

SOWER '67



Elmer M Rasmussen
Dana College
Blair, Neb.

Sower '67



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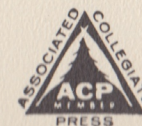
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PREFACE . . .

As I begin to preface this magazine I can only think of the introduction by Joseph Conrad to "The Nigger of The Narcissus," and I quake with apprehension and tremble with inadequacy thinking what I am trying to say essentially what he has already said so excellently.

But generally speaking, student publications are the activities of those literary souls who feel thwarted by regimentation, or over-specialization, or domineering mothers. Some, like editors, have a cause. Others, like poets, do what they do for its own sake.

A new year brings hopes for a bright future. Dana is ever growing, ever changing, but always its spirit lives on with those who come and go. Likewise the **Sower** has grown and changed. Yet the past has not been forgotten.

With a remembrance of the past and a look to the future, we present The 1967 **Sower**.

If you like what you read, congratulate the author, if not, submit something better for the next issue. Submit something even if you do like what you read. The caliber of next year's submission will determine whether next year's **Sower** will be better or worse.

R.J.V.

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GREEN LIGHT

John Thomsen

These figures, swiftly drifting through the fog—are they deaf, Old Man? My voice has grown red and I have only started calling. Can't they see us here? Surely they can see us beneath this solitary streetlight. They are not so far from us.

No, Young Man, they are not farther nor nearer than they wish to be, but move in an age of supersonic speed through the darkness of the night, and until they slow themselves they can never hear our calls or ever see this light.

Figures whirling, swirling, twirling,
Through the darkness of the night,
Sifting, drifting, stumbling,
For the fog has dimmed their sight.

Many years have passed, My Son, since I saw this light, warm and glowing through the darkness. It was as looking at a young child, face ablaze with life and hope even though surrounded by all ugliness. You sensed this tonight. I could see it trickling down your face and falling softly to your knees.

Tonight we both will call until our voices grate the fog. Until they turn to blood from calling.

Never ceasing voices calling
Through the darkness of the night,
Screaming, hoping, shouting, praying
That other men will find this light.

For all men remaining in this darkness and fog are becoming every minute blinder. Or seeing a chance shade of light, quickly clasps feet across eyes for fear the shadow may reveal what he has become—a foolish ape, a tragic clown, star of the longest running tragi-comedy ever produced—the acts being changed each night like one dirty sheet for another in filthy boarding rooms. Look, the fog is lifting on another act now. If only it would lift a little higher.

The scene is black, Old Man.

Every scene they do is black.

Why must they all be so?

Black is the only color their set designer will use, or sometimes gray or red. You have not been gone from these men so long; you know this as well as I.

"IMMENSE JOURNEY"

Sculpture
Russell Brabec

But look, Old Man, the stoplight across the street
turns red and green and even yellow!

Yes, yes, Young Man, but it is not theirs. They have
no need, for they always go, no matter what the color.
Let us wait and see for what reason it is in the act tonight.

Shout, keep shouting men of light,
An actor is approaching--
Crawling, crying, stumbling through the night.
Cut the fog and make it bleed with
Sharp and shining voices.
Cut the fog with lightning noises,
Make the actor see this light.

The vaudevillian tragedy, the comic nightmare is beginning, My Son.
Look, to your right, an actor is coming up the walk--drunk and stumbling,
crawling over old tree roots. Call, call loudly Son; he looks as if he wants
to find this light.

And look, Old Man, coming from the left, a man with a golden hat, and
golden hair, and golden buttons down his coat.

Yes, My Son, I've seen him many times. Keep calling, even louder. The
stumbling actor has not much time to see this light.

SCENE I: DRUNKEN FARMER AND MAN OF BIG BUSINESS

FARMER: Oh God! Why are You hiding? This fog, it's smothering me. I
cannot stand this darkness much longer. It's making everything seem worse.
I've lost everything, my wife, my family, my farm. All is gone except a few
lousy dollars, and now this fog. It's smothering me!

BIG BUSINESSMAN: Quiet there little man! Quit your squawking. You
sound like a stupid chicken being choked to death.

FARMER: That is just what I am. A stupid chicken farmer being strangled
by big business and big businessmen. Left with chicken feed. But if there
was only some light it...

BIG BUSINESSMAN: Chick chick chicken feed, chicken feed. How much
do you still have old farmer? I need some chicken feed to buy a golden
paper clip, to keep my deeds from getting mixed. Deeds to families, deeds
to wives, deeds to chicken farms, little dairy farms, grocery stores. Give me
all you have so I can buy one for myself. I hate to break a million for such
a little thing.

FARMER: Please, I don't have no more.

BIG BUSINESSMAN: You're lying, chicken farmer. I want it--all. You can
not survive anyway. Hand it over little man, hand it over.

FARMER: Your strangling me! Stop! Please, stop.

