



The Windy Hill review. 1981

[Waukesha, Wisconsin]: [University of Wisconsin--Waukesha Literary Club], 1981

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WINDY HILL REVIEW

UW-WAUKESHA

1981

A poem is not the song,
but the notes;
not canvas, only brush.

Paint the new moon, sing
of silence,
dream of waterfall.

--Paul A. Lamphear--



Editor's Note:

I would like to thank everyone who gave their time and talent in helping me with the Windy Hill Review. Special thanks go to Phil Zweifel who guided and encouraged me during the entire process of the magazine. He also had a great deal of patience during the "Fan Belt Crisis." I would also like to thank Bud Zessin, who collected most of the book reviews on the back cover, and Harvey Fox, who provided strength and entertainment on Saturday afternoons. I would also like to thank Dave Skryja; however, he did not contribute anything to this year's issue.

I have certainly enjoyed my year as editor.

Thanx!

Connie Cottrell

Contributors

Robert Claus

Paul Copsey

Connie Cottrell

"Just Joe" Dudzik

Paul Lamphear

Kurt Fies

David Lederer

Harvey Fox

Joan Lurvey

Dwight Freund

Judy Lutzenberger

c.g.

Bill Morgan

Kimberlee Griffin

Tom Moylan

Carol Gruber

Mary Noll

Mary Hahn

Pat Ostrander

Mitch Hahn

Craig Polzin

Benjamin J.

Cherie Reitman

Annette Koehler

REB L

Liza Laabs

Brian Sinotte

Allison Stroud

Bud Zessin

Phil Zweifel

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

Haiku

Through a dense forest
Lonely children wander:
Clouds swallow the sun.

Bill Morgan

Hatless old men wait,
Bent metal cups in wet dirt--
The night train whistle.

Cherie Reitman

Bright green light flashes--
a ready shutter opens
Catching dawn's first moment

Brian Sinotte

Bleak Autumn trees stand
still against an angry sky--
Mists rise from dark soil

Allison Stroud

Campfire in winter
Sparks against the blackened sky;
The wolf calls her mate.

Cherie Reitman

In the cold mist
Silent ships are sailing--
Seagulls flock above.

Bill Morgan

Driving West from Durango

Driving west from Durango
thru Ute and Navaho land:
dry heat,
red desert dirt,
tribal range cattle, and
aluminum cans
scattered along the Navaho Trail--
We visit
the Ute Mountain Tribal Pottery Works.

We, white visitors, look upon
"Indians at work"
molding,
finishing,
painting,
glazing
their product.

A wall
hundreds of years old
stands invisibly in the few feet
between us.

We, gazing over native shoulders, watch
them,
laboring under naive gazing.

The wall cracks--once--
when Sarah and
a young man painting
exchange
smiles.

Back to the van and the highway and
Apple Jack cereal commercial songs:
"it's nutritious, it's delicious."
If we hadn't had a pizza in Durango
we could have afforded
a pot at Ute Mountain.

(If white men hadn't colonized the tribes
--after the genocide--
they could have lived
without selling pots @ \$8.95 and up,
and would not have to
sit there working
under
uncomprehending white eyes
looking quizzically on.

Tom Moylan

Causation

Tidal loneliness
Rushes over me
Dragging me down
Eroding away
Large chunks
from the walls
of my pride

Leaving me

More
and
More
Susceptible
To the maggot
creators
of my
Future

My bridges
Always seem
to turn to walls
that eventually
Crumble
to debris

Leaving me

More
and
More
Exposed
and hurt

Confused
And lost
Again

Wondering

If it's me
or them

P.Ostrander

Plea (se)

Be my friend
to listen
and not judge
to care
and not feel guilty
to feel
and not shut doors

Be my friend
because i'm worthy
of life
and i'm entitled
to happiness
because i need to hear
i'm okay

Be my friend
and rid me of
my mask
help me find
true meaning
let me always be
myself

Be my friend
don't let my tears
dry themselves
and my fears
overcome me
help me, please
don't let me fall

Connie Ward Cottrell

Happy Anniversary

It's been a year
Since you left me behind,
Happy anniversary, baby,
I've still got you on my mind.

The day you left
I said something wrong.
You said it was over--
and then you were gone.

Girl, please give me a sign.
Since you've left I've been sad.
You know, we had lots of good times,
but I guess just as many were bad.

I have a new love now--
but it's just not the same.
There was something special
about you, something I just can't explain.

I don't know whether to send this
or just to throw it away.
Maybe I'll save it--
to read another day.

Bill Morgan

Picture

They stand arm in arm-- by Liza Laabs
smiling
still dressed formally after the wedding--
honeymoon.
Their faces are not lined--
young.
Twenty-five years later--
divorce.
Twenty-five years of shit and string beans--
children.
Twenty-five years of loud voices--
fights.
Twenty-five years of breaking their asses--
work.
Twenty-five years led to this--
separation.
Yet they stand arm in arm--
smiling,
twenty-five years ago.

