

Sower

1980





## SOWER



Sower of inland plains:  
fling the whistling seed  
against lusty spring winds;  
thrusting it  
into the humid earth-womb.

Sower of winged words:  
rising before dawn,  
swinging your arm over the world,  
release your thought  
into the lash and roar of winds,  
send your seed singing  
into the westering night.



**AWARDS**

**Joseph Langland Award for Poetry**

Colusa . . . Kathy Appel

**Kay Munk Award for Translation**

Memory of Marie A. . . . Betty Bliss

**Hal Evans Cole Award for Excellence in the Arts**

Viet Nam Woodcut . . . Mark Jorgensen

**SOWER 1980**

**Volume XXXV**

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### **I Will Return**

I will return to the fields  
to search for lost trails,  
I will stop and listen to the birds,  
as my foot sinks into the earth,  
for I feel a longing, so plain and strong,  
that it bursts my everyday life,  
I must go home, from where I come,  
to the first, the true things.  
I will sit so calmly at home with the flowers,  
so they know, I am their friend,  
beneath the heaven, home with the rain and trees,  
I shall find myself again.

**Grethe Risbjerg Thomsen**  
translated by Ruth Mingus

### **On Religion**

Life is my  
religion.  
"My . . . mind is my . . .  
church."  
Loving. Living. Seeing.  
Enjoying.  
These are my rites.  
Second hand rules  
and my father's beliefs  
are not  
mine.

Some say that I'm lost.  
Some say I'm a sinner.  
Billy Graham and the Pope  
are holy and rich.  
I'm not.  
I don't own a mansion  
or fancy clothes,  
but am I worse than  
they?

God is where you find  
It.  
I must search.  
I must think and question,  
feel  
and decide.  
It's hard and painful,  
but I must be my own  
religion.

So don't try to save me.  
I won't have it.  
Don't tell me what's right.  
I won't believe you.  
Don't preach to me.  
It's a sin.  
And  
don't spread your shit in my house.  
I have my  
own.

**Jeffrey Hall**

### **Spectators**

It's kind of primitive I said  
Like a forest fire  
Or sex  
We were looking at the same painting  
but he didn't see that at all  
You're too obscure he said  
I see a splash of red on a green  
canvas, that's true too I agreed  
But what does it make you *feel* like?

**Kathy Swensen**



## Easter

1

Season of birth, rebirth, and mirth  
Green  
Grass exudes life  
Lilac buds stretch for warmth of sun  
Daffodil jounquil flowering chases bitterest browns  
Life is growing  
And I am dying in this Easter  
This continual living and growing  
Has left me empty and alone

2

I search for rebirth  
In the arms of my beloved, I am dying  
In the embrace of my lover, I am dying  
In the gaze of a stranger, I am dying, dying, dead  
And I am continually dying in this rebirth  
Searching for a warmth, a love, a labyrinth for sensing life  
I cuddle a child in my arms; she molds herself to my attitude  
Even in her eyes, I am dying  
I pry into poetry to find a reason, a truth  
I play the piano, searching for faith in Beethoven  
I delve into Kierkegaard, questioning his leap of faith  
And I am continually dying in this Easter

3

The green has covered all but the hillside death  
Trees far away blush traces of life  
I lie on my back trying to absorb all this life around me  
A bee buzzes contentedly on a dandelion at my elbow  
Life is going, growing, glowing around me  
I need mouth to mouth resuscitation with the live Nebraska sky

Absorb, body  
Psyche, osmose the green  
Soul, photosynthesize this Easter

**Patty Reed**

## The Lonely Passenger

Time  
no time  
it's passing,  
moving,  
running by,  
ignoring me,  
not caring for  
my stumbling gait,  
for the white hairs  
and dimming vision.  
Time