BIG BUSINESSMAN: I am finishing the job. Squawk! squawk all you want.
No one can help you, you drunk little man. Can't you see the stoplight has
turned green?

Raise your voices men of the sun,
Or use a stick to awaken man.

Forget the dead, their judgment is done.
Arouse the quick with a hard, stiff hand.

What more can be done? Our voices are smothered by the fog, the
peoples ears are small and clogged, and still the fog is thickening. Look,
Young Man, a policeman is coming from the right, but he has no badge.

Look closely, Old Man, he does have a badge. It is only hard to see, for
the fog has corroded it terribly.

SCENE II: POLICEMAN AND BIG BUSINESSMAN

POLICEMAN: What's goin' on dear sir with golden hair. Who is this oul'
fool jerkin' about like a kilt rooster. Or is it Lazarus out o' the tomb we have
here? He stopped moving. Holy Mother o' God, He's dead. What has been
goin' on here?

BUSINESSMAN: I am a man of big business. He is but a simple chicken
farmer. Is a further explanation needed for an intelligent law enforcer?

POLICEMAN: Not for me, dear sir. I understand the situation perfectly and
am in full agreement, but this explanation is not enough to prove your
innocence.

BUSINESSMAN: Alright, if I must tell, dear pliceman, the old man lied. He
told me he had no money, but look; I found this in his pocket. Here, take a
dime. Buy some bubble gum and jawbreakers for the captain and yourself.

Not only this, but the stoplight was green, greener than your own dar-
lin' mother's shamrock, laddie boy, and you know the laws as well as I.
But that's not all...

POLICEMAN: Sacred Heart o' Mary, stop this talkin'. My heart's growin'
weaker than a wee child's for ever askin' such a goodly man for explainin'.

BUSINESSMAN: Now, now, dear boy, don't let those Irish eyes turn red, or
you might be put in jail for killing him yourself.

POLICEMAN: Thank you for remindin' me, but in this lovely darkness
people aren't likely to be noticin' it, dear sir.

BUSINESSMAN: Yes, dear policeman, that is true, but we have to work
together, help each other any time we can. We businessmen need men like
yourself. And with this new commission system, where you receive only a
thousand dollars every time you arrest a man who gets convicted, we--
hell, we businessmen are getting mighty frightened you will all die of mal-
nutrition for "evidence insufficiency". And we wouldn't want a group who
weren't so honest taking your place. By the way, I am dining at seven this
evening. Here, take my card. Come and bring your wife--we'll feast on
chicken under glass.

POLICEMAN: Thank you very much, dear sir, and thank you for your
frank and honest answers. Like the Holy Father 'Imself, I'm thinkin'.

The fog is thickening all around,
Blinding sight and choking sound.
Call, you men, and beat the ground.
Bark and howl like heavens hounds.
Time for man is growing short--
Scream and shout and beat the ground.

SCENE III: CONGREGATION

CONGREGATION: Glory be to the Father, the Father, the Father and to the Son, the Son, the Son and to the Holy Ghost, goes, goats, as it was in the Begining, ing, ing is now and ever shall be, world without End, End, End. Amen, Amen, Amen, amen...

Do you hear the congregation, My Son.

Barely, Old Man. The funeral service must have begun, but I cannot see the church.

Do not strain your eyes, My Son. It has become the Church Invisible. The walls are of poured fog, and on the roof lies darkness, making love with gargoyles--when rains come, taking their outpour greedily. But lately I have noticed newer sections appearing, sections made of something much stronger looking, finer.

Listen, My Son, it sounds as if the lethargy has ended.

No, no, Old Man, it is liturgy--or is it lethargy?--I have forgotten.

Look! The funeral procession, but see how oddly they are marching. And look! They're going toward the park.

Of course, My Son, they have started burying the dead under the old bankstand. It is quite a festive time.

SCENE IV: CONGREGATION AND MINISTER

CONGREGATION:

Onward, go we mourners,
Chatting with old friends, ba da da, dump-bump.
With the farmer's coffin made of wood and tin, bur-ump-bump.
Mr. X the royal master leads him to be saved; but dur dur ump-bump;
Forward in to any empty hole, Let this box be layed! ba da dump-bump.
Onward, go we mourners,
Chatting with old friends,
With the farmers coffin made of wood and tin. burr rump.

PREACHER: Darkness to darkness, fog to fog to fog--This poor man may not, like us, be saved, but let us be wary, lest at our last hour, for any pains of death, we fall from Mr. X's or his father's sight.

Now, goodly parishioners, let us sing what is in our hearts--a final song to the memory of this dear, old farmer. Make it a good one.

CONGREGATION:

Place park, scene dark, Fog and darkness fillin' up the grave;
Act one, almost done, Preacher with a solemn looking face.
Choir sings, bells ring.

