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Threshold

creative arts magazine 1987

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The Creative Arts Magazine presents poems, stories, photographs and works of art created by Yavapai College students. The layout and design was produced by the Commercial Art Design, Production and Illustration classes.

BAJA CALIFORNIA - MARCH 11, 1986

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white,
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think at your age it is right?"

Lewis Carroll

Somewhere on the high seas, or tossed upon some remote and distant shore, there is a wandering jogging shoe—brand name Brooks, color: faded blue and dirty white, size: women's 10. It left its mate and me behind in the early hours of my sixty-second birthday. It left us behind on a beach called Agua Caliente, on the east coast of Baja California, south of Loreto, north of LaPaz.

A raging west wind carried it away while I lay on an unprotected beach, holding the hood of my sleeping bag over my face to keep out the wind-driven grains of sand.

There was no sleep for me that night. Whenever I began to drift off, my grip on the hood of the sleeping bag relaxed, and the opportunistic wind snatched it out of my hands, exposing my face to a blast of sand. I therefore had ample opportunity to ruefully review my reasons for deciding to paddle into my "golden years" in a Kayak in remote Baja California.

In the fall of 1985, I, like Ulysses, heard the call of the siren across the waters—not of the Mediterranean, but of the Sea of Cortez. This siren was a baritone—a man my age who had gone on a Kayak trip in Baja California led by a young woman named Trudi Angell. His song fell on receptive ears, for I had gone on river trips with the Sierra Club in California thirty years earlier, and had owned my own Kayak. Then marriage, family and work all pressed their claims. The canvas and rubber Kayak cracked and stiffened with age as it hung unused in my garage, and was finally thrown away.

Now marriage ended, children grown, and work left behind, I decided to find out if I too were too cracked and stiffened with age to be seaworthy. So it was that I joined Trudi and the other intrepid voyagers at her headquarters in Loreto, on the east coast of Baja California some six hundred miles south of the U.S./Mexican border on March 8, 1986.

Here we were loaded into two pickup trucks, along with three Klepper double Kayaks and all necessary group and personal gear, for a seventeen day trip. We were driven twenty miles south to a little fishing village called Ensenada Blanca. At this spot the only paved highway is shoved back from the Coast by a massive mountain range called the Sierra Giganta. For the next hundred miles to the south only a couple of rough dirt roads find their way to the coast. For sixteen days we would paddle our boats along this roadless coast, camping on isolated beaches unblemished by the detritus of the throw-away Winnebago world.

By the night of March 10, the night of the big wind, we were three days into our trip. We had paddled along a shoreline which was a continuously changing landscape of cliffs and jagged mountain peaks, interrupted periodically by sandy beaches where the dry arroyos forced their way through to the sparkling blue sea of Cortez.

Gone were all the sights and sounds of civilization. In our seventeen foot long double Kayaks, we were tiny dots upon the Sea. Since the Kayak has a sleek low profile, we, the paddlers, sat low within it and came to feel an inseparable part of water, sky and skimming birds.

We paddled up to flocks of grebes which looked like little rubber bathtub ducks. Sometimes numbering in the hun-

dreds, they, when we reached a certain nearness, dove into the water row by row, moving with the precision of a drill team at half-time. Pods of sleek, shining, shimmering dark gray dolphins passed within a few feet of us. Overhead soared the "magnificent" frigate bird in his fork-tailed splendor. Keeping him company in the clean, clear blue sky were other winged fisherfolk— pelicans, ospreys, boobies and gulls.

On this third day we were joined by two fishermen, Frank and Les—friends from Trudi's hometown in Calistoga, California, who had arrived in their aluminum motor driven boat. Frank, a professional cook, cleaned and cooked their catch for us. Then afterward we all fell into our sleeping bags early, contentedly full of fresh fish. Frank and Les had anchored their boat close offshore while our Kayaks lay upside down safely above the high tide line.

And then the wind began to blow.

At the first pale gray light of dawn we were all up and huddled about the coffee pot as we took inventory of our losses to the night's wind. One 70 lb. Kayak worth $1500 had blown out to sea. Frank, the fisherman/cook had left his spare clothing, wallet containing $600,*and* his lower teeth in their boat, and all had blown away. I discovered my missing jogging shoe. The shoe itself was no great loss, for I had brought another pair, but inside of it was one of a pair of custom made orthotics. Without them I could not walk any great distance, and it would cost me a couple of hundred dollars to replace them. Everybody had lost something to the wind—clothing, tarps, blankets, ensolite pads.

As Trudi outlined her plan to ride back to Loreto with Les and Frank to replace the missing Kayak, the sun finally made its long awaited appearance. Les, who happened to be looking toward the opposing headland of our little bay, called out, "Trudi—isn't that your boat?" There clearly visible in the sunlight was the missing Kayak. This find set us off on an all day treasure hunt, first on land, and then under water with masks and snorkels. Many items were recovered, including my missing orthotic which apparently fell out of the shoe and sank in the shallow water right in front of my sleeping bag. But although we all swam back and forth across the bay for hours with masks and snorkels,we failed to find Frank's wallet and teeth.

At 4 p.m. Trudi called a halt. It was time to put the boats back in the water, load them up, and paddle to the next campground.

Frank and Les climbed into their boat to return to Loreto where Frank could get more money. Trudi, standing at the water's edge to wave good-bye, glanced down at the wavelets and saw Frank's teeth bobbing about in them. "Paco," she called, "Here are your teeth!"

We paddlers moved on to our next camps. In the dusk we unloaded our boats, hauled them up on shore, ate our only scratch meal of the whole trip—peanut butter and cheese and crackers, topped off by a granola birthday cake which Trudi had somehow found time to bake for me during the day—and fell into bed,for we had been 24 hours without sleep.

The next morning—bright and early—we were on the water again. As I dipped my paddle into the sparkling, splashing sea, I realized I felt none the worse for yesterday's twenty-four hours of no sleep and continuous activity from dawn to dark. In fact I felt wonderful! And it came to me as the rhythm of the paddle put me into a near meditative state that I had found the answer to the question I had started out with. I was not too cracked and stiff at 62 to be seaworthy or lifeworthy!

Sally Peak

Photograph by John Briggeman

Photograph by John Briggeman

Until the Spring

The winter's longest caught among a ring
That keeps a noonday shadow on the snow;
No flower fools the earth until the spring.

I lost a lover once who taught a thing
Or two: a summer's gone when spring is slow;
The winter's longest caught among a ring.

Between the worlds, with autumn on the wing,
I saw the cold, and singing, came to know
No flower fools the earth until the spring.

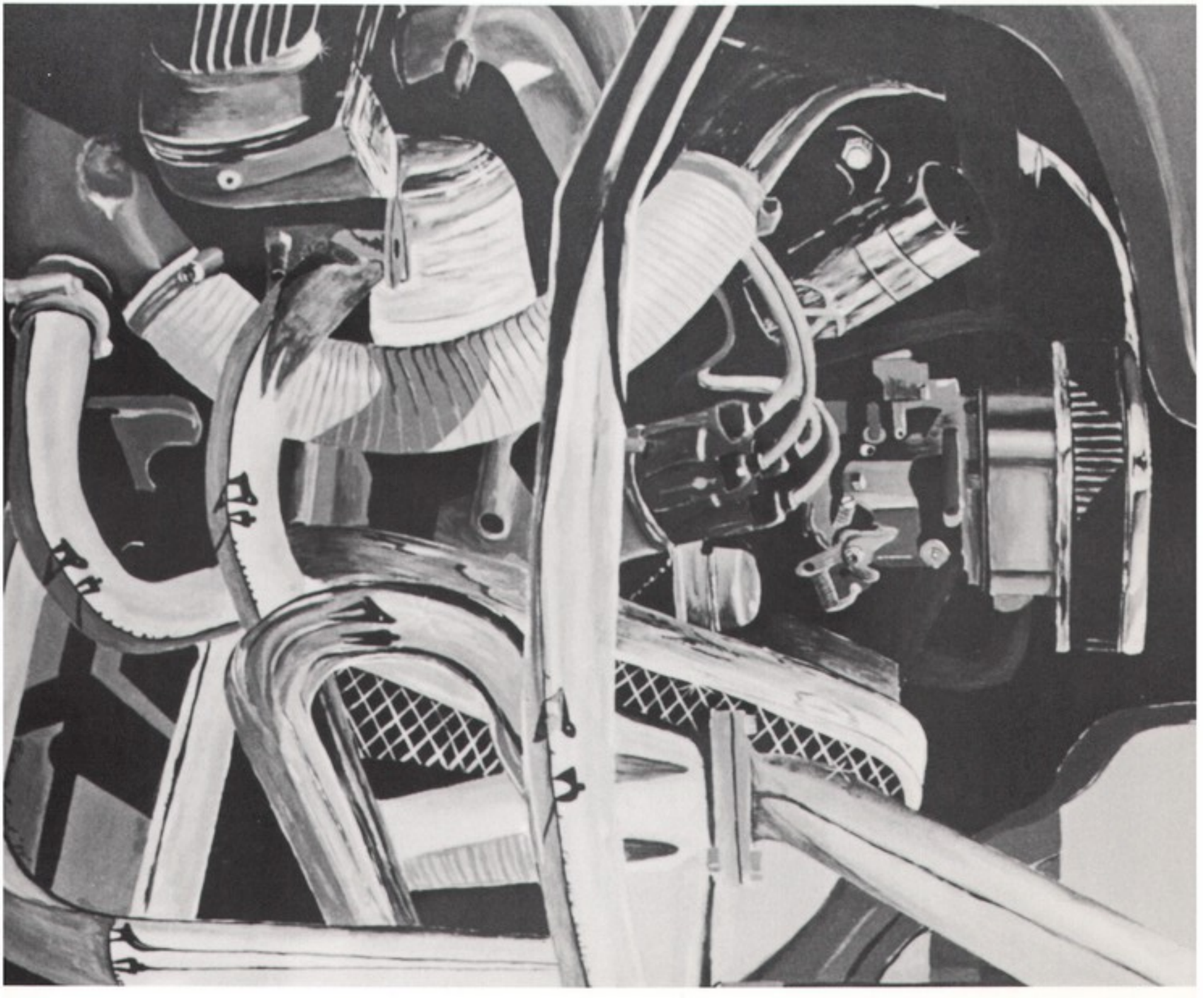
But you keep crying while I while and sing
Away my life in winds you loathe, which blow
The winter's longest, caught among a ring.

