

Sower 1990



What is a poet? A poet is an unhappy being whose heart is torn by several sufferings, but whose lips are so strangely formed that when the sighs and the cries escape them, they sound like beautiful music... And men crowd about the poet and say to him: "May new sufferings torment your soul, but may your lips be formed as before; for the cries would only frighten us, but the music is delicious."

--Soren Kierkegaard

*I am not cruel, only truthful
The eye of a little god...*

--Sylvia Plath

Sower 1990

Volume XIV

Joseph B. England, Award for Poetry
Peter Anthony and Pork Chops

Norman Bansen

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.



Sower 1990

Volume XLV



Debra Schramper
"Mood Webbing"

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This volume of Sower is dedicated to the individuals who
perished in Cambodia during the Khmer Rouge regime.

Awards

Joseph Langland Award for Poetry
Peter Anthony Sierant...Apple Sauce and Pork Chops

Hal Evans Cole Award for Excellence in the Arts
Joe Abbott...."James Dean"



Debbie Niedzielski



Preface

Art, for some people, becomes the voice of humanity. It opens up new avenues of communication. People use these avenues in order to share thoughts and feelings with anyone willing to take the time out to listen.

Sower, in my opinion, is an unselfish act. The contributors put themselves out on a limb; they have breathed and exhaled a bit of their spirit. With this in mind, I respect all the contributors for their courage to offer words and images as a gift to people they have never met. If people accept these gifts, then a communion results, and a special relationship exists. A relationship that is precious because of the willingness by the reader and artist to communicate with one another.

This year proved to be one of great change. The change affected individuals, nations, and the world. The images and events were heart-rending, and ecstatic. Everywhere people were, and still are, crying for freedom: China, Romania, East Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Lithuania. The exhausting struggle to break the chains of oppression still goes on. People cry out to other people, wanting to be heard.

A friend/professor of mine recently mentioned that students were fanning the flames of revolution in Eastern Europe--the oppression had become unbearable. This makes this volume of *Sower* unique. A common denominator has been discovered between students all over the world: freedom of expression.

The contributors offer these gifts in peace.

-Editor



This volume of *Sower* is dedicated to the individuals who perished in China and Eastern Europe pursuing the dream of freedom.

James D. Petersen

Scionz

scionz on necromancy
beget now demoncracy,
unleash global frenzy
of impossible 'spectancy.

scionz of monodeism
beget now teletheism,
tenets be numismatism
and amaurosism.

scionz of mars
beget now wars,
military-industrial whores
bathe in golden cruor.

scionz of anthropocentrism
beget now species elitism,
procreative prodigalism
lead to anthropophagism?

scionz of materiality
beget soon sterility?
answers bring futility
when query pursuits invalidity.



Tina Zayat

The Gift

It is freely given,
Yet some have it taken away.
The whys are never answered.
In the beginning,
it comes so beautifully wrapped.
But in the end,
there's only an empty box.

Jeff Tebbe

Last Night

I put a gun in my mouth last night.
It wasn't a real gun.
The tears were real.
The trembling hands were real.
The gun wasn't.
I wished it was.

I pulled the trigger.
I wanted the bullet to tug at the back of my head.
I wanted sticky sweet memories to drip down my neck.
Memories of ballgames, rollerskating, and flying kites.
Memories of laughter, farts, and late night snacks.

I pulled the trigger dad.
I wanted the emptiness to go away.
I wanted what you did to go away.



Mark J. Olsen
"In Thought"

I wanted to go away.

The tears were real dad.
I cried when mom broke down and couldn't tell me you'd gone.
I cried when my brother-in-law could.
I cried recalling you during counselling.
I'm still crying.

The trembling hands were real dad.
When I wondered what went wrong.
When you made me the man of the house.
When I thought you once said you loved me.

The gun wasn't real.
I wished it was.
Sometimes I still do.



Klemens Namwira

Apartheid

Having your separate place to live
And no mingling with other races
Guarantee growth, development and prosperity
Labors of other minor ethnic group
Will increase security and wealth
Keep them when they are healthy,
Kick them when they are weary.