PREACHER:

'You are dead forevermore.'
Act one, is done,
Ev'ry night the same encore.

INSPIRATION

The wind in the warm night stirred the wet branches
And dried our rain-washed faces and hair.
Somewhere a chime responded to its touch,
We heard her silver sighs in the night.
The music from another world.
A world we did not know.
A world we wished to know.
The moon and stars winked through light, playful clouds
That tumbled rapidly across the sky
Hurrying on their way to other worlds.
Worlds we did not know.
Worlds we wished to know.
In the distance we heard the wail of a train
Warning us to wait.
Wet hulks clattered by in the dark
As we stood watching
Cautious,
Curious,
Envious.

Envious because they were rushing to other places.
Places we did not know.
Places we wished to know.
Wind -
Clouds -
Train.

We listened as they talked.
Talked of the sights they'd seen,
the places they'd been,
the people they'd met,
the worlds they knew.
Though their language was strange
They awakened within us a dream -
A wish,
A hope,
A will.
A will to wander -
To know.

-- Anonymous



WASHER WOMAN
Woodcut
James Sonksen

ON SEYMOUR'S FAT LADY

THE MULTITUDINOUS MULTITUDE:

I will buy you a new wicker chair

You old one is awful

I will wrap your legs in yards and yards
of some excellent elastic bandage

That will fix up your varicose veins

I will bring a great cloth to mop the sweat
from your face and from your arms and legs
where it runs in rivulets

Your hair looks awful

It is the middle of August

I will get the best doctor in the world to cut your cancer out

I will take your funny old radio

(which she plays at top volume day and night)

and I will give you a color TV set

with a stereo record player

and an AM-FM radio

(a very nice set)

JESUS:

But anyone who doesn't like me just the way I am
is a fool . . .

M.M.:

"Call no man fool." (Mark 13.37)

-- Boyd Horst

Each man is an island. Each must face his own trials and his own sorrows. Yet I reach out to your island and feel your joys. And I feel you reach toward me. But we cannot connect completely for we are each an island.

-- Sally Sorenson

THE ANSWER

And man asked God - What is faith?

And God said - Faith, man, is believing in what you are - believing in your neighbor - and in all mankind.

And man asked God - What is charity?

And God said - Charity, man, is giving to man when he is thirsty - when he is hungry - when he is tired and has nowhere to rest.

And man asked God - What is love?

And God said - What?

-- Marilyn Hansen

TIME

-- Richard Vierk

Time plays no favorites, and most tragic of all, it is partial to no one in particular. Even the bravest of the males and the staunchest females yield to its calling.

It comes on a fleeting moment, and leaves in a hush of the hour.

Sometimes it finds me, when I am most resistant. I fight it off, telling myself it's not right--self-pity has no right to invade my thoughts.

But it comes...and I retreat within myself. I will sit motionless, hands lifeless, only thinking of why it should come, and why I seek seclusion in it.

In my room, the room where my life contracts to a mere four walls, I lie, and probe the pillow for the answer.

Why am I the one?

Why can't I find what so many others have found?

I think of the past. The way it used to be. Hoping that the old adage "Memories will comfort you" can come true for me.

But I am alone, and now, thinking of the good times and bad, I find no comfort, none at all. It makes no difference. I am still alone.

Only the gloom is there. I try again to shake it. Try--I tell myself--oh, try to forget...but some inner forces deny me.

I reflect...I remember.

Then the crying comes. Only a brief tear at first, trickling down my cheek. But in that one tear is the weight of my loneliness--as if the tear itself were crying.

Suddenly...it is summer again.

I love the clearness of the season, with the heat of June turning the skin to copper tones...the cries of young children...the splash of water at the swimming pools.

I would often come to the warm places with her. Because she, like the memories she left me, was warm. In her face were the smiles like the children. In her eyes, tingled brown, I found the happiness of life, to whom she spread her share...between us each in the other.

Her hair was coal black, never combed...but on her--a reflection of her casualness and dislike of routine.

To her, individuality was basic; conformity, a useless venture.

We would sit together that summer. Being with her became the most important thing in my life. In her little ways she gave me affection.

Telling me how to do certain things, praising me for things done, or reminding me she would call.

How funny, that a telephone can become so meaningful when you're alone. You will sit sometimes, waiting for it to ring. Maybe you will busy yourself with something, occasionally glancing at the wire and plastic instrument, trying to divert your attention.

And it never rings.

It had rung before, and my insides would glow because she had thought to call. We would spend hours there talking, laughing or being coy. It was fun to feel wanted then, and to know someone else besides the family requested your companionship.

She had the most unnoticeable way of making you feel ten feet high. Her little words, her phrases. Like the way she said my name. The touch of emphasis she gave each letter in it, and the way she spoke to me when we were alone.

