

SOWER



1984

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.

Untitled.

River run deep
my soul
purged by cooling
emerald waters
comfort in
cold, smooth, silence
plunge deeper
reviving
in the stillness
find the fire
within the stone.

Katherine Klover

A Koala Bear — Self Portrait

a koala bear is a secret
begging to be told
a koala bear knows everything
it's scary
being a koala bear
to feel all feelings
to read all people
a koala bear knows
more than it wants to know
a koala bear can't
let people know all
they don't listen
if they did
they would turn in ignorant fear
and disbelief
or explode
so a koala bear
commits a suicide
and explodes its self
keeping the secret
that's not worth knowing
yet is
a koala bear is a secret
in love with not being told

Peggy (Sorensen) Morgan



Cindy Schou

Lean Days

The struggle is tough for those
starting out,
but it's not so bad
We must scrounge-yes-
but we will be saved tomorrow
Funds from various foundations
will flow into the apartment coffers
By the sheer grace of those two ant-workers
who bring home the pop and cigs
(not the bread and the bacon; they're not
on the priority list).

Horst

Concert Prelude

Darkness.
Silence,
Echoing footsteps.
Raindrop applause.
Bow and nod.
A single oboe tone
Droning into
Overtones.
Reeds vibrate,
Wood resounds
In mellow tones.
Silence.
Another tone
answered by the moan
of the horn
picked up
by the baritone.
Silence.
Let the maestro
be ushered in
on rhythms of
clapping.

Tera T. Nohrenberg

ART

(Or, There's a Little Bit of Plato in Everyone)

They crouch elusive in the brain,
rooted in shadow.
Formless but many-sided,
whole, complete,
subject only to the rule of time.
Living, breathing, dying.
Words are made in their image,
stone-cold forms fashioned by a sculptor's skillful hand.
The graceful curves and hollows
seduce the light that flickers shamelessly over their surface.
Monuments to time,
strumpets in the sun.

Cindy Schou

Mother from Afrika

Father from quaint and luxurian Baden-Baden (such a good place
they named it twice).

as the day passes thru
clouds of radiation
our quaint and luxurian pair
gets curious looks from curious Brooklynese
Most peculiar in this town.

Wop talk by the dilapidated French lady
British import item rare in this land
killed by homemade stuff
Something we're good at
Try us, you'll like us . . . or go to the Russians
Political lever every four years
Whose reps will bite the bullet this year?
No, not the jews again, please.
I personally hope CA falls into the ocean
God bless the fault
God bless the bullet
God bless the armies of the Soviets
(councils?)

God bless the spectacle of athletics
God save himself and those who blindly follow.

Horst

Bittersweet

I can still taste you
bitter,
like the lemon face
of a child cautiously
sipping his mother's
cold coffee,
but sweet,
as if that same boy
crawled up onto the couch
to hold her hand.

Karen Kreutzian

SISYPHUS

The canvas was an infinite white. He stared at it almost reverently while mixing the oils on his palette. The beauty of the Virgin Block, he mused. He finished mixing the paints and then, with a grim smile, he challenged the blank, staring surface: So, who's going to win the battle today? He lifted his brush, then hesitated. He closed his eyes for a moment, waiting for a breath of truth to fill his mind, and then opened them again. He stared at the vase of flowers. Everything fit together: the vivid-red and clean-white flowers vibrated against the cool, grayish-blue background. The image danced into his brain. He lifted his brush once again and made a quick but careful swipe of red on the canvas. He flinched a little, then studied it intently. It looked like a leech in a sea of white. He added another stroke, and again another and another. He worked quickly, like a machine programmed for a day's work. He was oblivious to his surroundings, even to his own thoughts.

He stopped for a moment to examine his work. In a few skillful strokes he had pinned down on canvas the essential forms of two red geraniums. Not bad at all, he thought. He started to mix some green, brown and white paint together. No, not bad at all. He began to paint again, more easily now.

He felt good, better than he had in a long while. The brush once again was a natural extension of his hand. It hadn't been for quite awhile, not yet since he'd started painting again three weeks ago after his year-long rest from it. No, not a rest. More of a time of . . . reevaluation? recuperation? A little of both, he thought. After all his youthful confidence in his abilities, after all the encouragement he got from enthusiastic teachers and professors, he had had to quit his vocation for awhile. After all that time, he had begun to have doubts.

He studied the canvas again. He had now added strokes of dull-green foliage. He wrinkled his brow, then made a few careful additions until he was satisfied. He began in earnest again, the flowers ever-present in his eyes.

The doubts had always been there, he now admitted. Tucked away in his brain were those persistent fears that, no, he wasn't as good as he thought he was, no, he wasn't going to set the world on fire. It was easy to ignore them, since everyone else was so confident in his talent. His first grade teacher had knowingly declared, "You're going to be an artist some day," and everything built from there. He rationalized away any feelings of inadequacy he had by saying that, with time and experience, he would develop into a modern-day master. But now time was catching up with him, and he was beginning to feel the pressure that things ought to be happening soon. That's why he had quit for a year. To think. No, to forget for awhile.

Damn! He scowled at a delinquent brushstroke. He scraped it off, muttering to himself, and repaired the naked spot. He then began to apply a metallic-blue color to the canvas.

But he had to return to painting. It was what he wanted to do. He felt the need to create lasting images. His talent was waiting for expression

He finished the basic foundation of the painting. He stared at the skeletal structure laid out on the canvas. Then he knew. It was so obvious, staring back at him in the face. His family, his friends, and professors could rave

about his talent all they wanted, but he'd know, as would any person whose opinion was worth a damn. He'd never accomplish what he wanted to do and he'd never be what he wanted to be. He'd never be great. He was . . . competent. Merely competent. He would forever be the second-rate creator of second-rate paintings that, with any luck, would become curiosities in some obscure art gallery. Nothing more.

He grabbed one of the fresh, white canvases that were leaning against the wall. Here! he cried out to himself. Here was his masterpiece he could leave to the world. The purity of potential, unspoiled by human hand. Here lay all those images in his mind he could not bring to full reality. Here were those living, breathing flowers, perfect in form, in color, in composition. Here was the power and grace of the human body in eternal movement. Here were the perfect patterns and proportions of color in an abstract painting, the subdued earth-colors and the undulating lines of a landscape

His awareness closed up like a bud to a quiet sigh. He put the canvas back against the wall and slowly walked back to his easel. Once again he gazed at his painting, a simple composition in red and white, in muted green and blue. It's really not too bad, he thought. It has possibilities He turned to go. We'll see who wins tomorrow.