Untitled

I am a volcano, trembling . . .
a bottle of nitro, in a shaky hand . . .
a stick of dynamite, already ignited . . .

You will shield your eyes in horror

and, I will REJOICE ! ! !

My Fingers

My fingers

clutched, with desperation

to the edge of sanity . . .

YOU . . . stepped on them . . .

REB L

The Carnival

Vibrating sound in double time
Hurries along the corridors
Of the old remains--
Still standing, but crumbling fast--
From the days when
The carnival was always
In town to stay,
And the horseback riders
Did their tricks in center ring.

But the time is past
Since you last cared about
Shining lights and side shows.
It still echoes in your mind
Pushed back, behind all the
Dusty memories you carry
That once you valued,
But now try and forget.
And you don't care anymore
That the starving clowns
Are laughing no more
You made your way,
And you made it clear.

But look up some starry night.
Those lights you see
Are the carnival, and what
You take for the wind
Is the laughter of the crowds.
And there'll always be that
Faint sparkle of carnival light
In your eyes.

Mitch Hahn

To David

I

Our tears turn to sand
Spilling into the hinge you turn upon.
The grains will not stop your opening
As they get crushed and fall, then sweep
Away under the wind.

Our house will feel the emptiness
Of your gaping door.

II

We soar
 awkwardly
With your autumn flight
And honor your wings, unmeltable
By your shielding heart.

III

We watch for the tradewinds
That fill your sails,
Pulling you to new lands.
Our prayers fly from the shore
And tears turn to sand.

Paul A. Lamphear

Epigrams

Ode to Epigrams

To write an epigram
is a loathesome task;
a trace of humor,
concealed by a mask.

K. Griffin

An enemy of Churchill lay dying,
And Churchill rose and said,
"A noble man there's no denying."
Then he turned and whispered, "Are you sure he's dead?"

Mary Hahn

Words can paint pictures,
Bottles can launch ships,
And nails get hammered.
(I must be a nail.)

Joseph A. Dudzik

You learn about wild animals
When you see them in the zoo;
You shout to make the lions roar--
And tremble when they do.

Annette Koehler

If someone flips you the finger,
Let not your hatred linger--
For they are only having fun
Telling you you're number one.

Bill Morgan

Robot

He always does the expected on time and well.
He probably salivates to the sound of Pavlov's bell.

Carol Gruber

Housewife

My life is but a child's verse,
A foolish little rhyme;
I sing it absentmindedly,
Such a waste of time.

Judy Lutzenberger

The Daddy

He loved his children so quiet and sweet,
preferably sitting at his feet.
Then he would coo and wink before mommy,
secretly wishing they'd stayed in her tummy.

Cherie Reitman

The Tomorrow Show

Someday Snyder may willingly share it:
For now he just must grin and Barrett.

Robert Claus

To write an epigram,
it is clear to see,
you can open the door,
but where's the key?

K.Griffin

A Thnard

A thnard is big
and very small,
A thnard is little
and very tall.

It comes in many
colors and hues,
It looks a lot
like me and you.

A thnard is green
and sometimes white.
A thnard is mean
and will never bite.

Two hundred pounds is
a thnard's mean weight,
It's so large
it fits on a plate.

A thnard is round
and mostly square,
It's sometimes found
at a county fair.

It sings and dances,
it runs and walks,
It never moves
and always balks.

A thnard can fly
and also swim,
It has no feather
and has no fin.

Lightning fast
and molasses slow,
You can always see
it never go.

So if you see
a thnard today,
Just tip your hat
and walk away.

Bill Morgan

Aube New York City

Absent, this morning
the seven o'clock whistle blew around
nine. Wrought-iron fire escapes
heavy-laden with laundry, pierce
through my humble window.
I want

out of here, but castles are only
in fairy tales, and you will have to suffice.
Lie under me, feel my breasts,
I will please you for you
have paid well, my cheek
touches you, and I can taste a
stranger's odor--sweat, dirt, cheap
shaving lotion, wrap your legs
around my purse

I'll make a song
in your honor, and tell my friends
so you'll never be in need.
Wake up, pick-up from the night
before, and fuck me, you've paid well,
and it's already morning, your wife
might wonder.

Mary Hahn

Manic-Depressive Two Part Poem

I.

People
are fucking
all over
the world!

II.

People
are all
fucking over
the world.

Phil Zweifel

Understanding

Here I am
and in this chair,
as smoke fills the room
and chokes the air.

Why I'm here,
I do not know.
But I feel a need
within this soul.

A soul that screams
to let me out,
a soul that knows
what life's about.

I've lived a life
of empty halls
in shattered rooms
of tattered walls.

Within myself
there's a hollow shell,
like an arid rock
in an empty well.

But within this place
I see a light,
of things that are wrong,
of things that are right.

The wrong I see
is of liars and cheats,
and the ground of truth
not below their feet.