Working in the same place,
But different facilities
Will secure the purity of race.
Health and education according to pigments
Secure superiority of the race
High wages for bright skin color,
And for those who affirm that
Growth and development occur
As separate as heaven and earth.



Mark J. Olsen
"The Light"

Peter Anthony Sierant

Paper Plates

Smile
the gunk of morning falls
in leaves over the sheets

while my thoughts stream to money
So we can be happy
And drive a comfortable

Station wagon
I would do this in order to see your
yellow-slicker dripping

rain water on faces, squeak of the vinyl,
carrying groceries for the evening meal
White-picket fence

a smile on your face

2.3 children
I would do this in order to find your
love as we eat off

paper plates built to be strong.



Klemens Namwira

Undeveloped

Hunting is his way
Of making a living
Bows and arrows are all
He needs to survive
A big tree he makes his home

Roots, leaves of trees
He knows very well
And makes out his diet
Holes in stumps and trees
Ponds and pans in valleys
Are his wells

But how long it will be
Before he will adapt
Another way to live
As civilization threatens
To develop the undeveloped



Matt Plowman

"Merry Christmas, Happy Birthday"



Teresa Coenen

Debra Schramper
"Visible Wind"

SAMPLER

Creators consumed with unbridled devotion
Cast their lots, without thought or notion;
In the heat of passion, swing into motion.

Repeating the action, the fates are tempted.
But even the cautious are not exempted
The burdens of creation; their lives preempted.

The first breath exhaled, without joy or elation
Brought into the world without name or station:
Innocent initiate of woeful segregation.

The motion is stymied-- devotion turned guile--
Responsibilities are denied with a deceptive smile.
Child and child in exile.



was braced against the wild heat. The golden eagle feathers in his headdress swayed in what little breeze there was. It would be a shame to kill him today, but after all, that's the law of the west.

"Then what happened?" I coaxed.

"I knew I had to get closer for a good shot, so I slid out of my saddle and started to sneak my way behind the rocks on the canyon floor. After about an hour of eating canyon dust I finally found the right spot, and all that time the devil never moved, he never flinched, twitched, or scratched his nose. He just stood there waiting for my bullet that would send him to his happy-hunting-grounds. Just as I lined up my shot I heard it; it sent blood coursing through my ears and sent goose pimples crawling on my skin."

"What did you hear?" I asked

"Only the piercing, blood thirsty war cry of the Chief himself. Somehow that red devil had seen me. Just as soon as his war cry howled, warriors from the whole tribe exploded from the rocks across the canyon. At two hundred paces they started charging at me. I was outgunned."

"How dramatic, how did you ever escape?"

"Courage and Cunning, ma'am. At first I was going to go down fighting. I palmed my pistols and set them ablaze. Seven, eight, nine of those red buggers fell, but they kept coming, screaming and shooting the whole way. Arrows and bullets rained all around me. Finally I pictured what was about to happen and changed my mind, I needed a place to hide. I managed to belly-crawl my way to set of boulders and slip into a crack beneath one, pulling all the loose rocks and dirt I could reach to cover myself."

"When those braves got there they didn't know what had happened. I was gone. 'The desert god must have swallowed me up', I heard one say. It was the funniest thing I ever saw, these blood thirsty, war-painted savages didn't know whether to spit or wind their watch. I had to bite my tongue to keep from busting out, see," as he stuck out his tongue for my inspection.

"Weren't you scared at all?"

"Ma'am, I ain't scared of nothing, and even if they would have found me I'd have taken a few more of their hides."

"So what did they do when they couldn't find you?"

"Well, one of those braves hollered up at the Chief, he said something back and they left, just got their horses and plumb left. I guess they must've left for a house burning or something."

"They left just like that, huh?"



"You bet, and when I was sure the coast was clear, I crawled out of my dusty hiding place and rode back into town here to re-group."

"Sounds like you had a busy morning."

"Yep," was all he said.

