1972

et cetera

Marshall University

Follow this and additional works at: https://mds.marshall.edu/english_etc

Part of the Appalachian Studies Commons, Children's and Young Adult Literature Commons, Feminist, Gender, and Sexuality Studies Commons, Fiction Commons, Nonfiction Commons, and the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
https://mds.marshall.edu/english_etc/40

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the English Student Research at Marshall Digital Scholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in Et Cetera by an authorized administrator of Marshall Digital Scholar. For more information, please contact zhangj@marshall.edu, beachgr@marshall.edu.
# THE TABLE OF CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>It Was the Year of the Spiders by Barbara Roush</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Song of Pasiaphe: Canto I by Joseph A. Seward</td>
<td>3, 4, 5, 6, 7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Sound Before the Fury — A Play by Michael Adkins</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moving by Bob Hall</td>
<td>8, 9, 10, 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The New Frontier by Randy Foster</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Clarinet Players by Joanna D. Sexton</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laughter Remembered by Shirley Klein</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tin Cans by Stan Coberly</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You're a Negative Impulse by Robert Wayne Fort</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>While spending a week in a village at Elephant's Caves: Situated on an island seven miles off the coast of Bombay in the Indian Ocean by Raj Malholtra</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Muddy Minded by Barbara Roush</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>At the Zoo/3 Pennies by Michael Adkins</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waiting for My Feet by Jeff Smith</td>
<td>21, 22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Can Opener Poem by Linda Fuchs</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, For the Love of Margaret by Dana Daugherty</td>
<td>23, 24, 25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Libera by Lyla Pittenger</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elderly by Michael Adkins</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Age by Colleen Lipscomb</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Second Time Around by Linda Nelson</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Father's Face by Rhoda Morris</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Titanic by Amos Perin</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Impotent by Dennis Savage</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ariel Dreams by Sue Chafin</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hat Pins by Joanna D. Sexton</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sewri Fish Mart by Raj Malholtra</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Restaurant Garbage by Randy Foster</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Room #1 by Rhoda Morris</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Room #2 by Rhoda Morris</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Room #3 by Rhoda Morris</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Room #4 by Rhoda Morris</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Second and Last Political Poem for this Decade by Jeff Smith</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Swimming by Joanna D. Sexton</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Loneliness of Standing on a Mountaintop by Stephen Hinerman</td>
<td>38, 39, 40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Impression by Roger D. Burdette</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Confessions of a Mongoose by Michael Adkins</td>
<td>41, 42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sailboats by Raj Malholtra</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweet Swamp by Michael D. Hall</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Surrealism by Luane Olson</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Easter Chick by Roger D. Burdette</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thinking of M by Dennis Savage</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Postnatal Bath by Viola Sue Woods</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Going to Bed Poem by Linda Fuchs</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Wish I Had a Dime by Joe Smith</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Life of an Elastic Rubberband by Michael Adkins</td>
<td>46, 47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haiku by Claire Smith</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Shattered Night by Linda Nelson</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Isabella's Lament by Theresa McCune</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Traveling Through by Laura Lind</td>
<td>49, 50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haiku by Claire Smith</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haiku by Steve Stanley</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marriage by Luane Olson</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Organic Transaction by Dennis Savage</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Wake by Mike Morrison</td>
<td>51, 52</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
It was the year of the spiders
From beneath every leaf
They came crawling
Eight-legged beings
With shiny black eyes
In their webs they trapped
The voices of men
And fed on them until they were full

Barbara Roush

THE SONG OF PASIAPHE
CANTO I*


A black cow fed upon the grass
   And pastured on the lee,
Of Angus blood she traced her line,
A bovine order, fat and fine,
   Her name, Pasiaphe.

Her father was an Angus bull,
   And some folk called him Ellis;
Her mother was a Hereford full
And for her Angus did she drool;
   As for a grape-hung trellis.

Their little calf would often bawl,
   And gambol on the slopes;
A real hide-bound calliope,
They called their young Pasiaphe,
   And raised their beefish hopes.

But cows, like men, cannot account
   For what they cannot know:
The leaves of fall put plans to rout;
A feed-lot took the mother out,
   And Ellis, a live-stock show.

Pasiaphe was left alone
   In Farmer Minus's pen;
For days she mourned her parents' fate,
Was off her feed, and lost some weight,
   But gained it back again.

Now Farmer Minus had his plans
   For young Pasiaphe:
Her tender haunch and meaty shank
Were just like money in the bank
   In his well-practiced hands.

A liberal ration of corn and fodder
   Would put some flesh on Ellis's daughter;
And if that wasn't quite enough -
There were other ways of seeing that
Pasiaphe got nice and fat.

Pasiaphe lived quite content
   In Farmer Minus's yard;
She had a hill, she had a tree,
And though there wasn't much to see,
   Quite freely she came and went.

* There are three Cantos in the original work.
Across the road, there lived a bull
   Owned by some other farmer;
His face was white, his brisket light,
His thews proclaimed his studly might -
   Alcinous, the charmer.

Alcinous had raised some hopes
   In his shrewd owner's breast;
All heifers followed him around,
And where he passed, they touched the ground,
   And laid their heads to rest.

This, did the fellow rightly think
   To be a sign that he,
Allured by so much tit-and-tail,
To father calves could hardly fail,
   But thus it proved to be.

For, scores of times, Alcinous
   Had chances to do his will
With buxom cows with hips so sweet,
So fair of form, so much in heat,
   But all results were nil.

No heifer pleased Alcinous,
   None on the grass or hay,
He never gave them half a wink;
It almost made his owner think
   Alcinous was gay.

At last despairing of his power,
   The farmer grew discontent;
"I'll call the market this very hour,
I'd sooner keep milk that's gone to sour
   Than a bull who's impotent."

Alcinous would likely be
   Meat hanging in a shed
And buttons on a lady's coat
The horns that graced his head,
   If not for Pasiaphe.

As time went on, to puberty
   Grew hesitant Pasiaphe;
A maiden still, in ignorance,
She often wandered to the fence,
   And lowed seductively.

For she adored Alcinous
   Far more than all the rest;
I've often heard that blood will tell:
Her mother's lust had worked its spell -
   Her own was put to test.

Old Minus knew Pasiaphe
   And saw her pine away;
A fatter carcass she would have
If he could get her big with calf:
   For this, does Eros play.

"And here's," he said, "the perfect time,
   The time to lock her up -
I'll put Alcinous in my yard,
And goad him 'till he gets it hard,
   And really ....... " her up."

The other farmer soon agreed;
   He hadn't a thing to loose:
The bull would either take the teaser
Or wind up in the butcher's freezer:
   Alcinous had to choose.

Cattle, and People, and other beasts
   Can sense an impending marriage;
And so, it isn't too surprising
That long before the day's arising,
   Pasiaphe looked to the east.

By morning's light, Pasiaphe guessed
   That something wasn't normal;
She paced around, she glanced outside,
In short, she acted like a bride
   Dressed in a wedding formal.

She peered down deep into her trough
   And saw her image there:
Her eyes were large, her ears were tiny,
Her nose was very black and shiny -
   She wondered if she were fair.

Pasiaphe soon heard a bawl
   And a most violent noise, too;
On down the road, the farmer's bull
   Was not responding to his pull,
But cried, as little boys do.

But inch by inch, Alcinous
   Was dragged into the pen;
His big tears gushed upon the ground,
His sobbing echoed far around,
   And met itself again.

