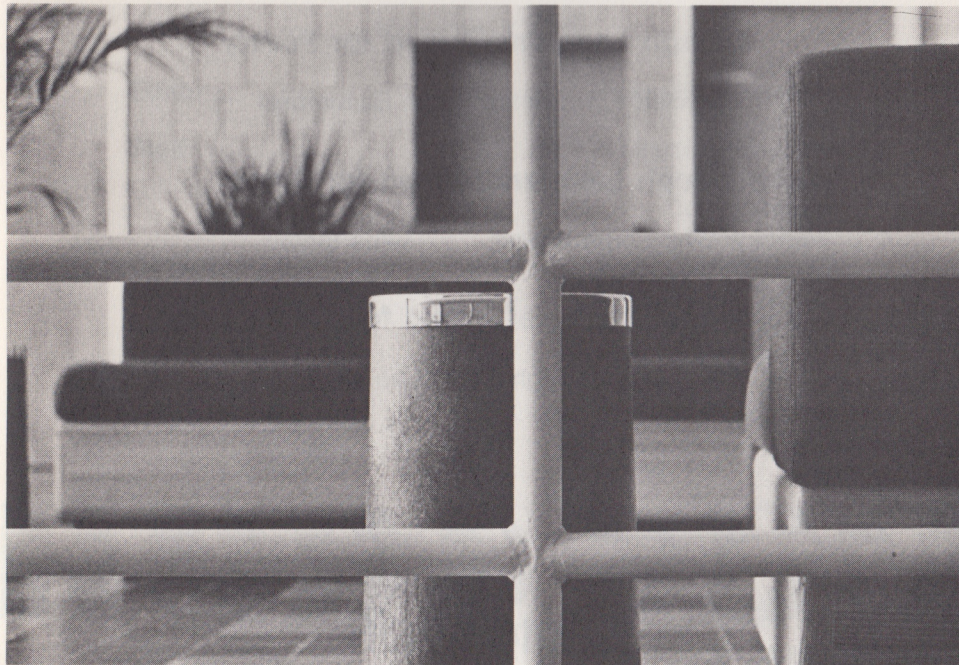


**Sower 1985**

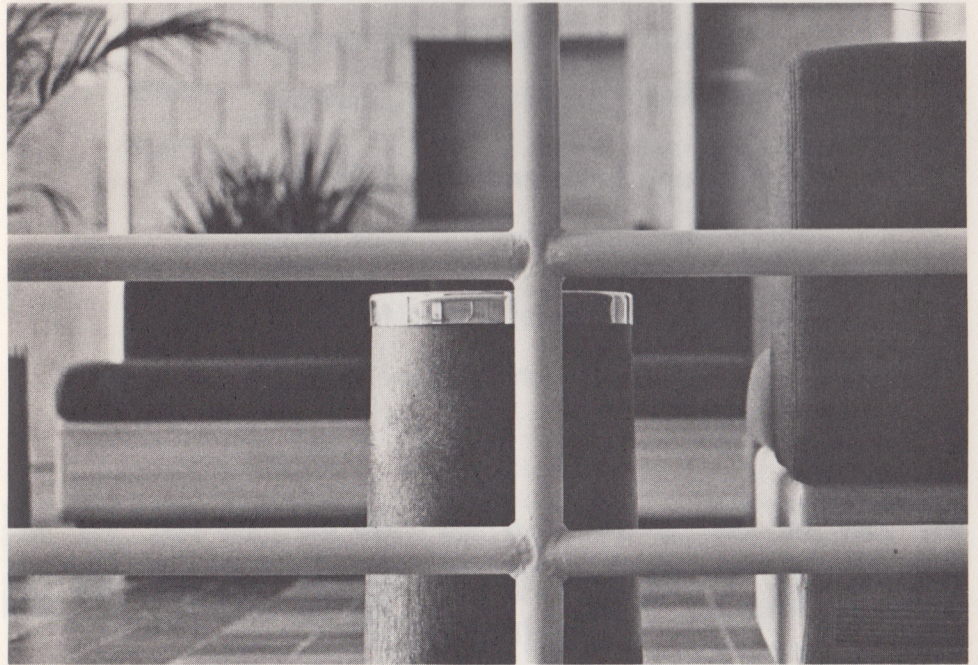




Kim Norris



Sower 1985



Kim Norris



## AWARDS

### Joseph Langland Award for Poetry

Cycles . . . Helen Diana Sheumaker

### Joseph Langland Award for Prose

The Scrub Willow . . . Irene Inman

### Kaj Munk Memorial Award for Translation

African Night . . . Lee Vogt

## DEDICATION

This volume is dedicated to Alice Laacker, who, after many years of being a part of Dana, is going to sit back and put up her feet. We will miss her.

## SOWER 1985

Volume XXXX

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## A THESIS ON PRISONER REFORM

I would give up my daily food to feel the warmth of the sun on my brow. I would give up my very life to feel the living earth under my feet. I would sell my soul to the devil to see the face of another human being.

I do not even know how long I have been in this cell. These four barren walls have been my tortured home for as long as my mind can remember. That dirty wooden frame has been my bed for as long as my dreams can create. This broken, old chair has been my only companion for as long as my memory can trace. That light is my sun, moon, and stars, and I believe that I have known no other. But the time already spent cannot compare to the thoughts of the time that I foresee ahead.

I do not even remember why I am here. I have no recollection of what horrible crime I could have committed that could have put me here. I guess that it really doesn't matter. There is no one here to tell it to. There is no one here that would understand. There is no one here that cares.

I know that things were not always this way. I think that I was tall and proud once. Wavy gold-blonde hair, sharp, alert green eyes, and I think that I used to be crazy about always being tanned. My mind flashes images of sun, sand, and surf, but I am not able to hold onto them. My hair now hangs below my waist, and is matted and dull. My eyes are slow and dark. They have stared at every object in this room for so long that they no longer wish to see at all. They know every line and every curve of my entire existence, and they are sick. My skin is cold and white. I seem to remember something about ghosts, or ghost white, but I just can't seem to see it. My stature is slumped and tired. There is only depression in my being. I have lost all will to strive.

I have spent forever trying to relive every memory that I can dredge up. I have created new lives and wandered down every path that my mind can manifest. In fact, I can no longer remember what is my real past and what is my own imagination.

I do not want to be alone anymore! I want to have someone to talk to. I want to have someone to listen to. I want to have someone to cry, laugh, and be with.

I can no longer exist by creating illusions of my past. I can no longer survive on dreams. My mind is drained of all that makes me human. I have no dreams, no hopes, no ambition. I am confined in a prison that has no end. I thirst for thoughts or feelings to enter into my brain. To think again. To feel anything but alone. I would even welcome the thoughts of another. Let his thoughts be mine. Wrong or right they are thoughts.

Speak to me, yell at me, scream at me, anyone. Please, let me know that someone else is alive. Let me live like a man. Let me live!

