



The Windy Hill review. 1983

[Waukesha, Wisconsin]: [University of Wisconsin--Waukesha Literary Club], 1983

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/LGZ3VDE5DEZ3S8J>

Copyright 1983 All rights to the material published herein are returned to the authors

For information on re-use, see
<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.



John

Copyright 1983

All rights to the material published herein are returned
to the authors.

CONTENTS

THE WINDY HILL REVIEW

1983



CONTRIBUTORS

Natalie Koval	Carol Gruber
Kevin Reilly	Darrell Hooker
Lori Beranek	D.A. Rodrigues JR.
John Kascht	Wayne J. Konkol
Margaux	REB L
Karen Ruhe	Willy Dumandanea
Susan Ann Fiedler	Phil Fox
Susan Schonau	Pam Shier
Tom Moylan	Joan Lurvey
Ginny Burr	Jo Dittman-Zimny
Geneva Marking	Stephen Moss
Ann James	William Danielson
Dan Dreweck	Dave Gunkel
MEG	mary catherine,.....

Editor's note:

I gratefully acknowledge the receipt of contributions from the people listed above; however, due to space limitations, and objections from the moral majority, all contributions could not be included.

I would like to thank Kathy Hanlon for drawing the cover and putting up with me. I would also like to thank Debby Ratzmann, Ann Hanson, Dave Rodrigues, and especially Phil Zweifel. If it were not for their help, I would have surely missed my plane.

Thanks,



4/1/83

THE POET

Hello.
It is I
again.
Trying to philosophize
and whittle out a word
that ripples
like the blood that shivers up my face.
Trying to recapture it again
So often I fail
So often I pretend
that I remember
And I wonder if I have the truth within to tell
Because it's not a fancy
not a dabbling here and there
or a reckless impulse
But a necessity.
It is as I live.

Lori Beranek

A haiku raindrop
Falling on my past mistakes
The ink only smears

Stephen Moss

LIVING

Mother-woman, I saw your son, my brother, enmeshed in the circular
webbing of rays around the thick hazy sun above you
as you pulled his body from the waters,
your scream reaching into the corners of the sky...
I heard the crackling rip as his life was torn from yours;
the tall strong tree pulled by a maddened wind from
the warm nurturing caress of earth.
his eyes, bewildered, innocent...
your eyes screaming, searching...
woman, I saw....believe....

Child-woman, my heart became a chasm from which my life-stream flowed
wildly into the crevices and canyons of the unknown
trying to find the head-water that had been lost,
dammed from my senses by the untouchable wall between
life and lifelessness.

It is a violent hurt, an aching loss of touch, of
warmth, of love, with no consolation.
I saw him, felt him in the sun, also,
but I strove to bring him back that I might enjoy
his love for more than just four years.

I saw, and I see you.....

Mother-woman, It is not untouchable, only unknown,
as is the mouth of a marvelous sparkling cave
long hidden by an old gnarled manzanita on ancient rocks.

mary catherine,--dts

PICTURE PRESENTS

I.

A creamy oval frame mattes
a two-dimensional
black and white
scrunched up face
closed fists
mostly blanket
baby photo

My mind's eye superimposes
memory scenes

A starched white uniform deposits
a pink package into my arms
issues instructions
and leaves

My expectancy explodes
like slivered crystalline fragments
it tinkles on the tile

The wiggling form in flannel wrests
my attention and affirms itself

Colorless eyelashes whisper
around navy eyes above an almost nose
and chin complete with grandfather's dimple

My older cheek against newborn fragrance encircles
our two-from-one separateness

II.

Nearby a black oval matte frames
a kodacolor
graduation photo

Revlon colored eyelashes outline
blue-green eyes above a freckled nose
and chin still sports the dimple

This form in printed skirt and blouse
supposes its attention
affirms its Self

Where once sat one on the old piano
now sit two
side by side
in cream and black
bonded yet separate
two from one

Pam Shier

AT NIGHT

We were nocturnal creatures
with glowing eyes
watching from the tree house
of upstairs bedrooms,
peering down through lattice
metal registers that let warmth
drift up from the wood stove
like droning voices
of tired adults.

Brown heads seemed to float
on shoulders of marionettes,
but we had no strings.
Instead, we giggled and nestled
in quilts on the high old beds,
sleeping with buoyant dreams.

CHILD

Carefree
Happy
Interested
Loving
Delightful

Carol Gruber

MEG

PHOTOGRAPH OF A YOUNG GIRL AND A WILLOW

Limbs dangle, hair tumbles
Clothes hang inside-out, upside-down
On the low arm of the willow.

This ragamuffin's part acrobat, part possum
Incessantly defying gravity
Spending her entire life on just one limb.

I used to be that willow
My branches carefully supporting
Shading her from heat and light
Providing her with a world that would
Enable her to flourish in the
Green shadows of childhood.

Now, I can only watch and hope
That through her self-reliance
My child will grow
In full sunlight.

Ginny Burr

DIAMANTE

school
structured, organized
striving, studying, learning
job, business, success, taxes
worrying, lying, cheating
caught, convicted
jail

Dan Deweck

A COLLEGE FRESHMAN SURVEYS HER BOARDING HOUSE ROOM IN SEPTEMBER

To what shall I compare this room,
In which I am to spend so many months?

Sometimes its striped wallpaper becomes
Prison bars. My books, a pile of stones.
My pen, the tool with which I am to crush them.

Other times the sun-filled room
Becomes a haven...
Before going into the storm once more.

Geneva Marking

PROFESSOR

you and i
can never be more than special friends,
your slightest touch
burns through the fabric
to my aching flesh...

if, we were ever to join bodies,
the passion of the union
would consume us.....

REB L

A REAL DOWNER

Interpersonal Communications classes are often composed of intriguing group exercises, some very insightful and thought provoking. But when I, a homemaker turned student, had to let a boy half my age rate my degree of physical attractiveness on a perception response form, and his rating was low, it was a bit more information than I felt I needed! I was outraged! He didn't even know about my varicose veins, or the stretch marks that glow in the dark. He was also oblivious to my long search for the perfect haircut, or my lengthy morning make-up ritual. I'll admit I may have been a bit dewy from running six blocks to class (I couldn't find a parking spot) and my trusty travel mug of coffee had failed me on the interstate and I'd dumped its contents on my lap so I looked suspiciously incontinent, but unattractive? Me? My initial reaction was to grab his perception response form and rate him ugly, dull, physically weak and nervous. Or announce my age as really sixty-two and let him marvel at my youthful appearance. Or ask for a picture of his mother. But as shock and indignation subsided, I regained my composure and did the only thing I could: I grounded him!

Jo Dittman-Zimny

TO MY COLDSPOT

O, thou porcelain Gibralter,
Guarding sink and range,
Purring automatic to no switch touch!

I pull thy handle, ersatz chrome,
Peer within thy arctic vaults:
Big jug of green, all but empty -
Bouquet of withered carrots -
Blue fuzz on last year's yogurt -
Old jam spill, raspberry glacier.