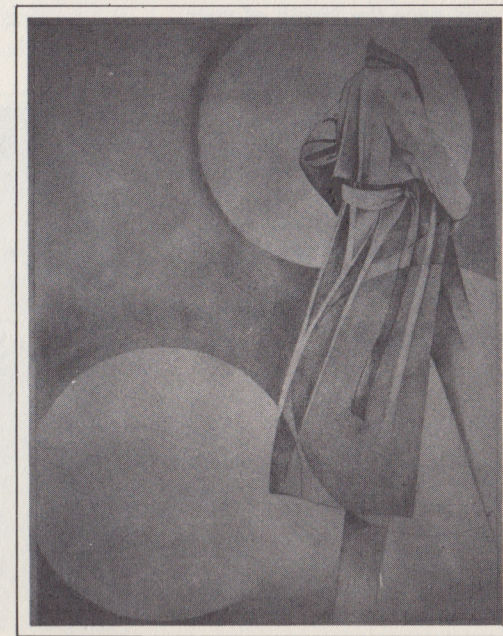
shoves me aside  
as it roars on into  
the eternal dark.

I am the lonely passenger  
on the wrong train,  
other lights  
going the other way,  
other trains,  
faces at warm windows.  
I am alone in the dark.

The train whistle blows  
bringing me back to time,  
spurring on its death's-head horse,  
Time,  
riding me down,  
down into dust.

**Thomas Quale**

Jill Wetzel





## Requiem for Puma

You roamed the vast forests  
and hunted in the bountiful mountains.  
Hare and deer were plentiful;  
you wanted for  
nothing.  
The land was yours  
to lord over  
and to raise your kits  
in freedom.

But now,  
muscles, once powerful,  
are soft.  
Your body has become  
fat and lethargic  
on daily horsemeat.  
Your children are gone,  
killed by angry farmers  
over a few lost sheep,  
or trampled  
by stampeding civilization.  
You are  
alone . . .  
in servitude.  
You sleep and eat  
and pace the length of your  
prison . . .  
back and forth . . .  
all day.  
Fathers with children  
stand and point,  
gawk  
at your tawny beauty  
but you are not proud  
anymore.

Jeffrey Hall

Mark Jorgensen



## Waiting To Know

YOUR image, across the way in the light, past the lonesome night,  
silent coolness,  
captures my searching glance to share,  
warmME,  
while etching its art upon MY mind.  
I wait feeling wonderfully vulnerable,  
sensitive,  
in touch,  
alive, hoping MY attraction  
will reach out,  
encircle,  
spark YOU, breaking down the walls of not knowing  
each other.  
YOU move in YOUR feminine style,  
elegant grace though time's journey ever closer  
ever closer  
as YOUR smile —  
soft,  
alluring —  
eyes —  
sparkling,  
enticing —  
wrap MEin desire.  
MY heart,  
seeking the nearness,  
friendship,  
love  
in another tomorrow,  
opens to the moment,  
yearns to meet  
YOU  
face to face,  
hand to hand,  
soul to soul.

Lee Ahrens



## EL CERRITO<sup>1</sup>

El Cerrito, you stand meekly  
beside  
your big brother.  
I cannot hear your voice.  
Only thundering dominion  
fills the air.  
Only your brother  
is heard.

Clouds rest his mighty head in softness.  
Rain clothes his massive shoulders in  
freshness;  
Your brothers drinks deep.  
Abundance is his.  
You are forgotten.  
You thirst.

El Cerrito, you stand meekly.  
Shadowed.  
Only the sparrow hears your  
sighing.

I "little hill"

**Kathy Appel**

### After The Final Breath

After the final breath  
a touch to feel the aloneness,  
a sigh to invade the stillness,  
a kiss to close your future,  
a tear to awaken the knowing;  
But no more sharing  
the togetherness  
of our love.

**Lee Ahrens**

The fingers of land  
try to pinch off Frisco Bay,  
stopped by steel and paint.

**Jeffrey Hall**

## "ENDLESS"

Anxiously awaiting a long draught  
To be satisfied.  
Sitting in an airport terminal.  
And passing time with a song.

Long song to cover hours of nervousness  
Fidgeting, but tired from the stay.  
Collecting the spoils of wits  
Since gone dull and lost.

Late flight to find my love  
Flames of the phoenix burn within  
And the calm is conquered by the storm  
Calling me to a final destiny  
Of home with you.