Not another sound is heard. My body slumps onto the floor. No one answers my cries. Not a noise is heard in query to my calls. No one is there. And my small, feeble figure is curled into the corner of the cell, alone.

**Joseph A. Bonaiuto**

## Johnny 62

It's hard to believe  
That wrinkled old face  
Once had dreams

Johnny was a sailor  
A dreamer by trade  
He holes up in a rented attic  
On the coast of Nova Scotia

Johnny is sixty-two  
His hands are not that of a lover  
But of a seaman thrown off course  
His powdery blues had become tainted  
and narrow  
The twinkle long since gone

Johnny's parents were immigrants  
Johnny carries his father's cross

At the local pub he meets his  
memories

For a drink or two  
His best friend fits neatly  
In the bottom of the glass

The young sailors ignore Johnny  
They drink to their dreams  
Never thinking that once their  
dreams were his.

## Lew Simons



## reflections on a room

it Was just a room  
it seems inconsequential

a blue deck of cards;  
we played games with the silence  
a brown refrigerator that made funny noises;  
the constant hum—tension in the quiet

a peanut can for an ashtray;  
i scorched mister peanut head twenty times  
a small picture of a sunset;  
it fell off the shelf that night

a silly stuffed crocodile;  
it flew across the room at him  
a striped pen;  
i wrote a name on a slip of paper

a silver lighter with turquoise;  
it turned paper to ashes  
a green glowing candle;  
it flickered as i cried

it Was just a room  
it seems inconsequential

but it Was  
his  
what Was his Was  
mine  
the  
saddest  
word

Was

Mary Franzen



Helen Diana Sheumaker



## Jamie and Ernie

Jamie hopped down the steps of Norris Elementary, his lunchbox swinging freely from one arm and a third grade reader, stuffed with worksheets, tucked under the other. His clothes, which had been freshly pressed by his mother that morning, were now sloppy, with a smudge of paste on a pantleg and grape jelly dribbled down his front. Jamie didn't care. As he walked along, he concentrated for a short while on avoiding the cracks of the sidewalk.

"Don't step on the crack or you'll break your mother's back," he mumbled to himself as he bumped his lunchbox on his leg to the rhythm. This managed to keep his mind occupied for part of the block and a half home, but like most little boys, he wasn't content for long. He began stepping on the cracks deliberately, until he started wondering what would happen if his mom really did break her back, so he stopped playing the game.

Up ahead, an old man was raking leaves in his yard. From half a block away, Jamie hollered, "Ernie, hi!", and quickened his short little steps. The man looked up, raked a few more leaves into his pile and put his rake down. He reached into his pocket to make sure he had a butterscotch candy, then called, "Hey you, hurry up and give me a hand here. I've been waiting for you to come along."

"Why should I?", Jamie teased. He loved to pretend that he didn't like Ernie, but Ernie knew that and played along.

"Come on, Jamie. Be nice to me for once." Ernie put a fake pout on his face and lowered his head. Jamie loved it!

"Maybe if you give me a piece of candy or somethin', maybe then I might," Jamie teased back, but already he was setting his lunchbox and book in the grass.

"I'm not telling if I have your treat until you help me, young man. You just hold this here bag for me while I stuff the leaves in it, and then we'll see what I can find."

Jamie grinned, picked up the plastic bag and fumbled with it until he had it pulled open.

"Okay, Ernie, but if you don't have any candy today, I'm never coming back to visit you ever, ever again!"

Ernie laughed, and thought to himself how he looked forward so to the visits from the little boy. He thought of the hot summer afternoon, four years ago, when Jamie had pedaled by on his new tricycle. The boy wasn't shy, and when he'd seen Ernie sitting on his front porch rocking in the swing, he'd ridden right up to Ernie's front steps. That day marked the beginning of their friendship, after Ernie had invited the boy to hop off his trike and chat with him for a while. Since then, Jamie often wandered over to see Ernie, and Ernie always made sure to have a piece of candy for Jamie.

"Are you about done, Ernie?", Jamie impatiently asked. "I'm not gonna hold this thing much longer."

Ernie scooped up one last armful of leaves and stuffed them into the bag. "Yeah, bud. I'm done alright. Here, let's just tie this twistie around the bag now and call it quits, and we just might have time for one quick swing on the porch before you go. How 'bout it?"

"I dunno, Ernie. Mom might yell at me if I don't come straight home from school again, but probably if we swing just a little she won't care. Are you done?"

"Yep!" Ernie reached into his pocket, and a surprised look came on his face. "Oh no! Jamie, I don't have any candy left. I'm sure sorry."

"Ernie, you always say that. I know you have some candy in your pocket. You do every time!" Of course, Jamie knew Ernie was just teasing.

"Whoops—lookey here, James. There's a butterscotch after all," and he handed the candy to Jamie. Jamie grabbed it quickly, as if he might miss it if he wasn't fast enough. Then, he turned and ran up the yard towards Ernie's front porch, yelling, "Hurry Ernie! Push me on the swing for just a little bit."

Ernie picked up his lawn bag. It was heavy, he thought. Heavy for an old man like him to be carrying, that is. He carried it over to the driveway and set it down on the cement, and slowly walked over to the front steps. Jamie was already on the swing, his short little legs sticking out in front of him.

"Scoot over, guy," Ernie said as he sat down next to Jamie. He gave the swing a push with his feet and back and forth they rocked.

"Still got that snake in your garage, Jamie? Remember—you said you caught one last week?"

"Yeah, but my Mom made me let it go. Anyhow, I couldn't find anything to feed it."

Ernie got a kick out of that, as he laughed at Jamie. "You're somethin' else, kiddo, you know that?", and he reached over and gave Jamie's knee a squeeze.

"Er-nie, don't! That tickles, you know. I'll tickle you if you don't stop it!"

"Go ahead. You know I'm not ticklish!" Ernie was laughing at the boy.

"Okay, then I'll pinch ya so hard . . ." Jamie hesitated and grinned at his friend. "I gotta go, Ernie, okay? Mom says, you know."

"Alrighty, James. You stop over tomorrow, if it's okay with your Mom and visit me. Will you do that?"

"I'll ask her. I prob'ly can. See ya later, Ernie, and thanks for the candy!"

"And thank **you** for helping me with those leaves." Ernie bent down and gave Jamie a quick hug, and Jamie wrinkled up his little freckled nose.

"Okay, you," Ernie said, "scoot along now!"

Jamie jumped down the steps and ran across the yard to where he had left his lunchbox and book. He waved an arm one more time at Ernie to tell him goodbye, and off he went. Ernie stood on his porch and watched him run down to his house. Jamie added a special lift to Ernie's days, and he was glad the little guy liked visiting him.