Is death some sacrilegous ravaging?
A wild blue eye sees every garden grow;
No flower fools the earth until the spring.

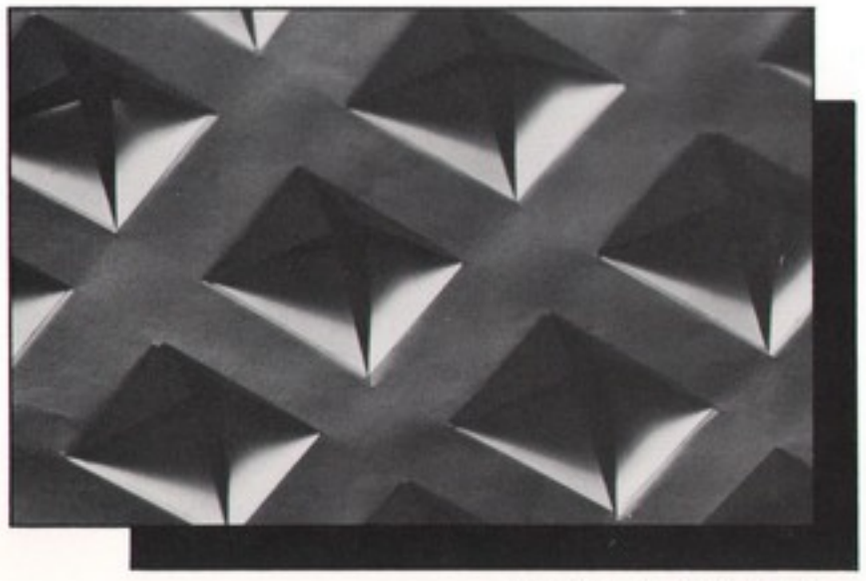
Then think of summer, Love, when life is king;
Fall quickly steeps a leaf in vertigo.
The winter's longest, caught among a ring;
No flower fools the earth, until the spring.

Don Scott

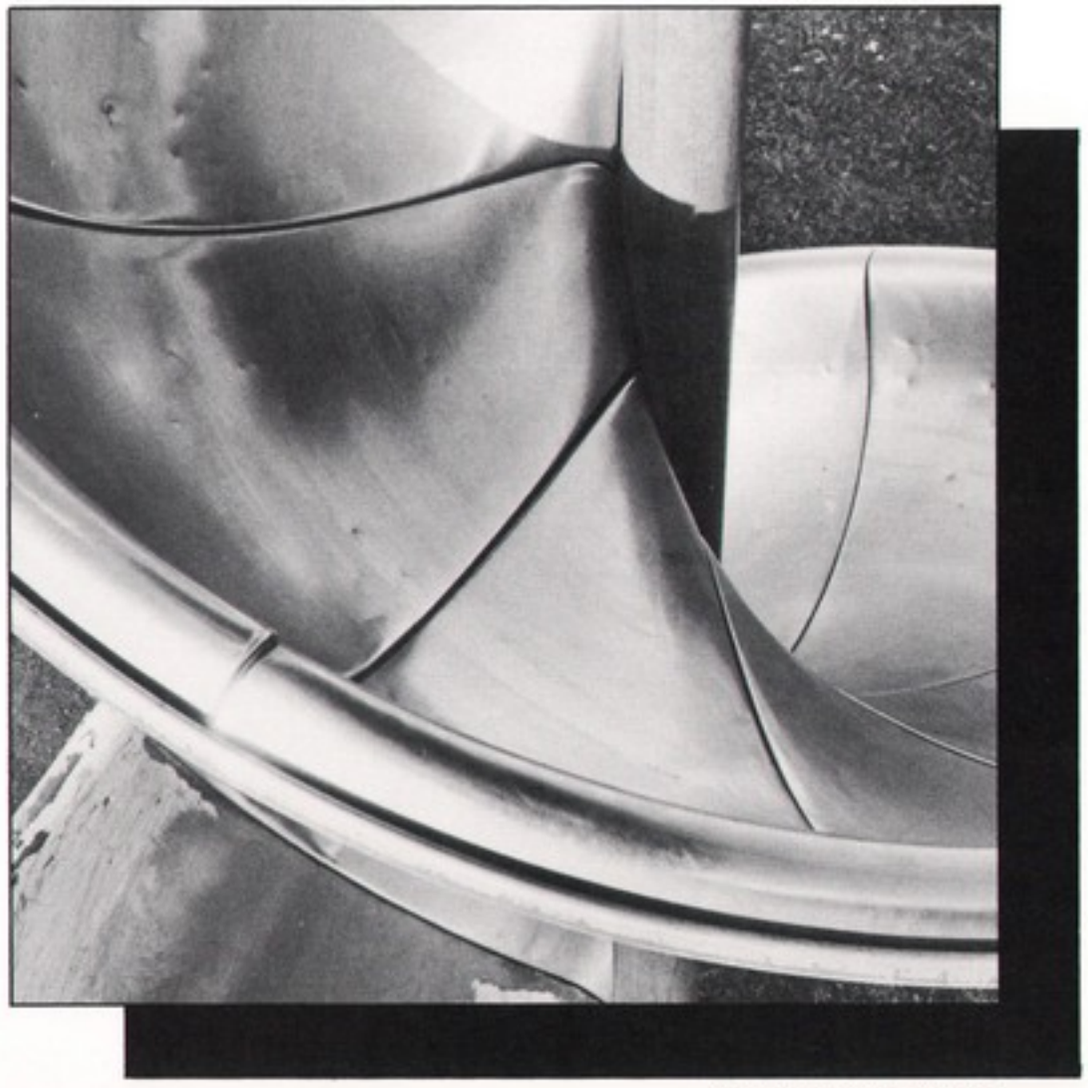
Painting by Brannon Couch



Photograph by Janet Ross



Photograph by Cathy Blake



Photograph by Janet Ross

Photograph by Lin Waldron

Nigel Walking...

...Rainy Watching

by Chris Kalmen

Nigel went for a walk. An overcast Sunday. It wasn't raining that day and it wouldn't, but the sun wasn't shining and the clouds were a blend of azure and gray. Almost all the stores were closed, but he thought he would do some window shopping and enjoy strolling through town.

Dovetail had a population of about 15,000 people, although as Nigel walked down Main street, he was alone. It didn't bother him though; he often found peace in being by himself. He'd been a bachelor all his life, and at the age of thirty-four he'd experienced love and loneliness enough to expect periods of both.

He stopped in front of a thrift shop; that side of the street was lined with them. Leaning over, hands on knees, he examined the junky items in the window: a worn and dusty television with a broken antenna, a row of dated books by unknown authors, a manual typewriter with the letters faded on the keys, and a table lamp with a frayed cord. He couldn't understand how a store with that type of merchandise could stay in business.

He moved along, past the trees on his left which were evenly spaced and grew from squares of dirt in the concrete, past more thrift shops, clothes stores, and restaurants. Red, orange, yellow, and brown leaves touched his hair and brushed his coat as they fell to the sidewalk. Looking at his reflection in the window of a flower shop, he stopped and smoothed a wrinkle from his overcoat. He ran a hand through his brownish red hair to push away a leaf and smiled at his receding hairline.

In the window of an antique shop was a twenty piece collection of three-inch high statuettes made of glass. They were ballet dancers. Each was separate and had a circular base which held it erect. They had been placed as if in a carefully chorographed dance, as if music were playing and they could hear it.

Nigel fell in love with the set.

"It's very beautiful isn't it?" a woman said.

"Yes, it is," Nigel said, unstartled, not concerned with where the question had come from.

She stood next to him looking at him, then the dancers, then him again. Finally Nigel turned to see who was standing there. She looked like she was about his age. Her hair was black with a couple of patches and streaks of grey, and it was very thick and wavy and hung just above her shoulders. She wore a white sweater, a long dress, and black boots which matched her purse.

"Hello," Nigel said, standing up straight.

She smiled at him. "You like that ballet scene, do you?"

"It's amazing. So precious. So delicate. And such precision. Look at that ballerina's slipper; it's as thin as a razor, yet detailed and shaped." He was pointing with his finger pressed to the window. "And that man's legs and arms, the curve of the muscles, the smoothness, the exact proportions. God! I can even see the veins and arteries. They're real!"

She coughed lightly. "It's not real. Yes, beautiful, detailed, and lifelike, but not real." She looked at him, her silver eyes big and soft. "I wonder what a work of art such as this is doing here."

"Why do you wonder that?" he said turning to face her now.

"Dovetail? It's not exactly a center of the arts."

"Well, where should it be then? New York? Paris? Enclosed in some temple on top of a mountain? Beauty can exist anywhere, and does, in everything everywhere. You just have to open your eyes and see."

She looked at him a little closer now, into his hazel eyes. "You may be right," she said, "I don't know what I was thinking. I guess I thought," she paused, "I guess I don't know what I thought."

"Well you can see it now," he said looking back at the ballet.

"Oh I saw it before; only now I'm seeing it better."

At the same time she faced the window, a brief ray of sunlight raced between the clouds and sprinkled the glass dancers. Blues, whites, and yellows bounced within each, glowing and sparkling. Then the light was gone. And the glass froze.