Cindy Schou



Cheré O'Reilly
print

Sunday Afternoon

A rainy day with Fresh Aire.
A cigarette and mint tea.
Thunder roars to frighten,
as music plays serenely
to placate a trembling soul.

Sirens blare.
A fire somewhere
ruins the serenity of the day.

Tears that cannot flow.
A mind that never rests.
A heart so heavy,
a body cannot exist.

A sister leaves.
A young man gone.
A girl sits alone in the darkness.

A flickering candle.
The burning cigarette.
A steaming cup of tea.

The rain falls.
The thunder rumbles-to frighten,
as the music plays to placate.

Mary Franzen

Daring Woman

Daring woman
crosses out societal norm
with a wave of thot
and determination of self.

One has to hand it to her
Out to feed the birds
in the park
is her chance for meeting
meeting society head on
in a direct challenge
and one must love her for it
because she knows what she loves
and she gets it.
One has to love her for it.
I do.

(Too bad she hates herself).

Horst

Sketch No. 100,083

He held a butterfly in his hands.
such a frail and helpless creature beautiful
colors of the sunrise.
He held the sunrise in his hands.
in his rough and pudgy hands
dirt under his nails, a ragged hole ripped
in one knee of his overalls
one sleeve damp where he wiped his runny pudgy nose
and the sunrise beating wildly beating between his palms.

Keep the sunrise. Take it home and show mom
how he'd captured the dawn.

Slowly tore the wings off and couldn't hear the little
cries over his own heavy breathing. Didn't stop to
watch the creature die 'cause he had to hurry home
and show mom.

Didn't stop to shut the kitchen door 'cause he had to hurry
show mom.

But when he opened his hands only dead and crumpled
wings and a harsh look on Mother's face.

Keep the sunrise. He couldn't.
Touch it, and let it fly was the best anyone
could do.

Kristine A. Swank

The Unspoken

Polite conversation fills the room,
And we join in, chatting.
A chance glance in his direction,
Catches a glance held too long,
And then averted just as eyes would meet.
A faint smile at the corner of a mouth,
And the conversation goes on.

Chatting with relatives and friends,
Hands on table with coffee cup, touch,
Accidentally, and again a smile.
Talk of school and work and life
Fills the room, makes it warm
As knees touch, unseen,
And we talk with added emphasis.

We sit and listen as conversation goes on around us.
Smiling, nodding, shoulders touching.
Playing with his hand in mine.
Late evening talk slowly dwindles.
Good-bye, thank you, see you soon.
We walk home hand in hand
And make love while the children sleep.

Randa Rodenburg



Cheré O'Reilly
"Cajun"
acrylic

A Hundred Seasons

How often have i seen the leaves fall?
—a tear for every leaf—
they slip silently
onto the surface of the pool until
the mirrored image of you and me
can no longer be seen.

A chill wind clutches the wilted leaves.
could deadened emotions be so cold
or misunderstanding cause
such a hibernation of the heart?
i try to touch a memory and i find
a painful beauty, a burning frost.

Katherine Klover

Roller Coaster

They're such good friends
They take me for a ride on the weekend.
We eat
We drink
We have fun
We have it cozy.

An early morning nosedive
And I'm at another low.
Inwardly, it's inexplicable
Outwardly, I wonder if it shows?

But like a roller coaster I rise again
Because of my friends.
I'll meet them again on their own terms
And I'll do it fucking right this time.

David Stumphy

In memoriam: Yuri Andropov

As Winter blows and drops his snows and
Russia dusts her top off,
Good hammer'n'sickles watch icicle trickles
Orderly snap to and drop off.
Chancing the weather,
All offer together
Respects for the great fallen hero.
Good Russians stay hardy; they know that their Party
Operates all the time at sub-zero.
 (Everyday cold, the
 Masses were told.
 But Chernenko conceals that
 Andropov's ordeals
 Really were sneezeless and sniffleless.
 Good Konstantin guessed, what with all of that rest,
 O! Yuri was stricken w

Ronald R. Kyser

We run, we jump
We walk, we fly
We frown, we smile
We laugh, we cry
We express our feelings
But we don't know why
Or where they come from

We see, we hear
We hide, we pry
We love, we live
We hate, we die
We live our life
But we don't know why
Or how we came to exist

Ours is not to reason why
Ours is just to live and die
Futility is our eternal sigh
With no one to hear our desperate cry
Or is there?
Is there really some purpose to this?
. . . I think so.

Paul Snow

Allegory

The past is
a gigantic junk yard in the twilight
on which the shredders work
uninterrupted
day and night.

What would I do without
these dependable machines
which imitate the
unmerciless
but well-calculated
clutch of nature
and crush all the wrecks
into the uncountable pieces
of an irregular puzzle
oh crushing all the wrecks
in the shortest time and without much noise

Storm gray steel splinters
in which the absent world
reflects itself iridescently
from accident to accident

When I no longer care
can I play with these images

From the German of Karin Kiwus
Translated by Karen Kreutzian

Little Rooms Kill

There's nobody in here,
but me.
Going it alone all my life
has given me a standard
a falsetto life of four walls
and an infinitesimal space I call home.
Home,
Home is defined
Home is where you've never been
This "quaint" little room is not home
Defined to die
Little rooms kill.

David Stumphy

THE POND

The pond is still,
obscured in shadow.
Impenetrable, dull darkness confounds the eye.
Thick liquid ooze lies heavily on top,
repelling light and sight,
protecting the unseen depths below.
A light wind breathes over it, but hardly skims the surface.
Essential laziness.
The darkness bubbles at unplanned intervals—
muffled starbursts.
A stone is thrown
and disturbs the sludge into circling whirls
that smooth over as quickly as they form.
All is still once more.
Aloof, cool wholeness.
Feminine Darkness enthroned.