But she was not perfect. She would withdraw sometimes, enveloping a mood about her. It was then she would become difficult, lashing out with bruising, hurtful words.

"It's no good," she would mutter; "there's no use in our friendship."

She didn't mean it, I know, but it was just the idea that she said it.

She seemed to radiate love and understanding, and I longed to be near her, to be touching her. I loved her.

I open my eyes, and I'm looking at the ceiling. It is pale white...a dull drained color.

The color of her face as she lay there amid the flowers. She didn't move. Her eyes were closed...I wanted her just to be sleeping. Sleeping like a baby, like the child she was inside. I wanted her to rustle a bit, look up at me, and touch my hair. But she didn't move.

I didn't see her any more after that.

I try not to think how cold she looked when I last touched her, or the time I bent over and kissed her cheek. To me, she'll always be warm as the summer. Warm as the time we walked, as she held my hand.

THE SEARCH

Love,
Wandering the earth
Treads softly,
Searching for hearts that believe.
His task is hard
For there are few.

--Fayeth Walton

Milkweed pod explodes.
White fairies dance on the breeze
As children chase them.

--Judy I. Olsen

I seek you
but you are
too far away
for me to
speak. I
seek you
but you are
silent
and don't
respond. I
seek you
and I see
only myself
running
toward a
light that
grows dimmer.
I seek you
and you
are not
there.

--Sally Sorensen

The stream rambles on
Incessant agitation
The rough stone made smooth

--Bob Moser



I attract
Leeches and parasites,
Underdogs and swine--
You are not the first,
Nor will you be the last,
So don't give yourself airs
That I am your
Conquest.

--Anonymous

Confined life of a
sheltered rose, I'd rather be
a dandelion.

--Fayeth Walton

A caterpillar
Beauty yet to be revealed
Gobbled by a bird

--Bob Moser

Small tree far away
grows larger, takes shape, color,
but we hurry past.

--Fayeth Walton

BIRCH LANDSCAPE
Water Color
Les Remmers

A SYNTHETIC WORLD

--John Thomsen

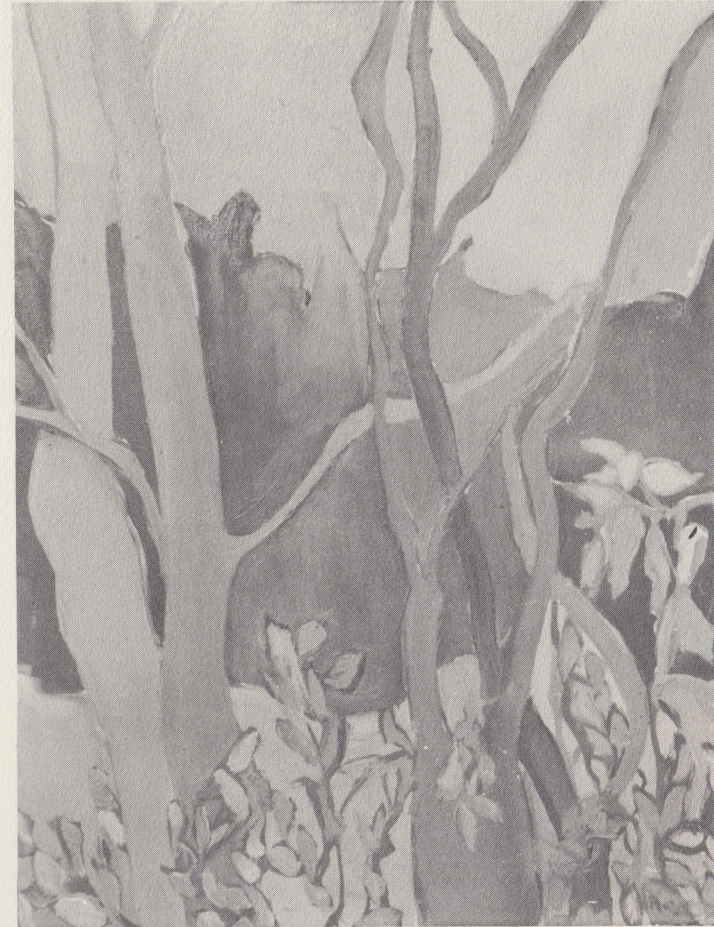
Pecker-freakish thunder beak,
White and holy pecker head,
Leave off your constant constant beating
against my thick black plastic door.

Every day I pull blinds down,
shroud myself in thick gray smoke,
drown myself in Brandy acts, in Vodka acts,
or Sherry acts, but they are all the same somehow.

Every night I drunk myself up,
comb long hair across my eyes,
howl to records playing beat,
hide between two hormoned breasts
freezing under nylon sheets--
and still your constant constant knocking
pierces in my inner ears, continues tearing at my brains,
reveals my inner inner fear.