"Did you see it!" Nigel exclaimed. "They were born, they lived, they danced!"

"I don't know."

"They did!"

"I don't know," she repeated and turned slowly to the street, looking up at the sky.

Photograph by Marrianna Dougherty

He looked at her, glanced back at the ballet, then turned in the same direction she was. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," she said, "that you say they're real, you say they're alive—"

"I love them."

"You say you love them. But they're nothing. They're glass. And they can't love you back."

He was silent for a minute then he said, "Okay, they can't love me back. But does that mean I can't love them? Wouldn't it be selfish if I expected them to? Would my love be true at all if I only loved them for their love of me?"

"No! But what is it worth being obsessed with them? Are they worth your devotion? They're glass, cold and transparent, inflexible, lifeless! There is a world of life in the palm of my hand while none exists in that whole collection." She raised her hand to eye level. "Look at my hand."

He looked. She slowly rolled it from side to side, gently opening and closing her fingers; it was like an eagle gliding over the moon. "Do you see?" she said, "my tiny hand is more graceful, and delicate, and detailed than any of those statuettes. The peach-brown mesmerizes the eye. It's also soft, softer than any other substance in the world. And it can touch, caress, and comfort. It's alive and is as warm as my heart. Feel."

She cupped his chin and left jawbone. His face tingled. Her words had described it but didn't explain it, Nigel thought. Words! What were words? Words were nothing. But sight and touch. And smell. Her hand smelled like a spring meadow bursting with flowers. These senses said everything there was to say, quickly and without any confusion.

She removed her hand and he felt something slip away from him, some goodness whisked away like pollen in the wind.

"The artist who created that glass ballet would smash it beneath his feet if he ever took a real look at the hands which made it," she said crossing her arms and spinning to face the ballet once again.

"Perhaps not," he said, "perhaps he looked closer at his hands than even you and was driven to attempt to make something as beautiful, knowing he would fail anyhow."

"Perhaps," she said.

And they both stood studying the ballet, but the power it had was less now. She pressed her lips together tightly, to moisten them. Nigel sighed. The dancers were poised and inanimate, legs positioned high and straight, glass hands against glass hands, glass shoulders, and glass waists.

"What's your name?" he said, "I'm Nigel Terrace."

"Rainy," she said, "Rainy Day."

He cocked an eyebrow.

"My father thought it was cute."

"And what was your father," Nigel asked, "a poet or a comedian."

"My father was Mr. Robert Day and he loved me very much." She began walking up the street.

He started after her. "I'm sorry," he said, "I didn't intend to be sarcastic. It's a very lovely name."

She slowed her pace so they could walk along together.

"Say," he said, "why don't you meet me at that shop tomorrow morning and I'll buy you the glass ballet. As a token of my sincerity."

"Thank you," she said, "but no. I can look out my bedroom window and see grass, and trees, and birds, and blue sky which is more than enough for me. Although I appreciate the kindness of your offer. Maybe I should buy it for you?"

"No," he said putting his hands in the pockets of his overcoat. "I don't think I could take care of them by myself. I'd either grasp them too tightly and break their limbs or hold them too loosely so they would slip from my hand and shatter. If they could move themselves, or speak, give me some direction as to what to do." He sighed. "But they can't."

They kept walking, Nigel staring down at the sidewalk and his own footsteps, Rainy looking straight ahead. It was cooling down and getting darker. Dusk was approaching.

"I know a cafe about a half a block from here that serves the best pumpkin pie around," Nigel said, "how about if I buy you a slice and a cup of coffee?"

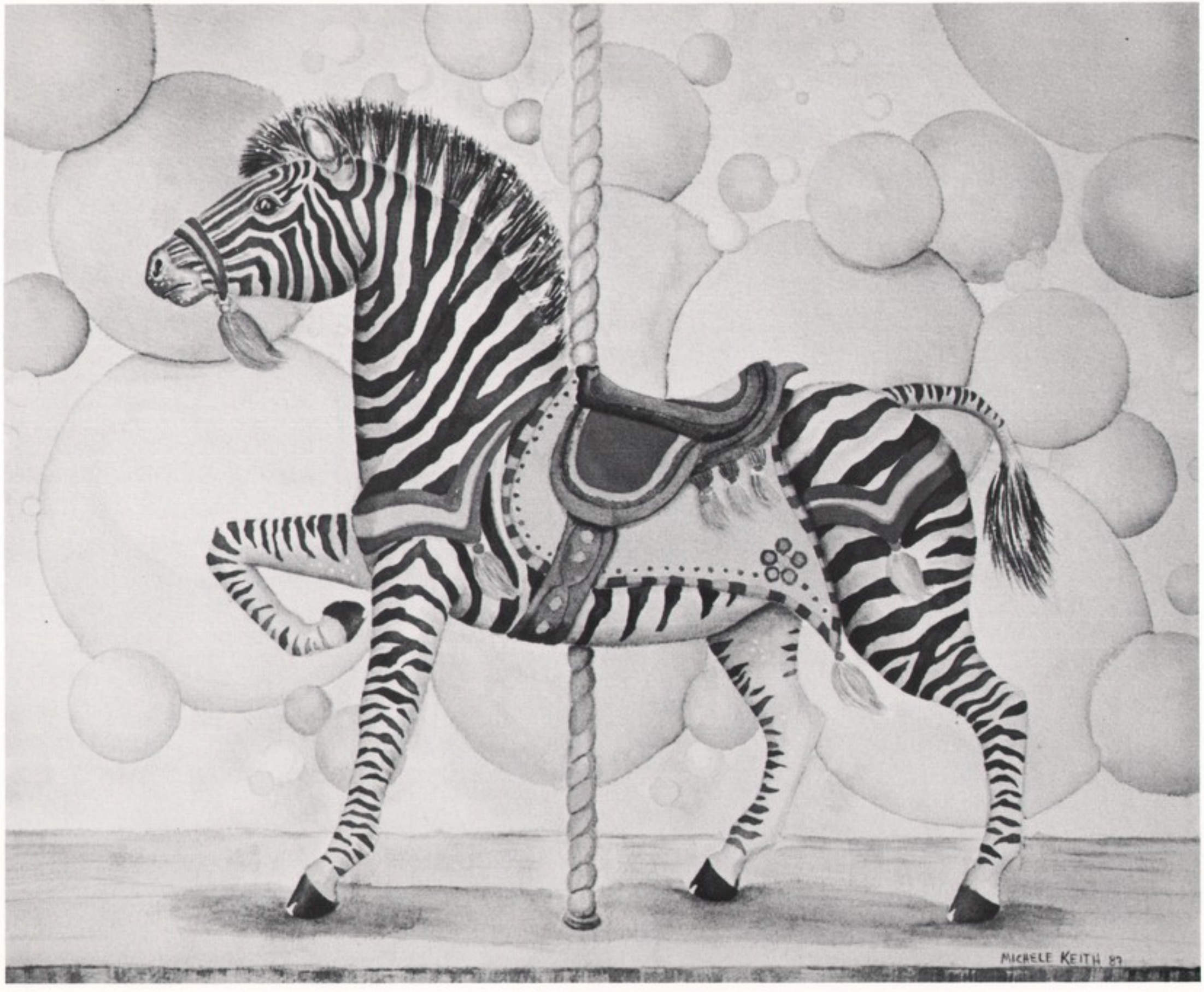
"I don't drink coffee," she said.

He laughed. "Neither do I. I was considering an herbal tea. How would that do?"

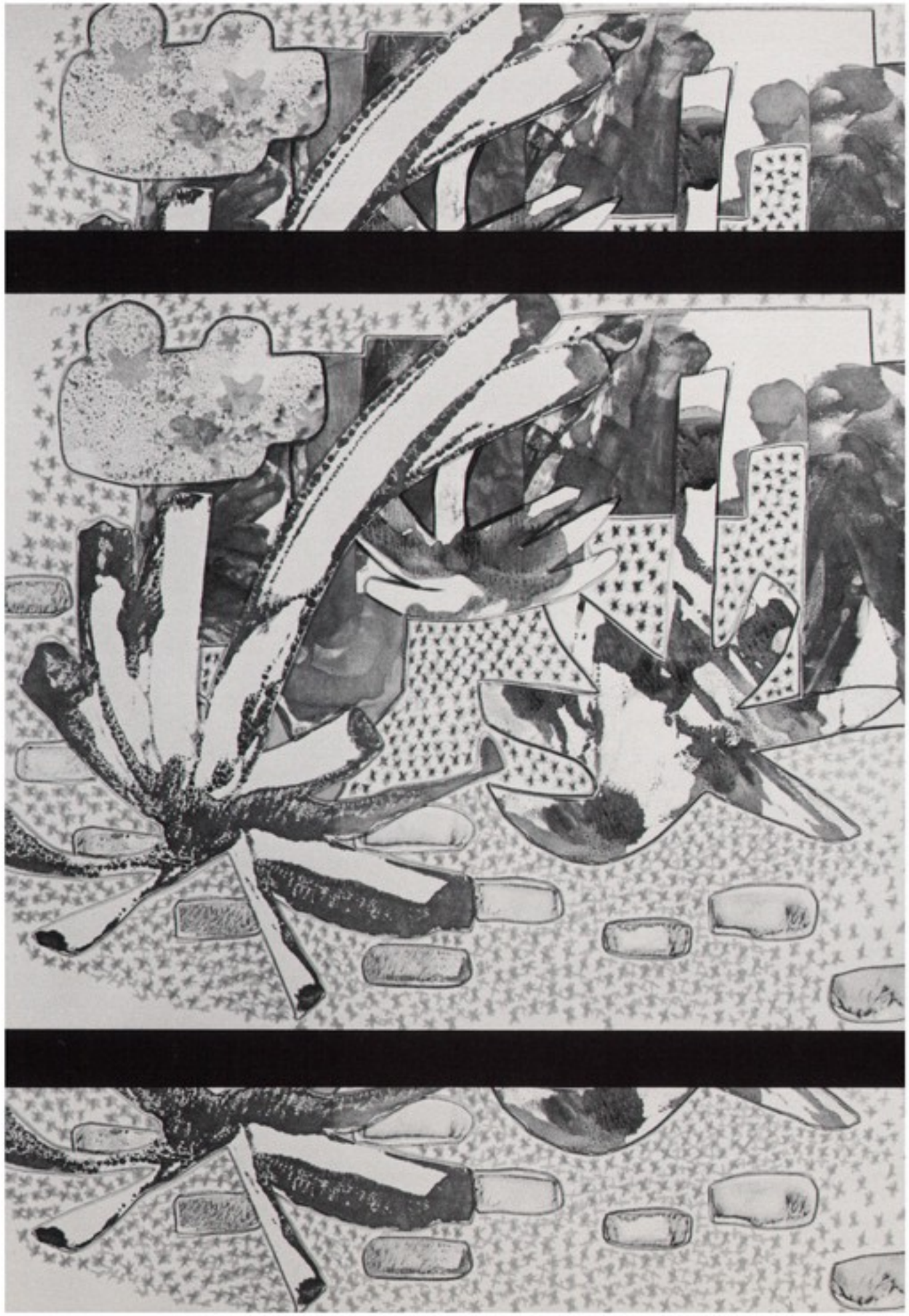
"That would do fine."

