

The Windy Hill review. 2002

[Waukesha, Wisconsin]: [University of Wisconsin--Waukesha Literary Club], 2002

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THE WINDY HILL REVIEW



THE WINDY HILL REVIEW

24TH EDITION
2002

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN WAUKESHA
1500 N. UNIVERSITY DR.
WAUKESHA, WI 53188

Acknowledgements:

I would like to start with a huge "thank you" to all the associate editors of UW-Waukesha's Literary Club, whose dedication, contributions, and personalities have made this review possible—as well as fun and fulfilling!

Together, we wish to express our gratitude to Dr. Margaret Rozga and Dr. Gregory Ahrenhoerster, our advisors and friends. Their wisdom, encouragements, and enthusiasm have inspired and directed each of us as editors, as students, and as writers.

We also wish to thank Barbara Reinhart for presenting the artwork and sharing her insights and smiles with us, and Lynn Knight who organized the details of printing this publication.

And last, but not least, we wish to thank every writer and artist who contributes to *The Windy Hill Review*. It is because of your vision, talent, interest, and passion that *The Windy Hill Review* exists.

24th Edition
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The Windy Hill Review is published annually by the
University of Wisconsin-Waukesha Literary Club.
Submissions are accepted September to December.
1500 N. University Drive
Waukesha, WI 53188-2799

MILLENNIAL LINGO

Carol Deprez

It's a new millennium and time is tight,
we think ASAP morning to night.

Budgeting minutes might generate strife
but conserving time is our way of life.

Reflecting this, we've a new way to speak,
suitably succinct and fashionably chic.
advancing our language by supersonic degrees.

If health is the topic, we easily speed-speak
with first-letter codes, a quick-lip technique:

LDL	HDL	EMT	&	IV
EKG	MRI	ICU	&	BP

Computing jargon can breed hi-tech truants
but most of us are RAM & ROM fluent:

CPU	VDU	USB	&	PC
AOL	IBM	DVD	&	CD

Wall Street simmers in alphabet soup
with the NASDAQ and DOW feeding the troops:

SEC	FTC	IPO	S&P
IBM	MCI	3M	& GE

Entertainment networks favor brief ID's,
airtime is money and money is key:

CBS	NBC	PBS	TNT
MTV	TMC	CNN	ABC

Everyday short-speaks save time and add spice
to our alpha-rich diet of quick and concise:

TCB	Q&A	FYI	SOP
TGIF	R&R	BYO	TLC

As our language evolves, what lies ahead?
Will our tongues be letters? Will words be dead?

BUS STOP
ROBERT KOKAN

THE FIRST GHOSTS OF MORNING
GATHER AT DAWN'S CORNER
AWAKE TO HAUNT THE DAY

STANDING IN SILENCE
NO VOICES IN THIS CITY
WEARING A SOFT FOG OF INDIFFERENCE
THEY SHUFFLE THEIR CONCRETE FEET
AGAINST THE COLD

LOST DREAMERS
SLOWLY TRUDGING
ALREADY BENT TO THE DAY
SHARING CIGARETTES
AND SORROWFUL SHOES

GREY FOREVER FACES
MIRRORS OF MISERIES
TATTERED OVERCOATS OF WINTER
HANDS IN POCKETS HOPELESS

CITY'S SAD CREATURES
WAITING
FOR A BUS
OR TIME
TO TAKE THEM
TO HEAVEN

Space Pass

James Kaczmarek

When sometimes, staring off in space,
I often wonder if the blue
is something one can gamble on;
that it will be there till it's not.

I often wonder if the stars
are twinkling when the clouds are thick,
and where's the blue, when similarly
clouds obscure, or, like at night.

And why do we call sky hue blue
Could just as well have called it red,
or green, or black; and night sky blue,
and who decided all this stuff?

And why do I have to agree
with color names some other guy
dreamed-up? and what about animals
and such? and trees and cars? all names?

I think I'll use my own names now.
The word for sky blue is horse,
and night sky is aspen. Stars are wets;
and girls are pretty baskets.

And I won't have a word for war
so we won't have that anymore;
and likewise hate and prejudice,
and hunger, race, and violence.

Things that are what we define them as,
and if we don't, they can't exist.
We'll hang up what we once called clouds.
Hide non-things in their mist.
Let new day come to pass.

Glance

J Marie

When transpires
A transaction:
Passing glance
Of interaction,
Puts your heart
In twittered traction
With a dangling
Chance attraction -
Do you take
That splintered fraction
Of the time
To judge the action
And translate
That weird reaction,
Chancing all
To vague abstraction
And the maybe
True exaction
Of intention
In the action
That produced
The said reaction?
Missing, though,
A near distraction
Offering
A glance-extraction
Which would cease
The chain reaction
That could cause
A heart contraction?

...So I say
This chance transaction
Leaves my head
In need of pack-tion!
And in hopeless
Hasteful action
I will question
This contraption!
For I get
no satisfaction
In re-la-tion-al
Diffraction.

LINED UP

Amber Hunkins

Marching to the beat of a drum

Calling attendance one by one

Ants moving left to right

Parallel lines stacked up tight

Children in a row of desks

Hospital beds all laid to rest

Twelve aisles in a supermarket

Clothes on a rack are hard to fit

Afternoon traffic all backed up

A cabinet full of empty cups

The picket fence across the yard

Stacks of last year's birthday cards

Flying south, birds in a flock

Brand new houses all put on a block

Boxing gloves are hanging tough

Everything is all lined up

Lazy Wind
Larry Behrendt

Celestial sigh
Upon this river
Always and forever
Cascade
I crave
A new beginning
And end to
Spring's passing
Sweet light dance
And brave this day



Bread

Heidi Hildeman

Every Sunday my parents go to Ingrilli's to by a loaf of tear-away bread, hard on the outside, soft on the inside, and covered with sesame seeds. Today was no exception. I woke up to my brother clicking away at his keyboard with an annoying intensity. He was probably writing about humanism. It was going to be my day to sleep in, but now I was wide awake. I got out of bed and stumbled past the laundry baskets. The basement seemed colder than usual, and I longed for a room of my own where I could shut the door and not be bothered. My brother muttered a "hello" to me when he saw that I was awake. I ignored him. I wanted to tell him to go away and take his sticky keyboard with him. I wanted to tell him that 30-year-old men should not be living with their parents, but instead I went upstairs.

It was vacant upstairs. My parents were out buying bread, and the house seemed bleak and disorganized. I grabbed the employment section from the paper and sat down with a red pen to circle job possibilities. Assembly, Apartment Manager, Driver, Tool and Die Maker. I put down the red pen without marking anything. I didn't much feel like working anyway. I thought about all of the people who go to work every day without question. People who drink coffee and smoke cigarettes. People who stand around gossiping about their co-workers. People who take lunch breaks and come home from work tired and depressed. I couldn't imagine myself having a place among those people.