The other wrong
within this place
is the disgusted look
upon each face.

And this is the wrong
to which I relate:
that lifeless look
that has no weight.

But the right I see
within this room
is that glimmer of hope
to beat this gloom.

And this is the right
that my soul sees--
to cure its wants,
and fill its needs.

And if I cure these needs,
I will change the trend.
My halls will be filled,
and my walls will mend.

Benjamin J.

Seventeen Warnings in Search of an Economist Poem

1. Beware of the man who denounces Communism;
he runs his business like a tyrant.
2. Beware of the man who denounces war;
he works for Lockheed.
3. Beware of the man who denounces government regulation;
his mommy sewed his name in his shorts.
4. Beware of the man who wants to help you;
he's been talking to your competitor.
5. Beware of the man who loves his work;
he is a politician.
6. Beware of the man who denounces his boss;
his neighbor just got a raise.
7. Beware of the man who praises his boss;
his boss' boots and apples are quite shiny.
8. Beware of the man who loves to save;
his cat is scrawny.
9. Beware of the man who's taking out insurance;
he loves death too well.
10. Beware of the man who's always on time;
he lives to nit-pick.
11. Beware of the man who denounces salesmen;
he is a sucker.
12. Beware of the man who trusts salesmen;
he is in hock.
13. Beware of the man who wears a three-piece suit;
his mind is straight-jacketed.
14. Beware of the man you think is harmless;
his favorite movie is Jaws.
15. Beware of the man who cares for nothing but numbers;
he can't find his glasses.
16. Beware of the man who writes impeccable résumés;
he's had lots of practice.
17. Beware of the man who's planning to quit his job;
he's a compulsive gambler.

Robert Claus

Fly

A fly buzzes its noisy crescendo,
wings singed
by the burning light.
Kill it
and rid the world of another grating noise.
Slap hard
to destroy
its marble-eyed infringement
on an evening world of peace.
Paper flays the air,
missing with the blow.
It is gone.
The goal was intimidation,
how else
do little flies
dare approach
the fearful
giant?

Carol Gruber

Child of Anguish

Anguish
Carries within her womb
A child-Pain.

Though yet unborn,
He lives,
Formed to the image of his mother.

He is concealed, indistinct,
Known only to her
Who hides him
Beneath a frock of tolerance.

Judy Lutzenberger

Let Us Kill the Wolf

"You shall love all creatures,
great and small."
CRACK!

A wolf lay dead in the snow.

"Love your neighbor as
yourself."
Love is a cold blade
that is raised,
cutting the throat,
making the exchange.

David Lederer

Death and Me

--for Sylvia Plath

Death calls to me, again it picks,
And again.
This time, I will do the calling.

I have no feeling for life--
A sentence
So cruel and terrible I can't forgive.

My soul is bitter, enraged with hate
And resentment
For this gloomy world

That prolongs this agonizing life.
It's true!
Life has no meaning, only pain,

For my heart, pierced with thorns,
Pumps black blood
Through this body, a damp cavern.

My warmth seeps through the cracks.
It's cold! It's freezing!
This coldness is becoming numb.

Blasted death, you enemy!
You thief!
You damned traitor!

This time a friend,
I call to you
To turn this anger to silence.

Joan Lurvey

Accident

Protected in our speed by the god of drunken men
We swerved down dark snakes of road
Past leaping trees
And the paralyzed stare of deer

She was there, standing naked on the road
Dark breasts lifted to the moon
Her thighs apart waiting for our rush

Flashing a sword
A silver crown about her lifted head
Extending to us her arms
Heavy with the offering of rich black hair

Tires grabbing at the cold cement
We found our blindness in the thick swirl of her hair
Where we hung suspended
Drifting towards an agony of glass and steel

A final crash of trees in the sacred grove

Phil Zweifel

Holliday

When I heard the news
I began to sigh
She sang the blues
I heard her cry

She turned to booze
No one knows why
She sang the blues
I heard her cry

Drugs she'd use
They'd make her fly
She sang the blues
I heard her cry

She paid her dues
and then she died
She sang the blues
I heard her cry

Bill Morgan

Caged

You pick me
up, just to

let me down.

You tease me,
as the trainer
of an animal

in its cage.

This cage resembles
home with you

barred, claustrophobic.

Let me out and
your pollution will

kill me.

K.Griffin

The Winnowing

It was one of those misty May days. One that could almost be avoided by turning the collar up. Still, over an inch filtered into the gutters by nightfall. Out of place in the city, unearthed worms and broad leaf grasses crawled from the sidewalk cracks. Even before the slipping of sunlight, the neons grew. These signs, the receptionists and guardians: locusts carrying darkness, emigrating to bar windows and disco doors.

The kernels gone, the chaff tumbles to the wind. It was then we met, then when we mocked the tyranny of the rain. We found beer and lips and drank deeply. Petals of laughter tickled the cheeks, then rose in dancing to eyes and pitching hair. Till closing we embraced the lurch of time. Leaving the suds-bottomed glasses, short of breath we melted, into the drizzle.