Ernie turned to the front screen door and walked back into his house. What was there to do now? Pop a t.v. dinner into the oven for an early supper perhaps? Ernie decided to do just that, and headed for the kitchen, but as he walked past a bookshelf, he stopped and looked at a picture of a little boy. It was his son, who would have been thirty now. It was so long ago, Ernie thought, yet the hurt doesn't stop. He turned and went back outside to the front porch and sat on the swing. Giving a gentle push with his feet, he slowly rocked, and whispered, "Such a precious little boy, that Jamie."

Jill Rogert



### **The Game of a Friend**

"You never really knew," was what it said,  
You might have tried, but you never knew.  
How could you know what time might do,  
Would you let this go like all the rest?

You played the game,  
Is that so wrong?  
You knew the odds,  
But it seems you lost.

Oh, it came too easy,  
Hand after hand you'd play,  
Each the numbers turned against you friend.

So here we are, after the game,  
Everyone now has their share,  
It seems you haven't a cent.  
You've checked your pockets,  
Time and time again.

Don't lose faith, says your friend,  
You'll be back to play again.  
Yes, you may lose just as now,  
Does that scare you to play with fate?

One more time down the road,  
Different players and different hands,  
Knowing better how to play,  
And knowing more you understand.

**Mark Jensen**

### **The Petrified City by Max Ernst**

The moon is heavy  
Over the pride of generations:  
That epitomal symbol of decay,  
The city.

Its foundations in corruption,  
Its timbers of exploitation,  
Technological savages,  
Its creators.

Floundering in civilized suffering,  
The city fails under its own weight.  
The founders do not perceive  
The structural flaws,  
But are content  
To build again  
With the same blueprint,  
The same resources.

**Carter Hansen**

### **The Last Prayer of Bobby Sands:**

Maze Prison, Belfast. September 30, 1980  
(no political significance)

Free Ireland  
from the Bitch of these Isles—

Peace for bloody Ulster. . .  
Peace for bloody Ulster. . .

**Bret O'Reilly**



Traditional  
Spiritual

# WITNESS

© Copyright by Michael Dryver

Arranged by  
Michael Dryver

**A. Allegretto**  
piano/vocal  
ad lib.

Wit ness, Witness Soul is a wit ness

fo' ma Lawd, Soul is a wit ness fo' ma

**B.**

Lawd What man ner of man

(Tens.)

(Altos) All things are done by Him is this, all nat ions in Him are blest

will.

(unison) He spoke to the sea and the sea stood still Ain't that a wit ness

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\* Same as p. 6  
\*\* Same as p. 3, 4, 5, 6

fo' ma Lawd fo' ma Lawd 2. fo' ma Lawd.

(Altos) Ain't that a wit ness Soul

is a wit ness fo' ma Lawd, Soul is a wit ness fo' ma Lawd,

*sop.*

*sop.* Soul is a wit ness fo' ma Lawd Soul is a wit ness

**C.**

fo' ma Lawd, (Sop.) Now there was a man of the

(Mour)

(Altos) Phar i sees, his name was Nicko demus and he did n't believe. The



D.

(Tenor) same came to Christ by night, wan- ted to be taught out 'o  
 human sight. Nicko demus was a man desired to know how a  
 man could be born when he is old, Christ told Nic ko de mus

(Sop. Alto)

(Tenor) as a friend, re pent believe and be baptized, then you'

E.

1st time Sop.

1.

wit ness fo' ma Lawd, you' ll be a wit ness  
 fo' ma Lawd you' ll be a wit ness fo' ma Lawd, soul

1st ending you' ll 2. Ending  
 is a wit ness fo' ma Lawd. fo' ma Lawd.

(Voices enter at discretion of director) a cappella

F.

S. is a wit ness soul is a wit ness soul  
 fo' ma Lawd fo' ma Lawd

A. That's a nother wit ness That's a nother wit ness

T. That's a nother wit ness That's a nother wit ness

B. That's a nother wit ness That's a nother wit ness

Omit for 2nd end (Enter 4th)  
 Omit for ending 2  
 Omit for ending 2  
 Omit for ending 2



2. 1. G. Soul

fo' ma Lawd, Soul is a wit ness fo' ma Lawd Soul

is a wit ness fo' ma Lawd fo' ma Lawd,

1st ending 2. nd Ending Back to "F"

H. *Fine* wit ness — wit ness

wit ness wit ness optional - wit - ness, wit - ness

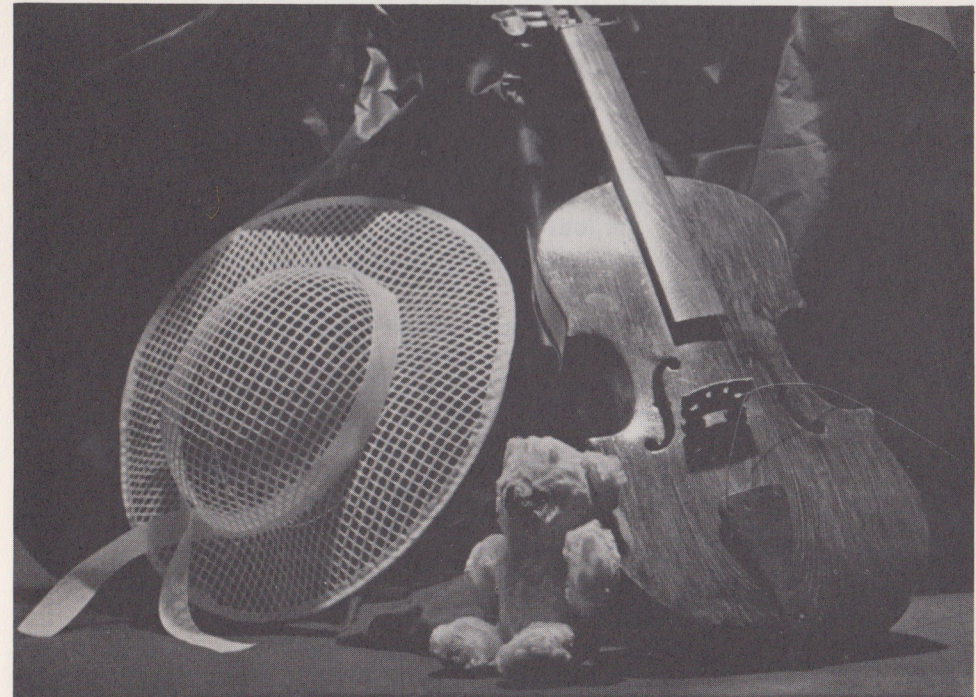
wit - ness wit ness

Soul wit - ness, wit - ness

Soul is a wit ness fo' ma Lawd

rit. rit. Soul is a wit ness fo' ma Lawd,

Soul is a wit ness fo' ma Lawd



Cathy Ahlin

Ivy claws its way  
up the bricks of the building.  
A frayed green lifeline.

Sharon K. Street



**In One Flower**  
dried inside an album  
translated from the poem  
by Lamartine

It is a souvenir of him, that was at the beach  
where a midday paradise came upon me.  
Paradise without stain and without storm  
where under the leaves I breathed  
the perfume of a warm wind.