Wilt thou send me to McDonald's,
Big cold friend?
As I shut thy door, I wonder...
Does that light go out?

Willy Dumandanea

DEAD, DRIED UP WORDS ON THE PAGE

DEAD, DRIED UP WORMS ON THE SIDEWALK

Still now
no slithering
no sliding from here to there --
effortlessly.
No good for fishbait.
Why did you come and die
up here
where we all can see?
Why didn't you
just drown
below ground
instead of
getting in our way!

DEAD, DRIED UP WORDS ON THE PAGE

Silent now
no rhythm
no rhyming from line to line --
painlessly.
No good for reading.
Why did you turn up dead
right here
where we all can see?
Why didn't you
just stay hidden
buried
instead of getting in my way!

Ann James

THE THUNDERING HERD

Mother has brought home a great many elephants over the years. Every time she sees a new style or size in the store she grits her teeth purposefully to stop herself but usually ends up buying one anyway. They range in size from a millimeter (two miniatures stored in a hollow seed) to twenty inches tall. Their "races" include onyx, teak, pear wood, glass, pewter, soapstone, brass, clay, ceramic, and pressed shells. They come from Mexico, the United States, Africa, India, Nepal, and the Orient. Mother thinks that she rules over this herd, but I know from careful observation that the leaders of this truly integrated lot are gradually forming their own elephant country in our living room.

There they stand, or sit, or lie in special display cases with glass doors, on the table, or on the floor as quiet as dust balls during the daytime. But I know that at night the herd meets and organizes quietly while the leaders plan their takeover. Mother just ignores the snorting and foot stamping which echoes down the hall at night.

I am concerned, because if they take over, where will Mother and I do our homework? Will we need reservations? Will they snort and stamp while we read instead of remaining silent during the day?

This herd divides itself into three camps: conservative, independent, and liberal.

The conservative, larger elephants are made mostly of ceramic or wood, with plain to ornate carving. Most take charge protecting and watching over the families and smaller, more delicate ones; however, some may bully others, as evidenced by a split leg and three missing tusks among the whole group.

I have ascertained that two leaders have emerged from this camp. Marvell stands twenty inches from the floor; his ears stand out listening at all times; his alert eyes remain still until one's back is turned. I imagine that if provoked he may one day drive his four-inch-long tusks into one of our legs. He is the type who, if told he was merely synthetic, would lunge forward. In contrast, his partner Mim, old and with loose, wrinkled skin, could scarcely harm a fly with her stubby tusks. However, I can see by her large size, two-thirds of his, and by her close contact with him, that she assists Marvell.

At night I have heard Marvell, Mim, and their camp say that they want all the dragons, Chinese ducks, East Indian wood carvings, and cacti out of the room. These take up all of their exercise area, and they want the living room for elephants, not x, y, and z.

However, on the other end of the spectrum the fun-loving ones (liberal in the sense that they act like humans, not elephants) have plans of their own. They plan to enjoy themselves as much as possible in a warm, comfortable room with its variety of decorations and friendly plants. Harry likes to lounge on his side while eating bits of chocolate candy with one of his clay quadruplet brothers, Claude, from the candy dish below. This dish is attached to the top of another elephant,

Ronald, who stands on the lower shelf. Meanwhile, another brother, Dagwood, sleeps while the other, Terry, plays a tune on his horn--excuse me, trunk. Another pair of elephants, Plunket and Minnie, date a lot. He dresses in a stocking cap, and she wears a bonnet. Three of the other set of quadruplets cannot help but squint and grin as they watch the fourth take his daily bath with blue soap. The largest in this camp, a clay plant container, wanted a tennis set for Christmas to go with his oversized tennis shoes; but Mother said no because he would bounce the ball all over the room (and an elephant does not need a tennis racket). These elephants do not mind humans and wish the conservatives would calm down. They know that if the elephants take over the living room, candy will disappear, heat will be cut off, and dust will accumulate. The conservatives want to be kings of the jungle, while the liberals play ball.

In between these two camps the middle-of-the-roaders stand independently. They include the smaller, more delicate groups and individuals, and families consisting mostly of mothers and babes. The glass elephants, including a set of violet ones with trunks about a millimeter thick, bronze elephants with agate or glass bead decorations, and small china porcelain miniatures, remain neutral because of the foot stamping from other shelves. The largest mother, who might be able to push her weight around, is more concerned with her young one than anything else. She cradles his head in her trunk while protecting him from the glaring sun which has slightly bleached her backside facing the window. The newest family of six is situated on the table near the doorway, content to stay together away from the other elephants.

The majority of collectors' elephants have their trunks up because it is said to bring good luck. But to whom will this good luck come in our living room--the humans and liberals or the conservatives? One night soon the herd, forced by the conservatives, will thunder down the hall and wake us up; and then the leaders will announce that the elephants have taken over the living room as their own country. However, if this does not happen and Mother keeps collecting, the huge number will eventually force the takeover of every square inch of space anyway. I will not mind if they maintain a quiet stance and we can still reserve a study area for ourselves. I will even bring the bits of chocolate candy.

Susan Ann Fiedler

LISTENING

Can you tell me the songs
 a cedar sings?
Can you explain the religion
 of the crows?
Can you repeat the stories
 the creek utters?
Can you tell me the name
 of the wind?

And there you sit
 With your "Think Green" tee shirt
 And the "Give A Hoot Don't Pollute" pin
 And a "Twinkie" in your shirt pocket

But You Never Listen
 You Never hear the ground pray
 You Never hear the vibrations
 of the spheres

Yet you say
 "I love the Land"

You love not

You Lust
You hear, but do not listen
Whores don't even bother
 to talk
 Anymore

Listen,
Then come and discuss Love

Dave Gunkel

THE PHONE RANG AND RANG

The phone rang and rang
and I ran to answer it
but no one was there.

Margaux

THERE

on Earth, time passes quickly because
they are all concerned with money.
Interest stacks up like garbage,
business acquaintances multiply like flies,
they begin to feel the extreme pressure
of pressed coins, if coins feel,
and, although it is widely believed,
they welcome that allusion with fear
usually reserved for the bankrupt.
Her hands are in his wallet;
her fingers clutch the credit cards;
their relationship is only
to help her get ahead.
The dream is of accounts for all credit.
The corporation, recall, is a noose
around everyone's neck
keeping all the workers in check
so they remember where they are: there.

Ann James

SUNDAY MORNING

Perfect people can sleep late on Sunday. Because I've never fallen into that category, I have to get up and go to church every week. I have huge imperfections to wrestle with, heavy burdens to unload, and a wavering faith. I can't afford to stay home.

Consider my behavior, even as I attend, when I would hope to be at my best, I take pride in going to the early service, feeling more pious than those who attend at 10:45. Never mind that I've been up since 5:00 a.m. anyway, helping my daughter with her Journal deliveries.