Cindy Schou

Misconception

My anger
directed at your anger,
not you.
Your anger
at not being able to express
your Self.
Words
thrown at me to hide your fear.
Silence
thrown at you to hide my tears.
Rage
over the loss of security.
Security
in the sameness of communication.
Communication
shrouded by words.
Words
leading to this misconception.

Peggy (Sorensen) Morgan

The Whore

last night—
darkness and naked skills,
we layed wet
and warm . . .
fragrant, exhausted Love.
but blue Dawn
intruded cruelly on the Whore—
a mask was revealed—
her supple thighs were hard.
her willing lips were bruised.
Lust gave way to Pity.
Aphrodite was ugly
this morning when I left her bed.

bret o'reilly



Ann Leistad

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IMAGES

The lamp light flickers
Along the street.
Coaches, drawn by gelded bays——
The street is old
And quiet
And dark.
Rain patters on the sidewalks
Around me.
The street is the street
Of the charcuterie.
I delight in that word——
So much better than
Pork butcher.

I wander——
I know I belong someplace,
The sidestreet beckons.
No lamp, but not dark——
Here is my answer.
The shop holds the key.
The buddha is me.
Where do I belong?
I time-travel——seeking.

Masada——I have been here before.
I feel a unity——a bond.
I weep to see their pain.
My fears, my lost hopes——
Man's inhumanity.
Did it begin
When the first true man
Lifted a stone to destroy,
To cause pain,
Fear,
Loss of hope?

We are intelligent——
Why then must
We
Do what we do?

I am the buddha——
I know the answers.
I see me
Outside the window——
"Do unto others as you
Would have them
Do unto you".
Is it so simple?

Do we inflict pain?
And fear?
On ourselves?
Do we cheat ourselves?
Of hope?
And so to each other?

I time-travel——
Henry you old fool.
Your court is opulent
You can't sire a son.
Your male ego must be
Sorely damaged.
Except, of course,
It is not your fault——
Or is it?
The Buddha would tell you
It is punishment.
You have been too free
With your blade.
You have spread your seed
Too far and too often.
Henry, you fool,
You have inflicted
Too much pain——
Too many fears——
Destroyed too many hopes.
"Vengeance is mine",
Saith the Lord.

I stand at the window.
Is there more?
Where are the questions?
Where are the answers?
Move on——one more stop.

My skin is red——
My name is earth.
For of earth I was made
And to earth I shall return.
My mother is earth,
My father is earth.
I belong to it——
It does not belong to me.
I am its guardian——
Its protector.

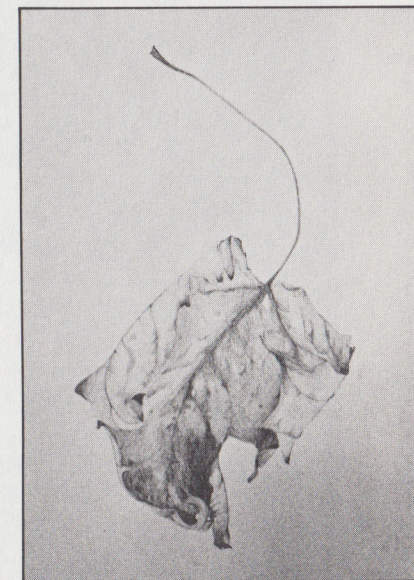
When death o'er flows me,
My ashes will nurture it.

Here I give up my soul
Which is a passing thing,
Stopping from time to time
On the road to eternity.

One stop——the briefest of all.
In the cold, snowy dawn,
I too shall pass on
From this village called
Wounded Knee.
"Suffer the little children
To come unto me, and
Forbid them not——
For of such is the
Kingdom of Heaven".

I am a speck in the universe,
A time-traveler.
Seeking truth, wisdom,
Love, joy, fear.
Knowing death——
And not being afraid.

Dixie Lee Tripp



Shari Coffey
pencil

Weaknesses.

You had none
I had one:
I loved.

From the German of Bertolt Brecht
Translated by Carole Kruse

MOON-WORSHIPPER

She's not a virgin anymore.
Diana has been assaulted
by knights in vinyl armor
and their wonders of technology.
The camera eye records the facts.
Her once crystal whiteness,
her pristine smoothness
is now
dust.

Rough mountains and craters replace
the glistening marble.
Gaudy flags proclaim the conquest.

But in my mind the moon is still intact,
perfect, round, luminous-white.
It still ascends the sky,
serenely aloof
in the thick blackness of night,
free from science and myth.
It has its own myth which it does not tell.
An eternal god that will not speak
its quiet poetry of night.
It reigns.

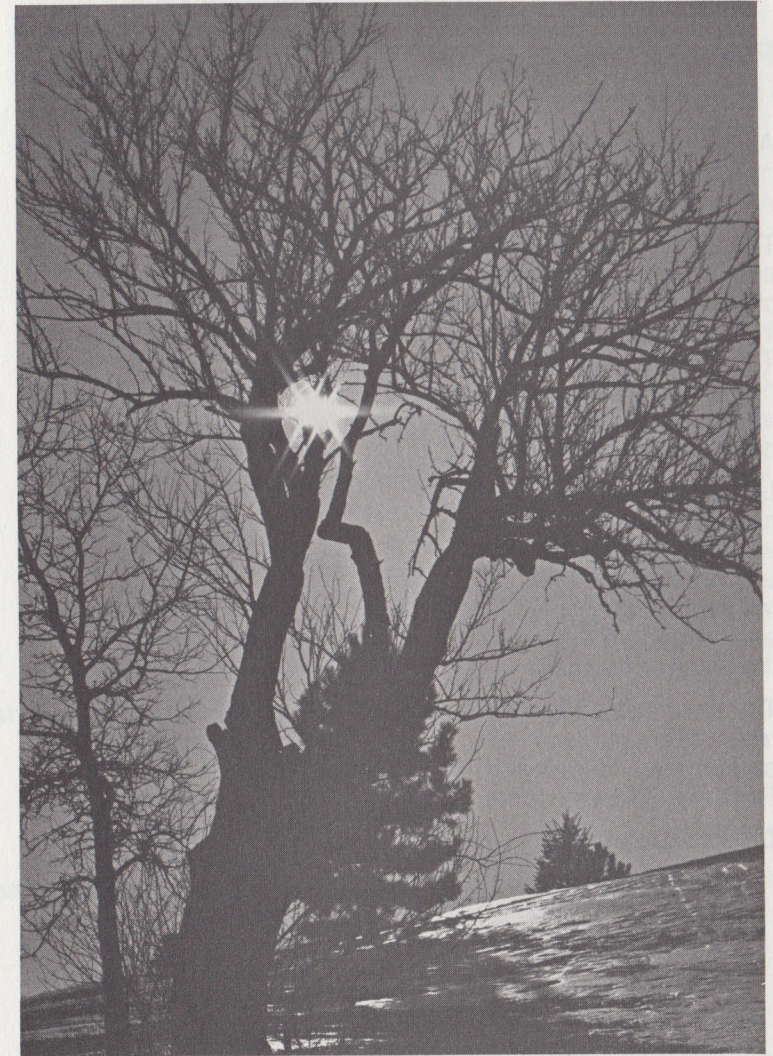
The lesser light is all-powerful now,
ruling sky and earth.