As wild-eyed as a preacher's son
   (Or any Roman cleric's)
He looked upon Pasiaphe,
His black and shiny bride-to-be,
   And went into hysterics.

The farmer said to Minus then:
   "I knew he couldn't do it.
His tastes are really far too picky,
He could have given her a quicky,
   If he just had the guts to ....... it."

With skittish prance and mincing gait,
   Alcinous shied away;
He hid his head behind a tree,
And as for poor Pasiaphe,
   He left her to stand and wait.
Another cow might take offence
At such a sorry lover;
But pressed by love's false tyranny,
Unwisely did Pasiaphe
Make haste to be a mother.
And thus emboldened by her love,
With all the sentiment thereof,
Basiaphe, in trepidation,
Made bold to overstep her station,
And chase Alcinous.
"That's it!" cried Minus from the side,
"Go at it, girl, and get him!"
A determined cow will not allow
Her mate to limp without a row,
Though she may soon regret him.
So around and around the farmer's house,
Pasiaphe pursued her spouse;
And with all the speed of a leather torpedo,
Alcinous flew to protect his libido -
Until at last he tired.
His lolling tongue licked out at her
In spiteful resignation;
And in that moment, bull and cow
Exchanged their bovine wedding vow
In halting consumation.
"By God! I thought I'd never see
Alcinous pull it off!"
But Minus pounced upon his neighbor
And credited the bullish labor
To his Pasiaphe.
"You know, old friend, Alcinous
'Till now has been a virgin;
And so it seems you'd well afford
To give a rather large reward
To the one who made him burgeon."
The farmer grudgingly agreed;
(With reservations still)
A ten-spot thereupon he gave,
But not to the one who had to save
Alcinous from the kill.
That honor goes to Pasiaphe,
Who gave her maidenhood that he,
Un schooled in Aphrodite's arts,
Could prove himself a bull of parts,
And from his death be free.
Alcinous, from that day forth,
Proved that he was 'the charmer';
All his reticence turned to dust -
And all the profits of his lust
Enriched a thankless farmer.

Thrice blessed seemed now Pasiaphe
Who hastened to maternity
By leaps and bounds - and pounds and pounds -
And soon a roll of fat around
Her middle came to be.
And as late summer turned to fall,
And the creeks were filled with water,
Pasiaphe's excitement grew,
The time was soon - but Minus knew
The time was for her slaughter.
All her potential, all her gains,
Were to be of no avail;
November's chill put plans to rout;
Old Minus put this poster out:-
- A PREGNANT COW FOR SALE -

Joseph A. Seward
The earthquake that struck Los Angeles on October 8 registered 7 on the Richter scale, destroyed $10 million worth of property and injured 27 people; none seriously.

Charles Benson Bartlett, III read about it in the Los Angeles Times the next day. The story was on the front page, flanked by news of riots in Madison, Wisconsin (on the left) and by news of the latest proposed termination date of American participation in Southeast Asian land wars (on the right). Charlie thought about it.

The earthquake that struck Los Angeles on October 9 registered 8 on the Richter scale, destroyed $100 million worth of property (including the Hollywood Bowl) and injured 54 people; none seriously.

Charles Benson Bartlett, III again read about it in the Los Angeles Times. The story was on the front page, flanked by news of riots in Washington, D.C. (on the left) and by news of a revision of the latest proposed terminal date of American participation in Southeast Asian land wars (on the right). Charlie thought about this also.

On the morning of October 11, Charles Benson Bartlett, III walked into the Los Angeles City Hall and confessed.

Actually, he arrived about noon, having detoured to get a haircut and a barber shave, reclaim his suit from the cleaners and drop by the apartment to leave a note for his roommate.

No one seemed particularly interested in his confession.

After 20 minutes of being directed down halls to other people who handled earthquake confessions, Charlie ended up in the Los Angeles City Police Day Room. He would have gone directly to the Day Room, but he hadn't been sure that causing earthquakes was a criminal offense.

In the Los Angeles City Police Day Room, Lieutenant Victor Gomez and Sergeant Moses Lincoln Carver were on their lunch break. Sergeant Carver and Lieutenant Gomez had flipped to see who would go out for lunch, and Sergeant Carver had won. He had sent Lieutenant Gomez to the Taco Bell for burritos, tacos and coffee. He always sent Lieutenant Gomez to the Taco Bell. Lieutenant Gomez always sent Sergeant Carver to Colonel Sander's.

"Uh, excuse me." said Charlie as he stepped into the room. "I was sent here by a girl in Traffic Division."

"Yes? Can we help you?" said Lieutenant Gomez.

"Yes. I hope so. You see, it's about those earthquakes. You know the ones I mean?"

"Yes. We noticed them." said Sergeant Carver.

"Well," said Charlie, looking at the floor, "I want to confess. To causing them, that is."

Charlie shuffled nervously while the two policemen looked at each other. They raised their eyebrows in a knowing way and Sergeant Carver nodded at Lieutenant Gomez and then got up and left the room.

"Why don't you sit down here and tell me about it?"

"No, I'd rather stand." said Charlie, "Thank you just the same."

"Suit yourself." said Lieutenant Gomez, moving closer to the door.

"Don't worry," said Charlie, "I'm not going to try to escape or go

nuts and hurt anybody. I'm not violent by nature but, you see, sir, I move things. Without touching them. Levitation or something. Anyway, I didn't realize my own strength and I was having nightmares and I guess things just got out of hand."

"You move things?"

"Yes, sir. But I didn't mean to hurt anyone. Like I sai, I was having nightmares."

"Move something." demanded Lieutenant Gomez.

"Poppycock. It's a long way from moving generals to moving

armies." said Charlie.

"But General Warfield, he caused the earthquake in California. He

registered 8 on the Richter scale, destroyed $10 million worth of

property and injured 27 people; none seriously.

"Move something." demanded Lieutenant Gomez.

"A paper cup of coffee rose from the table and inverted itself

over the cardboard box of burritos and tacos."

"That was my lunch." said Lieutenant Gomez weakly.

"I'm sorry." said Charlie. He lifted a burrito from Sergeant Carver's box and moved it within reach.

"Thank you." said Lieutenant Gomez.

"You're welcome."

Less than an hour later, Charlie was moving desks in the office of the Chief of Police. The Chief prided himself on being able to quickly and decisively react to new and unusual situations. He sent Gomez and Carver home to get some rest and he told his secretary to take the rest of the day off. He also sent a note to the police physician saying that Sergeant Carver had been under a great deal of strain lately and that Lieutenant Gomez had apparently developed eye trouble. Then he called a friend in the Pentagon.

By 2:30, Charlie was moving General Christian around his office and General Warfield was collapsed in convulsions in the corner.

"You were right, Clark. I'm not sorry." General Warfield gasped.

"Sir, don't you understand?" ranted General Christian from the vicinity of the overhead lights. "This could revolutionize troop deployment. We could move armies without planes. We could move
tanks, trucks, guns, bombs, ammunition, people. There's no end."

"Poppycock. Its a long way from moving generals to moving

armies."

But General Warfield, he caused the earthquake in California. He
has untapped powers. He can move things almost instantaneously for miles...

"S'that true, son?" interrupted General Warfield.

"Yes, sir. I was having nightmares."

"Put him down," said General Christian.

"I tol4 you so," said General Christian from the floor.

"Be quiet, Clark. I'm thinking."

"Yes, Sir."