I was growing restless, so I turned on the T.V., but the sun was beaming through the window and making an awful glare on the screen. I wanted to close the blinds, but I couldn't. The plants needed light. There wasn't much on T.V. anyway, so I turned it off and played the piano instead. I'd been working on Beethoven's Sonata in "C", but I could only play the first three pages. I played the first half over and over to perfection, only to end up stuck at the middle each time. The piano was horribly out of tune, and my parents' parrot kept distracting me with his screeching. I stopped playing and sat examining the sheet music in attempt to figure it out, but soon the notes blurred together and I found myself thinking about other things. I thought about how I could never play the piano for an audience because my hands would shake and I would be paralyzed by anxiety. I thought about how nice it would be to have my own place again. I thought about all of the things that I would buy if I had any money. I thought about moving somewhere warm and leaving everything behind. I thought about how things would be if I were independent and strong. I thought about religion, and how I wished I could be a part of it. I must have sat on the piano bench thinking for about 15 minutes. I was so lost in my thoughts that I didn't hear my brother come upstairs.

"Still can't get past the middle?" The sound of his voice startled me and I jumped. My brother was always sneaking up on people. He thought that it made him slick and mysterious, but really it made him creepy. "No", I replied. "I'm giving myself until next year to get the whole thing down". "Well, that'll be cool." He said. "I think it's my favorite Beethoven piece". "Yeah, it's very pretty, but it's difficult to play" I said. My brother said nothing to this. He was probably thinking about how he quit playing the piano when he was in fourth grade. "Hey, Eric..." I said.

“Do you know of any religions where people just believe in God without believing in a Messiah?”

“What about Hinduism?”

“No, I was thinking of something a little more mainstream. I like Judaism because they believe in a personal God, but I can’t convert to Judaism because they believe that there will still be a Messiah, and I don’t believe in a Messiah at all. I just believe in God”.

My brother leered above the piano and shifted his weight from one leg to the next.

“Well, why do you need a religion at all? Why don’t you just go on believing on your own?”

I rolled my eyes. “Well, yeah. That’s what I’m doing, but it would be nice to have a society of people to feel a part of. I guess there’s a certain sense of security in feeling part of a group.”

Eric’s loneliness seemed almost physical as he spoke. “Yeah, I know what you mean. That’s the one thing I miss about being part of a church—the people”.

My brother used to be the biggest churchgoer that I knew of. In high school everyone called him “God” as a joke. He had every bible in every language written, but as he got older something changed in him and he left the church behind.

“So do you not believe in God anymore?” I asked.

“Umm, I believe in myself”.

“What do you mean?”

“I believe that morality is defined by people rather than an entity”.

This was typical of Eric—Not only did he find a way to turn the conversation towards humanism, but he didn’t really answer the question. I stared at him blankly as he straightened the glasses on his face. He seemed lost. He seemed to be missing his own presence.

The conversation had dwindled so we ended it and my brother went to his room. He was majoring in Theology through correspondence courses. I don’t know why anyone would want to major in Theology through correspondence courses. To me, the best part about classes like that is the discussion, and my brother was depriving himself of that. I felt bad for him in a way; He seemed so permanently lonely and misplaced, and it didn’t seem like he had any intention of moving out. Of course, I was the one who told him to come home in the first place. He had lost the apartment he was living in and had resorted to living out of his car. I told him to swallow his pride and come home. That was over two years ago. I had also failed at living on my own. For nine months I was an adult who worked and lived responsibly, and then I folded and came home. I wasn’t a very successful adult, but I was still young. I still had time. I heard my parents come home from Ingrili’s, and got up to have some bread.

Ferns
Quentin Maxwell

*Holding tight to the ground
Sitting and soaking
Tingle of worms weaving through its roots*

*Limbs curled up
like the scroll of a stringed instrument.
Unraveling to grab the sun's gold
releasing the spores
ensuring the future.*

SPARKY & COMPANY

Carol Deprez

Good grief!

What have we here?

Saint Peter's surprise
was clearly quite clear.

Most candidates for admission
came before him alone
but this spectacled gentleman
came well chaperoned.

Little ones clustered about him
with round faces so dear
and a strange grinning beagle
wore flight goggles and gear.

What's your name, kind sir?
Saint Pete looked to the man.
Schulz, came the soft answer,
Schulz, Charles M.

And who are your friends?
Saint Pete jerked his thumb
at the peanut-sized troop
and why have they come?

They're all facets of humanity.
Charles flashed a shy smile.
Little sparkles of sunshine
I drew for a while.

Ahhh, a cast of characters.
Saint Pete gave a sage nod.
Still, I'll have to clear this
with the big boss--God.

Now Charles nodded,
prepared to wait
and fretting the judgment,
stepped away from the gate.

But there was no delay.
The gate suddenly swung wide
and the warmest voice spoke,
Sparky, please come inside!

And bring all of your friends.
I've been waiting for you.
You're all welcome in Heaven'
we love laughter here too.

Change

Mike Dierbeck

You wake up
And change your clothes,
Hoping not to be late.

You glance at the calendar
And change it to the next month,
Realizing you missed the appointment.

You phone the doctor's office
And reschedule for a later date
Hoping you'll remember it this time.

You enter the interstate
And change lanes,
Realizing you're in the slow lane.

You run over some sharp objects
And change your flat tire,
Hoping you've done it correctly.

Change happens everyday.
People change their minds,
College students change their majors,
And cinemas change their films.

Things change everyday:
Teenagers change their hairstyles,
Restaurants change their menus,
And people change their slate.

Why can't people change themselves?