After a hardy heartfelt belch he was up and out the door to continue the hunt before the trail got cold. Flopping his hat back on tangle of short black hair, and adjusting the belt that held his silver cap pistols, he stepped out into the heat of the day. Looking back as he untied his trusty steed he thanked me for the chow. He mounted in a single tennis-shoed leap, put the spurs to his stallion, and off they went to continue the hunt on his range in the home.

-Jeff Tebbe

Diana Jones

Appreciation Day

Appreciation Day, although more deserving
Comes only once a year.

Yet, when this day rolls around

We hope the message is clear

You mold us day by day

Therefore, I am here to thank you

In a very special way.

We thank you for all the knowledge,
The helpfulness, the care.

We thank you for, at anytime, always being
there.

We thank you for the opportunity to fulfill
our educational quests.

We thank you all for everything, but
especially for being the best



Joel Robert Morgan

Intrusion

Pink and white streaked
are the cloudy skies at the sunset
this is how it will end
for me
Death in all its glory
missed by everyone
remembered by few

Perhaps the skies will be
black and grey with a great storm
on that day; the gods angry
at my intrusion into their
existence

Or

It will be just another day
nothing will stop
except the
beating of my heart and
the impulses of my brain; my
soul clear of this concrete world.

Drifting with the wind in a world
of pink billowy clouds at sunset.



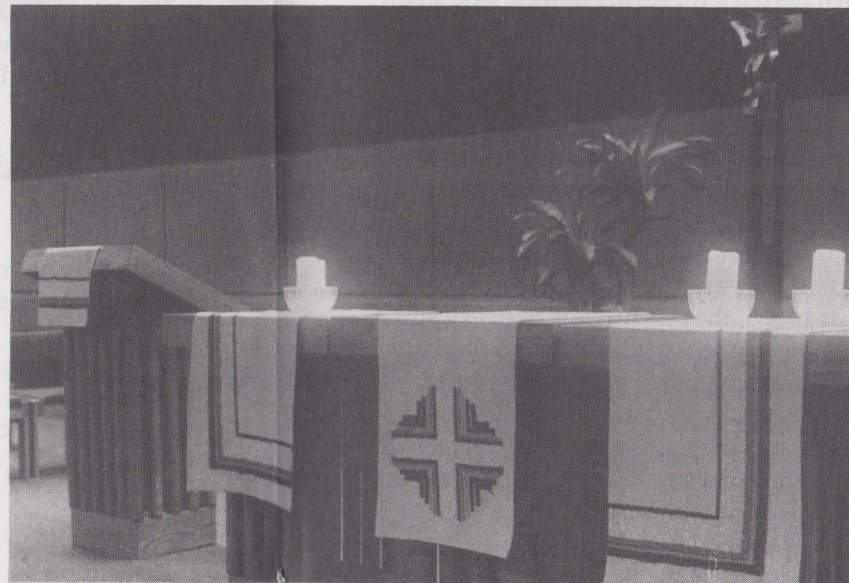
Lisa Hillmer

Clouds

shifting, changing.

Alike but always different.

The serenity for the storm that lurks within.



Matt Plowman

"The Presence"



refined over time.

Granted, Louis and Charlie had something in common being janitors, but Louis pitied Charlie for being nothing else. Louis was forced into being a janitor because his paintings would not sell. College taught him everything about using a brushstroke to produce quality images. They never told him how to create sellable products. Louis saw painting as a representation of life, and not products. He painted life as if it were frozen in time. Maybe this is where he is going wrong? Louis stared back Charlie and saw himself for a moment. It made his scrotum tighten up and his stomach dropped.

"Hey, Charlie. How's it goin'?"

"Eh, okay for now. Today we need to lay stripper in front of the gallery. Old man Boucher wasn't too happy about the idea. Said he got some new prints in the other day and wanted to put them up, but we get in the way too much." Charlie pulled Louis shoulder sleeve. "Seriously though, you said you studied art in college Louis. Why do people need to buy this shit and hang it on the walls? What do they do, sit around and drink with their fingers up their ass and talk about how nice it looks? Sounds pretty boring to me."

