

1979

## Southwinds - Spring 1979

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# SOUTHWINDS



SOUTHWINDS

Number 8  
Spring 1979

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## Summer Song

The summer's cadence  
comes by katydid  
and cicada  
rubbing limbs in  
humble ignorance  
of harmony

Cynthia Callahan



## Christographia 38

### *After Equinox*

The clock's hands fall  
& rise to midnight.  
The wind relentlessly  
attempts the windows.  
Four seasons,  
four elements,  
the humours of flesh.  
We lie together,  
our body a glyph  
for a deeper dance.  
Late March rains  
dribble from the eaves,  
hiss under the wheels  
of passing cars.  
Our children sleep,  
bedded in our marriage.  
The outer doors shift  
in their jambs  
as the wind rises.  
Midnight is heavy  
in the rain,  
the air dark with Spring,  
foreshadowings  
of seeds that die  
to sprout again.  
Four points of the compass,  
four arms of the cross,  
the bleeding center,  
a rose of pain.  
The needle dips & swings  
as the compass tilts,  
homes on North,  
as the clock's hands  
consent to midnight  
and day shifts in its jambs.  
We lie asleep,  
belly to back,  
arm over, arm under;  
our flesh, having dipped & swung  
has now settled true.

Four arms, four legs,  
our body has  
a tangle of belief  
we're learning to sustain  
Late March rains  
dampen midnight,  
flow into our children's sleep,  
as they shift in their beds,  
their weight balanced  
against the world's tug.  
I see no stars  
as I shape these lines,  
but hear, beyond the traffic  
& the rain's thrum  
& drip,  
the silence in which they hang,  
pointing North, measuring midnight,  
that silence the tonic  
of a song we have yet to sing.

Eugene Warren

# Celestial

At first they were nice about it.  
The neighbors, that is, the grass, I mean.  
The neighbors were nice about the grass.  
Too long they say, while thinking too green.

Guess I'll have to move away,  
No point to mowing I can see.  
That Hanson kid has asked me twice,  
Guess you know how kids can be.

Like I said, about the grass,  
Don't trouble yourself, in a week or so  
It'll just need mowing again, you know.  
And of course, by Sunday you'll have to go.

I know I need a shave and such,  
But beards and lawns and heads of hair  
She said.....my God, she's dead.....  
She said they show how much we care.

What will I do without her, Jim?  
The promise I made you I intend to keep.  
Not to take my life, how ironic,  
It's dead....and buried six feet deep.

Another drink for you, my friend?  
Thanks so much for stopping by.  
Jesus Christ.....I can't remember her face...  
Jim, I can't let you see me cry.

You're right, I'm going to be just fine.  
The boys at work still have that game?  
I'd play a hand, for old times' sake,  
Though things will never be the same.

Mark Haslett





Steve Foltyn



# Ozark Meandering

"In Chinese the character for 'watermelon' is called 'Buddha's Horselaugh.'"

An Introduction to Ancient Chinese  
by Stanley Hanshan

"When was it last year? Can you remember? Well, this time around the last day of Summer was on October eleventh."

"But that's Fall, you pie-plant."

"Well explain me this then, friend, how it is my neighbor and me find ourselves in a canoe sailing down the Gasconade River, Southwind at our backs which explains the sailing part, plus carried along by an outright perceptible current → Time on a Tuesday to take your shirt off, stretch out, and muse on the patient circlings of dozens of buzzards holding a bald-pate jamboree around a sky where not a cloud was to be found across the Day. Oh, I'll admit the leaves were gold, some of the time, and the mosquitoes had gone South; but how do you account the round green watermelon riding quiet midships, or the plunge in a deep river-blue pool which the grumpy bass and shy turtles fled as I dove in.

"In the lee of a dolomite bluff, I dry off in the sun as reflections quiver the rock into dancing streams of liquid light-- the illusion of motion at least as accurate as rock permanence what with electrons spinning, revolving, and leaping beyond. . . Geeze, David, if we weren't so dense ourselves we'd fall into rock like--"

"Jim, did you hear about the last of the Arkansans? There was this King of the Arkansans. He was loved, admired, and respected. When he died, his last wish was to be buried at sea. First, they refrigerated his body til all the Arkansans the world over could get there. Then they got in their sailboats, rowboats, johnboats, canoes, washtubs--whatever would float-- and escorted the ex-king's body down the Mississippi, into the Gulf of Mexico, and that's where they all died."

"How's that, David?"

"Every manjack of them drowned afore they could get the hole dug."

"Oh. . . Take this: I opened the window and influenza. . . And this: I can row a boat, canoe?. . . Well, did you ever hear a horse laugh?"

"Nay."

Somehow I think it's time we opened the watermelon: By the river's side he unfolds his pocketknife and slices the watermelon into halves. He always carries a pocketknife and has since he was seven--under duress even. Infact, his third grade teacher kept him in from recess because you understand it's against the rules to pack a knife in school. Seems he kept bringing it and she kept keeping him in. Went on like that for two weeks til she gave up and stretched a rule. . . A real friend to Man, the pocketknife. Here's a basic tool of human civilization, an invention of the Paleolithics, and don't you think a Neanderthal wouldn't see the advantages of a Swiss Army Knife over a flint scraper. I didn't think we'd eat halfawatermelon on the spot, but we did, spitting seeds with impunity while sitting comfortable

on a sycamore limb. Next Summer there's going to be great wild watermelons! blooming on Gasconade shores.

I went to see a man about a dog same time he did, then down the river we floated in the Ozark aluminum barque registered "Port of Mozambique," name of "Ruby-Do." This company yacht of Pirate Enterprises was gift-salvage from behind a Granite City garage after its back had been broken on the rocks of a rain-provoked St. Francis River. We lashed its bowed body to the top of the car and drove down '66, with truckers a-hootin and kids a-gawkin. After we got home neighbor Branson and me counted to three, leapt into the air, and came down on its bent spine like a couple of berserk chiropractors. It went "baroong" back into a canoe. Now the "Ruby-Do" has the unmistakeable mien of a veteran, nobly dented and skewed only slightly to starboard as the Southwind still eases us downstream, and who ever heard of canoeing with the wind at your back? This is a disciplined float, of course, so I turn my paddle into a rudder, early, and keep it there, quietly joined to the river's rhythm. No need to hurry the time this day, but in Autumn, Winter, Spring, you're glad to paddle; haw, you have to paddle to keep the freezins-n-sneezins off and your car is waiting in the cold nine miles downstream or twenty miles overland. The canoe got flipped over a snag once, before the rain started and now the snow is falling that don't seem awful by comparison and damn the whiskey's all drunk up! Ask Andy Gorow if you don't believe me. He was there. He swears on it to this day and that was March 25, 1970. Spring. Right? Haw.