A sea, stopped by no shore,  
understood only by the blue of the horizon.  
The orange tree, that tree of festival,  
snowing at moments upon my head  
meeting the odors ascending from the grass

You crossed near a column  
from a temple crushed through time.  
You made a crown for it  
adorning the dull trunk  
with the floating capital.

Flower, that decorated the decayed ruins,  
without a glance to admire it.  
I plucked your stamin  
and captured it to my breast  
for to inhale the perfumes.

Today paradise, a temple, the beach  
all vanished without returning.  
Your perfume is within the cloud,  
and I find, in turning the page,  
the lifeless trace of a beautiful day.

**Terri L. Pedersen**

**Wherever You Are, November 13th**

When the fall leaves are burning,  
the hayrack rides planned,  
Do you still feel like dreaming  
of life near the sand?  
Do you still eat Chinese food  
and play your guitar?  
Do you still fear the nighttime,  
alone in the dark?  
Have other eyes loved you  
since we've been apart?  
I pray you will give them  
my place in your heart.

I'm gone, but I'm there.  
It seems only fair,  
November 13th is for you.

**Mary Franzen**

**Cycles**

Frantic movement  
born in the sound  
of the mind.

And voices raise  
in fear of the proceedings.

And the dangerous entanglements  
in my life constrict  
to splinter the wood of  
my house.

I feel no better than before  
but I never thought I would.

**Helen Diana Sheumaker**



## Plain Label World

Human being number 081563 slowly began to wake up when the alarm rang in its living building. It yawned and stretched, starting at the toes and inching up slowly, bringing into motion every muscle. Suddenly this waking up process was halted as two short alarms sounded, signaling that it was time to get out of bed. It had often wondered what would happen if the bells and alarms were ignored, but the threats of being cast out of society into a prison with no strict guidelines and direction made it too frightening to even consider.

Human being 081563 crawled out of bed after quickly glancing around the room. Each room in every living building in Generia was the same. The same white walls, white carpeting and white ceilings. The same black furniture consisting of a bed with white sheets, table, chair and television set that only came in black and white. Each living room also included a black and white bathroom and a food box in the wall where the meals were delivered for both breakfast and dinner. 081563 went into the bathroom to begin his morning ritual that every being was to perform. First the body and hair were to be washed, then the teeth were brushed and the hair combed. After this was completed, one was required to get into the uniform which consisted of black pants and shoes with a white shirt. On the shirt was printed the being's number large and black. Just as the being finished dressing, the bell sounded for breakfast. Every being consumed the same things. For breakfast the community was usually served black coffee, white toast and pasty white oatmeal.

When the being had completed its meal, it sat until another bell rang letting it know that it was time for it to leave for the workbus. This bus picked up all the beings and brought them to the factory for work. The factory was where all the beings in Generia worked and where all products were manufactured. It joined the others waiting to go to work. Each waiting for the bus, each a carbon copy of the other. When the white bus with black seats inside pulled up, everyone obediently climbed in.

081563 found itself in a seat alone. While on the road to the factory, it began to think, which was radical because no one was supposed to think its own thoughts. It remembered the ancient one's stories of the old days. A time when people could do what they wanted and weren't given direction. A shiver crept down its spine just thinking about those poor misguided souls. At that moment, horror stories of those people finishing school and still not knowing what to do crept into its brain. Its thoughts were interrupted as the bus jolted to a halt at the factory.

081563 filed off the bus with the rest of the workers. They entered the factory and received their work assignments. Everyday the people worked in a different department. All beings could perform every function because they were programmed for all jobs at the school. One entered the school after being created and stayed there for twelve years. Then for the next four years one was transferred to on-the-job training. After 16 years of life the being was finally given a living cubicle of its own. Today the being was assigned to matching numbers of recent work training graduates to empty rooms. A small spark of elation snuck into its body. Assigning cubicles was one of the less demanding tasks. After entering the department the being began to work.

Cubicle A411 Being 102136

Cubicle K503 Being 102532

Cubicle Z1056 Being 101784

... After a few minutes of assigning it became so routine that its mind began to wander. It remembered how the old one spoke of the overthrow. It thought about how slow infiltration was begun through grocery stores and supermarkets. Soon everyone was using the generic products. After a while the leaders replaced everything else and began to remove the old buildings, which were constructed in bright colors and blinded the people. Frightening things these colors were; when one went against the law, the punishment was banishment into a world of bright colors which would slowly blind the being.

Eventually some things called plants, trees, and flowers were removed. These were unacceptable because besides being colored, they were smelly and messy to care for. Soon the domes were constructed to hide the blindingly colored sky. At first, people looked different, or at least that was what the rumors said. The being's thoughts were interrupted by three short beeps of the alarm. The being guiltily looked around; it knew that it was still imperfect because at times the thoughts and the emotions entered into its mind, both of which were strictly forbidden. It desired to be perfect like the new beings that were created at that time. 081563 had been created in one of the earlier generations, and not all of the old flaws had been removed. Suddenly three short beeps sounded, the signal for lunch. It got up to join the lines of workers moving to the food room. Each a carbon copy of the other.

Terri L. Pedersen



## Simply

In the darkness I felt the cool  
wind blow  
Face against chest  
My accomplice in a midnight runaway  
Days events not thought of  
Expectant eyes check for mutual passion  
Finding and ending all too quick

After:  
Alone, searching the other for  
recognition  
Attention divided between our feelings  
and the others

Sometimes only wanting to know, if  
we can at all be sure.

The truth in our heavy eyes had  
often told us it's all worth it  
For giving and believing in today  
does not limit tomorrow

**Lew Simons**

## Back and Forth

They come and go without a thought, or do they?  
Slip out of one to slide into another,  
crawl out from his sheets to cringe under mine.  
It all means so little yet matters so much.  
Girls know they should fight it, but fight that they should,  
for men have the right, but for women it's wrong.  
We all have our morals, yet have none at all.  
That which we do, we should not,  
and that which we should not, we do.

**Mary Franzen**

## Dusk

In the sharp stillness  
the menacing, soft shadows  
of the earliness  
scrawl haphazardly upon  
the piercing dark light blue.

I quietly stare,  
and create no judgment,  
for it is not even beautiful.