Louis chuckled to himself. The ignorance some people had about the beauty of color, the shapes formed by the mind, and how they become reality on the canvas. The joy of hearing oils mixing together, and the sound of Vivaldi and the tradition of Botticelli finding an equilibrium while Louis Watcher was at work. A rich tradition being criticized by Charlie-the-Lifetime-Bigot who judged people who appreciated art as haughty, thinking their excrement smelled like ice-cream. But what about things that just hang on a wall? Are they really that important? At one time, Louis could remember when people bought a thing called a pet rock---and they liked it. Even the regular mall walkers, dressed in their designer jogging suits and matching sneakers listened to the equivalent of elevator music as they circumnavigated the mall over and over and over. *You've come a long way, baby.*

Maybe painting is all a lie. The painter lifting his arse and farting all over a canvas could create a masterpiece if the public deemed it so.

"Well, its hard to say Charlie. Say, new pen ya got there Charlie.?"

Charlie following Louis' stare, smiled at his most recent purchase. A silver fountain pen gleamed from his pocket. "Oh, yeh, git it for half price, and they even threw in some cartridges...gotten a lot of compliments about it. Well, lets say we start a'workin'," he grinned.

Mopheads have a funny way of sounding when they come out of a



bucket--a slurpy, falling noise. It convinces you that gravity is at work, as though the water is being pulled from an environment that it desires to return. Louis always felt a little privileged to play with the water--a tool to make things clean, and make poeple happy. A clean, shiny floor made everyone happy. Louis felt a bit of nostalgia every time he swung a mophead; a tradition that probably goes all the way back to Greeks. Someone had to clean the excrement from the floors of the English Kings. The Roman Baths probably had lime that needed to be scrubbed every now and then. It was easy for Louis to imagine momentous events in history as a floor scrubber.

The sound paint makes is interesting. It makes a unique noise as it glides over canvas. At first the bristles scrape the canvas, and then when all is quiet for a moment, you lift up. The brush always give one last scraping noise.

The effect is quite remarkable. Many times Louis finds himself shaking in pleasure at the emotions he experiences from painting. There is a shake that starts in the middle of one's belly button and moves up scalp where the hair stands on end. It is the most fulfilling experience in the world for Louis.

He has been working on a clown-painting for hours. His head is a bright gray, with the start of a teardrop on the right cheek. Louis stood back after his last application of blue and smiled. The painting was going nicely, he thought. In a few days it would be finished. *One day everyone will see the works of a master.*

Louis sat down and smoked a cigarette and looked at his works stacked in the corners and on the easels. Most of his cramped apartment was crowded by canvases and paint drippings. But it was a joy to come home from work and see the clowns and their sad faces. They breathed hope to Louis. They allowed Louis to see the truth and beauty of the world. They became alive in his hands. He felt like a little god. The clowns would be his way out of this hell-hole. He would fool fate. He crushed out his butt, and added a bit of pink to the clowns nose and found it to be good. The sun had been hidden in the clouds all day and now had come out, filling the room with strong light.

He reached into his pocket and took out some change and went to the store and bought lunch: a frozen pizza, and a gallon of wine. He then spent the day watching television, and there were some good shows on. Every day at 4:00 p.m. there was Science Fiction Theatre, a television show that played science fiction movies. Sometimes they played Japa-



nese monster movies. Louis liked Godzilla and King Kong together on the same bill. They had marvelous fights.

After the movies there were a variety of sitcoms. Some of them were okay, but they killed time until the cartoons. Louis liked most of the cartoons. They are bright and colorful. They tickled his need for color, and the background music, a carousel sound, added to the whole dimension of cartoon-life. Cartoons were quite entertaining.

During the evenings Louis usually went to the bar to drink beer and play pinball. Usually the bar he went to on Sunday's had a live rock band. Also, it was ladies night, and drinks were half-price. It was also loud--loud enough where you can't think. Louis liked this madness.

The pinball machine offered hours of entertainment. People watched Louis because he had developed a skill that he associated with his artistic talent, and he won quite a few free games. Free games cause a good feeling, it makes you feel as though you are beating the machine.

Louis met women and girls in the bar. They all wanted him to buy drinks. But Louis only did this when they would sit down and talk to him. This only happened when Louis drank enough and worked up the courage to approach them.