"Why, we could revolutionize troop deployment," mused General Warfield. "We could move armies without planes. We could move tanks, trucks, guns, bombs, ammunition, people. By God, Clark, there's no end."

"I know, Sir. I know."

The next morning, Charlie, along with most of the General Staff, was at Fort Mead. He had told General Warfield that he was not sure if moving things a long distance was dangerous or not. He had never done it and he insisted that the experiment use only volunteers who fully understood the chances they were taking. "C" Company of the 212th Infantry Battalion volunteered to a man.

"Excuse me, Sir," said the Commander of "C" Company to General Warfield, "Could you tell me what we're doing here?"

"Just an experiment, Captain. Just an experiment."

"Yes, sir."

Shortly thereafter, Charlie carefully checked the map coordinates and then moved "C" Company of the 212th Infantry (men and equipment) to a parade field at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. It took exactly one second according to the elaborate timing mechanism that General Warfield had set-up.

"Hello," he shouted into the microphone. "Are they there, yet?"

"Yes, sir. They're here. When did they leave?"

"Just a second ago."

The only mishap in the move occurred when PFC Bladen MoCaully arrived at Fort Bragg three feet low and a split second early. The Armored Personnel Carrier which he had been driving arrived in place and on time. After that, Charlie insisted that troops and equipment be moved separately. General Warfield agreed.

"Good for morale," he said.

By early November, Charlie had become a permanent part of the War Room. Using information on exact locations provided by satellite, he had successfully moved the First Infantry Division (men and equipment) from Fort Riley, Kansas to Germany for operation Reforger IV, the 8th Cavalry (men and equipment) from Germany to Fort Riley, Kansas and the Commanding General of the Pacific Theater home for his daughter's wedding.

On December 1, Charlie moved every member of the United States Armed Forces not in actual combat to a large, flat area in the Mojave Desert. After pausing only to transfer the General Staff to Shungnak, Alaska (except for General Warfield, who was reassigned to Hanoi), Charlie transferred himself back to his apartment.

His roommate was sitting on the couch and reading a copy of Zap Comix.

"I did it," announced Charlie.

"Heavy," said his roommate, looking up.

"I'm going to bed."

"Uh, you wanna do some acid to sorta celebrate?"

"No," said Charlie. "I'm tired and I need some sleep. You know how acid gives me nightmares."

Bob Hall
THE SOUND BEFORE THE FURY

characters:
1. Herman - a college football player.
2. Patsy - in love with Herman.
5. Sarah - a negro.
6. Sally - a good student.
7. Frieda - cheerleader.
8. Loudspeaker - a mumbled voice.
10. Assorted people in the crowd.

(Scene-Frieda, Patsy, and Sarah sitting on a concrete block.)

Frieda. Do you really believe it?
Patsy. Believe what?
Sarah. Haven't you heard about it?
Patsy. No, I haven't.

(entering from left.) Samuel. Frieda, Patsy, Sarah. Hello there.

Frieda, Patsy, and Sarah (together). Oh, hello, Samuel.

Samuel. Are you going to see it?
Sarah. Can we see it?
Patsy. See what?
Samuel. Yes. This afternoon at three. Better get your tickets now if you want to go. It will probably be a sell out.

Frieda. Where is it?
Patsy. What?
Samuel. At the stadium. You'd better hurry and get your tickets now, though. It's eleven o'clock. (Samuel exits left, his blue scarf trailing in the wind.)

Patsy. What is it?
Frieda. We'd better get our tickets.
Sarah. It's the strangest thing, really.

(Scene 2-Sally and Theresa sitting on a concrete block. Herman sits on the floor.)

Herman. I don't know if I really believe it.
Sally. Well, I don't. You know that.
Theresa (calmly). Yes.
Herman. Imagine. A real ... Theresa. That's just it. How can it be real? I mean, it's probably a publicity stunt or something for some new fabrication.
Sally. No, the papers say it's real enough.
Herman. Well, do you believe everything you read?
Theresa. Well of course she does.
Sally. Well, no, I guess not.
Theresa (rather bored by it all). Well, let's not be skeptical till after we see it.

(Scene 3 - At the stadium.)

Herman (Yelling and waving his left arm). Patsy! Patsy Future! Over here!
Patsy (Acknowledging). Herman! (Waving her left arm.) Herman Sandibutt! Over here!

(They come together.)

Herman. Well, I didn't think you'd be here.
Patsy. Well I did. (pause) I came to see ... it.
Herman. Well, what do you think?
Patsy. I don't know. What is it?
Herman. You mean you don't know?
Patsy. No, I just heard everyone talking about it, so I bought a ticket.
Herman. Yeay. Eight bucks to see it, and if it's not real I'm going to get angry at somebody. (Stamps foot for emphasis.) Uh-doo you think it's real?
Patsy. I don't know. Herman, I don't know what it is. The paper said it was real.
Herman. Yes, I know. I read it. (Herman starts smiling and acknowledging all the people he knows and doesn't know.)
Patsy. Uh, Herman. (She interrupted.) Herman.
Herman. Yes? (He turned his smile to her.)
Patsy. What is it?
Herman. A tree.

(Scene 4 - At the stadium.)

Over the loudspeaker comes a voice that mumbles, and no one can understand it. The gates to the stadium open.

Patsy. (Catching up with Herman, who has advanced through the gate). Herman - Herman. A tree?
Herman. Yes. That's what they say.
Patsy (Stopping, then running up to him, latching to his arm). But a real tree? Why, there hasn't been one in years.

Herman. I know.
Patsy. But how does it live? How does it grow? How - Oh god - a tree? (She clutches her mouth in awe.)

Herman. Well, that's what they say. Let's wait till we see it.

(Scene 5 - Inside the stadium.)

The stadium is completely dark.

Over the loudspeaker comes a mumbling voice no one can understand.

The gates are closed and locked.

A noise fills the stadium of 20,000 people, who are all talking at once. A whine - a deep muffled sound - like a deaf-mute trying to make contact.

At once - all the stadium spot lights flash on, and the stadium falls quickly silent. There in the center of the field stands a sapling.

Loudspeaker. This, ladies and gentlemen, is a sapling of a white mulberry tree. In early times it was used in the making of silk.

(Samuel clutches the blue scarf around his neck and moans.)

Loudspeaker. The silkworm thrived and produced the fine silk threads for its cocoon only after it had taken for its food the tender leaves of the white mulberry tree.

Sarah. How could a thing like that actually live and grow?
Samuel. Gee, I don't know. Kind of weird, isn't it?
Sarah. I mean - how was it born?
Samuel. Yeay, I know what you mean. Kinda gives me the creeps.
Theresa. Well, I see it, and I still don't believe it. It's just a fabrication. That's all. (She waves her hands over her head.) Some gimmick for some nut who wants to sell those gross things for us to set around in our rock gardens.
Sarah. Yes, well, I'd never buy one.
Herman. Probably won't have to. Unless the government issues an edict requiring us to.
Sarah. Oh God. They wouldn't do a thing like that. Would they?
Theresa. Who knows? (She throws her hands up in the air and catches them.) Who knows?
Loudspeaker. It bore large, dark purple, almost black juicy fruit..
Something strange happens on the field - a bud opens and a small leaf slowly unfolds. Twenty-thousands screams blast the stillness.
A herd of people fill the concrete streets screaming:
Oh god, it's alive.
It's coming after us.
We're doomed, doomed.
We'll suffer for this.
Doomed, doomed.
But in the empty stadium on a concrete field, a slight breeze causes the little tree to tremble, and the leaf falls slowly to the ground. The immense heat from the stadium lights killed the tree. The world is once again safe.
The end
-michael adkins

THE NEW FRONTIER
The woman on T.V. wails
That another short-life American spring-time
Evening is beginning to rise
In Ohio, from the valleys.
How many felling parents
Stand dead and half-hidden in frozen thoughts
In the stale air, along the soft paths.
Smug child specialists pass through cut grass
In well-trimmed trails, and smile,
And pass out wisdom.
A girl slumps in a doorway.
Her legs are bare to the thigh,
Her face red, she blinks slowly
At the evening.
At the sound of wisdom, her eyes
Fall quiet, like gray slag.
Randy Foster
TO CLARINET PLAYERS
I know now
what you did not
Next summer
i will know even more
I hate turning pages
with your blood
I'll make it up to you
on gray winter afternoons . . .
i'll praise you to strangers.