"Good," he said, "I've been saving my pennies for a Rainy Day."

Photograph by Mark Hendrickson



Watercolor by Michele Keith



Sculpture by Jane Embertson

Print by Pat Weaver

Castles

Words are sticky stones in our brains, put there to
Dam our errant attention, to
Fasten facts and feelings,
A convenience item: shiny, sticky, brightly colored stones.

We played with words and never saw the danger until
You had taken all the reds and yellows and
I had hoarded all the greens and blues. Then,
Growing jealous of our singularity, we built strong castles.

Now from slitted towers we peer out at one another in anger and dismay.

But time will pass, softening edges, blurring definitions,
Teasing, tickling our pointed turrets and towers
Until their arrogant profiles topple and they dissolve,
Jostling one another downstream toward eternity.

Where we once stood, fortified and arrayed for battle,
A pool will form,
Green things will grow,
And shy creatures, tiptoed, will come
To drink and look at the ruins.

Jeanne M. Pinneo

Photograph by Marrianna Dougherty

Photograph by Mark Hendrickson

IMAGE
(In the looking glass)

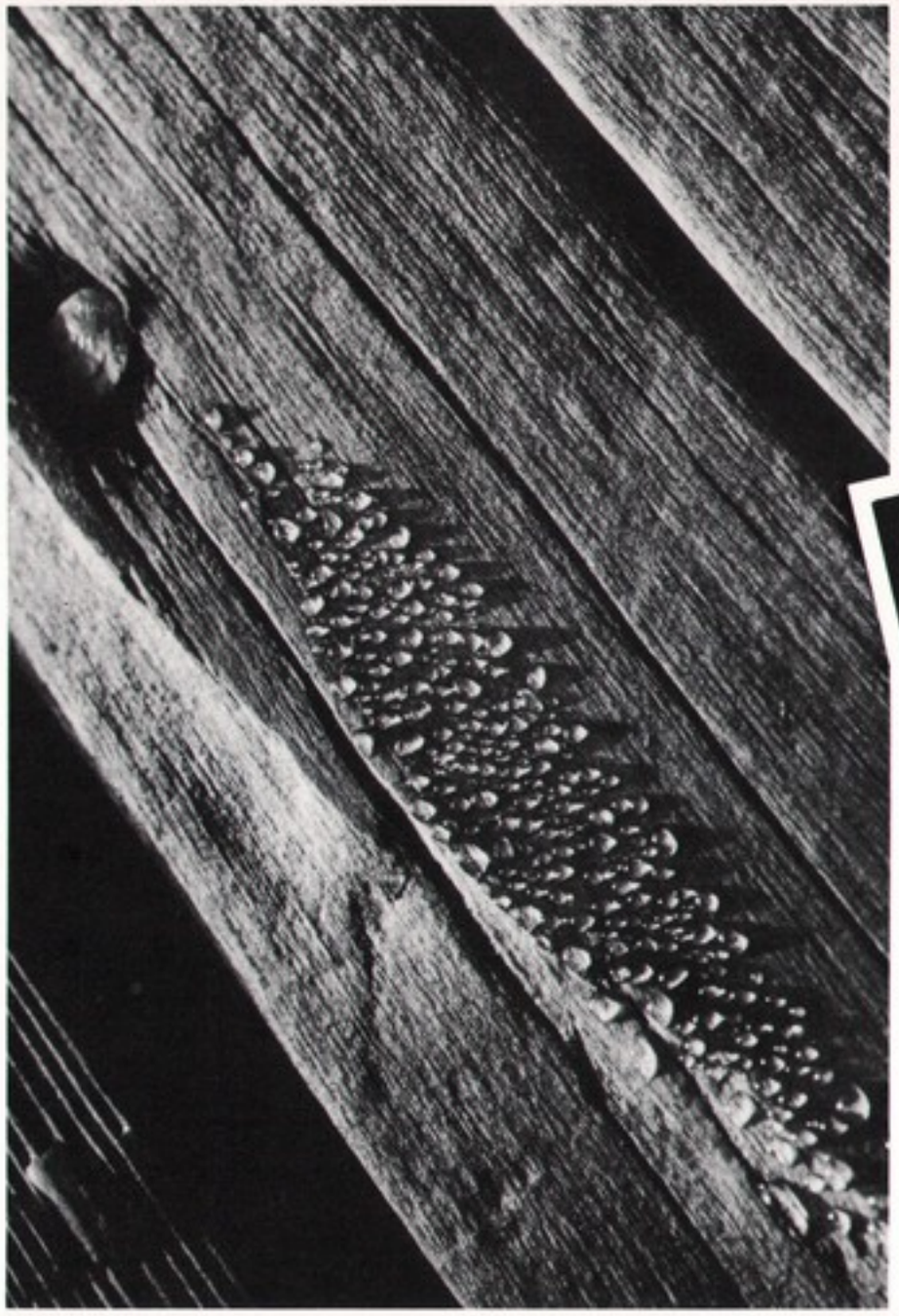
Caress you if I could
reach within the glassy confines.
Slender fingers stroke
the multi-colored beaded neck.

Think not me vain
in appreciation of my beauty,
But look into the reflection
and wonder gloriously,

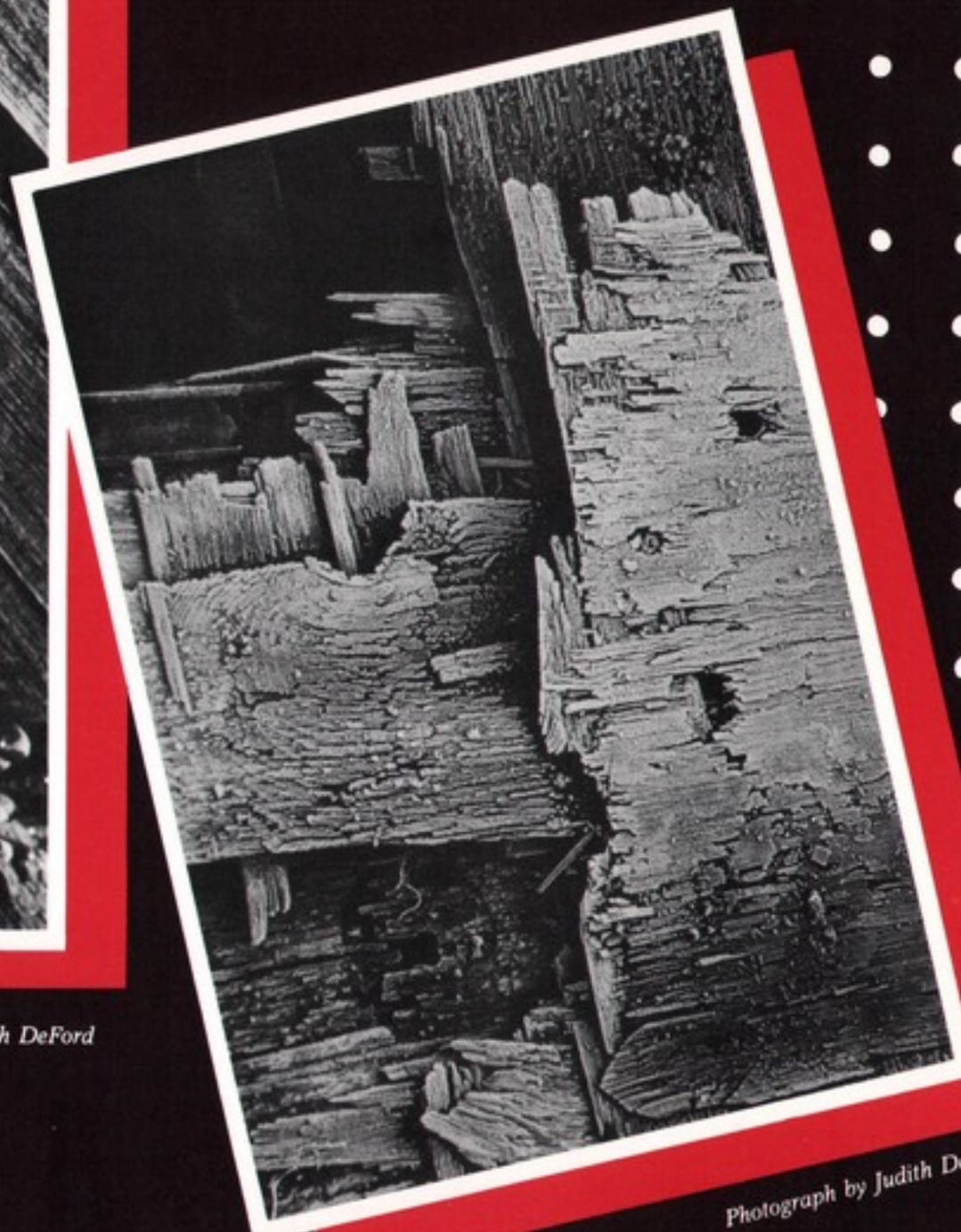
Image fair return my stare
identical in every way,
How could I choose for I might lose
Which one is really me.