Where was I? I know where I am now. Side-tracked that's where. Yet, it's the sidetracks, the gray roads on maps, the unmarked paths reach anywhere anymore. But there's the main line up yonder and a cubic centimeter of chance to switch back to how it was leisure and lazy with time ample to observe the granddaddy beaver absent-mindedly chawing on a willow sapling, trailing an impossible tail, and leaving behind a genuine all-weather Ozark wizard-wanted. The shiftless old coots paddled more than we did. Sometimes exasperated with our inexorable drift they huff up, skitter over the water, and splash downstream. The wily turkey clucked from her perch back in the tangled brushwoods somewhere, and the hawk circled noble amongst the noble enough buzzards. The Sun rested in the trees, glowing orange and yellow. Sycamore leaves spangled in the wind. Last moments on a river are precious, like lovers' goodbyes. This meander opens to the sight of Indian Ford. We're near done. Children's voices, clarant through the evening air, announce our return. With a flourish of acceleration, we run the rapids under the giant bridge, beach the canoe, and are greeted.

It's 6:10 midwest daylight saving time. The rendezvous was estimated for six even. Calling time on a river is more risky than the daily double, so 6:10 resolves to "on the nose" for any atomic clock you'd care to measure a river with. And still there's light and warmth enough to venture a kid-float with some extravagant paddling and a basic lesson: "Don't lean." The watermelon releases a few last laughs that echo down the darkening river, and then we gather round to admire the chert arrowhead spotted amidst the gravel by the keen-eyed girl of seven by the side of the Gasconade River on the last Day of Summer 1976.



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Appendix. After I had pretty much finished writing this piece, a friend directed me to Donald Harington's The Architecture of The Arkansas Ozarks. The passage below provided the title and described the form of the essay quite aptly:

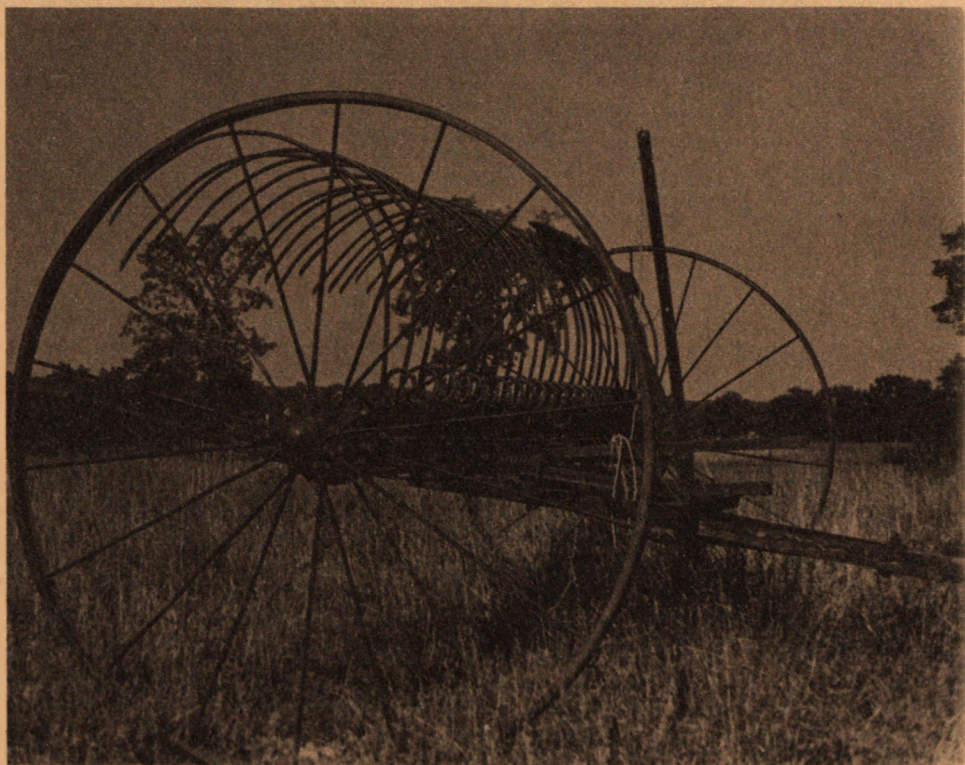
In the Ozarks everything meanders. All the rivers streams, creeks and branches meander. The limbs of trees, especially sycamores, meander. Snakes meander. Tearle Ingledew meandered not so much because of alcohol in his brain as because he had nowhere to get to, and loads of time to get there in. When creeks and snakes and tree limbs and men are young, they go in pretty much of a straight line. When they get older, they meander. A rushing brook becomes a river and meanders. A boy becomes a man and meanders. A story becomes a book and meanders. There is always an end, but no hurry to get there; indeed, there is almost a strong wish not to get there.

\*\*\*\*\*

And a corollary from Mark Twain

Narrative is a difficult art; narrative should flow as flows the brook down through the hills and the leafy woodlands, its course changed by every boulder it comes across and by every grass-clad gravelly spur that projects into its path; its surface broken, but its course not stayed by rocks and gravel on the bottom in the shoal places; a brook that never goes straight for a minute, but goes, and goes briskly, sometimes ungrammatically, and sometimes fetching a horseshoe three-quarters of a mile around, and at the end of the circuit flowing within a yard of the path it traversed an hour before; but always going, and always following at least one law, always loyal to that law, the law of narrative, which has no law. Nothing to do but make the trip; the how of it is not important, so that the trip is made.





Mike Nye

## You Came With Summer

You came with summer, blossoming among  
my vineyards slowly, and so slowly traced  
your fragrance on my mouth that I could taste  
and crave your sweetness long before it stung.

The heavy wine of other seasons hung  
upon my palate, testament to waste,  
before the musty flagons were replaced  
by one fine vintage, delicate and young.

You went with summer, leaving on my tongue  
a haunting flavor not to be erased,  
elusive as champagne and gently laced  
with something bittersweet that burned and clung.

I stayed to see the sparrows going south  
and raised an empty glass against my mouth.

Margaret Menamin



## First Match

We wound each other      wondering why  
we do this thing      once more  
hitting where the hurt is  
where the days and ways  
have bittered hard these hearts  
like angry children  
running like the rain  
across a picnic

I remember      ice cream and sandals  
the day you smiled me  
in the midst of all that hardness  
of tennis courts and points  
playing for fun      if I could ever  
that day I remember  
serve you soft I would

Easy in that good game      evenly matched  
till you fell all ankles      and I ran  
for you      showing my side  
holding  
closer than you needed for any injury  
and you felt  
what game we were playing

Falling again near midnight      asleep  
on that same court      trusting asleep I was touched  
for nothing but love  
first and last on center court  
holding  
what I have not held since  
on any court.