**Helen Diana Sheumaker**

## The Eagle!

Her wings spread out  
As she waits  
For the right moment,  
Then—

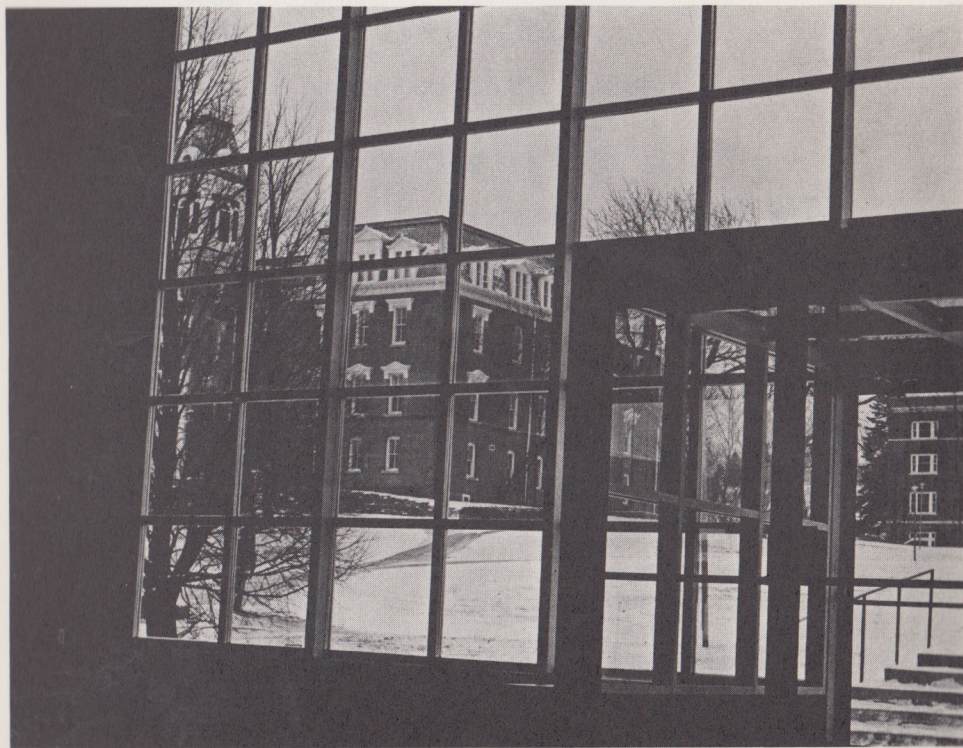
Across the sky  
The eagle flies,  
Over the clouds  
With others of her kind,  
On the supporting arms  
Of the wind!

She sees her prey  
Far below on the prairie grass,  
And she swoops down  
In a deadly arrow of feathers  
And of claws.

Her feet grasp  
The tree branches  
High above the ground  
Where no being can see her  
Except  
For the One  
Who made her.

**Sharon K. Street**





Kim Norris

The dark color  
that lurks behind the  
happy cheer of my eyes  
is that which you can look at.  
I understand  
for in the same thought  
I can not bear the sign of the guilt in  
the thick, cottony teal of yours.  
You are right in the obvious  
lack of words. I would not listen.  
It is not the betrayal  
I am used to that  
but the conscious sharing  
that I so foolishly rested my belief  
in --- it is that which  
turns my hands to ice  
so I am not able to think.  
And the joy I felt  
only has left a residue  
disgusting in its innocence.

**Helen Diana Sheumaker**

**Sketch No. 92,784**

Everytime I'm the least bit lonely  
I assume the mood's for you. It

slips

my mind  
that nights in your arms weren't always fulfilling,  
that talking with you was rarely a challenge,  
that loving you was never as easy as losing you.

**K. A. Swank**



CHORALE PRELUDE PSALM 42

Dedicated to my beloved wife, Deborah

LARGO (dolce cantabile) © Copyright 1984, by M. Dryver Composer Michael Dryver



## No Date with Tomorrow

Someone once drowned in a glass  
of water

And, I once wrote a song  
The thoughts not real, nor  
the feeling expressed  
Only written to forget

I sit because I tire standing  
Helpless fantasies rape my mind  
A world of hot and cold, filter  
Like unrealized thought

Mirrored reality shattered  
The cuts, painless, compared

A bird frightened me  
Finding security in apathy  
I want to fly  
I don't know how

I want to fly because I can't  
Drop, drop, drops of water  
Fill my glass.

**Lew Simons**

Peanut butter is  
like glue for two whole slices  
of Bread. I'm hungry!

**Sharon K. Street**

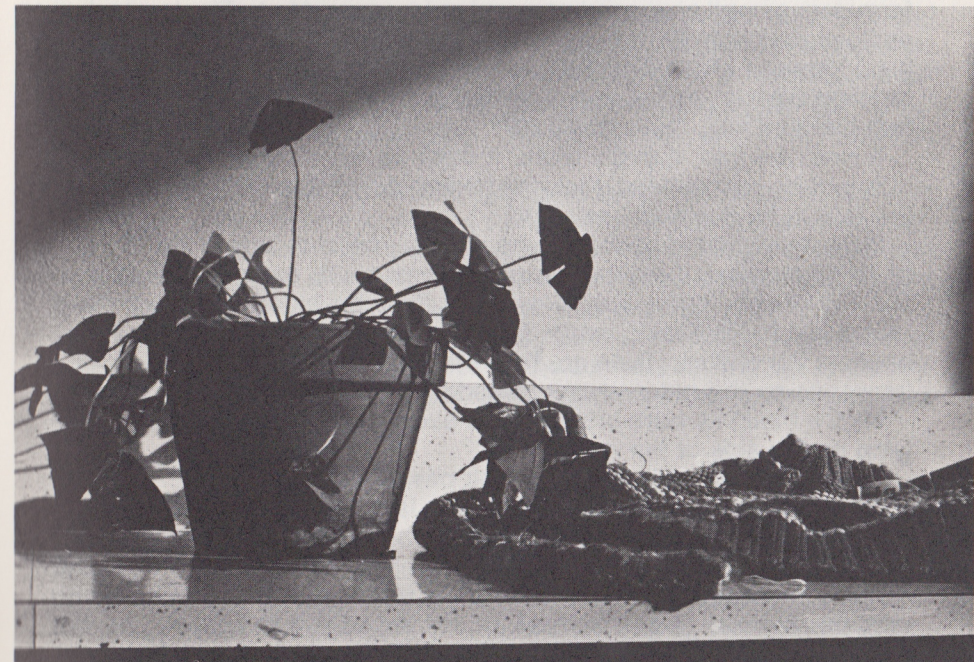
The sunshine is spread  
across the breadth of the Earth,  
making a sandwich.

**Sharon K. Street**

## Water

Romance is water.  
You can be in knee-deep or  
overyourhead.  
It can be warm and calm or  
cold with white caps;  
pleasant ripples or  
ocean waves.  
Sometimes when you dive right in  
you find coral,  
but too many times it's just concrete,  
with c-h-i-p-p-e-d-p-a-i-n-t.  
end a romance.  
get out of the water.

**Mary Franzen**



Helen Diana Sheumaker



## RUN FOR TWO

"Dad! Dad!" cried Timmy, as he rushed into the house. "Come quick! Tony's been hurt real bad!"

Mr. Wills was still sitting at the table when Tim let loose again. "Oh, Dad, you gotta hurry. Tony's just lying there and he's barely breathing and he's got blood all over! You gotta help!"