Paul A. Lamphear

Venus

Love
is that
which I
can not
hold
in
cold arms
nor see with
sightless eyes
nor endure with
a heart silenced
by the slow decay
of years. Leave
me, my love.
You have bled
me marble-white!
Look not to me
as refuge for the
warmth born from
desire. I stand
rigid in position
--frozen free of
support. Take a-
way this burden of
care, of need and
trust. Lay not on
me the ideals of
perfection. I
sway beneath the
stony weight of
Hope. Go now!
Leave me to my
gravest silence
and to my alabaster memories.

Annette Koehler

Found: Elevator Math

Eighth floor button
Out of Order

Please push
five
and
three

Dr. Harvey Fox

Alone

My feelings are as strong as Hercules;
You know of no mythology.
My attraction toward you is like a magnet;
You are wood.
Your response is as sharp as a razor;
You run away like a coward.
Water and oil are not together;
Like you and me.

Paul Copsey

Portraits in Sand

I've made you fearlessly perfect
And look what you've done to me

I can't be all that you'd make me
I'm only all that I am
And you can't be what I'd have you to be
I don't think anyone can

We're not the gods that we'd make us
We're mortals of flesh and bone
Perhaps if we stopped painting pictures
We both wouldn't be so alone

Pat Ostrander

Typo Poem: Thrill Seekers' Manual for Ducking

A duck is welcome
anywhere you find it
and . . .
in all types of
weather.

Water flows off the
back of a duck
and . . .
with vaseline it's
better.

****Sparkles, Eroxoff, and Li'l Runt****

At the Shore

Yesterday I heard you scream.
You were drowning, It was no dream.
You reached for me, but I just smiled
at Jaws, whose teeth were nicely filed.
And so I left you for awhile.

David Lederer

Funerals and Weddings

Funerals are like weddings:
If the ceremony
Is beautiful,
Then flowers are
Wasted at both.

Joseph A Dudzik

Sonnet

On the thin wire of her whine she walked,
Unseen in the lightless bedroom dark.
A traitress to her camouflage, she talked
A thirsty blue streak, separate as a spark.
I was, to her, a fragrant pool of blood,
From which she had to drink a drop or die.
A reservoir, a lavish dish of life,
I lay awake, unconscious of my size.
We seemed fair-matched opponents. Soft she dropped,
Down like an anchor of her whine of song.
Her sharp nose sank in, and I slapped
At the sting on my arm, painful and strong.
Success! Without a cry the creature died.
A small welt of remorse is yet at my side.

Connie Ward Cottrell

Sonnet

Some slim and muscled limbs will stir the air
And bring the poetry of movement home.
Extended hand, a pointed foot, a poem--
Recall a quiet wave of pleasant care.
A supple form, a graceful line so fair,
The natural ease that with some time is tone.
A work devoted, now the artist's own,
Exposed and open, viewed and lighted bare:
Most art will let untutored strangers gaze.
The arrow aimed with careless bow might hit
A truly tender spot. Or, piercing dart
Instill a finer, self-preserving grace.
Surviving art may walk a path that's lit
With strength of line, of limb and, mostly, heart.

Carol Gruber

Sonnet to Sunday

The blue of bruises is my morning sky
of Sunday fog obscuring walk and road.
There streams a human current, out from home
to church to pay respects to God-- a sight
I saw once with the unaffected eyes
of trusting youth. I prayed until the stone
of human loss oppressed the flight of hopes
that fluttered in the heaven of my life.
Sea mist enshrouds and damps my Sundays now.
Their faith corrodes the thunder-beaten shell
I've spun for shelter of the softest spots
of soul exposed to tampering from God;
Their god, from whom they fear eternal hell.
The Sunday-God who lives because they bow.

Annette Koehler

Revenge of the Sonnet

"The sonnet is where old teachers go to die."

-- Robert Bly

Oh, where do old professors go to die?
Do old professors make like Eskimos
And solemnly repair to their ice-floes?
Or simply split, without saying goodbye,
Or hang themselves, without explaining why?
Oh, is there anybody here who knows--
Where is this place an old professor goes?
I see a hand! It's critic Robert Bly!

"The old professors are such nasty birds--
Committing crimes for which they must repent,
Like nit-picking o'er all the poet's words--
So to a dismal dungeon they are sent.
Chained to a wall, these words inscribed upon it:
'Death to all who dare assign a sonnet.' "

Robert Claus

A Mother is a Mother

a Mother is a mother . . .
is a "port in a storm," a friendly harbor
where one can anchor out of the storms of the world,

She runs out to greet you
and helps make you fast to her side
a simple re-fueling . . . a stay for a week . . .
but, when you are restless (she knows all the signs)
she helps you to pack
and get 'underway' . . .

REF. L.

