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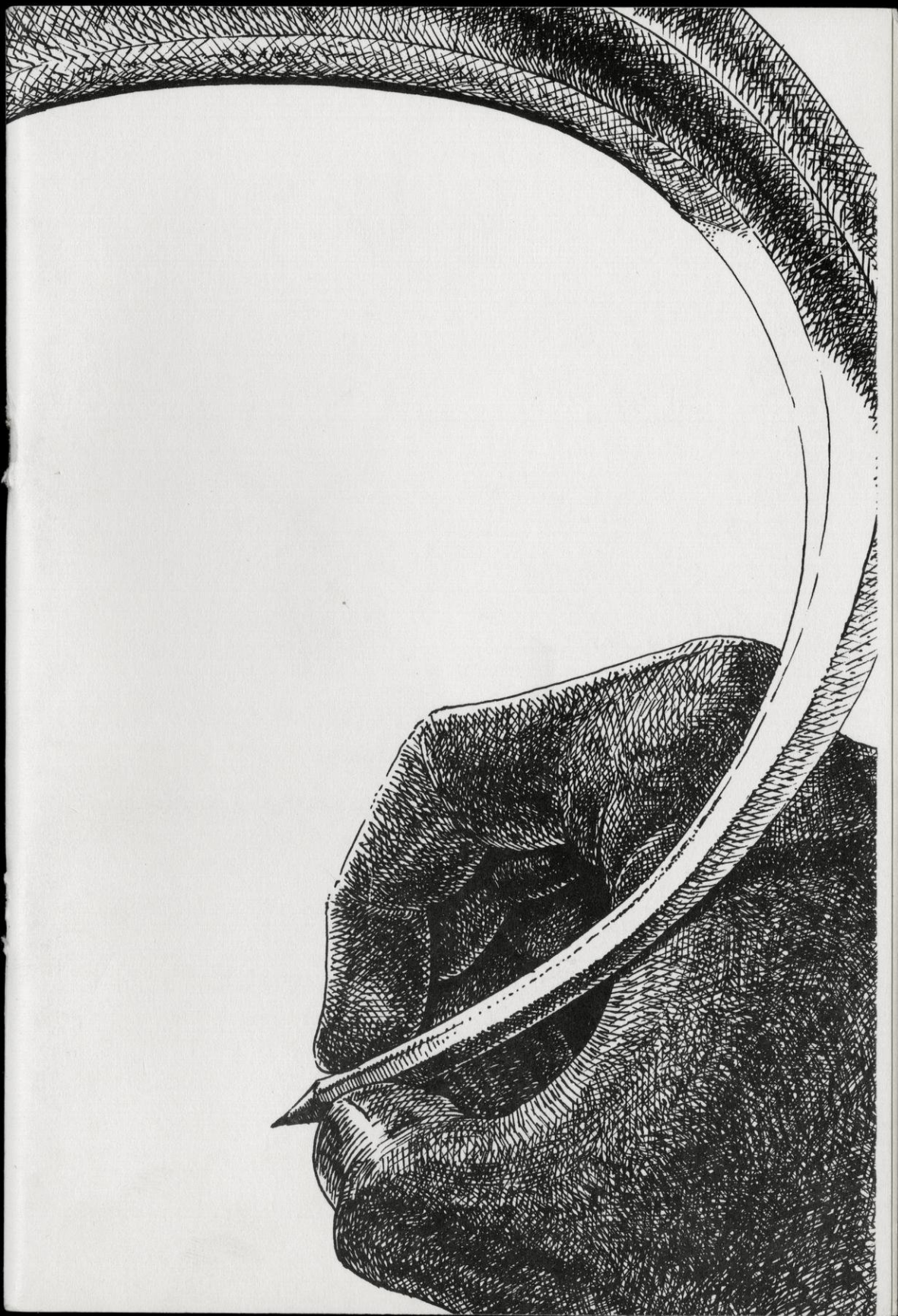
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THE HELICOPTER ISSUE

WINDY HILL REVIEW

1985

UWC-WAUKESHA

NDY HILL
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H
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1985

Claire Wroblewski

Jeanne Hein

Carl Graf

Terese Brecklin

Eric Henry

Craig Jewell

Joey

Wendy Cozzens

Scott Zieher

Timothy Charles Bartz

Dave Rodrigues

Christy Johnson-Martin

Kathy Behr

R & P

Jasmus

Randall Schmitz

SCott LaBELLE

Sue Spiering

Lee Colony

Jackie Tieffenbach

Susan Fiedler

Ken Morschauser

D. M. Beltran

Margaret Rozga

Bill Massino

Pewaukee Pete

JR

Phil Zweifel

Matthew Zweifel

Thomas James Hintz

Dennis Held

R. Scott deSnoo

Cynthia Bartolerio

Stan McCormick

Paul B. Dyer

D and P

Jim Lange

Jeff Waraksa

Geneva Marking

Darrell Hooker

Steve Tighe

Roberto Garcia

Aida F. Mina de Garcia

DD & P

Judy Bubb

Brian Drescher

yomama

Joe Imperiale

Betty Boopoop-A'Dupe

The editors would like
to thank all those
who contributed
the more than 200 submissions
which found there ways into our hands.

We regret
that all submissions
could not be included
due to the editors
taste limitations.

Special thanks to Phil Zweifel, for obvious reasons.

R. H. Olden

and Stir the stew

P.S. Sorry, T.S. you had it all wrong. Not
with a whimper,
but a **BANG**

Dennis Helf

Say hey, sports fans! How about that cover art!?! A tip of the hat and sincere thank you to Brian Drescher.

A New Semester

They come, fresh and silent, like new snow.
They wait, suspicious and expectant, like blind dates.
They stare, subtly and self-conscious, like virgins.
They are, fully and becoming, like humans.

I come, prepared and expectant, like a weatherman.
I enter, hopeful and excited, like a blind date.
I see, knowingly and caringly, like a poet.
I am, fully and becoming, like a human.

Students and teacher-what a peculiar relationship.
Me knowing that they know, they thinking they don't.
Me thinking that I know, me knowing I don't.
They thinking the knowing and thinking are the same.

We are part of each other, making the whole.
We start like blind dates, not knowing each other.
Like poet and virgins, blending known and unknown in verse.
We are, fully and becoming, like humans together.

Christine Johnson-Martin

A Letter to the Editor

Dear editor,
I must return
this misplaced comma
which seems to have fallen
onto my last
story.

I know you
couldn't have
deliberately,
brutally, mercilessly
thrust the lethal thorn
which gored the most vital point
of my sentence.
It must have simply fallen
from your crown.

