

Sower 1993



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.

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Volume XLVIII

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Unknown Country

Seeing is believing
A spread like an ocean
As large as half of Africa

Twenty-five million people
live in this country
Divided into fifty states
Each state with a governor

Known as a super power
All the country recognize it
Helping many students
from various countries

Students from across Africa
Fight for an education in America
Many complete their education
successfully, and to benefit others

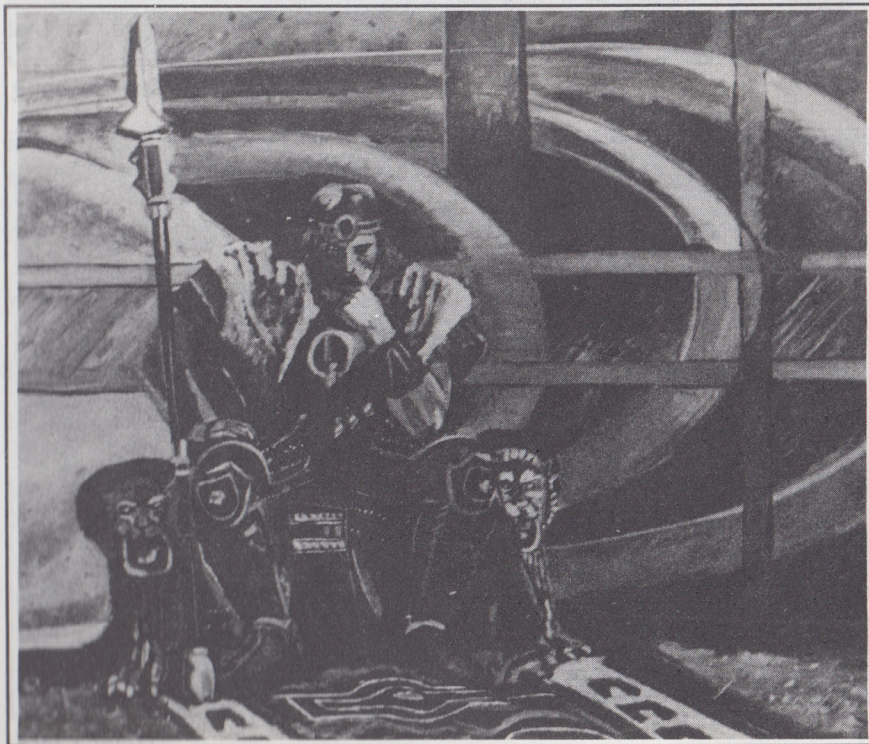
Some of them become citizens
Do not want to leave America
They have found hidden gold
And wish not to return

Those of you who stay
One day you will return
Missing all your ancestors
Returning to the land of your birth

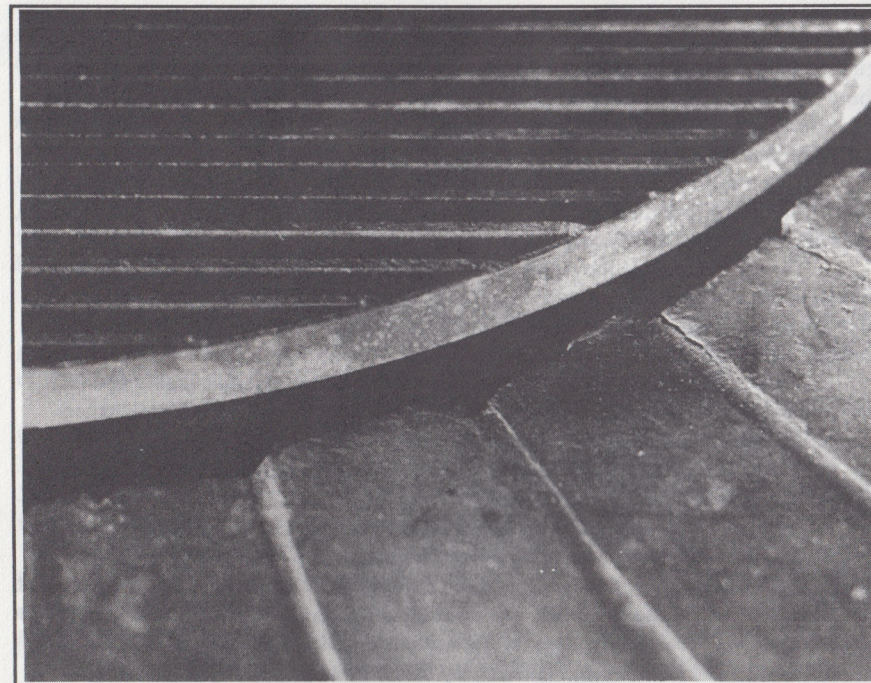
L. Z.

Untitled

Nigger!
What did you call me
MOTHERF..... (a Loud Bang)
Shots in the middle of the day
Two witnesses ran for help
As the killers car sped away
The police arrived on the scene
Too late the boy was dead
Blood spewed from his wounded chest
And some from his lifeless head
tomorrow will come and
The papers will read
"Another Youth Dead in the City"
All because of the prejudice
Driving against our unity



Courtney Ross



Marettta Osborn

Nate Larsen

Hate Lives to Destroy Love

"Hate lives to destroy love." That was one of Ty Williams' mother's favorite quotes. If Ty would tell his mom that he hated spinach, cats, or another person, she would say, "Hate lives to destroy love, Ty. Do you honestly want to be responsible for destroying love?"