Tradition

Tricia Schepp

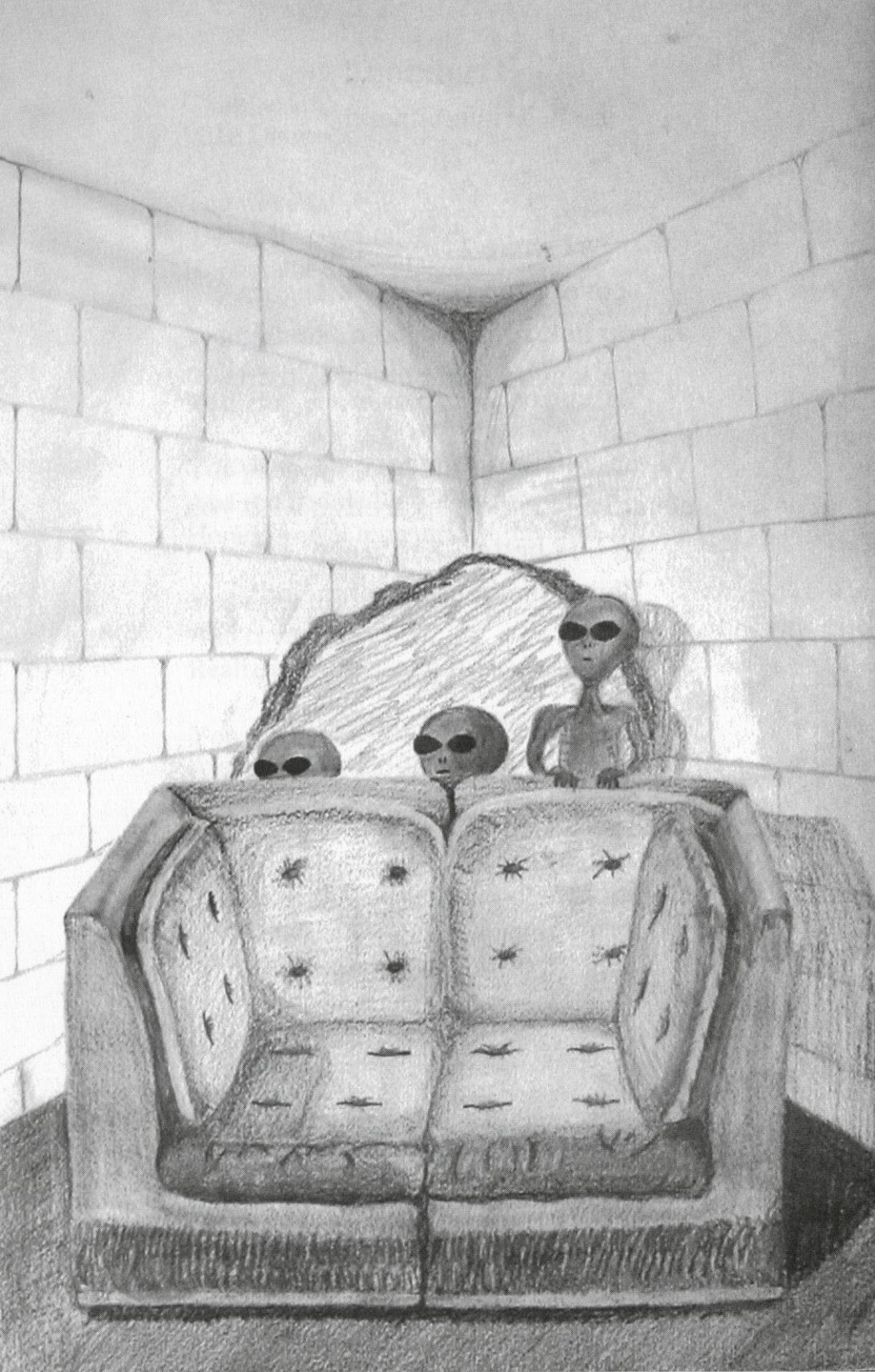
I smile at your face
covered in powdered sugar
as you lick remains from your finger
and laugh, crumpling a napkin.

I sip coffee and ignore my watch
because smoking cigarettes with you
is better than sleep.
These moments are timeless.

Napkins tossed on table
Leaned back, content.
We're more gratified by \$2 eggs
than anything else in life.

Sticky elbows never felt good
until they included you
sitting here with me 'til dawn
shootin' the breeze in that booth.

24 hour
Perkins.



Blown Glass

Andrea Pries

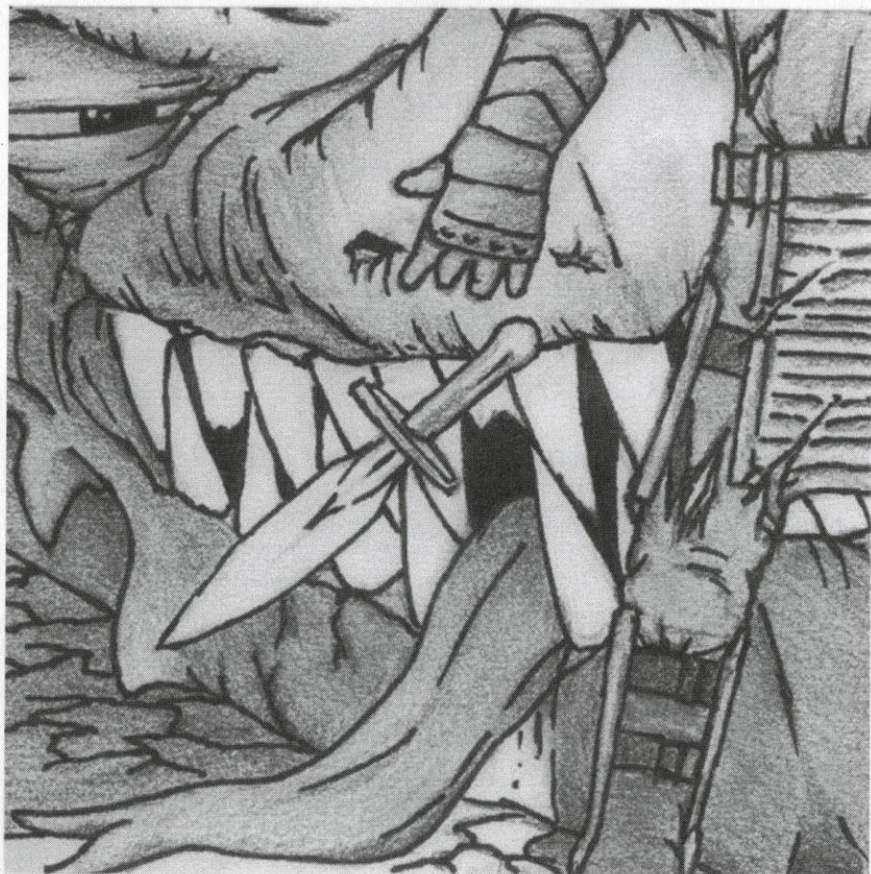
*Youth whirls like a sandstorm
Rushing full of zeal
Chasing wind and winding roads
Until, the colander of years
Sifts to a fine dust the rough grains,
Particles furious in pretense—independent
Individuals in tantrums of tout.
And as the dust of days settles and passes
Into flames' furious, intense white heat
Melts and fills with the Craftsman's breath,
Balloons a fragile shape—
Plunged into cool water,
Emerging clear and hard;
Melded to an intense and brilliant peace:
Cupping each fragment of light
Refracted glints pierce the passing eye,
Caressing a round and seamless orb.*

SLANGUAGE

Carol Deprez

**jabber-jargon
yeah, jivey trash**

**adulterated verbal hash
poor mother-tongue
is twisted, tied
verbatim yields to verbicide**



Come the Tide

Larry Behrendt

"Such long hair," the barber's brisk voice resounded about the neat little store, his hand deftly tying an apron over my clothing.

Tapping my fingers and kicking my feet irritably I replied, "It's time for a change."

"Of course," he responded, lifting his hand in supplication. "It's your choice. I didn't mean to imply otherwise."

I peered at my reflection in the mirror. Sophisticated and composed, my hair looked somehow out of place. "I really should have cut it a long time ago," I commented. "It looks a mess."

"If you say so. Looks right and natural to me, ah, but I'm letting the mouth run. Time for the scissors. Besides, what would an old Barber like me know, ah, kid?" he told me, standing tall and imposing, stepping between my reflection and me.

"Yes. Cut it off. Make it look normal, like everyone else's hair," I told him, suppressing the quiver in my voice.

He looked at me oddly a moment with that measuring look that people sometimes get firing his eyes.

"Sir?" he implored, cautiously setting the scissors back upon the table. "Are you all right?"

