

Sower



1991

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Volume XLVI

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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.

Front Cover:
Angel Moore
"Tribes at Hand"



Angel Moore
"Escape to Liberty"

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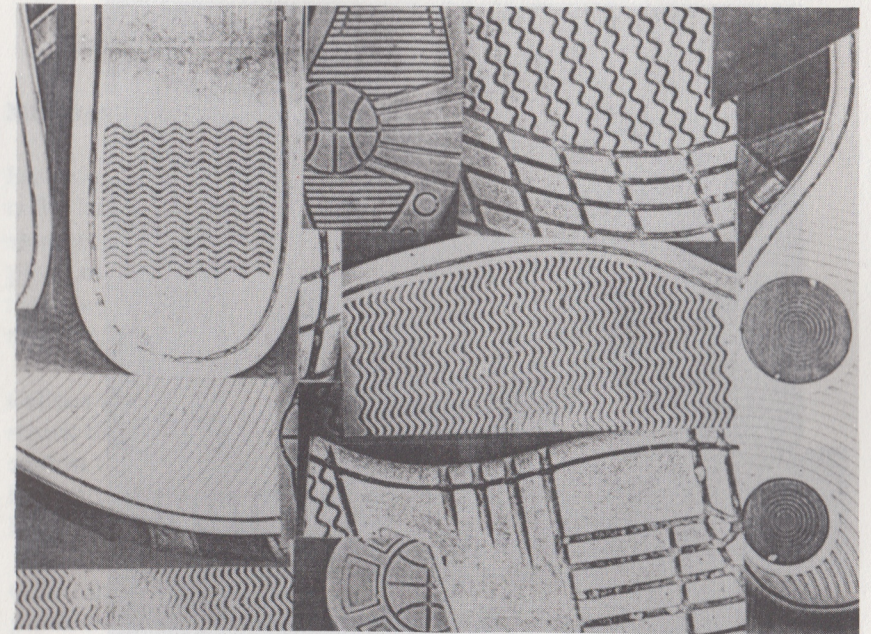
Awards

Joseph Langland Award for Poetry
Jeffrey P. Tebbe . . . Achilles Rimple

Hal Evans Cole Award for Excellence in the Arts
Stacey Schutt . . . "Splats and Stripes"



John Rhodes
"Stress Keeper"