Ernest Chapman



# Blessing on the Firstborn

for Tsila

Like new waters that form nightly  
We embrace  
The breath of the beginning  
With arms  
Of air  
And Submerge  
In these waters of the moon  
To receive the blessing  
Of the firstborn  
Whose seed  
Has taken root  
Inside you  
Whose breath  
Is drawn  
Through the stars  
Whose pool is replenished  
In caverns of sleep  
By the waters that swirl around us  
Before the circle they inscribe  
Becomes a full moon  
At rest.

Howard Schwartz

# Poems From Summer

## I

rabbit gray  
evening time:  
beady eyes  
of need  
fill the pit of patience  
grown void  
for wanting you

whittling a hole  
net of nonchalance  
cascades its threads  
tightly, tightly  
binding the pulse  
the refrain  
sings over  
and over  
silence of breath  
taking time  
to say - hush, hush  
I love you

## II

my skin  
turns silk or butter,  
dark cream  
beneath your fingers: kahlua  
where once they touched  
become a caress  
coming to you  
wide-eyed orphan  
the siren shrinks  
knowing my scars  
deeper, more grotesque  
shuddering fearful  
in anticipation  
of lovely, lovely  
sin

### III

the wound  
is ours  
not yours  
knowing the source  
tho not the blame  
watching's  
not so small a share  
in this

our wound cannot  
heal in  
spreading silk  
slick with blood  
of lies

### IV

across coffee  
knees, bright burnt  
sunny symptoms  
of your love  
finding fingertips  
full of touching  
space  
between averted eyes  
I watch  
yours yearning  
against my breasts  
touch  
beating space  
with an arabesque

the pointed toe  
pierces  
our dance, the  
silent symphony  
of space  
I break  
with a plie  
--pause--  
finding faces  
in the dark  
cups of midnight  
on which you  
sprinkle cream  
to cloud me  
muddying our music  
with your spoon  
against the cup

Cynthia Callahan



# Reflections

Standing

framed with wood

spent with time

Languid eyes

looking deep and away

Pondering

that final stillness

and the soul cries

what has life to give?

All I know is take

Faye Chapman

Heart attack  
they guessed  
When they found him crumpled  
on the front walk.

It was a Sunday,  
a lazy day --  
a day I was doing nothing...

Ruth E. Feeney

## Snake Speaks of Snake Charmer

I feel like going over to him

and kissing his whole face

then

HIT HIM

for making me do it.

Tessa Weddison

## Cycle

here I come, to once more  
pick up the pieces you  
have become  
as another forever lover proves  
to be untrue  
recovered, you leave my side  
once more.

Linda Ponzer

## With Child

Home in her bathroom sanctuary  
Porcelain mountains,  
smooth satin  
She undresses.  
Hands glide over nakedness,  
curves & bulges  
-the coolness pleases her.  
Memories of a starched white coat,  
crusty stains.  
Weary, worldly eyes of the doctor  
as she writhes on  
biting, crackling tissue,  
stirrups greedily gnaw her ankles.  
She spreads her legs for inspection.  
A snicker hidden behind words  
lights in his eyes.  
She pounds her smoothness  
waiting for the trickle down her leg.

Carolyn Sleigle

## Corners

She plays in corners when the wind blows thickly,  
splattering rain drenched leaves  
against chain link fences  
and aluminum siding.  
Humming softly, tongue caressing cracked lips,  
she teeters on bare feet -  
chin melting into knees.  
And in her mind a Kaleidoscope unwinds  
flashing bright colors  
which pound on the back of her eye  
screaming to be let out.  
Still the wind blows thickly  
and the Kaleidoscope grows lazy.

Carolyn Sleigle



## Poem for a Poet

This poem is about   body  
          a dancer's as he  
enters rhythm circles  
doing contrapuntal time:  
          his dolphin spine  
          smiles into muscle  
          arms push eternity back  
          feet send double stomp  
                                  messages  
          sole to sole.  
Head loosens  
energy rising  
specifically sent  
          out  
          into the four  
          spirit hogans  
          in  
          the sky  
          pouring down  
          clear rains  
                  into eyes,  
          neck stretching catlike  
          nose power flexing.

The senses  
don't stop to talk (the fool  
                                  who's hooked  
                                  loses mastery  
                                  as he gabs)  
and none of this could happen without  
the dancer who  
has shaped his insides  
out to  
form this poem.

Jan Castro

# Your Move!

Men sitting around a round table  
your move  
your move

Slack faces, bald, paunchy  
your move  
your move

I'll take your hill  
your move  
your move

Few casualties  
your move  
your move

I'll take that town  
your move  
your move

I'll take your town  
your move  
your move

My victory!  
your move  
your move

A small child with big questioning  
brown eyes asks, "What are you playing?"  
your move  
your move

"The game of Self-Destruction"  
YOUR MOVE!

Terri Barton

## Unforeseen Delays & Obstacles

Always unforeseen delays & obstacles  
overwhelm projects & triumphs & waves--  
all seems lost--

enemy armies, police, laws you never heard of  
arrive, & a shortage of friends who never  
learned anyway to arm themselves with more than  
understanding,  
& everything's lost, or it isn't.

Let's say everything's lost.  
Everything's lost.  
Well, then, who am I?  
What must I do to continue existing?  
& how will I find the love to make it worth while?

Now then, that's taken care of:  
it seems I have something to do?  
What is it? how can I move toward its accomplishment?  
Sweet breezes, ah--& this foulness that outlines my  
energies.

Let's say everything's not lost.  
Everything's not lost.  
The enemy armies tremble,  
police question their most habitual brutalities,  
the laws give way, change, I find a way  
to dodge right between the laws thru spaces  
judges, lawyers, turnkeys & tyrants--  
hosts of adversaries--have never even conceived.

I have created something worth maintaining,  
& it seems I have something to do?  
What is it? how can I move toward its accomplishment?  
Sweet breezes, ah--& this foulness that outlines my  
energies.

Eric Chaet



## Remembering Stu

Remember when Stu the old boilermaker  
told how they got laborers for the oil rigs  
in the Gulf: They'd take a pick-up,  
get some gallons of cheap wine and drive in to  
skid row in New Orleans, holding them out the window.  
The winos would come running out of the alleys  
get drunk in the back. When they passed out,  
down at Morgan City they'd be flown to the rig.  
When they woke up on the deck you could hear  
their screams and yells in the hot sun.  
It was good though: worked their asses off  
but got fed and dried out. They stayed 90 days.

Fred Whitehall

## Bridge at End of Journey on Big Piney

Rusting lattice of one-lane wooden plank  
bridge marked the end  
of

floating  
journey down Big Piney River.

