



The Windy Hill review. 1990

[Waukesha, Wisconsin]: [University of Wisconsin--Waukesha Literary Club], 1990

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UWC-WAUKESHA

WINDY HILL REVIEW
Molded out of thin air and molding them into the
annual edition of the Windy Hill Review. So here
they are.

Volume 12 Number 1 • Spring 1990

The Contributors

THE

WINDY HILL REVIEW

Editorial Staff—Readers

Editor—Debra Beck—Reader

Assistant Editor—Suzanne—Reader

and

My Personal Suggestions
(You all know who you are.)

(WINDY HILL REVIEW)

1990

Debra McLean
Editor

Windy Hill Review
1990

This is the page where I thank all those individuals who assisted in the process of taking words out of thin air and molding them into the twelfth edition of the Windy Hill Review. So here goes:

THANK YOU!

The Contributors

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Debbie Alaimo--Cover Artist

Lynn Pacque--Printing Coordinator

Bob Kubiak--Reader

Diane LaBarbera--Reader

Christy Lee Steele--Reader

and

My Personal Sustainers
(You all know who you are.)

(We done good, Guys!)

Bobbi McLean
Editor

Windy Hill Review
1990

Reader, may you enjoy the efforts of the following contributors:

| | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
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Contributors, may you enjoy seeing your efforts on the printed page.

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"I never see one of them poets yet that knowed anything."

--Mark Twain

"A poet more than thirty years old is simply an overgrown child."

--H. L. Mencken

"The most essential gift for a good writer is a built-in, shock-proof shit detector."

--Ernest Hemingway

TURN, AND WALK ON YOUR WAY

No. Do not shroud me within
satin, and steel, and gray cement--
dresscd in some Sunday best
of colors no longer mine.

That stranger knows nothing of me
as he deafly paints my skin and fixes my hair.
Render my spirit from the palette
bubbling from spring-fed brooks,
from yellow violets, blushing ponds,
and the loon's indigo calls.

No. Do not vault me deep
into a silent ground of tears
where souls in stone stand over me
and flowers bloom, turn brown,
then forgotten stay
3beside the fading names.

Take my ashes into the cool Northwoods
and release me back to life--
to drift upon a roaming breeze
until my journey ends
below the twisted limbs
of ancient forest songs.

No. Do not remember me
while standing next to burial stone
that proclaims a useless name.
Walk along a meandering trail
and travel deep into the woods.
Explore, discover its hidden thoughts
while the wind plays over
dew-washed flowers and the sleeping owls.
Sit under a forest tree bridging
earth and sky--
read the lines I left behind
and open the doors of memory.
Then turn,
and walk on your way.

ARTIST IN RESIDENCE

1.

Brown
Young face
framed in tight braids
lacking little girl ribbons
of satin and lace

Wide eyes
Brown eyes
Sad eyes
Old and tired
 look up at me
from between fading pink scars
An underachiever

"Not much hope for this one"
"Expect nothing from them"

"Don't waste your time"
"Don't lose sleep..."
Don't Don't Don't

2.

"Do You Know the Sound of Green?"

Her smile stretches
tight locked lips
She whispers
thoughts for our group poem

At night, ALL I see, my cat's GREEN eyes...Meow meow"
Giggles
and quickly retreats
back into her
 place.

Don't. Don't

Debbie Alaimo

SUICIDE AT HALF-PAST LIVING

Somewhere in the Bronx
rats walk fearlessly along
the alley edge
while her shadowed form
slips away.

Disintegrating--
struggling to cope--
fueled in anger--
springing from anguish--
exploding into scarred veins--

Relentlessly vivid,
this kaleidoscope of violence
reveals
I too am nobody
among juxtaposed shadows

Debbie Alaimo

FEED ME NOW

Just as an angler's
precise cast
slices the frosty dawn
then drops near-silent
into a lake's secrets--
My cat's
piercing yellow eyes
troll
my every move.

Waiting
Baiting Tail-flicking
Cast Retrieve Strike
run run run
Hook set
bail singing
run run run
Netted--
with a sniff
she turns
leaving
me and her tuna
caught and
released.

Debbie Alaimo

HOTEL MINIT-LUBE

On a dark Wisconsin highway, cool wind in my hair,
Smell of fresh hay rising up through the air
Up ahead in the distance, I saw the Minit-Lube light
Thought I'd stop in for an application
Maybe this job would be all right.

The manager stood in the doorway
I heard the service bell
And I was thinking to myself (this could be heaven or
this could be hell.)
He took my application and he showed me the way
There were voices out in the shop
I thought I heard them say. . .

Welcome to Quaker State Minit-Lube
Such a lovely place, such a lovely place
Plenty of room at the Quaker State Minit-Lube
Any time of year, you can find us here.

Her mind is definitely twisted, she pulls in her Mercedes
Benz
We have to change her oil and all her friends'
Freezing cold in winter, hot summer sweat,
Some like to remember, I like to forget.

So I called the manager,
Straight 30 would be fine
He said, "We haven't had that weight of oil here since
ninety seventy-nine,"
And I can hear those calls and echoes from far away
Wake me up in the middle of the night
Just to hear them say. . .

Welcome to Quaker State Minit-Lube
Such a lovely place, such a lovely place,
They're changin' it up at the Quaker State Minit-Lube
Oil gets in your eyes, see the tempers rise.

Oil guns on the ceiling
Check the filter twice
And he said, "We are all just prisoners here of our own
device."
And in the parking lot
Customers gather for their feast
We run them through with 10-minute service
but we can't stop the beasts.