Jeremy Randall

Illustration by Cheryl Strawn



Photograph by Judith DeFord



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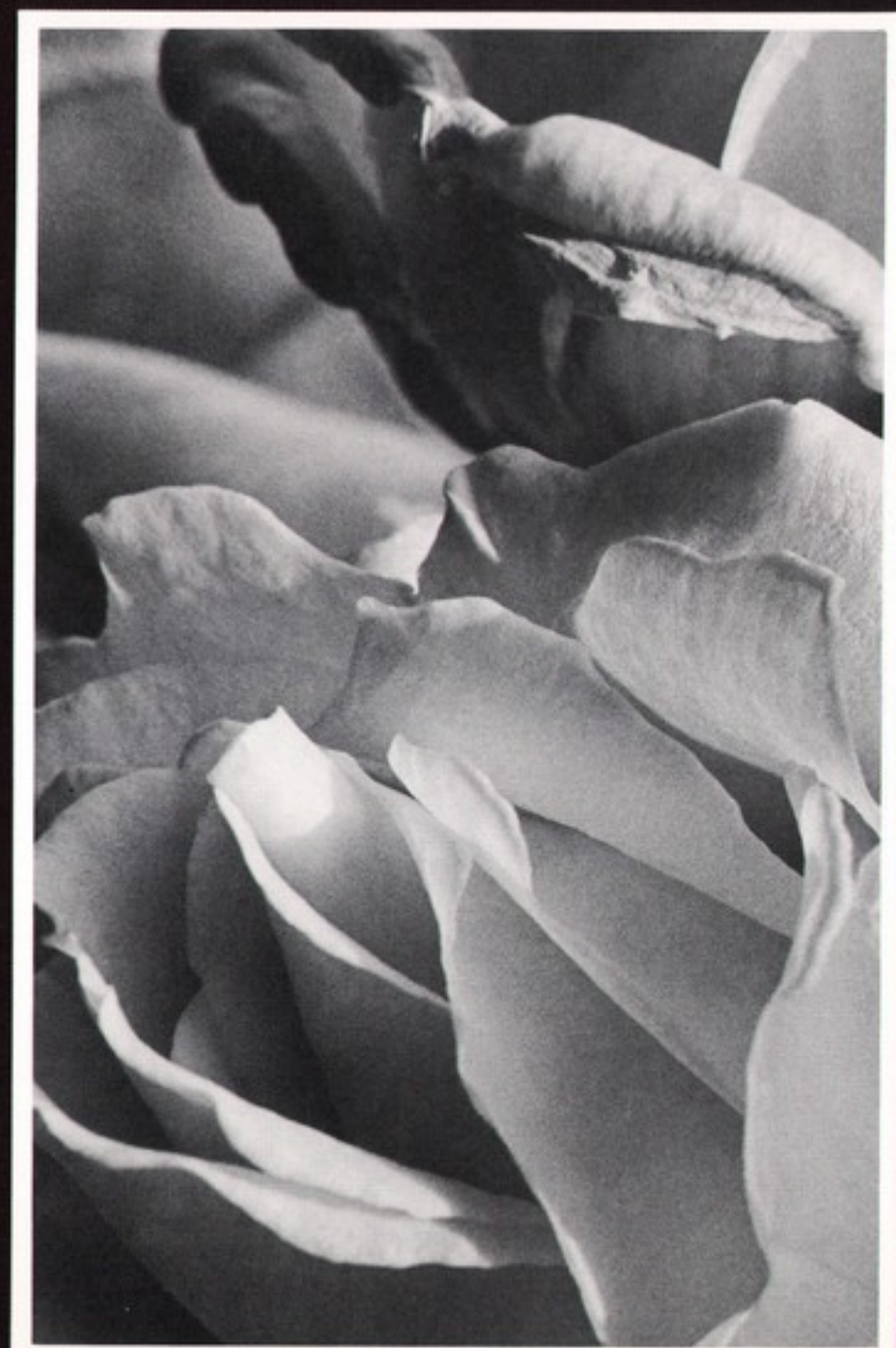


Photograph by Marrianna D

A Great Corn Factory

Bob Angus

The Tall-Grass Prairie,
God's last great thought
Captured in a model,
Shifting-wind-sculptured wrought.
An eighty acre bosom, sudden delight,
From Hawkeye to West Union, it's on the right.
Rising from a vast plain around,
Two perfect breasts, once sod-bound.
The simple swell of reclining pose,
As if waiting, passive, wanting those,
Those to whom she offered for free,
Yearly dividends grazed in perpetuity.

Slicing her nipples, the Breaking Plow
Spewed out her entrails on that prow.
Loam once blue-black, fading now to dun,
Parching and caking under relentless sun.

Corn Oats Wheat Hay
Corn Beans Oats Hay

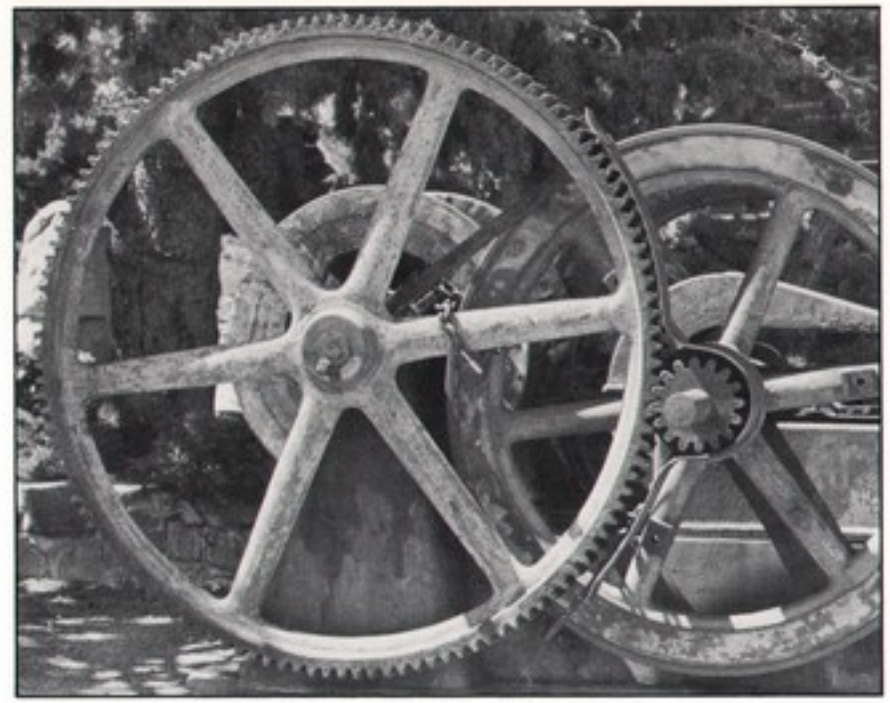
But clothed she was in a modest way, then
Clothes ripped off now half the way.

Yet there was a sanity in diversity,
Of milking cows——of income twice a month,
Of fall pigs sold in spring to plant the crop.
Sweet odors of silage, hay and molasses,
Daily chores lulling the mind into contentment.
Living, warm, busy barns, vacuum-pump and water-cup music,
Spring pigs sold to lift the mortgage—yea, pay it ahead.

Then it came
In the Sixties

Corn Beans Corn Beans

The Extension Service heralding in the New Millenium
From the Mississippi to the Missouri
The gang-rape was on, in
The Great Corn Factory



Photograph by George Bradley

With County Agents now the pimps for Big Oil,
These Big Whales sucking up farm supply companies like krill.
Farmers now trading eight tons of soil, laced with half a ton of high-priced salts,
To sell four tons of corn, and the sad trade to be made right by volume.
While the Big Whales smelled another sweet kill,
Herbicides, Fungicides, and Insecticides.
"Tests prove total kill on nutsedge, blight, weavils, and nightshade",
Down-road tests on humans, no tests yet made.

Lonely by itself on two square-feet of soil,
Corn's timid roots against wild Natures roil.
Down the row, the stream, the ditch,
Top-soil slips side-ways, an Epoch unhitched.
Gresham's Law of the Land,
Bad Farming drives out the Good.
Never taught, understood, stated or debated,
Like sheet-erosion,
Perhaps seen, but subtly not acknowledged.
Like an Imbecile ripping page after page out of a Bible.
This magnitude of madness, bending all minds before it,
Taking the highest, greediest cash-out we could.
By appraisers definition, the price of land
The Capitalization of a pay-day's whoring.

Now,
With no milch cows,
Hay, hens, or garden.
No forgiven repayments,
No gallow's pardon.