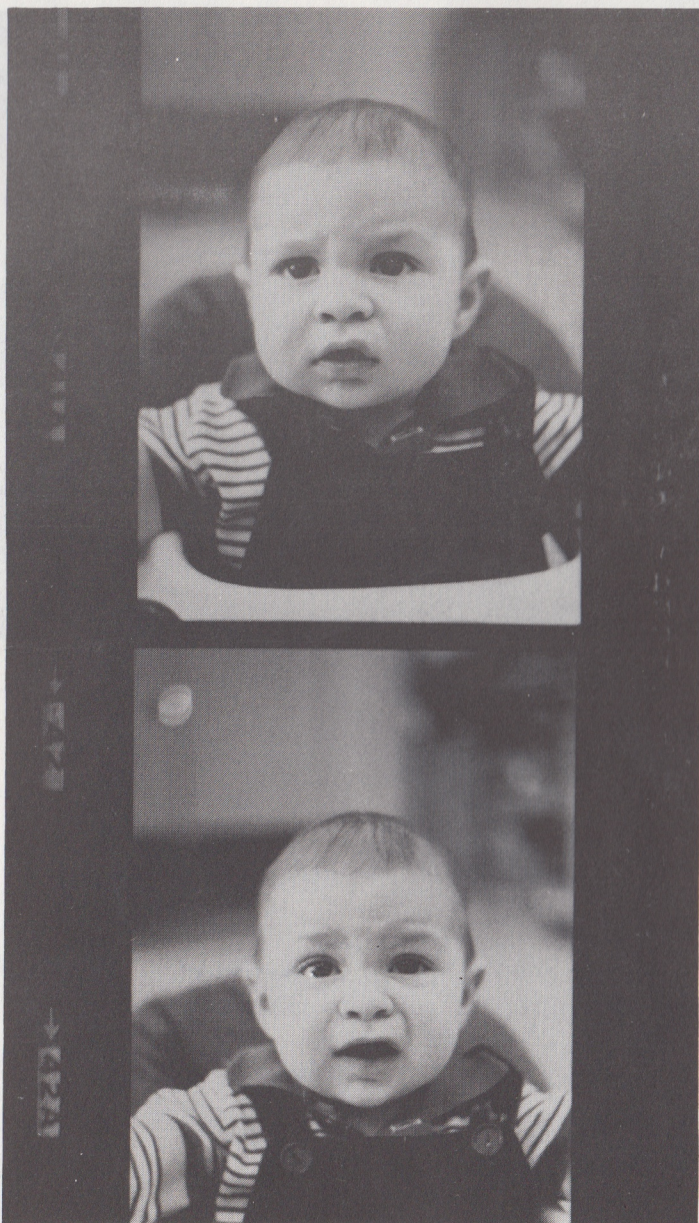


Dave Lewis

Annette Wacha

The thought is not totally unheard of.
I express myself without a word,
with a flute in my hand
I set my emotions free with
a lilt of my littlest finger
My fingers can glide through happiness
with the greatest of ease,
or they can grieve with the greatest of pain.

Painters have their brushes and paints,
I have my breath and hands.
When it comes to speeches
don't ask me to speak,
for I won't.
You need only listen to
my music to know the reason.



Ronda Schramm

Kimberly Soderberg

Musings

Enshrouded in black,
collar hanging heavy and choking,
sleeves, long and binding
pinch my icy bloodless hands
that mechanically jab
opaque ivory.

Callous keys,
struck dead
against the harp,
barricaded by blocked emotion
begging for release . . .

Cold robotic fingers
plunk metallic notes
devoid of feeling.

The piano's voice
fades away
to resonant stillness.

Silence,
rings loudly,
relentlessly deafening
my ears.

Demoralized,
drained,
I desert,
leaving behind
an unplayed melody,
sweeter still.



Stacey Schutt
"Splats and Stripes"

Tina Zayat

Kiss in a Snowstorm

It was after midnight
when she saw him.
She immediately felt her heart
beat faster.
Why was he walking towards her
she wondered . . .

Beautiful white snow surrounded her.
Already four inches covered the earth
yet more was falling from the heavens.
She could barely see
and on her feet she wore only sneakers.

He came up beside her
and put her arm in his.
She smiled at him and he at her . . .
their hearts pounding . . .
their eyes piercing one another's souls . . .

The wind stung their faces,
the snowflakes wet their hair,
but they didn't care because they were together.

He protected her
and brought her safely to her door,
but she didn't want to go in.
His good looks and full, wet lips
kept her outside.

They both stood there
in the snowstorm
talking and laughing
feeling wetter and colder,
with every passing minute.

The minutes passed by quickly
and he said he had to leave.
Her heart stopped.
She could have talked all night.
She didn't want him to leave yet.

He stepped forward
and hugged her.
She held him close
never wanting to let him go.
His body heat felt so good
against the chill of the night.
This time it was really right.

Then he looked into her eyes
and she into his . . . for what seemed an eternity . . .
but was only seconds . . .

as his wet lips touched hers . . .
their passion ignited . . .
then she woke from her dream.



Jeffrey P. Tebbe
"Field of Streams"

Joel Robert Morgan

The Big Machine

Self-pity, anguish, pain
A tightly curled-up ball of person.
"I AM" screams in the cavernous recesses of the mind—
echoing forever . . .

Lack of driving force.
No single concentration of thought, mind and body.
Drowning in a sea of responsibility.

Gasp for air.
Go back under.
Breaths becoming shorter an shorter.
No springboard at the bottom to bounce off of.

The Big Machine turns and turns,
grinding out weak souls and wearing down the rest.
Run, Run.

When can we walk?
Oh God, when can we walk?
I am so tired.
When can we walk?
Run, Run.

Jumping off the treadmill is suicide;
the gears on the sides suck you down and kill you.
Run, Run.

Make SOMETHING of yourself son.
Stand out!!
Run faster,
Run, Run.

Run to your death.