But excuse me,
I am the hack.
I am the gigolo.
I sell,
by the inch,
lines
of words,
but I must return
your misplaced comma
only I don't know
where to stick it.

I'm not you.
I can't carelessly
let it fall anywhere.
I haven't your godlike
pencil that can change
the rules of a language
with one lethal jab.

Where, where, where
can I shove
this extra comma?

Here, dear, have,, two
or,,, three
or,,,, more,,,,,,,,,

They're yours.
Pick them up.
Be careful not
to prick
your finger.
Arrange them in rows
across your thumbnail.
Hold them
to your lips.

There,
now you're ready
to edit
a whole page--
just blow.

R. Scott deSnoo

Found: A Letter From Grandma

Just a few lines to say hi
and how are you?

I heard that you people got
more snow, so did we it did get
a little warmer. A heat wave.

The weather man says below
zero tonight.

I've been working on my jigsaw
puzzle got a little more done.

How is college going?

David and Pam are taken their
honeymoon starting tomorrow.

Everyone is pretty good
up here.

All except my foot is sure
bothering me. I go back to the
doctor the 27 of Feb for my check
up.

I am going to ask the Dr what
can be done about my foot it really
hurts.

I really have the birthdays this
month. 7 for sure and next month 4
birthdays

I don't know much more to write
about. I'll say so long for now.

Love
Grandma

Joe Imperiale

The Worst Fools

The sleepy old pond is
just about ready for bed.

The air, cut thin by a chill,
holds no summer voices
just
the click of the cool breeze
shuffling the brittle rushes.

A curled oak leaf lies
anchored, decaying.
Next year's marl then
back into life.
The foodstuff of lilies.

The bent reeds play puzzle
on my old faded vision.
Where starts reflection?
Where stops the reed?

An effortless paddle.
Two ducks slide soft
dragging trails of ripples
across the long mirror.

Bright ember glows
 through
the net of bare trees.
The tired old sun gets dragged down.
"God damn it," he grudges,
"I can hold out a while."

But
his red-tinted tracks
on the shore of dark clouds
are slowly eroded
against both of our wishes.

And I, damned old fool,
had best get on home.
I forgot my old watchcap.
I too have grown cold.

Dennis Held

Dreams

What wonders do wandering-eyed minds dream
When the slip, slide, and glide back and forth
Through boundless, tired-free time?

Do these wonder-wander minds see what is,
And what is not, or what can be
When they search, stretch, and fetch through
The past, present, and beyond in this--
The boundless, tired-free time?

One night I wandered in my mind
Preparing for a frightening fight
Only to discover no falls, no thralls,
Nothing very special at all.

Like the time my dad and I went out west.
We stopped to look at what he thought was a mess,
And I always wondered what he meant.
I looked out at the desert, noticing only
The gentle breeze and how it blew the
White sand on my Black shoes.

Joe Imperiale

THE FARMER'S ALMANAC

You hesitate. On this swamp's mucky edge
you're among the ducks
circling nervously above
for a decent place to rest almost
sure something here is wrong.
Trust in wet regions means
muddy feet or nowhere to stand.

But for now you choose to play-honk them along
and wait for whatever weather
knocks on your two leaning-south, near paintless barns.
The wife is dead, what the hell.

Whistling crazy on reeds pinched
between your thumbs, a rabbit spooks
and seeing its rear-end jiggle back and forth
so fast as it runs away you wonder
how the fur and meat and balls stay on.
God's first test of hinges, you'd bet.

Now, after swearing at and restuffing
across all these years that old scarecrow
who policed your corn fields and danced
madly in the wind, you're ready
just to lean out here forever
against some solid tree, telling anyone
Yes, this is home. I farmed a hundred acres
and shovelled too much manure.
(Mister, its damned stink takes hold of your bones.)
Perhaps soon one of my remaining days
will be too long for me to walk across.

Paul B. Dyer

FISH HOOKS

Dad, is there proof
I'm your son? I asked
one day long ago
we fished for
bluegills, for fish,
off the pier
on some country lake.
"Watch your pole
son, take the fish easy
when they hit."
What will I do
father, to stay alive
like you?
Is it good then?
"You're hungry by now,
I'll bet. It's
been a long morning.
Catch one son, okay,
we'll eat."
But dad, I said,
will I ever be
happy like you?
Can I fish like this
maybe all my life?
"Steady, there's a
bite on your line.
The bobber is down.
Now hold to it well.
Reel in, slowly,
but hold hard."

By God, son,
Don't let it shake
off the hook,
not now.

Paul B. Dyer

DAD TOLD US TO GROW UP

Remember, your dog helped
the world look a little
better. You were just a boy.
Bone-chasing games in
the park across the street,
his wet tongue, his
poop all over the yard
Dad made you scoop up
each week. Sure,
both of you were young,
just a fat beagle and a four-eyed kid,
ready to play
and believe in fun for
the rest of your life.
You'd sail the kite and chase
its tail as far as you could
until the string broke or dinner.
Dad said, "Grow up, son.
We all do it." Scared
because you didn't know what
the hell "Grown-up" looked like,
you hid in the garage
for hours, sweating, watching
the doors and waiting.

One day in December-it
was a bad winter-you
found the dog in there frozen,
dead. You ran
and brought him a new bone,
cried, licked his nose,
and cried like hell
because no one answered
because Dad didn't say anything
good for the rest of the week
and the bones and hair
laid there cold, stiff, grown-up.

Paul B. Dyer

BEING A KID

Being a kid
is the dog barking
because it's alone in the house
and you are just now
coming up the front steps
and don't know what to say.
It's grandmother not
baking you any more of
her good, sweet, fat cookies
because you are at a funeral
and the music makes you sad
and you look at the smile
on her dead face and run
because no one has explained
why the world ends like this
and you are hungry.
Being a kid is one big sand-box
but you don't know how
to spell the words you think of
often: "mother," "father," "dog,"
"please," and wind up
just building nothing that doesn't fall down
and getting yelled at again
because your sand-caked sneakers
leak all through the house.
It's fishing with dad and the kid next door
and it's been hot in the boat
all day and you're about out of worms
and you look at the kid next door
knowing you're just a kid too
and when you tug on dad's sleeve to tell him
you don't remember what you wanted to say
and there are no fish
to take home for dinner.
Being a kid is saying "shit"
because that's all you can think of
when the mumble in your head is pushing out
and they stare at you in silence
around the table because you said that
because you are a kid

and did not know what to say
so you learn to live with the slaps
and wait for another birthday
when maybe someone will give you
a book that says "kid" right
and then you'll know why
you don't know what to say
and why the world just goes on ending like this.

Paul B. Dyer

ANOTHER YEAR?