"I have come for a hair cut, and I intend to have one," my voice leapt out, cracking through the dull music that had been droning in the background. "Come forth. Begin and I will tell you a tale."

He cautiously neared then, nodding his head dumbly. He was a barber. What else was he to do?

"Long ago, out of the winds of time stood a place where a dream sang. Long ago in the halls of Atlantis we formed a peace and unity; we formed solace.

"Knowledge and peace were ours, yet one better: the silken cords of wisdom flowed forth within our hearts sure as the gleaming tides.

"All the world marveled. Then, one day, there came a visitor.

"Wild tides flowed over the visitor's head, beating savagely upon the immovable force that protected our city from the primordial fury of the sea. Sparks of light shone in the ancient city, coloring the aquatic streets and sending plumes of radiance to dance upon the dark waters.

A grim smile glowed on the visitor's face. At last, he must have thought, as he stepped forward. His boots left a grueling trail of muck to settle upon the smooth pathway that we, the inhabitants, had long ago carved.

"A strange beast was nearing.

"The man stopped to regard a wild-eyed cross between a cat and a dog, Mar-dath, we called them. Its feral teeth and claws causing a momentary surge of doubt to pulsate through the visitor's very being.

"It was for naught.

"With unnatural grace a tall form moved from the creature. 'Strange one. Go no further. It is forbidden.' So it had always been. Our home was a sacred place not to be opened often to the bleakness without.

"I return' the man spoke, and it was so, for there had been tales circulating that once an Atlantian had left the peace of Atlantis. This, then, was our kindred returned at last.

"Well, the guardian took this man and returned him to the city of his birth. We felt responsible for him for he was one of us. I remember first meeting him. Tall and powerful, he was as Atlantian as I, and so I embraced him as my brother. We all did."

"If we had only noticed the hungry haunted look that seethed in the man's heart, the blazing shriek of havoc that tumbled forth from his shadow-spawned soul with all the force of a hurricane.

"Oh, too late." Here I paused, listening to the befuddled hands of the barber's scissors at work clanking and clicking in a gruesome way. Smelling the soft scent of shampoo permeating the air, I tried to continue, but all that I could command was a whisper. So with that quite, halting dead mockery of sound, I continued. The Barber tried to move away, the smell of fear beginning to grow in the air. Whether it was his, or mine I know not. I reached for the barber and held him where he stood as I continued my tale.

"We took him to the great temple of lore, the spring of healing, the Tower of Solace. Oh, we should have never taken him to the tower. Never! He laughed upon entering, you know. In the tower we had left the one treasure, supposedly safely buried in the depths of our city. Oh, not so."

"The gleaming etches and the smooth marble surface of the box went unnoticed. He saw his quarry. Shouting out in glee, he ran to it."

"Hope,' he said, madness whirling and spinning in his eyes like two black daggers,' is a small and meek creature. All these years, trapped as a prisoner on the surface none of you came for me. Now, my turmoil shall rend this world! Feel my anguish, feel it.'

Tears leaked down my cheek, hot and bitter as I recalled this. Silence answered my sobs. "He opened Pandora's box then. Oh, you fool, none of you realize that there is no hope in the world." For a moment I saw my visage staring back at me in the mirror in a wild frenzy. But I couldn't stop it then, for the story, the memories, had their hold upon me. Weakly I dropped the barber's arms, freeing him from my pain-laden grasp.

The sound of the barber reaching for an old worn rifle beneath the counter dropped me from my reverie. "That's stupid," he told me, his voice calm and collected. "Hope's everywhere. It's alive all around us . . . and Atlantis never existed."

"Ah, but it did and I am not mad. It is now gone for all time and I am not mad!"

"Am I?"

Lilac
Amber Hunkins

Moving hearts through the daybreak,
A silent place is found

Water drips from your petals,
Down a stream of dew

Once overflowing in love, rests
A solitude of empty space

Crimson-yellow the sun goes down,
Daisies sleeping, ferns wakening

Love is simple

The lilacs break.

Cribbage Cards

James Kaczmarek

Years ago now, many years,
we used to play at cribbage cards,
her Pa and I, in evenings
or of an afternoon sometimes;
and were, I guess, even matched
'cause we would win nearly evenly,
and winner razzed the loser good
about his lack of skill at cards;
and we had lots of fun.

The last few years he would lament
the passing of his card game friends.
Were Bill and Joe and Ray and Frank
all gone, with none to carry on?
He played at sheepshead, three handed,
in game he made-up, all alone,
with two piles for dummy hands,
but didn't really satisfy.

The best then, in the summertime
when I could visit, play at cards.
Just two guys' camaraderie.
but now it's over twenty years
since we played cribbage; since he
passed, and I don't even know
Where I put my cards.



Jackie Weber

WORK
CAROLYN LYNCH

I HATE
WORK, BUT I MUST
GO. NEED TO PAY BILLS.
COUCH - MISS IT. BED - MISS IT.
TURN THE CAR AROUND -
I AM GOING HOME.

Help Me See What Burns Within

Jeff Jacobs

Father, can you help me see
A way to change my life today?
My path's not set or goals not met,
But I'm ready.

I tried to conquer on my own,
The tasks that mask my slivered skin.
Within the sinful actions taken,
Are there demons I've awakened?

Are you here in good intention?
Father, please don't turn your head.
Look deep, down at my slivered skin.
Am I ready?

The yard is open, which spot would you like?
Our personal picnic from day until night.
Wait, my slivered skin is so tainted,
Exposed from Father's flickered light.

I stop. Listen. Walk. Then wait.
I only mean to hesitate in fear
That I am talking fast.
Ready? No? Let's both lie down.

I'm lost, dear father, show me how
To capture demons with the sound
Of chaos and deceit. I only found my battered feet
Too tired to move. Weakened by fault.

Where should I wane in pain?
For what? Agony? Despair?
Shall I be ready in deepest, darkest nights,
To crash down where my sins pertain?

I can't go out or back to there!
I will not travel anywhere,
Or spare a place where I'm exposed,
With all my demons on their toes.

I look for Father slithering near,
In ways I often like to do.
He appears to reveal something upon me
You think I'm ready. Ouch! That hurts.

Dear Father, now what have you done,
To harm your precious single sun?
My paths are still not set in stone.
I moan with sinful actions taken

The tasks that mask my slivered skin,
Are black in fact to blind my eye.
And only in my great disguise,
Am I ready.

GARDEN BONFIRE

Robert Kokan

A small dance of dreamers
 horizons
 unreachable horizons
 waitings
 tiny dusts
 whirlwinds
 whispers
breathing remnants of dreams
random raindrops spotting the earth
 tomorrows
 pages of night
 turning skies
warm water kisses
 freedoms
 open mouths
flushed flowers
 sparks
 flames
tongues of remembrance
 promises
moments without breathing
 fingers
 tastes
golden hair wishes
 soft scented air
 all
falling toward Heaven.

Personal Geography

Heidi Hildeman

One summer afternoon I met with you
And we walked all day for months and months
Eating apples and mangos
'Til our chins dripped with juice
A perpetual picnic of magic and lust.