I Am What I Am

I am a sponge
in an ocean of beer,
or a cotton swab
on a whiskey tear.

I am a spender
in a world made of money.
I spend it so fast
that it's not very funny.

I am a blanket
over a bedding of friends.
I try to protect them
from cold winter winds.

I am nobody
doing nothing at all.
I try as I might
and fight not to fall.

David Lederer

Found: Confession

"I then took mother dear
downstairs
and burned her
in the garbage can."

Phil Zweifel

Dear Abby

I know
that you will never print this
(it will probably never get
past your eleventh secretary).
But still, I had to write.

You see,
It's my husband.
Sometimes, at night,
after he gets home from work,
I'm ready for some, well, you know,
romance.
And he's not.
I can't figure out what's wrong.

I thought maybe he was, well, you know,
leaving his urges at the office.
But I have no clues.
He lights up whenever our neighbors
come to visit, but Gladys would never
do that to her best friend.

Should I spy on him?
Should I confront him with it?
Should I wake up and smell the coffee?
Should I seek professional guidance?

Abby, he doesn't even look at dirty pictures
in girlie magazines, like most husbands,
I can't figure out what's wrong.
Maybe it's just, well, you know,
me.

Signed,
FRUSTRATED IN PHILADELPHIA

--Robert Claus

Elegy

He went to heaven in a paper sack,
A life of hard spirits contained within.
He'd lost his youth and could not get it back.

Brandy, beer, or noble Yukon Jack;
No matter, it was all the same to him.
He went to heaven in a paper sack.

Right from the start he'd ridden the wrong track
Until he overwhelmed was by gin.
He'd lost his youth, and couldn't get it back.

His family thought religion was his lack--
But why should every pleasure be a sin?
He went to heaven in a paper sack.

His friends warned him he'd have a heart attack--
But that was one war he didn't want to win.
He'd lost his youth and couldn't get it back.

He only wanted peace, despite the flak--
He passed away wearing a placid grin.
(And half the town turned out, attired in black--
and half the town mourned for good ol' Bill Quinn.)
He went to heaven in a paper sack;
He'd lost his youth, and could not get it back.

Robert Claus

Peace

the day is warm with
the orange fever of the sun
and the absence of time,
while the cool smooth lines
of sky join earth

Connie Ward Cottrell

Another Night

Another night
On the warm side of the window:

Closer to the moon
Than to myself.

Phil Zweifel

Villanelle

The good times we had are good times to come.
The older we get, we might grow away.
What's now is now, what's done is done.

Remember the time I stepped on the gum?
They said you put it there; what did you say?
The good times we had are good times to come.

I took a leak and my pants were undone.
You were laughing so hard and drove away.
What's now is now, what's done is done.

We both like music, you sing and I hum.
We'll get it together one of these days.
The good times we had are good times to come.

We had some rough times, but mostly fun.
A feud here and there, but friends the next day.
What's now is now, what's done is done.

If we're not on terms, we always talk some.
But friends will be friends; it should be that way.
The good times we had are good times to come.
What's now is now, what's done is done.

David Lederer

Dead Love in the Morning

In the morning the bed sheets flapped out
yesterday's dirt. Our footprints on the bathroom
tile mocked the way we walked around each other.
We should have spoken. Our words, soft and low,
would have cushioned the hollow between us. A
murmur, a whisper, might have filled it. But we
were too long accustomed to deep sleep and spaces of
silence. We moved carefully. Only our shadows
met on the walls. Our eyes sought the corners of
the room, and from behind a plastic curtain, the
shower wept.

Cherie Reitman

The Best He Could Buy

He seemed to be just a normal guy;
The coroner arrived and pronounced him dead.
He always did the best he could buy.

I often wondered why he got high.
I wondered, too, what went on in his head.
He seemed to be just a normal guy.

Whenever I asked, he would always deny,
Though he knew I didn't believe what he said.
He always did the best he could buy.

People can get high on life, but why
did he have to use drugs instead?
He seemed to be just a normal guy.

He seemed to trust me so I didn't pry;
Now I wish I could bring him back from the dead.
He always did the best he could buy.

Today on the roof, when he thought he could fly,
He fell to the ground like lead.
He seemed to be just a normal guy.
He always did the best he could buy.

Kurt Fies

Villanelle

Love can hurt, more than it shows;
My invitation could not make you stay.
I wanted to keep you, but you had to go.

There wasn't a way of letting you know
I loved you more than words can say.
Love can hurt, more than it shows.

You became dormant and ceased to grow.
I stood and watched you slowly decay.
I wanted to keep you, but you had to go.

The news of your leaving came as a blow.
What was the reason for wanting to stray?
Love can hurt, more than it shows.

I cannot remember feeling this low.
Why should I be feeling this way?
I wanted to keep you, but you had to go.

Now my memories of what you bestowed
Are only dreams that have gone astray.
Love can hurt, more than it shows;
I wanted to keep you, but you had to go.