By the time I arrive, I have already broken the law because I have sped to church. Despite my early rising, I always get there just in the nick of time. Perhaps my tardiness is a form of rebellion at having to go at all. Silently I curse as I scour the parking lot for a spot. Sometimes I invent a new spot, and I strategically position my car for a quick getaway.

Inside the church, the organ plays a baptismal hymn, and I sigh, knowing that today's service will be a bit longer than usual.

As I sit down, I focus on the family at the front. (Although I don't want any more children of my own, I'm frankly jealous of anyone with a newborn.) Knowing they already had four children, I question their decision to bring a fifth one into the world. Perhaps it wasn't planned. Eyeing the new mother critically, I decide anyone so uncaring about her weight may be similarly unconcerned about family planning. But "Judge not, lest ye be judged," I tell myself.

Soon the sermon begins. At this point I pop a cherry Lifesaver in my mouth. This and several cups of coffee constitute my breakfast. How's that for taking good care of the temple of the Holy Spirit?

As Pastor preaches gospel, my mind wanders to more immediate concerns. Mentally I do the week's meal planning: Something easy on Tuesday and Thursday, when I get home late, and a simple supper tonight, if I'm going to spend the afternoon at Mayfair. It's Super Sunday at Marshall Field's. My thoughts are interrupted by the noisy chatter and cries of restless children. As the mother of four, I know sitting through church with little ones can be a real test of faith, but, instead of sympathizing, I feel annoyed by the Cheeriocrunching children and their inept parents. "Suffer the little children to come unto me," I remind myself.

As the congregation prepares for the offering, I hurriedly write out a check, hesitating briefly over the amount. The kids need shoes this week, and chuck roast is on sale. That decision made, I drop my envelope onto the plate. I wonder if anyone really tithes anymore. On, I've heard the windows of heaven will open up and shower blessings upon those who do, but that takes more faith than I can muster. Lilies of the field don't have mortgage payments, and someone has to "worry for raiment." Besides, if we women can't vote at the congregational meetings, the church can do without our ten per cent.

Pastor's preparing for communion now. I've decided not to take it this week. "Drink ye often of this," we are told, but I have a big run in my nylon. I enjoy watching the others, though, as they file down the center aisle. Tsk, tsk. I see white shoes after Labor Day. I also see where the Johnson kids get their bowed legs.

At last the closing hymn is ending. I quickly slide out of the pew, to beat the rush, and head for the door where Pastor is standing. I always make a point of shaking his hand so he realizes I was there. Then, once again, I'm in my car.

Well, I've confessed my shortcomings and heard the absolutions. I've sung praises and gotten some direction for the coming week, but I have a long way to go. I'm still petty, hypocritical, judgmental and vain. I'm proud, intolerant, and irreverent, and my faith is still shaky, so I'll be back again next Sunday. Church is less for saints than for sinners. That's why I keep coming back.*

Jo Dittman-Zimny

(PLEASE, SHUT OFF THE WATT-SAVER WHEN NOT IN USE)

More
Stuffing in the attic
R44

Over
The windows
Blurriness,
a barrier of

More
Dead space
But,
 Up
 Up
 Up
 Trying 68
 Not IN daylight
 to waste 62
 At night
 Cut-Back
 cut-back
 Going

Up	Sight
Up	Less
Out	We used
of	We
	Used less
	Shut-off
	all the lights
	More
	We saved
	Less
	They sold

They sold

Up Up Up Ah
the Yes,
PRICE Mr. Commodity
Only
natural gas
Fart
in a bottle

Up
Up
Up
Your
ASSL

D. A. Rodrigues / IR

IN TRANSITION

The building is still there. It's one of those old brick two-stories with the apartments upstairs and the shop below. The windows still have the leaded glass panes along the front of the shop. The screendoor with Holsum Bread written across the middle is gone. There are no specials being advertised today. Jacob's Meat Market is only a memory. Who knows what Jacob is doing these days? Neighbors buy their groceries at the Pick and Save across town now, or stop in for the occasional forgotten item at the Seven-Eleven two blocks down.

My first encounter with Jacob's was a memorable affair. I walked across the threshold and jumped self-consciously as the spring-loaded screendoor whacked me soundly in its rapid effort to close. The wooden floorboards groaned as I stepped into the confusion of produce barrels and orange crates stacked precariously in the cranny near the door. Before me was a wall-to-wall collection of canned goods, reaching from the countertop to the ceiling, with a ladder on rollers which traveled from one end of the wall to the other.

The grocer snatched my selection from this inventory as he traveled his curious circuit, perched on the ladder, extending his reach with the aid of a long pole with a hook at the end. His skill at tipping those cans off the topmost shelf, catching them in mid-air, never losing grip on his pole, and always maintaining his balance, amazed me that first day and always afterwards. Then he was off again, pushing his rolling ladder further along the wall and repeating his performance.

It was easy to find what you were looking for at Jacob's. There were only two aisles. Jacob didn't have the space to accommodate numerous name brands of similar items. He usually carried Holsum, Butternut, and some other unmemorable brand of bread. He had Ivory soap or Palmolive. You could choose Crest or Pepsodent toothpaste. He added Colgate to that collection later on. He was a bit more indulgent when it came to laundry soap and allowed us to choose between All, Tide, Oxydol, and Dreft.

Jacob's produce was tucked in and around the dry goods wherever he could find space. Sacks of potatoes often nestled next to shelves with Miracle Whip and peanut butter. Leafy vegetables fringed the edges of the fruit counter. Bunches of carrots and onions hung in the windows. The overall effect was much like that created by those leafy vines and flowers used to decorate the edges of stationery of fine china. During the warm months, Jacob moved his colorful collection of garden goods to the walk in front of his store.

The meat counter was in the back of the store. This is where Jacob really shone. He displayed his cuts of meat inside large glass cases mounted on wooden bases, and his butchering counter ran along the wall behind these. A wall calendar with a Wisconsin dairy scene on it was tacked up next to the ancient tele-

phone from which he took down his customers' orders. Jacob took special pride in his artistic efforts to arrange his meats. There was always a notable collection of dried or smoked hams and sausages hanging over the top of the case. Jacob was frugal in his selections throughout the rest of his store, but in the meat case, he was extravagant. There were endless rolls of luncheon meats stacked upon each other, cheeses of every variety, and pickles of all shapes and sizes.

Jacob believed in grinding your hamburger for you while you waited. I think he fancied watching the whole chunks of beef go into the cast iron grinder and come out the other side in bright red strings. There was none of the saran-wrapped poultry we see in the big supermarkets today. Jacob wrapped his cuts of meat in white butcher paper and tied the packages with string. Jacob's brother sometimes helped behind the meat counter. You had to watch him closely because he often gave you small chops or the top slice from the bologna when you weren't paying attention.