We walked from Canada to Sri Lanka,
Through Yellow, Rouge and Blanca.
Hitting the blackest of waters
At the end of the day...

I closed my eyes,
And you swam away.

Sometimes when I see you now,
You pick me up and spin me 'round,
And set me back where you found me,
Disoriented and dizzy.
One afternoon I met with you
And we walked all day for years and years
Eating apples and excuses
'Til our faces dripped with tears.

Enchilada Myths

Larry Behrendt

Like the first flower of spring
Your name reaches my ears, silken Ambrosia

Enchilada

Upon my tongue your pale-gold
Din still rings better than Orpheus's song,

En-ch-i-lada

Prometheus's true bounty at last
Thou, my Enchilada, are mighty still

Ench-il-a-da

From Hermes's heart where you surely forged
With such sweet zang upon which mortals
May not ever dine, for this gift, this sweet
Mexican cuisine is surely the lone chords
Of Heaven, here on this earth

Enchila-da

All evil is dead, the serpent has failed
Adam didn't fall from the Garden

Ench-il-ada

Cinquain
Adelheid Himin

You sat
Up in my bed
Turned off the alarm clock
Kissed me goodbye, and went home to
Your wife.

Ode to the Indecisive

J Marie

I made a choice - hooray! Hoorah!
I'll call my sis, my ma, my pa!
Oh joy and rapture, bliss and grin,
I'll never make this choice again!
Hey, look at me - Oh such a sight!
I stand and claim my gloating right!
I chose! I chose! See, I have made
A choice that is forever stayed!
And thus upon my death they'll say,
She made a choice, she was that way.
She never hemmed and hawed about
or sat around to moan and pout.
She looked her choice straight in the face
And quickly put it in its place.
So, listen up, I've made my choice;
No need to cuss and raise your voice,
Or be so rude, or cause a scene,
Or fuss and whine and rant and scream!
Just listen up, step back, and see
What comes of waiting patiently!
So take your tongue out of your cheek,
And hear the choice that I shall speak:
I've chosen then...
Oh dear...
Ahem...
Um, could you read that list again?

Flight

Tricia Schepp

Her heart leaped in her chest as he walked down the narrow aisle toward her. He was wearing new clothes, she noticed. And a hat that almost covered his eyes, making him look more mysterious. He smirked as he saw her, tossing his Nike carry-on bag nearly on her feet, and sliding down into the seat next to her.

"What are you doing here?" she asked trying to sound angry.

"What do you think? I'm going to sunny California," he replied looking wearied at the other people boarding the plane. He checked out a girl across the plane reaching up to put her carry-on in the overhead compartment. His wink and smile were all too familiar, she rolled her eyes at him. He was pretty obvious when it came to girls.

"I thought you sold your ticket to someone else," she said following his eyes to another girl in a tank top across the aisle.

"Uh, no? I wouldn't pass up California just because your sorry ass is going."

She snorted, "Yeah, I'm the real loser here, Jeff." She rolled her eyes, more at herself than at him. I can come up with something better than that, she thought to herself.

He smiled smugly, "You said it."

She glared at the side of his head and turned toward the window. Three and a half hours trapped on a plane next to "tha playa" she used to date for that one awful month. How stupid to plan spring break together after such a short time.

She looked at him suddenly, "You aren't staying at my cousin's with me."

He looked sideways at her, "No shit."

"Oh." She wanted to know where he was going to stay. What were his plans? What would he do in California by himself? Was he meeting people there? Who would he be with? Would he have a better time than her? Her mind raced. She looked at him out of the corner of her eye. Why did he have to be so damn cute?, she thought.

"You going to hook up with some 'bitches and hos'?" she mocked. Say no, she pleaded silently. Just thinking of him getting together with another girl made her want to hit him, though she had no claim on him anymore.

"What do you mean? I've met your friends already."

She groaned. He always had to win. Why am I *still* attracted to him? she wondered. He has nothing going for him. Well, except for a nice tan, he's well dressed, great body, nice hair, excellent kisser. Ok, so what? That's all physical stuff. He's a jerk, he uses girls, he promises the world and- he's a big freaking *jerk*! She glanced at him again. He could be nice, though. He was pretty sweet when they first got together. One single flower waited for her on his passenger seat every day before school. But that doesn't matter. Look what happened in the end! Jerk!

She reclined her seat back the inch that it allowed her and closed her eyes, anticipating California. Her favorite cousin invited her to come visit, relax and take it easy. It was going to be great. She could lounge on the beach, get a great tan... What would Jeff be doing? Argh! Stop! Who cares?

Jeff looked over at her and gave her the "once over".

"What are you looking at?" she snapped.

"I wanted to see what you were wearing. Nice shirt." he said and smiled.

She narrowed her eyes in confusion and glanced down at her shirt. "Damn!" she said out loud, realizing it was the shirt he bought her when they went shopping together. She scowled and looked out the window again. It was going to be a *long* flight.

Winter Blessings

John Peterson

Crisp cold
Quiet imposed
Upon forest and field
Peaceful

Soft snow
Gently falling
Building upon the ground
Gorgeous

A house
In the distance
Beckons the snowshoer
Trudge on

Warm fire
Food for the soul
A worthy desire
Priceless

Hot drink
For the body
Brings the spirit repose
Restful

Friendship
Found in a pet
Always faithful and true
Good dog



MR. FROST

Matthew E. Puhl

I saw the same two roads as good old Mr. Frost
shining under a midnight's moon that proved them to be true
and under starry skies I stood, pondering just what I should do
indeed the passing on these roads had worn them near the same
but on this cool Autumn's night, I could swear one whispered my name
like an oak I stood firm and still, roots planted in the ground
I closed my eyes, held my breath and waited for that sound
again it came soft and smooth from deep within the wood
I called "Hello" . . . but I knew well nearby no person stood

It is only nights like these that can quench my soul's deep thirst
Knowing not where each road could lead, and still not of the first
but I never regretted the choice I made, to this day I hold it dear
because wherever I am, you see, that road has led me here

many men have crossed that road, so many lessons learned
but of all who pass through that yellow wood I doubt that even one has ever returned
and I've heard the tales of others told, stories from that place
the promises to come back someday, hopelessly misplaced

but that voice I heard on that night of the midnight's moon
many times has spoken there. You may hear it soon
from no man or creature comes the voice I know so well
but important is what it said that night, and that I cannot tell

Hopes Increase

Bryan Shore

Talk..., feel..., love..., hurt..

These are four things that man can exert.

...So, why is there prejudice?...Will it ever cease?...

I don't know, but with every passing day my hopes increase.

...Man should not be judged by the color of his skin,

But by the content of his character, Martin Luther King said.

See, I know that to be true...you can see with the tear I shed.

Tears of happiness and tears of sorrow,

But yet I'm always looking for a brighter tomorrow.

...Come together. Right now, John Lennon said...

Let us love one another, but yet another one dead.

So, why is there prejudice?...Will it ever cease?...

I don't know, but with every passing day my hopes increase.