1. Nights I've stood out
in the open wind in
the moon waving heartily
beckoning "over here"
Alone I've meant little
but to whisper yet "yes"
to insist no matter
how much it hurts "live"
2. Any night all I ask
is another day perhaps too
another year The stars
all the while asleep so
peacefully please let us
be right, god,
after all of this history:
Let us be right.

Paul B. Dyer

Music
Happy, Joyous
Fascinating, Exciting, Entertaining
Prelude, Overture, Concert, finale
calming, whispering, dying
quiet, lonely
silence

DIAMANTE

Craig Jewell

DANCE
FLUID, SYNCHRONIZED
INVENTING, EXPRESSING, MOVING
PATTERN, CHOREOGRAPHY, PRECISION, PATTERN
ALIGNING, STEPPING, DRILLING
STIFF, SYNCHRONIZED
MARCH

Dennis Held

Eden
beginning, beautiful
awakened, aroused, relaxed
confinement, alignment, posturing, war
forbidden, angered, enraged
nuclear, blastoff
Armageddon
empty, bitter
frightened, riddled, arrested
confinement, alignment, begging, gestation
hidden, enlightened, gladdened
finished, insightful
Resurrection

Susan Fiedler

Gluttony
greedy, gastronomical
grubbing, gnashing, gulping
global, fat, gastroenteritis, flatulence
farting, forestalling, famishing
flavorless, frugal
fast

Claire Wroblewski

FOOD
WARM, AROMATIC
TASTING, CHEWING, SWALLOWING
STOMACH, BILE, DUODENUM, COLON
SLIDING, OPENING, EXCRETING
AROMATIC, WARM
SHIT

Dennis & Scott

VIRGIN
FRIGID, AFRAID
REPELLING, UNYIELDING, SUSPECTING
INNOCENCE, TIMIDITY, CURIOSITY, EXPLORATION
DISCOVERING, DELIGHTING, DEMANDING
AGGRESSIVE, WANTON
SLUT

Dennis Held

Visibility
tangible, illuminating
seeing, experiencing, knowing
manifestation, perception, illusion, ignorance
blinding, hiding, concealing
intangible, ethereal

Claire Wroblewski

I Can

Can you just let your hands go free
Walk your mind around the block
To come home to an empty house
Can you let your toes roam free
to leave whenever they please
Sprout wings if they feel the urge
to leave the small ties that bind

Walk through the trees
Not between
See what you can
Before they leave
Touch the stars with the tip of your nose
Sniff the rain
Wherever it flows?

I can you know.

Sue Spiering

Moonlight

The
light
mounts
the
trees.
Traveling
low,
it
heightens
the
night
sky.

Lee Colony

Heavenly City Lost

Expelled from the garden innocence lost forever.
Evil innate in us all.
Temptation hedonism desire hate not easily passed.
Oh heavenly essence lost.

Look west desolation vast.
Reaped land turns to dust.
Starve Joad!
Scarred panorama love canal.
Oh heavenly landscape lost.

Circle broken dead Buffalo bury my heart at Wounded Knee.
Yellow cloth stars cast darkness on forlorn faces.
Goliath slays David.
Mass genocide wars from not so distant past.
Bloated stomach maggots platoon.
Mai Lai burning cub.
DDT weak incubators. Crackle crush.
Ivory coat bluntly stained red.
Oh heavenly respiration lost.

Bruised knuckles battered little hands and faces.
Violation violence uncontrollable wrath.
Piracy pilferage condemned victims.
Oh heavenly piety lost.

My eyes were stabbed by the blinding light.
I fell to the ground and wept
I knew I'd soon be dead.
Armageddon? Maybe.
Clean your lives clean your doorsteps.
LOVE YOUR MOTHER AND HER CHILDREN!
Oh heavenly city lost?
There's still hope.

Thomas James Hinz

SOON

Far away shines a sun
without a heart that bleeds
out the words...goodbye.

Far away lies a path
leading into a city
where love lines the streets.

Far away sleeps a dream
visions of happiness,
joy and peace.

Close behind, runs a child-
chasing away her past
and finding the path, the sun and
the dream of a future.

Joey

Christmas Choir

But so...
someone took a look-see at sound in town
down the corner
late snowed winter took a swing and
smacked christmas with voice
organ blue/jingle bells
casting marbles at william tell
cast iron choir
has crawled into the bottom of december
sang up in balcony decibels made up of young girls

Scott Zieher

Seasons

Twilight's bluish cast
On a hillside of snow.

Dainty velvet violets
Among brown oak leaves.

Heady red dahlias
In the hot, hot sun.

Feathery white seeds
From a sculptured milkweed pod.

Geneva Marking

The Four Seasons in Haiku

Winter comes in slowly
As leaves drop and frost gathers
A new season wakes

Spring slips in silent
Green peeks out from winter's gloom
Young flowers blossom

Summer wakes softly
Holding to spring's rain and warmth
The gardens grow full

Fall enters briskly
Time to harvest the bounty
Bright trees are everywhere

Cynthia Bartolerio

HAIKU

Fluorescent remnant
Tangled in olive branches:
Kite that lost its soul.

Kathy Behr

Watermelon slice.
Sweet, pink pulp caress my face.
You smile back at me.

Steve Tighe

Barefoot children dance
on shimmering asphalt roads:
Cloudless summer sky

Claire Wroblewski

Air conditioner
Buzzes loud above my beer--
Sparks fly everywhere.

D & P

Overcast full moon
Two cats snarl beneath a bush--
Tattered photograph.

Susan Fiedler

The winter light glares
A bright, white, blinding blankness.
Crow shadow on snow.

Steve Tighe

Inhale the heat
as hands unfold the cup:
Snowdrifts shape the wind

Claire Wroblewski

ICICLE HAIKU

Frozen sparkling treats
Shown in sharp candy shop rows
Free for the taking

HAIKU ICICLE

Zero's garden grows
Crops in irregular rows
Unsoiled, unspoiled, clear.

Margaret Rozga

Hai-Ku?
NO
Not now, dear,
I've got a Headache.

D.Rodrigues, JR.

The Falk Legacy

"I'll call you. Good day now, Tanner." Tom Falk ushered the Mangan Development Company agent to the door. His scowl remained as the man slid into his car and pulled out of sight. Then Falk slipped the offer-to-purchase into the pocket of his mackinaw and strode into the October gloom.

Fog smudged the landscape into a muted gray-green expanse punctuated by patches of crimson and amber. The fog blotted out the fledgling subdivisions surrounding the Falk farmland. It muffled the traffic on the roadway in front of the produce stand.

Falk had abandoned his usual swing-armed gait and he walked with arms tightly crossed against his chest as he turned toward the cornfields.