You didn't feel rushed at Jacob's. There were no lines of impatient shoppers, edging their carts into the backs of your heels at the checkout. There were no carts at Jacob's. You carried your selection in baskets made out of the bright, striped canvas used for awnings. These folded flat and stacked at the end of the checkout counter when you had finished using them. You didn't even consider stopping at Jacob's if you were in a hurry. Even the most skilled grocer could roll himself back and forth in front of the canned goods section only so fast. It wasn't a performance you wanted to hurry.

Shopping at Jacob's was like visiting a good friend. It took time. You had to wait while your canned goods were popped off the shelves, so you talked about the weather. You had to wait while Jacob ground your hamburger, so you caught up on the neighborhood news. It took a while to locate the apples or grapefruits, so you chatted about your children. You didn't stick your trip to Jacob's into the fifteen minutes on your way home from work. You planned your morning or afternoon around your trip to Jacob's Meat Market.

I don't think about Jacob's much anymore. I don't even live in the same town. I do my food shopping at the supermarket. I don't have to wait for my hamburger at the meat counter. The pre-wrapped meats fill the freezer cases. There are windows behind the meat section, but I hardly ever see anyone butchering in back. I nod at the other shoppers making their selections. The deli counter is a bit more lively, and sometimes I even chat with the woman who wraps up my ham slices.

In the supermarket the cans are on shelves that I can reach. The produce is all together in one section, across the store from the baked goods. (Everyone knows brussel sprouts don't rub elbows with chocolate eclairs.) Automatic doors have replaced screendoors, and I do my shopping in a climate-controlled atmosphere while listening to the strains of easy-listening music.

I wonder what Jacob is doing nowadays. Perhaps he searched out some old library where they still use those rolling ladders to make their way across the endless walls of books. Maybe he works in the deli section in one of the big supermarkets.

Susan Schonau

MENTAL ILLNESS

There's a man in my head
With a butcher knife
Crossing the same path
Back and forth as he's done before
Stabbing, ripping the walls of my mind
Seeking a direction out, but finding none.

This man in my head
Stabbing, ripping bloody brain bits
Watching them fall, snatching some in midair
Sucking the juices, leaving them drained.
I'm being slowly eaten away
By this butcher knife man
(Just the way vultures pick at the meat
From between the bitch's legs)
I feel the pain of death by slow torture.

I AM THE DREAM YOU HAD LAST NIGHT

You squirmed as the hideous images
Danced in your head
Your eyes twitching
palms itching

You were running a race you'd never win
feet fast
long path

Your body was spending
Its last energy
muscles tight
heated night

I am the dream that took you from life
no morning's light
no earth's delights

Margaux

ANY QUESTIONS?

The grizzled professor continued.

"Now then, if we take the resultant here and add it to the final product here, we have the answer." He quickly scribbled the last step on the chalkboard, stepped back to examine it, and turned to the class. "Any questions?"

"Yeah, I got a question," said a voice from the back of the room. "What the hell does this have to do with anything?"

"Are you having problems?"

"You're damn right I am!" He stood up and raised his voice. "I've had it with you! Your stupid little lectures, your stupid little assignments, and your stupid little suit!" The class chuckled quietly. The professor, a little shaken, stuttered in false bravado.

"Sit down, John. If y-your having problems, I-I'll see you after class."

"Oh you will, huh." John began taking steps toward the front. From the back, his friends egged him on. "Tell you what, TEACHER! How about if I see you right now?" The class grew expectant, waiting for the confrontation. John stood face to face with the professor at the podium, totally relaxed, hands in pockets, and a smile on his face.

"You see, TEACHER, I've had it with you. No, really. I am fed up with this school, with my parents and most of all you!" Now the whole class cheered him on and the professor's face was pale. John continued his accusations as he walked around the podium for the final assault.

"TEACHER! That's a laugh. Christ, I never learned a damn thing from any of your long-winded, drawn-out lectures. You know why? Because I hate your guts." The classroom erupted in loud applause as they gathered at the front of the room. "Everybody hates your guts, you old, worn-out, washed-up old GOAT!" At that the class roared their approval and gathered behind John as the old professor lay pinned against the wall. John motioned to a friend on the other side to close the door. John turned to the professor and grinned.

"J-John, you, you can't..." The professor gasped.

"I'm afraid it's too late, TEACHER!" And with that, John hit him hard in the face and knocked him down on the floor. He kicked him hard in the side, cracking two ribs. He took the podium and threw it down on the squirming body. As the class coached him on, John, in a final fit of fury, picked up a desk and brought it down, leg first, on the professor's temple. An ugly gash appeared and then he lay motionless. The class shouted and marched out of the room, tossing their books on the lifeless body.....

"John! John?" John picked his head off his books, blinked sleepily, and found the professor standing in front of him. The professor smiled peculiarly and asked, "Any questions?"

PILLBOX ON THE ETHEREAL PLANE

"I rode the bitterness of the cold night's air. It was smooth. A wreath of arms were ever-present on my torso. As a young infant's mother holds its head, mine also was held. I heard symphonies of voices; the last voices in a string of whispered echoes. It was calm."

"Then, a barking dog with a hideous head slapped my body against the cold floor. His extended claws stuck fast in my chest. He raised his head. His mouth snapped open, dropping saliva on my face. He knew no fear and laughed at me. I screamed in pain. He struck at my neck, tearing the flesh from my bones. I reached up and grabbed his throat. I throttled it until he cried. He whimpered, but asking forgiveness wasn't enough. The bones in his body were shattered. I kicked him, and he died."

"I walked in the shadows of the moonlight. I heard the cries of children dying. I ran to help the battered children, but they were as black and silent as the night. Their throats had been slashed with butter knives."

"I turned away after this. I knew there were no more. I walked toward the front of the houses. Old men sat in rocking chairs. Back and forth they went. Always moving, getting nowhere. I couldn't see their faces at first. Then, I noticed they were smiling. Their eyes were all closed, but they were smiling. Were they laughing at me? I got closer and saw they weren't laughing, they weren't smiling. The outline of their jaws and teeth poked through the nearly transparent skin on their faces. One small drop of water had rolled down their cheeks. They kept rocking. Their hands were folded. I could see why they were covering their hands. Blood dripped slowly from them. Their wrists were deeply cut. Yet they kept rocking."

"I couldn't understand what was happening. The air was getting colder. It was thin and dark. I went to the streets. Fire hydrants lined the roads. Some light or heat I wanted, though I knew I couldn't have it. The buildings all stood silent. Most were long on one side and skinny on another. The owners names were printed along the top. Great men, great buildings. The earth beneath me began to agitate. The cracked bricks lost their foundation and crumpled. I ran. The buildings behind me were crushing themselves in my wake. I ran faster, the air was getting scarce. I couldn't breathe. The buildings were still all around me crumbling. I raised my hand. I thought maybe I could stop the force of the bricks on my body. I was crushed; I could not move. I then opened my eyes to find myself awake, lying in bed," he said.

"When did this dream first originate?" the doctor questioned.

"On my birthday," he replied.