Last thing I remember, I was
Running for the bay door
I had to find a way out of Minit-Lube
To the place I was before.
"Relax," said my manager,
"This company's programmed to receive,
You can sign out any time you like,
But you can never leave."

Jeff Anderson

HOME RUN

A young man stepped up to bat
And took a swing at the ball.
We all looked up from where we sat
To see it go over the wall.

He stood there with an open jaw,
Then came a smile as bright as the sun.
He stood there in such total awe
That he forgot to run.

Jeff Anderson

SUPERIORITY COMPLEX

Slipping out of the inescapable cell

I am leaving

So long for now, I wish you well

at least for awhile

Pushing back the irresistible force

I am moving

Must find what I am searching for

unless it takes too long

Nearing the end of the endless void

I am coming

Pain is what I wish to avoid

especially my own

Back along the near side of forever

I have returned

For now I will never say never

unless it suits my cause

Chris Bautz

SESTINA -- by Chris Bautz

I quickly ran into a building
to get away from the acid rain.
I saw a man, hands holding his head,
his skin and clothes badly burned.
Before I became ill, I turned away.
Shielding my eyes, I stepped into the night.

Those evil men caught me later that night.
Took me to a broken-down building;
it was useless to try to get away.
At least I was out of the rain.
I watched as someone's cigarette burned
While they attached 'trodes to my head.

Reality shifted inside my head.
My consciousness was as black as night.
Suddenly the neon flames burned,
pain in the back of my mind building,
my thoughts washing away like fallen rain.
Ideas of mine, they took away.

When I awoke, they had gone away.
My hands clasped my aching head.
Red spots on my skin left by rain
ached dullly. The events of that night
were blurred. I was still in that same building
and when I closed my eyes, they burned.

In my mind I found that trails had been burned
Just what it was they had taken away
caused anxiety to keep building.
They had removed something from my head.
I forced myself to think back to that night,
and all I could remember was the rain.

It was easy to remember the rain;
the way it fell on my skin and burned.
I began to remember that night
after the shock to my brain went away.
Whatever thoughts they took from my head
were lost to me inside that building.

Like so much dirt the rain had washed away
the thoughts that burned inside my head;
stolen that night, in an empty building.

PERFECTIONISM

Perfectionism is a spotless house
no dust accumulates there, no fingerprints,
no dirty socks or unwashed dishes,
no crumbs scattered on the floor.

Soap fragrance permeates the air
combined with Lysol's antiseptic smell,
the well scrubbed linoleum and wood
constant reminders to pick up and put away.

No love relaxes in this place. No time
to ease the fears and kiss away the hurts
or tuck a little one in bed at night --
it is appearances that count.

Fresh paint is regularly applied
to the exterior. A picket fence,
meant to keep the world outside,
circles the perimeter of the house.

With the illusion of happiness created,
no one hears the hidden quiet sound
of slowly chewing termites eating away
at the rotting core of the foundation.

Carol Billings

ORAL GRATIFICATION

She sat on the bar stool like Jello in a bowl
Her rear end a taco shell drooping over the edges
of the stool
From afar I knew her stomach was cube steak,
Her breasts fried eggs,
Her arms hard salami,
Her thighs and legs a Butterball turkey.
I was crazy as a cat with catnip
I was hungry all right, as aroused as a fat man
at an "All-You-Can-Eat" truck stop.

Mary Collins

ASSOCIATIONS

this morning when i put this shirt on
i did not know i would see you

(i remember you unbuttoning this shirt)

this morning (i lied) i was hoping i'd see you

(i remember the last time i felt hate for you)

this morning i felt aroused while i was
buttoning this shirt

i remember pushing you away
again and again

C. M. Budig

MOTHER

he likes me but cries for his
mother
who does not care and i
cover him at night
and clothe him air tight so that
nothing can touch his beautiful skin

while his mother sits in her chair
smokes her cigarette and screams out at him
for not being there for not
caring but he
has tried before and she has spit on him

as i wipe it away i notice how warm it is
for such a cold person

C. M. Budig

JOHNNY'S WIFE

i'm makin' meatloaf tonight because Johnny likes meatloaf
i like to please Johnny
today when i washed his clothes, i made sure to use extra
softener, like he asks me to
i don't like upsettin' Johnny, i love him so.
last night he got mad and slapped me 'cause his dinner was cold.
i have to watch that, keepin' his dinner warm when he's gotta stay late.
my Johnny is a busy man.
he has to stay late sometime 2 time a week, maybe more.
the other day i asked him what the lipstick was doin' on his collar,
he said it was mine and now that i remember, i think i have that shade.
he's such a nice man, i'm so lucky.
he gives me 2 cards so i can go shoppin'
i try to look nice for him
he likes red, i wear red
he thinks i'm heavy, i drop some
he likes a hair-do, i go to the salon
Johnny tells me i'm not too smart, so
i listen to him, he knows a lot about stuff
he likes to handle things
he told me that when i shape up, he'd quit slappin' me
-- he's yellin' i gotta go

C. M. Budig

WORDS

Words are like poems:

Painting the world

Like a rainbow paints

The sky

Words are like a snake's forked tongue

Slithering past false lips,

Saying one thing, meaning two

. . . or like darts:

Skirring and piercing

Sharp as an arrow and true

Words are like ammunition:

Set to explode on impact,

Demolishing their target

. . . or like music:

Calming, comforting,

Lulling you to sleep

Words are like a fortress:

They can lock you out

Or fence you in

. . . or like the open range:

You can roam

At will, or not.