Mr. Wills was a quiet, steady man. He grabbed the twelve-year-old Timmy gently but firmly by the shoulders and said, "Slow, Tim. Slow down. Where is Tony, and how did he get hurt?"

"I don't know. He's over by the road. A car hit him or something."

"Get Mark," said Mr. Wills. "I'll call the vet."

"Call for what?" asked Mark as he entered the room.

"Tony's been hit by a car!" squeaked Tim.

"Where? Tim, where is he?!" yelled Mark.

"By the trees on the old road," Tim answered, but Mark was already out the door and running.

Mark was eighteen, the oldest in the family. When Mark was only nine, Tony had been abandoned by his owners and left near a busy intersection with the rest of the litter. One by one the small puppies had wandered away, or into the street, until only one remained. Mr. Wills saw him sitting cold and alone by the side of the road and knew that he would make a good farm dog, as well as a good companion for young Mark. The two took to each other right away, forming the kind of bond that only a small boy and his puppy can share. The dog was named after Tony the Tiger because he loved to eat dry cereal, especially Frosted Flakes, after which Mark would hug him and yell, "He's grrrreat!!"

It won't be bad, thought Mark. It can't be. He's old, but he's strong. "Damn," he said outloud, realizing he was acting like a scared child, but the fear in his stomach remained.

Mark remembered back when he and Tony had run across the hills and bluffs surrounding their home, exploring new paths, roaming far and wide until the late afternoon. Then they would climb the highest hill around and race down it, legs flying wildly. Mark won the first races, but soon Tony became the swiftest. Even so, Tony preferred to run at Mark's side, and from then on the races always ended in a tie.

Mark's thoughts were broken as he suddenly came upon a still shape lying on the side of the road.

"Oh damn," said Mark, as he knelt beside the slowly breathing body. Tony's legs were twisted strangely, and a large gash on his side was set with blood, making his soft, brown fur look black. "Ah, Tony, you really did it this time," he said, stroking the dog's forehead. In answer Tony opened his eyes and wagged his tail weakly. Mark smiled as he saw the sparkling eyes that seemed to say, Sorry Mark, I'm not as fast as I used to be, but I'll be okay. Mark knew that those eyes had plenty of life left in them, and he gave the dog a gentle but mighty hug. Tony licked Mark's face and breathed a little easier. Behind them a car pulled up, and from it stepped Mr. Wills and the veterinarian.

"Don't worry, Dad," called Mark. "He'll be alright. He looks a little beat up, but he'll make it." Mark was glad that his voice didn't break, and he was beginning to feel confident, in control of the situation. After all, he thought, I am going to college in a few weeks. I'd better grow up.

The vet inspected Tony slowly, carefully, while Mark and his father watched. When he was through he asked Mark to stay with Tony, and drew Mr. Wills away for a conference.

"Don't worry, Tony. He'll fix you up good as new," assured Mark as his dad returned once more.

"Mark," he said slowly. "The doctor says he can't fix Tony's legs. They're shattered beyond repair. He can save his life, but he'll never run again, if he can even walk."

"What?" said Mark, shocked. "No, Dad. There's got to be a way. He's strong! He'll get better!"

"Mark, he's old. The doctor," Mr. Wills faltered, then continued. "The doctor has some drugs. It will be quick and painless, just like falling asleep. I think we should use them, but the choice is yours."

Mark turned away, not wanting his father to see him cry, his former confidence destroyed by the decision he had already made. He knelt down and placed his face close to Tony's, stroking his fur softly.

"We had some great times, didn't we," he choked out finally. "Me and him running all over these damn hills. Probably not a foot of it one of us hasn't crossed." Tears filled his eyes, and his efforts to hold them back only made his throat close painfully. "But you can't run anymore, champ," he said, breaking into quiet sobs. "You dumb mutt, why didn't you stay out of the road?"

Tony looked at Mark with warm, apologetic eyes, and tried to sit up. Mark lowered his face deep into the dog's fur, and motioned for the waiting vet. "I love ya, Tony. You're grrrreat," he whispered into the dog's ear, and then the needle slipped silently into the vein. Tony gave one great sigh, and the sparkling eyes slowly faded, faded, and became cold.

Gently, and with soft words, Mark carried his oldest and best friend up into the hills to bury him. And later, as the sun was sinking low in the sky, a very large, nine year old Mark raced down from the highest hill, hard and fast enough for two.

**Bill Bussey**



The cold March wind blows  
and slices through my skin like  
a surgeon's scalpel.

**Sharon K. Street**

The world has ended  
with a bang! A whimper sounds.  
All life is not lost!

**Sharon K. Street**

### **Sketch No. 22,085**

There's a self-imposed loneliness about  
this place. It's

too easy  
to shut the door, light a cigarette.  
To turn up the radio  
too loud  
to hear the phone not ring.

It's reassuring when it's you  
who cuts out the world. Not see it

too busy  
to bother with you. It walks  
two steps ahead  
too fast  
to catch up.

It makes you feel in charge of fate  
when it's you who decides

to shut the door and promise yourself  
to paint the town  
tomorrow.

**K. A. Swank**

Dans Nuit africaine, extrait du long poeme "Chants d'ombre",  
Leopold Sedar Senghor, poete and president de la Republique de  
Senegal, depeint la serenite et la douceur d'un village africain  
que s'abandonne peu a peu au sommeil.

### **NUIT AFRICAINE**

Voici que decline la lune lasse vers son lit de mer etale  
Voici que s'assoupissent des eclats de rire, que les conteurs  
eux-memes

Dodelinent de la tete comme l'enfant sur le dos de sa mere.  
Voici que les pieds des danseur s'alourdissent, que s'alourdit la  
langue des choeurs alternes.

C'est l'heure des etoiles et de la nuit qui songe et  
S'accoude a cette colline de nuages, drapee dans son long pagne  
de lait.

Les toits des cases luisent tendrement. Que disent-ils, si confidentiels,  
aux etoiles?

Dedans, le foyer s'eteint dans l'intimite d'odeurs acres et douces.

Leopold Sedar Senghor  
(Chants d'ombre)

*Translation:*

In African Night, taken from a long poem called "Dark Poem"  
by Leopold Sedar Senghor, poet and president of the Republic  
of Senegal, he depicts the serenity and the sweetness of an african  
village which is abandoned little by little by sleep.

### **AFRICAN NIGHT**

Here is where the tired moon goes toward his bed of slackwater  
Here is where he sleeps while listening to the bursts of laughter from  
the stories that the storytellers tell themselves  
He nods his head as the infant does on the back of his mother.  
Here is where the feet of the dancers sleep, where the tongues of the  
choirs alternate.

It is the hour of the stars and the night which thinks as it  
leans its elbows on his hill of clouds, draped in a long cloth of milk.  
The roofs of the huts shine tenderly. What do they say, so confidently,  
to the stars?

Inside, the fire extinguishes itself in the intimacy of the sweet and  
sour odors.