"How old are you?" questioned the doctor as he leaned closer.

"Nineteen," he said.

"I'll write you something for it. You should sleep better," the doctor said.

THE DEEP END IS MINE

What I want is to crawl
into a hole
and bury myself so deep
that the world's selfish
frustrations won't ever
bother me
again.

What I want is to pull close
a blanket of black
darkness, syrup-thick
and melt into the oblivion
of mind's matter.

What I want is to take
the step
that was one too many
and float decidedly down
through the engulfing space
of nowhereness. . .

What I want is to have
my sanity
choose
its end --
rather than be choked off
by your unforgiving,
conditional world.

Ann James

WRONGFUL SUICIDE: AN ACT OF BRAVERY

I am not afraid --
But your demonstration is our proof. . . .
I will show you how brave
. . . and we know you are not that stupid
I am,
. . . to do such a thing
And you will be sorry
. . . -- intractable --
you ever said such a thing.
. . . you're the one who loses.

Ann James

TRY TO UNDERSTAND

I could never cry enough to fill
The bittersweet oceans with my tears
My memories of you are all that I have
My hopes of resurrection are all that I have
To prevent my going insane without you.

A whisper carried on a dark breeze
Tickles my ears with promising words
Try to understand when you find this note
And this empty bottle by my bedside.

A man with grey hair is at the door
And he waits for me to leave you
Try not to stop me from falling
The end never hurts; it's just the beginning
Of me with him in this space, this place
So new to me, so familiar to him.

Margaux

THE TRAIN WAILS (2 MILES DISTANT)
I INSTANTLY WONDER
IF I SHOULD SPRING FROM THIS LAWN FURNITURE,
RUN BREATHLESSLY FOR THE 2 MILES
IGNORE THE LOWERED BARRIER,
AND LEAP, TUMBLE OR DIVE
UNDER THE STEEL MOONDIALS

MY THROAT'S INTERIOR
RUPTURES
NO... NOT A SYNTHETIC TEAR ALONG
A POORLY EPOXIED SEAM (1944)
BUT AS THE GAULS CLAWED WITH
TALONS AS FINGERS UP A MOIST
CLIFF, LAYERED WITH MY
PATCHWORK TISSUE (419 BC)
AH, THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS
WHEN THE MYTH OF A SMALL BONE DISC
SETTLES PERFECTLY, SEALING FOREVER
THE ARTERIAL
PIPERIVER
THE FLUIDS
MIMICKING PRIESTS

HEAVENS AND GALVANIZATION
AFTER A HORRIBLE
AUTOMOBILE WRECK
REMIND ME THAT SKY IS
USUALLY WHITE
AND THE WHITE REFLECTIONS
PARALLEL TO THE OILS
ON THE FOREHEAD OF THE VICTIM IS ALSO.
CAN BONE RUST?
WHEN CLOUDS DON'T LOOK LIKE HORSIES?

DRIZZLING ON A SIDE STREET
LONG AFTER THE BIRDS HAVE STOPPED
EACH SOLITARY WATER PELLET
HITTING THE CONCRETE
ARE THIN WIRES, OR ELECTRONS
TRYING TO PENETRATE THE SKIN
OF A SLEEPING, CHILD-LIKE BEHEMOTH

WILLIAM DANIELSON

No shadows stretch across the harvest
Field
Shedding non light
On the closed eyes
The dirt divides

An iron rod
Reflecting no light
From no sun
Lies amidst a quiet
Garden
Of flowers late
In the day withered

Far piercing
The chill
Which creeps and settles
Among the bones
With
Out the wind
To touch ever

The mounds once non
Conceal fruit
Spoiled withered wasted
Amongst rocks,
Never relics searched out,
And refuse early yellow

Gasping flower tendrils, young
Secure loosely with in
Gurgled foundation
Shriek gentle motivator
Mated poison courses inward
Tempered solemn in wake

Desolate chiding spirit
Emanate vapors in thought
Touching motioned beings
Response in repose
Not of non sun
Hearty healing warmth
Cause the vapors to
Expand
The watered eye to close
Remembering

Darrell Hooker

KERRY POEMS, 1981

1.

The acrid, sweet smoke of the turf fire
wanders up from the kitchen,
surrounds us with morning
as the waves roll back
on the rocky strand.

2.

At Muckross House in Killarney, you can look out over the
lakes, mountains, and sky. "Heaven's Reflex" they call it.
From the master bedroom of this great house, the master
and his mistress from their carved oak canopy bed could view
the sight of lake-mountain-sky thru large windows on the
second floor. A view inaccessible to others, a view
privileged for the two of them. While below stairs servants
in damp basement rooms maintained the operation of the estate
so that that lord and lady could engage in their delights.
Fifty or so miles away in Waterville (an choireann, the
whirlpool) my orphaned mother with her nine brothers and
sisters, lived with their several cousins, the Cliffords,
in a three room house of stone--one room below, two above--
with only the turf fire and their many bodies to warm them
in the damp Irish air.

3.

Carrantouhill.

The 3400 foot modesty
of Erin's highest peak
believes
its slippery rock and sharp-edged scree
its heather-covered bog
its mist and fierce winds
its premature darkness as it swallows the sun.
Alone, in this high sheep country
I savor the land that bore the woman who bore me.

On the shore of Lough Curramore,
stone cold glacier lake under the shadow of the peak,
I drink my tea and soak my feet,
cool wind down the mountain
licks the sweat from my back.

The land settles me.

Tom Moylan

fresh clear coolness
mixing with
salty turbulent warmth

an everpresent warming of the heartland
by the deep silent current from the south.

look out and feel the ocean,
within lies a traveler
knocking at your backdoor, old friend,
to cheer you and love you.
know I am there, that I care
about your warmth,
your life,
your growth.

and on gray-matter days,
listen to the rolling waves of my heart,
the breeze-whispers of love;
the deep tropical warmth is always there to soothe.

and on its sea-breezes it carries a message to all who can hear
and read its writings;
find a path
always change

be constant in deepness
vary in direction

learn and dance

sun-laughter

wind-whispers

a transient constant...

mary catherine, '

SONNET

In spring, when nature starts her colored flair,
Her subtle songs break through the earth still cold;
Her warming glows turn yellows into gold
And emerald hues burst forth in humid air.
These miracles, so brief, but done with care:
 In perfect timing, wonderment unfolds
 One vital breath; again life's story's told,
Renewing life for all of us to share.

So come, partake of life as nature planned
 Or time will quickly pass before you know;
Together let us take each other's hand
 In witness of the truths that springtime sows.
This lesson we must live to understand
 And learn, through trust and faith, to love and grow.

Ginny Burr

SONNET

Most things that at a glance appear so free,
Like beauty in the plants of early spring,
I know I'm seeing superficially,
For reflections of a certain sort will bring
Consideration of what lies beneath.
The blooms now fragrant, brilliant and mature
Begin their lives when other flowers bequeath
To nature's plan --- The effort to endure.
Considering how many seeds will lie,
I ponder for a moment and am struck
By that successful struggle toward the sky
In which endurance seems the key, not luck.
 Why, knowing that such thoughts enhance my being,
 Does a glance remain my usual way of seeing?