Ty was a guy who moved to my hometown of Creekmore, Iowa, my freshman year of high school. He was just like every other kid in our class, except for one thing. He was black.

The town of Creekmore is very small, and in my class, there were only twenty four students, all of us white. When Ty walked into our classroom one sunny morning, he caused quite a stir.

We were in our third hour class. Mrs. Roberts, our algebra teacher, was trying to teach us the properties of linear equation or something like that. Mr. Duncan, the principal, walked into the room and asked Mrs. Roberts if he could see her in the hallway for a moment.

The minute she stepped out of the room and shut the door, we all erupted into voicing our opinions about why Mr. Duncan needed to see Mrs. Roberts. Most of the

girls thought that it was just to tell her about a teachers' meeting after school or something trivial like that, but us guys were a little more creative. We decided that they were either having an affair and Mr. Duncan couldn't wait 'til after school to get to her or that maybe he had come to fire her because he had found out that she was a child molester.

Then the door opened, and she came back in. The room suddenly became dead quiet. I turned toward the door, and when I saw who was standing there by Mrs. Roberts, I was as speechless as all the others.

The kid standing in the doorway was tall and thin. His jet black hair was shaved almost to the skin, and he was wearing an L.A. Raiders t-shirt and a pair of black jeans. He was your average high school freshman in our town except for that one thing that I mentioned before, the color of his skin.

It was a dark shade of brown. I realized that I had my mouth hanging open and I was staring. The I realized that I wasn't the only one. Everyone in the class seemed astonished, staring at him as if he were some kind of carnival freak.

Mrs. Roberts broke the silence by saying, "Class, today we have a new student. His name is Ty Williams and he's from Harmony, Oklahoma."

A steady buzz began to fill the room. Even though he sat at a desk right in the center of us, he acted as if he didn't know that everyone was whispering about him. It wasn't that we were racist, at least not all of us were, but in Creekmore, I don't think that any one of us had ever seen a black man up close and personal. All any of us knew about black people was what we had seen on television and in the movies.

When we went to lunch that noon, my friend Jeremy Washington came up to where I was sitting and sat down. "So, what do you think of the new guy?" he asked.

I looked at him and was about to reply, but he didn't give me a chance. He cut in with, "You know, the nigger."

Jeremy was the type of guy who was always trying to get a rise out of someone so I played it cool and pretended that it didn't bother me. I replied, "I don't know. He seems all right." Jeremy smirked and said, "Oh right. Did you see the shirt that he's wearing? I heard that in the cities the only people who wear Raiders shirts are gang members. He's probably even packing a gun."

To me that sounded pretty stupid. "Oh shit, man. He sure doesn't look like a gang member."

"Even so, I'll bet he is. I heard that they moved here because his dad got the manager's position down at the elevator. I bet that will sure slow down the business."

It was about two weeks later at lunch when I saw Ty sitting in the corner eating all alone. Before this, I hadn't even seen him eat in the lunchroom. Since my regular crowd wasn't there yet, I decided to be a nice guy and go sit by him.

About half way there, I decided that maybe this wasn't such a good idea after all. I looked around for an empty table, but I had passed them all as I walked toward Ty. Then he looked up and saw me. I knew I had to go over there now because if I didn't, I would be rude.

I gathered up all of my nerves and walked right up to him. "Is it all right if I sit here?" I asked, motioning to the seat across from him.

He looked up at me. "Yeah, sure."

Then Jeremy was walking in with his lunch. I motioned to him where I was sitting, and he seemed to begin to walk toward us, but then his eyes found Ty and he stopped. He began to look around the room as if he hadn't seen me, and then he turned

and sat at a table up front.

Embarrassment is an understatement for what I felt. I was trying to think of something to say to Ty, but when I turned to him, he was looking down at his plate eating. I knew that he had seen what had happened too, but he was ignoring it because he was also embarrassed. I silently thanked him for it.

Gradually we began to talk. It was mostly just small talk, but it went pretty well, and I decided that I liked him. When we were done eating, I decided to take the plunge. I asked him, "What are you doing tonight?"

He said, "Probably nothing."

I asked him if he wanted to go walking around that night and see if anything was going on up at the park, where most of the kids my age usually hung out. He said that that sounded good, and then it was time to go back to class.

That night went pretty well. When the other kids saw that Ty was with me and the taboo was broken, most of them introduced themselves and some even talked to him a little. One thing kind of upset me, though. When we first got to the park, I had seen Jeremy standing by the picnic tables. I know that he saw us, but the next thing I knew, he was gone. That was the last we saw of him all night.

The next morning when I went to school. I got a good idea of what had been bothering Jeremy. I went to my locker to get my books and taped to the door was a piece of paper which read "Derek is a nigger lover!" I was astonished because I knew Jeremy's handwriting. I tore the paper off my locker, ripped it up, and threw it away.

For almost a year, everything went well for both Ty and his family. His father was doing pretty good business down at the elevator, and his mother had gotten a job at the local retirement home. I had only heard them be referred to as niggers a few times, and this was by the type of people who had no respect in the town and seemed to live only to stab others in the back. Ty was getting along great in our class and got along with almost everyone. He had become a very close friend of mine, and we were almost inseparable.

When I say that Ty got along with everybody, there is one exception, Jeremy. They had never gotten in a fight or anything, but Jeremy would always ignore Ty, and if Ty tried to talk to him, he would just turn around and walk away, not even acknowledging him. Personally, I think that for some reason, the fact Ty was of African American descent intimidated Jeremy and Jeremy turned that feeling into hatred.