It rules me.
Incomprehensibly,
it drives me to silent reverence.

A benign master.
Kin of my soul
it is.

I am
the daughter of the moon.

Cindy Schou



Meri Jo Meier

Tree in the Winter.

It bore curious fruits today:
in the morning frost a red apple sun,
in the evening a silver pod moon.

**From the German of Christine Busta
Translated by Carole Kruse**

**Peaceful Co-existence?
(Or Détente to the Frenchies)**

A fight to the death
or auto-entertainment?
Attempt at auto-destruct.

The fight ensues as
superpower cat
chases adversary
in a spiralling death struggle
The elusive quarry
has great foresight however
and easily avoids
death by claw.

Long, black and clever
furry tail
with independent intelligence
and graceful manner.
tail avoids cat
and reappears to taunt
the bigger one again.

The stalemated situation
result of encounter
and for the time being
Peaceful Co-existence.

David Stumphy

I've Got No Reason

I don't drink much these days;
Only when it snows,
Or rains,
Or the sun shines,
Or the birds sing,
Or the flowers bloom.
I don't much care what I drink;
Whatever's there——
Champagne,
Wine,
Beer——
I don't care.
I don't have much reason
to care,
feel,
or drink.
I'm unemployed,
single,
pregnant.
Aw, hell, give me another shot.

Tera T. Nohrenberg

LAST PRAYER

I had a little drink with friends last night.
We got to asking, What is and isn't true?
Evidently, I haven't seen the light,
Cause I let it slip, I still had faith in You.
Folks assured me, when I was a child,
"A Christian's shield will counter any sword!"
For he, who took his faith to heart, and smiled
Would always stand protected by his Lord.
So where were You when they made their awful holler?
"Oh, you silly Christian, so naive!"
"Bears a little cross around the collar!"
"Spreads a little heart along the sleeve!"
It was You who made these people so damn smart,
Gave them wit and talent to be wasted.
Dopes like me, who take it all to heart,
You left without such things: we get lambasted.
Look at all the trouble that You cause,
By handicapping people who confess.
Those like me, who want to keep the laws,
must keep the patient heart of Job, no less.

Derek Hansen

The memory of an old love
Echoes through the corridors of the mind
And slips out a door like a phantom
Quietly
Without a pang.
Born of love
Memory is a thoughtful child
Gliding down the boulevards and avenues
Of consciousness.
Fleeting shadows flicker by
And the wind carries wisps of words
Once spoken beneath the
Solemn presence of a summer moon.
Images drift in and out
Playing games in the shadows
And live forever in a
World of endless time.

Gina Marie Wilson



Ronald R. Kyser
"Marianne"

The Middle of Life.

With yellow pears the land
And full of wild roses
Hangs down into the lake,
O graceful swans
And drunk with kisses,
You dip your heads
Into the hallowed-sober water.

Alas, where shall I find when
Winter comes, flowers, and where
Sunshine
And the shadows of earth?
The walls stand
Speechless and cold, in the wind
Weathercocks clatter.

From the German of Friedrich Hölderlin
Translated by Katherine Pahre

Untitled.

Where are you dancing
— my silent partner?
I see you not, — yet
an ephemeral shadow falls
across the plain of my existence;
we move— my partner—
to a silent rhythm that pulsates
in blood and memory
like a lingering echo
of a forgotten dance.

Tread softly— my partner—
and look away;
dry your tears on the sun-burnished wind
and calm your heated breath; come, fall
into the arms of the dance.
We turn away for yet awhile
and raise our hands
to touch the joyful memories
then turn to touch
each other once again.

I pause— my partner—
and sense you far adrift,
tuning your instrument— embodying
intricate steps of your soul's design.
I lift my heart to you— my partner—
my friend— in celebration
of what we've shared, and in acceptance
of what we cannot.

Spirit— once touched, never the same—
never wanting to be.

Katherine Klover

Napkin Notes

(Several of three dozen verses
scribbled during a Danish lecture
on alcohol abuse.)

Thirty pieces, each on drink,
written in an eyelid's blink.
Lousy, and in foreign words;
methinks the whole mess for the birds.
How demented this must sound.
Is an explanation found?
Not that I'm a basket case;
just a deadly lecture pace.

J'ai bu de la bouteille
bleue,
que fait dans l'estomac
un feu.

I was lost in love
and lost in love my all.
But now my love is lost
and all is alcohol.

Det kom udenfor en flaske
og indenfor min mave
Jeg drak mig selv saa fuld,
jeg døde,
umuligt at begrave.

J'ai bu de la bouteille
noire.
Ma chere boudoir
est abbatoir.

Bury me not on the
lone prairie.
Pickle my ass in the winery.

Jeg drikker og drikker
i større stykker
Min syn bli'r tyndere
min krop jo tykkere.

J'ai bu de la bouteille
verte,
le couleur de
ma derniere merde.

Gulvet vaadt lugter godt,
smager bedr' — hva' jeg hed'r?

Es gibt mir Schmerz, Grippe, Fieber
aber schmeckt so gut . . .
Ach, du lieber.

They said it couldn't happen,
to keep it up when high.
See me now rejoicing,
coming through the rye.

Midt i fællesskab og aere
spiste jeg en aeskebaerer.
Skyld mit glas af staerk Madeira
men det smagte godt, saa giv mig flere.