Almost defeated and contrived  
With maybe a sliver of hope  
That what love has done to us  
This separation can do agan.

On course, boarding  
North of Dallas.  
Sailing above icy clouds tinted by the amber  
Sun.  
Bidding for time with idle fascinations  
Of playing games with a mind  
And coming out less the victor.

Fingers twitching towards frosted windows  
Reaching for fire or some kind  
Of refreshed warmth.  
The train of thought disrupted now  
as transition moves from then, to now  
A mind passes back to reality.

**Steve L. Albertsen**



## Occupations

Watching the dust motes  
  lazy down through the air,  
Counting spots and chips and holes in the ceiling,  
Listening to the sounds  
  drifting in on the air,  
  conversations from another room,  
Listening to the radio  
  without hearing the music.  
Thinking,  
Staring.

I am busy.

Thomas Quale

### Memory of Marie A.

On that day in the blue month of September  
Quiet under a young plum tree  
There I held her, my soft, pale love  
In my arm as a wonderful dream.  
And over us in the lovely summer sky  
Was a cloud that remained for a long time  
It was very white and monstrous up above  
And when I looked, it was no longer there.

Since that day, many, many months  
Have floated softly past.  
The plum trees may have been cut down  
And if you ask what happened to my love?  
I'll tell you; I cannot remember  
And yet I certainly know what you mean.  
Though I really don't know her any longer  
I know only this; I kissed her then.

And also the kiss I would have forgotten  
If the cloud had not been there  
Which I yet knew and will always know  
It was very white and came from above.  
Maybe the plum trees blossom still  
And maybe that woman now has her seventh child  
Though that cloud blossomed only minutes  
As I looked it had vanished in the wind.

From the German of Bertolt Brecht  
translated by Betty Bliss

## PAPA

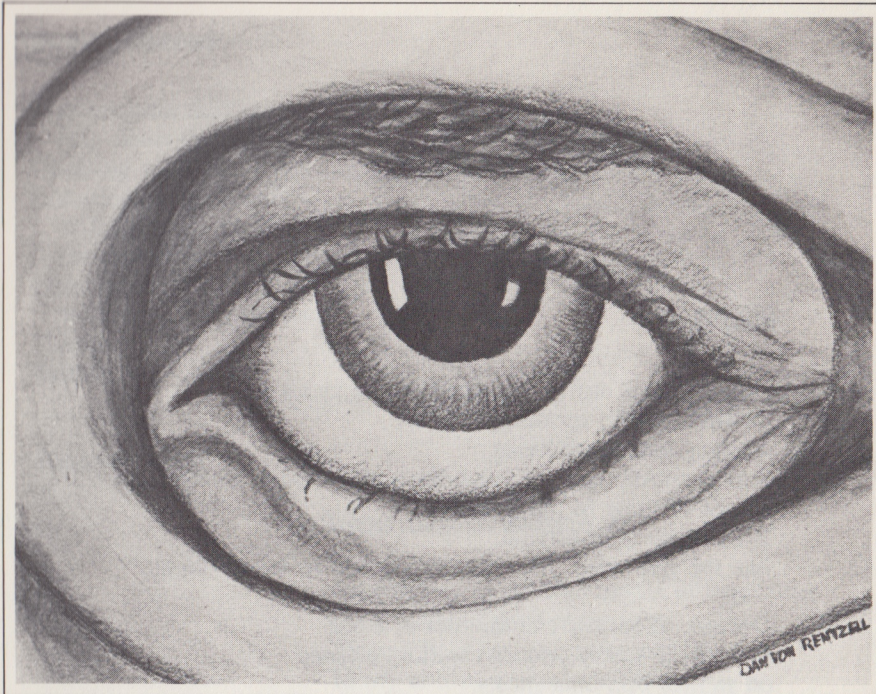
Doctors stand stiffly in starched white jackets.  
Discussing life, speaking in terms  
that say nothing of living.  
Arms crossed, each one clutches a clipboard to his chest —  
Moses clinging to the Word.  
It all looks quite official,  
like the guarantee "Never been touched by human hands."