Words are like honey:

Sticky-sweet,

Dripping from the mouths of fools

. . . or like vinegar:

Bitter and biting

Like gall on an open wound

Words are like weapons:

They can wound

And poison and kill

. . . or like medicine:

soothing your pain

And making you heal

Words are like a whirlpool:
They'll suck you in
And spit you out again
. . . or like still waters:
You can float
And feel at peace

Words are like treasures:
Hoarded by some,
Ill-spent by many
. . . or like debris:
Cluttering the world
With useless drivel

Words are like clay:
With them,
You can mold the past
. . . or like rain:
Washing over the truth
Of our lives

Words are like sandpaper:
Rough,
Yet used to smooth
. . . or like satin:
Lustrous,
Silky, sleek

Words are like friends:
Always there to defend you,
If you know them well
. . . or like enemies:
Furtively slinking past,
Stabbing you in the back

Words are like diamonds:
Crystal-clear
And poignant
. . . or like mud:
Murky,
Turbid, opaque

Words are like charms:
Casting a spell
That can only be broken
By words.

PHOTOGRAPH

by Rose Czerwonka

There we are
In black and white:
I and my first love,
She with a guitar
'Round her neck,
I with my crazy cowboy hat.

Tender smiles,
A pair of good-looking kids:
She bespectacled and blonde,
I with hair of darkest brown
Some would call black.

In the picture,
We haven't a care. . .
But what truth is there
in that?
I, for one,
Have hidden a lifetime
Behind that smile.

Oh, how we loved back then,
A forbidden love
That could not be denied.

I wonder if she knows:
She was the first tender,
The first gentle
I ever knew;
I wonder if she knows
She broke my heart.

Thirty years
And my heart
Still speaks her name,
Still shatters at the thought
Of what we had
And what we lost.

I wonder if she knows:
In every later love,
I've searched for her.
In every later love,
There was something elusive.

I look at the photo now
And see her face
In every one of them.

THE RED BARON

The wind rushed through
my hair.

I checked left
I checked right

Making a sharp swerve
I headed for take-off
Down the runway
I raced.

I clutched
Now in second gear, but
the turbulence was too
much to take.

"Malfunction, Malfunction,"
I mumbled over the radio
I screeched to a halt

I climbed off my tricycle
supper's ready.

Judith Anne Denny

BOURBON STREET

The first time they put out that sign
at the bar around the corner,
I thought, "Get serious, man,
these are the eighties. It's bad enough
you still have a ladies' night,
but you'll never get away
with an erotic banana-eating contest."

And I really believed that--
no woman now days would support
that kind of monkey business.

I've been wrong before.

The next week, the sign was out again,
and it advertised a twenty-five dollar prize
for the best banana eater of the evening.
And it didn't end there.
Before too long, the signs stayed
in the windows all week long--
"Bananarama--Erotic Banana Eating Contest
Fifty-Dollar Grand Prize,
Twenty-five in Cash,
Twenty-five on a Bar Tab."

This was starting to arouse my
curiosity. I told my buddies
about it--said we ought to check it out
some Thursday night--
maybe let the girlfriends and wives
have themselves a Tupperware party.
The guys all agreed
that with willing contestants
it couldn't be exploitation,
just good-old-fashioned
soft-core, live porn.
Andy said if the prize
got up to a hundred,
he'd enter it himself.

Well, we never went to see it,
and it seems we may
have waited too long
because the signs have been down
since that Friday night
some guy--all pissed off
about something--
followed his girlfriend
into the bathroom
and put a bullet
through her head.

R. Scott deSnoo

DIAMANTES

MARRIAGE

monogamous, devout
loving, trusting, giving
honesty, unity, discord, infidelity,
crying, arguing, losing
blameful, alone

DIVORCE

Mary Collins

empiricist

factual, experimental
feeling, hearing, seeing
observer, experience, knowledge, teacher
preaching, overbearing, domineering
opinionated, rhetorical
pedant

Bobbi McLean

DESIRE

BREATHLESS , TORRID

SEARCHING , REACHING , TREMBLING

ANTICIPATION , ACCELERATION , EXHILARATION , CONSUMMATION

CLINGING , QUIVERING , SATISFYING

SMOLDERING , GASPING

SATIATION

Carl R. Munkwitz

sadist
 aggressive, exploitative
 towering, ordering, striking
 leather, whip, welts, bruises
 groveling, pleading, whimpering
 receptive, passive
 masochist

Bud Reid

 stiffness
 rigid, unbending
 tensed, tightened, unaltered
contriction, contraction, expansion, modification
 unwinding, loosened, adjusted
 relaxed, flexible
 adaptation

Ruth Strassburg

 square
 geometric, closed
confined, restricted, cubed
sides, diamond, oval, sphere
 curving, rolling, moving
 free, geometric
 circle

Nora Wirtz

VILLAIN ELLE

How many students have oohed and ahed
at the golden professor they adore?
He is more than a man, he is a god.

How many times have their footsteps trod
the well-worn path to his office door?
Lots of bright students have oohed and ahed
and have been impressed by his facade.
He can do no wrong! you'll hear them roar,
He is more than a man, he is a god.

How many times do they stand and applaud
and register again for an encore?
Most of his students have oohed and ahed
at his questions and don't think it odd
that the answers he'll never explore.
He is more than a man, he is a god.