- Joanna D. Sexton

Laughter remembered
Ripples down stones of silence
Echoing itself.
I passed among you
But the sentence of your eyes
Kept dismissing me.

- Shirley Klein

TIN CANS
Labels, colorful as rainbows,
Flimsy, welded cans down the seams,
Piles of cans rolling together,
Campbell's, Heinz, A&P, Stokely's,
Luck's, IGA, Del Monte,
Busted open cans
With molded bamboo sprouts
Spilling out like smelly intestines,
Every No. 30B scrambling in fruitful confusion;
All of the rattling,
Except one container,
Succotash flattened by one heavy stomp!

- Stan Coberly

You're a negative impulse
in a field of positive flowers
a regal no
in an abundance of yesness
the flaw
in a perfect dress
the tear drop of sorrow
on a happy face
the smuge
on a shiney mirror
the dark spot
in a fluffy white cloud . . .
You're the frown
In a crowd of smiles.
(The frown) Aug 71

- Robert Wayne Fort
While spending a week in a village at Elephanta Caves: situated on an island seven miles off the coast of Bombay in the Indian Ocean.

The silver sunsnakes slither on waves and turn into fluttering butterflies before a rain of fish headed arrows reach them. And bubbles like scales spring from the sea into the unknown void.

Under the mild Indian Sun on my back I carried a large gunny sack of dried Waquti fish peeking down the small brown black nippled breasts of a hermit woman sitting on the roadside. I was thinking of the old ice cream days in America.

The birds flew out of his sail white beard. Innocence swept up and down his jelly bones. He became a child of seven suns. Seabred. Walking bare assed with a silver chain around his bottom. White lambs slept with their heads on their mother's back where inside love bounced like laughing waves. It was time for another coming of the sage.

In the sea pit off the jetty I spat. The crabs and the tiny one legged limping lobsters in one swift motion like the flipping of a wicked hand quicker than the coming of a wind unsent for: darted into their dark holes. A city of black round neat cells laid in front of my eyes. Tomorrow again when the Herculean arms of the steel sun under the jetty's legs begin to thin out: I could come and squash the large awkward mud black crabs into milk and let the birds roam about at high tide. But the wind now alone having taken the last of the sailboats to another shore leaving the rusty red anchors asleep cries a tune of all life's sacredness.

The sun behind the trees slowly gathered its rays. On the thin branch rocking the monkey saw the fiery fruit. He knew of the yellow ascetic robe issuing a fountain of orange purple and grey magic. Out of the glimmering orange gong came a gliding eagle heading for the blue country. And before the ocean enveloped her child the monkey flung itself into the melting fire and the gurgling wind turned into a cold man looking at a far away sail: reaching for the mountain's thigh.

Dawn's dark is here. The round silent shadow of my candle sways black. Dawn has rested her shoes and now their reflections lie black. Like useless driftwood they sit quietly in the window. A fisherwoman outside shoeless brown and slender walks across the disrobing seashore. The fisherwoman's reflection falls into the dear glassy backwater. Her naked feet flutter and ruffle the small pool. And now still lies the water. Morning has come but she is gone.

- Raj Malholtra

MUDDY MINDED
Heavy heavy thoughts
When the rain comes
To wash it away
I will know what it is
I want to say

-Barbara Roush
AT THE ZOO/3 PENNIES

Pleased with my fingers
I reach into my pocket,
take out 3 pennies.
I buy 2 balloons,
fill them with hydrogen,
and tie them to my fingers.
The string slips over my
long oily fingers
like cola over ice
and the balloons go up in the air
so swift - so fast
that my hand jerks back and forth.
I rise high into the air -
so light and free -
my head is like a ruptured spleen.

Then the air pressure is great.
The balloons burst
and I fall once again
like a brick in the water.

-michael adkins

WAITING FOR MY FEET

New shoes in a dream
they were steel and I
couldn't run in them,
I wanted leather ones.
They hurt my feet
and made them bleed.
I had to run
from the witches,
I was desperate and scared
I grabbed an axe.
I laid one foot
on top of an old milk can
and swung the axe,
again and again.
I swung hard to free one foot
the other was numb
I couldn't feel the rust
sink into my shin.
I hid the shoes
with my feet in them
so they wouldn't know
I was free
An hour later
my leg stubs were burning
like flesh on fire.

An idea:
burn the stubs and close them
The witches were coming to see me
imprisoned in those shoes
Running from their
dungeon in the snowy mountains
y stubs were awkward
They stuck in soft places.
I held the screams
that burst in my veins
and dripped out on every step
that I could steal.
They could find me I knew:
I left red holes in the snow.
I hid under a glacier
smiling and waiting for my feet
to grow back.
Four days I sat
knowing I'd have new feet,
but they found me.
The witches
stared comically at me and left.
I ne'er moved a muscle
sitting there half smiling
waiting for my feet
to return.

- Jeff Smith

CANOPENER POEM

electric canopener cranks and prangs my can
open
its a whirring shame
and Mamma said, as she handed me the
concealed thing
in red ribbon and green paper with berries.
"Oh, I just love mine."
and I, rather shamed that it sat
like a Buddah in my kitchen, burned incense
on its
baked enamel case.

-Linda Fuchs

OH, FOR THE LOVE OF MARGARET

The true course of love is never smooth, they say, but it's a
sure thing that it's long-longer than we think. Think back; a story
will come to mind, and if it isn't too long, or long ago, we'll tell it
together.

Not too many years ago, in the Appalachian fall, the morning
recess of a little one-room schoolhouse was about to begin.
"H'All raht, gals and boys," the schoolmarm warned in her
characteristic way, "H'all raht now, it's ree-cess time. 'Member t'
play like liddle ladies and gents."

'Like liddle ladies and gents' was exactly what Margaret, the
siren of the first grade, had in mind. Impatiently waiting in the
foot-hills beyond the schoolyard, she scuffed up and soon to get her
patent leather shoes ready for kicking. And who, may we ask, was
to receive the benefits of this attention? Why, none other than little
Hobert, the Beau Brummel of the grammar school set. Soon she
saw him dawdling along through the autumn leaves, hands in his
pockets, ready for fun, games, and - - - Margaret?

"Mah, don't the time pass quick when yore a-having fun?"
There she stood, the three-foot queen of the holler, with her jump-
rope slung seductively over her shoulder. The sight, not unexpect-
edly, brought a lump to Robert's throat.

"Naw. Ever' blame second passes like an hour."