He stopped suddenly and briefly closed his eyes, quite willing to let the fog surround him, wishing it could insulate him against the realities of progress. The grim line of his mouth and tight knit of his graying brows gave evidence of the Mangan Company's constant pressure to sell over the past few weeks.

As Tanner had put it, the Mangan Company was willing to "pay dearly" for the land. What Tanner and his cronies couldn't understand was that the Falk soil was more than mere land. It was not a commodity that could be bought, and then sold again with the stroke of the pen.

Falk picked up a Pepsi can, and winged it into a nearby ditch, cursing the intrusion of civilization. But he quickly found solace again as the sight of the frost-battered stalks catapulted him back to a time when he and Grandpa Henry Falk had criss-crossed the fields in search of pheasants. When a pheasant took flight, young Tommy would squeeze himself into a corn row as the elder Falk peppered the bird with shot. There was an abundance of the brightly colored roosters back then. They never came back without a meal.

With all the hopeful naiveté of a ten-year-old he asked Grandpa Falk if they could hunt like that every year... forever.

"Forever, eh?" The weathered Falk would shake his head wryly. "Forever, you ask? Nope, sonny, we can't hunt forever. You know that. But ...the land, the land...that's our legacy. That's ours forever."

It was Grandpa Falk's reverence for the legacy that caused Tom Falk so many conscience-searching nights. Now that he was the patriarch of the Falk homestead, the preservation of the legacy was his responsibility.

Would it matter if he traded the acreage for immediate financial security for himself and his sons, as well as guaranteed security for future generations of Falks? Would the next generation be satisfied with the monuments to their forebears that the contract promised? Stone arches at the entrance of a subdivision would proclaim: Falk Estates.

Falk Estates. "Has a nice ring to it." A half smile crept over Falk's face as he thought. He imagined a lannon stone Tudor on a quiet cul-de-sac, fine automobiles, and, especially, his three grandchildren starting out in life without knowing want.

The worth of the land had done little for him. What good was the value of the land when he had to stretch his resources to meet the winter fuel bills for the greenhouses? What good was the value of the land when he had to take on odd jobs at night in late winter to tide the family over until the first green market sales in spring? What good was the value of his land when it forbade respite on a cool northern lake in the heat of July?

Falk strode on and his mind whirled with thoughts of Henry Falk and the old man's tales of farming through downturn and depression.

Grandpa Falk's voice always had a catch in it whenever he talked about hard times. "A legacy for our family, Sonny, that's what kept us goin' when things got tough. What we have ain't gonna turn to dust like some fancy paintin' and it can't be frittered away like a stack of ten-dollar gold pieces."

Other farmers had jumped to the jingle of gold. The Polk farm, the Lawson homestead, Jake Burrow's place had all gone the way of the developer.

Mazes of roadways now took the place of what had been a contiguous patchwork of orchards, wheat fields and corn rows. An expanse of steel and concrete crossed the spot where Henry Falk and his family forded the Swanson River in their wagon to bring vegetables to market.

The memory of those wagon wheels clattered through Tom Falk's mind.

As he walked, the fog slowly lifted. Dusk came in changing sheets of color illuminating the Falk fields with a golden glow. Falk pulled the contract from his pocket. Slowly and deliberately shredding the document, he scattered it among the corn rows as a plump pheasant rooster took flight in front of him.

Terese Brecklin

WORDPLAY

SALUTED

Sal
sells
Ted
stale
ale.

Ted
tells
Sal
aled
tales.

Susan Fiedler

RELIGION

Ire
gone,
I
lie
in
one
lone
region.

I
ignore
leg
iron
on
groin

I
grin

Go
on,
rile
a
lion!

Reign
on,
Ogre.

Reign
on.

Dennis Held

FOUND: COPY?

FOUND: INDULGENCE

FOUND: DISCRIMINATION

CONFIGURATION

Traffic
in
a
nation

Not
fun.

A
ton
of
tin
contracting,
contacting
in
a
cnfiguration.

A
gift
to
our
nation?

Stan M^C Cormick

P^UBER^T_Y

Try
be
pure,

But

rub-
type
rut.

Rub
pert
ruby
tuber.

Yup...

rub

rub

rub

rub

rub

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rub

rub

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WORDPLAY

Found: Video Hype

Often,
the very fate
of the earth
has hinged upon events
taking place
at 218 North Ave.

Craig Jewell

FOUND: DISCRIMINATION

Solid Black Members Only

--Phil Zweifel

FOUND: A CONFIDENT POLITICIAN

The only way
I'll lose
is if

I get caught
in bed
with a dead girl
or
a live boy.

--Phil Zweifel

FOUND: MENU

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Dick
Sandwiches

Brian Drescher

FOUND: OCCULT SPELLING

Dark
Angel
Defenders
of
Satin

R and P

FOUND: COPY?

FOUND: INDULGENCE

entice perfect
natural pleasure

indulge

drenched with
natural moisturizers

indulge

very silky
very glidey

indulge

high stamina
won't fade

indulge

no penalty
for over-indulging

--Phil Zweifel

Give
machine
dimes
and
quarters.

Will
machine
give
copy?

Will
machine
give
change?

Will
machine
change
copy,
copy
change?

dimes
and
quarters
quarters
dimes
dimes
quarters
copy
copy

Machine
will
give
change.

Copy?

Susan Fiedler

WRITER'S BLOCK

The blank sheet stares up at me,
Begging, pleading so desolately.
Works should be written, thoughts expressed,
But this blank sheet makes me depressed.
No words will rhyme or run or flow.
My ideas are blank, my paper my foe.
My pen it is cruel, heartless and mean.
My mind won't function, this must be a dream!
A nightmare, the worst that could possibly be,
The terror of blank sheets staring up at me!

Jackie Tieffenbach

FOUND:

PAGE	ONE	J.T.	ZERO
------	-----	------	------

Dennis Held

Derationalization of

That Which Is Lost in Translation

Millions of poems of thousands of poets of hundreds of years
create copious clutter
convincing countless critics claiming cleverness
Frost is on the grape, the muse is a ruse
"Fuck. My sister's two-year-old
makes more sense than this--shit."
"What has become of the good kind that rhymes?"
is a question which comes up a good many times
Well
we whisked it all up and we washed it away
but it will be back on another bleak day

Night light sight
Kite flight height
Right might fight slurred word heard
aren't clever correlations carved by craftsmen
or designs drawn by diligent draftsmen but
words that rhyme every time
you want them to like it
or not

I'd rhyme live with awake
if I had a mind
to, and my only regret is that I can't
make everybody hear it

I've toddled through troves
of sing-songy syllables
saucy and sassy
and serving little purpose
our mothers used to burp us
but me
I've grown to belch

R. Scott deSnoo

If You See This Poet

Notify someone with intelligence
if you see this poet:
He has his name
on his i.d. card
Which he usually carries in his wallet
in his back pocket
He is an excellent
bullshitter and is known
for nothing else.
He is strange.
He claims to detest history.