He usually scared them away with strange language about the meaning of art and the pursuit of the artist. Louis was beginning to see a pattern among artists because of this reaction. Rejected and shunned, the artist talks to the masses anyway. It was the Socratic method. He must poke them and bite them in order to show them the funniest of all follies: their lives. The artist shows them this fact, and the people don't like it. So, they try to use the artist. But Louis was too smart for them. He only buys the pretty girls a couple of drinks, because he knew that eventually they would have someone else buy them a drink later on in the evening. Louis went home by himself every time.

After many drinks and no one willing to talk to him anymore, Louis usually went home.

This ritual has been going on for some quite time. Louis knows there could be more, but he thinks in order to really find his heart as an artist, he must live eccentrically. One day, he will tap into that mother-lode of creativity. Louis will one day hit that peak of output, and will start cranking out masterpieces by the dozens. Fame will be his for the taking on that day when it all clicks. People will see him as a timeless figure of philosophy. He will make a mark upon the face of time. He will not be forgotten. Louis Watcher refuses to be just another grave-marker in a row of gravemarkers, surrounded by strangers. Louis



thought he was good, and that he deserved to be buried with the best of them.

Returning to work on Monday, Louis was going to ask out Jenny. He would do it this evening because she worked at night on weekdays. Louis brought a change of clothes just for this particular occasion.

The day went quite well. The janitor-crew flew through their work effortlessly. Every hour that passed was another minute closer to asking her out. Louis watched his watch.

"What are you on? Medicine?" asked Charlie. Louis knew that Charlie was trying to help ease some of the tension.

"When this is all over with, Charlie, you and I are going to have beer," said Louis.

"You are talking like you're going to marry her."

Louis laughed out loud.

The day ended quietly. The floors shined, the bathrooms smelled of pine instead of sour urine, and all the trash was picked up in the parking lot. Everything was normal again. All signs of human refuse had been eradicated.

Louis changed his clothes and walked over to the art gallery. She was there talking on the phone. He waved to her. She waved back.

He paced through the store, his heart pounding in his throat. There was some new landscape oil paintings hanging up.

"Hi...Louis."

"Hello. How are you?"

"I'm fine."

"Good."

She walked over to the picture window, her back to him.

"Do you have a normal life?", asked Louis.

"Why yes, of course I do."

"What do you do?"

"Who are you, Phil Donahue?"

Louis chuckled, "No, well...its just that I was wondering if you would like to join me for a drink. Nothing serious, just a some good conversation."

Jenny stopped and looked at him for a second. She smiled and thought for a moment. "Is this some kind of joke or bet?"

"No, not at all. I'm just...curious about some of your ideas."

"Well, only for a little while. I need to get home early tonight. How about 9:00 p.m.?"

"Great. I'll meet you at Jack and Ernie's?"

"I don't know that one. There is a Mexican restaurant across the



street that has a lounge. Meet me there."

Louis left with a feeling of joy. Finally, a woman who would sit and talk. Maybe there was something between them. After all, she seemed readily agreeable to the situation. She wasn't repulsed at his looks. Why else would she go out with him? Maybe there was some kind of bond between them that he couldn't see. She seems like a nice person. A little bit frilly at times, but then again, nobody is perfect.

He walked over to Jack and Ernie's and had a couple of beers and played a couple games of pinball. Nervous, he kept glancing at his watch. In fact, time moved too slow for Louis. He went to the restaurant and ordered nachos and a pitcher of margaritas. The establishment was done all in red, with plastic food decorations hanging from the walls. It was a clean and well-lighted place.

Jenny came after Louis had drunk two pitchers. He was feeling a little light-headed, but strong and confident. She sat down with a smile, and proceeded to pour herself a drink.

"My gosh it is so hot outside. I thought I was never going to get out of that place. Mmm...these really hit the spot. This was a fine idea Louis, I'm glad you invited me."

"Please tell me a little about yourself", asked Louis.

"Well, I go to school, and I'm working here part time in order to pay for some of my bills."

"Do you live on your own?"