But there are students who see the fraud
of this academic troubadour.
They've never oohed and they've never ahed;
Because he's only a man, he's not a god.

Sue Dohnem

WHAT IS LOVE

What is love?

Is it fun and games
like playing in the leaves?

Or is it sadness
like the death of a dream?

Does it rush out and grab you
like a mugger in wait?

Or does it sneak up on you
like the hunter stalking his prey?

Should I look forward to it
like the rising sun?

Or should I run?

Kevin Gygax

A LOVE LOST

Walking across the moonlit meadow
Lost in the darkness of my own shadow.
Wondering why she left me alone
To plod in anger, to cry and moan.
My feet crunch quietly in the snow
The field's alive with the moon's crisp glow.
The trail behind me is narrow and straight
Like our love that blossomed on hot summer
nights.

As I ponder. I walk a steady even gait.
I'm going to the place where we first met,
A journey I hope I will not regret.
I kissed her first under the lilac tree
And my mind thought I had found true love,
As my body shook with anticipation and glee.
Her leaving was a weight dropped from above.
I walk alone in the gathering snow,
Wondering why she had to go.

Kevin Gygax

BREAKING-IN A BEGINNER

Three, four, three
two in the blind
The most fun
is three-handed

Short to, long through
Never lead a king or ten
Thirty-two makes schneider
Sixty-one to win

Ten takes a king
Try to bury a suit
A bare ace will go around
Always follow what is led

Six to suit
Ace is worth eleven
Follow, fail or shmear
Fourteen total trump

If no one takes the blind.
we'll have to play a leaster
Someone must have mauered
You have to take a trick

"A lady always saves a heart."
(not a lady who plays to win)
"Shmear to your partner--partner!"
"Kibitzing, that's table talk."

Darlene Hampel

FORMER SLOB

"Do it now," my mother said.
"Pick up your clothes and make your bed.
You'll never marry; you're too much of a slob.
I wish you'd go out and find a job."
There was a lot of screaming and tears,
That went on during my teenage years.
I can't believe that we're still speaking,
But we've found the relationship we'd been seeking.
For the years have passed and I have grown.
I've a small apartment and I'm on my own.
We both have changed and made amends,
And now we are the best of friends.
Sometimes I'll call her on the phone,
"Come over for coffee--I'm all alone."
And when my mother comes to visit,
"Your place is spotless!"--even she'll admit it!

Sherri Heisdorf

Last night I dreamed that I was a slave, sitting atop an exercise bicycle, peddling frantically. There was apparently some sort of energy generated, since a wire ran from the bicycle to a huge movie screen, fifty yards distant. I noticed that there were hundreds and thousands of others just like me, peddling and staring at the enormous pictures on the screen.

It showed the Horrors that would occur if we were to get off our bicycles, and showed images of the wonderful results of peddling just a little bit faster. It also showed the fastest peddlers (the ones whose odometers read the highest numbers) as Happy, Important, and Respected, and it showed "Those who Refuse to Pedal," but still wish to enjoy the benefits of sitting on a bicycle, as being Unhappy, Pitiful, and Abused (How could they possible be happy with so few miles on their odometer?)

I became engrossed in the images on the screen, peddling faster and faster. The Screen was the only light to be seen in a vast, frightening Darkness. There were rumors that behind the Screen was a huge, luxurious mansion in which Very Important People lived and used most of our electricity, but such thoughts were Unclean and Dangerous, since they led into the Darkness Beyond The Screen and the Unspoken but Implied Terrors that lived there.

"Thank the Gods for this Miraculous Screen and the Divine Light it sheds into the world! It is the Light of Freedom from the Horrors in the Darkness!!" I yelled as I peddled faster and faster, completely forgetting the fact that I was dreaming. . .

MY FIRST KISS

When our summer skins touched the air,
our winter hearts would freeze it.
Inside that car on the parking lot,
Two, separate, people could easily fit.

She slowed closer threatening me,
with the thought of summer-like heat.

My breath filled with her perfume,
as she leaned toward my seat.

She put her warm lips to mine,
my frozen hands felt her summer skin,
but it would take more than this,
to melt the summer in.

Robert W. Kubiak II

THE WIND

The siren and my heartbreak,
they both race side by side.
The pounding of my footclap,
a steady, pulsing stride.
The weapon lost my handprint
several blocks ago.

My desperate hiding, hoping
there's a shadow they don't know.

Protection is my virtue,
I know I have not sinned.
But, they don't believe in mercy,
so I become the wind.

Robert W. Kubiak II

WHILE STEPPING THROUGH AN AUTUMN WOOD

While stepping through an autumn wood
 My feet I gave to themselves,
 And wandered between amber trees
 Shrubs and painted brush.
Then leaned upon an ancient oak,
 And drew life in a rush.
Into my ears seeped placid air--
 I dared not make a sound.
Though blood did course inside those ears
 To pound, to pound, to pound.
I slowly drew another breath--
 A second passed, let go,
Then cocked my head to lead the rest
 Into the blue above.
I noticed in that gnarled oak
 Not all its leaves had turned,
 Noticed as its verdant leaf
 Released and fell to earth.
Still I until the moment last
 Waited patiently,
Then stole the leaf out from the sky
 Which slowed it tenderly.
 Through braving death
 That leaf was life,
I've caught it in my heart
I'll drop it not until the day
 When life and I do part.

Sean Michael Mays

Round-eyed,

my old cat

hears a fly,

quivers,

remembering kittens' games.