"Even in the far t grade?" It was obvious that ennui was not,
in Margaret's book, a fashionable attitude for a suitor. But Hobert
only replied:

"I reckon I gotta start somewhere."
Margaret gave her bubble gum the perfect pop of nonchal-
ence, as if to say that she didn't care, anyway. On his part, Hobert
was beginning to impatient with the delay of play-time, and
interjected:

"Wahl, wha' ja wanna do?" To Margaret, this was an open in-
vitation, as broad a proposition as she was likely to hear for the next
ten years; but in her coy, well-bred manner, she only replied,

"Do? Wha' chew talkin' 'bout, boy?"

"Whah, yore t'one that axed met' meet you out hare," Hobert
remonstrated, fixing his eyes (which Margaret thought to be the
cutest, ones in the whole holler) intently on the girl. "You dee-cide
jest what you all wanna do."

What, thought Margaret, could be more gallant than that? So
often is indifference mistaken for disinterestedness in love. At
length however, Margaret did decide on a course of action.

"Wahl, I wanna play rope-run."

"It's jest plain simple, Hobert," she said, with just the slight-
est gleam in her innocent eyes. "I'll lam ya good and proper. Now
ya set yerself agin that-thare elm tree over yonder, an' close up
yore eyes real tight. Oh- one mo' thing - grab hold o mah jump
rope, an' doan ya never lit go. That's (and she winked) so's you kin
always tell whar I am."

So Hobert ambled over to the elm tree with all the misgivings
his pappy's razor backed hog felt when they turned him into the
sty to feed for the table. There he stood, holding one end of the
rope, and gazing wistfully at Margaret, whose grubby little fingers
clutched the other. Then, by a supreme act of surrender, he closed
his eyes. Like a hound let out in the morning, Margaret was off and running around and around the tree, a pigtailed centrifuge, whirling ever closer to the seat of her desires. Before Hobert could draw a breath, he was tied too tight to exhale it.

"Margaret! You cut this out! I doan like this hare game at all."

"Ma Maw larned me this hare game," Margaret answered, more to the tree than to Hobert. "She always said it'd be fun - leastways till this knot comes undone."

"Margaret!" -
"What?"
"Wha' fo' have you tied me up?"

"So ya cant move, ya big dummy. I sware, yore bout as smart as a cloth covered button."

Hobert stopped to consider this statement for a moment. The schoolhouse was out of earshot, hidden by a high hill that curled up to his left; he saw that he must either make peace with Margaret-or else.

"But wha' fo' have you tied me up?"

"Wha' fo' do you ride over top o' me wiffen yore dad-burned by-cycle ever' blessed day?" she interposed, artfully putting him on the defensive. Hobert tried another tact:

"Margrit! You untie me this second or I'll whomp you!"

"You ain't a-gonna whomp nobody." The truth of this was only too apparent to the boy, and with more hurry he accepted his position and tried to come to terms. "So what," he said with some weariness, "are you a-fixin' to do?"

"I doan rathly know. But I'm a-gonna start," she said, licking the peanut butter off her lips, "by kissin' ya."

"Ya cain't. If I kiss ya, ya haft' kiss me back."

"Ya cain't neither."

"Cain't."

"Jest try." And under such circumstances, Hobert received his initiation into the games of ladies and gentlemen. But he remained firm, and after the ordeal, Margaret had to admit that he was as good as his word.

"I tole ya I warn't gonna kiss back!"

"Yes ya will!" Cried Margaret in frustration, and delivered a few short kicks with her patent leather shoes to his shins. For a while she was desperate, wondering how her plan could have failed - and then she hit on the perfect scheme for revenge.

"If'n ya doan kiss me back, I'll steal yer britches 'an throw 'em up in th' tree."

"I ain't a-kissin' back," said Hobert, with honor - and, needless to say, stupidity. "An' I jest dare ya t' try an' steal mah britches?" But with a zip and a pop, Margaret had already loosed them and was in the process of wrenching them off his struggling legs. When she had gained the prize, the little girl threw Hobert's jeans into the highest branches, where even the most agile six-and-a-half year old would have trouble finding them. Just then, the schoolbell began to ring, signaling the end of recess.

"What I reckon I kin untie you now," drawled Margaret, who could not suppress a grin at the goose-bumps on Hobert's leg.

"Durn yore hide, Margrit, what am I gonna do like this?"

"Ya kin hear the bell good 'nuff - the 'Marm'll expect ya t' come in wif the rest."

And she skipped away, down the path to her waiting playmates. Once again, Hobert had to stop and consider his position. It didn't take him long to determine what to do. Instead of going to the school to get help, thereby causing a minimum of trouble and seeing Margaret get punished; not to mention trying to explain to the Marro why his patched britches were decorating a tree instead of his backside he chose to walk over the hill, through the village and home to get another pair of pants. And if anyone thinks this was odd, it might also be added that it was consistent with his later decision, as a young man, to remain in the hollow and work in the coal mines.

Margaret, of course, forgot all about her revenge the next day, and was content to see poor Hobert whipped for playing hooky. But as she put it:

"Muh, doan the time pass quick when yore a-having fun?"

- Dana Daugherty

LIBERA

Unexplainable, linavoidable love,
Thunder in the soul but no rain to
Follow in silent floods.
Conspiracy flows blood, not tears,
I looked high and the liquid green of the
Seven hills was blurred. Pain is not forgotten;
I remember all - even the red.
And how my toga, my clean scarlet toga
Swept the dust.
Veni, Vidi, Vici.
But they could not hear and I could not
Hear- and I kept walking and
I knew.
And still walking I knew.
And my toga
Swept
the
bloody
dust
supreme.

- Lyla Pittenger

24
And now being elderly
I've become a piece of mildew
On a blade of grass.
And I sit waiting for a sun ray
And a breeze. It captures me
And carries me safely to some cloud
A million feet in the air.
I feel so light-
Like a goldfish in a balloon-
And oh god, the feeling is fantastic.

-michael adkins

OLD AGE

Old man -
Bent near to the ground
With humped back and knotty spine.
With your small patch of wirey white hair,
and your face disfigured with the blemish of age.

Old man -
Once alive with laughter -
Now shrunk with pitted, wrinkling skin,
thickened earlobes, and tobacco-stained teeth.

I have seen you -
Stumbling about in the park,
As though one small gust of wind might
blow those crackling bones back into dust.

-Colleen Lipscomb

THE SECOND TIME AROUND

This crumpled, weary man;
Sore from nerves strained, broken and restrung
Stands waiting in a hallway for recognition.

The lost loves anchored on his bureau dresser
Remind him of the dreams
He dresses for every morning.
Searching for happiness in a barren self-hating intellect,
He goes through cycles of illusion,
Cycles of unmade beds,
Cycles of tedious conversations with his past.

I find close guarded eyes revealing wounds and
battle scars normally reserved for the dead

-Linda Nelson
My father's face
is carved from green and golden
forest trees.
I found out
one afternoon
when I was eleven
We were building a bookcase
in the back yard.
And as he drove
the steel nails
hard into the heart
of the oak boards
I noticed how
the grain
matched his forehead
and
his fingers
grew into
what he built.

-Rhoda Morris

titanic
our relationship
is that of an old steamship
and we each have our separate jobs
i work in the stokehole
supplying the labour & sweat
that makes the ship run
while you are the captain
deciding in' which direction we head

-amos perin

IMPOTENT

With the eyes of a
jealous lover
I watch the music
caress you.