Burnished and sky worn,  
moist, dank, trickle of rust  
appeared  
50 years ago.

Didn't have a chance against  
seeping Ozark moisture and  
cow piss.

Kent Boyd

## I'm The Weight

I'm the weight--  
pick me off the floor.

I'm the weight--  
carry me thru the door.

Carry me out & transport me  
where I won't get in (any body's) way  
any more.

I'm the weight.

Why don't you get  
stronger than you are  
& give me a toss out  
between a couple of stars?

Eric Chaet

## Waiting

The old man crackled  
across the rain-bathed  
asphalt,  
clutching close his  
feline child-furry companion-  
and scurried into his cold-walled  
room, moving to the  
overstuffed chair to sit and  
stare and stare and stare-

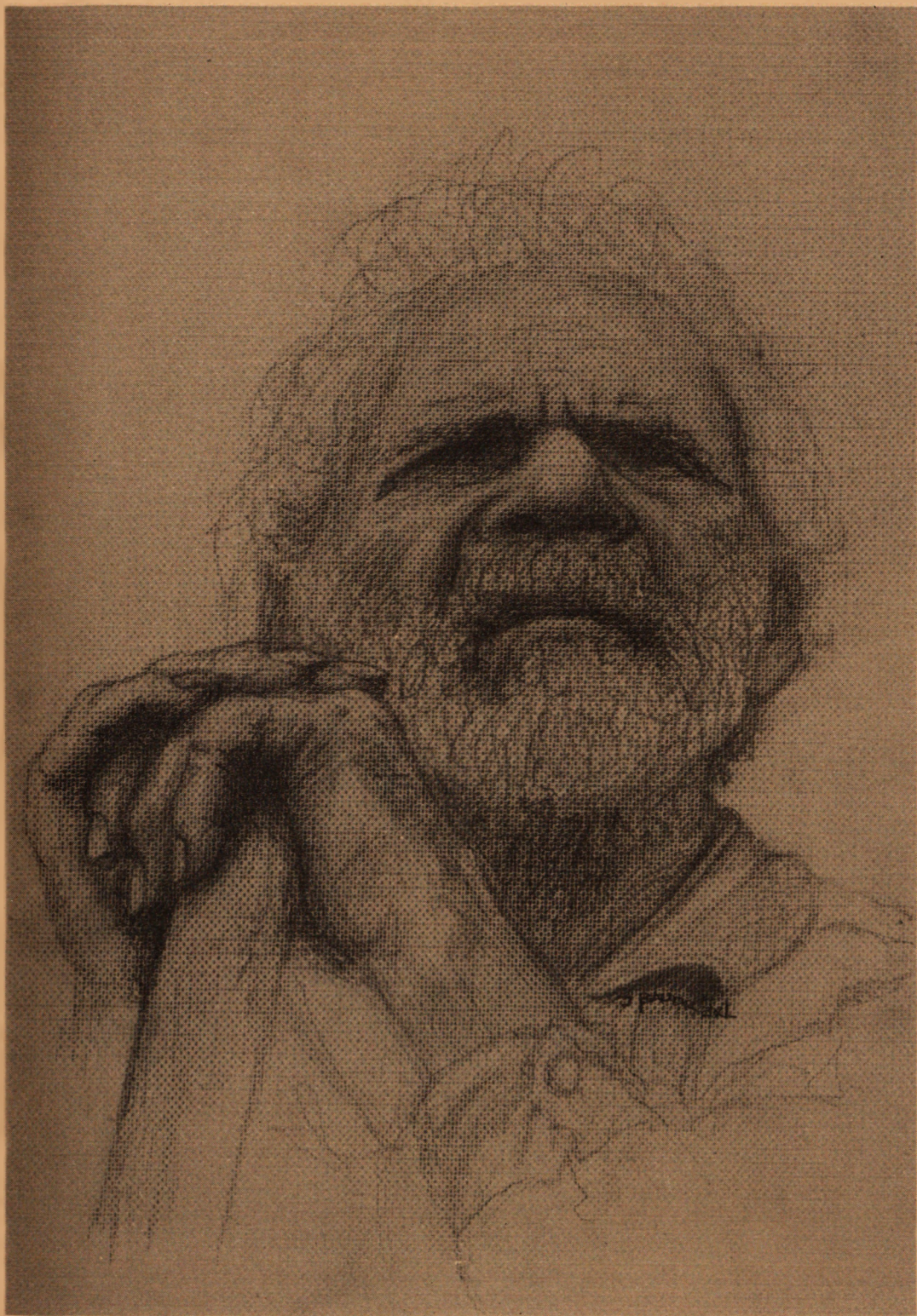
and-  
a father held his child  
clear - rushed in the fear of  
insignificances- child pushed and  
rushed - a punching bag for Dad's-  
emotions-  
While-the little black child  
scraped the walk- and  
talked to the gusty, puffy,  
paper blowing-  
Knowing not of prejudices-  
only hit and misses society pitches.

And the rain showered down-  
so many silver lines from  
heaven-  
binding humanity  
to shelters-  
lingering customers take refuge-  
scanning cards and buying time-  
until the ceasing of the rain-  
AH!

And, the pain i feel  
will never heal - a cancerous  
lesion eating away my soul-  
and my fear of life takes  
refuge in the beauty-  
surrounding  
my uncertainty.

Jay Farnham







## The All American Opium Den

Open up the door and come on in,  
welcome to the All American Opium  
Den.

See the man standing all alone,  
better give him room; if you don't  
there's bound to be a fight here  
soon.

He's seen war; he's seen divorce;  
standin at the bar he lost his wife;  
standin in the rice field, he almost  
lost his life.

Lost his moral virginity, fightin  
to keep Southeast Asia free for  
you and me.

If drinkin beer is a sin, then  
Hell must be a whole lot like  
the All American Opium Den.

Allen L. McNece

Brad Feeney



---

Excerpt from Chapter I, "The Battlefield," of a novel FLEETWOOD: OR AN AMERICAN TUNE, based on the 1978 murder trial, State of New York vs. Richard Herrin. These are the reflections of Joseph Falcone as he is going from the Folger Shakespeare Library to Union Station in Washington, DC, to visit his girlfriend and eventual victim in Fleetwood, New York.

The heat reminded him how much he would rather just be getting a Coke (32 fluid ounces) out of a money-back bottle from his small General Electric refrigerator in his narrow kitchen area, opening the resealable cap after putting two large square ice cubes (he filled the trays to the right height of water to get the precise geometry he wanted) and pouring the liquid on a spot in the ice to obliterate or change its configuration; watching the sizzling head making universes of symmetrical bubbles then settling back to mediocrity. He usually did this into his A&W glass with the Green Arrow decal on it. Then to settle back to Handel's Water Music, played on his Kenwood (KR-440), or the delectably watery strains of Saint-Saens' Symphony No. 3.