But I will plug my ears still tighter,
for I know that your existence is a lie,
a fantastic figment of imagination,
a fiendish dream which I am sure will soon pass by.

Go on and beat. Beat through the days, through the nights,
and watch me sit and laugh you stupid pecker head.
And he laughed, and he laughed...and then...
he cried.



FOREST
Oil
Karen Larson

IMPRISONED

I sit in a milk-glass cage, brooding...
I crouch in a green-glass bottle, fearing...
I stand in a clear-glass window, wondering...

Shatter the glass!
Somebody,
Anybody,
Shatter the damn glass and free me.
I want slivers of glass in my goddamn feet.

--William R. Morgenstern



STILL LIFE
Woodcut
James Sonksen



SKULL
Watercolor
Walt Duela



AGONI
Woodcut
Karen Larson

Why is it
In your sleep,

You can't hear my endearments
And only answer when I speak your Name?

--Anonymous

THE WINNER

And there were three who wandered - one was hate, and one was
compromise, and one was love.
And hate started as a mistake - a wrong word, a killing of soul,
a killing of man. And it spread and people welcomed it, for
with it they gained money and power and what they called respect.
And compromise started as a war - and people were dying, and being
tired of dying they wrote a truce - hate still prevailed,
but compromise stopped the dying.
And love started as a child - with beauty and touches of loveliness.
It grew within two people - it brought peace of mind, and
tranquility, and smiles on faces.
And the people held them all - to do what they wished -
They could hate and die, compromise and exist, or love and live.
But they were cursed -
They wanted everything - and grabbed everything -
and possessed everything.

And hate won.

--Marilyn Hansen

HYPOCRITE

He spoke of heaven
And an angelic host;
He spoke of God
And the Holy Ghost;
He spoke of Christ's teachings
of man's brotherhood;
Yet when he had to sit beside a Negro once
He stood.

--Richard Vierk

HONORABLE MENTION

Glory given to the first
And pity to the last;
But never any word to us
Who saw but never passed
The final goal; behold the prize,
But could not quite attain;
Ah, tragic ones indeed are we,
The neither crowned nor slain.

--Richard Vierk

HELP

God, I've taken and taken from others.
I've sopped, absorbed,
Digested and sucked
Help from many.
God I want to help!
I want to be able to help others.
Help me to appreciate,
Understand and love others.
God, Help me, I can't
I'm so emotional,
Irrational, and selfish
In my relationships.
God Help me, Help me,
Help me to put away all selfishness
Help me to be a true friend
And above all help me to love.
God, All I can say is Help me
All other words seem to fail
But you hear my wail
As I weep
for my friends
dear friends.
God grant me strength
God Please give me
Help.

--Kathleen Holmier

We say -- "There's time tomorrow."
Tomorrow is here.
It's easy to wait until later.
What happens when later comes?
Everyone looks to the future.
The future is now.
We tremble at the present, for the present is the brink of forever.

--Karen Nelson

ALL IS VOID

All is void.
my life - my breathing - my existence -
my wonder at things past - and things present -
my amazement at seeing killing - and life -
my hurt and pain at feeling death - and cuts to the
soul -
and hearts ripped into pieces - thrown to the winds -
and inhumanity -
Why?

Because of ----
Because ---- for ----
Because ---- when ----
Because ----
I don't know.
--Marilyn Hansen

AMALGAM

A milk-white cat without a care
Reclines within the great green chair.
Against the green her softest white
Brings, when seen, such pure delight,
That people choose another chair,
And gladly watch her sleeping there.

--Richard Vierk

Hurt feelings must be
Cradled
And rocked to sleep.

