future that be, never you question your direction. I follow and lead at the same time, as my body is not really me. I feel the pressures applying the force of cohesion within my soulful, soleful being. My appendix squeaks as I adjust my inner position. I find this clear fall knight to be chilly, as I am dwarfed in his presence, nary a glimmer of warmth in his breath. I wonder if he really exists? I think he must, for my Master I trust.

The path becomes narrow and the walls are much colder, the glimmer of light behind me has gone under the bridge that was built by the son of my Master last December. I remember because of the frozen icicle stakes we used to eliminate the other population and use them for food (the Stakes for Steaks promotion at the meat market). Things were so much easier then. The Master Supply Center has been producing these new programs that really turn our Masters into Nasty Creations.

When I got my Master (on sale at a good price), he was one of the better ones around. He would only boss me around when I wanted him to. I got away with so much, but he'd still punish me good when I needed it. Now the Centrality Supreme has required us to implement the new programs. I was so bummed, but I've gotten used to it now. I remember something one of my professors once told me: "The final will be comprehensive," and suddenly everything seems bearable.

Anyways, this path has gotten narrow and dark, and now we are slowing down to a slower stroll; I'd stop and turn back, if I was in control. His yellow eyes glimmer as a piece of knowledge gets stuck in the corner of his left eye. He simply brushes it away with his left forearm. My mother told me there'd be days like this. Wasted knowledge... can it get much worse? He drags me blindly along until we reach our destination: the classroom.

It is just huge. The desks are arranged in 3-D patterns commonly known as optical illusions. I mean, are the desks in front just huge and the ones in back just tiny, or am I failing to compensate for the size-distance relationship? I don't know. All I know is that the Master is gonna make me sit through this and I don't want to. The teacher is a former Master factory worker whose ideal slave isn't capable of knowing. But I know. I know that she will do her best to try to deprogram my memory and erase my tapes, but I'm gonna try to fight it. I hate Obedience School. I read once in an unauthorized release that this was once used to program dogs to be good slavess. It is so much more effective on a lower life form than me.

After school, my Master leads me back down the path towards the light. I feel better until I am reminded that today is my group therapy session; today, we're gonna discuss Self-Lobotomy Techniques. I don't think my therapy is working, because I still want to be an old slave, rather than change over to the newer techniques.

I suppose I shouldn't complain, though. My Master had to have a personality transfer, and I hear those really suck. Oh well, the Knight is still young, and he can improve. I, consistency. Technological Advance is such a wonderful thing; where would we be without it?

Brian Machan

Indian Swirl

great fire ball in the sky
warming the great land
bringing life to the poor
to the meek bringing strength
the mighty eye in the sky
has made the ice move
from where it once rested
the wind blows gently
Indian swirl

new crops bloom
children play in the meadow
snakes warm their skin
while the earth awakens
and brothers dance wildly
as the drum beats furiously
Indian swirl

we pray to the god
to keep life flowing
but the swirl circles
close to the old
ready to snatch the soul
to plant in the sky
and bring new life again
when the sun is warm
Indian swirl

plant my soul among stars
and let children live
and let them live free
Indian swirl

Matt Holahan