Wishing that I could
get an erection in
stereo.

-Dennis Savage
POEM NO. 1

Ariel dreams
says Sister Lynn
going down unnaturally
the wastepaper basket
suffices as support
in a slow blurring of nausea
Saturday afternoon yellow shadows
and Victorian gingerbread house
a white cat perches
on a gable
as I
pardon the pun
trip on by

-Sue Chafin
hatpins 

Thomas left with his new bride today
She was my friend sometimes
Once he gave me a love note
I never asked him to,
I wonder if they will be happy
Down in Texas
I wonder if I could be happy
With Frank in Georgia.

-Joanna D. Sexton

SEWRI FISH MART
BOMBAY

Under the mild Indian sun
on my back I carried a large
gunny sack of dried Waquti
fish peeking down the small
brown black nipple breasts
of a hermit woman sitting
along the roadside. I was
thinking of the old ice cream
days in America.

- Raj Malholtra

RESTAURANT GARBAGE

Tuna gray as gravel,
Greasy, gregarious gravy,
Whole pots of potatoes tossed to the trash
Macaroni, ravioli, pizza,
Molds, flies, spoiled meat
Turned-over pie
With blackened crust,
Crumbling like dried mud
Each piece in a fallen form;
everything collapsed
But one green bean on top,
One faltering pole
Over the rotting, the newly decayed.

-Randy Foster
ROOM NO. 1

Somewhere in a room
sits a man
with a forty pound pumpkin
on his head.
He wears
a brown rubber wet-suit
under purple gauze
and calls out
"I am liberal"
eighty times every night
at the tone
of the striking stars.
And under his hat
in the corner
is five pounds
of modeling clay
shaped
like a weeping child.

ROOM NO. 2

The man
in room number 2
nods into a dream
every night
at 7:45
after eating
his cottage cheese.
He dreams of
Billy Graham's Texas Crusade
and 592 hollow-eyed
humming birds
singing Baptist Hymns.
The birds sing
for one hour and
twenty three minutes.
Then their heads
pop off
and land in
a red and yellow
hand-painted saucer.
They chirp.
They chirp.

ROOM NO. 3

There is a man
who sits in a well-lit room
speaking in nouns
piled too high for dancing verbs.
His fingers twine together
sending his touch
back to his beveled glass-heart.
And every time
someone asks about children
He opens his palms
and reveals
seven thumbtacks
growing there.

ROOM NO. 4

Face down
she kneels in the corner.
Azure light shines
from her forehead
And every tear she sheds
evaporates
into the breath
of a stillborn child.
"My fingertips
have run away."
She says,
And when
she tries to rise
the dust-feathered falcon
perched on her back
blinks four more times.

-Rhoda Morris
No one in Harveytown
gives a shit
about anything
you could say:
Neither do I
cos you're a thief,
stealing lives
for your pride
and speaking
of higher ideals.
I vomit dead men
in your castle moat
but nothing
seems to summon
any kind of
emotion from you.
Reason escapes
your plotting mind.
You're listening
only to yourself
think of a way
to take me.
So I am retreating
to Harveytown.
There are people there
who'll blow your head off
if they find out
how you're using us.
-Jeff Smith

My feet ka thud
against the ground
the leaves crinkle
the grass bends
twists mingle and flattens
I love the earth sinking
separating and springing back.
Soil, this multitude of particles
forms the ground
I grasp with anxious toes.
I must step hard
on this one short path
Soon the earth will suck
sprinkle and fall across my face
until it has trampled hard my form.
-Joanna D. Sexton
THE LONELINESS OF STANDING ON A MOUNTAINTOP
(A POEM)

There once was a girl ... ***

Except for freedom. Everything else. Except for the talk, circling around and hitting you in the face. Twenty three. Twenty three years of living in a body more open to punches than to puncture. Except for that, it had been fine. Except for the punches, it had been fine. ***

"There will be wars and rumors of wars," he said, not knowing where the real death lies. ***

There was an artificial ring to her talk, a metallic reluctance to give into her feelings.
"I try to believe in myself," was what she seemed to be saying, but he heard her lips pronounce:
"I don't know what to do." ***

"I mean, is it all so bad now, that I can't even see when things will be alright again? Nothing was better than ... than just lying beside him. I felt so comfortable. Like a baby or something."
"Of course. He was so - so intelligent ... how else could you feel?"

No, he didn't say it. It was in his brain.
"What do you think?" Her eyes flashed - no - not flashing - no - still, still, he thought. They were blue.
What did it matter. He put his drink upon the table.
There were what seemed to be ten thousand people walking around in the restaurant. He wanted to be with them all, just not here, at this table.
The restaurant lights faded into a soft, comforting blur. ***

The sum total of all things, at all times, is pretty near a big mass of inevitable and inconclusive nothing.

He smiled, as he put it down on a piece of notebook paper, very much like you would write a story upon. I was cynical. Hell yes, it was cynical. Every man has a right to his few moments of "cynicalness", he smiled. Another drink of that cold coffee. ***

His hands were large, like oak leaves, and he wrapped them around any mass of ski that he could. They were glad hands, sad hands hands that could do nothing, hands that could do anything. Sometimes, the muscles wouldn't respond to the brain waves, sometimes they would. But they were real hands, his hands, hands that no one else could use. ***

What do you do when the world has lost its glory.
Then what kind of story do you tell?
What do you do when the feelings have gone under.
When there isn't any thunder in the bell?
And you feel like slowly

Slowly

Slowly

Going down.
And you feel like slowly
Slowly
Slowly
Going down.
It is the death in all of us, that slow dying feeling, when there's no one to reach to, no one to hold to, no one to die for. That slow, agonizing, stupid death, and no one's around, no one's around.
The pen lifted from the page, the poem and the paragraph lay open before his eyes.
It didn't say it.
It was a disgust within him, within his very stomach. It centered like a balloon that kept inflating, pressuring the sides.
There was nothing that would say it. There was nothing that would say he just wanted to die. ***

There once was a girl, a fine girl, with blue eyes and a smile of silver. And when they fell together, and fell in love, she was his world and he spun around her like a moon around a planet. It was like he was young again, flying toy airplanes, circling around him on a thin silver string that he rotated in his hand.

There once was a girl, and she was the pilot, he was the plane. But it was love. It was the way you feel, not the strings, but the spinning.
She left him, telling him what a very kind person he was, and how she only wished she was like him and they could live together.
She left him, standing, in the middle of a sidewalk, with a tear building in his eye and a sickness in his heart.

It was the way it was now. He was on a beach, and the water was coming around. And again, he was being made into an island. ***

He looked at the photograph, the one just made, and thought it funny. He wasn't that bad looking, you know. Not that bad. ***

There was no one in the world that could define for him what it was to love. He just sat, thinking and thinking, and it never, ever, came. ***

People had said he had done all types of things, had left his women, had run with thieves - those thieves of the soul.
All he had ever tried to do was have someone love him. No thefts.
But the rumor goes round and round and round ***

Guns and barrels and triggers and stocks. Guns and barrels and triggers and stocks. Guns and barrels and triggers and stocks. A few times a year, you're okay. More, you watch
it. More, you start to shake a little in your shoes and your hands get a little tired.

He thought about her and how she wouldn't listen at times and how he didn't look in his eyes anymore and how she felt so sorry for the self she didn't believe in, really, and how all the rest of them, just stared, glassy eyed, into foggy, uncontrollable mirrors.