Jeremy's hatred was not only directed toward Ty though. He would no longer talk to me either, and whenever I tried to talk to him, he would glare at me and tell me that he had somewhere else to go and leave me standing there feeling really stupid. After this had happened a few times, I finally decided to just leave him alone.

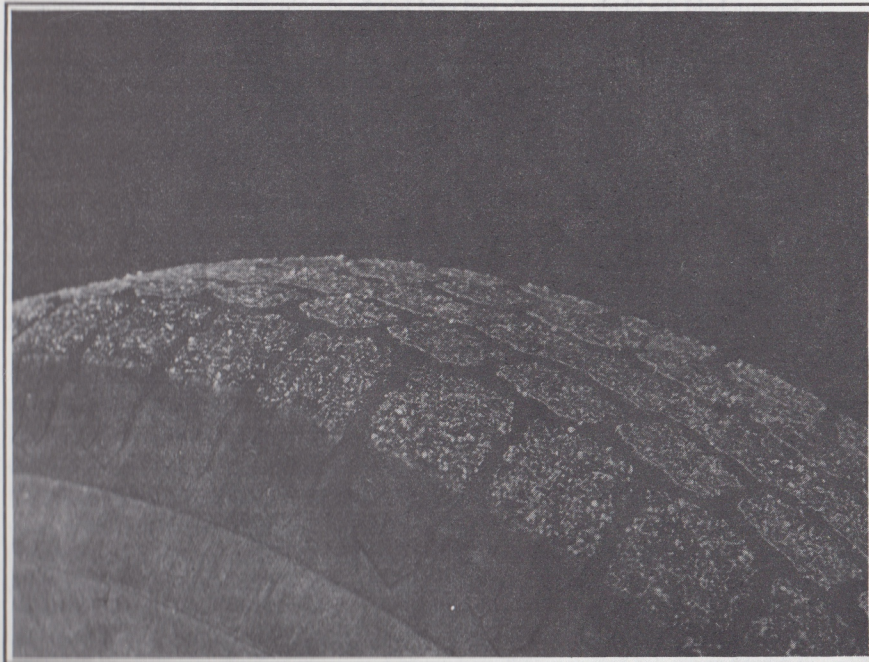
One time, this kid who hung out with Jeremy a lot was walking home from school. It was during our sophomore year and Ty had just gotten his license a week and a half before and we liked to cruise around after school in his dad's dark blue thunderbird. When we was Ray walking along, we pulled over and asked him if he wanted a ride. He said yes so we gave him a ride home, and I didn't think much more about it, at least not until I heard about the fight he and Jeremy got into.

I guess that they were playing a game of basketball on the playground. Jeremy and Ray were guarding each other and it was getting kind of rough. Then Ray went for the lay up and Jeremy gave him a hard push from behind. Ray flew up against the fence and fell down. He got up and turned to Jeremy. With burning cheeks and a flash of

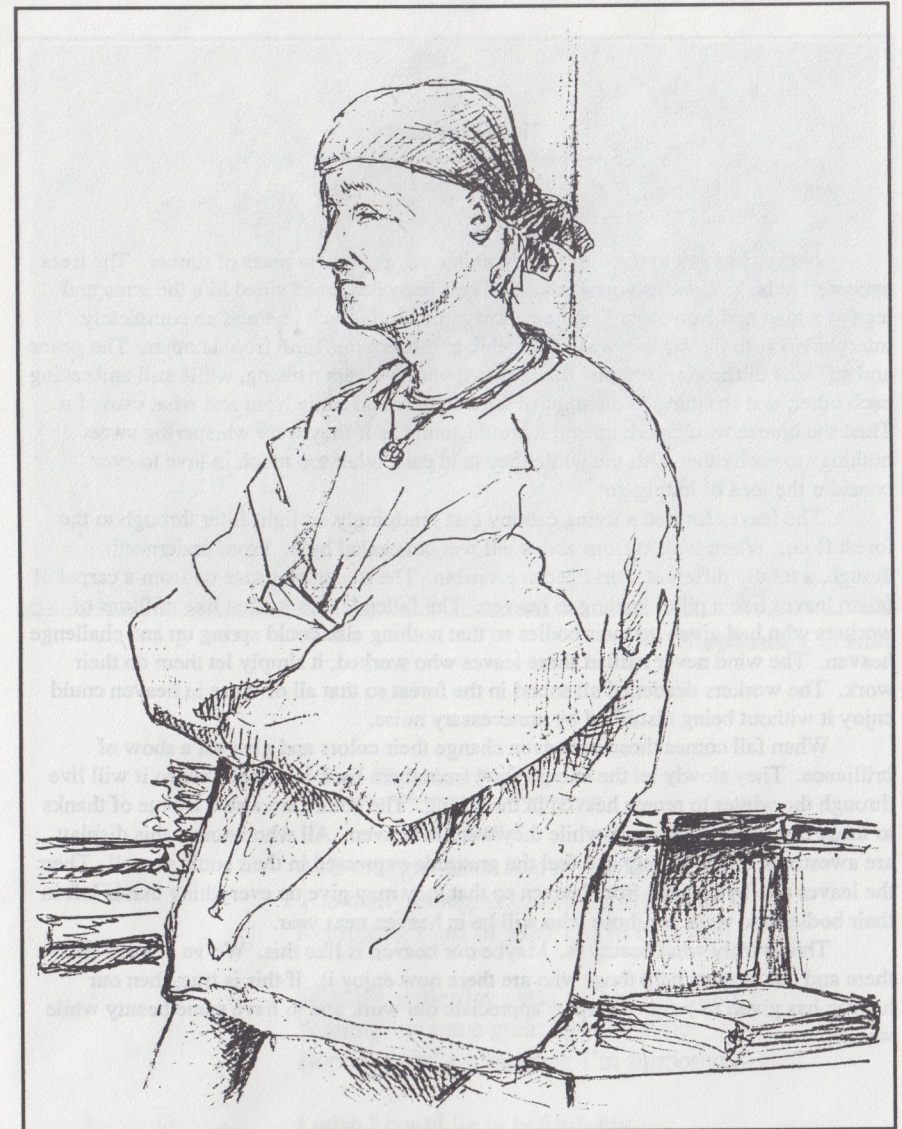
L.Z.