MEY

MAY 3, 1988

Look up,

forty floors above downtown,

on cliffs we built,

peregrines perching

MEY

GOING WITH THE FLOW

Some women walk straight down the corridor
Known as menopause
Without incident or injury
Reaching the end
In no time at all.

Other women bounce off the walls
Of the same corridor
And are emotionally black and blue
When they reach the end
Long after their estimated time of arrival.

Bobbi McLean

NORTHERN WISCONSIN

Goddamned Indians the tall thin white man said
Same as the fuckin blacks the short fat white man said

Think the world owes em a livin
Cuz of some 100 year old treaty--
Cuz of 200 years of "slavery"
They dont wanna work for nuthin--
They want it all handed to em
All they do is sit around and booze it up--
And kill off all the fish and deer
And collect welfare--
The only good ones are dead ones
They all oughta go back where they came from

Fuckin blacks the tall thin white man said
Goddamned Indians the short fat white man said

Wisconsin--You're Among Friends
The bumper sticker outside said.

Bobbi McLean

INMATE

Thirty-two years--
A life sentence half-way complete
In a beautiful, comfortable cell,
Little guards observing me.

Plenty of time
To consider the errors of my ways
Behind draped bars
Within paneled walls.

Plenty of time
To learn what I need to learn
In the exercise yard
Or the busy kitchen.

No time off for good behavior,
And bids for parole denied.
Time in solitary
Not knowing why.

A model prisoner
In minimum security
With no chance at freedom
Until the warden is gone.

Then, what will I do?

Bobbi McLean

SWEARWORDS

FLUKE

Do you suppose the word
was first uttered when a tongue got stuck
trying to say "What fucking luck?"

SON-OF-A-BITCH

Is another example
Of misplaced sexist dialogue.
Curse one sex as you would the other,
And don't make fun of someone else's mother.

Bobbi McLean

EXPLOSIONS

Explosions of words
Illuminate the despair--
Bigotry, greed,
Hatred and death
Flash and whirl
In the strobe light of my mind,
Shatter my spirit.

I cannot bear
These glimpses of what lies ahead!
I stop writing, turn on the TV
And put my head in.

Bobbi McLean

THE BIKER

Biker! Biker! Riding tight
In the wee hours of the night
What punk's single hand or eye
Could curb thy fearful loud Harley?

In what gin mill under skies
Burnt the red lines of thine eyes?
On hog wings dare he aspire?
What such punk dare spark the fire?

And what shoulders, needle art,
Could punch the teeth down near thy heart?
And when thy heart slowed down a beat,
What greased hands? What rank feet?

What size heater? What type chain?
In what dope den was thy brain?
What the brash punks? What bad trash
Dare to make the terror smash?

When the mamas dropped their jeans,
And peppered heaven with their screams,
Did he gloat his victory?
Did he who made them then make thee?

Biker! Biker! Riding tight
In the wee hours of the night
What punk's single hand or eye
Could curb the fearful loud Harley?

Bud Reid

ECOLOGY CLASS

The classroom lay in darkness as the teacher projected slides onto the white screen.

"As you know," she said, "for centuries human beings caused more and more damage to the environment." She pressed a control button several times showing time-faded pictures of smoking factories, filthy dumps, and sewer pipes spewing poison into an already polluted river.

"Their materialistic view of things caused many species to become extinct." She showed several more pictures of fish and seals killed by oil spills, whales killed for their oil, and the rotting bodies of mammals killed for their fur.

"Of course, as we know, there was one group of animals largely immune to this general holocaust of species. Can anyone tell me what it was?"

A hand raised in the back of the room. "Yes, Pete?"

"The birds, teacher!" came a high, eager voice.

"That's right." The teacher put approval into her voice. "The birds. Of course many of the waterfowl were killed by oil spills or strangulation by various plastic objects, but those that survived did very well.

"The seagulls, for instance, found a bountiful source of food near the sites of otherwise disastrous oil spills and dumping grounds." She flipped the slides back to the one showing fish and seals killed by an oil spill and adjusted the fine focus, revealing numerous shapes wheeling above.

"Other less sea-going birds also managed to coexist well in an environment that had been made hostile to other animals." She searched for the slide of the dump and used a ruler to point at a group of several crows. "These crows, for instance, are representative of the many species of birds that found plentiful food in garbage."

"Vast cities full of buildings which crowded out most other animals were as much a home to birds as they were to people." She projected two rather scratched slides depicting pigeons and sparrows nesting on the ledges and eaves of a sky-scraper.

"And, of course, many birds were people's pets!" At this the class laughed. The teacher silenced them with a disapproving look and took on a more serious tone.

"Eventually men were forced to acknowledge what they had done to their planet. Many of them died from the same pollutants that had killed so many animals. Those that were left made one final use of their destructive technology to colonize another planet where, hopefully, a lesson has been learned by having been forced to abandon a planet so scarred that it was literally for the birds."

The teacher switched on the light, revealing a feathered head which she smoothed with a 3-fingered, taloned hand. She turned to her class and opened a short beak perfectly adapted for speech.

"Now, are there any questions?"

Ann Morgan

REVOLUTIONARIES

The end of the world is near. For
some, thinking it will stop with snow,
while others cringe, fatefully fearing fire.
Poets gather predicting a whimper,
a few philosophers believe a bang.
Living on the canyon's rim, spitting over the edge.