Pam Shier

FACES OF SAND

Warm muddy sand presses between toes and grabs feet. Sucking sounds protest each step. Through half-closed eyes, footprints seem eerie landscapes punctuated by weird monoliths.

Cold wet sand numbs and scrapes feet like rain-drenched concrete. It grinds itself into the tender flesh between toes. I pity the oyster creating a pearl.

Dry powdery sand massages feet. Toes flick up and miniature volcanoes erupt. Toes squeeze down and become small insects digging burrows that cave in behind them. I pause on plumped pillows and sink into strange socks.

Multiple faces, the faces of sand, blur. Sand faces, of faces and sand, unite. One sand face emerges, endures.

Pam Shier

POND LEVEL

to lie flat-bellied in the grass,
nose to water level,
and watch the living pond;
the busy, mystical, minuscule world of
the pond
with its flow of spirit from rock
to water
to insect
to grass
to nose....

mary catherine, . . . dts

HAIKU

The lake awakened
Fish, leaping through misty air
A hawk clears the trees

Stephen Moss

THE INVASION

Lying in the green grass
Hear the wind whisper,
The birds charming chirp,
The silence

Then, a distant toot,
A constant click,
A disturbing noise no less
Invading the silence

Karen Ruhe

OREGON POEMS

With the Rock River Archaeological Survey crew
based in Oregon, Illinois, during the summer of 1974.

I.

111

Six-foot corn on a tamed hillside
owned and
farmed
by an absentee land lord.

11

Sweat-covered bodies
 walking row upon row of corn,
gleaning the leavings,
 points, flakes, sherds, bones,
from tribes
here before us.

Yet still
 there,
unharmed and unknown for centuries,
 the spear point
of a people in touch with
 the land.

There in
clods of cultivated soil an
intact remnant,

conceived of,
designed,
chipped out,
hunted with
by those some dare call savage.

IV.

Multi-gearied trucks endlessly moving
down Illinois Highway 2.
Katy-dids screaming in pleasure
accompany the long hot August afternoon.
And upriver from Oregon, the
white-man's perversion in stone
mocks the reality of Blackhawk
overlooking
the smooth,
winding,
filthy Rock River.

Tom Moylan

EBONY AND ASH

smooth and cool stuck in a rut
soft to touch rough and dirty
chocolate skin burnt earth
eyes melt my spine knifed to death
can't get enough black trash

Natalie Koval

UNTITLED NAPKIN

SLEEPING ON THE EMBERS
I SEE THE BEAUTY
OF ALTERED FLESH
WHEN I, WAKE UP, AND WALK AWAY
I WON'T, CRY ALL NIGHT AND
I WON'T FALL APART
I'LL JUST WALK AWAY IN THE MIST
NEVER TO SPEAK AGAIN

HEAR THE CONFESSIONS OF 10 LOST IDOLS
HEAR THE CRIES OF SOULS WITHOUT ANY TORMENT
HEAR THE BELLS OF A PASSIONATE DEATH
HEAR THE BIRDS OVERHEAD AT ONE LAST FUNERAL

WHAT IS ALL THE TROUBLE NOW
ALL WE ARE IS ROYALTY LOST
RISING FROM THE EARTH IN SEARCH OF A THRONE
PLACING OUR FAITH PLACING OUR FAITH
PLACING OUR FAITH
INTO BITTERSWEET LIES

WILLIAM DANIELSON

METAPHYSICS: THE ROYAL SHAFT

The Kings of Waukesha
do not
exist

and
one of them
is
bald.

Phil Fox

CULTURAL GENDER

Stolen blankets, accusing glances
two young people too young
to be understanding
Practiced stances, passed up chances
how to know the roles
when the play has only begun

Good intentions, dirty elections
we'll do it every time
for their own good
Fake erections, false projections
how to not fear being
seen as just a human

Lost virginity, wounded community
short-term solutions
only long-range tragedy
Low productivity, blind consistency
like unions helping the workers
and killing their jobs

Cold showers, plastic flowers
weakly imitating a beautiful world
Jury confers, judge defers
how to distinguish the real from the pseudo beauty.

Kevin Reilly

TO LATANYA

The fancy machines
Attacking their customers
And this is called "progress".
The men in gray who work them
Only eat once a day

Why?

I was caught by the police yesterday
I tried to sniff some O₂ after dark.

A cloud chased me here

Belching yellow smoke

I tried to climb into a "tree"

But the smoke turned blue

Oh well.

Was that you who knocked on the door?

My memory's fading

Nothing's worth remembering anymore

Oh well.

I got lost in a tunnel----- looking for you

I wish you could be here

Your smile is so nice

Oh well.

What are you feeling?

Where is your heart?

Just remember to hide it from them.

If they see it they'll kill you

And it would kill me.

If they steal it I'll give you mine

I'd give you anything.

Stephen Moss

WHY DO YOU WANT TO MAKE LOVE TO ME?

Your gesture is perhaps
misinterpreted.

You must elaborate --
not carefully
but honestly,
not carelessly --

but compassionately.

THE STURDY WALL

I would like to speak to you.
I would like to be with you.
I would like to run with you

and dance.

I would like to demolish the walls
and leap over the rubbish,
to dispense with the formalities,
the mannerisms and etiquette,
to show you who I am
and why,
to expose myself to you,
discarding the painted white face,
and share myself as I am,
not as I think I should make you see me.

I would like to
but I can't.

Ann James

THE CAPTIVE AND THE 'OTHER' WOMAN

waiting, waiting...

for you, my lover...caught in a silken trap.

unable to help you,

my words can comfort you, for a little while, only.

the cords tighten daily.

i cannot free you. you alone, can break the ties.

i hold your body close

while your captor turns away... only a moment, i must hide.

you smile at your jailor,

a whispered endearment...and, i wonder, why, i wait...

do you really...desire freedom? to break the goldenthreads,
to soar to new heights, to join me in the distant hills?

or, are the satin pillows too comfortable...

too safe.....

REB L

PERHAPS ONE DAY

oh, that you should come to love me one day,
and the cool moon's full shadows
melt together
and fade
like the death that calls to me,
so subtly frequent in Her denial.

You are killing me
so slowly. . . so completely.
And my request has been denied
as many times before.

My life is lost
many times ago,
yet death only creeps slowly
like the snail that climbs upward in the day
and sinks back a bit at night.

Like the starving children
I, too, have a need;
but you are neither educated in their hunger
nor mine, tho we've told you many times before.

But now, my love,
can you still claim ignorance now?

