



## The Windy Hill review. 1985

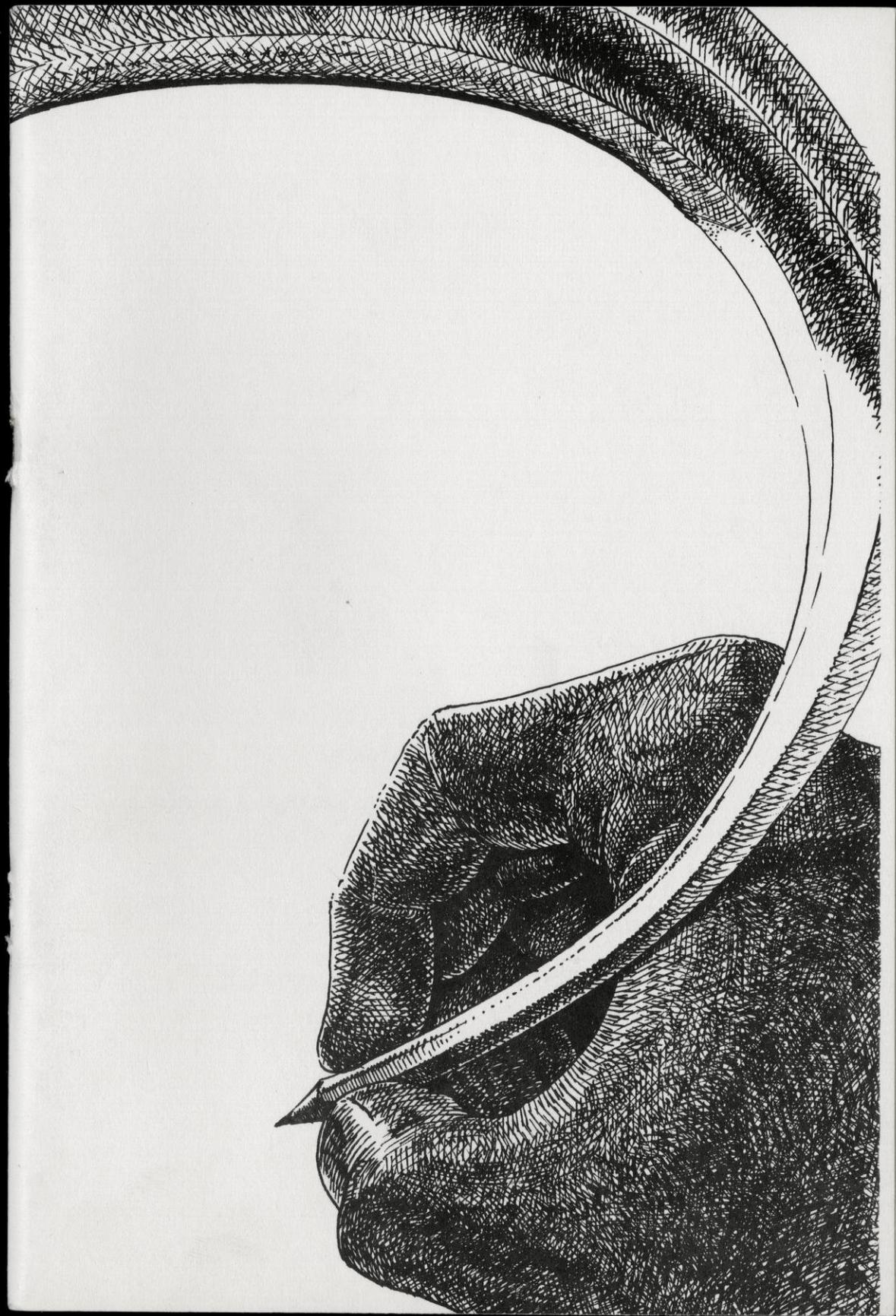
[Waukesha, Wisconsin]: [University of Wisconsin--Waukesha Literary Club], 1985