Doctors stand stiffly at the foot of a bed.  
Discussing ninety pounds carefully situated  
on sterile, pale blue sheets.  
Papa's eyes do not focus on their mechanical gestures.  
Papa's ears do not hear their professional technicalities.  
Papa's lips do not speak to them about dignity, and heaven,  
and beautiful Mama.  
Papa died five years ago.  
His heavy breathing rasps "mockery."

Papa does not remember birth or death.  
Papa . . .  
Doctors stand stiffly . . .  
Discussing . . .

Kathy Appel





Dan von Rentzel

## STARK-WHITE WALLS

After months of pleading, they finally allowed me a pen and some paper. "Perhaps it will have therapeutic value," they said. I was quivering with excitement and had many thoughts that needed to be expressed. I could write from now until forever . . .

"Your mother and I are getting divorced." My dad's eyes glistened and his speech was focused, hesitant. It wasn't easy to say and it took all his courage to induce this opening statement.

The room was deadly quiet. Mom sat on one end of the couch, near the telephone. She crossed her legs and placidly put her hands in her lap. She tried to smile, but it wasn't working. Marcia, my younger sister, was at the other end and already fidgeting. She kept biting her fingernails and squirmed in her place. She never liked family meetings because Dad would always raise his voice and mom would get hysterical.

I didn't want to sit on the couch. Oh, there was enough room, but I didn't want to be near Mom. I didn't like her. She picked her nose when she didn't think anyone was looking and she sang with a high-pitched voice. She ruined any decent rock-n-roll song when she warbled with the radio. I didn't want to grow up like her, so I tried to keep my distance.

My dad was different. I idolized him and wanted to be just like him. People always said I looked more like my father than my mother and I loved hearing that. Dad was strong, brave, athletic and only picked his nose when he was in the bathroom. I didn't mind being near him, so I sat on the floor, a short distance from his chair. But when I heard him speak, I thought I misunderstood the intent.

"Dad, what did you say?" I had a high, hopeful note in my voice. Surely he couldn't mean what I thought he meant.

"Honey, you heard right. Mom and I aren't getting along anymore and we are leaving each other."

Marcia still didn't comprehend what was taking place. She was too young and besides she liked the taste of fingernails. But I fully grasped the message and expressed my fears in a shower of tears that wouldn't stop.

Mom started crying too, and she pleaded with me, "Julie, don't do this to yourself. We still love you very much. We aren't getting a divorce because of you and Marcia. We just can't get along with each other anymore. Can you follow what I am telling you?"

She seemed fuzzy through my tear-filled eyes. She had a sorrowful look on her face, like a basset hound. I couldn't look at her anymore. I hadn't heard a word she said. I only wanted to know who I was going to live with. But it is so difficult to talk when you are crying. "Who . . . who . . . who . . ." I was choking and coughing and my tongue tasted the salty water. I felt sick. I couldn't finish the question.

Marcia had finally begun to pay attention. I guess all the noise had shocked her into reality. I envied her innocence. Her big, blue eyes were dry, no sign of emotion. She was staring at Dad, who in turn was playing with the calluses on the bottom of his feet. He was a runner and it was easy to build up that unnecessary layer of skin. He was thinking. I couldn't see his face, but I knew he was going to say something. He always takes his time before he speaks: "Think before you talk. Then you won't put your foot in your mouth." It's a good philosophy and he follows it religiously.

The atmosphere was tense. If it was pricked with a pin, a flood of tears would drown us all. Finally Dad spoke, "Look girls, you'll still be able to see me. I'm not moving out of town. I'm keeping my job. You can talk to me any time. And we'll get together on weekends and have fun. Don't worry, I'll be around. And I do love you both very much. You'll be ok."

I wanted to hug him and tell him to please take me with him. I can't live with my mother. She drives me crazy. She makes me wear dresses. And she wants me to go to a face doctor. But something inside me told me to accept what had happened and to make the best of a wretched situation.

They both said a few more things but I didn't listen. The tears kept streaming and I was struggling to get them under control. "I'll be alright. Dad said I would," I thought to myself. "If Dad said it, then it must be true."