Untitled

Life divides us
into many pools
To find our way
we must use many tools
If we break down
we must start up again
If we stay down
our life begins to drain
The wheel must turn
to bring us good will
Nothing is accomplished
from the wheel that is still
We must whip the horse
to bring us out from the dirt
It lies in the brush
along the side of the mountain
Soon we will find
the passage to our own secret fountain.....



Erin Foulkes



Karl Hermanson

Jim Daugherty

Untitled

It stretched out to the horizon. Nothing but an endless mass of timber. The trees appeared to be as close as young lovers. Their branches intertwined like the arms and legs of a man and woman lost in the height of passion. Each one was so completely intertwined with the other it was impossible to discern one limb from another. The peace and stillness of the air made one think of two young lovers pausing, while still embracing each other, and straining to distinguish where the sound came from and what caused it. Then the breeze would pick up and it would sound as if they were whispering sweet nothings to each other. All the while they held each other too much in love to even consider the idea of letting go.

The leaves formed a living canopy that grudgingly let light filter through to the forest floor. When look at from above, all was concealed by it. From underneath, though, a totally different world became visible. The tree trunks rose up from a carpet of fallen leaves like a pillar leading to heaven. The fallen leaves looked like millions of workers who had given up their bodies so that nothing else could spring up and challenge heaven. The wind never rustled these leaves who worked, it simply let them do their work. The workers deadened all sound in the forest so that all of those in heaven could enjoy it without being disturbed by unnecessary noise.

When fall comes those in heaven change their colors and give off a show of brilliance. They slowly let the energy flow from them back into the trunk so it will live through the winter to renew heaven in the spring. The colors are also a tribute of thanks to those that worked for them while they were in heaven. All who witness this display are awestruck by the beauty and feel the gratitude expressed in their souls as well. Then the leaves one by one fall from heaven so that they may give up everything that is left in their bodies and work for those who will be in heaven next year.

This is truly what beauty is. Maybe our heaven is like this. We've already been there and our prayers help those who are there now enjoy it. If this is true, then our heaven has given us trees to help us appreciate our work and to have some beauty while we toil.



Stephanie Carlson

Kristine Flack

Stillness

As I snuggle down into my rumpled bed
Too many thoughts crowding my head
Regretting most of what I have ever said

Wishing yesterday wasn't all in my mind
Waiting for some great light to shine
Hoping there's something I'm supposed to find

I wish I could lie in bed all day
Looking for the right words to say
Knowing that someone's guiding my way

Matthew E'rin Plowman

Brush

My whole life
I've only been a brush.

I was never really good,
My tip was never straight nor perfect.

My bristles were always frayed, bent or broken,
And the strokes I offered were clumsy and rough.

Where my painter pushed right, I went left,
Oh how frustrating for both of us!

But my painter never put me down, nor aside,
Always compensating for my mistakes.

I felt jealous of others who could serve the better,
With their body and finesse of stroke, not like mine.

Yet the painter never put me down, nor aside,
Always guiding me along the rough canvass.

The painter would lift me a sacred moment
And give me drink, to fill my bristles up.

I always second guessed my actions with doubt, and
forever cringed at my repeating mistakes.

But my painter never put me down, nor aside,
Until the canvass complete, he lifted me up.

I winced knowing the mess I had made, but then saw
My past journey as a beautiful work of art.

I asked how this was so, for my bristles
Could not have done what I saw perfect.

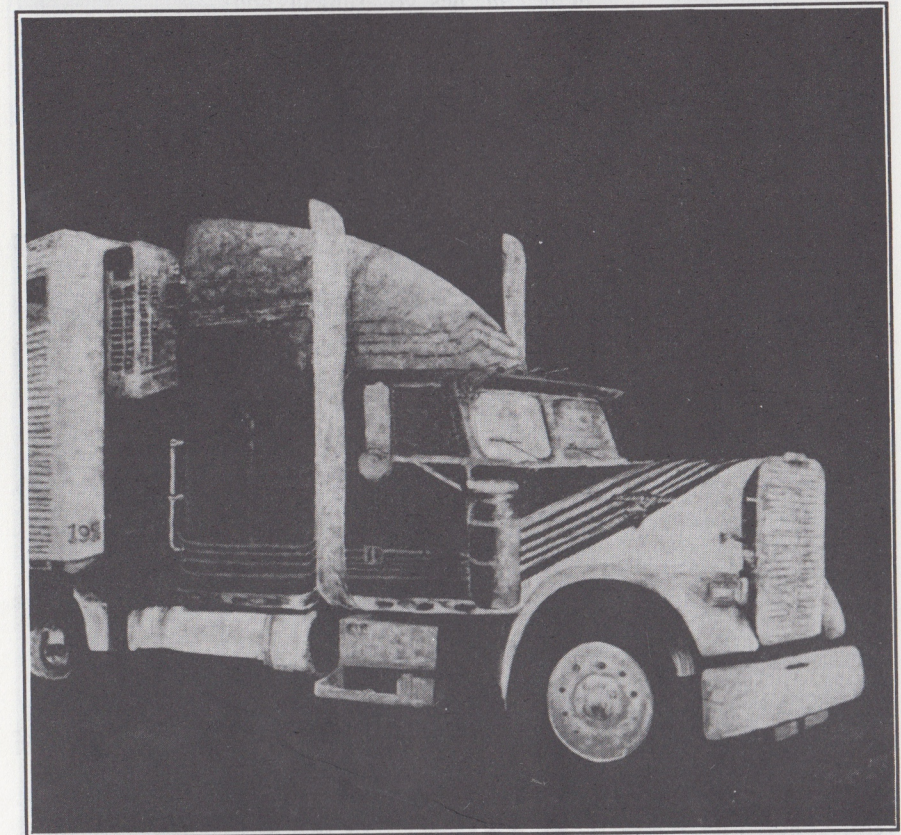
But then I saw the painter's other hand, he had
Another brush, his son, covering my mistakes.