Maybe his hands felt tired.

---

A dusk settled behind a cluster of hills. Sunset. The rainbow held out, changing, for a few more silent, gentle, holy moments.

He let out his breath, as if he had been watching a slow motion circus and a highwire act that had just swung into the sky. A perfect catch. A perfect swing.

No one's face, no one's, seemed to hold the sunshine anymore, no one's the way, the way that sunset was.

Why is it, why is it, that the only way to save your soul is to save your soul with love?

---

On the edge of a mountaintop. He imagined it, the breeze whipping his face, the breeze circling from around his back, moving slowly over his cheeks. He would stand, straight, tall, spread his arms, and fall - a bird he could never be.

There were ways he was, ways that no one else could quite understand. Ways of life, of a style, that consisted in constantly giving, yet possibly not enough to ever see a return. And sometimes, the frustration would build up until he was on fire - not a fire to purify, but a fire to burn away his skin.

And then rumors, and wars, and the misunderstanding of giving. No return. No reply. Just still night air - still mountain air.

He stood in a void, his hands feeling tired, and he wondered, in the slow moment of a dream, if the loving would come in the fall.

---

IMPRESSION

Life is written
On a magic slate.
Lift the cellophane
And it is gone,
Save for the scratches
Left on the black waxy backing
When the stylus was pressed too hard.

-Roger D. Burdette

CONFESSIONS OF A MONGOOSE

I am having trouble with my homework -
It's all this new math, you know,
Where two plus two equals four,
And there's five blocks in a square.
But I never have trouble making grades -
My parents are always urging me on.

And at the dinner table I choke on
The fine and gracious foods that my
Mother took time from her schedule
To prepare because I had to work late.
And I cough with emalcamated pride
As my father declares my ingratitude.

His laboring fingers putting me through school
So I can avoid the draft and stay happy.
And he screams at my constant desire
To do things he would never do.
I smell of envy as he gets to read
My mail first. And he can tell me
Where I am one evening before I get there.
And his fingers brush against my face in the
name of God -
His power and glory forever amen.

I am dying,
I tell the psychiatrist,
So here's to my health.
C'est la vie, he retorts.
They all meant well, you know.
Do something worthy, he suggests.
I think I'll join the army
At Fort Benning, America
And then maybe get shipped out
And get my legs shot off.
I think I'll do drugs today -
Wonder if it'll get on their nerves.
I wonder how he'll find me out -
Perhaps write a memo to the police department
Perhaps put on a wig and join me and mine
Perhaps hand out commie papers on the street.
To see if I'll take one and read it -
He'd really have me then.
My son, the pervert, he yells
As neighbors tell him where I've been.
It's a classic case of
The do-something-worthy illness.
I think I'll be
A navy boy
And go out to sea
With the sharks
And whales.
Beggars are but poor people who can't
Make it to the bank to cash their
Welfare checks, doctor, and I'm not that choosy.
I take what I can and leave the rest
In my suitcase with the other stolen merchandise.
I feel so flippy when I get away with things.
But then some neighbor steps to the door
And says oh by the way, guess where I saw ...
And then my father calls me worthless -
I think I shall live in an alley
And be a jerk.
Oh mongoose who hunts out
The spotted snake,
Hide your head under a hat.
The snake is on the patio
And the neighbors are out -
Beware of dog signs line their fences.
But what ever you do,
Get that snake.
Then go read a poem by e e cummings.
I think I'll be a poem by e e cummings
So that mother and father
Can read me. Then I can sit at them.
But they would never understand that either.

-michael adkins

SAILBOATS. White and black enveloping plants. Things giving birth to gliding eagles. Sharks roaming the home sea. Who gazes at sailboats? I do. You may. Cow goat and monkey skulls settled on sands and rock walls look at the dead black seashore: within their polished sockets sunlight threads and sews the mist. They too have light for sailboats. Sailboats are popes for centuries wandering blind under oceans. They are giant ribbed carcasses with broken Chinese partitions. Sleeping erections waiting at the ocean's lips at low tide. Sailboats are pulsating cheeks of my quiet and shy but not melancholic village love. Ebony haired. Of twelve sea-washed suns. With serene brown eyes. Her body no less flexible than deer. Her naked legs batter my heart, flesh, and ribs. She carries water in copper vessels which jangle like fire in my brain. With ancient sea hands she clasps the water vessels moving up and down in dance about the uneven earth as her earth brown breast peeks at my dying eyes.

-Raj Malholtra

SWEET SWAMP

Faces arise
From trackless nothing
Out of mists
Which hang like
Winding sheets
Over this calm and
Sleepy swamp.
One of them is mine

-Michael D. Hall

thinking of m

thanks
i'm pregnant
thought i knew how to experience you
in a prophylactic style
being acquainted with condoms
coils and cycles all the while
all superlative: effective
pleasure enhancing
multi-erective
but all those are belated notions
the fetus is in contracted motions
i think i'm having a poem

-Dennis Savage
POST-NATAL BATH
A woman at Laidley sinks
down into warm green flows
of faucet streams
and lays her flesh
in a pure white enamel womb.
Her violet dreams
reflect the star
in gigantic divisions
of the shining prism
glass window and thoughts
of president desks
and hungry children
with large eyes and global bellies
and of Grecian urns and wars
of past and wonders
of gills now gone
that breathed from gentle
white caps and lay
with soft green seaweed
making smooth pillows
for her head during time between
alerting alarms and forgetfulness
of deep slumber
within cold enamel coated dreams.

-Viola Sue Woods

GOING TO BED POEM
Going to bed
feeling stringy and
rubbery
(Chaotic celery),
I awake in the morning
in perfect form with
my surrounding
(Chaotic water lying
in a bowl).

-Linda Fuchs

HAIKU
Walking down dusty walls, my
wet feet making minature mud puddles
I go to watch you sleep

-Claire Smith

I wish I had a dime for every time it rains in Monterey.
And for every night I spent by the bay
When even the seagulls knew better.
It always seems to be those little things
That make me want to die
Before I’ve even been around long enough to make some sense of it all.
Like the times when all I have in the world
Is half of a pack of cigarettes,
But no matches.
Morning would find me shaking the sand
From my tattered Army blanket,
Hitching a ride north to San Francisco,
And wondering how many of those swollen eyes and sleepy faces
Knew it rained in Monterey.

-Joe Walters
THE LIFE OF AN ELASTIC RUBBERBAND
From Saint Mary's Hospital one afternoon
Ran a very happy man into the street -
Jumping, clapping his hands, stamping his feet
And singing, "A king is born unto this world!
A king is born! A king is born!
Oh peace unto the world, Melchizedek,
Eor unto this day is born my son!"
A car drove by and looked at the man -
My father.
The King was me.
August 23, 1951 - A Day To Be Remembered!
My father burst into the nearest store
And, falling to the floor,
Ordered crates of King Edward's.
He ran into the streets
Throwing millions of King Edward's
Into the sky.
How did you celebrate my birth?
Nothing too extravagant, I hope -
Maybe just a small 3-tiered cake -
With coconut and chocolate and cherries
And a few pecans -
Put in a pretty white box
With a nice green ribbon.
Perhaps a few balloons.
Perhaps a pretty poem
Or perhaps even a song.
You could sing my song seven times
Before the sun set.
But then you might not have realized
What was going on -
What with all the fanfare in the streets.
You probably thought it was
The Fourth of July.
Thousands of people lined the street
As my limousine cradled me to my new home
In the sun-kist ruin of some back-alley castle.
Ticker-tape filled the air
And roars more breath-taking than
Kennedy airway at six p.m.
Formed clouds for my halo.
I loved it. I raised up in my mother's arm
And waved at the masses.
I cooed joyously at the millions of smiles
And I threw kisses to the hundreds
Of jumping little children who lined the curb.
But then I finally reached home
And you know - my limousine
Turned into a pumpkin.
The ticker-tape became rain
Which made me cold
And I got sick.
I had a headache and I coughed.
And the King Edward's that my dad gave out
Were never returned.
And the songs you wrote for me -
I never heard them playing,
And those poems were never published.
All the people on the streets turned away
And their smiles turned into sneers.
The children jumped up and down,
They were laughing at me -
The freak with the elastic rubberband
Around his wrist with his name on
It. Michael.
How Short.
How simple.
Did I ever tell you that I had
A very lonely childhood?