Mother, I'm Sorry

Lindsay Dawn Tresmer

Mother, I'm sorry
That he is a tyrant,
Selfish,
And righteous about it;
Mother, I'm sorry
That his fire darkly,
Cruelly
Devours yours;
Mother, I'm sorry
That he calls you a
Martyr;
Mother, I'm sorry
That I didn't
Defend;
Mother, I'm glad
That you are my
Saint.

Midnight Water

A Villanelle

Brian Hartling

Blast away the dark contagion.
The day is not so bright within.
I fear the thoughtless sleep tonight,

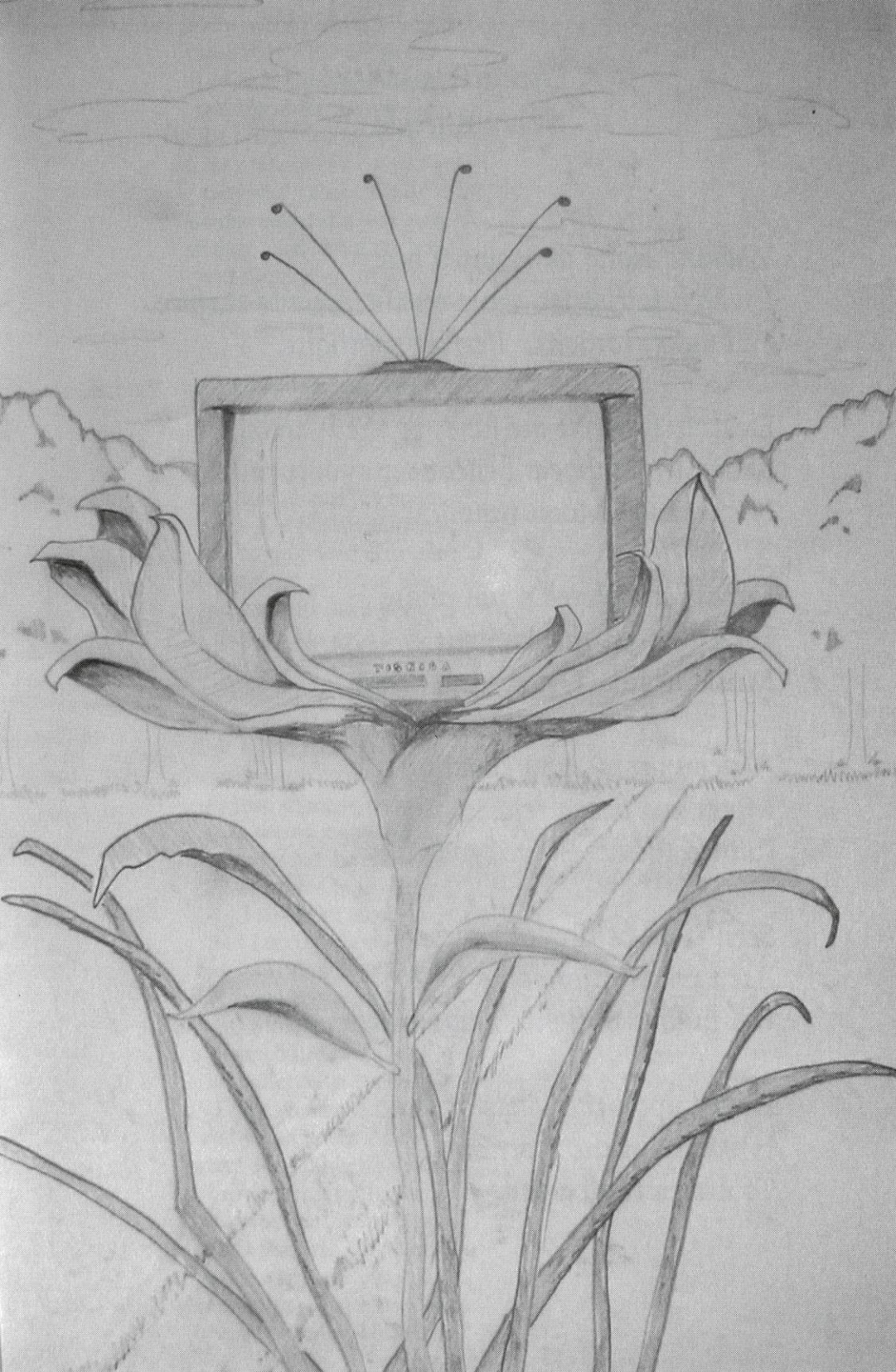
When once again I'll know the none.
The time comes near to drift the endless tide, to
Blast away the dark contagion,

That leads me to mindless wanderings.
Wanderings I won't remember.
I fear the thoughtless sleep tonight.

Once and twice I coax my spirit,
To strive for my mind while nurturing the soul, and to
Blast away the dark contagion.

A parasite of my very self,
The nothing takes my something, and
I can't help but fear the thoughtless sleep tonight.

The day cannot be bright enough,
To give me the energy, and to
Blast away the dark contagion.
I fear the thoughtless sleep tonight.



A Dreamer's Wish

Stacy Rhoads

Walking along an isolated beach
I watch fairies ice-skate on the ocean's surface.
Full moon tonight. Perfect spotlight.

Destiny brought me here, to the waters.
Shadows disappear beneath my footprints.
Nighttime. Moon time.

Luna's completed a full phase
Haven't seen the daylight.
Music heard. Drumming heard.

African beats, man dancing
Moon and ocean rejoice
Rained today. Prayed today.

Seen it all before, of course
Been walkin' for some time
Fall in love tonight. Stars bright.

Dance upon the sands of sleep
Wake up in the morning
To dream it all again.

They will never understand
 cause they were never there
 to some it holds no meaning
 and some don't even care
 but the people lost their freedom
 so they taught us how to fight
 they said "shoot to kill"
 no one asked if it was right
 so they handed out the guns
 and shipped us off to sea
 they said that some would die
 I hoped it wasn't me
 I didn't start the war
 but I know that someone did
 I know that he's not fighting
 and neither is his kid
 cause they posses the power
 and they posses the brains
 we're just bloody corpses
 and rotting dead remains
 so they sent us out to battle
 they dug us out a grave
 they said to suck it up
 they told us to be brave
 I barely see it now
 and I never saw it then
 but was it really worth it
 was it worth so many men
 to lose so many people
 to see so many die
 I'd forgotten what the tears were for
 I'd forgotten how to cry
 I never let it out
 and I tried to keep it in
 but was I doing my duty?
 or committing a mortal sin
 I was blinded from reality
 trapped inside a game
 and after what I'd seen
 I'd never be the same
 and when it was all over
 when everything was done
 I realize that in the end
 that no one could have won
 a life that was forgotten
 and a war that stole it all
 where guilt replaces innocence
 a nation that will fall!

RIGHT or WRONG

Matthew E. Puhl

Gorging on the remains of a wasted day
Cigarette in hand... Jack not far away,
Just one shot more.

A mind is a strange thing when given its head,
To dwell on decayed moments of conversation
Regurgitated onto a greasy bar-tender
With one eye wandering wherever it will
Drawing and dreaming what lies out of sight.
And you hate, and he knows you do,
That he is greasy and staring.