I had forgotten, that is was his hand not me
That made this work that was his, not mine.

As I thought I was through
To be cast into a jar of turpentine.

The painter put before me, a new canvass
Where my bristles glided perfect, without thirst.

I am not finished, and will not be
For my painter's hand has a hold of me.



Paula Trudell

Ilpo Kavara

Dana

When we came to you
our fields were barren;
We did not fully know
The significance of learning.

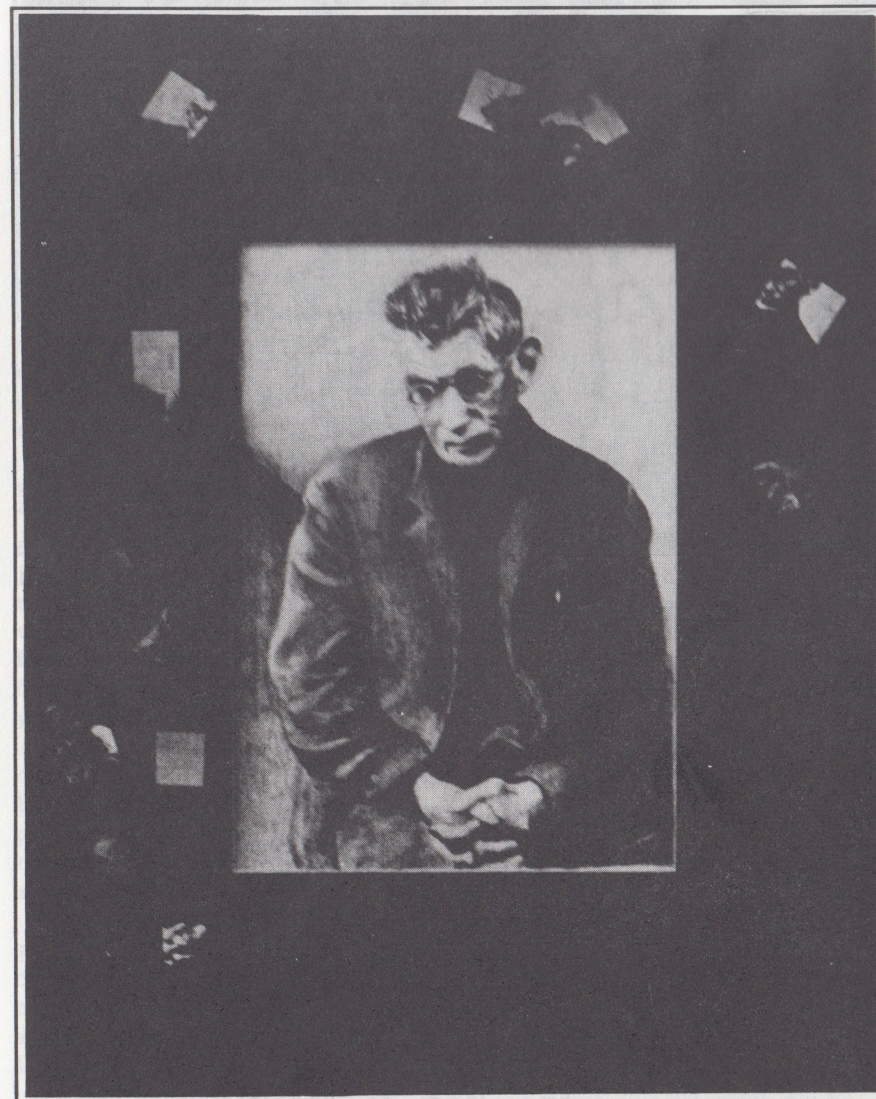
You have planted seeds,
In our fertile minds.
Knowledge takes root;
The meaning of education grows.

We are the new harvest;
And we will plant seeds
In the churches, governments and
schools of our homelands.

The harvest that you planted
Bring a promise of rich harvests
And fields of abundance
Truth conquers.



Meredith Dickerson



Stephanie Carlson



Maretta Osborn

Kristine Flack

The Wind

I remember being
afraid of someone getting in
the end of the world knocking with the wind every
time my back's against the door there's nothing
I can do but be frightened once again.

It's not the end of the
world just the show about ready to begin.

But what it could do to me, I would watch one storm
turn into another — right there before my eyes —
what a wild ride, it would be for someone's heart,
I could paint it against the sun but no —
the wind will all begin again from where it ends,
ready or not the wind always knows,

I stay awake to watch the wind come alive.