K. Griffin

Shooting Session

(with Apologies to Antonioni)

Light glares in the photographer's chamber
Yet shadows are not dispelled.
He thinks: interrogation, third degree.

The lens approaches, extracting his transmitted light;
Her fingers twist it to focus
Twitch on the shutter
And chop out an image from the continuity of time.

His flaws are discovered;
They are hers now to exhibit
Indelible in black-on-white.

Once he was proud, his posture erect;
Now hunched and withered
Under the hostile gaze of the lens,
His photo has been taken.

Dwight D. Freund

Recognition

My eyes explore
The mask she wore
& left behind.

With a leather strap
I hang the mask
In front of
The darkened mirror.

I light a candle
& fit to my face
The shadow of her mask.

I go out
To walk her streets:

When she sees me
Will she know herself?

Phil Zweifel

Camping with Poets on Jackson's Island

There is blood in the dark hollows of the moon;
Dogs know this when they howl their thirsty dreams,
When they raise their black faces to the sky.

The Indian woman in her bark hut
Feels the moon move in her belly
And knows the madness of her man gone drunk.
Her breath falls heavy on the rough blanket
Wrapped close against moist skin.

Thieves discover the gold of other thieves
Buried in a shallow grave
At the midnight shadow of the moon.

Pirates plant their victims up to the neck in sand
And wait for the slow hand of the moon
To pay the ransom of a rising tide.

The eyes of the white heron caress her image
On the moonlit surface of the still lagoon;
The paralyzed shadow withers, and the hungry fish draw near.

Now wine is poured on the fire . . .
The moon floats slowly down river
And sleeps under cottonwoods
When dawn softens the edge of the sky.

Phil Zweifel

Fire in the Sky

There is a fire in the sky,
they've started the final war.
It's time for us to die.

It's now too late for us to sign,
they had to even up the score.
There is a fire in the sky.

We pretend we don't know why
they all wanted more and more.
It's time for us to die.

Now they all begin to cry,
But what is it all for?
There is a fire in the sky.

The sun begins to fly,
Departing from this horror.
It's time for us to die.

Now they all begin to cry,
But what is it all for?
There is a fire in the sky.

The sun begins to fly,
Departing from this horror.
It's time for us to die.

There's nothing left to buy,
They've closed the final door.
There is a fire in the sky,
And now it's time for us to die.

Bill Morgan

Wedding Night

Do not go cold into that wedding night.
Inexperience could chill the feet at close of day.
Fear, fear for the dying of the light.

Wise men who in their youth knew experience was right
Because Penthouse had shown them the way, they
Do not go cold into that wedding night.

For good men, though few remain, it is an uphill fight.
Their first attempt is such a futile lay.
Fear, fear for the dying of the light.

Young men, who read Playboy under the closet light
And learn, too early, how to roll in the hay,
Do not go cold into that wedding night.

Brave men, with visions of a wild wedding night,
Resort to hope, while others are found to pray.
Fear, fear for the dying of the light.

And I, the new husband, standing in her sight
Have had the encounters to show me the way.
I will not go cold into that wedding night,
Nor fear, fear for the dying of the light.

Brian Sinotte

Ring for Service

Oh.

A Nice Guy to Have Around

Ok.

But what kind of service
do they want?

He sees himself
As Napoleon,

And what kind of ring
will they give me?

Being slowly
Poisoned to death

c.g.

By his associates.

Phil Zweifel

Death

Death,
a silent, black shadow
consumes us all.

Death,
slowly eats away at us
like a parasite.

Death,
a final resting place,
invites us all.

Death,
peace and comfort,
like a nitrous-oxide high.

Death,
a bridge to the unknown,
guides us all.

Death,
a departure
like an off ramp on the freeway.

Brian Sinotte

Being Loved

Sometimes I get so confused
It's hard to tell if I'm
Being loved, or just used.

Missing

Other times I get so enthused
It's hard to tell if I'm
Being loved, or just amused.

Joseph A. Dudzik

the phone sounds an
empty message.

the lady of the
house is not here

never again
she has vanished

Liza Laabs

Twilight of Her Life

She sits,
Watching the sea,
The twilight of the day
Shows on her face--
The twilight of her life.
All the stars shine
Bright above her head;
She sees only blackness.

And the voices she
Hears aren't for her

She walks home.
Passing by the places
Of her youth, she stops.
It's all wrong!
The places she remembers
Are all dead.
It's all wrong!
Too many times she's
Cried in the night air.

And the voices she
Hears aren't for her.

Turns the key--opens the door.
Walks into her empty house.
For too long
She hasn't felt life.
A single tear runs
Down her cheek
As she falls into forever sleep.
No one ever knew.

And the voices she
Hears are for her.

Mitch Hahn

Red Geraniums

I passed you quickly, red geraniums.

You told me summer was well
and all of the world in place.