Tina Zayat

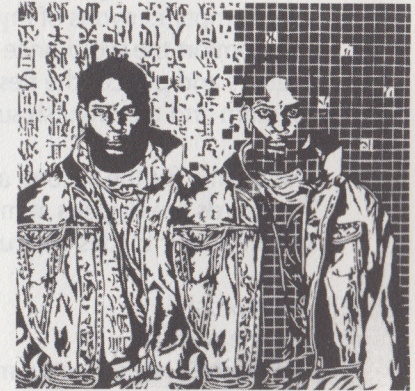
Snow is Good For the Soul

Freshly fallen snow,
white, clean, and pure is
capable of turning back
the hands of time to
make the old feel
young at heart.

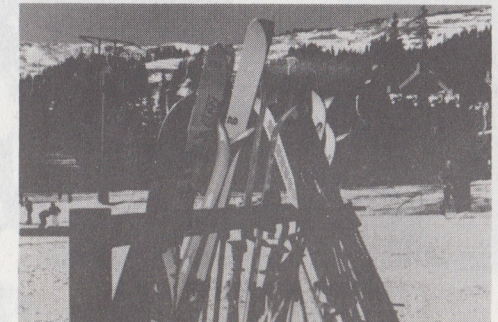
Childhood memories
of being the first feet to
run across the untouched snow,
gives the soul a new outlook on life
one that can be seen in a smile
and in the eyes.

Freshly fallen snow.
Sun sparkling snow is
capable of relaxing the mind
from it's daily tensions,
bringing back peace and serenity
to a life filled with turmoil.

Childhood memories
of a snow day off from school
spent outside with friends
throwing snowballs, making a snowman, and sledding down the
hills.
Then coming inside for popcorn
and hot chocolate
revives the soul
and gives it new life.



Mike Godfrey
"United Color"



Tina Gustman

Annette Wacha

The words echo again and again
In the empty canyons of my mind
The comfort the word once held
Shatters and pierces the flesh of my heart
I scream and the anguish subsides.

They come for the second attack
The words are daggers at my back
Twisting their blades with unmerciful kindness.

The words!
Oh, the words!
They form a wind ripping my mind apart
Why don't the words stop!
I'm holding onto my sanity like a child
holding a helium balloon in a wind storm

The storm will die down, they say
and the wounds will heal.

But the scar never totally heals and the scar is always seen.



Cari Craft

Jeffrey P. Tebbe

Achilles Rimple

An armored teen
Passes into a gallery gauntlet
Of Disney colored splatterings
And mindless molded globs.
"To expand his horizons."
His shield of prejudice held high.
Pinballing from Rembrandt to Raphael.
Monet and Renoir bouncing off
Picassoing about the room.
Dali slipping down his back.
Nothing clinging, dimpling
Or creasing his armor.

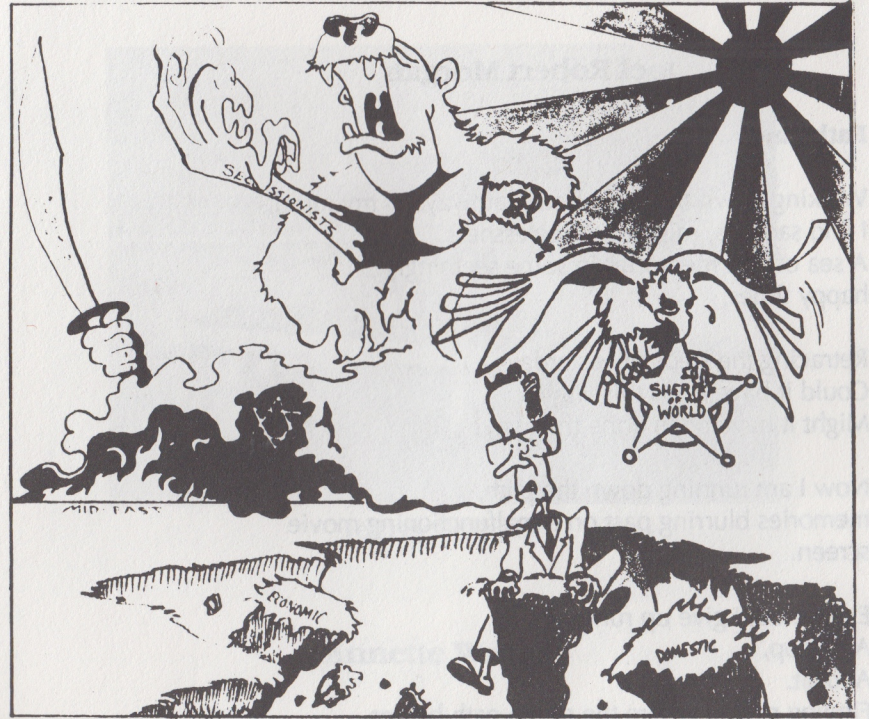
Until a glossy black and white
Vision impales his spirit.
Slipping between iron plates
Cutting deep and true.
Silken sex and high heeled lust.
What lines! What form!
Feminine folds of skin
Conquering a spent tube
of mars black.
What composition! What meaning!
Armor clatters to the floor.
A fortress crumbles.