Joanie Loontjer

Untitled

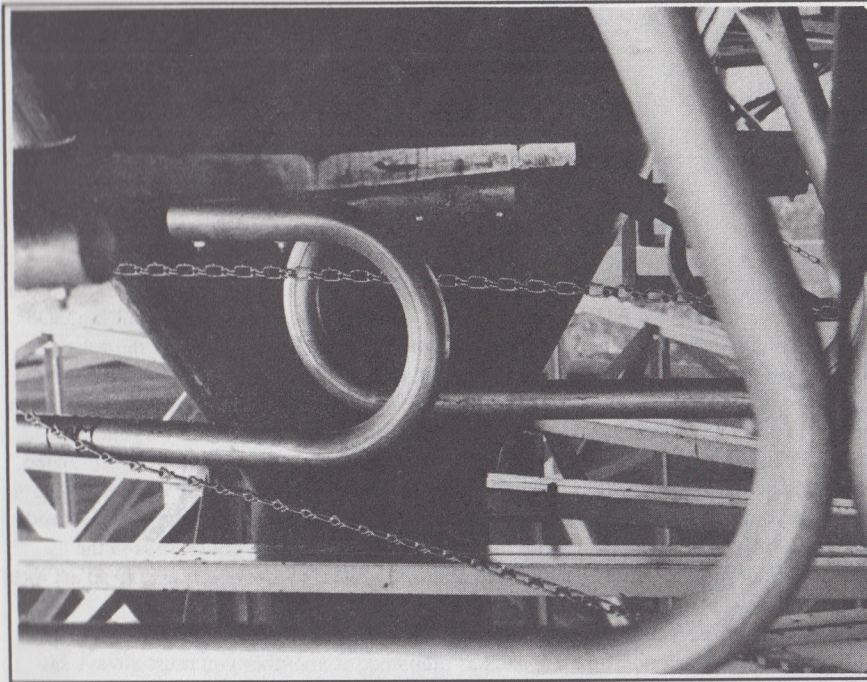
Wash your hands before you sit at this table. It's your turn to say grace, we must thank the good Lord for all that He has given us. You're a lady so sit like one, cross your legs, a real lady would never sit that way. Why isn't your napkin on your lap? Do you know how hard it is to get gravy out of a good Sunday dress? Pass me the salad please, don't reach in front of someone without saying excuse me, and always pass to the left. Don't take so much food, you're eating like a pig. We don't want to lose that girlish figure. You're a young lady so act like one. Don't start eating yet, not everyone has been served. Don't put your elbows on the table when you eat, you look like a sprawled eagle, the people sitting next to you need room to eat too you know. No wonder you can't cut your meat, you're not doing it correctly. Hold your fork with the left hand and cut it into tiny pieces with your knife in your right hand. You've got crumbs in the corner of your mouth, that's why you dab after each bite. You're a young lady so act like one.

Where do you think you are going? Did you ask to be excused? Don't forget to thank her for the wonderful meal she has prepared. Remember you must always say "thank you" if someone does something for you. Take your dishes to the sink and rinse them off, that is showing common courtesy to those who have to wash them. Don't forget about your dance practice this afternoon, and your piano recital was changed to next Sunday, everyone at the church has heard how wonderful you are and they can't wait to hear you play. Have you been practicing? Practice makes perfect you know. Have you finished your homework yet? Don't you even think about plopping down in front of that T.V. if you've got work to do, and sit like a lady in that chair. That's what you are you know.

The phone is for you, but it's past nine o'clock, you had better tell them we don't allow calls after that. It better not happen again, because you're a young lady so act like one. Don't stay on that phone for longer than five minutes, it's a family phone, not a personal answering service. By the way, that friend of yours called again. I hope you're not getting serious, you're not allowed to go on dates until you're sixteen, because you're a lady and I'm trying to teach you to act like one.

I heard cheerleading try-outs are coming up soon. Why don't you join? I guess you'd have to quit football. Time to put away those shoulder pads and whip out those pom poms. You would have to learn how to put on make-up. I'd be more than happy to help, I don't want you to wear it too dark though. I don't want you to look like a hooker. You are a young lady so you should act like one. It's past your bedtime. Don't forget to wash your face and brush your teeth. Clean up after yourself.

You are a beautiful young lady with a lot of special gifts and talents, you are loved very much. You don't have to follow all of my rules, but make up a set of your own rules and follow them. These rules will make you what you are for the rest of your life, and I'm trying to teach you how, you can be you. You are a young lady, so please act that way.



Maretta Osborn

Ilpo Kavara

I Was Shocked

Summer came rapidly
 Working on vacation
 Decorating, cleaning the campus
 Students, professors and workers