HAiku
Sing to me again.
My comfort and your blessing
In your crooked voice.

-michael adkins

-Claire Smith
The Shattered Night

In the carcass of night
your voice
echoes down the
hollows of my mind.
An unreal, screeching sound —
deafening the cat calls
of lonesome nights.
Faltering not; stranger to hesitation,
in one moment's
silence I first heard
the beckoning wilderness of you.
The last silence I knew.

-Linda Nelson

Isabella's Lament

No letter, Friday, Saturday ...
Laugh with sunshine, cry with rain,
someday I'll go out
and live again.
Today was Sunday, I found myself,
cleaning out an empty shelf,
Staring at a silent phone,
Listening for voices on the stairs,
i never wanted to live alone.
i live on dreams and borrowed prayers.

-Theresa McCune

Traveling Through

I am temporary here,- as here in time while jumping from wooden seats of swings
past crooked marks drawn in the dust.
And with every dipping sun after school
at the swings, I never thought about the crooked marks
of yesterday being gone. I didn't think
until a thousand calendars were changed
upon a thousand painted and plastered walls -
until I realized how full moonlit were the run-down roads
I often walked at 2 a.m.,
until thinking across wide flat plains
I would certainly collide with the black star-splattered sky
that touched the land as dark walls touch a floor.
But I left no footprints there.

And how many times within the world
it seems were rooms I roamed from corridors of roads
and seldom stopped except now and then,
when the tangled fragrance of honeysuckle,
heavy in the air would slow my feet
while passing through small, uncomplicated towns,
with welcome mats at many doors of houses freshly white.
And upon several porches were resting enormous women -
each awaiting a child of spring;-
where the roots of every tree run deep, and the green
of backyard corn was touched by its first sun.

And I rested in rooms of mountains,
watched rippling colors of second rainbows
mirrored in their streams, and dreamed the dreams
of all impossible romantics who feel like butterflies
pinned temporarily upon this earth.
Perhaps I should have stayed -
beneath the mountain pines and redwood where moss
and mushrooms grow in the delicate harmony
of every living thing, and where dreams
are as if something to be held, warm and real,
upon an open hand. Or perhaps -
I should have left the illusive rainbows
where they have always been in changing streams
and in the sky - as transitory as I am.
But with the rising sun I silently arose,
and together with rainbows wandered on to find
not only mountains, but mountains by the sea.

Now I am temporary here, beginning the forth cycle
of seven years, wondering where I am after all the rooms were known, and wanting to return to my favorite room in the mountains by the sea; where upon wet and ancient sands the shadow of myself reached very long - as now it does - a darkness in my mind, a threat, a promise, and a dare that I shall do what I must to leave a footprint in the sea-brushed sand while I am temporary here.

- Laura Lind

HAIKU
Leaves driven by the wind,
At the lakes edge a fleet forms,
Autumn colors.

- Steve Stanley

MARRIAGE
Clouds gather like messages of smoke ... the sky spreads its body above me
I bore a child by the sun, but the eagle swept down and took it away.

- Luane Olson

ORGANIC TRANSACTION
I granted my ex-wife and her husband permission to adopt my daughter today.
The decision grew like a slow miscarriage. Signing those papers was like monogramming a turd.

- Dennis Savage

SURREALISM
the Sky gave me some blue to borrow. My eyes are bluer. My hair is longer than the breeze I throw shells and bottles at the ocean and erase names from the sand. Sea gull cracks the shell open to eat the birth before its born. All my dreams are sinking in the distance. I am standing in the sunlight. Come touch me one last time before I disappear.

- Luane Olson

THE EASTER CHICK
The little chick, dyed Softly blue by some million-dollar corporation With its main office in New York And its chick-dyeing plant in Pennsylvania And outlets in every state (except Alaska and Hawaii, Because, of course, of the cost of shipping them there) Lay under a brick in a pool of its own blood Which turned the blue black on the feathers, While the little boy, jumping gleefully To see what once could do, Picked up the brick to see What twice could do To a soft, blue-once, black-now chick From a million-dollar corporation.

- Roger D. Burdette

THE WAKE
Edith looked into the mirror in front of her, seeing in its reflection what time and lots of hard liquor can do to an old broad. So what the hell, she thought, the booze was great and if the next twenty years were anything like the last, they can cork me up and sell me for Old Crow. Her hearty grin vanished as she caught a glimpse of Russet Brown that had begun to turn Cinnamon Gray just over the right ear. That damned Myrtle had used that lousy Colorsilk shit again. Edith puffed out her cheeks in childish pout and decided she’d change salons next time.
"Heaven help you, Edith. It's two in the afternoon and you're still in your slip." It was Maggie.

Edith turned from her mirror to the portable bar beside it.

"Drinks are on me, Doll," she said as she poured two dixie cups of Kentucky Gentleman. "Rocks?"

"No, keep it warm, I've got a toothache." Maggie pulled the long crimson ribbon at the back of her head and freed the long thick Natural Black mass that Edith always envied when it covered her shoulders that way. Maggie was twenty-four, really, and very good looking. She removed a red pump.

"I would have been here sooner, but you know how bitchy Sheila can be. She's positive you're playing John on her playground."

"She's a dyke and a half ... money can't be that dear to you."

"Oh, Edie, she's not always bad. In fact she's better than most of the real Johns in this town. Besides, money pays the bills."

"Yeah, but God, what a roommate."

"Did you call about the building? Are you sure we can get it?"

"Don't worry, lamb, mama's already paid the rent. We had to sign a lease. Jennifer's out right now getting Fione and Meredith ready to move in."

"I don't really worry, Edith. I guess you've thought of everything. Charlie must have been pretty nuts about you to make you his beneficiary."

"Well, there was a little hassle with Stella after she'd found out the conditions of the will. She was going to have him change it as soon as they were married."

"Why didn't she?"

"Be sensible, doll. Stella and I had the same plans for Charlie's money, so we had a little girl-to-girl and compromised."

"Why should she compromise when she might have had it all?"

"Look, Maggie. Stel doesn't get around much. I know the girls, so I make a better business manager. Stella took care of Charlie's end."

"You mean he didn't really fall ... "

"You're learning. Besides, I deserved the money and Stel knew it. God knows I worked for it." The hearty grin was back.

"But what does Stella really hope to gain?"

"Fifty per cent of our annual intake."

Maggie looked into the mirror and raised her dixie cup with a smile on her face.

"To Charlie," she said.

"Amen."

-Mike Morrison