Jeffrey P. Tebbe
"Doin' it in the Park"



Matt Plowman



Matt Plowman
"The New World Order"



Matt Plowman
"By the Third of May"

Joel Robert Morgan

Pathways

Walking down the well-worn pathways of my mind,
I find sadness, mistrust, hopelessness.
A sea of bed memories in some seemingly
happy times.

Retracing the steps of yesterday—
Could it have been this way?
Might it have been done that way?

Now I am running down the path,
memories blurring past on a malfunctioning movie
screen.

Exhausted, I give up running
And stop,
And sit.
Finding myself where the rough path begins
and the smooth one ends.

Ahh!
The present is here!
A new path to wear.



Stacey Schutt



Jeffrey P. Tebbe

Annette Wacha

Silence.
The radio blares through the silence,
but the silence deafens me.

The clock ticks through the silence,
but the silence is screaming at me.

Silence.
I hate the silence.
I don't want to hear the silence.

Rain beats against the window.
The silence is still there.

Silence.
The wind rips through the trees.
Silence.
Silence.
I don't want to hear the silence.

The silence tears me apart.
The silence breaks my heart into pieces.
Will the silence ever end?

Jeffrey P. Tebbe

Sweet Dreams Cami

Fantasize on a pillowed bed.
Let today's affairs drift
Wantonly among ebbing alpha waves.

Vestments spun of silken dreams,
Weightless on burdened wings,
Dyed with hues of passion.

A gentle man exists in this realm,
Faultless and wholly yours,
Lifted from a palate of fantasy.

A phantom lover.
Fingertips tracing your psyche
And kissing the fever of your lips.

Wandering hand-in-hand
He'll listen to the worries
And exercise repressed demons.

Waking in crystal light.
Romance procreated in whimsy,
Reflected in a dream retreat.



Sabra Schoville
"Face Ads"



Carrie Pedersen
"Hanson's Garage"

Annette Wacha

Feel?
Think?
Don't ask me what I think,
I might tell you.
Don't ask me what I feel,
Or you'll feel it too.

My human self thinks as a computer thinks.
The emotion tapes erased.

My human self thinks like a coin laying on a road
during a hot summer day.
Touch it and get burned.

Just don't ask unless you're prepared to hear
The real truth.

Jeffrey P. Tebbe

Winterfest

It snowed bunches last night.
Rollercoasters of white.
Games and rides to marvel.
No tickets are required.

Suspended snowpants,
Woolen mittens,
And silver buckled boots are costume
for a day of clowning around.

Snow castles and funhouses
filled with winter sideshows.
Scooping snow is piles of fun,
Except in the driveway.

The snowball toss is my favorite game.
Stone fillings packed hard.
A hit with one of these
Is a winner every time.

Avoid yellow snowcones.
Icicles are a tasty treat.
But, melting marshmallows in hot chocolate
Soothe abominable snowmen.

When the carnival closes
and matted grass is all that's left,
A clown suit lies in a pile of slush,
And wool sticks to fingers like cotton candy.



Hans Madsen

Sheila M. Young

Never-Ending Act

Lost little girl
Dissolved, almost to none
All innocence disintegrated
Into never-ending darkness.
Trapped within locked doors.
The mind is closed forever,
And to what?
To what do I owe this imperishable pleasure?

Words that penetrate
The very mind
In which they are spoken to.
As hidden vultures
Waiting,
Watching their prey,
Knowing it's always there,
The merciless striving on constant fear.