"I don't look that young, do I?"

"No, but I do know that some students still live at home."

"Nope. I'm on my own. And yourself?"

"Well, I just work at the mall for extra income. I paint the rest of the time I'm not working. I think that being an artist is quite interesting, don't you?"

She took a sip from her drink, and looked away. "I don't really know if art really interests me."

"What are you saying? It is the only true way of living."

"No. That is not true. Life does not revolve around art. Artists create, and I sell it to people who want pictures on their wall."

"That's absurd. Art is not just pictures, it is the pursuit of truth and beauty."

"Please, don't press anything. We hardly know each other. I only came here tonight because you seem like a nice guy, and there is nothing wrong with having a drink."

Louis leaned back into his chair, and smiled.

Perhaps you are right," he said, "but I do believe in my work. I think



there is something behind my clowns that people want to study."

"You're clowns?"

"Yes, I paint clowns. I have been painting them for the last five years. They human faces hidden behind masks. Just like you and me. You have this mask called make-up, and I have this mask of being a janitor, when I am really an artist."

"That is pretty neat, Louis. I really like the paintings of animals, like cats and tigers. I really like pets."

"They are okay. I never really got into that stuff, but they have some worth."

"Still, Louis, you are not the only artist I know, and most of you are all the same. You all think that your art is better."

"That is not true. I really like other people's works. I just think that mine is not half-bad." Louis ordered another pitcher.

"Louis, when was the last time you sold a painting?"

"Money has nothing to do with it!", Louis snarled.

"Excuse me, but don't raise your voice. I merely asked a question."

"Sorry, but I think that just because I haven't sold a work in a while doesn't mean that it's not good."

"No, Louis, I think you are misinterpreting what I'm saying. And you need to sober up a little."

"Don't tell me what to do."

"Goodbye, Louis. This conversation is getting nowhere."

"You silly little bitch. You think that you can tell me what kind of artist I am? You think I'm drunk. You probably live a life of screwing rich, pretty boys thinking everything is okay because you know what happiness is. You know nothing."

Jenny sat in her chair, her mouth open, got up and walked out. Louis followed her outside. Other customers stared at Louis while he mumbled apologies and banged into chairs.

"Jenny, I didn't mean it," he said outside, "all I meant was that you don't understand me. Yes, you are right. I am drunk. I'm sorry."

Jenny got into her car and stared at him. "Goodbye, Louis. And good luck with your clowns."

Louis watched her pull into traffic. He went back inside and drank the rest of the pitcher on the table and paid the bill. Riding the bus home was a depressing experience. The night had a glow to it. Louis thinks it was because of the drunk he had going. He got off about three blocks before his stop and decided to walk off some of his drunk.

What a fool he had been. She was a perfectly nice girl, maybe a little confused, but he had ruined the bond. Pictures. Why is it that art is only



considered pictures? Louis felt confused, and childish. There was a hollow point in his mind. She had shocked him. She was right. When did he sell a painting last? In fact, Louis can't even remember if he ever sold a painting. He stood on a street corner trying to remember.

He roars in laughter. Louis starts to laugh and laugh and laugh. It is a high shrieking sound that pierces the night air. He laughs so hard that tears roll from his eyes. Yes, he has figured it out. He is the clown. He has been the one he has been painting all these years, and the mask has been art. He has never sold a painting.

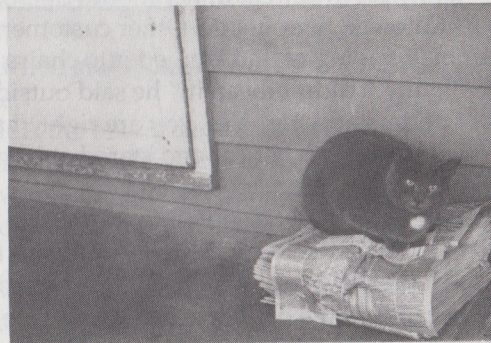
Louis ran to his apartment and turned on the TV.

Laughing and feeling lightheaded he walks over to his paintings and looks at them through his newly learned perspective. He understands how strange life is. "They want me to be a master. They want me to paint myself, that is the meaning to my art", he said out loud, "and I'm going to do it."