Joe had a modest collection of classical records, and he liked to pick a year, say that of the Water Music, and play all the pieces he had from that period and think: "1717." Deep in his heart Vivaldi was his absolute favorite. He could be stirred by Beethoven, lulled by Handel, caressed by Mozart and structured by Bach, but Vivaldi touched the network of his nerves, their lyric desire. It could all too easily bring him to tears. He longed to have the absolute finest recordings of Vivaldi and the most expensive equipment to envelope himself in the sounds, but that probably would never happen. He was able to develop his own chronology for the artist with the aid of keys, forms, Tomo, Fanna, and Pincherle numbering systems. By elaborate comparisons of instrumentation and style he had concluded that Antonio Vivaldi's Concerto in F Major was composed in the morning, May 30th, 1717, at the Seminario musicale dell'Ospitale della Pieta in Venice. Joseph Falcone used the three numbering systems, compared them to Vivaldi's life, his thematic interests, available instruments, simple to complex developments, length of pieces, keys, and major and minor experiments. Then he plugged in actual dates, subdividing lists into months, days, and then time of day to come up with a full sequence of all of Vivaldi's works. He knew it might not conform to any actual reality. On the other hand, the human element, combined with the mathematical and musical, could be used to construct an intelligent sequence. At some points it might be accurate, if not very reasonable, and thereupon the rest could hang. The F Major concerto for Oboe and Violin has, in the manuscript, a rare word from Vivaldi himself, "One solo violin and the oboe but all pianissimo." It was as if the violin (woman or man? It has a woman's body) was designed to help the learning oboe (definitely a male instrument).



The outstanding feature of the third movement is its rustic character. Oh, the necessity of rustication, of pastoral interludes, parks, vacations and pastoral symphonies. He always like the fact that Milton, when he was kicked out of Cambridge for a brief period, "rusticated" - be rusticated or rust. Leo Marx had taught him about pastoral in literature at College, now Leo is at MIT. One must also give up the pastoral for a period in technology: Man's fate.

The highest moments for him, since he did not like to booze it up or take drugs, would be to make love (like a ballet) to her to the accompaniment of a Vivaldi concerto. It would arouse one's excitement by the driving rhythms, then relax at a plateau with the tingling soft movements enhanced by the melancholy, almost tragic, strains. It would hold anticipation in excruciating suspension and then break out into ecstatic violin cadenzas that often verged on the diabolic tones and flights of a country fiddler. Yes, Vivaldi was an orgasmic experience, but the best was to make an orgasmic experience like a Vivaldi concerto.

The Concerto in F of 1717 was like La Primavera, the Spring of Vivaldi's Seasons. Talking about the Seasons for Joseph Falcone was like talking about God. You can't really, you simply know it is there; but you want to, you think about it alot. He gradually attempted to get at what he loved most: her, Seasons, God; he arrived at the outskirts by singing with her, listening to Tomo 161, and thinking musically and mathematically about Him. Sex, nature, life: they're all a dance, an approach to harmony; and like a musical piece, you can construct it, perform it, get into the relationship. You can work from one intensity to another but there is always only a momentary, inarticulate conjunction. So many many moments away from the situation where you discover it simply, and exist in it for a period so easily that one asks every time, "why can't it always be like this?" Everyone wants it that way, but in different ways, and everyone engages in all kinds of filler to get there. It's the forever 10:00-11:00 Saturday morning. Friday you are coming down from the week. Sunday has the feeling of John Updike's work, of having utmost pleasure (usually sexual), but it is always over very soon. Saturday night is, as Robert Frost said in Carpe Diem, too close, too present, to be siezed. These are, of course, not days. They are moments in man's experience of time, in relationship to events. Melancholy is beautiful. Life's beauties are beautiful because they are fleeting and music and literature capture particular losses into eternal verities. The dance is the epitome of this in art and as symbol, in performance and in thought. It is the movement of ideas. Everyone dances; alone and together, making individual style and the style of a given age. But it is Vivaldi's Concerto in D minor, that ends with the kind of unison Joe had been looking for all his life.

For now, though, Joe passes the Capitol parking lot and the Supreme Court, marching down the hill toward Union Station then under the surrounding arches and into the terminal, his bag swinging lightly at his side.

Inside, he didn't feel as if he were in Union Station at all, but in a novel: the scene in John Updike's Marry Me, which Joe adored. He wished he were married, remembering Updike's Jerry, who was, caught with his mistress Sally in a crush at the terminus.

Joe did have a lover, and he was going to her. Unasked.

W. Nicholas Knight

# Cut Time

for Albert Ellis

Listen Higgins,  
just because you've memorized the plays  
and know when  
to break for the basket;  
just because  
you've bought new tennis shoes  
and think that hustle and spirit win ball games  
is no reason to assume  
that people get what they want -

Higgins,

basketball is a game of height  
and scoring  
is done mostly by tall guys,  
taller than you, Higgins,  
so don't come dribbling up to me  
with that "I can do it, coach" look.  
Show a little class Higgins -  
walk out on your own  
before you're cut.

Ernest Chapman



## Barter

I touch you  
telling myself  
you need to be touched by someone.

You let me touch you  
telling yourself  
I need to touch someone.

How unkind to each other  
we are, being kind.

Margaret Menamin

## The Free Library

You are hungry, but you just recently sold blood again, and the girl there says that she doesn't want to see you this next time for at least six months. Then you realize your hunger goes beyond the ache in your stomach; you have felt it before and you know the irritation there will last a long time unless you do something about it. It almost overwhelms you, though you know that you shouldn't let it dominate you. You suffer a hunger for more books. You need more new volumes to quiet that gnawing on your soul.

As you walk through the streets you decide to stop in at Barnes and Noble on Fifth Avenue. They have more books than they can sell. The store is warm compared to the cold winter air. "Oh, oh," you think, "watch out, here comes a salesman you have seen before. He may get wise to you."

"Yes sir, may I help you?"

"I'm looking for the most recent books from South America. I understand they are quite good."

Your lie will not be caught by the salesman. He doesn't even catch your rough Spanish accent, see that you are a poor graduate student from Columbia.

"Yes, they seem to be selling very well. There is one writer who is especially good. I believe his name is Borgues."

"Yeh?" you say, not wanting to correct his pronunciation "Borges, with an h-sound," so you say you've read a couple of his stories, "Death and the Compass," and "The Library of Babel."

He directs you to the islands of fiction and points out Garcia Marquez among the South Americans, never suspecting your thread-bare Chilean overcoat, the wrapped package you hold in your hand. These Americans trust everybody.