Dawn appears,
And with the new light
A new scene is born.
The actor's characters
Changed,
The audience
Always believing

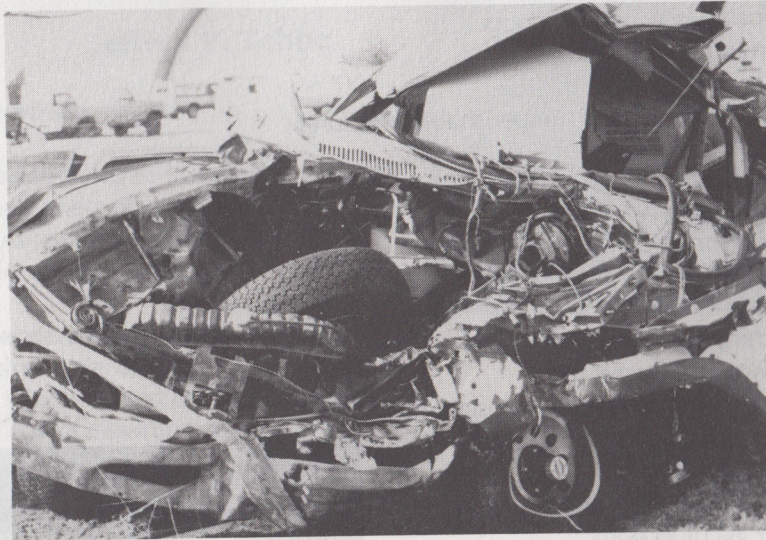
One day, though
When little girl is grown
Yet another scene will be born.
Perhaps in this one
Lies the hero
Chasing the vulture away.
But the finale of fear
seems to last
and last . . .



Melanie Larson
"A Sliver of Light"

Annette Wacha

Life is
Happy, sad, soft,
Loud, funny, exciting,
New, old, loving, caring, sweet, kind,
over.



Jeffrey P. Tebbe
"Mortality Check"

Annette Wacha

Horses,
Thundering loud
Over the plains, through wind,
Manes fluttering, whipping at me,
They're gone.



Tina Gustman

Annette Wacha

Deep in the forest
The river runs wide
And creatures do scamper
For someplace to hide.

The bridge that spans o'er it
Is showing its wear
And all who do cross it
Must do so with care.

A foolish young man
Wishing to cross
Spurred his horse
Fearing no loss.

The horse it obeyed
It's riders command
Though the horse knew the bridge would not stand.

The old bridge it moaned
Like an old rusty latch,
But the rider got through
With nary a scratch.

The rider looked back
To the bridge he'd gone o'er,
His purse, it was gone
It fell through the floor.



Bryce Biffar

Daylene Perrino

Remember . . .

The times

We laughed
'Til we had tears in our eyes
And felt as if we could never stop.

Or perhaps

Walking
Down the streets of the big city
In our newly purchased sunglasses.

How about

The day we visited the zoo
Free to ourselves,
Unlike the animals in their cages.

There was

The afternoon
We wore our matching sweatshirts around town
And stopped to buy dill pickles.

Not forgetting

Those mornings
I had to have glazed donuts
From the little bakery.

The hours

We spent talking
About friendship, life, happiness,
And the future.

Most of all

Remember
The tears we cried
After we said goodbye.



Brad Frahm

Tina Zayat

Never Again to be the Same

Curiosity got the best of me.
The temptation was too strong
and my will power wasn't strong enough.
It was bigger than me.
I couldn't resist it's brute force.
I struggled against it for hours, but in the end-
it won.
It took hold of me and wouldn't let go.
Never again could I be who I was-
before it happened.
I had changed.
Forever.
Curiosity got the best of me.