But when I reflect on those thoughts now, I laugh. But I laugh a lot these days; it helps me to pass the time. They say my laughter is some kind of pent-up emotional response. I only know that it is cold and lonely in these small, stark-white rooms.

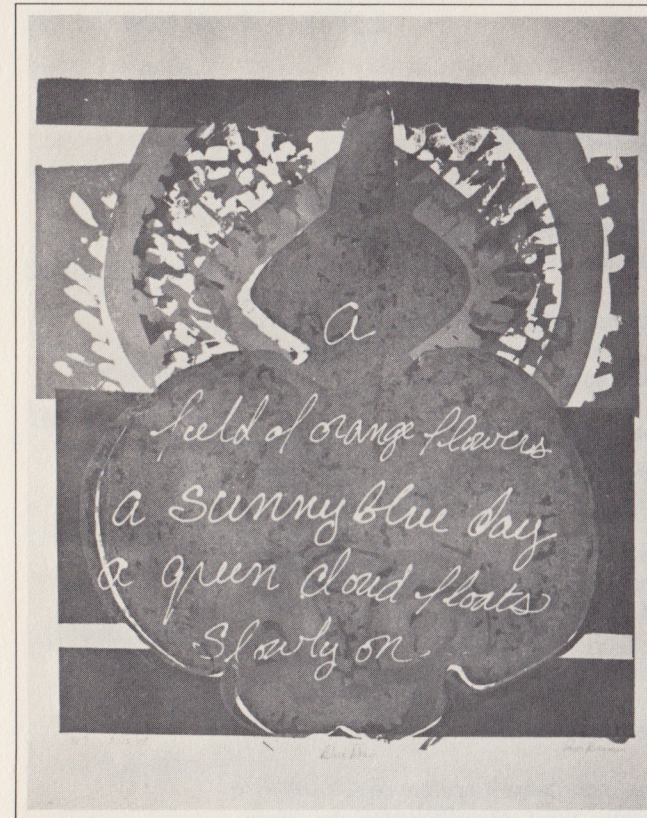
I put my pen down and began to laugh . . . again.

**Julie Ann McMahon**



There beside  
 the garden wall, green  
 and brown and yellow, stands the  
 structure of a living object that en-  
 dures most anything. It braves the wind  
 and storms of night and rain and snow  
 of day. Standing in the sunshine of  
 each day with clouds rolling  
 by, it stands always at  
 attention. Some  
 days waving hello  
 to friends  
 that are all  
 around, some  
 days waving  
 good-bye . . .  
 living through  
 the joy of love  
 of a girl and  
 boy sitting in  
 its shadows,  
 living through the  
 sorrow of someone  
 buried in its shadows,  
 the tree still stands  
 proud . . . waiting. Waiting for peace to come to everyone.

**Denise Honebein**



Pam Bramer

## The Chain

The linking seasons pass through fleeting years.  
 Successive days are joined by steadfast night.  
 As time maintains its constant course my tears  
 remain and from love's grasp I cannot fight.  
 Enchained by passion's tender toil am I.  
 Emotion bonds my soul — I cannot flee  
 the sweet dominion of her tender tie.  
 Enchantment's bondage vanquishes my plea.

But contemplating countless days I've tried  
 resisting passion's bonds unfruitlessly,  
 I cast adverse resistances aside  
 revealing everlasting ecstasy  
 Through all, our boundless passion will remain.  
 To each, our love is coupled by the chain.

**Bruce Bro**



## ISOLATION

faceless families fly the freeway.  
busy, hurried, impatient with  
faceless families.

crying children explode in compact cars.  
parents lean against opposite doors;  
cold space between them.

white lines flash across reflective lenses.  
no one speaks.  
GAS — FOOD NEXT RIGHT

faceless families scream for escape.  
freeways spit them into dirty, small towns.  
one neon light — Mom's Cafe.

warm ovens with morning bread.  
flushed cheeks scramble in.  
one man sits alone.

one man doesn't see anyone.  
a gray, tired, shiny coat weighs down  
rounded shoulders.

dark hands with ragged nails hang  
from ripped cuffs.  
one man doesn't hear anyone.

a suitcase leans against his knee.  
bulging from days when carried full.  
now like the stomach of a starving child.

shrunken lips move slightly.  
forming words echoed inside.  
one man sits alone.

faceless families fly the freeway.  
busy hurried, impatient with

**Kathy Appel**

## SO MUCH IN SO LITTLE

When I was 23,  
the future was not the same  
as when I was 17.