J'ai bu de la bouteille blanche;
suis tombe sous une avalanche.

Sieben Liter
Wiener Blut
macht meinen Körper
ganz kaputt.

Skeleton teeth,
Skeleton bones,
Out of the bottle
and into Jones.
Skeleton rattles,
skeleton squirms,
Out of Jones
and into the worms.

J'ai bu de la bouteille jaune
et vomité dans le grand fleuve Rhone:
L'après-midi, pas d'une faune
mais d'un homme sauvage, le gastronôme.

Pressed from grasses,
aged in logs,
You wouldn't feed it
to your dogs.
But to mummify your head
you feed it to yourself instead.

Impossible! Incroyable!
Je m'ai bu au dessous la table.

An M.O.-mixed-with-J.D. bomblet
This I call my "Haley's Comet".
Sniff it, sip it, quaff it,
qualm it,
Run into the john and vomit.

Tredivte digte, hvert om drik
skrevet i et øjeblik
Daarlige, og paa fremmede sprog
ikke noget maa kaldes klogt.
Hvor galt maa det hele lyde!
Hvad for sagtens kan det betyde?
Ikke noget psykologisk sag;
kun et kedeligt foredrag.

Ronald R. Kyser

NEW YEAR'S EVE

The streets were a swarm of people this New Year's Eve.
A myriad pressing to the city's heart,
the focus to which everything converged.
A natural law.
He was alone among them,
moving against the momentum of bodies
pushing relentlessly through the street;
a human stream dammed behind
a string of traffic and crowd control cops.
His cool, rational eyes
sought an explanation of the panorama before him:

The city square
dense with life;
a giant, human cell
spilling out of its wall of
iron grate fence.
Swaying people dancing in the fountains;
winter-cold water baptizing the revelers
into the new year.
A jumble a jungle of people.
Wild youths with warpaint and
confetti cans for tomahawks galloping through the streets,
screeching, singing, laughing, drinking, smoking,
greeting even the police with a smile
(offering them a drink. No thanks. Not tonight.),
despairing.
Unnatural punks,
their hard faces the tombs of life.
They buy their freedom at the department store,
fasten it on with chains
and are free.
Cozy drinkers at the bar,
arms linked in song,
forcing laughs (and gin) through their teeth.
Are we having fun?
Yes, yes, we're all having fun.
Another round, Harry.
And they await the new year.
Mindless automatons.
Unbelieving worshipers,
paying homage to a stone dead god dragged out of the attic and
enthroned in its niche.
It will be put away tomorrow.

He was alone.
And as the clock neared twelve
he felt his feet move into the bar,
where he was patted on the back, given a party hat and a drink.
The new year rolled in,
and the drinkers linked arms in a primordial bond.

Cindy Schou

Sitzspiel verboten!

Wer hat dieses Sitzspiel erlaubt?
Das hatte ich nicht geglaubt.
Der Schuldige war ich
Ich tat es allein ohne dich.
Ich bin toter Mann,
Weil ich mich nichts erlauben kann.
Die Zukunft verspricht eine Veränderung
Ich mache sie eine Übung.

Flieh, armer Mann. Das Schicksal erwartet dich.

David Stumphy

Womankind

I am a part of you.
I see it in your eyes.
No,
you do not know that I watch you;
seeing myself . . .
my mother,
my sisters,
my daughters yet unknown . . .
That is why it hurts
when I pass you without a word.
We echo life.
We echo pain.
We echo Essence . . .
and yet,
we are alone.

I am a part of you
and yet,
we are alone.
We scream for the
belongingness
that was ripped from us
at birth,
that was torn through the ages;
kept away from us by those
who do not know . . .
but see it in our eyes.

Peggy (Sorensen) Morgan



Lori Vogt

Death

I am running,
but the brown crumpled leaves
pass me by.
They are in a bigger
hurry
than I
to meet
our
universal
destination.

Peggy (Sorensen) Morgan

Late nights have called to me

Late nights have called to me—
come dance
 come study
 come drink

My lover and I sway to the
pages and pages I must read before class tomorr
oh, here have another

He whispers of the moon sparkling in my eyes
that are tired from endless study so I
rub them with my fists
that grasp another beer and lift
the final page out of the typewriter, the assignment is com
please—he importunes—may we dance again? I love to hold
your liquor?—they yell—you lightweight
it's still early in the

night has called to me—
tonight there is no lover
no term paper due
no party

And so tonight I'll write poetry.

Kristine A. Swank

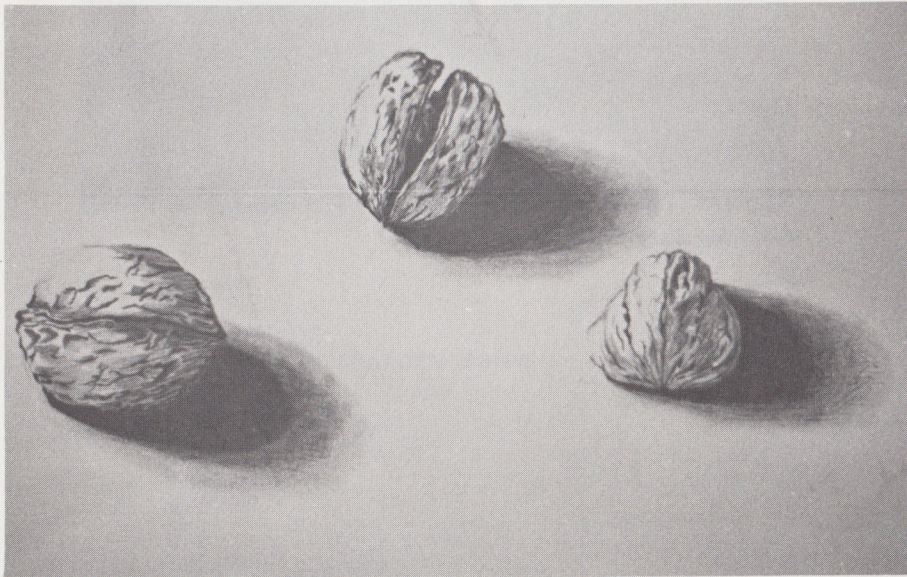
ELEMENTALS

I love the smell of suntan lotion: summer in a bottle. The feel of the first sunburn of the season, dark red, turning to brown. Hot to the touch. The pleasant sting as you brush against it, finally looking like summer.