We want him for the attempt
of trying to write a
poem called "If You See This Man."

And remember, he is ruthless.
If he knew I had written this
he would murder me.

Craig Jewell

THE CUT

There we were, eating beans.
Don't cut one, I pleaded.
 It'll be small, she said.
But the smell will stink
 and I'll suffocate.
Agh, we have all stunk at one point, she
 said.
And cut one; whereupon I proceeded
 to cut an even bigger one.

Stan M^c Cormick

SAN FRANCISCO

Interior Decorator for the World,
Tool Milker, Packer of Fudge,
Player with Hershey Railways and the Nation's Phallus Handler;
Gusty, wimpy, bawling,
City of the Bent Wrist:

They tell me you are wicked and I believe them, for I
have seen your painted drag queens under the neon lamps
luring farm boys.

And they tell me you are crooked and I answer: Yes, it is
true I have seen the immune deficiency kill and go free
to kill again.

And they tell me you are brutal and my reply is: On the
faces of women and children I have seen the look of
genuine disgust.

And having answered so I turn once more to those who
wag their fingers at this my city, and I wag my finger back
and say to them:

Come and show me another city with lifted heads lisping
so proud to be aglitter and corsetted and strange and leathery.

Finding midnight cruises amid the toil of piling blowjob
on blowjob, here is a ball-tolled clapper set vapid against the
little soft weenies;

Fierce as a poodle with trained tongue lapping for action, cunning
as a savage sausage ravager,

Barebacked,

Sniveling,

Erecting,

Plugging,

Raising, draining, reraising,

Under the table, jism all over his mouth, giggling with
white swallows,

Under the terrible burden of destiny giggling as a young
girl giggles,

Giggling even as an ignorant prisoner giggles who has
never been a hinderbuddy,

Buggering and giggling that under his bent wrist is the purse,
and under his pants the underwear of his sister,

Giggling!

Giggling the gusty, wimpy, bawling giggle of surgically-induced Youth,
Turkish-toweled, sweating, proud to be Interior Decorator, Tool
Milker, Packer of Fudge, Player with Hershey Railway and
Phallus Handler to the Nation.

Dennis Held

Die weise Knospe

In einer Stadt am grossen See
Befreit von Not und allem weh,
Da steht ein Baum im Garten grün
Mit einer Knospe, die will nicht blühn.

Es Kommt dies Mär zum Dorf am Rhein,
Wo Roland thront und herrscht allein.
Der Degen, der am stärksten ist,
Der aber spricht mit einem "lithp."

Dies Starke, dem es nicht gefällt,
Wenn nur ein' Knospe in seiner Welt
Nicht glaubt an Zukunfts holden Ruhm
Und bleibt doch spröde und ohne Blum.

Dies Roland schickt sofort sein Tier,
Mit nur ein' Horn als schönes Zier,
Dem Baum ein' Rede so zu halten,
Damit das Glück kann wieder walten.

Es sucht den Baum und findet ihn,
Den Baum so kahl und ohne Grün.
Äste, Zweige alles düster,
Bis er findet die eine Knospe.

"Hei du Knospe, hör mir gut zu,
Ich bin gesandt damit jetzt du
Aufhörst mit deinem Ach und Weh
Und bringst das Glück zur Stadt am See."

Es sagt alsdann die Knospe kleine
Für alle Ohren bis zum Rheine,
Warum er so die Trauer treibt
Und bloss ein' Knospe ewig bleibt.

"O weh, mein Freund mit einem Horn,
Wohl im Osten bist du geboren,
Und weiss nicht von dem alten Fluch,
Der hier am See uns so besucht."

"Ich sag' dir, warum ich so heiter
Knospe bleibe und nicht weiter
Blüte werde und dann ein Apfel
In des Baumes grünem Gipfel."

"In den Apfel Kommt dann rein
Ein widerliches Würmelein.
So wird aus der Frucht das Fleisch.
Weiter siehst du, wie das heisst."

"Wurm stirbt bald, wird dann Aas,
Und hier wird Leid ohne Mass.
Es kommt geflogen dann von weither
Danach der riesige Aasgeier."

"Knospe, Knospe, du bist dumm,
In Rolands Schönem Königtum
An alten Fabeln noch zu hängen,
Vor denen Kinder nicht mehr bangen."

In solchem Spott so verloren
Vergisst das freche Tier, das Einhorn,
Hinauf zu schauen, wo am Himmel
Fängt schon an ein bos getummel.

Flügel rauschen mit Geschrei,
Schatten hebt sich, Raserei.
Krallen reißen voller wut,
Schnabel trinkt das heisse Blut.

Und jetzt das Land schön ausgerüstet
Liegt so ganz und gar verwüstet,
Dass vom Adel hochgeboren
Bleibt nur Kugel, Schläger... und ein Horn.

--Kittelvers
frei nach Hans Sox

Mientras

Dedicada para mi hija

Mientras que la tierra esté húmeda, habrá un erguido y frondoso
árbol, que te brindará su sombra,
Mientras que la luna alumbre la oscuridad de la noche,
Mientras despiertes y corras al ventanal y veas con sus
destellos el sol que te ilumina,
Mientras deleite tus oídos el hermoso gorjeo del trinar de un
pájaro,
Mientras escouches caer la lluvia que te dará provencia
Mientras tus ojos puedan ver el viento incesante que lleva hacia el
descuido las hojas ya marchitas,
Mientras los niños corran y se abracen a tu pollera y te digan:
¡MAMA'!
entonces,
florezcan tus rosales y en tus hermosas rosas rojas te veras a ti
misma, porque toda tu eres esa misma flor que perfuma la vida.

Aida F. Mina de Garcia,
Argentina, Enero de 1985

As Long As

Dedicated to my daughter

As long as the earth is moist, there will be a straight and
leafy tree that will offer you its shade
As long as the moon shines in the darkness of the night,
As long as you wake up running to the window to see
the illuminating sun,
As long as the trill of a bird delights your
ears,
As long as you listen to the falling rain that will bring you providence,
As long as your eyes can see how the never-ending wind scatters
the already dried leaves of autumn,
As long as children come to your lap telling you
Mom!
there will be a rose bush blooming inside you, and in each red rose
you will see yourself, because you are each of those flowers,
perfuming life.

Aida F. Mina de Garcia
Argentina, January of 1985

Translation by
Roberto Garcia,
son of the author.