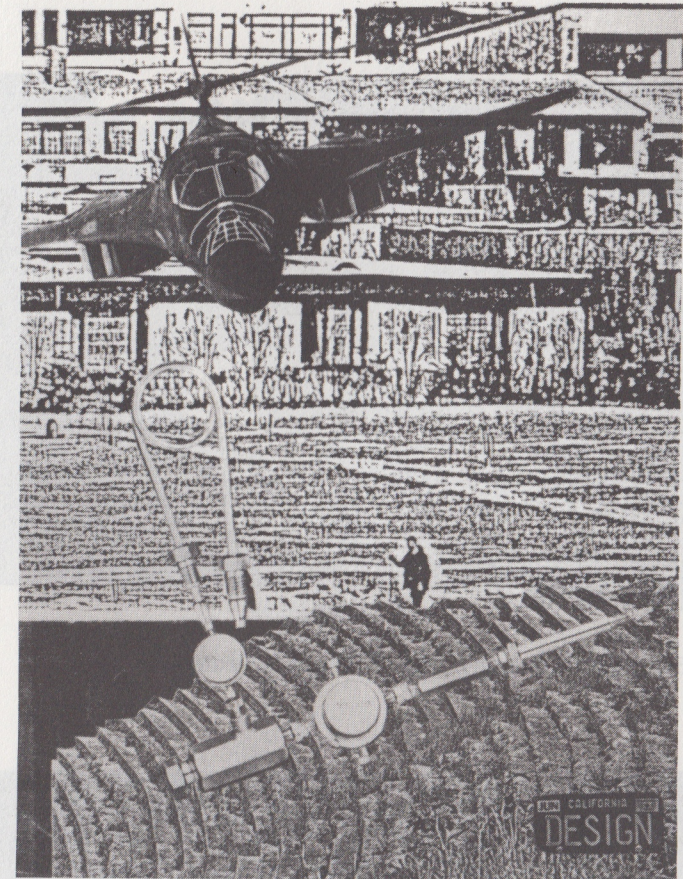
Sheila M. Young

Fading for Dreams

The golden orange-red sun
Fading
Beneath the dreams of man.
Always departing
To later return.
Only to fade again
Beyond the ocean waves.
The sun,
Fading,
Not because it wants to
But, because it has to.
Fading,
To bring on the night,
For dreams of men
Come at night
And without the
Fading
Of the sun
There would be no dreams,
No happiness.



Gregory S. McBride



Jeff Walters

Tina Zayat

Tomorrow, Today and Yesterday

None of us can anticipate
what's going to happen tomorrow.
We can only make today
the best day of our lives,

and once today is gone
none of us have control over it.
It becomes a yesterday
and rides off into the sunset.

Joel Robert Morgan

Winter

Look what has become of the close-clipped hedge.
It is held by piano wires that drink the earth dry.
Its crimson leaves now are mulch--
feeding a dormant crop.

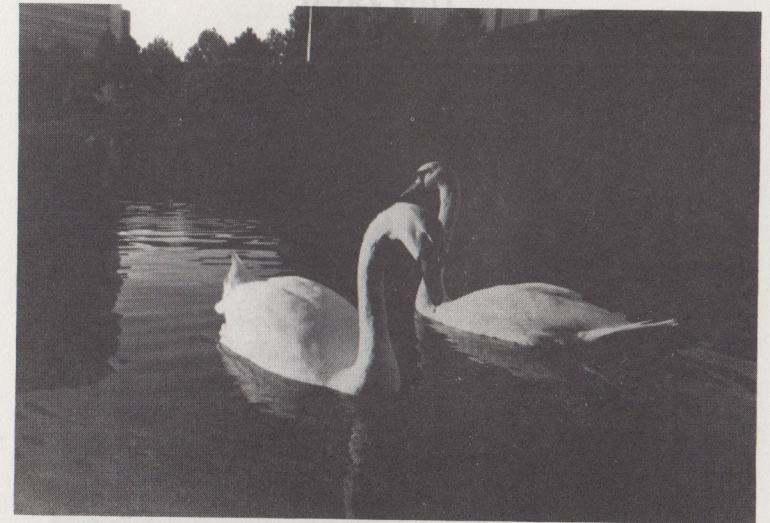
The white waves lavish the land,
But
turn it cold and bright under a
November sun.

The click of dry bones against each other fill the forest.
The sticks'melody falls on no ears.

Everyone is at home with their space heaters



Gregory S. McBride



Melanie Larson

"Shy"

Michael Maxwell

Friends

Over land and over sea they come,
People of all different lands.

From the east and from the west,
They come with eyes all a glow

Men and women of the world,
They meet and keep with each other.

Companions they will be,
then the time comes.

Goodbye they must say,
But will never let go.

Friends.