Leopold Sedar Senghor  
(Dark Poem)

**Lee Vogt**





Diane-Elise Hansen

Dark smoke hangs over  
the valley. A battle ends  
as Death creeps away.

**Sharon K. Street**

### **An Affair to Remember**

Remember the backporch steps  
The greenest trees you ever saw  
All those wet afternoons  
And the rainbows that saved us  
Time for ice cream and beer

Now that you're gone  
I spend my time  
Erasing lines of yesterday  
Say good-bye  
For there were many  
But, none like you.

No grey-flannel warmth  
No ivory-cake smooth  
No hearts played for me  
Smiling eyes closed  
The rain flows

Adamant before the fall  
Todays are unanswered  
While you're brought back  
with a song

The last I heard  
You were away to stay  
My 2 a.m. showers wash away  
a love unwanted  
I've drunk myself sober  
Scotch, my heroin

Lights out  
Come visit me  
Sweet princess of the night.

**Lew Simons**



## The Scrub Willow

The grass still grows thick and matted in the meadow on the levee beyond the woods. The levee is the wide strip of tall grass, native weeds and scrub willow trees that lies along the edge of Mill Creek. The creek wanders for three or four miles to town and through a drainage ditch before sliding into the Mississippi River. The beginnings of whom I am today took place on that levee, mostly in a belly-flop position on the levee, in the tall grass. I couldn't see our neat little grey farmhouse from there because of the grass, the woods and the cornfield in between, nor could anyone in the farmhouse see me.

Sometimes I needed to escape from the farmhouse. I flew out the door, down the steps, sidewalk and driveway, between the sandpile and the chicken house, and round the corner and out of sight behind the barn – if I was fast. If I wasn't, Kenny, my step-father, would ask about the red marks on my face and neck. I'd never tell him though, for fear of what would happen the next day when he left for work.

One particular time, I was fleeing, I paused breathlessly behind the corner of the chicken house, not daring to breathe, knowing she'd be standing there on the porch peering through the screen door, yelling at me. If I couldn't see the screen door, I knew she couldn't see me. I sighted along a line from where I thought the screen door to be, to where I stood, then with my eye, followed the line across the cornfield to the fence post at the corner of the "Little Woods." I felt there must be a "safe" area in which I could escape unseen. When I heard the screen door slam, I knew she was coming with any handy utensils, so I took off running again, feet barely skimming the dirt clods that lay in the great long cornfield between me and the barbed wire fence, and safety of the woods. Once I'd reached the fence, I ducked under the wire and headed for the nearest tree – with great gasps and shaky knees – I collapsed on the bed of the woods behind a tree – I heard the shrieking voice from far away, and I sighed and took my time because she never came down to the woods. I took the path and picked stalks of feather-headed grass and stuck them in my teeth just the way Kenny did. I started pretending right then and there and carried on little dialogues, with imaginary friends. That was the day I discovered the levee.

The grass came almost to my waist that summer and little sticky unborn weeds clung to my jeans and socks. Soft noises underfoot were evidence of Lilliputian life. A slightly parted path through the grass, made by wild things in the night, meandered up to the thicket. Underbrush and saplings reached for the light between several clumps of tall trees, and there the path was crooked and dusty, and angled down through a small ravine. At the bottom of the ravine, the path widened and spread out like a river delta,

with little jagged cracks all the way to the creek. One crack was wide and deep enough to sit on the edge and dangle my feet and listen to the birds and the gurgle of the water. Mostly I'd belly-flop in the grass on the levee and look at those sparse and scraggly scrub willows growing in inconvenient patches, clinging tenaciously to their unloving soil. I felt that I was strangely like those scrawny willows with their frail branches and leaves of two colors, fluttering in the light breeze. I too was rooted in hostile soil, and subject to flashflood torrents of resentful rage from Mother. I felt that I must have ruined her life simply by being born – so I accepted the anger that could surface unpredictably. Like the scrub willow, I clung to that grey farmhouse, and Kenny, but with raging torrents I would wash down to the creek. Like the scrub willows, I had not been planted with care like other children I knew, but took root later in the farmland with my Dad. Every time those willows would try to stand up straight and tall, the rains would raise the level of the creek to the tips of the tiny leaves on the very tops of the trees. When raging flood waters would subside, they would be scraped and nicked, bent and weak from battling with the water. As I, weak from trying to predict and avoid surprise attacks, would retreat to the haven on the levee and try to grow straight and tall towards a future I could only imagine.

Irene Inman



### Untitled

What?  
You dare to speak to Me,  
O, man?  
You, who are merely  
A piece  
Of flesh and blood,  
Wrapped around fragile bones.

You dare to tell Me,  
The One, who formed you  
From the dust  
Of the ground,  
That life is hard for you!

What do you know,  
O, man,  
Of birthing stars,  
Of worlds upon worlds  
In the vastness of Space?  
Can you form a bird  
From a mere stone?  
Can you calm the raging waters  
Of a storm upon the sea?

Do you hear  
The Universe's Song,  
As it plays its beautiful melody?  
Do you hear  
The Winds of Time  
As they sweep by,  
Melting like snow  
Into eternity?

**Sharon K. Street**

Many beings before you  
Have cried many tears  
Of what they had lost,  
Of what could have been . . .

What do you know,  
O, man,  
Of life—  
Of dying—  
Of being—

What do you know  
Of Me,  
Who made you?

What?  
You are silent now?



Helen Diana Sheumaker



### Secession of Directions

They all said, Go to college, you won't find yourself unless you do,  
so I did.

They said, Apply yourself, work hard and get good grades,  
so I tried.

Be sociable, they said, learn to communicate with other people,  
so I made friends.

Don't take college for granted, they said, some people aren't as  
fortunate as you,  
so I found a job.

They all said, Don't drop out, an education will open doors,  
and I stayed.

They said, It's time to choose a major, decide where your interests lie,  
and I chose.

Spend your vacations at home, they said, you still need your family,  
and I went home.

They all said, Buckle down, don't let those grades slip,  
so I studied.

They said, Wait to marry until you graduate, you need time to grow,  
so I waited.

I'm almost a college grad, I said, now what do I do?  
and they all said, you're an adult now, decide for yourself.

**Caroline Christensen**

### Inquisitive Nature

I see you from far away,  
a vision of a man.  
I look at you,  
you look at me.  
Who are you?

We meet and chat  
and dance awhile.  
Your penetrating glance  
sees through me.  
But, who are you?

You're open to me,  
you tell me your feelings.  
Deep, dark secrets  
revealed.  
Still, who are you?

Feelings are untouchable;  
words cannot grasp them.  
You leave me  
alone.  
I will never know  
who you are.

**Peggy Dutch**

### The Leaf

From your stem detached,  
poor withered leaf,  
where are you going?—I know nothing.  
The storm broke the oak  
that was my only support,  
from its inconstant wind,  
the zephyr or maybe the north wind.  
Since that day I walk  
from the forest to the plain,  
from the mountain to the vale.  
I go where the wind guides me,  
without complaint or fright;  
I go where all things go,  
where the leaf of the rose goes  
and the leaf of the laurel.