I had to forget myself  
in what I was doing  
or it would have  
destroyed me.

But the best thing  
about the past  
is that you forget  
those things.  
that could have been  
good.

That is why  
I spoke  
my words  
to the close and holy  
darkness.

There has never been  
such a silence,  
at least,  
not since I was 4.

and the sun  
did not shine  
and the moon  
did not glow  
for 6 days

and 6 nights —  
or was I 6,  
and it was  
4 nights  
and 4 days?

But I do remember  
the old men.

You see  
I very much  
love to watch  
those  
who have not  
been recognized before.

because  
man lives  
in his mind  
and not  
in some confined place.

Friends  
never did come  
to stay  
and they  
called me  
"There" —

like in  
"Hello There".



The garden  
behind the house  
seemed like a park  
to some,  
but a prison  
to me.  
You see,  
I was always  
one day away  
from where I  
wanted to be.

I told mother  
not to cry.  
Killing her  
was killing myself.

But  
I was tired  
of us both.

She keeps repeating  
and repeating  
that the fears  
and the voices  
belong to the disease.

They  
always told me  
everything,  
that is everything,  
but why.

So I wished  
to remain sleeping,  
to dream  
and to dream  
and to dream,  
because sometimes  
that is wiser  
than waking.

Oh, but the past  
is a foreign country —  
they do things  
differently there.

Last week  
I was 28,  
today  
I am 82.

I have nothing  
to show  
but egg shells —  
and empty  
at that.

I am now 9 meals  
from suicide,  
but every true story  
ends with  
death.

Lee Ahrens

## Soldier Games

I look back into our childhood,  
Remembering two small boys,  
Best buddies.  
Each dressed in blue jeans and sweatshirts.  
We played soldiers,  
With toy guns and caps for our bullets.  
I shot you,  
But you were only dead until you'd counted to twenty.  
Then you'd stand up,  
And the game would continue.

Now I look at you  
Stretched out motionless before me,  
And I cry.  
We're still best buddies,  
But our blue jeans have changed to uniforms,  
And rolls of machine gun cartridges replace our caps.  
I know you must have lost count  
Because twenty seconds was up minutes ago,  
And you're still not standing.

I guess you've grown tired of the game.

## Jann Buckley

Mark Jorgensen





## Slave of the Spirits

“Drink, for the night is young!  
Pour me another one!”  
Fogerty laughed as he  
lifted his glass.  
“Drink, for the night is young!”  
Reckless and freely sung.  
Bourbon flowed swiftly as  
hours flowed past.

Nightly sang Fogerty,  
lost from society,  
tipsy, inebriate,  
cockeyed and tanked.  
Life disregarded him  
Family rejected him.  
Liquor relieved him, he  
sighed as he drank.

Twenty-eight years passed by  
Twenty-eight years his cry  
echoed through barrooms that  
seldom would hear.  
Ailing, his liver was  
failing, he rested his  
head on the bar, on his  
cheek rolled a tear.

Alleys to sleep at night,  
street lamps for bedroom lights,  
garbage for pillows — he  
sat and he cried.  
Gone were the nights he'd sung,  
“Drink, for the night is young!”  
Finally, silently,  
Fogerty died.

Bruce Bro

You listen to my troubles,  
Be they imaginary, misconstrued or real  
And a tear or two  
Clouds my eye  
From the hope you have for me in your voice.

Minutes give way to hours  
And the more I think of you and want you,  
The more I miss you.

I feel your heart beating  
Only seconds away from mine  
And share the anticipation of another moment  
Of our love.