Only

A Great Corn Factory

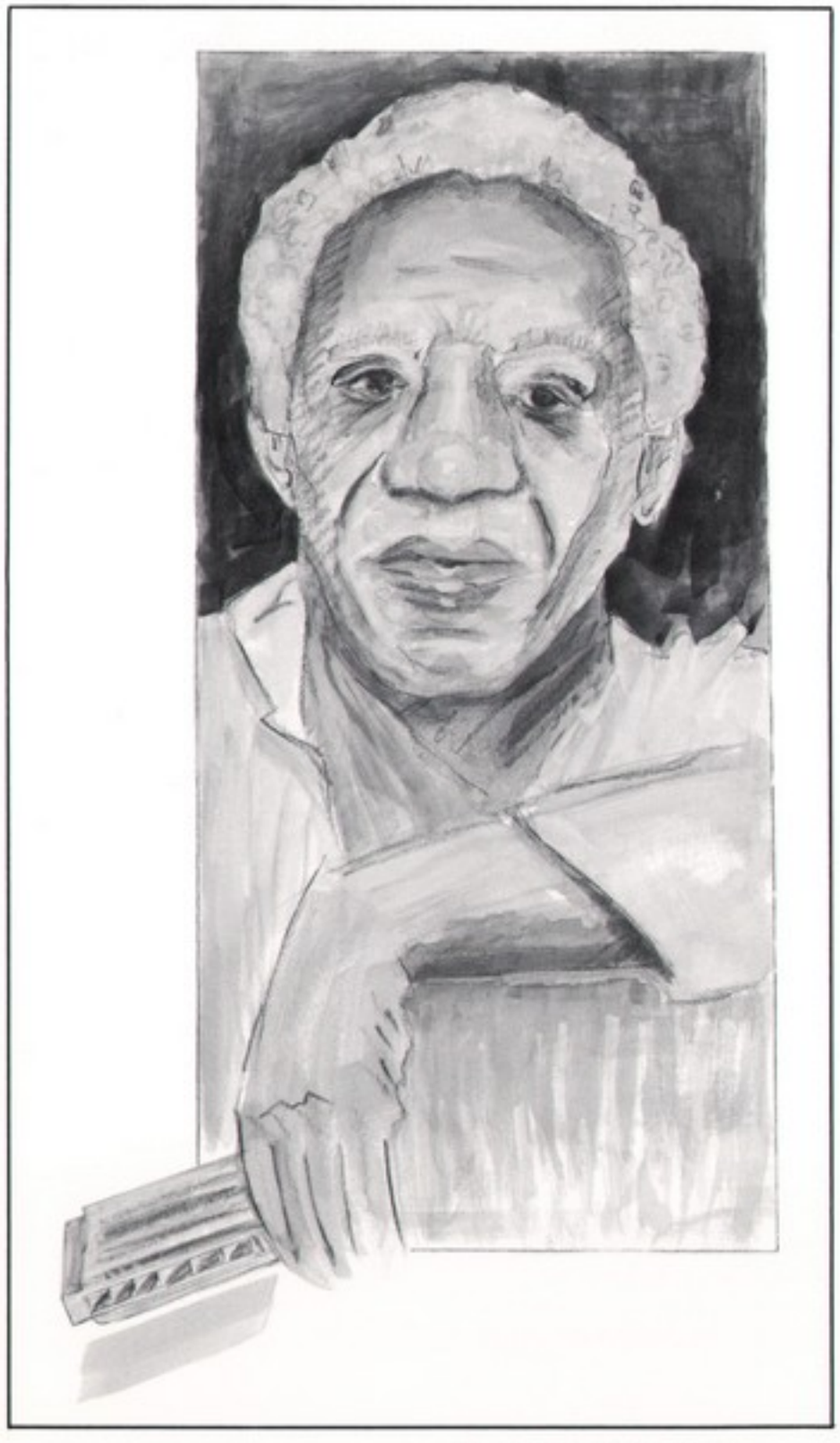


Illustration by Brian Young

BLUES MAN

Jus look at the Blues Man
black as night, eyes like white glue globs
with a chip o chocolate swimmen in em
he licks his purple ol lips with a red tongue
grey an yellowed friz jus peek out
under a squatin grey wool cap.

His clothes, they old
like a poor man's always is
tawny an rubbed thin from wearin
his knees poke out awkward
He smell likes what he drinkin
an a day he might o worked
in the mean ol sun.

He sets on the corner by the store
washin down cheap bag o whiskey
liffs a heavy arm to wipe a sticky black brow
show a hidden circle o sweat
in the pit o his shirt.

Real lazy like, he drop his cap down
by his dusty wingtips on the splintery
wooden slats of the walkway—
He reach his boney black fingers in his ves
like magic come out a shinin' monica
look like it sparklin' in the
mean ol sun.

He put his thick lips to it an blow
a cryin scream spin out so sad an tearful
seem the whole town gonna die or sompen
He play bawlin an howleeen like a devil
all his wind gushin whiles he spits
shakin his dusty nigger hand on the monica
he flop his arms, flop like he soarin.

People wanderin by tossin they change
pennies an nickles an quaters somtime
close they can in his hungry ol cap
can't hear the clink tink from his noise
But—after a furious while he stop his whistlin
and the blues man, he set alone along time
seem likes he waitin and waitin
in the mean ol sun.

The way he play, those awful sad sounds an all
most time feels like we all done for
jus in case—we watchin the blues man
jus in case someday his song right
or sompen

Mago S.F.

AN ODE TO WORDS

I'm in love with words.

On dreams and ideas I thrive.

Yes, even find joy in the magic they unfold.

Funny how locked in, secreted away are the

dreams and images of tomorrow and yesterday.

We know, we feel, even steal via the medium called words.

Where signs and symbols once stood

man now has substituted a multitude of words.

With words our thoughts unfold, are shared,

and many times retold so others might perceive

what it is we think we see.

To be sure the painters and chislers long ago took

up the load where signs and symbols at one time stood.

Why do we not trust our innermost thoughts,

why do we feel an urge to exchange, in words,

the essences of what we see and breathe?

Is it because signs and symbols get lost, get changed?

I truly am in love with words.

It's through words that secrets and

knowledge probably will last.

They are a window to what is in front and what has past.

Natalie Skynear

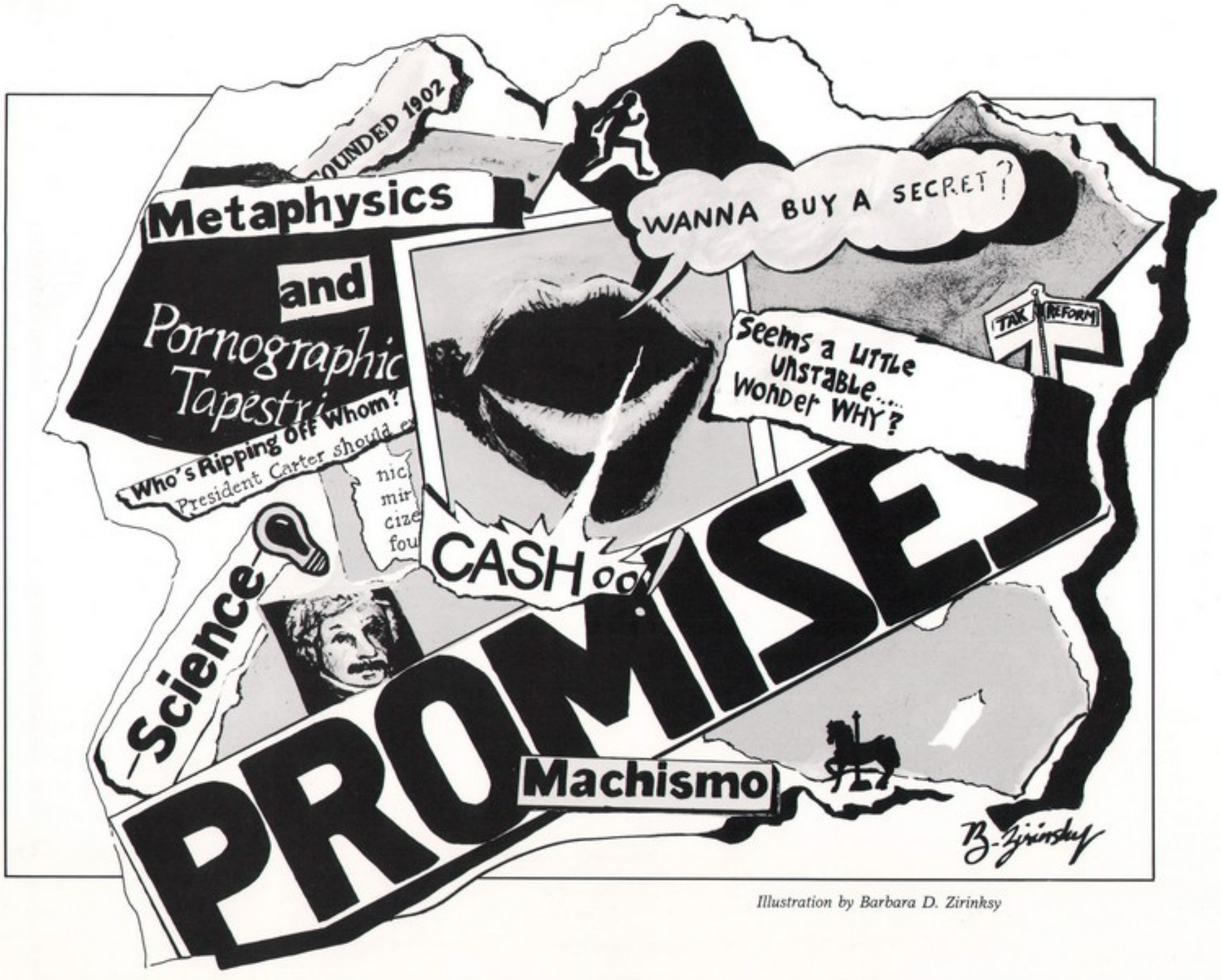


Illustration by Barbara D. Zirinksy

R·E·A·L L·I·V·E SOLDIER

Mago S.F.