--Anonymous

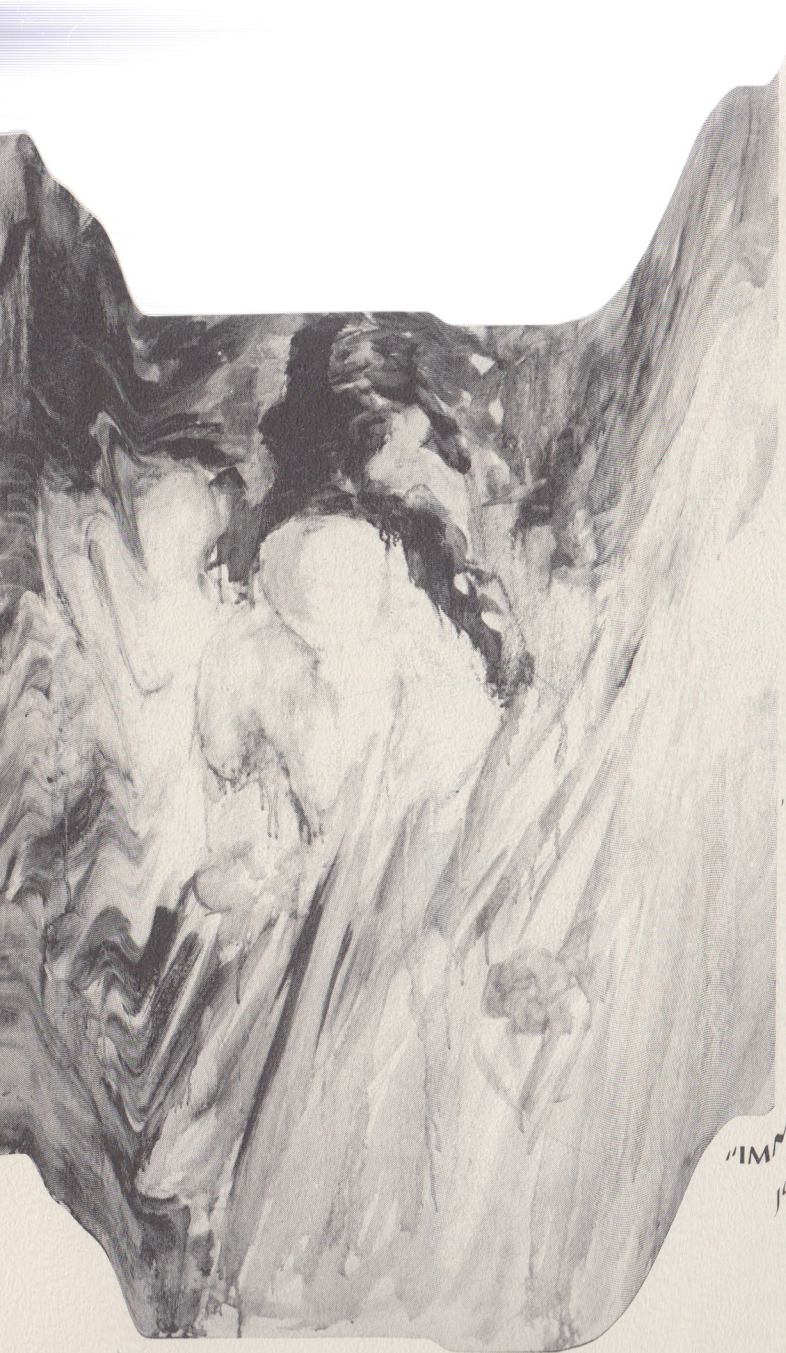
We talk and try
to find ourselves.
We listen and
seek each other.

--Sally Sorensen

KIVA

The wise Gods of the coffee houses are sitting at small
tables--
Smoking cigarettes--
Talking.
Talking of worries but worrying about nothing.
Enjoying entertainment furnished by the folk singers,
Singers who have the soul--
Soul gained by reading of wars and whores
Seeing.
Speaking.
Telling stories they've heard from the workers, the
travelers...The people.
The folksingers talk to the Gods,
Tell them what they want to hear,
Tell them their worries are over
Tell them "We shall overcome"
Tell them of insights gained by strangers,
Strangers who know, or claim to know.
The Gods are happy.
They go back into their world happy.
Happy that someone cares.
Someone cares enough to tell people they have worried
and solved the problems.
But no one realizes that the solution has never been
revealed because...
Because...
Well, because the solutions are private.
They must be gained by personal insight.
Insight gained by the folk singers,
Gained by the Gods of the coffee houses
Gained by the leaders of nations,
Gained by the people.
The people who are being worried about.
How can a folk singer retell a story with any conviction?
How can he tell of problems he's solved,
But never had?
How can any one solve a problem for a world he's never
seen,
Never coped with,
Never lived in.
How?

--Charles O. Frieden



"IMMENSE JOURNEY"
Oil
John Thomsen

he laughs
lways.
miling
Vitty
ay
an she cry?
low sad
o always

and I the city.
Does it mean to be human?
--Anonymous

EVENING

--Judy I. Olsen

Swallows dip and sway in the breathless evening
twittering softly to themselves
as they skim the water's surface snapping at mosquitos.

The sun has descended into the quiet lake
leaving a mist between water and sky.

I leave the shore and paddle my canoe carefully
into this dream.

Ripples of water lap against the side
talking in drowsy tones.

Nothing disturbs this soft interlude
but murmuring nature.

Here on the lake I can listen to the sunset
and wonder...

Evening comes softly
I paddle toward home.

Stepping from this dream I see my home as the swallows see it:

Near the house a bicycle lies tipped over
with grass poking up between the wheel spokes,
A clay flower pot lies shattered
on the back step,

The dog drags his rattling chain
over the hard dirt of his yard,

In the garden young corn stands in checkered rows
guarding newly hoed earth,

The apple trees stand silent in the orchard listening
to the evening,

The squawk of a hen disturbed from her perch is hushed
by the throaty clucking of those she awakened,

A red-winged blackbird watches from the green cat-tail
keeping his vigil over a nest of naked nestlings
by the water's edge...