"Feel free to browse here and call me if I can help you with anything." He will leave you and obsequiously approach a well-dressed man who just came down the aisle behind you.

Generally you will not have anyone else approach you in the store. You always act as if you know where you're going. You usually buy one book you will need for class, but for a while you could take a large discount by sticking another two in your overcoat pocket. That was until you were nearly caught. You had a close call. You remember that it made you perspire and your nerves had you as jumpy as a tormented cat. You think over and over you could have been deported with dishonor. The others in the writers' project at the university would have learned about your activities. But on that occasion you found a way out of your labyrinthine trap by ditching the books in the store and buying some rubber bands on the way out through the check stand. Today you don't have any money. It's going to be harder than ever before. Why do you even want to go through with it you ask yourself, and then you will feel that bothersome hungry feeling reminding you of your overwhelming need.

Then one day you have a better idea. Build a book box. That will be the smartest thing you can do. It looks like a regular Christmas package or a birthday present. You can even hold it way down at your side by the strings so nobody will see the false

bottom. It isn't very big but when you set it on a pile of books, presto-chango you have discovered Midas' secret of making gold out of paper. But you don't really make gold. You go home and devour the book; you digest it carefully perusing each page for new stylistic delights; you build your ego on its structure. Each author must nourish you metaphysically because your damned fellowship doesn't give you enough for food and you really exist on books, you tell yourself. You have met Coover and Barth, fallen in love with Robbe-Grillet and Butor, married Sartre and Beckett, and had affairs with many other writers through the illegitimate offspring you have abducted, raped, plundered, and even prostituted. Can you ever feel guilty? you ask. No, you can't; it isn't part of your culture, and the American culture still doesn't affect you. You are not robbing the writers ( they would only be getting a few pennies from the sales)--you are adding to their stature with yours. Or you will be adding to their stature soon because the literary predecessors of great writers are always aggrandized by their followers. You will be a great writer and they will enjoy even greater success because of you.

You set your things down and pick up a copy of THE VOYEUR. You massage it with your hands feeling a pulsating ecstasy. You scan a few pages and gulp as you vicariously view things that are taboo. You set the book down, pick up your things, look around you; then you swallow PROJECT FOR A REVOLUTION IN NEW YORK in your box and already your hunger has been assuaged. You can feel the vibrations from the box tugging and playing through the nerve endings in your fingers. You had better quit today while you're ahead. That salesman keeps looking your way and you are becoming paranoid. Your heart is beating in your throat and your thirst is rising like wool itching in your eustachian tubes. You walk toward the door as if you didn't find the book you were looking for. Not too fast you tell yourself. It is better not to say anything your voice might quiver but if they ask you suspiciously you'll say they are sold out of Italo Calvino's COSMICOMICS; they always have been, everybody has been and they will feel guilty about losing a sale to a customer.

You make it to the sidewalk where you stop a second to compose yourself before heading for your room to pack.

"Sir, sir!"

"Oh no," you think "watch out I've been caught what's next?"

"Sir, wait up just a moment, please!"

Then you see that it is the obsequious salesman and your face flushes with anguish because he surely must know must have seen you take a book. Your heart is pounding in your ears and you can barely hear him. He surely can see that you're acting strange. Can he read the fear in your eyes?

"Sir, you forgot your gloves. They're very nice leather, too lovely to lose. I found them on top of a stack of Robbe-Grillet novels. Did you get them here?"

"I'm sorry, what do you mean?"

"Did you buy your gloves here in the city? "

"No, they're from South America."

"I would like to go there sometime. I guess it's really green like a jungle everywhere."



"Most everywhere," you like just to agree with him, to put an end to this inane dialogue. Every moment is anguish while he is still there piercing you with his eyes.

"Did you find the book you wanted?"

"No, I just remembered we were supposed to try and find Italo Calvino's COSMICOMICS for a class." There, you let out your status, you think, as if he hasn't already guessed. "I've read a couple of stories and I think it is the most inventive book ever written. Why is it always out of print?"

"I don't know sir, I guess it's because the author isn't very well known, but if you want to come back in I'll check out my suppliers for you."

"No thanks, I'll come back tomorrow. I really must be going now." You hate to sound like you are rushing away, but this idiot could keep you here all day.

"Well, thank you for stopping in and good luck in finding COSMICOMICS. If you decide to come back tomorrow, see me and we'll see if we can locate a source for it."

"I'll do that. Thank you for your kindness."

"You're more than welcome. Have a good day, and be careful not to lose those beautiful gloves."

That was too frightening! you say to yourself as you walk away. Did he really know you had stolen one of his books or was he just deciding what to do with you? Was he stalling for time until a policeman could arrive. Wouldn't he have kept the gloves, or made you stay inside the store?

"Caramba! we did it!" you say out loud; then you realize you can't shout outloud that you have finally reached your goal of five hundred books. Tonight you'll be able to eat. The plane to South America leaves at midnight and you'll be on your way home with one contract to teach writing and with another to write your first novel. You'll have to hurry back to your room you say and pack all your boxes of books. Suddenly you realize that your first novel will really come from your trick box and you'll write about a poor Chilean writer in America who has to sell his blood to survive. It'll be easy to write about and it may even become a bestseller.

Lon Pearson

## Lady at Home

Oh, lovely lady clothed in blue  
At home--relaxed, composed,  
You breathe a sigh, slip off a shoe,  
Your setter thus has dozed.

The rug of red beneath your feet,  
The golden drape in back,  
The high-backed chair on which you sit,  
Comforts you don't lack.

The book you read, the calm you wear,  
Serenity untold.  
Your face of charm speaks peace and cheer,  
Tranquility, behold!

Your zest for life in nature rests,  
Your eyes hold lights of life.  
The trace of smile brings forth your best,  
You seldom yield to strife.

Determination, strength for all,  
An anchor in a storm.  
And yet, throughout, a love exalts  
The home you've made so warm.

Ruth Ann Parker

Written after seeing Thomas Eakins' Lady with a Setter Dog

## Song for Manuel & Maria

at the edge  
of the barrio,  
deserted adobe  
crumble & melt;  
burnt-out exoskeletons  
of abandoned dreamboats  
haunt the playground  
of Manuel & Maria.

They are forever cousins  
with virgin choirboys,  
and "low riders,"  
cocky & sullen,  
with raven-haired temptresses  
perched down at Bif's & Humeel's,  
and with the gentle  
bearers of balm,  
menudo & tortillas,  
who wait tables  
at the Mejico Cafe,  
take their mother to church,  
& make eyes at the lettuce-pickers.  
Descendants all  
of ol' Bernal & Ortiz  
who weep  
among the sage  
over the bones  
of their dogs & horses.