AN ERRAND

It started with a simple hello-- like every relationship-- but this hello was filled with want, need, pure lust, that she hoped he couldn't hear. (She had really missed him during vacation.) He said hello back and gave a quick, disinterested glance in her direction. Then he almost stopped his graceful, purposeful walk to give a slightly longer and slightly more interested glance at her. She felt her knees weaken and she wanted to say something more to him. . .like "Have a good semester," or "How's the year going so far?" but she didn't want to sound corny, so she just kept walking down the hall, going about her business. It took her a minute to remember just what her business was. The man of her fantasies had appeared and said hello to her. She felt another fantasy coming on. . . She turned around to watch his backview stroll down the hall, only to find him standing still watching hers. She could have fainted from ecstasy, those dark, analyzing eyes peering through to see her lust. She wondered if he knew. What was he thinking? "Do you want something?" she asked. Wrong question, she knew immediately. He looked in her eyes, and she felt herself starting a bright red blush. He hesitated a moment then said "As a matter of fact, yes." In a millisecond, she thought "What could he possibly want with me I'm not important around this school maybe it's not business oh God I'm going to cream my jeans." He smiled, showing those perfect white teeth and he slowly walked toward her. "Could I help you?" She had reached her destination and had been standing there stupidly for a few seconds, lost in her wet daydreams, when the secretary approached her. "Yes. I called earlier about the papers. . . She noticed her voice had gotten deep and breathy. She cleared her throat as the secretary impaled her with a stack of papers. She mumbled a quick thank you and thought "For this I broke my fantasy."

D. M. Beltran

I Just Found Myself

in Romulus Michigan
in the Jacuzzi at a Holiday Inn
tiny bubble magic fingers
tickled my every nook
caressed my crannie
massaged my young-old
boy-man muscle flab
and made me feel like the man
I'm often not
without some imaginary pain
heartbreak, memory or
insignificant incident
and all this time I thought
I wanted a woman
to touch me and release
through magic fingers
miles of tension misidentified
loneliness
homeliness
in my case quite likely
I thought
the culprit ha ha
ha I'm free
from myself
whom I caught
captured and corrected
in a Jacuzzi in
Romulus Michigan

R. Scott deSnoo

Storm

Still. The drone of flies on the screen, boring into her head like the heels of her hands. Aspirin burned in her gut. She and the August heat were attuned, set at a slow burn.

"Damn." Kicking the waste basket, beer cans did a curving roll across the floor, trickling stale beer. "That does it. I'm sick of this shit. I'm sick of the mess...his mess."

Leaves twitched like a muscle in her cheek.

Her pacing wrung sweat from the air, lathered it over her back and in a thin stream down her chest.

A sudden gust caught at the leaves, threw them back; silver undersides flashing. She shouted. "You hear me, you jerk? I'm sick of this shit, I don't need it!"

Blackness herded the winds before it, a flash of lightning and the crash of the car door in the driveway heralded his arrival home. She, hearing it, gathered the anger about her like the elements.

The storm began.

Claire Wroblewski

I Refuse to Write

A poem for the woman
another Rod McKuen record
of heart-rending remembrances
which cannot capture the psycho-tornado
which whipped through my mind
scattering the meandering flock
of grazing ideas
secretly silently fattening
in gray folds

but

It would've it could've
it might've in light of
the fact that the theory
persists still in spite of
the truth
which is subjective
depending upon your perspective
it didn't she didn't
I didn't we didn't
fuck
is about all I have
to say

Picture two bodies writhing
in lonely despair
separated by miles
and pride and pain
bodies forced to suffer
because their brains are all mixed up
and down and up and down and up and down and
in and out and in and out and in and out and
under and over
the edge of reality
can't you see
it is futile for me
to even begin to attempt to write
a poem for
...

R. Scott deSnoo

Emily

I rush to the summons,
although I do not want to.
He lingers.

Waiting.
For her sake I think, and then
perhaps for himself.

Beyond questioning,
he is parchment,
limned by unkind hands.

Hands. Her hand firm upon his,
to guide or guard?

I sit, back to the
wall. Breath is a fist
in my throat, an antiseptic
burning on my tongue.

There is a quickening
in her eyes
and she sees, as I do

the emptying.
Light spilling from his eyes
like water through fingers.

What does her keen regard
hold? The man he was

returned from war
to take his bride,
in strong supple hands,
shaped to the waist.

Or does she content herself
with the blurred images of sons?
Recall with mingled sighs
in the hushed crying of daughters?

When she yields his hand
it is quietly,
neither begrudging, nor rejoicing.
She gives death
what is his.

I gather her hand as it lies,
loose and lost.

Claire Wroblewski

Did I Mention?

I met death the other day.

He was giving a

Sym po si um on,

"Supposin' there were

no more of me."

He spoke on the worth of his

services and the merits of

pop u la tion control

in war

versus famine.

Then this woman (dressed to kill)

p e e l e d back the others

with a laugh like a snort.

She wore a shortblackskirtandsize

2-small sweater.

Five-inch stiletto heels impaled

the assembly with

each clicking step and a

walk that swayed like temptation.

Death's head rose erect.

Face to faceless they stood.

"Don' I know you?"

heavy lidded eyes like a hot dream.

"Sure....I know you."

"My ma ran off with you

when I was six."

"My pa

made your acquaintance in

a bottle."

Her hips rotated
and a man in the assembly
cried out
like a cat smelling heat.

"Sure, you the one stiffed
me,
left that John stiff in my
bed."

She neared death,
the assembly in tow on the
edge of their seats.

"Death...
You can DO as you like.
Take a break, take a hike
take a slow boat to China.
Take a l o n g snooze
in c e m e n t shoes
on the bottom
of the Potomac River..."

She reached up and crooked
a long red lacquered nail
through his empty eye socket.

"But you owe me!"

Did I mention?
I met life the other day.

Claire Wroblewski

SUNRISE

Sunrise.

He was the star of the show,
High on the stage,
He looked down.

The people gazed.

"Here he is," they said.

"We're finally going to see him...."

He knew that this would probably be his last show,
"I must go out with style," he thought.

"They will never forget."

He was great, the people wanted him.
And now they had him,
now they had him...

The curtain began to rise...
and the show began.

His neck snapped, as the rope pulled tight.
His feet pointing downward, swung quietly,
back and forth.

Carl Graf

Fowl Scavengers

Vultures, Ravens, and Crows oh my
Soaring through the air, but why?
Searching for a wounded beast
To torment with their laughter.

Circling, circling way up high
Waiting for the beast to die
Hoping for some flesh to eat
Before the day is over.

Diving quickly from the sky
Hurry! Hurry! The end is nigh
Swooping to the new-found feast
They thrash it with their hunger.