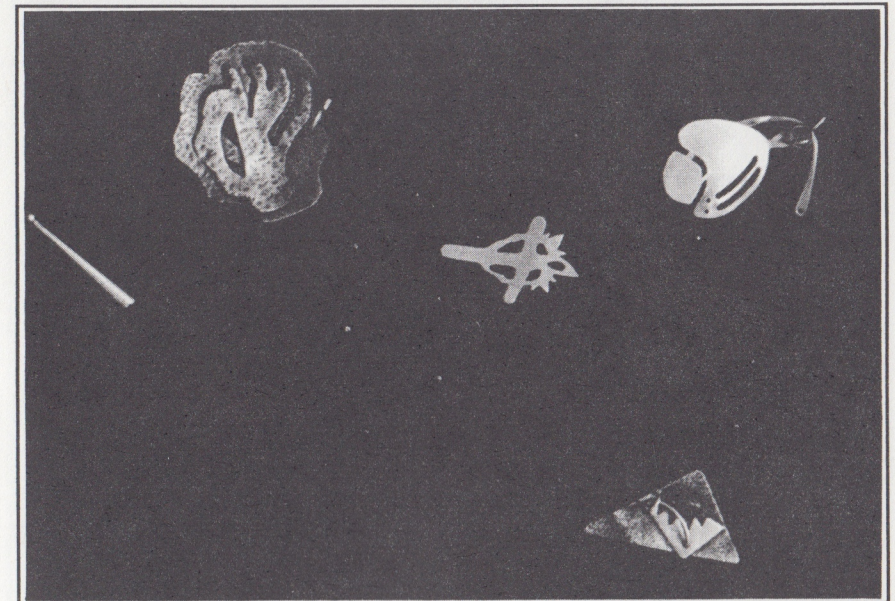
Working together in unity
 Decorating their learning place
 Suddenly, I have a call
 Sorrow in the ring

Message of death
 Wonder, surprise, sorrow
 surrounding me
 Fear overwhelming me

Tears fill my eyes
 Crying in pain
 Are you really gone
 Will we never see you alive again

Mom, you are young
 Why is God doing this
 Orphan are we now
 No father no mother

Eleven children survive
 We will follow you one day
 One by one to heaven
 The same as we came on earth



Jennifer Allemang & Kenji Miyata

Matthew E'rin Plowman

River Kalka, 1223

[A Russian warrior in wait for the Battle]

I have traveled far on this infinite grassland,
Some say there is an end to it in the East
But it must be frozen Hell
For it is the nest of the infidel of the East,
That Karakorum.

I have had my premonitions.
I can see as through crystal,
That we are about to lose this battle
That we have yet to fight,
Though I know we will persevere
Our neighbors will be made extinct.

I've had my nightmares.
I can see rather clearly the burning of Kiev,
Woman and child will be slaughtered, and
For every man will come the butcher
to hind quarter.
Oh the infidel of the steppe, we should not
Have cleared the forest around our Dneiper port.

I have had my forethoughts.
I can see, as though through troubled water, that every
Great Russian will seek refuge in the Northern forests.
Remaining in quiet defiance sublime
Even submissive, churning revenge for another time.

I have had my dreams.
I can see, though as through fog, the kremlin of Moscow
A fortress expanding.
I can see my greater sons riding on the Tartars
In revenge for me.
Killing both the Turk and the Mongol
On the sea of grass.

I have had my hopes.
I can see though as through a distance, the Empire.
We will have our Caesar, our czar
They will be Terrible, Wise and Great
We will fear the world always
And the world will fear us.

I have had my revelations.
I can see, though through less light, that
The Empire will fall,
Not by foreign infidel, but ourselves.
There sill be a Crimson empire of hammer and sickle
In which iron will move as if horse, fish or bird.
And our enemy will have shifted horizons to the West
As if the sun itself.

But I have had my premonitions.
I can see, though as through twilight, that this too
Will come to an end, an apocalypse of referendum.
For every town and city, on steppe, forest or tundra
There will again be dawn, but interlaced White and Red.
On Russia the sun will never set, and the infinite carpet
Will be in cautious peace, yet blown
By the changing winds.

Yet here I perch in my saddle, on the River Kalka
A prophet to be slain.
If I am wrong and we win, let the books of tomorrow
That I've already read, be rewritten.
But if I am true, let ourselves be locked into that history.

I pray that the infidel fails to wipe our blood
From his sword and missile
So that all can see our defiance to history on this river.
Let the Poles and Germans then, taste our blood
On the infidel's blade and point
Here they come, here we go.
Russia!

[Dedicated to Don Warman and Richard Jorgensen]

Kristine Flack

For Friends

One candle is just a flicker,
When it is all alone;
One hand is just a tool,
Until it holds another;
One person is only a memory,
Until friends come together.