Walking down long empty roads in the snow. The pink-gray night of winter. Light reflected from snow-covered ground to cloudy sky and back. Big white flakes floating down around your head, blown into your face, just you and the snow and quiet.

Riding in a car with rain pouring down all around you. A safe little island, gliding along, guided by responsible, trustworthy hands. Nothing to fear, nothing to watch. The air from the heater blowing over you too warm. Your eyes slowly close, your head droops back. Pitter patter all around. You're safe inside.

Randa Rodenburg



Lori Vogt
pencil

Walter's Appetite

Walter was a good boy. In the evenings, after wrestling practice, he would take no time in showering and getting dressed. The other boys would spend nearly an hour. They sat on the benches and talked about the little treats they and their girlfriends would sneak to school in lunchbags to share in the cafeteria. One boy even claimed his girl would let him lick the icing from her cupcakes.

Walter did not join in these conversations, and tried not to listen to them. He dressed quickly, walked home, and went straight to his room. There he would sit and study. At six-thirty, his family met at the dinner table, and silently wolfed down their meals. Then Walter went back to his room to study some more. At ten, he shut off the lights and went to bed. He was indeed a good boy.

One day, after an unusually tough match, Walter came home with an ache in his back. He crawled up on the kitchen sink and, wincing, looked through the high cabinets where his father kept the rubbing alcohol. In the first two cabinets he found nothing but canned soup and vegetables. In the third cabinet was his mother's Waring blender and a large, gray book covered with dust. He'd never seen such a book before, so he carefully took it out and opened it. He nearly fell off the counter.

The book was called "The Joy of Cooking." On nearly every page was a recipe, sometimes two or three. Each had a long list of ingredients, and went into incredible detail about how these ingredients were to be prepared. Some of the recipes had actual line drawings of the food in full preparation.

This came as a shock to Walter. He had no idea his parents had such an interest in food. They rarely talked about it, and then only to each other. Mealtimes were quiet, and over with quickly. Dinner was often boiled. Snacks were forbidden.

Walter nervously replaced the book and hopped down off the counter. He forgot all about his sore back.

He said little at dinner that night, nor much at school the next day. Every day since then, he would run home after practice to spend time with the book before his parents returned. He began looking through the other rooms of the house for similar material.

It was in a corner of the attic that he hit the jackpot: a stack of magazines tied up with twine. Walter carefully pulled one out. It was a year-old *Family Circle*. On the cover was a full-cover picture of a roast turkey, just out of the oven and still steaming. It was dotted with tiny American flags. "Bold new ideas for Thanksgiving, page 79," said the caption.

It seemed like days before Walter reached page 79. What he found was a seven-page spread full of exotic recipes and pictures of basted turkeys, cranberry sauce, and candied yams. Walter's mouth filled with saliva. His tongue lay on his lower lip. He thought for a moment he might drool. He closed the magazine, slipped it under his shirt, and went down to his room.

After that day, wrestling practice seemed to last forever. When it was over, Walter ran home and holed himself up in his room. He often skipped dinner. When his parents called to him, he always told them he was studying. He was.

He sat on the bed with three or four magazines open before him: *Women's Day*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Ladies' Home Journal*. He would

gaze for hours at pictures of gravy and dumplings, tossed salad, and pineapple upside-down cake. He would read every recipe, silently reciting the list of ingredients, wondering about the nature of the techniques called for: baking, broiling, basting, deep-fat frying, and yes, even marinating.

His tongue would glide along the ridges of his teeth in one direction, and across his lips in the other. By the end of the night, his mouth was filled with saliva. Walter held his breath and tried to keep the juices from escaping his lips. His whole body shook as he eyed the contour of a drumstick or a sweet potato. He whimpered like a dog.

He could hold back no more. He closed his eyes. His throat and cheeks tightened, then let loose. The saliva shot down his throat in a final, desperate swallow. He exhaled, opened his eyes, and found himself lying on the floor.

He crawled up on his bed, loosened his clothes, and slowly breathed himself to sleep. In the morning, his throat was tired and sore.

At first, he would perform the ritual once or twice a week. Before too long, however, he was at it every night. His grades slipped. He missed meals more often. His wrestling suffered. He lost weight. People frequently noticed that he was shaking.

His parents wondered what was wrong with their child. If he spent all his time studying, why were his grades going down? After the school's principal called them in for a conference, his parents decided to take the boy to a psychiatrist.

Walter was let out of school one morning to go downtown with his parents. They reached the twenty-fifth floor of a tall office building, and entered the waiting room of Dr. Sig Doktowicz. The good doctor spoke privately with the parents, then asked them to wait outside as he and Walter went into his inner office.

They sat and talked for most of an hour. They talked about the things in a teenager's life: sports, school, girls, cars, T.V., and so on. The doctor had long since put Walter at ease, and the boy spoke his mind on all these subjects.

Just as Walter was telling him about his favorite T.V. program, "The French Chef," the doctor interrupted. "Son, how often do you salivate?"

"Pardon me, sir?" Walter had never heard such a word before. The doctor explained. Walter was shocked. Did his parents know everything, and did they tell? Or was this man peering through his window? Were his vices that obvious? Walter felt like he was stripped naked.

The doctor went on to say that such feelings were perfectly normal, that every boy had them at times, and that his tongue would not fall out. Walter wondered why his tongue felt like falling out, but said nothing.

The doctor then walked over to his cabinet, opened the doors, and pulled out a stack of books. He sat down next to Walter on the couch, and opened the books. Walter's eyes nearly fell out. Spread across the coffee table were slick, full-color pictures of . . . well, you can imagine. The captions were all in French, Italian, Russian, and Swedish.

Walter was shaking. The doctor slid closer to him on the couch, looked him right in the eye, and said, "Son, have you ever been to a luau?"

Walter had had enough. He jumped over the table, ran out the door, down the hall past the elevators, and down the stairwell. The doctor yelled after him, "We can explore this further in our next session!" The parents stood up, thanked the doctor, and walked to the elevator, hoping to reach the ground floor before their son.