Eric Henry

TANGLED IN HIGH POWER LINES

Breathe deep,
Deeper
A warm wind
From a crystal sky
Moves through you

A bird dives,
Its intestines splattered
In a shot pattern
And with eyes set deep in death's film,
Lies twitching
In the dark lines of motionless maize.
Deeper

A searing, healing heat
Carried on the wind
From within you
Touches maize
Deeper
Disperses shadows
Breathes wind
Calm

Flutter to spark, fire
Clear eyes ride the crest
O moving maize
Your body's numb
Concentrate
Motion unnoticed
Black against a crystal sky
Higher,
Go higher

Metal warms
Numbs your hand
While smoke exudes, rises
Engulfing spheres
With a film of white
While under a crystal sky.

Darrell Hooker

bum put his hood up

grubby grump
jams grizzled noggin
into head pouch

slum bum shuffles
past rubble puzzled
no hope slouch

sagging chump
bones drizzled dragging
sad slump crouch

Dennis Held

A Riddle

I creep, crawl and settle over
between and around all the stays.
Slowly I move, lurking in the dampness,
sneaking about like a ghost in the night.
My cool softness will impress you, and my thickness,
at times, may scare you. No need to be alarmed,
I will soon fade away, silently,
slowly. You may not know I was there.

Jeanne Hein

a Spider - Lifting Weights

Dear Sir Isaac

A hole in the web of your belief !

Right-side down

Looking Up

Eight legs

Wrong-side Up

looking down

STrange -

Thing Up

Me down- Up -down

It Up - Up - Up

Why- It's 9.8 m/s^2 and still not falling!
How Queer

Sincerely

David A. Rodrigues Jr.

3 FRIDAY NIGHT DEMONS

From the castle of Chuck Berry
Come the dark madonna eyes,
and the sexual illusion
Scores his vision, scars disguise.

In the halo of his hatred
Comes the midnight of the hand--
Dance within these misconceptions,
dance with darkness, learned man.

Then the dancer captures nightmare,
And Professor his career
With a non-contrasting lifestyle
She will never wander here.

D D and P

The best cure for depression I know,
Is to go to the closet,
Take out those pants, that shirt,
Anything that you haven't worn in over a year,
Put them on, wear them all day.
That night, take them off, and burn them.
Just a small fire... Gas works fine.

Carl Graf

Go away . . .
nobody's home

LOCKED DOOR DOOR LOCKED
OUT - KEEPING OUT OUT
SEEPING IN SEEPING IN
RADIO THE THE RADIO
TELEVISION ON TELEVISION
EVERY EVERY NEWSPAPER
FEAR FEAR FEAR FEAR FEAR
UN--LOCKING UNLOCKING - DOOR
FEAR FEAR FEAR FEAR FEAR
COME IN COMING IN IN COME
UNKNOWN THE THE UNKNOWN
PEOPLE PEOPLE PEOPLE
CRIMINALS MORE CRIMINALS
ANOTHER NOTHER STATISTIC
LOCK THE DOOR LOCK DOOR

D. Rodrigues

West Allis Western Days

My little buckaroo's plumb tuckered out.
Had him a rip-roarin' wild west time,
A brat with kraut from the old chuck wagon,
Then rode a horse on the merry-go-round.

His yellow foam Stetson, made in Taiwan,
Was sold by a Injun who said to me,
"Them countries is puttin' us all outta work."
The name on his union card was Blonski.
He'd a displayed his pistol collection
But just couldn't afford the insurance.

--Pewaukee Pete

UNEMPLOYMENT

After
the
Bump

Comes
the
Grind

--Phil Zweifel

Get a Job, Brent,

or

My Reply to the Arrogant Artist Who Insulted My Occupation
and Asked Me for a Place to Crash

The minstrel is a grasshopper
fiddling his fantasy
condemning the feudal and futile
activities of ants.

The philosopher fiddles
while his empire burns.

Damned Christians
must be at it
again.

Scapegoats (or any goats)
are easy to blame.
External sources
eternal forces
infernally courses
limit how far Plato can jump.

Don't walk. No loitering.
Shirts and shoes must be worn.

Dynamics overwhelm statics.
Marble and the gilded monuments of princes
are eaten by acid rain.
Insignificant insects with bent backs
mend cracks
in time-worn tombs of kings
pouring concrete over concepts
of artists who starved.

A goat will eat almost anything.
Line forms to the right.
Please, only one bowl per person.

The pismires' catacombs
are swept by a battered broom
ninety times my weight and
supporting my roof
which is modest
but it keeps me
from being at the mercy
of the Christians.

R. Scott deSnoo

Mixing Metaphors

You're a family-sized loaf.
Enriched white fortified baked
To hold balony until it is chewed
Swallowed and turned to shit

A poet writing twaddle
Because it rhymes with bottle
A single slogan on
So many white T-shirts.

One size fits all.
Seven 9 1/2 twelve ounce quart
Out of the label maker
Into the case

Shipped--stacked on shelves
You're for sale on many corners
All the same to zoophiliacs
Who shear you each night

One at a time as you bleat
"Play Louie Louie."
Fleecy, dingy-white ball
Of cold mashed potatoes

You have no gravy
No margarine no butter
No brains no body
To speak of, you're

An open beer
Gone flat
As a pancake
With no blueberries

A field of corn
A box of flakes
Granulated sugar
Homogenized milk

All mixed up
In a redneck
Middle-class
Shotglass.

R. Scott deSnoo

Middle-class Blues

You just can't take it anymore,
just get up and walk through that door,
keep walkin' Jack
but don't look back
You've got the middle-class blues.

Boss is breathin' down your neck,
but you need to collect another check,
well screw him and curse him and damn him to hell
you'll be swell
You've got the middle-class blues.

The old lady's such a bitch,
wish you could make a switch,
blow her away and you won't have to stay
You've got the middle-class blues.

The kids are a pain
why put up with the strain?
just kick 'em out
who cares if they shout
You've got the middle-class blues.

Your house has been robbed,
the insurance won't cover,
your car has been stolen,
and you don't really love her,
You've got the middle-class blues.

The world's on the brink,
and the news is depressing,
don't have time to think,
no one worth impressing,
You've got the middle-class blues.

Friends all think you're crazy,
boss thinks you're a loser,
wife thinks you're lazy,
gonna turn into a boozier,
You've got the middle-class blues.

The home team is losing,
time to start choosing
what do you want to do with your life,
run off to Las Vegas?
or go to New York?
sit 'round the house
and wait til you croak?
You have the middle-class blues.

Things may change
and get better for you
but for now you still have
The middle-class blues.