Dancing dangerously at the precipice, the edge
of life and death honed by the quest for
peace. Tensions mount between classes and BANG!
the end races nearer. The contrast, like snow
against coal, of haves and have-nots who whimper
while they attempt to stay alive, huddled about the fire.

Governments overthrown, a baptism by fire,
the new control by the righteous minority edge.
Now is the moment for the haves to whimper.
They oppressed and enslaved the people for
their own selfish service. And the snow
of a new day will cover the old. Bang!

Goes the knock on the door unanswered. Bang!
Bang! Bang! sound the guns as they fire
on the city, and the dust falls like snow
coating everything left standing. Twisted metal edge
like a razor shiny and sharp in the sun. Four
wounded in the square, only the sound of a whimper.

The conquering force marches in, not a whimper
is heard above the drums' incessant banging.
Troops clear the crowd from the road, for
the vehicles of destruction, smoking like fire,
driving slowly toward the center of town. At the edge
of the city is an orchard, dusty like fresh fallen snow.

That night the stars look like flakes of snow
and the wind sings sad songs that whimper.
Those whose world ended fell over the edge
and are buried in a common grave. Not with a bang,
nor for any good reason, they had the fire
of youth snuffed out. What did they die for?

Carl R. Munkwitz

FEAR OF LIGHT

I ran from death today,
like a deer being chased
by a crazed and drunk hunter.

The road was deserted
except for a china doll,
which I crushed in the night full of fever.

My mother,
weak with ideals
and blinded by love,

chased my desolate soul.
A blood leather snake strangled her wrist,
her lifeless, decaying foundation.

The mailman laughed,
his mind full of maggots,
his heart in his hands because of a hunting
accident.

My kennel was too small,
just a shell of her heart,
the beach of my mother.

Sand scattered with deserted dreams.
A cloudy white shell
contained in the corpse of the living.

I sucked the inner walls of my cell
for some light,
while death accented onto me.

I was a worm in an apple,
a bird in a thunderstorm,
a dead leaf in a tree.

I stopped to pick up the broken doll
and she found me.
But now I am not alone.

Jill Peters

STREET CORNER OF INSANITY

Why do they stare when I look away?
I turn quickly to face them.
Their eyes open wide.
I smile.
They look away.

"I saw it," I say to them.
They turn away.
"I saw the fear in your eyes."
They begin to whisper.
I turn away.

They are not afraid of me,
I think to myself.
They are all like me.
"Why do you fear yourselves?" I scream.
They smile nervously.

I am bored now.
They continue to stare.
I pick up my clothes and walk toward them.
They back away.
I don't think the streets are safe anymore.

Jill Peters

EMPTY EYES

Because your eyes are my obsession,
they are more beautiful than the deepest cut of jade--
I will make your eyes my possession.

If eye gazing were my profession,
for your eyes I would refuse to be paid,
because your empty eyes are my obsession.

The longer I gaze the more I want to caress them,
because in my hands they would not fade--
I will make your eyes my possession.

My evil thoughts, only revealed at confession,
forced me to buy the sharpest surgical blade,
because your empty eyes are my obsession.

Don't be afraid, I gave myself a few lessons,
a cut here, a cut there is all that is made,
I will make your eyes my possession.

I was worried your struggling would mess them,
until today when I stared at the jar where they lay.
Because your empty eyes are my obsession,
I have made your eyes my possession.

Jill Peters

DEPRESSION

So
so
deep.

I
press
on.

No
door
opens.

I
die
die
inside.

Marion Rohwer

DRIVER'S LICENSE

A miniature version of my face
A "mug" shot, I often think.

Hair blown from a storm
A reflection on my glasses
Crooked forced smile

This small self-
Portrait with my vital
Statistics on a small
Plastic card gives me
The right to drive and i-
dentity on numerous occasions.

Such a small card,
Such a small picture
Yet, it "proves" I exist.

Marion Rohwer

SUN-CATCHER

Twirl the piece of multi-faceted glass
Hanging in the sunny south window
Watch the giddy two inch rainbow
Dance. Grab a butterfly net
Catch the sprightly colors
Tell the laughing child
You have the gold
Of his smile
In your
hands.

Margaret Rozga

THE DAY ABBIE HOFFMAN VISITED WAUKESHA

Less than a week after he died, friends say, of a broken heart
Because he thought there were no more revolutionary youth
Only nostalgic ones, and
The last day my class had to discuss the satire in
Gulliver's voyage to the Lilliputians
My best ever student lingered after class.
"Why was Gulliver not comfortable back at home?"
Scarcely waiting for an answer to that, he asked,
"Did you ever meet Abbie Hoffman?"

Abbie suddenly loomed large before me, laughing,
A sight as surprising as the question itself.
How had he known enough to ask me? No matter.
He calls forth another day, another place,
Not the four walls of Northview 155
But the open streets of the nation's capitol
Where we had been gullivered by the little Nixon People.
There on Constitution Avenue, Abbie stood his ground,
Trying to tell them how to put the fire out.

As I strain for other details of the scene, it fades,
And I see Abbie transposed to Waukesha
To Northview 155 where students, let alone spirits,
Come and go too soon, where I stand my ground
With Ben, who questions and smiles, and,
Saying nothing, for the briefest moment,
Makes a connection between past and past and present,
Teaser, and traveller, and teacher,
Washington, and war and Waukesha,
Abbie and me and Ben.

This is all I have for my tribute
A moment after class and a question:
What revolution lurks in that?