She laughs
Always.
Smiling
Witty
Gay
Can she cry?
How sad
To always
Laugh.

--Fayeth Walton

"IMMENSE JOURNEY"

Oil
John Thomsen

You have walked in the forest, and I the city.
Tell men of life, what does it mean to be human?

--Anonymous

EVENING

--Judy I. Olsen

Swallows dip and sway in the breathless evening
twittering softly to themselves
as they skim the water's surface snapping at mosquitos.

The sun has descended into the quiet lake
leaving a mist between water and sky.

I leave the shore and paddle my canoe carefully
into this dream.

Ripples of water lap against the side
talking in drowsy tones.

Nothing disturbs this soft interlude
but murmuring nature.

Here on the lake I can listen to the sunset
and wonder...

Evening comes softly
I paddle toward home.

Stepping from this dream I see my home as the swallows see it:

Near the house a bicycle lies tipped over
with grass poking up between the wheel spokes,
A clay flower pot lies shattered
on the back step,

The dog drags his rattling chain
over the hard dirt of his yard,

In the garden young corn stands in checkered rows
guarding newly hoed earth,

The apple trees stand silent in the orchard listening
to the evening,

The squawk of a hen disturbed from her perch is hushed
by the throaty clucking of those she awakened,

A red-winged blackbird watches from the green cat-tail
keeping his vigil over a nest of naked nestlings
by the water's edge...

THE BOWERY

--Bob Moser

A page of the **New York Times**

tumbles in the breeze
down the street
littered with
cigarette butts
stained with
spit
and
urine

Anonymous forms

shuffle through the dark night
tattered
vermin infested
tweed overcoats
hung on stooped shoulders
feet schuffle in
rotten
mildewed

shoes

In doorways

forms
sleep
between carboard
strain
canned heat
through loaves of bread
and
die

At one time

doctors
lawyers
pastors
and now
rejects

And reverberating out of

a bastille of righteousness
that meaningless combination of
vowels and consonants

REPENT!

Mayflies caress in
mystic copulation, then
glide on water.

--William R. Morgenstern

A popcorn kernel
Turns itself inside out and
Blossoms snowy white

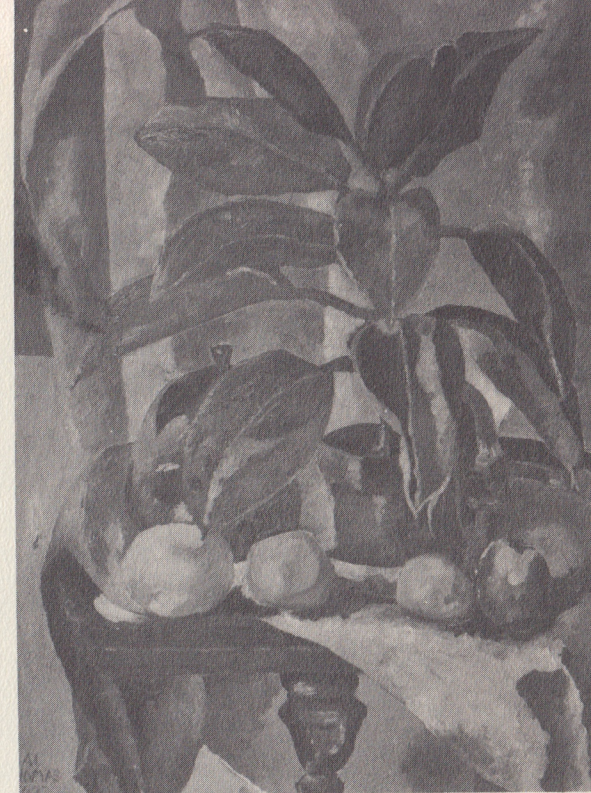
--Judy I. Olsen

Chimney tall and lean
you perpetuate black thoughts.
Swifts tickle your sides.

--William R. Morgenstern

What is security?
My closet with the door shut,
Damn, the light is on.

--Bob Moser



RUBBER TREE
Oil
Al Thomas

AND THAT IS LIFE

I am standing upon the seashore. A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength, and I stand and watch her until at length she hangs like a speck of white cloud come down to mingle with each other. Then some one at my side says, "There! She's gone."

Gone where? Gone from my sight...that is all. She is just as large in mast and hull and span as she was when she left my side, and just as able to bear her load of living freight to the place of destination. Her diminished size is in me, not in her. And just at the moment when some one at my side says, "There! She's gone." - there are other eyes watching her coming, and other voices ready to take up the glad shout, "There she comes!"

And . . . That is life!

--Richard Vierk

THERE MUST BE TIME FOR A BOY TO DREAM

Be slow to call him idle, the lad who follows
A path along a green-blue ribbon stream,
Breaking the mirror of the pool with pebbles...
His shining eyes the chalice for a dream.