**Terri L. Pedersen**



## HINDSITE

The coffee was still on  
after all those years  
TWO DRANK IT BLACK.  
one disguised it with two lumps and cream.  
And the last abstained. (She'd read the surgeon general's report on  
caffeine.)

The topic was still sex.

TWO ENDULGED.  
one felt fidelity.  
And the last had merely abstained  
after all those years

the coffee was still on.

THERE'RE NO MR. RIGHTS.  
AND THEY'RE ALL MR. RIGHT. . . OR AT LEAST THEY'LL TELL YOU SO  
AND IT'S YOUR CHOICE TO BELIEVE THEM OR NOT. UNTIL MORNING.  
NO BELIEVING WITH DAMP SHEETS A VACANT PILLOW AND  
MORNING. NO USE TRYING. JUST PLUG IN THE MR. COFFEE AND  
MAKE IT STRONG ENOUGH TO STAND UP WITHOUT A MUG. AND  
DRINK IT BITTER BLACK TO SNAP YOU OUT OF MAKE-

believe we'd have everything one day. then the promotions started rolling  
in and that invitation to join the club topped it off. raising our two-point-five  
children and white washing our little picket fence have been my duties  
and privileges. when he drove the new buick up the drive i knew we didn't  
have to pretend anymore; we had it all. we have it all, and we have one  
another. when i wake up and see his face i know i'll never need another  
man, then i make the coffee, and you know that sometimes the sound of  
his shower mixes with pouring of cream into my coffee after all these years.

AND YA' KNOW THEY IGNORED US THE NEXT DAY AT LUNCH? THAT'S  
WHEN IT HIT US WHAT THEY WERE REALLY LIKE. COLLEGE WAS A  
MEAT MARKET. OR MORE LIKE BASKIN-ROBBINS: 31 FLAVORS.  
YEH. . . BASKIN-ROBBINS. THE TIMES OF OUR LIVES.

Simultaneously TWO reached for the coffee pot. And the topic was still sex.

i gave everything i had to him.  
everything i am is him.  
when we were fresh out of school we dreamed of reaching the stars.  
he came up with a proposal; i typed.  
he was transferred; i moved.  
he was guest of honor; i pressed the shirt.  
mr. big came to dinner; i cooked.  
he wanted children; i bore.  
i only asked for love; he was tired from all that work.

THEN AFTER GRADUATION WE GOT THOSE 9 TO 5'S. BUT WE ONLY  
WANTED NIGHTS AT THE BARS.

and he's the only man in my life. and making love was sweet and  
romantically wonderful and always the same and routine and rare and  
distant and almost non-existent.

EACH NIGHT A NEW LOVER A NEW FEELING AND IT WAS EXCITING  
AND DARING AND UNPREDICTABLE AND PREDICTABLE AND  
ROUTINE AND DISTANT.

i gave my all to him.  
all i am is him.

and AND as AS the THE newness NEWNESS wWoOrReE oOfFfF. . .

The Last One smiled faintly as if to understand, rising, taking the coffee  
pot in hand, refilling it from the constant supply left warm on the stove  
after all those years.

PEOPLE PACKED AGAINST PEOPLE PACKED AGAINST THE BAR WITH  
SO MUCH SWEAT falling from my forehead onto the stove where i stood  
when the kids were at school and he was at work and i was alone WE  
WERE NEVER ALONE

i was always alone.

and BUT i WE was WERE always ALWAYS

ILoOnNeEILyY. . . . .

. . . suddenly the pot whistled and they realized that the coffee was  
still on.

TWO and one turned to The Last with

my OUR one ONE wWoOrRdD oOfF aAdDWilcCeE:  
go for it. WAIT.

IT'S ALMOST HAPPY HOUR, WE HAVE TO GO.

the kids'll be home, i have to go.

The Last waved to them from the front door (and felt less  
alone once they'd gone.) returned to the kitchen and  
began to pour herself a cup of coffee

reached for the cream  
poured it all down the sink  
after all those years  
The Last had abstained.

**K. A. Swank**





Diane-Elise Hansen

# e minor FUGUE op.55

Dedicated to: Dr. Paul Neve, Dana College

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$\text{♩} = 132$

*By*

MICHAEL DRYVER

LARGO

The first system of musical notation for the e minor FUGUE op.55. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 12/8. The treble staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, and a quarter rest. The bass staff is mostly empty, with a few notes appearing later in the system.

The second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues with eighth notes F#4, G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, and a quarter rest. The bass staff has a quarter note G3, followed by eighth notes F#3, G3, A3, B3, C4, D4, E4, and a quarter rest.

The third system of musical notation. The treble staff has a quarter note F#4, followed by eighth notes G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, and a quarter rest. The bass staff has a quarter note G3, followed by eighth notes F#3, G3, A3, B3, C4, D4, E4, and a quarter rest.

The fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff has a quarter note F#4, followed by eighth notes G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, and a quarter rest. The bass staff has a quarter note G3, followed by eighth notes F#3, G3, A3, B3, C4, D4, E4, and a quarter rest.



Handwritten musical notation for the first system on page 46. The system consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The treble staff contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes.

Handwritten musical notation for the second system on page 46. The system consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The treble staff continues the melodic line with some slurs, and the bass staff continues the accompaniment.

Handwritten musical notation for the third system on page 46. The system consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The treble staff shows more complex rhythmic patterns, and the bass staff continues the accompaniment.

Handwritten musical notation for the fourth system on page 46. The system consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The treble staff has a melodic line with some slurs, and the bass staff continues the accompaniment.

Handwritten musical notation for the fifth system on page 46. The system consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The treble staff continues the melodic line, and the bass staff continues the accompaniment.

Handwritten musical notation for the first system on page 47. The system consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The treble staff features a more active melodic line with many sixteenth notes, and the bass staff continues the accompaniment.

Handwritten musical notation for the second system on page 47. The system consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The treble staff continues the active melodic line, and the bass staff continues the accompaniment.

Handwritten musical notation for the third system on page 47. The system consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The treble staff continues the active melodic line, and the bass staff continues the accompaniment.

Handwritten musical notation for the fourth system on page 47. The system consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The treble staff has a melodic line with some slurs, and the bass staff continues the accompaniment.

Handwritten musical notation for the fifth system on page 47. The system consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The treble staff continues the melodic line, and the bass staff continues the accompaniment.



Handwritten musical notation for the first system, featuring treble and bass staves with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Handwritten musical notation for the second system, continuing the piece with treble and bass staves.

Handwritten musical notation for the third system, continuing the piece with treble and bass staves.

Handwritten musical notation for the fourth system, ending with a double bar line and a fermata. Includes the marking "rit." and a handwritten "26" above the final measure.