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THE HELICOPTER ISSUE

# WINDY HILL REVIEW

1985

**UWC-WAUKESHA**

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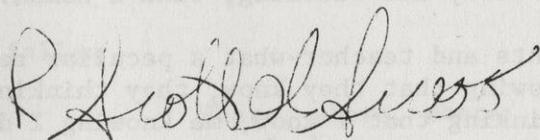
Claire Wroblewski	Pewaukee Pete
Jeanne Hein	JR
Carl Graf	Phil Zweifel
Terese Brecklin	Matthew Zweifel
Eric Henry	Thomas James Hintz
Craig Jewell	Dennis Held
Joey	R. Scott deSnoo
Wendy Cozzens	Cynthia Bartolerio
Scott Zieher	Stan McCormick
Timothy Charles Bartz	Paul B. Dyer
Dave Rodrigues	D and P
Christy Johnson-Martin	Jim Lange
Kathy Behr	Jeff Waraksa
R & P	Geneva Marking
Jasmus	Darrell Hooker
Randall Schmitz	Steve Tighe
SCott LABELLE	Roberto Garcia
Sue Spiering	Aida F. Mina de Garcia
Lee Colony	DD & P
Jackie Tieffenbach	Judy Bubb
Susan Fiedler	Brian Drescher
Ken Morschauer	yomama
D. M. Beltran	Joe Imperiale
Margaret Rozga	Betty Boopoop-A'Dupe
Bill Massino	

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.

I would like to thank the hill muse for again granting me the privilege of working on the Windy Hill. Thanks to Lynn Paque for coordinating the printing; thanks to Eric Henry for helping catalogue and select contributions; thanks to Ginny Burr for typing; thanks to Claire Wroblewski for contributing, typing and helping with layout.

Special thanks to Phil Zweifel, for obvious reasons.



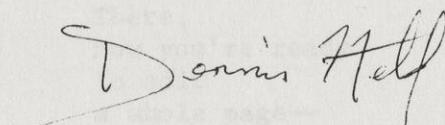
From all of me

to all of you:

Get your hands dirty;

and Stir the stew

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



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

the sun  
without a heart like  
the world

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 enfold 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 resnite 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

## RELIGION

### SALUTED

Sal  
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I  
lie  
in  
one  
lone  
region.

Ted  
tells  
Sal  
aled  
tales.

I  
ignore  
leg  
iron  
on  
groin

Susan Fiedler

I  
grin

Go  
on,  
rile  
a  
lion!

Reign  
on,  
Ogre.

Reign  
on.

Dennis Held

FOUND: COPY 1

FOUND: INDULGENCE

P<sup>U</sup>BER<sub>T</sub><sub>Y</sub>

NOTAKINISNOD - DIKUOR

CONFIGURATION

Traffic  
in  
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Not  
fun.

A  
ton  
of  
tin  
contracting,  
contacting  
in  
a  
configuration.

A  
gift  
to  
our  
nation?

Stan M<sup>C</sup> Cormick

Try  
be  
pure,

But  
rube-  
type  
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Rub  
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tuber.

Yup...

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D

# 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

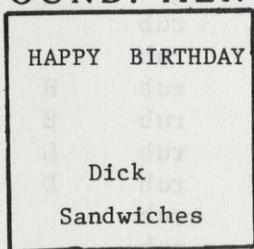
Solid Black Members Only  
--Phil Zweifel

## 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



Brian Drescher

## FOUND: OCCULT SPELLING

Dark  
Angel  
Defenders  
of  
Satin

R and P

## FOUND: COPY?

### FOUND: INDULGENCE

entice perfect  
natural pleasure

Give  
machine  
dimes  
and  
quarters.

indulge

Will  
machine  
give  
copy?

drenched with  
natural moisturizers

Will  
machine  
give  
change?

indulge

very silky  
very glidey

Will  
machine  
change  
copy,  
copy  
change?

indulge

high stamina  
won't fade

dimes  
and  
quarters  
quarters  
dimes  
dimes  
quarters  
copy  
copy

--Phil Zweifel

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
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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<sup>C</sup> 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 spröd 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 dummm,  
In Rolands Schönen Königtum  
An alten Fabeln noch zu hangen,  
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  
Liegts 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 alumbe 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 abrazen a tu pollera y te digan:  
¡MAMA'!  
entonces,  
florecerán tus rosales y en tus hermosas rosas rojas te verás 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 short black skirt and size  
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 shadpws  
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  $9.8 \text{ m/s}^2$  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  
SLEEPING IN SLEEPING 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 ININ 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  
infernal 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 Requiem 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 execute the letter *q*.  
Kill it off and feel no rue.  
And begin again with something new.

We need not bid adieu  
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