There must be time for him to roam a creek bank
And listen to the water through brown rocks,
Or tiptoe quietly beneath the willows
To peer at patient turtles on the rocks;
Holding the lilt of lark song from the Heavens
Within the secret places of his heart.

The incredible prayer-like silence of a woodland,
The constancy of stars. These things will chart
His free young life along a pensive way
To calm, clear thinking of a later day.

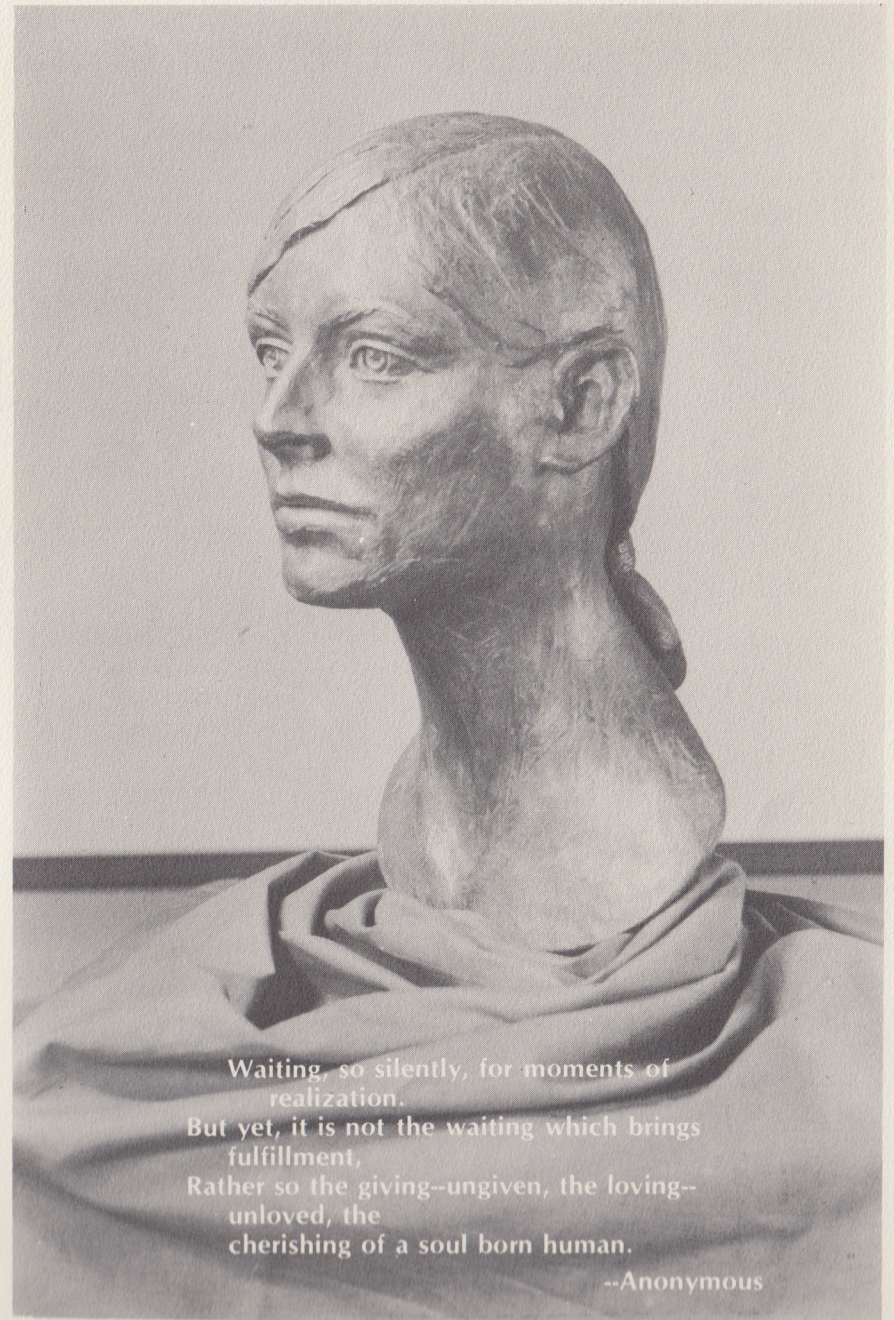
--Richard Vierk

As if she had been through the war and now
returns to rest. Bless this peace.

--Anonymous

Know the manner in which a man treats a blossom
and you will know his way of life.

--Anonymous



Waiting, so silently, for moments of
realization.
But yet, it is not the waiting which brings
fulfillment,
Rather so the giving--ungiven, the loving--
unloved, the
cherishing of a soul born human.

--Anonymous

MARY
Plaster
Charles Johansen