Your wooden vessels are new this year,
but you are the same,
pronouncing surely your red beauty,
defying anything less in life.

You are so right on your porch ledge
and so red against white Spanish stucco.

Flowing green lawns? Manicured hedges?

You turn your head in disdain and lend your
forceful beauty to the immediate,
fast-moving street.

Carol Gruber

Sleepless Night

"I don't think you should sleep now,"
He said.

"Why not?"
She questioned.

"Because," he replied,
"The wind is keeping me awake.
The snows seem to be melting into pools of tears.
And I recall now, that I have killed a man.

It was a horrid, awful business. For . . .
He was sleeping at the time . . . "

Cherie Reitman

The First Deer

Under the brim of his orange hat,
The boy's eyes express his joy.
Exhausted, in the snow he sits.

His mouth stretches to a mile-long grin,
His cheeks are flush with red;
He looks like he's just committed a sin.

In his hands he supports the head;
Not a trophy, but fine for a boy.
One shot, and it was dead.

Lying next to the deer is the gun.
The snow is colored where the deer has bled.
A proud father says, "That's my son."

Kurt Fies

Armageddon

The wrath of God's almighty hand
Will soon destroy this wicked land,
And evil men will suffer when
Their cowardly fear takes over again.

The good will escape,
Heaven's saints to be,
While sinners are swallowed
By tremulous seas.

Reverie

I remember days of old
When summer woke in robes of gold
And pranced about the streets at night
In gowns of black, all speckled white.

Judy Lutzenberger

The Night After Father's Funeral

"I woke last night to the sound
of thunder. How far off I sat
and wondered."

I woke because of the heat.
I guess it woke you, too.
I see you, across the room, sitting up, a silhouette against
the moonlit window by your bed.

You are so much older than I am.
But when I climbed a tree last Sunday
and refused to come down
if I had to wear a dress
you leaned against the tree trunk
and looked up at me,
and I smiled sheepishly and climbed down.
I wore the dress.

That's why I asked to sleep in your room with you tonight.

The sheets rustle softly,
and then you sit very still.

Your back is curved
your head is high
but you are facing down.

You have Daddy's back, Daddy's
way of sitting at the end
of the day, when he was tired.

The moon spills across the sheet
covering your legs,
casting shadows in the folds.
Sheer curtains billow weakly into the room
like gentle ghosts.

Outside, the hours before dawn
settle damply
over soybean fields
and young corn
and sleeping cows.

The heat is oppressive.
In a trance
your hand moves up towards your face,
then down again.
You move so slowly.

I look around me slowly
so that you won't see me moving and know that I'm awake.
Everything is white:

White sheets,
White walls,
White curtains.

White moonlight.
White pack of cigarettes on the windowsill
beside your bed.
White house.
White undershirt and pants I'm wearing.

I am leaning over the back seat of the station wagon
and Daddy is singing
"Suzanna's a funny Old Man" just like Burl Ives.
For a moment
we are all going to the movies.

You didn't cry at the funeral.
Neither did I.
I'm hard.

Somewhere far off, thunder rumbles.
You raise your head at the sound.
Maybe tomorrow will bring rain
to wash away the heat.

Allison Stroud

Acme Poem Company

A poem rolls down an assembly line
as it flows from brain to pen,
Adding bits of rhythm or rhyme,
or subtracting now and then.
The finished product is spewed out
to showrooms we call books,
Or magazines, or greeting cards,
to most admiring looks,
Or bathroom walls or subway halls
(for a used-car salesman poet).
But most the factory recalls,
so back to his factory brain he crawls,
and into the reject bin he falls--
he doesn't want to show it.

Robert Claus

Found: A Textbook Case

From General Chemistry
Principles and Modern
Applications

Reactions are utilized
to produce commercially
desirable alcohols and olefins
in the addition
of an unsymmetrical reagent
to an unsymmetrical olefin
opening up the formation,
called a polymerization reaction
as a result of reactions.

David Lederer

Postcard to a Parakeet

You'd love
the bee

sounds of
sunlight

between
palm fronds

on the
noon beach.

When ash-
white sand

and blue
bay fly

skyward
in surf,

I think
of you.

Annette Koehler

Illusion

The life of illusion
is a child's corner
Dampened only by
an occasional skinned
knee

Liza Laabs

Phillip

Lover
Gentle, witty and kind
Not mine

I needed you more than I told you
I loved you enough to scold you
And send you back
To her
Who is your wife

Now I find my bed is empty
My arms are empty too
And all the pain I've encountered
Was all so much ado

For you belong to another
Another much like me
And all my pain and sorrow
Was spent so needlessly

For she still waits
Who is your wife

P.Ostrander

I Sit

I sit
in the living room
listening to music
alone in the house,
and it is dark.
Only the light from the radio shows,
a small box of golden light
like the light in the window
of the house next door.
The moon spills
cold and white
across the floor,
catching on
an angled corner
of a bookcase.
The phone rings,
but I don't answer.