CeCe Haynes



Megan Weeks

Amy Barta

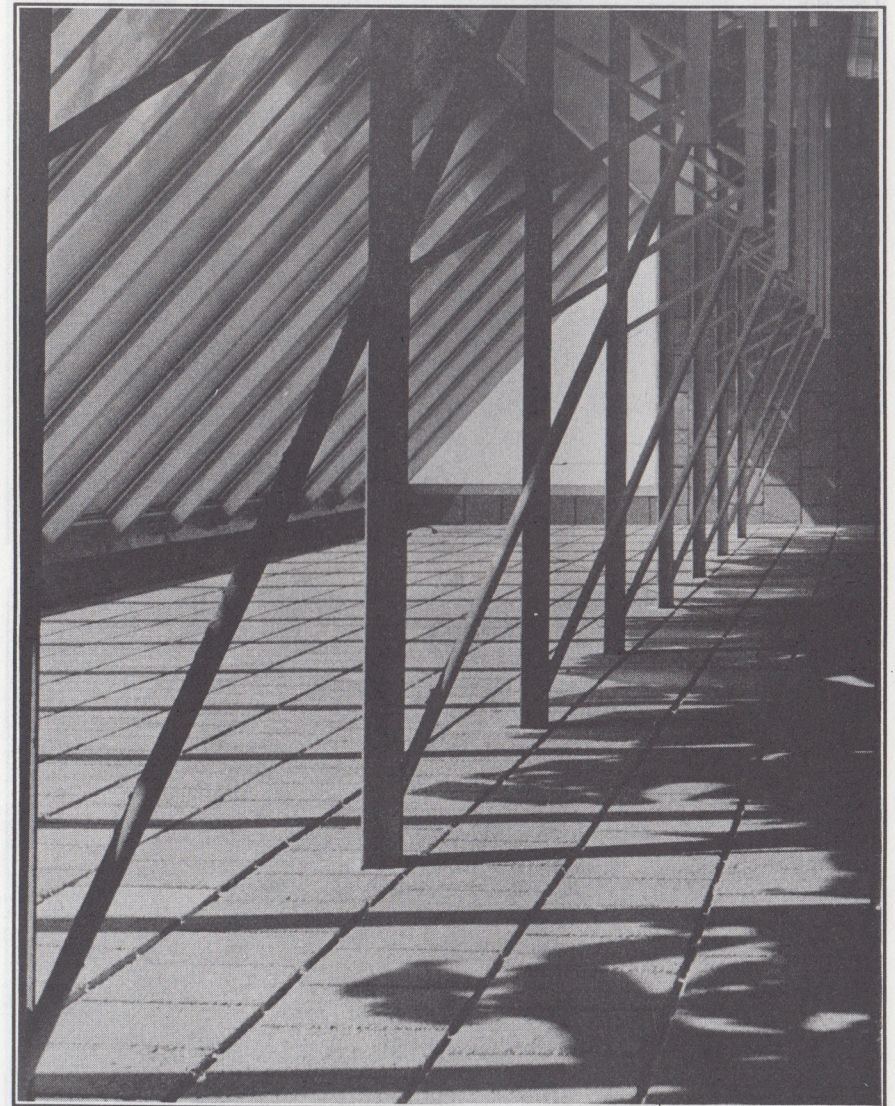
Ice Dance

Man, Woman.
and an expressionless
page of ice.
Together they compose
a love story.

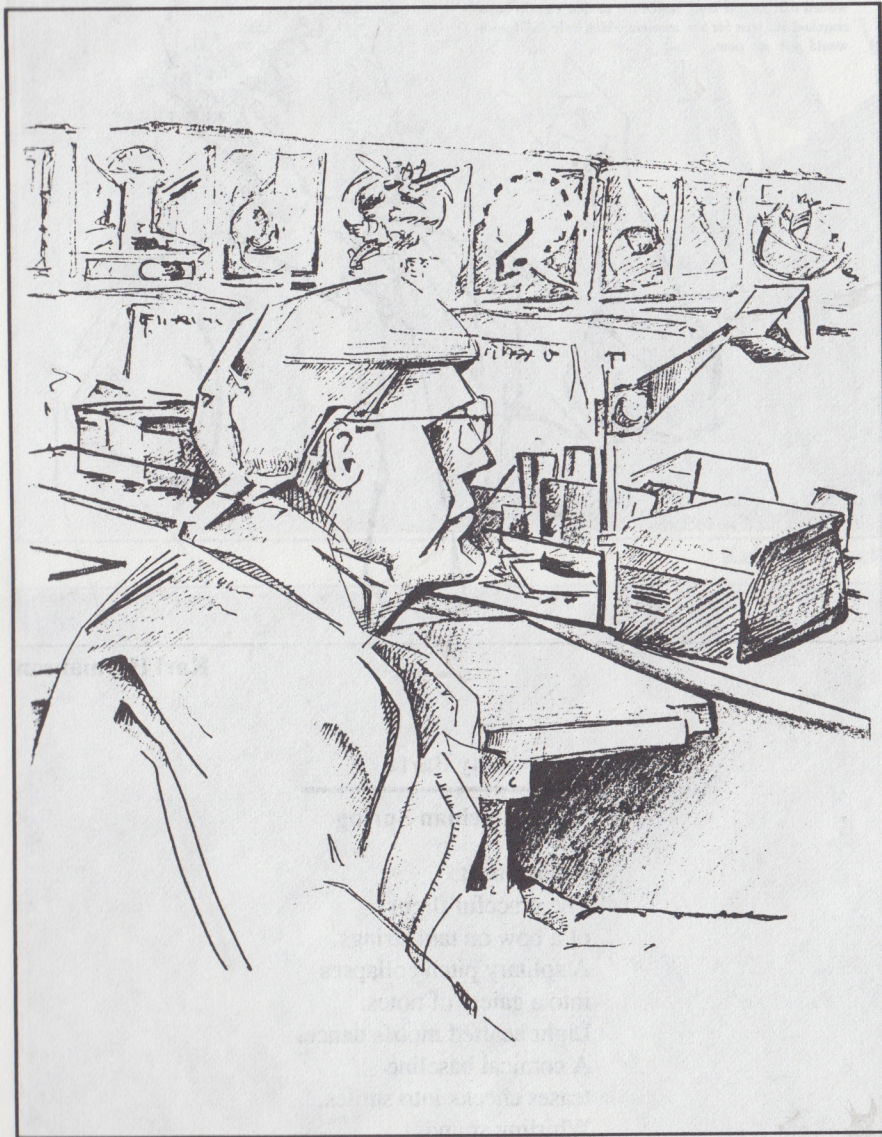
Converging forms float;
spiraling across
a crystalline scroll.
Man continuously, lovingly,
beholds the woman.
Woman melts to her partner;
placing her very soul
in his power.

These two fashion
a romantic encounter;
Cupid's ideal meeting.
A forever love;
at first glance.

Inner souls shining through
music and graceful gestures.
Human hearts on blades
flowing through
an unforgotten eternal fantasy.



Jennifer Johnson



Karl Hermanson