Can I give you any more of Myself  
If all of myself has been given?  
And can you love a slightly eccentric man  
Who still feels like a boy inside  
When he touches your skin?

We hope so, the boy and I.

I'm with you every second of every day.  
My arms are ready to reach out and hold you  
If you perchance to walk by.

Dreams are sweet when you are there  
But something's wrong when I awake  
And you're not here.

We can't sleep, the Boy and I.

Steve L. Albertsen

## The House Without You

The same rooms. But quiet like a piano  
shining, left by the playing hands.  
The same familiar things. But a nightmare  
lies in wait because you are gone.

The same sound of my steps. And the lamp  
over your bed which a bare arm finally  
turned off before we let ourselves sink  
into oblivion, darling, darling, do you remember?

The same wind in the branches by your window  
and the bushes' blossoms with the heavy fragrance  
in darkness. But now an autumn cold  
grave which no imploring could open.

From the Danish of Ole Wivel  
translated by Cheryl Lustgraaf





Pam Bramer

## Rain

The rain falls,  
as surely as if it knew its way  
on this night — too dreary for dreaming,  
too moonless to light  
the steady streams of falling grey.  
Unseen, it echoes in your head. Tonight  
all is rain,  
Piercing silver stilettos that  
Catch your breath with unwavering rain-rhythms;  
Soon your heart beats only as allowed.

The rain is  
falling and falling with a hollow sound,  
like someone crying in the next room.  
On this night you have your own  
devils to haunt you,  
but the sound will drive you mad. Then  
creep down the long cold hall,  
knock softly.  
The wind draws a long breath, and  
holds it as you — rattle the knob,  
find it locked.

The rain falls,  
mimics a sigh and the crying  
you heard — even the gods  
are silent tonight  
We are all alone.

Kathy Swensen

## Ithildin

In winter the nights are so very  
long it might be a certain one  
I remember or it might be every one  
of them Sometimes all I can  
remember is you Nights you  
helped me through without  
knowing you did Somehow  
I could never tell you how high  
I flew when we met up in the  
stars somewhere Stars cooled  
with wine enough for touching  
finding later star-runes your  
burning fingers traced on me  
The light has changed I can't  
read those marks anymore  
It isn't fair I know that I  
should be hurting now you  
never promised you'd be around  
in a day or so or even  
when I opened my eyes dreamy  
from a lingering kiss  
I wouldn't ask it I don't know  
It's just that Sometimes  
you drift around my head  
as if wanting me to  
remember How did I know  
what you needed? with your  
dark empty eyes Although  
it seemed to be me  
Looking back I think I was  
very young to imagine that  
We weren't playing for love  
or money or even Time we  
drifted into each other  
just as now we drift away  
But it seems to me someone  
should have explained the rules  
before I started playing (I'm not  
Injured Innocence though I  
admit the role is tempting) I'm just  
not so very young Now  
that the light has changed  
the days are getting longer . . .

Kathy Swensen



## Sea Stillness

A profound stillness prevails in the water  
Without motion, the sea rests  
The sailor observes the smooth surface  
And is troubled.  
No breeze from either side!  
Dreadful, death-like stillness!  
In the vast distance  
No wave stirs.

From the German of Goethe  
translated by Krista Cook



Buddha sat impassive on his throne.  
Around him disciples senselessly chattered,  
Until silently the din was shattered  
By the flight of the dove, toward home.

Dave Nielsen

## Meditation on Moderation

Dilemma: I don't especially like the body I see in the mirror. My body is, basically, a very firm sag. Oh, but those slender, taut wrists . . . Not an inch of fat . . . not an ounce of muscle either.

I wake up every three mornings and decide that starting today I will tone, taper, and tighten my flab. Mentally, I do fifty sit-ups, jog two miles, and feel no strain with twenty deep knee bends. I dream myself laughing at the refrigerator, passing dip and chips, spending an evening content with a goblet of ice water and waving off the cool sparkling white wine. I have such willpower, such strength, and everyone admires my gumption.

Then I make the mistake. I get up.