Ann James

YES, I REMEMBER THAT NIGHT

Yes, I remember that night
That night I experimented
With you and your mind
Your mind spilling with feelings
With feelings of unhappiness
Yes, I was unhappy too

My tears you've seen times before
Times before we nearly broke
From the skin we are bound in
Bound in our desire to exist together
Together we love our love and
Together we cry our fears of unlove

Yes, I remember I tried
Tried to reason in my head
Why I stormed out of your car
Your car door slammed and you
You drove away. There I stood
Stood looking at what I call love and
Yes, I wanted love to come back

THE PUPPY

If poems could cure the sick
I wouldn't be here at 3:57 a.m.
With wet eyes and pillow
Wondering how you're doing

You came into my life
As fast as a shooting star
And stayed only long enough
For me to touch you

I held you close: I heard
Your life murmur in the
Hollows of rib cage, body, soul

Here it is 4:03 a.m. and I'm
Wet in the eyes again
Wondering how you're doing
Why must I cry so
Over something small like you
That touched my life for only moments?

Margaux

I.

alone i
enter your memory
knowing your
(i need you
now) essence
hangs there
warm coatish

a velvet tweed denim

patchwork
of few (

all i know
of you)

textures

i caressingly
finger tentative
wishes, wistful
whatifs &
leave (as you
me)

abruptly

in-

com

-

plete

e.e.

he has too much life within him,
and I am swept away with a sadness
that rings hollow.

his meaning

I once could know and taste —
but today, oh no, not today,

I will not hear him

for to listen is to come undone
and to remember is to be afraid.

I am

a nothingness

of loneliness and truth.

touch

or what remained of it,

has sifted away

like sand, escaping between my fingers,
a slow

painless death.

but I will wait

in patience and in hollowness

for you

to bring me back to memories
and to bleeding once again.

Lori Beranek

LOVE

Beware of love, for it's like a dove
As it flies by, it might drop a load in your eye.

Margaux

GENTLEMAN JACK

Wedding bells rang for Jack Randolph Young

But turned out to be a disaster.

Happy was he who betrothed Terri Lee,

But neither got what they were after.

His honeymoon night ended in fright

While in bed, reaching down to her knee.

Legs covered with hair made Jack rise and stare

And revealed that his bride was a "he".

"Jack, can't you see," declared Terri Lee,

"Love's more than just sheer fascination.

Please, don't feel strange. I promise, I'll change

With your help, and a sex operation."

Ginny Burr

THE TIN MAN'S MISTAKE

"Hearts will never be practical,
until they become unbreakable."

Natalie Koval

SATURDAY NIGHT

i have swallowed the white capsules,
washed down with sweet wine.....

it's been a marvelous day,
full of the plaudits of my peers and superiors...
my sculpture...wonderful....magnificent

words of praise, to cherish...
friends surrounding me, leaving with fond embracings.....

but, now, alone
to face 'saturday night'...
tomorrow...holds promise, but,
what of tonight?

where are the strong arms to hold me in the dark?
where the warm lips to close my mouth against the screams of pain.....

they are far away...
my arms are empty,
my body...cold...
the white pellets are absorbed.....

i drift.....

REB L

CLOSING TIME

Ended up at Mannion's Pub
with an impromptu music session
of banjo, tin whistle, bodhran, spoons,
and voices.
Closing hour came and went.
We all stocked up on pints
and slipped them under the table.
Music and talk continued
in the long darkened bar
as the mid-summer twilight
seeped through half-closed shutters
casting the only light.
For over an hour or so, we
drank our pints,
told our stories,
sang our songs.
On the west coast, in Commemara,
law
loses out to
life.

Tom Moylan

PATTERNS

The squares of the tile
floor
are familiar.
My cheek presses against them —
cold and hard
is a comfort.
Nowhere else to fall,
once you've hit
the floor.
Final drops of wine
fall too ...
the last.
No one to see us
topple and spill.

Natalie Koval

THE NIGHT BEFORE

Unconsciously inhaling
fumes
in an artist's studio
drinking
Zeller Schwarze Katz
(seventy-seven)
wondering
how
something so clear

pure crisp
can come from
grapes
of an infamous land

Tasting again
from the imperfect bottle
the perfect

Unconsciously
inhaling fumes
the wine
becomes
part of the painting

Watercolors
become winecolors

Colors
begin to paint
an empty
bottle

Paper
gets drunk -
colors
sloshed

We
don't like
the painting
drunk

We love
ourselves
drunk

In the morning —
we
don't like
ourselves
hung

We love
the painting
hung

Mark McCraw

YELLOW AND RED PUDDLES COLLIDE

Yellow and red puddles collide.

Orange border war.

John Kascht

DEATH

The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover...somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius;...and allows the formation of new ones (styles of living) more friendly to the growth of character.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Compensation."

Flaming yellow leaves against a strong black branch.

A red leaf falling from a Maple tree.

Geneva Marking

SILENT PEACE

A glow reflects in a window
lighting one side of the room.
Shadows don't seem to move
on walls made of stone.
Quietly a flame grows.
In solitude it is still.
Slowly the wax melts,
dripping off the table
down to the dirt floor.
The end is near.
A last spark flickers.
Yellow wax hardens
as gray smoke clears away.

The sun rises,
lighting cobwebs in the dusty window.
Many times the sun's rays
will press through the glass
before it cracks.
For a long time the door stands
before it falls.
No one will pass through.
No one will look out.

Years pass.
Tall grasses surround the cottage.
Vines grow uncut.
Bad weather comes and goes.
Branches and trees make the walls tumble.
Leaves hide the remains.
The earth claims back her children.
They aren't young, but they are hers.

An animal finds some bones,
different than he is used to.
It doesn't matter.
He drags one away.

A child hidden by bushes
carefully watches.
After the animal leaves,
the youngster steps forth
stumbling over moss-covered stones.

His knees bend down.
His hand touches the dried old bones.

He glances around.

Under a fallen log
some piled stones resemble
a once used fireplace.

Suddenly the child falls back.
He covers the bones with dirt.
Tears run down his face.
He knows no one would believe
what he has found,
only his grandfather would.

LILLIE, A REMEMBRANCE

Spring peaches cooked in canning jars.
Half moons of sun,
nested with steaming chant
safe behind glass walls,
away from the spoil of time.

After you died I brought home with me
the wax begonias you tended. Planted
with garden soil packed hard in clay pots,
they'd lived in the sun on your kitchen window
through every Missouri winter.

Sitting in your kitchen one afternoon
we looked through a box of old family pictures,
a lineage complex as a garden spider's web,
saying we'd write down the names, but never did.

Green beans know it all in their
stick-like jumble behind glass.
Sturdy, they hold backbones erect.

When your Mama was sick, you,
the youngest stayed home for years,
then married a good-hearted dirt farmer.
Cousin Olga said, "We were terribly worried
about Lillie when she chose Walter."
But reflections show love and pride
for your children.

Canned beef is imposing, viewed
with childish disbelief, suspicious chunks,
trusted only after years of knowing.