Louis grabbed a stool and placed it in front of a blank canvas. He adjusted it, sat down and thought for a moment. This will be his real and most challenging test. This will be the greatest piece ever made. This will combine all the modern as well as classical techniques. All that matters is the moment.

Making sure everything would be perfect, Louis turned on all the lights in the apartment. He put on some music. He went to his closet and pulled out a handgun. He sat down on the stool with his back to the canvas, put the gun in his mouth, and laughed. This would be a masterpiece.

-Peter Anthony Sierant



Mark Olsen
"Paper Route"



Joel Robert Morgan

Causes

Falling...

Concrete-covered grass

Glasnost In Russia

Tons and tons of wasted paper

Tossed away

Another tree falls

Skyscrapers reaching, stretching to heaven

Remember the Tower of Babel?

Falling...

Acid rain taking life from

Fields of green grass

Styrofoam and plastic live longer

Than imaginable

Piles upon piles

Falling...

When will it hit the gritty cement

With a sound that nobody hears.

When does it end?

Lisa Hillmer

Life

Life passes quickly

banished forever into memories

Dreams all slipping from light
to darkness.

Thoughts, emotions, reality, and madness.

All disguised as a single truth.



Kris Flack

My Father's Chair

It was not so long ago
That he was sitting there,
Talking about sports and the officials
who weren't always fair.
He loved the cubs and always cheered them on,
Even when all hopes of winning were gone.
He loved to teach and always helped us out,
Everyone loved him, there was no doubt.
What was most awful was the waiting,
The anticipating and the hesitating.
And now all I can do is stare,
To see who's sitting in my father's chair.



Joe Abbott
"The Symphony"



Dana Hamilton

Love Defined

Love may be a butterfly
whose wings are frail and light,
or a brave little star
proudly shining through the night.
Or perhaps it's like a wild rose
whose scent is strong and heady.
It may be that love is a passion
that leaves you weak and ready.
Or maybe love is fragile
and a very delicate thing-
if drawn it may be a cloud
and soft rains it might bring.
Love may be that cloud
whose rains have turned to storms.
A crack of thunder and a bolt of lightening
show that love comes in many forms.
Whatever it is that love may be,
the words that are written here
describe the feelings I have for you
whenever you are near.

Mike Allen

You are nothing but a portrait
of what your parents begin to draw.



Teresa Coenen

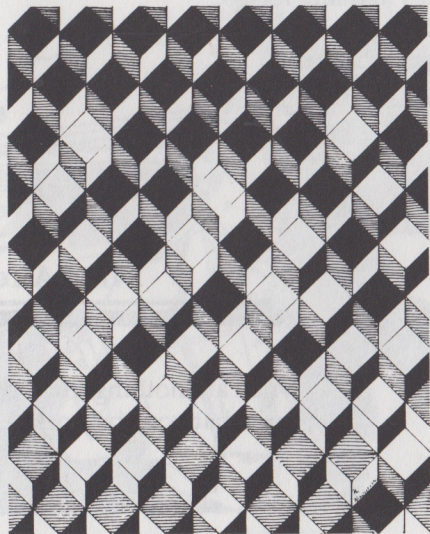
Hoolabug Shoo! A poem for Ryan

Deep inside the Hoolabug bush
there's a Hoolabug home
where the Hoolabug's roam.

There's a Hoolabug window
and a Hoolabug door
And a purple, fuzzy rug
on the Hoolabug floor.

Papa Hoolabug is busy screwing knobs;
gobs and gobs of Hoolabug knobs.
He screws Hoolabug knobs on Hoolabug cobs,
because Papa Hoolabug has a Cob-Knob-Job.

Mama Hoolabug is brushing her hair,
she's brushing her hair in a Hoolabug chair.



Debbie Niedzielski



It's green and it's frizzy and it hangs down to there.
I really don't care for Hoolabug hair.