I've noticed that mental sit-ups don't grip at my gut like the real things do. Jogging is a farce: I can't run two miles without developing an asthmatic cough that would send Primatene Mist into permanent financial security and Adidas into shock. After eight knee bends, I walk in a perpetual duck waddle.

My worst problem, though is that damned refrigerator. I walk by, haughty and determined. The refrigerator winks and reaches out to tickle me.

"Gitchy, gitchy goo!  
Have I got goodies for you!  
Strawberry pie, spaghetti and chocolate  
If you resist me, you'll be disconsolate.  
Gitchy, gitchy goo!  
Have I got FOOD for you!"

I don't remember any strawberry pie. Well, what does it hurt to just look? Somebody will have to throw it away.

I open the door to screams of "Eat me, eat me." Do you know how pathetic a screaming refrigerator is? Stuffing my face, I have one consolation — at least refrigerators don't sing at the fat farm.

Patty Reed



## Sorrow Song

Walk softly — Sorrow sleeps here  
Not raging  
Not wagging the bitch head  
                    vile thread  
                    hot bed  
    against drunk innocents

Touch softly — Sorrow sleeps here  
Not feeling  
Now reeling in confusion  
                    revolution  
                    seclusion  
    friends offer relief

Love softly — Sorrow sleeps here  
Not pleading  
But needing your glove  
                    dove  
                    love  
    Sorrow sleeps peacefully here

## Patty Reed



Mickey Tanner

## COLUSA<sup>1</sup>

It is our first night together,  
you and I.

Our fathers have bid us  
this night,

Have bid us this night for  
tomorrow.

They wish to be fathers of  
fathers.

And so we are here.

Marutzi told me of my  
duties,  
of my pain,  
of my many years  
to be spent here in your house.

Nothing was said of moonbeams  
kissing your hair  
or sunlight flooding inside  
me.

I lie thinking of Marutzi.  
I feel the soft earth of our bed.  
Stars play in the water.  
Morning waits to find us.

Let us begin.  
You must walk with the marks  
tomorrow.

Colusa will be my name  
tonight . . .

<sup>1</sup>Colusa, an Indian word meaning "scratcher," because it was the privilege of tribal brides to begin the honeymoon by scratching the faces of their braves.

## Kathy Appel





Mickey Tanner

## Definition

I used to think that friendship was  
you and me,  
and quiet talks  
about everything that was secret,  
And glances that said we knew what we meant,  
even though no one else did.

But now I think that friendship is an  
empty,  
meaningless,  
vacant word,  
that's used much too loosely,  
and just when I thought I knew its meaning —  
it slipped away.

Jann Buckley

## YOUR RAINBOW

You ran your horse hard —  
Daring the wind  
to whip at your clothes,  
letting her tie knots in your hair.  
With one arm  
you held  
sunshine,  
Leaving your hands  
laughing  
to the dance of cool clover.  
You wore your song  
tipped over one eye —  
and played.  
your heart,  
hearing  
your tears,  
sailing blue ocean skies,  
dreaming your fears.  
You ran your horse hard —  
Daring the wind,  
finding  
no one to share  
your rainbow.

Kathy Appel

## Heaven

Look about, she stares down from everywhere;  
Eyes like the stars, smile like the sun.  
The celestial region beckons him on.  
The bear is alone, but his mate she comes.

Oh Heaven, your dreams are strong.  
Your brightness shines on a poor man's life.  
For time eternal you shall be young.  
The strength of the husband is found in the wife.

The canoe rests on the river's shore.  
The old man is patient, there is no rush.  
The lifeline is there as it was before.  
The brave waits for Heaven's touch.

Karlin Olson



Beginning

Each life the same, one indifferently sterile  
hand, a new cry of pain, just-learned,  
Breathing and all the rest.

Sensations

This is new! Glitter and blaze, fill unfocusing  
eyes with the promise of sensuous colors,  
The kaleidoscopic mirage.

Patterns

Shift while you touch them, already this moment is fled.  
Each life the same, to find meaning in this  
Beginning

**Kathy Swensen**

Mickey Tanner