Tina Zayat

Clubhouse Suicide

Leaning against wood.
studying the world.
watching it pass me by—

A place to think.
A place to breathe deeply.
A place to sing the blues away.

Looking down.
thinking of jumping.
hearing the thud of my body—

A place to be alone.
A place to listen to the birds chirp.
A place to fall in love wit life.

Ending all my problems,
Nothing can hurt me anymore.
Seeing is believing.

A place to close my eyes—
Forever.



Curt Thomas
"Reflect"



Robert Hoff

Michael Maxwell

Silence

Weary from a short nights sleep
The phone rings.

Half awake and still in bed
The phone rings.

The phone is reached.
Silence is found.

The news has been heard
With the silence still there.

Grandpa's passed away.
The silence will forever be.

Joel Robert Morgan

The Drink

"Give me a shot, Ted."

Oddities swirling through the consciousness
of an unknown being who is not sure
Where the road is leading;
What is real and what is not.

Cornfields now grow where his ancestors used to hunt for sustenance.
Why did they subject those people to such hardships;
Such injustice of the soul.

Now they teach of a lost race of people
who drink and refuse to become mainstreamed into their world of
hypocrisy and the Me! generation.

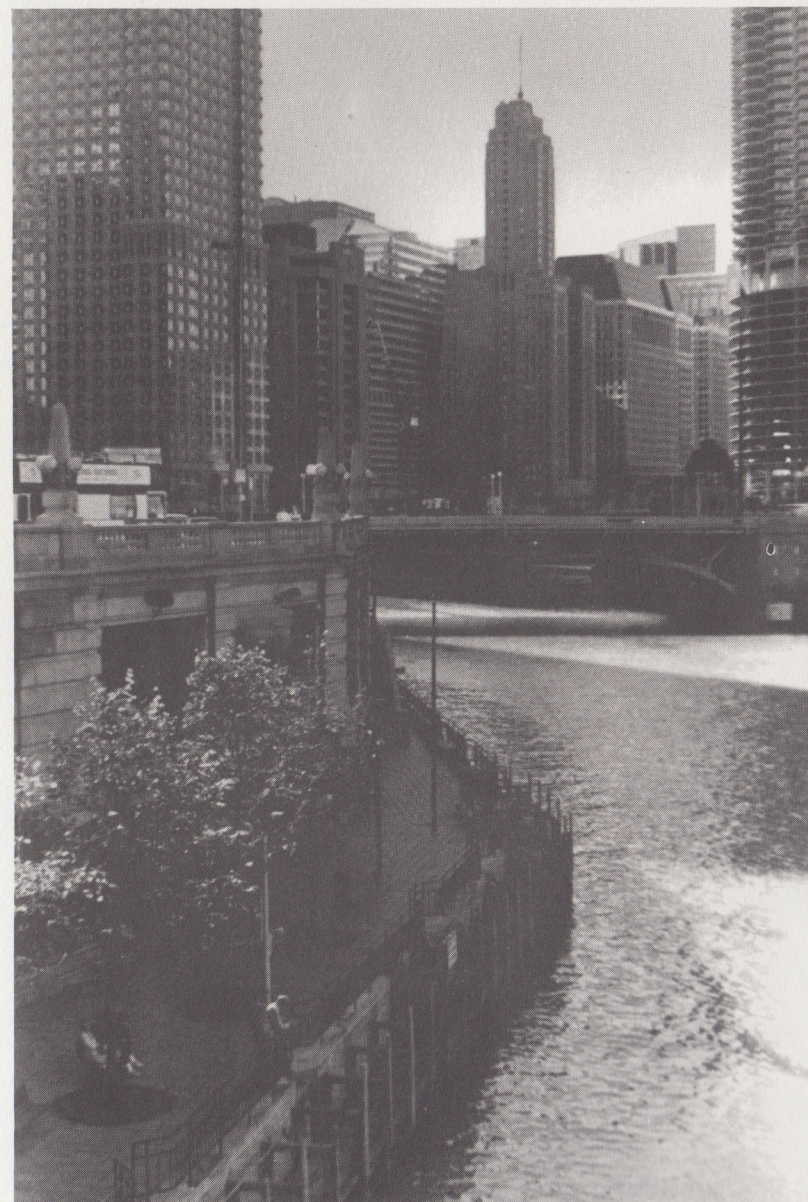
All of this sweeping into his consciousness
makes it hard to take another drink.