And hollow laughs echo
As you escape into a cloud of smoke
That swirls through your hair
Like the fingers of a blue-eyed stranger
Sitting in the corner
With a vacant smile, a cigar,
And a red mustang.

But a mind is a strange thing when reality hits-
Like the cold hood of a car against your face,
Where you never imagined you'd be,
As a hole is burned into your neck,
The size of a cigar.
And you know, and he knows you do,
That you are a survivor.

Gorging the mind on any past day,
Cigarette on a floor, too far away...
Just hate a little more.

A mind is a strange thing... as life keeps on living,
When the mirror reflects the carcass you are,
And a mind at last is convinced of a fact...
Seated at home on the edge of your bed
With a gun on your lap and a voice in your head
When you know, and you know you do,
Hate is done gorging on you.

IMPROVIZATIONAL

Stacy Rhoads

I can't break the silence.

You stare at the television as if it's on,

as if no one sits next to you writing furiously.

Is the air sweet enough for you? Would you

know irony if it slapped your face? The Art of

Being Genuine is graceful, but I never felt comfortable

around the enlightened. They attack you with sincerity,

of bullets-

-lead-casing,

wiping the blood

with a Dexter Gordon

tapestry. Jazz blows

from your stereo.

Ornette Coleman's Free Jazz

No words. You sing off-key.

Did you notice that I changed the

station? Is there a gun in your

holster? with sincere bullets-

-lead-casing,

heavy on the skull.

Emptiness is on the coffee table, next to the

half-full bottle of beer, still cold. I drink bottled

water. You sit still while I spin counter-clockwise,

hypnotized.

Gives me something to do while you're watching TV.

INHERITED ASSETS

JEFF JACOBS

I LISTEN CLOSE WITH WILLOWED EAR,
TO VOICES BOTH FROM FAR AND NEAR.

A MESSAGE SENT BY PIGEON'S WING,
TO TELL THE TALES THAT HISTORY SINGS.

INTO THE MYSTIC TRAIL ONCE SET,
BY THOSE ONCE DREAM, BUT I NEVER MET.

I CROSS A BRIDGE, ONE STURDY AND LEAN,
OVER A FLOWING, METAL STREAM,
ARMORED IN TIME. AN ETERNAL CRIME.

I ASK FOR ANSWERS, MASKING TIME,
YET NO ONE KNOWS WHICH IS YOURS OR MINE.

PAPER DOLLS AND DIARY BOOKS,
REVEAL A PAST. I DARE TO LOOK,
BUT NOT TOO FAST. I SHALL GO
TO PLACES FAR AND PEOPLE WHO KNOW.

NO SPECTACLES HERE.
MY HEART IS WHOLE.
I'M STANDING HIGH ON GRANDFATHER'S SOUL.

I'M GLAD MY FAMILY IS HERE TONIGHT,
TO GAZE IN GLORY, WITHOUT A FIGHT.

WE LISTEN.

Reminisce
Ann Strong

where to begin?

gaze
at old photos

think
back to old times

converse
so long ago

wonder
where you are

want
to talk to...

long
to be with...

missing
you



Soft Days

Lindsay Dawn Tresmer

Someday soft days shall be

The river washing me,

And lazy drifting I will

know throughout eternity;

The needy child inside,

The wounded woman's pride,

Neither choose to show

the many tears that she has cried,

Only wishing she was strong

Instead of doing what was wrong,

Instead of trying to outgrow

the way that she does not belong;

Someday soft days shall be

When she will not be me,

And lazy drifting I will know

through all eternity.

Sunday

Morgan A. Nyman

It's Sunday morning, actually I should say Sunday afternoon, since it is one o'clock. I'm not sure what it is that woke me so abruptly from my sleep. From the empty silence, I can tell that no one else is home. Doesn't surprise me and I'd be lying if I said I wasn't pleased to find myself alone. I try to remember what it was that I was dreaming about, but my mind feels as if it is empty, late night last night.

I stumble out of bed, and hate the fact that I have a hard wood floor. I didn't sleep with socks on, and the cold floor is the most terrible thing to feel after crawling out of my warm bed. I look behind me to see my cat, Tiger, crawl out from under one of my blankets. My bed looks as if a tornado hit it, and I can't help but wonder why my cat chooses to sleep with me every night since I kick and thrash about more than someone involved in a fistfight.

I slowly make my way to the kitchen, my stomach growling the whole way. I approach the refrigerator and stop to look at the pictures that are held to the fridge with colorful magnets. The pictures show my family; all smiles, looking happy. Whoever said a picture says a thousand words? Pictures don't tell the truth. Pictures don't show the screaming fights.

I find nothing inside the refrigerator besides old milk, cans of beer, and an open bottle of wine. I turn around and see three empty bottles on the counter. I guess I wasn't the only one who had a wild night last night. As I look around I can tell that it must have been a really crazy time; there are beer cans thrown about, all of the ashtrays are overflowing, and it looks as if a pack of hungry wolves was let loose to run rampant in my house. I would have found it all amusing if I hadn't known that my mother was the only one here last night. I can feel the anger burn deep inside me as I think of the hours that it will take me to clean this all up, and that I won't have any help doing it.

I glance at the table and see a note scribbled on a small piece of paper. In writing that resembles chicken scratching it reads: Morgan-Went to the airport, see you in a week or so. -Mom. I flip the piece of paper over hoping to find "I love you" "I promise to get help" or "It's not your fault" written somewhere. The only thing that I find is that the note was written on a receipt from Otto's Liquor. As I bite my lip and hold back the tears, I wonder why I even hope anymore.

Giving up on breakfast, I grab a glass out of the dishwasher and fill it with water. I make my way through the mess and back to the one place that I feel safe, my room. I flick the light on my aquarium on and relax as I watch the fish. I add a little bit of fish food to the water and watch as the bright orange, yellow, and blue fish frantically swim around trying to eat as quickly as possible. What a simple life; swim, eat, swim, eat...

I start at my homework that is neatly stacked on top of my desk. I know that I will be home all day working on it so the thought of showering doesn't really cross my mind. I don't plan on going out all day so who is there to impress?

About an hour later I pull myself up from my comfortable desk chair and make my way to the kitchen to get a refill on my water. As I open my bedroom door my cat runs in, I guess she finds it "safe" in here too. Midway down the hall I bump into my father, neither of us say a word. The silence caused by not knowing what to say, or do, has ripped our relationship apart. The once close tie that binds this father and daughter relationship has disintegrated over time. Silence is the one thing that can tear any relationship to shreds. I do attempt eye contact though and I can tell from his puffy red eyes that he has spent his night crying, again.

EYES ABOVE

Matthew E. Puhl

Show me god
I'll turn away
show me hell
and I will pray
say you're in love
I'll laugh out loud
say you're alone
I'll show you the crowd
tell me of evil deep within yourself
I'll show you your bible
lost on its shelf
I'll show you god
face to face
he speaks of heaven
"there is no such place"
open your eyes
get out of bed
'cause by the time you wake up
everyone's dead
show us all god
so high on his throne
but with or without him
we all die alone.