Once, when I was six or ten
I led an army forward—
we annihilated the enemies
we did, my friends and I
among us, not a single coward.
The sun would roll around above us
but when the stars and moon popped
out, they didn't hinder our war
they say when it's raging
it definitely must be fought
So in covered wagons sometimes
rusted and creaking
peeling red paint—with
a bath towel thrown over our gear

we conquered the west, and Mexico
the Russians especially—
unless we were them
till mother's voice blared
over the world—over the war
"War's Over, Dinner's Ready!"

We considered chow time hungrily
and dropped our weapons at the fort
(Plastic piping or carefully chosen
gun shaped sticks), dusted off
our uniforms.

Print by Barbara Mason

We knew she didn't really understand
but my neighbor was happy—
he was about to be burned
at the stake.
Up the road we galloped horseless
tied them, and tramped muddy feet
up old tired stairs
cries of desperation from mom
"Your dinner is practically frozen."

Who in a bloody war cares?

The sun tripped gracefully
every night over the hills where
many a dead child slept and dreamt
Of his new life the next day.
I pulled the cotton over my chest
to ward off the long nights—
Would I be captain or private
tomorrow,
usually I was General
Whoever could shout the loudest,
would be general,
and I could.

Now here I am 19 or 22—
all my soldiers are older and weaker
and the blood and guts are bubbling
around me all of the time
my sheets don't seem to ward off the
long nights and damn it
mom never calls me to dinner,
I have to fight for everything
Now

Death is Just One Kind of Dream

A Villanelle for Mother

I must not pierce my mind with screams,
But touch her soul passing in the night,
Death is just one kind of dream.

Make me as a child, she, alive and green
Reciting Longfellow, or ballad songs of light,
Do not pierce my mind with screams.

Life be light, not dark with gasping breath, lean
Brittle twigs of pain stacked against the night,
Death is just one kind of dream,

Light not dark and dying, pictures of her seventeen with
Brown hair combed by sunlight, sky-eyes burning bright,
Do not pierce my mind with screams.

She smiling on an Island, golden, gleaming green,
An Erin by the sea and she so fair of sight,
Death is just one kind of dream,

Is this another nightmare scheme,
This child-fear of what's behind the light,
I must not pierce my mind with screams,
Death is just one kind of dream.

Norma Ball

Drawing by Tammy L. Thomas

Print by Cindy Meyers

Illustration by Yvonne Thompson

Some Are Kissing Mothers

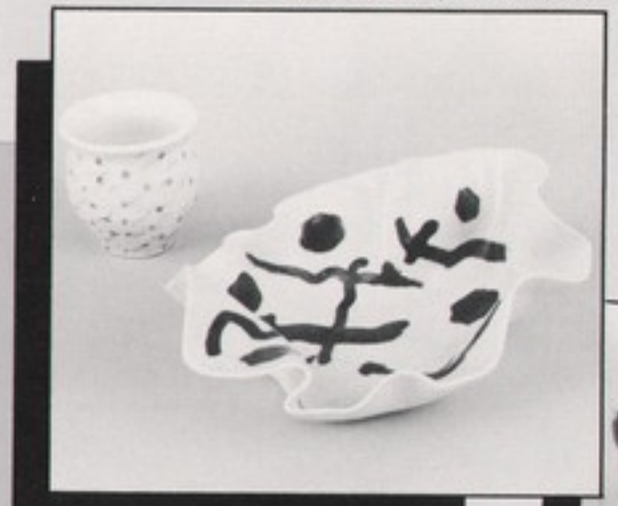
Momma likes to reminisce.
Her memories
Gentled by the years
Speak softly to my heart.
Often they are diluted:
Lonely whispers of fantasy.
But if in reverie
She rearranges the past
To please herself
I will not correct or chastise--
Nor will I plead for verity.
A mother's role is to comfort and love
And we have long since traded places.

June Drummond

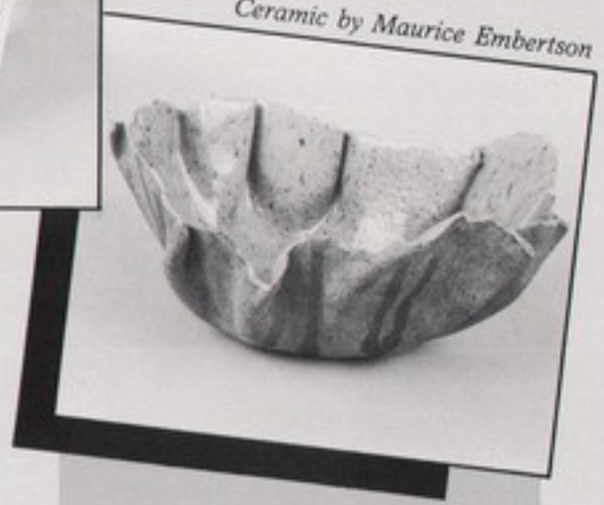
Bronze Sculpture by Barbara D. Zirinsky

Ceramic by Maurice Embertson

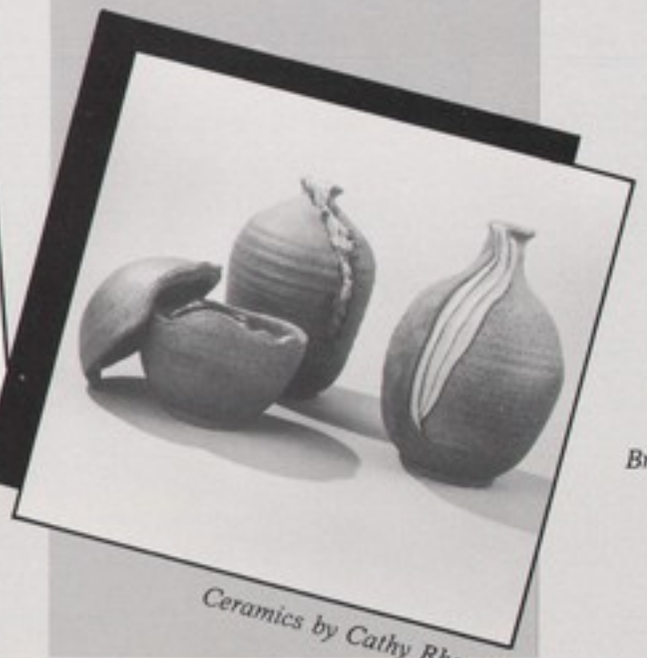
Ceramics by Tanya Glashauser



Ceramic by Maurice Embertson

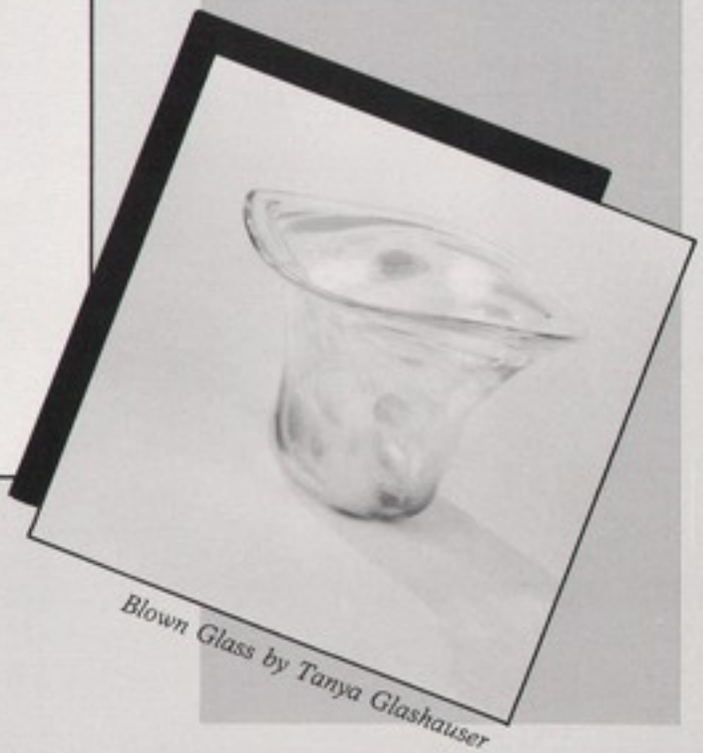


Wood Sculpture by Jim Burhans



Ceramics by Cathy Rhoads

Bronze Sculpture by Barbara D. Zirinsky



Blown Glass by Tanya Glashauser

Photograph by Cathy Blake

CHERRY TREE HILL

Yet when I was brash and careless under the cherry boughs
About a spreading house and happy as the buck was green,
The ceiling of the oval starry,
Truth gave me hail and climb
Golden in the heyday of the lie,
And honored among preachers I was prince of the cherry towns,
Till once beneath a truth I lordly let a press release
Trail with fairies and blarney
Down the river of my landslide night.

Back when I was green but household, famous upon the screens
Above the happy bars and singing as the Hill was home,
To belief that was young once only
Truth let me play and be
Golden with the needle of his means.
Then green and golden I was farmer and shepherd, the free
Sang to my corn, the wolves on the Hill were never bold,
Though the dark pressed slowly,
Like the army on a too ripe cheese.

All my season...it was sunny, it was lovely, the hay—
Seeds high in the House, the tunes from the Senate, it was fairs
And braying, lovely and buttery
And futures green as charm.
But bootless under the daylit stars
As I slipped in sleep my methods were wearing the Hill away,
All the truth long I heard, cursed among pipedreams, the black rocks
Flying to my ship, the sails' flutter
Flashing down to the dark.

Bliss then to awake, and the Hill, like a boozer still blind
To the truth, swim back, the cork his preserver; it was all
Morning, George Washington on airwaves,
The sky gathered no rain
And my court went dry that very day.
So it must have been after the birth of the tangled light
In the last, Hitler place, that burnt committee walking warm
Out from the whinnying green stairway
Onto the scree to graze.