Margaret Rozga

AT FIRST IT WAS SIMPLE

At first it was simple
tentatively we started
as experimental as licking
a cold flagpole
just to see what it tastes like
a curious flicker of the tongue
glazing over the surface
and
it stuck
we were welded together
immovable
neither of us could move apart
intensity fused by demands
we filled every gap, met every crest
everything at once
clenched our hands and locked
when it closed in too hard
and we started gasping for air
and freedom
and gritting our teeth we
slowly painfully
agonizingly
tore apart
with a sickening rip of flesh
we were apart again
and we both ignored the fact
that we couldn't taste anything
for a long time afterwards

Melissa Spence

SPOTLIGHT

you called the name
of the universal cheer
and the screams below were leading your eyes to see what
they wanted
you shook your mane in the ring
to hear the cheers again
did they sound good? did they lift you up?
and you scrambled to break through the water and breathe
then you flipped in a fabulous circle for a reward
ignoring the defeated stillbirths below you
as long as I'm good, you must have thought
so you dance, writhing for the lives of others
but you've been on your knees too long to start crying now
and you've known for a while that you won't
be running
but forever standing in front of others
smiling when they do, keying your emotions
to their responses
and dying while they hand you success.

Melissa Spence

LUMP OF LEAD

I feel my brain sitting
in the top of my head,
just lying there lazy,
like a lump of lead.
I try to move,
but it refuses to budge,
swirling around thoughts
like lethargic sludge.
I'm sure there's potential
up there somewhere,
busy filling up
space under my hair.
Another bubble head
floats on by
I don't even have energy
to utter a sigh.
She bounces on past
dendrites aquiver
my neurons produce
an inevitable shiver.
If I were there
I'd not be here
and I wouldn't feel my brain,
so far, yet near.
But I can feel it sitting
in the top of my head,
just lying there lazy
like a lump of lead.

Christy Lee Steele

ZONING

Sometimes I need
to just sit and stare
at a blank wall,
reflecting on life,
and letting my brain feed.

Sometimes I like
to park myself
at the end of a long hall,
wondering what's in store for me
on my uphill hike.

Sometimes I lay
down on my bed
until I fall
into a semi-real state,
wondering if I've missed the way.

Sometimes the muzak
permeates my soul
with its eternal call,
but I refuse to hear
as I lie like a sack.

Sometimes I find
myself unconsciously zoning
when I'm sick of it all,
and then I hide
in the farthest corners of my mind.

Christy Lee Steele

DO NOT GO QUIETLY INTO THAT GOOD NIGHTCLUB . . .

Do not go quietly into that good nightclub,
young age should not hamper its roar;
rage, rage, in the brightness of the night pub.

Good men, dancing away, crying how bright
the lights that flash on the dancefloor,
Rage, Rage with the flashing of the lights.

Wild men who were caught up by the fun at night,
learn too late they would later be sore,
Do not go quietly into that good nightclub.

Brave men, out of breath, who saw that blinding sight
dance, drink and dance some more,
Rage, Rage, with the flashing of the lights.

And you, my dear, there in the bright light,
curse, cure me now with your taunting words,
"Do not go quietly into that good nightclub,"
and for goodness sake, stop the flashing of those lights!

Rory Seidens

PHANTOM

One night I lay awake upon my bed,
A stirring behind me startled my senses.
From nowhere he appeared beside my head--
Shock overwhelmed my heart and defenses.

He was tall, and dark, and rather handsome,
A man of dash, of class, and distinction.
A touch, a kiss, my body was ransom,
And passion's fire led to oblivion.

But, deep inside, I knew his true colors,
How beauty can hide what is really inside.
I kicked, I cried, I struck at my caller,
And fear for my sanity pushed him aside.

As he had appeared, my Phantom of Dreams,
He vanished as swiftly, in echoing screams.

Jennie Wagner

HAPPINESS

happens

as pain

snaps.

Jenny Wagner

REFLECTIONS

What a pitiful sight
As you sit in that chair
I get so enraged
Just seeing you there
Your eyes swollen shut
Those pus-soaked bandages
Your face is all cut
As are your appendages

Just a little old dirt bike
With a taillight that rattled
But that hot summer night
You emptied those bottles
Blurring your sight
And increasing the throttle
Causing that flight
Then your soul came unraveled

You dealt with the costs
Battled the shame
So much has been lost
With no one else to blame
Your scabs have all healed
Scars at least faded
But the memories that remain
You wish could be traded

They're still in your brain
Like a face in the mirror
I remember the pain
So damn crystal clear
I try to refrain
From releasing those tears
It still drives me insane
After all of these years

Bob Wallis

ANOTHER WORLD

I spun around to see the falling tree,
Two huge, but hollow branches hit my head --
That's when I saw my sweat was turning red.
Tremendous pain had knocked me to my knees.
It felt like I was stung by killer bees.
Then wondering if I were really dead,
I overheard the horned one, as he said:
"Just throw his body underneath the leaves."

I'd always thought it would be hot down here,
Like I was sitting in a guarded cell,
But it is not so bad--they serve us beer.
I don't know why this dark place is known as hell.
The skies aren't dark; in fact, they are quite clear.
It's time to go, just heard the dinner bell.

Bob Wallis

BREAKING WITH THE WAVES

I remember the first time I saw you, how I walked casually toward you so that no one would notice my child-like excitement. And when I finally reached you, and your first tiny wave broke at my feet, my first instinct was to dive straight in, and my entire body could be engulfed by you. But you felt so cool and I decided I must be cool too.