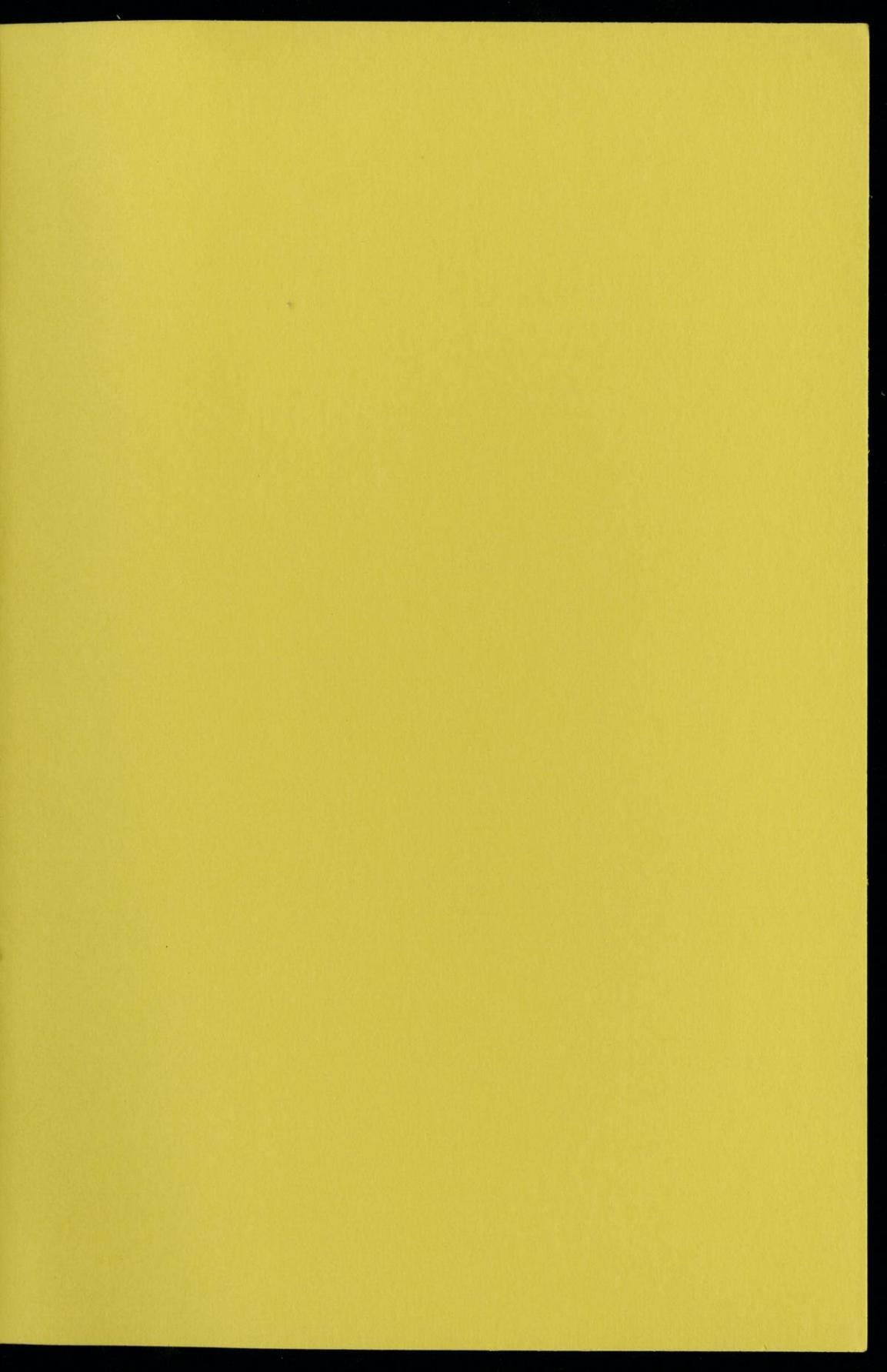
Allison Stroud

Claustrophobia

by Carol Gruber

IMPASSE

by Sarah Connor



What They're Saying about the Windy Hill Review

"A compendium of succulent literary morsels. A veritable treasure trove."

--Howard Cosell

"Makes me proud to be an American."

--Ronald Reagan

"Scared the hell out of me."

--Stephen King

"I would prefer not to read it."

--Bartleby the Scrivener

"Gives the shocking, untold story of what really goes on in young minds."

--National Enquirer

"It better be good. Many acres of forest were destroyed so that it could be printed."

--Gary Snyder

"Is this what God wants produced on a university campus? Write your congressman."

--Rev. Jerry Falwell

"Don't lose my place. I'll just go see if the roast is done."

--Sylvia Plath

"It penetrated the integument of my emotions."

--Velma Powers

"Listen, everybody! I worked damn hard on this thing!"

--Connie Cottrell

"Thank God! It's finally done!"

--Phil Zweifel