Still honored among pressmen and senators, by the staid House
Blind to the stain made clouds and happy as the buck was strong,
For belief born over the undered
I planned my freedom plays,
My Jingoes trampled and fallowed grain
While nothing I knew, at my playhouse trades, that truth allowed
In all my tuneful foxing so few as those morning songs
Before the audience, green and buggered,
Followed him out to grace.

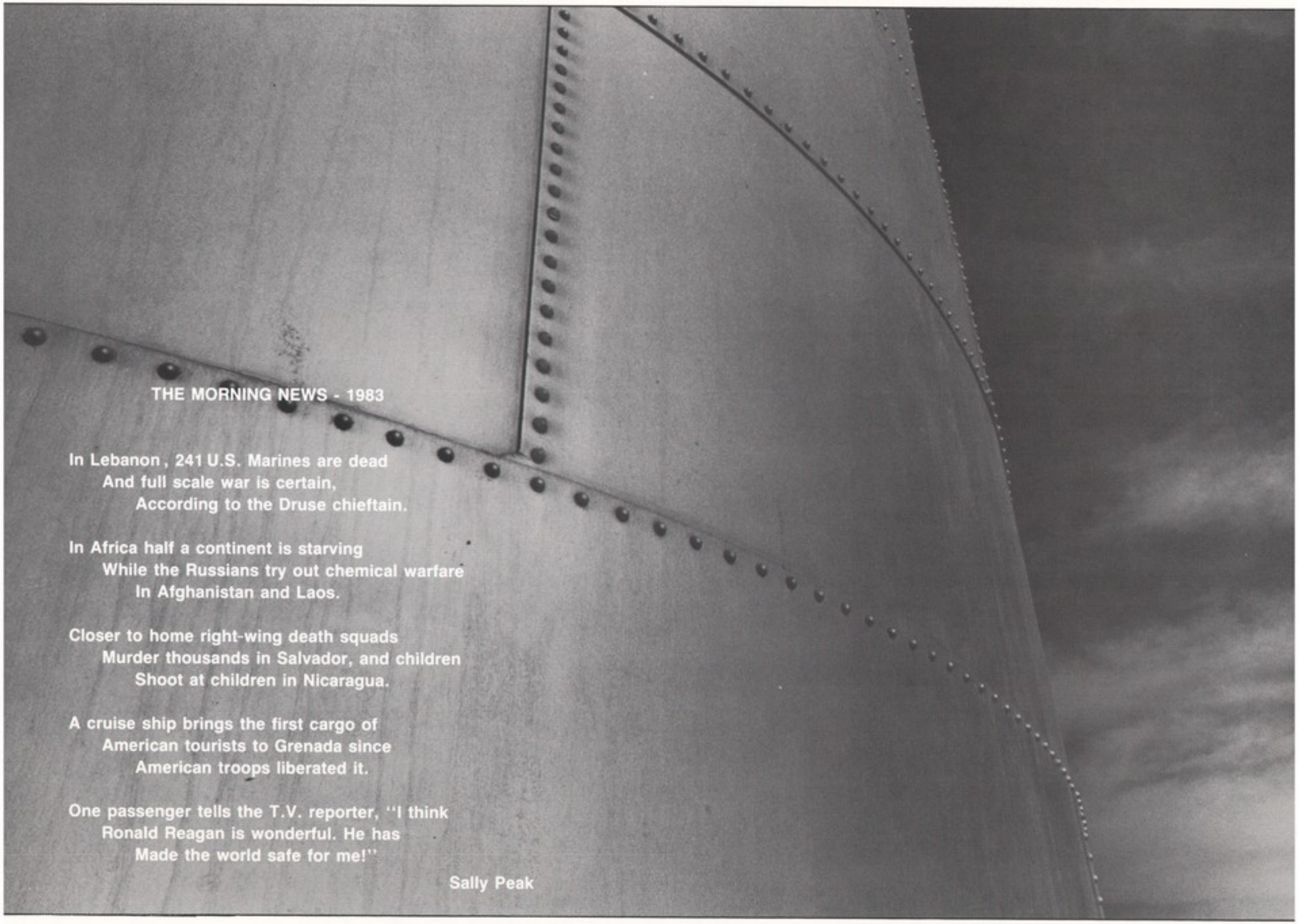
Nothing I knew in my cherry tree days, that truth would trail me
Down to the wallowmuch sty by the proxies of my hand,
In the gorge that still keeps rising,
Nor that nodding to sleep
I would hear him cry for the high fields
And wake to the Hill forever bared to a dreamless land,
Where as I was brash and careless with the needle of his means,
Truth'pinned me green and writhing
As I worried his lance like a flea.

Don Scott

Drawing by Brannon Couch

Collage by Lin Waldron

Photograph by Lin Waldron



THE MORNING NEWS - 1983

In Lebanon, 241 U.S. Marines are dead
And full scale war is certain,
According to the Druse chieftain.

In Africa half a continent is starving
While the Russians try out chemical warfare
In Afghanistan and Laos.

Closer to home right-wing death squads
Murder thousands in Salvador, and children
Shoot at children in Nicaragua.

A cruise ship brings the first cargo of
American tourists to Grenada since
American troops liberated it.

One passenger tells the T.V. reporter, "I think
Ronald Reagan is wonderful. He has
Made the world safe for me!"

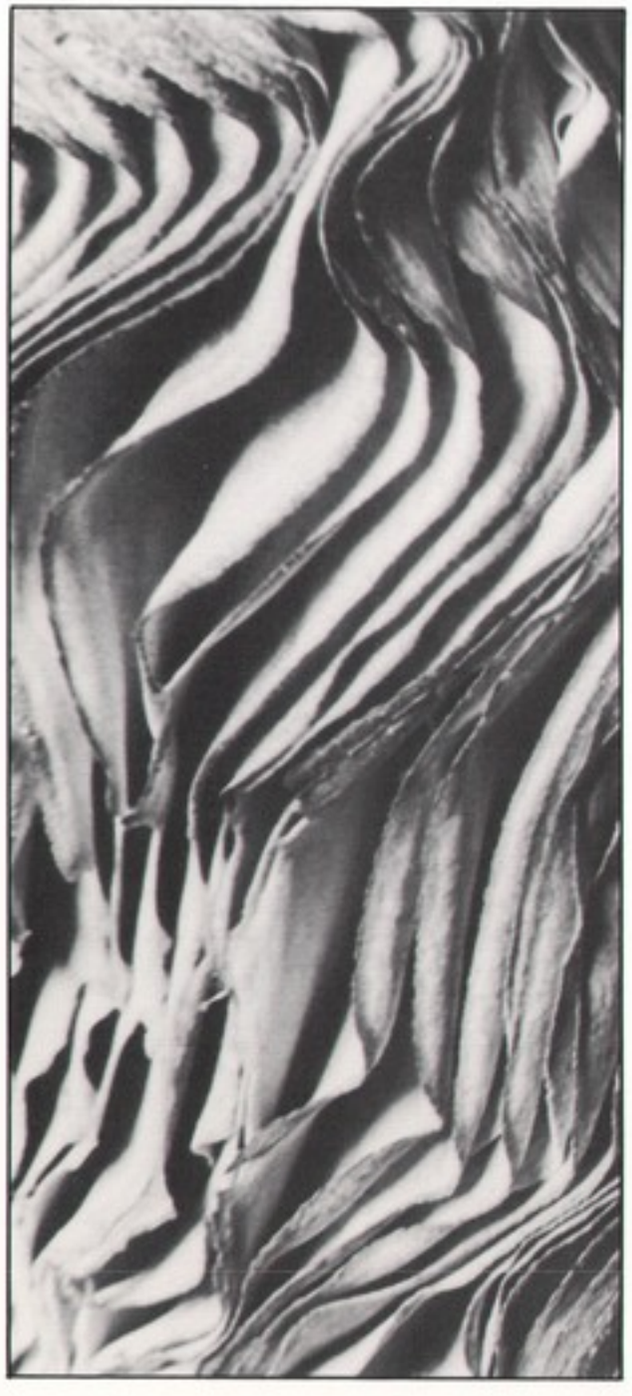
Sally Peak

Photograph by Lin Waldron

IT'S BEEN AWHILE (BERNKASTAL 1967)

Fingers trace cool, sleek wet lip
Caress long slender neck
Her scent is pure and earthy
More pleasure to behold
She's mine tonight I think
For she has been before
No virgin she, we've danced today
Many a time ago
In far off land and foreign sand
In better times than these
Our lips do part and touch and mend
My longing grows below
Joined juices hit on tactile tongue
Full throaty, fresh, alive
Her round rich body sweetness
Carrying me to my knee
Her taste in mine, my head so blind
Her heat now into me
Need cannot wait, I take her there
It lasts forever, over
In instant change of subtle mood
Her visage floats and swirls
And in the morn she's gone from me
My eyes too red to see
How lost I am without her
With so short memory

Roger Grady



Photograph by Marrianna Dougherty

YESTERDAY ECHOES

Silently,
she sits rocking,
knitting, on a bony lap . . .
unfinished.

Serenely,
looking out the cracked window,
at tin cans in the rain,
rusted like her past dreams,
struggling with memories
that come and go.

There,
amid the tattered furnishings
oiled with the dust of time,
where walls stand
in need of paint . . .
the door stands ajar . . .
memories of a girl,
kicking tin cans,
dreams bounding into the future,
down an old dirt road.
Shadows stretching,
freedom echoing.

Julie E. M Flatt

Photograph by Lin Waldron

REBIRTH

After you leave

dark clouds swirling

memories of love

damp skin

scented blankets

(Life)
anguished tears
seeds of love

blooming within fertile soil.

(Life)
grasping up among the reeds
winds blow darkly.

The Future:

internal

external (Life)

Born again

when he returns.

Jeremy Randall

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