Visions of grandeur rebound into his thought processes.
All of his gray matter whirling into one idea.
An uprising!!
NO! Shouts the still angry mind.
It cannot be done.

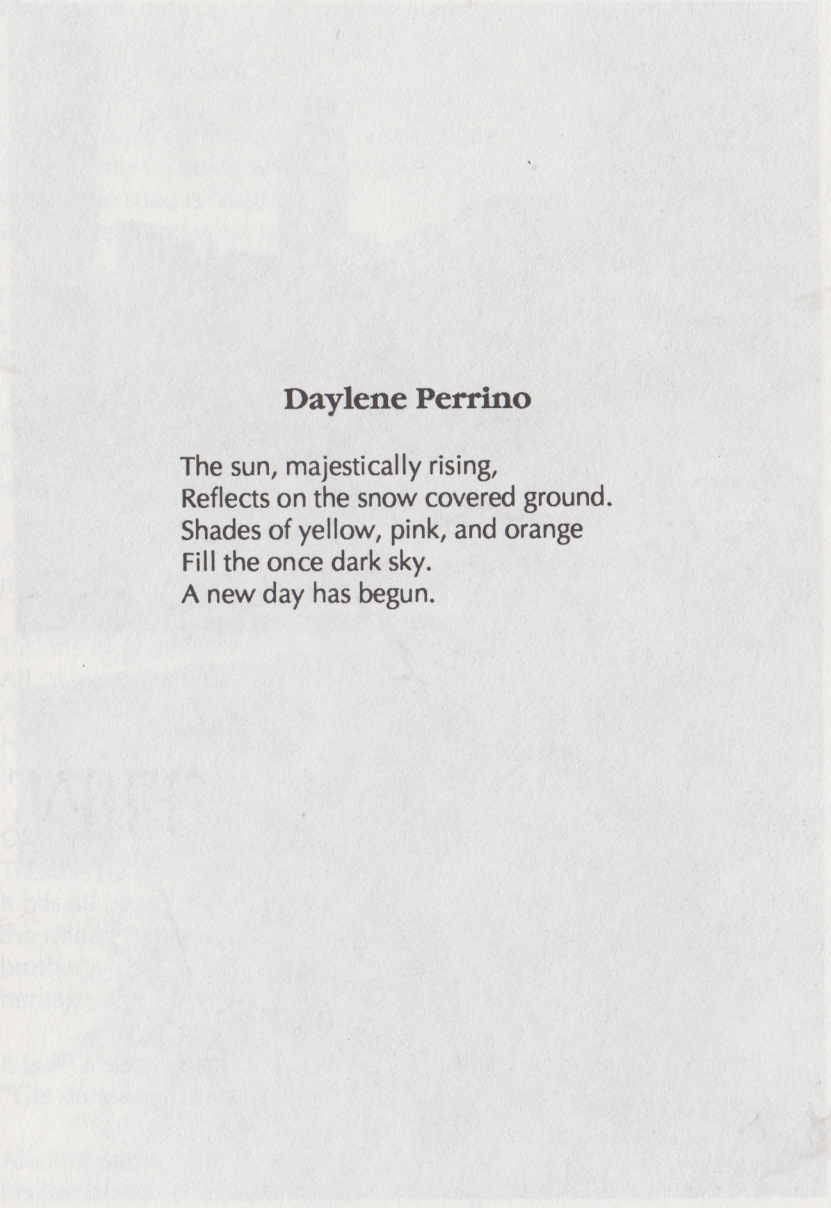
Dreams — nothing but pipe dreams.
There is no pride left to salvage.
It has all been left to decay among the buffaloes;
the rolling hill and lush green valley mourn deeply in the loss of their
brother's
heritage.

It is all a stage show now.
"Get dressed up and dance children."

Alcohol and sublimation is his only refuge,
his last device of escape from his whirling consciousness.



Ingrid Brott
"Chicago"



Daylene Perrino

The sun, majestically rising,
Reflects on the snow covered ground.
Shades of yellow, pink, and orange
Fill the once dark sky.
A new day has begun.