Brother Hoolabug is nowhere to be found,
he's sneaky you know; he hides all around.
One day he was hiding in his Hoolabug bed,
Do you know what he told me? Do you know what he said?
He said his Hoolabug pillow was too hard for his head;
He told me he'd like to try your bed instead.

So tonight when you're sleepy,
here's what you should do.
Run into your room and yell
"HOOLABUG SHOO!"
Say "Hoolabug scatter, Hoolabug run,"
"I'm ready for bed, not Hoolabug fun."
Then pull up the covers
way over your head.
And tell Brother Hoolabug
"STAY OUT OF MY BED!"

Angela Trask

Underside In (a children's poem)

This morning I woke down feeling worn in.
I crawled from my bed to put my clothes on.
Although my shirt was inside out,
My pants were inside in.
I put my socks on backwards.
I checked to be sure my underwear was frontwards.
I just can't dress when I'm inward.



Teresa Coenen

Zeke, The Yellow Dinosaur (a children's poem)

Have you heard of the story about a dinosaur named Zeke?
Who lived up in the mountains, up high, near the peak?
And swam all alone in the Picadilly Creek?
Well, I'll tell you about that dinosaur, Zeke.

Poor, poor Zeke. He was such a strange fellow.
He drank cold hot chocloate with one marshmallow.
He ate peppermint ice cream and strawberry jello.
Most dinosaurs are green, but Zeke? He was yellow.

Poor, poor Zeke--a ridiculous sight.
His hair was a mess and his pants were too tight.
And much to everyone else's delight,
Zeke never seemed to do anything right.

At school, poor Zeke would get lost in the hall;
Or he'd slip in a puddle and take a bad fall.
He didn't even know how to play DINO-BALL.
Zeke couldn't do anything--nothing at all.
Zeke wasn't zany, or funny, or cool.
In fact, Zeke was the dorkiest dinosaur in school.
He wasn't even allowed to swim in the pool.
"NO DORKS ALLOWED"--That was the rule.

While the other dinosaurs swam, Zeke remained dry.
They made jokes and they teased him, but Zeke didn't know why.
While Zeke watched them play, he started to cry.
He couldn't fit in, no matter how hard he'd try.

"Get lost, Zeke," they said. "There's the door."
"Our club won't accept a plain dinosaur!
You've got to be something special before
We'll let you play with us anymore!"



Zeke looked sadly at Mammoth Mike and Carl Condor,
Diplodocus Dave and Benny Brontosaur,
Ceratodus Seth and Todd Tyrannosaur.
Zeke knew they were right: he was a plain dinosaur.

Feeling left out, Zeke ran up the hill.
He ran as fast as he could, and then, faster still.
And although he tried not to, Zeke felt his tears spill.
Tears ran down his face and dripped off his bill.

His bill? HIS BILL???

Zeke never noticed his orange bill.
He hadn't given it much thought until
Just now, when his tears splashed off his bill.

Zeke grabbed his bill and pulled--it was stuck!
He ran down the road and jumped in a truck.
He looked in the mirror--Oh! What luck!
Zeke wasn't a plain dinosaur--He was a DINO-DUCK!

Zeke ran back to school, singing a song.
He couldn't wait to show the others that they had been wrong.
Zeke hadn't been plain. He'd been special all along--
A special DINO-DUCK--and now he'd belong.

Angela Trask

Swater (a children's poem)

Slishy, slooshy is what I feel,
When I walk through the drippy, droppy water.
Slippery, sloppery my toes go through the puddles.
Splish, splash all over my clothes.
Swish, swash, I wonder where the water goes the water when it's gone.



Jeff Tebbe

HAIR OF THE DOG

Come ye young knave
and join in the feast.
Quaff pints of grog
and share taste of the beast.

Dost thine head feel light?
Dost the air growest warm?
Have thee yarns to spin
of days somewhere gone?

A toast to ye knave
that share in the fruit.
Recalling not what's done
whilst slave to the brute.

Shall thou returneth home
in midst of dizzy thought.
And purge thy innards clean
of the bandersnatch wrought.

Good morrow to ye knave.
Hellhounds stalk ye tonight.
Thine journey scarcely begun
and burns in morning's light.