Jeff Waraksa

Cowboy's Lament

Had an old cayuse,
Name of Bruce.
Stepped on a rock,
Broke his fetlock.
Adios, bronco--
Now you're Alpo.

--Pewaukee Pete

Pasteurize

There seems to be
a natural conflict
between farmers
and travelling salesmen
like me.

As I stand bound
and determined
in this stainless steel vat,
waiting for the scalding milk
to come
pouring

d
o
w
n

on me
I realize
how high the milk must be
before you drown in it.

Dennis Held

No Rekwiem for the Letter Q

What a useless letter is the *q*
There is not a thing that it can do
Without the help of the letter *u*.

Just how many words begin with *q*?
Webster's pages listing them are few.
And the words with *q* inside are also *un peu*.

So let us exucute the letter *q*.
Kill it off and feel no rue.
And begin again with something new.

We need not bid adiew
To *queen* and *squirm* and *quipu*
(A device used for counting in ancient Peru.)
Nor say farewell to *quick* and *squat* and *request* too.

Quid pro quo the *q* and *u*
The letters *k* and *w* will do,
Except for *quiche* and *queue*.
(The *k* alone can start those two.)

It'll be kumkwats we'll chew,
And skwid and skwirrel stew,
While we kwietly kwaff our brew.

The McKweens and the Kwinlans too
Can protest till they're blue,
But they must accept what is next as true:

Though letters are little, they're the glue
That keep the words from going askew.
But the *q* holds nothing without the *u*.

Steve Tighe

My mind has played the scene
 over and over.
I know the words,
 the touches
 the feelings
 so well.
I can actually feel the moistness
 of your breath on my neck.
Your fingers grazing, ever so gently
 my nipples--
they rise to the occasion.
My breasts swell,
 urging you back for more.
You willingly oblige.
Biting, rubbing, sucking
 with such pleasure
 (mine or yours?)
Moans rise up from my throat
as chills are sent throughout my body.
Long, deep, hungry kisses
are eagerly exchanged
The heat and hunger rises
 in us with such
 urgency.
We caress each other's thighs in
 long, tender strokes.
Ever so slowly,
 so agonizingly.
I'm so hot now, so wet.
You begin the rhythm with your
 fingers,
 first one,
 then two
picking up motion, picking up speed.
My eyes close in anticipation.
I'm almost there--
 only for you to
 stop.

Change positions
Lovers' folly.
Your tongue replaces your fingers
My mouth replaces my hand.
I feel you swell against
my lips,
tasting your first drops of pleasure.
It's so hard for me to
concentrate
on what I'm doing
with you flicking your tongue
so proficiently.
Just as we are both ready
to explode,
you again change position.
This time
filling me with you.
My hands claw your back
I bite you, trying to
prevent myself
from crying out.
It doesn't help.
We're both consumed
by passion
coming in waves.
After a long time,
we collapse in each other's arms.
We snuggle for awhile.
We kiss for awhile
only for the desire to again
well up.
The scene is played through
once more.

J.R.

Before Light

In the dark
before light, I sit
not seeing,

feeling life. The
heel of my hand
drifting down the

mound. Stretched
taut, translucent
as though touch

could define that
which lies within.
Cradle the curve

of downy head in
hand, sense the blush
of vein on transparent lids

like a soft bruising
beneath inquisitive
finger tips.

Exquisite sensitivity
emerges attuned
to the stirring

of life beneath
my hand
drifting over the mound

feeling life,
not seeing.

Claire Wroblewski

Dan Loves His Beer

"Can I get you a Miller?"
He asked,

In much the same way
An Eskimo might say

"Hey, Mac,
Have you met my, uh, wife?"

Dennis Held

Training Spot

"C'mere, Spot,
Lap up the Alpo."

Betty Boopoop-A'Dupe

Midnight Mass

Kenge dances
smiling and alone
in the clearing of his god,
the forest.

In his world
there is no separation
between church and state
of ecstasy.

Dennis Held

SNOW

Snow is as white as the sky at dawn,
as loud as nothing,
quieter than noon.

Snow sounds like stepping in quiet mush,
feels like covering a sore with ice.

Matthew Zweifel

THROUGHOUT TIME

Silver sphere
sliver, crescent
rides the waves
from beneath, above.
As an old man,
manipulates the sand
below him
with an invisible cane.

Darrell Hooker

WITHOUT WINDOWS

(for Dennis Held)

Brilliant flashes of morning light off the waves
capture my eyes as I come to a stop at a traffic
light along Lake Drive. Better than fireworks,
the display is random yet rhythmic.

The light changes.
I proceed,
impacted in traffic,
to the place
where I teach,
in classrooms
without windows.

Steve Tighe

I WISH

I wish
I knew how

To skate
On thin ice.

Matthew Zweifel

CANDY

I wish
that all the candy
in the world
was mine

and everything
I touched
turned
to candy

and when I ate it
it was so good
I couldn't
believe my hands.

Matthew Zweifel

Reverend Fred

I can't
with clear conscience
drink alone
in a too-big-for-one hotel room
"Sorry, we're out of singles."

Rats

I could use a stray single right about now
make it a double
a double double bartender this room
is just not small enough
for the one of us
to contemplate the day
that made me believe
there is something in this loneliness
which warrants me privilege
of self pity
so
with no one to toast but the cloud on my conscience
here's to the day we spent looking
forward to this very moment
of warm clean serenity
and deafening silence

R. Scott deSnoo

PIT PASS

HOT CARS
COOL CHICKS
SHORT SKIRTS
SKIMPY SHIRTS
WET LIPS
BIG TITS
WARM BEER
LOUD CHEER
A WINNER?
NO SHIT!

yomama

THE CON

"My, now ain't she the pretty one?
Come here, little lady.
Uh huh. I'm talkin' to you."

His voice hooked her.
Steadied her with patter
like rain on canvas. Drew her in.

A calliope signaled the horses
to begin.
She dipped to the rise and fall
of his pitch. The crowds stalled
then blurred.

"Take your chance lady.
What you got to lose?" He
pitched his face and words into
the light.

The air was charged about him,
his voice crackled over her skin.
The calliope shrieked
for the pinioned horses.

His eyes raked down
her length.
The grime under his nails and in
the folds of his clothes
mystery.

She followed unquestioning.

He beckoned but she called.
She was respite,
quiet grace,
uncluttered space.

He wondered at her quiet ease,
how the clamour sank soundlessly
into her like a dark pool.

On the cot in the trailer that
smelled of diesel and bodies
driven too long he laid her down.
The painted horses with glass
jeweled harness stamped impotent.
And as a gift
the carney offered his soul pure
and childlike for her delight.

She ate him alive.

Claire Wroblewski