Ronald R. Kyser



Ronald R. Kyser

Sketch No. 101,383

She sits in the window sill of the dorm kitchen watching the last rays of a Nebraska day. smiling that He's on horseback watching that very sun slip behind the Colorado Rockies. She spent the day with Franklin and Paine would cuddle up with Pasqual and Bacon tonight wondering what the hell She's doing in Nebraska. knowing the answer. wishing she could explain it to Him.

Kristine A. Swank

**The Last Words of Ol' Nigger Jameson
(1861-1946)**

"I'z goin' t' hell when I die—
Why? 'caus
I was taught under the steeple,
by God'z people—
of my color—
'There'z rules ya gotta live by!"

them,
priss, pissy bitches
clutchin' on Bibles
'tween greasy hands.

Feedin' on donuts
an' coffee
'tween breaths . . .
an' prayin'
always prayin'.

Spewin' sweet prophecy
in Sunday'z best,
'tween nods
an' lofty Psalm'z,
but steppin' t' the back for white folks—
real respectful—
'tween yes sir'z
an' no sir'z . . .
an' prayin',
always prayin'.

Always'z believin'
they'll see, in
death,
a kinder face then I will . . .
for bein' better than me?

The fuck with their prayin'
I ain't sayin' it!
No.

'sides,
the singin' an' the preachin'
on Sunday'z,
'tween braggin' good christians
an' pointin' out the bad,
ain't the way t' salvation . . .

yep,
I'z goin' t' hell when I die—
but I ain't afraid—
I'll just roll some smoke
with ol' man Lucifer,
get stoned . . .
an' watch all the good christians come by."

bret o'reilly

Non-committal (on matters of foreign policy)

No, no thank you
No thanks, I'll pass . . .

(I'll try anything once?)

I won't do it now just in case
I won't do that, either.
'Don't run around with the crowd
You won't find peer pressure here.
I junqued it with relative ease.
It was that easy.

(But I did try it once. Now what?)

Dateline: à Paris. The French put in a new government headed
by François Mitterand, the first Socialist president of France since . . .

Swing heavily in one huge leap
What the hell, why not?
Explore the unknown.

Dateline: à DAS. In a surprising move a new government was installed
yesterday, elected in a landslide (one vote?), one that tends heavily
towards . . .

David Stumphy

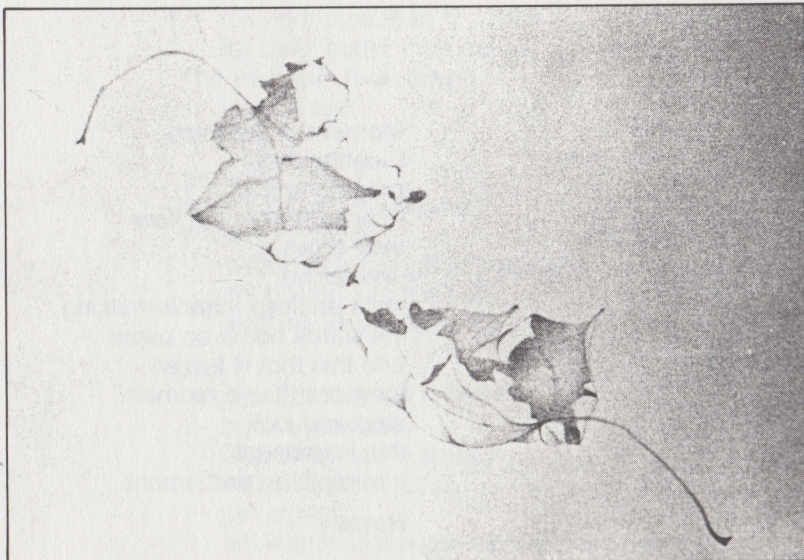
Moment of the mind
Fleeting thots
groping to find
to snatch from the flow
ever-flowing
unceasing
in its endless miracle-making
ink slams home on paper
and this that is frozen
for more than a moment
stop and look
this is unusual
a miracle on parchment

Horst

Self-Destruction, Self-Delivery

Safe and secure
Roots reach down
Dandelion in a field
Anchored to earth.
White gossamer seeds
Find false security in the stem.
Afraid to let go
Afraid of the unknown.
But the wind blows
Wind always blows
Wrenching loose each seed.
Forced freedom, shattered security.
Carried away, bashed and buffeted
Broken on the rocks.
Perhaps to die.
But the wind blows
Wind always blows
And broken seeds are raised
Carried aloft. High, far, farther.
Dancing through the sky
Animate, incarnate, radiant
Delivered from destruction
By destruction: wind.
Finally back to earth
Orgy of life conceives life
And a dandelion grows anew.

Randa Rodenburg



Shari Coffey
pencil

Loneliness

I pass through the crowd
very much alone
Although
hot bodies press against mine
trying to fight a way through.
It's a sea of faces, each one different—
yet all wear the same mask—
Indifference
i'm hopelessly drowning in
Loneliness
as bodies are pushed against mine.

Faith Smith

Robin

Remember when we climbed to the stars?
We thought it was a short hike and took
only our sack lunches.
Were we wearing shorts? It was summer, perhaps
we were wearing shorts.
I said I was tired, but you urged me to go on.
You've always kept me going. Whenever I wanted
to give up you said "don't quit."
What did we find there,
in the stars?
I don't remember.
They weren't as bright as we were told
they'd be.
What did we find there?
I guess it's not important.
You said "don't quit,"
You could've gone ahead,
but you stayed by me.

Kristine A. Swank

ON DEATH

I close my eyes
to life
and see it
for the first time —
through the underside of the mirror
seeing at once reality —
the reflection dimmed; receding —
finally calling shadows
by their true names.
Life's pulse courses
through the vision
of my senses;
unobliterated
by fear of living,
and fear of death,
by mind's structures
and blinding concerns which,
once naked,
become themselves
the purest truths.
I find
in death
the Life that was lost
in seeking —
the Light that was eclipsed
by the dark
side of the moon.

Katherine Klover

A tear
A single tear comes to
my eye,
It doesn't fall
but instead it stays
there and
clouds my vision.
Why is that single tear there?
Is it a tear of sadness?
happiness? hurt?
So many emotions can be
expressed in a single
tear
A sign of caring.
You, my friend, have caused this
tear
and I thank you for that.
A single tear
is now being joined by
others,
But it was the first
tear
that caused growth.