1980-2001
Mike Dierbeck

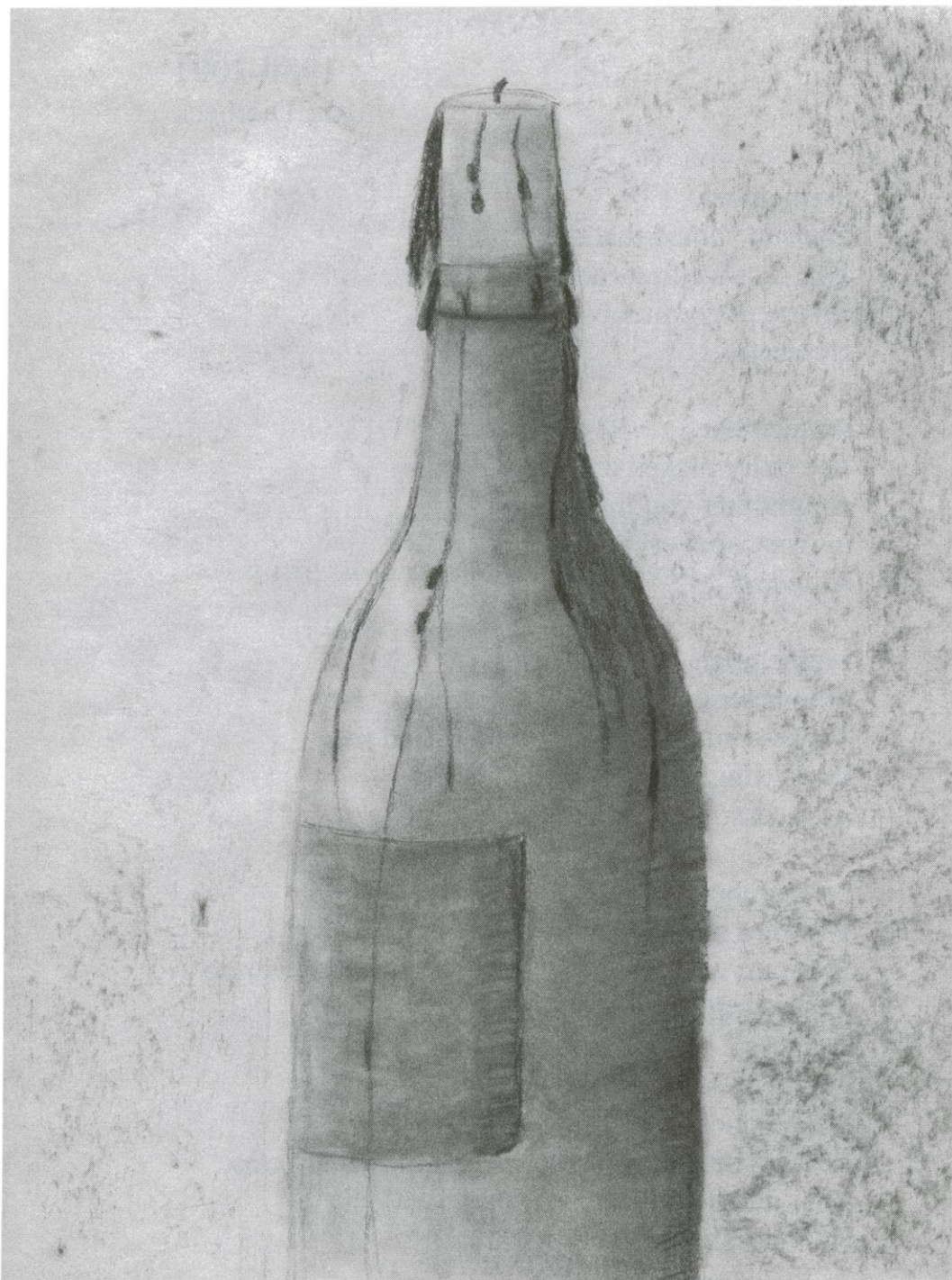
I remember.
The sun shined that day;
That day we first met
On the playground
At recess.

I remember.
The bully picked a fight;
A fight that you interrupted
In front of everybody
At recess.

I remember.
You never called me those names;
Those names that everybody called me
Every single day
At recess.

I remember.
We went our separate ways;
Separate ways that we swore we would never go
Every single day
At recess.

I remember.
Reading that newspaper and seeing your name,
Your name under the obituary section.
How I visit you every month
At the cemetery.



Smacked

Jeff Jacobs

Deep and dark in a pit of self-humanity,
Surrounded in mayhem is a generation,
Imbedded in the control of genius mind.
I reach for a sound, smell and touch,
Where not much has given me strength.
Unknown.

I gaze into the eyes of wanderers.
Between my own self-righteousness,
How conscious are we of the minds who control us?
Where are we going in a world of teal meritocracy?
A generation is lost, but found in bloody matrimony.
Somewhat.

Blackened flowers line the pathway to my stage.
I long to be up there, yet never quite escape.
A bitter audience shouts blasphemy,
Luring me away from my passion and fury.
Forever I am urged inside a coffin, plaid and striped.
Almost.

Screaming agony pierces the stones in the walls before me:
Pain, fear, and cold
Kicking the corpse that was once walked beside me.
Who am I to take life in my own hands?
A sole survivor of a meaningless agony?
Not quite.

Smacked I am in the face and on my neck.
Whipped from head to toe by someone whom I've never met.
Struck back by the corpse I kicked,
Never being sure when the pleasure will return.
Disturbed.

It's dark and quiet on the stage now.
I have lost the attention of others.
One remains in the chair seven rows back.
The corpse I maimed smiles and claps.
I take a bow, with roses at my feet.
Content.

Until I'm Right

D M

Seen it
All too clearly
Once gone and forgotten
And shed from the skin of myself
Into

Strange new
World with numb
And desensitized love
That nips at my every bud
Again

Picking
Apart my soul
I see that I am NOT right
I am wrong and need attention
From you



Spirit of the Winds

Larry Behrendt

A nymph danced in the winds this eve,
Golden curls waved with silken
Harmony. All around the woodland

Called, beckoning to me yet I
Stayed, I could not away, never leave
and so I remained past the

Fall of night's mask and the first
Kiss from fair lady day. Trapped
yet I stand in creeping shadows

Covering me, wrapping about my eyes now.
Sight is shed and only the din
Cackles on, a dread symphony

A nymph no longer

Then comes the spirit of
the winds dripping change and
scratching joy upon the wings of
a thousand doves, haunting this peace pleasantly
into the birth
of a morning
that shines

a new

I don't know
Heidi Hildeman

I don't know what to write.
Day and night my stomach growls,
I wait for never and when and now,
And I don't know what to write.

I don't know what to be.
Doctor, addict, fortuneteller,
Jekyll and Hyde, appointment setter,
Nothing epitomizes me.

I don't know what to say.
My mouth chews on vacant words
And spits out the nouns and verbs.
You catch them and throw them away.

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