I began to walk along the shore, keeping you the smallest distance. And each time your waves would break at my feet, I'd scatter up the sand so you would just miss me. Then I'd bravely walk towards you again and soon you'd chase after me. I laughed out loud, delighted at our game, at your persistence, and I slowly walked in until my body and mind was yours to entertain.

Deeper and deeper I went in, and as time drew on and I got to know you, I began to throw caution to the wind. I loved our relationship, all torrid and exciting. You, challenging me with one wave bigger than the next, and I, taking you on, living dangerously, finally feeling free.

I remember the first time you pushed me away. I just happened to be there when one of your waves broke, and you pushed me almost to the shore, not caring that I had been taken by surprise and was a little confused, knowing all too well that I'd come straight back for more. And I did, and you excited and delighted. And I waited for you, wave after wave, gliding over each one, thinking how smooth it seemed to be.

Until that one wave. I tried to jump over it, but it was too big, out of control. You crashed down over me and the next thing I knew, I was under water, being thrown and trashed about. I tried to swim upward, away from you, but you pulled me back. I was caught in your current and I remember how it felt to hit rock bottom. Suddenly I realized I was drowning, and there was no one to save me but myself. I don't even remember how I escaped you, but I remember breathing that first breath of air.

Exhausted and hurt, I swam away from you towards the shore, towards safety. I felt your salt in my wounds with each step I took. I looked back and a wave was beginning to break. I caught it just in time and you guided me right to the shore. Maybe you felt sorry for me or maybe it was just your way of letting me go. When I reached the dry white sand, I turned around, sat, and looked back at you. And although I was looking at you and all your beauty through loving eyes, and a part of me was missing you already, I would not go back in, for I was too tired to play your game.

C. Weast

Soon the tour will end
and we'll return home.
I'll spend time with friends
and sit in hot-sop I'll go.

Then I'll write a new song
go back into the studio,
and hope it won't be too long,
before back on tour I go.

Kim Whitehead

A FRIEND

A friend should be

--Well, let me see . . .

Like cotton candy

--Sticky sweet and fun-filled,

Like a perky puppy

--Loving, loyal, and forever faithful,

Like a shining sun

--Wonderful, warm and beaming,

Like a tall tree

--Mighty and stable,

A friend should be

--A lot like me.

Kim Whitehead

ON THE ROAD

I travel from city to city,
promoting myself and my band,
taking on a different personality,
hoping the tour won't be canned.

I want to sell my records
and make a lot of money.
We'll have hits across the board
and I'll always get a honey.

But I'm tired of late nights,
fast food from a sleazy joint,
the glare from bright lights,
and the crowds that point.

I know it's a tough trade
but it's what I do best
so I'll take the hotel maid
and leave the room a mess.

Soon the tour will end,
and we'll all go home.
I'll spend time with friends
and sit in hot-tub foam.

Then I'll write a new song,
go back into the studio,
and hope it won't be too long,
before back on tour I go.

Kim Whitehead

A WINTER MEMORY

DAOR EHT RO

I can still see her
looking out the window
on that snowy winter morning
at a trail of tiny boot prints
leading to snow angels
on the ground.

I see her heading down the trail,
orange jacket, stocking cap, and boots.
She marvels at the world before her.

The tiny crystals that flutter down
and cover her boot prints make me wonder:
What happened to the girl who would
"rather play out back today"?
Did she get lost in the snow?
Is she trying to find her way home?

Nora Wirtz

the little snow and snow
season of the little snow
abnormal little cold snows it's
snow dusted in the bus
snow was a little if i need
a bubble and said snow so
snow out of know if snow bus
polite pack up snow if so

IMMEDIATELY

as my heart cracks
A
and thirteen pieces
tugged sizes
timely ad pointed
delay. . .

It made me a little late.

Petra Wissler

as my fingers grow
infinitely stiff
of flower petals falling
through spring

and then
for the phone rings
even though it's been years
it's not you I want,
it's him

Dawn Wolfgang

FOCUS

Dark embers
kiss my throat
caressing
with a
glance

Don't
be afraid

Come
tell me
tales curl
your soft
exquisite fingers
around
my waist
slip through
my hair

Dance
with me
slow
close

Just

Dance

Now

Dawn Wolfgram

THE ACE OF SPADES

as my heart cracks
into thirteen pieces
long-gauged edges
sharp and pointed
craving drawn blood

as I sit staring
at a picture
of chaos with
serenity sitting
and holding her hand

as the wind whips wildly
through loosely tied hair
damp and clinging
in the moist lonely breeze

as my fingers grab
listlessly at strands
of flower petals flying
through spring

as I beg
for the phone to ring
even though it's been years
it's not you I want,

it's him

Dawn Wolfgram

FIRE AND EMBERS

In the blazing lights of the fire
I saw people with long flowing hair,
in frayed bellbottoms and sandals.
They were unique; they trusted.
They drove orange Volkswagens to Woodstock,
believed in teaching and learning,
free love, and getting out of Vietnam,
took risks, and were filled with dedication.
They were unruly rebels with a universal cause.
The fire was fueled with their passion.

In the dim shadows of the cooling embers
I see people with sculpted "styles,"
in designer jeans and athletic footware.
They are all the same; they are suspicious.
They drive Volvos to Reunion concerts,
believe in being published and making contacts,
safe sex, are confused about Nicaragua,
want security and are obsessed with personal
improvement.
They are public followers with private goals.
The embers are dying; soon there will be no more
fire.

Bobbi McLean



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