The last tinge of rose  
leaves the blue-white  
slopes of Blanca.  
Dusk, and the Sangre de Cristos  
yield constellations  
that, the very same night,  
the San Juans will swallow  
whole.  
The eagle de las montañas  
awaits the dawn  
when it will soar  
above the valley again  
bestowing its benediction  
on howling penitentes  
& coyotes, alike.

The cross  
carries weight  
here.



And church bells  
wash forgiveness over  
the trembling bodies  
of two flowers  
who dance beside the Rio Grande  
and from their bed in the river sand  
bless "Juan-Francisco-chile-con-pan"  
for his color & his call,  
& the vision  
of his flight in air perfumed  
with cottonwood leaves  
and smoke of piñon  
from kitchen stoves.

Tom Young



Pam Schroeter



# Requiem

"SHIT!"

That was all he could think at the present time.

"SHIT!"

He stood there like a wrestler awaiting his final match, looking around in quick jerky movements. He transferred the knife from his right hand to his left. He rubbed his right hand down on the jeans several times, each time just missing the hole above the knee. He took the knife back into his right hand. His dark eyes of pooled black continued an alert survey of the dimly lit warehouse. With the hinged part of the knife, he reached up to his chin and scratched the light stubble that framed his face.

"Damn beard. Itches like hell. Been shaking so bad don't dare shave. Lack of sleep. Glad when this is all over."

Cold sweat dropped into his eyes. The irritation made him realize that he was sweating profusely.

"Ain't done that in quite awhile...But I ain't killed no one before. I didn't wanna. The stupid jerk brought it on himself. Just wanted his money. That's all, just his money. He's gotta be Superman or whatever and try and catch me. So I had to stop him...didn't mean to use the knife...just reflex...that's all...all his fault. Ain't sorry. All his fault. My hands would be clean if it weren't for that stupid jerk."

"The silence of the warehouse was shattered by a metallic klunk above him. He barely realized what was happening in time to react. Throwing himself to the left, he escaped the falling object.

"Son of a Bitch!" he screamed at the unseen assailant above.

"Come out and fight!" The only answer was the sound of fleeing footsteps on the catwalk overhead.

Cursing to himself he put the knife into the left breast pocket of his rumpled work shirt and decided to go up after his assailant. Looking around, he spied a tubular ladder in a dark corner of the warehouse. Its black metallic structure was ten feet above ground level, about four feet above his head. He pitched his arms upward, not really putting his heart into the jump. His first jump missed miserably.

"Testing!"

On the second jump he just touched the bottom rung with the tips of his fingers.

"This time!"

He threw all his effort into the jump, gracefully lifting off the ground, his body stretched to its fullest. His face grimaced with pain as he reached the apex of his jump. His fingers grabbed hold of the bottom rung. He hung there a moment and then started to climb. With his hand on the second rung, he began to hoist himself upward. The rung snapped off! He started to fall, but managed to hold onto the bottom rung, even as he swung into the wall full force.



"DAMN!"

He hung there for another moment, flipped his long, curly black hair out of his eyes, then started to climb again.

"Got to remember to test the rungs. Damn it, when I get hold of that sucker I'll cut his ass to pieces!"

Reaching the top of the ladder, he got on the catwalk and began to walk slowly in the direction of the now long gone footsteps. In the bad light, he looked something like a bear stalking his victim. Suddenly a section of the catwalk gave way beneath him. He jumped for the still standing catwalk, but only got his body a quarter of the way onto it. His fingers dug through the holes in the catwalk. He tightened them so hard that he cut his fingers where they gripped the scaffold. Blood dripped freely from the open wounds. Every nerve screamed to let go as the pointed metal scraped and rasped through tendons and bones. Struggling, he hoisted himself up onto the safety of the catwalk. As he laid back for a moment, his mind raced through the events of the past two days. Days? Seemed more like years.

After killing that jerk, he was nearly crushed to death in a faulty elevator door. Then, the next day, a shock from an electric razor nearly killed him. He wouldn't have thought anything about it if he hadn't noticed -- no, felt -- that guy hanging around wherever he went. Then last night, while he was in a state between sleeping and waking, the guy entered his room. He couldn't move to stop him. He just laid there and watched as the assailant set fire to his room. At the last second, he was able to rouse himself to get up and out of the apartment.

He had run down the stairs after the man, trying to catch him, and pursued him into this warehouse.

Now looking around at the dark, blackened interior, the thought struck him:

"SHIT! -- this guy probably rigged the elevator and my razor!"

He slowly sat up. Hanging his feet over the end of the catwalk, he flexed his fingers cautiously but sternly.

"Hurts like a bitch, but I can still use 'em."

Sensing more than hearing a presence, he jumped to his feet and swung around, jerking the switchblade from his shirt pocket.

CLICK.

The assailant stood less than eight feet away from him, passive, in jeans and a blue denim work shirt. The lack of light hid his head, giving him a haunting, headless look.

"Who are you and what the hell do you want?"

No answer.

The blood now dripped rapidly from his cut fingers forming rivulets of dark red on the catwalk, some oozing through the holes to the floor some forty-five feet below.

"God damn it. Answer me!"

"You know what I want."

"Who are you?"

"You've known me for almost all your life."

"Don't talk in riddles, damn it. All I know about you is that you've been trying to kill me. I like to know who I'm gonna kill!"

"You can't harm me. You can't even cut me. That's what you want isn't it? You want to take that knife and thrust it into me like you did that man. Felt good to you, didn't it? Feeling your razor-sharp blade sink deep into that man's belly and start to rotate. Feeling the stomach as it retched out its severed contour. Having your hand pulsate as it sliced into his still beating heart. That made you feel good didn't it? Didn't it?" The scream seemed oddly familiar.

"Yes. I liked it. That stupid asshole deserved it. He hit me. He was a jerk and he deserved it. I'd do it again in a second!" he screamed back.

"That's all I had to hear," the assailant said quietly and took a step forward.

"Stay back!" Aware that he was right at the edge of the catwalk, he also took a step forward.

"Why? You can't harm me. Try to cut me."

Lunging he brought the knife forward in a tight horizontal arc that ended with the knife sticking in the assailant's abdomen. He twisted the knife in order to sever several internal organs. Then, jerking the knife out, he saw the assailant standing there, calm, peaceful, almost mocking.

"Convinced?"

"Wh...Why don't you die?"

"Haven't you guessed yet? Are you so thick you can't see who I am? Look at me and see your death!"

Then the assailant took a step forward and his face was bathed in a new light. He just stood there, staring with his dark eyes of pooled black.

He stared back at the assailant for a second, allowing his pooled black eyes to focus. Then, eyes adjusted to the light, he surveyed the assailant. Well worn jeans, a rumpled work shirt and a thick stock of long black curly hair.