Val McCoy

Death is the Cool Night

Death is the cool night;
Life, the sultry day.
Dusk is coming, I am tiring,
Becoming tired of the light.

Above my bed rises a tree;
In it a nightingale sings.
She sings of nothing but love;
I hear it — even in dream.

**From the German of Heinrich Heine
Translated by Connie Buller**



Ronald R. Kyser

Streetchildren

I walk through the streets of the town
to watch the old ones gaze back at me from stoops and porches.
They rock in time with the rhythm of a polka
and an old country memory of an Oktober night.
Their sons and daughters gather on the lawn,
tip slightly back in metal chairs
and talk of life as it is now,
letting the beer go flat in aluminum cans.
But their blond children run from the gray-paint house
past the gate at the end of the sidewalk
to the street that opens to welcome their play.
They greet me there as one of them. Strassenkinder!
the grandparents accuse vaguely,
then return to Oktober,
with lined faces softening to smiles turned inside.
Out past the gate the young ones form circles.
Their tightly clasped hands refuse to let go,
even after the fall.
The blue sky descends, spinning them into laughter.
And one is sure he can touch a cloud
or scoop a bit of blue from the sky.
Breaking the circle, he stretches
to the tips of his fingers
as the sky recedes
like a white-foam wave
ebbing into the dark ocean.
He falls back flat against the pavement,
recoiling from the shock of the unjust reprimand,
fearing the sky's darkening eyes.
The lawn people, alerted by a chilly breeze,
gather their chairs and empty beer cans.
Calling the children, they help the parents,
slow on their dance-tired feet,
shuffle into the paint-gray house.
I do not follow
but fasten my jacket
against the chill
and continue
still a child of the street.

Karen Kreutzian

Performance

Our art is on exhibition
for others to experience
art of reason
experience with others
development of the child
interaction with other brats.

To propagate our lust for life
We learn
and must learn again
because of others
others, who we can't figure out.

We are performers
in this old and insane theatre
clinging to life
because of stiff challenges
we struggle for dignity
of our one.
Do not crush our one
for grant us but one hour more to
perform our art
and perfect our lives.

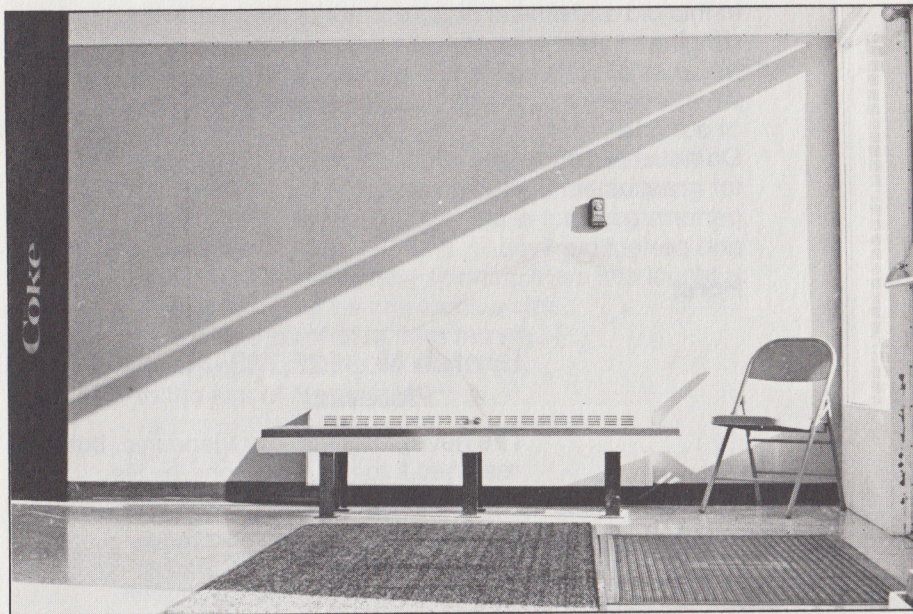
Horst

Sketch No. 122,783 "Phoenix"

I've never forgotten our friendship, but
resigned it to the days-gone-by file.
so when I saw the two of you tonight
it was, well
 not quite like spring;
 buds always follow the winter.
it was
 not at all like a reunion;
 those are premeditated.
it was, well
 mythology.

A rare creature
risen from its own ashes.
the thing I believed we burned
only nursed our
new form same soul
kindred we-B.

Kristine A. Swank



Cindy Schou

ANTI-SOCIALITE

Excuse me.
I didn't mean to tune out.
I've just got this problem with listening.
Anti-social. That's the problem.
I can't relate.
I was born this way.
Terminal case.
No, no. Don't bother to send flowers.
You see,
I've got this shell around me.
I'm trapped within my own cocoon.
It's not so bad——
I have room to breathe
and a window to look out of.
Life's only a spectator sport——
I try to tune in Saturday and Sunday afternoons
and weekdays for the evening news.
I'm an outside observer,
a new Steppenwolf.
I'm self-contained.
A circle, with its own beginning, its own end.
Perfect in itself.
Self-sufficient.
My mind feeds on itself in a never-ending orgy.
I'm in my own dimension——
it's glorious up here.
I live in my dreams,
or what I thought were my dreams.
But I've discovered that they're the reality:
fragments of memory too true for dreams,
intense visions more real than life.
The reality that separates everyone
into his own universe,
revolving around
himself.
Everyone is his own sun.
Don't you think so?
Oh, excuse me. I thought you were listening.

Cindy Schou

Missiles in my Backyard

I've missiles in my backyard
but I didn't put them there
and they don't belong to me
and I'm afraid to ask why
because I know who.

My backyard doesn't belong to me
because I rent my house
but I still call it mine
though not for long
because I'm leaving here
to find someplace safe like
Antarctica.

It all started with Harding
and his potted chickens
and soon there will be a
bomb in every backyard
and it'll be the closest thing
we've had to equality in a long time.

I've missiles in my backyard
though I'd rather have a swingset
but it's senseless to raise kids
when the Russians could push
the button at any moment
and I would protest
on the basis of human rights
but I rent my house and
my backyard doesn't belong to me.

Karen Kreuzian