You tucked things away in your orderly mind;
the day and the year when the refrigerator arrived,
which child won a ribbon at the fair,
a whole community of people you'd known.
Your voice like my daughter's,
logical, calm, often mischievous.

Shining corn kernels make us want
a game to guess their numbers.
Under glass, ruby beets draw us deep
in their color, forming rhymic patterns.

In the hospital you were like
a wax doll, no longer conscious.
I walked down the corridor,
vision on both sides darkening.

The begonias came back with me
and I replanted them in rich,
black potting soil, but they didn't
live, so far from their home.

Carol Gruber

LETTER DATED MONDAY OCTOBER 1

Dear Lizzy,
This is Monday morning.
It sure has been cold all ready.
I don't mind as long as it don't snow.
Looks as though it will be nice out.
My windows are so dirty on out side.
Flowers are too much to monkey with in garden.
I have some Violets that are real pretty.
They sit on my kitchen table.

Words with too many letters.
Lines not straight across.
Something tells me
She's getting older.

My wedding anniversary will be in two weeks.
The weather was just beautiful that day.
Sure was shinning.
Happy be the bride to let the sun shine on.
A beautiful day 56 years ago.
My tom cat was sick again.
I took him to the vet.
It costs more to put up with him.
I had to put him to sleep.
It looks to be nice out.

Handwriting, hard to decipher.
Thoughts are repeated.
Something tells me
She's getting older.

Hope you can read this as I don't write so good any more.
I sure miss my sister Rose.
She worked most of her life.
Birthday made her to quit her job.
She could only work half a day there.
25 years at one place.
And now she is gone 8 years all ready.
Think of brother Paul too.
I won't have to send him a pointsette this Christmas.
And wish him a merry Christmas.
I see in the paper Paul's house is for sale.
I'm the only one left of my family.

Reads like she's crying in words.
Names from past are recalled.
Something tells me
She's getting older,
And so am I.

Stop in if you are around this part of town.
Love to all.

Aunt Katherine

Joan Lurvey

THE SUNDIAL

He walks past the marker
And notices the words
Remembering you
And he calls his friends over
To notice the space
They point at the dial
And walk away, not knowing
The man you were, only
The time of day

Margaux

WE NEVER KNEW THE PERIL

WE NEVER KNEW THE PERIL
WE BURIED THE LOVE
IN A COFFIN WITHOUT ANY AIR
IT SEEMS SO PEACEFUL NOW
PROBABLY BORED ITS WAY TO THE
CENTER OF THE EARTH
IT LIVES WITHOUT DANGER
IT'S LIVING WITHOUT US

ROMANCE IS DYING WITHOUT ANY TERROR
WELCOMING ANY DEATH KNELL AND SHAME
AND BEFORE WE LAY INSIDE THE SHROUD OF LIGHT
I HOPE NOBODY COMES TO CHANGE OUR VILE
TRUTH

THE MAN IN THE MARSH, ROPE AROUND HIS
NECK FROM A TREE
HIS SHADOW TRAVERSING MOSS
ECLIPSING THE GROUND WHERE
HE LAST REMEMBERED LOVE

WILLIAM DANIELSON

DO NOT COME TO MY GRAVE CRYING

Do not come to my grave crying,
there is a time we all must go.
Why is it you feared my dying?

It does no good sitting and sighing
when life just passes very slow.
Do not come to my grave crying

and telling me I should have kept on trying,
when death keeps falling like little snow.
Why is it you feared my dying?

And this you were forever denying:
that what I did, I did not know.
Do not come to my grave crying

while I lie here smiling
when flowers grow above me below.
Why is it you feared my dying?

Was it because they're always prying
and setting me up, as if for show?
Do not come to my grave crying.
Why is it you feared my dying?

Ann James

TRAVELING CIRCUS

As I follow the side of the road, only yellow and white lines light my way. Fragments of lines, some so worn they are no longer lines, but particles of paint, flecking. Taillights ahead are my tour guides—wait — a truck forges through, leaving a frenzy of snow ...

As sugarplum fairies dance in my head

My tires rarely touch the ground, I float, getting sick as I bob, up and down, up and down,

The owl and the pussycat went to sea,
in a beautiful pea green boat.

Speed up again to follow the leader. Unfamiliar roads leave me lost,

Click your heels three times and say—
There's no place like home,
There's no place like home,
There's no place like home ...

Looking out the bottom inch of windshield, fire shoots up my back. Hunched over the steering wheel, intently studying the dashboard, I can see the little animals running around on the surface like when you're in an airplane. The static on the radio has a nice beat, good melody, I'll give it a 78.

I have no doors now, they took them away. No trunk either. I have a glove compartment though. That's where I keep my maps when I go on trips.

Just follow the yellow brick road ...

Natalie Koval

THE LAND OF THE CONDOR

the road is almost vertical,
i can barely see the top,
and know not what, lies beyond...

my poor steed struggles onward,
i hear the splintering of wood
and the dragging of metal, but,
i dare not look behind.....

i close my eyes,
trusting only the skill of my weary 'Rozinante',
one aching, painful step after another,
slipping backward, to struggle on again...

i should lead him, but, i am afraid
to leave the safety of the wagon.....
one swift glance backward, one ahead,
i see the bright blue of sky above
and the long cruel valley behind...
to reach not the heights,
is to plunge to destruction.

REB L

OKOKOK

Playing handball without a wall
is better than standing in the middle of an enclosed white court
without any black thing to beat into a corner

Mark McCraw

ASYMMETRICAL

The buttons on the cassette player
at the library
have raised dots
placed there for the blind.
With closed eyes,
each dot grouping felt the same
to sightless fingertips.
I listened, eyes opaque
to the sonorous voiced poet.

A man nearby dropped something,
then a movement to retrieve it.
The sound was his clothes
against the chair,
the chair on the carpet,
but was he wearing a sweater
or a shirt?
It was a soft brush sound
and my inner ear was
reaching for its fiber
straining for a hint of the matting
of soft weave
or the flatter touch of cotton.

Behind these lids I saw a sighted
black of lighted blotches
and thought of men's sweater ads
in yesterday's paper.

Carol Gruber

”dts”

the initials of the three man-names I've collected during my life,
part of the "excessive psychological baggage" that trails behind,
wherever I go.

my woman-name stays up front, never changes, honest, solid, mine...

but man-names, they are necessary only in the man-world, licenses, forms;
interchangeable and needed, they say, to distinguish this
mary catherine from all others in the world.

maybe I don't want to be distinguished from the others;
actually, I've never met another one.

so I keep trying to rid myself of these man-names:

I always separate them from my woman-name with a comma,
I've shrunken them to 'lower case' letters,
sometimes I push them further behind with 3 or 5 periods,dts
sometimes I use a few dashes, ----dts (maybe I could dash right through
them, claim a typographical error!)
sometimes I offset them with apostrophes, 'dts'
but my favorite is to use emptiness, ' ' a shadow of something once
there, but now gone..

oh well, I'm almost free.....

mary catherine,