"You...you look like me!"

"That's because I am you, or rather your inner self. You should be proud--it isn't everyone that sees themselves in their true light. Prepare to face your death!" The words sliced through him.

"No, keep away from me, don't come no closer," he screamed as he blindly slashed with his knife. Backing away to the very edge of the catwalk, he braced himself to fight, even though it would be fruitless.

But, just then, the assailant dissolved into nothingness. He stared at the place the assailant had been and then began to laugh.

"Stupid jerk. Face my death...hunh! That guy was weird but I can beat or scare anybody no matter who or what they say they are."

He started to relax when behind him boomed a purely satanic voice...

"TURN AND FACE YOUR DEATH!"

Crouching out of impulse, he spun around. Loosing his balance, he fell forward into the open space where the catwalk had stood a few minutes earlier. Splaying out his hands, he tried to catch himself but it was too late. His head struck the far section of the catwalk and resounded throughout the warehouse with a thick and sickening crack. His grip loosened on the switchblade and it fell from his hand downward towards the tiny dark pools of red that had formed below. His body hung there for a moment, an unnatural bridge. Then, as his neck slowly twisted around to put his face on his backside, the body arched from the neck and fell slowly downward. His body landed with a thud on the floor of the warehouse and his main torso slowly compressed and then expanded to rest. His arms, legs and head flailed about, oscillating several times on the cold cement floor before coming to rest with his face lying in a pool of his own dark red blood.

"I can't harm myself..." the assailant said from above. "...I can only do what is truly right and proper. After all, a conscience can not be escaped."

Then, as the light of a new dawn struck forth from the horizon, he slowly faded away for good.

E. W. Lillie



# Instructions for Operating a Consumer

## 1.1

The consumer

### 1.1.1

Is a resistive  
Load

### 1.12

Characterized  
By continuous  
Or periodic

### 1.1.3

Consumption

### 1.1.4

Of power

### 1.1.5

Under variable conditions

## 2.1

The solution for which  
Is seasonal  
Disconnection  
Of all branches  
In the array

### 2.1.1

When the load,

### 2.1.2

Dictated  
By visceral  
Requirements,

## 3.1

Exceeds

### 3.12

Norms

### 3.13

Of

### 3.14

A

### 3.141

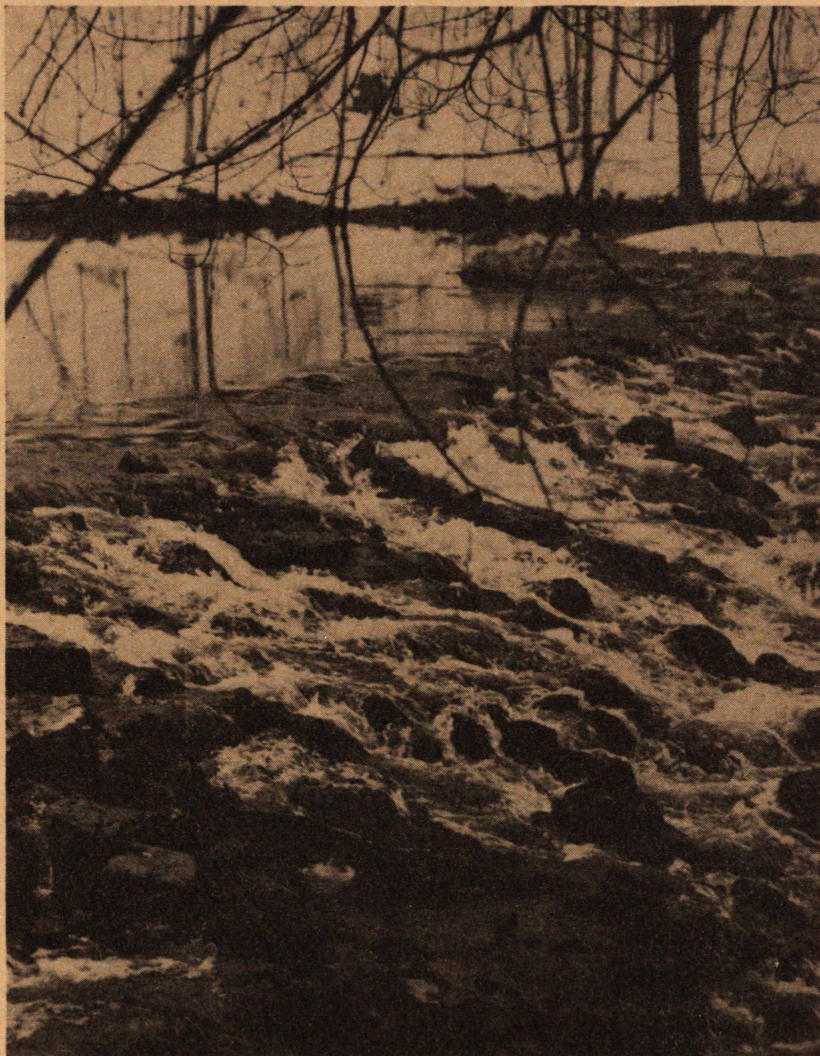
Human

### 3.1415

Kind

### 3.1415976...

Douglas Wixson



Steve Foltyn



A ditch through rough pasture  
spilled water over the ledge  
fifteen feet or more  
into the pool.

Old father  
we played over your stone chest  
like children on the living room floor  
listening to old men's voices.

Robert Greene

Dry fork running now  
with two days' rain

Phil calls  
from the deeper hills

rivers all are up  
the farm's cut off

which recalls the time  
over the lowwater bridge

outside Newburg  
river running round the tires

Jim returning one day later  
"You wouldn't want to cross it now"

Robert Greene



## Their Smiles

Superficial things, cast  
In plastic.

Staid and bewildering.

Haughty.

Calculated; coolly  
Deceptive.

Ronn Noakes

## The Venus

Biting, clawing  
Teeth of cold  
And dark, wrapping me

In stone-bred  
Sleeves; unnecessary,  
For I have no

Arms.

Ronn Noakes

## Between Fall and Winter

light snow  
blown straight

hard sky  
white ground

no birds

in creek beds  
gray leaves  
lie broken

on the hills  
dried grasses

coral rust yellow

Denise Low



Mike Nye

## Cat

Curled on my lap,  
You seem to offer velvet friendship,  
But the green eyed depths  
Reveal a stranger.  
Leaping down suddenly,  
You walk away with jungle tread,  
Not looking back.

Ann Resh Siehr

The snow has shut us in all day--  
Not just inside the house, I mean--  
But in a small, deserted space  
Beyond which nothing can be seen.

Doris Jane Fredman





Lion

## Lion

at the midheaven  
midnight wind  
south and soft  
another winter

survived

Jim Bogan