

1980

Southwinds - Spring 1980

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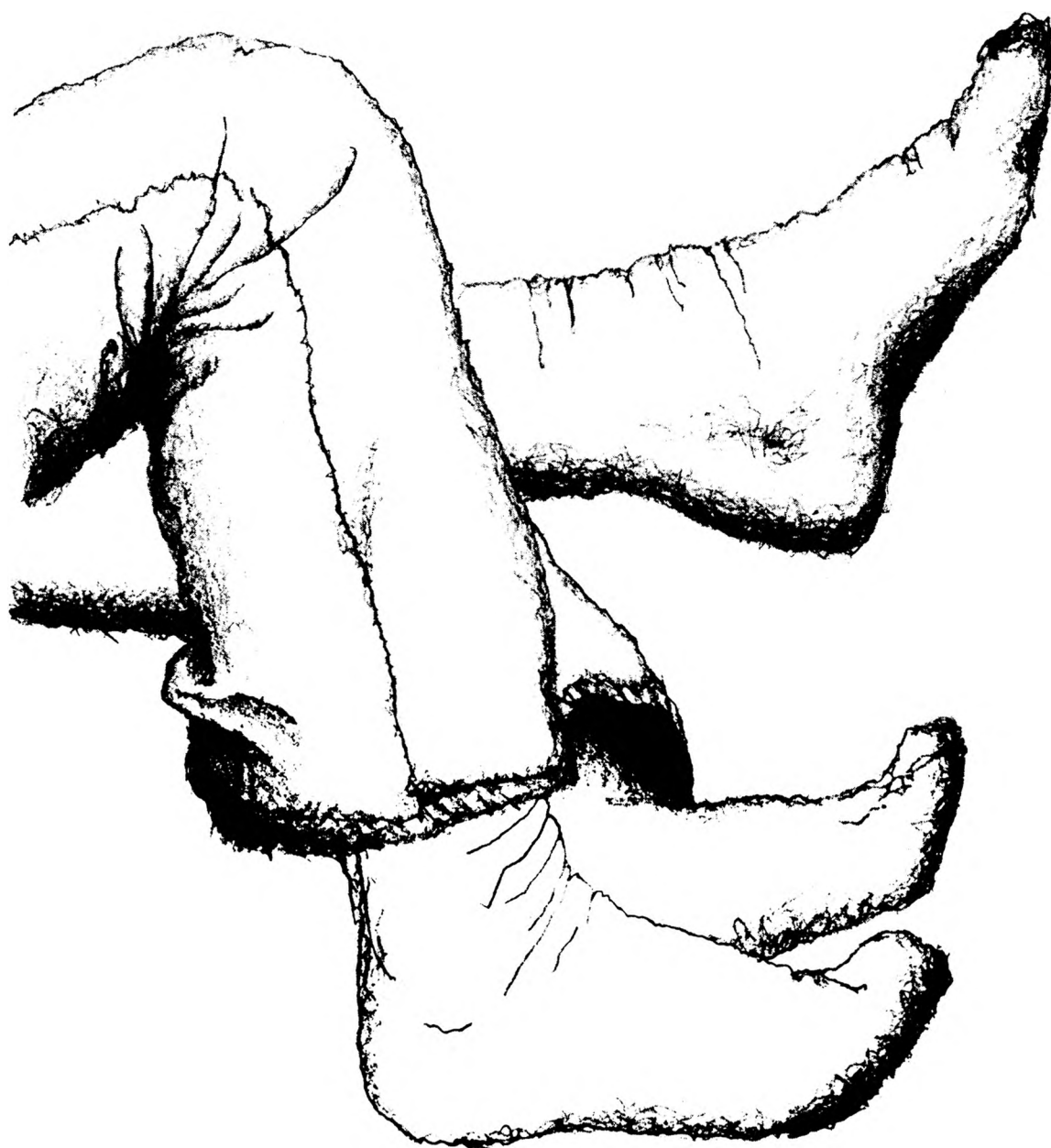
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Southwinds



Scott

Southwinds

Fall 1980

Number 9

Editor: Cynthia Callahan

Assistant Editor: Carolyn Hammond

The editors would like to thank Dean Wayne C. Cogell for his generous support and active interest in the future of this publication and Chancellor Marchello for coming through for Southwinds when we really needed it. Bob Blaylock, as always, gave us much technical assistance without once sneering at our ignorance and Professor Eugene Warren managed to be a terrific advisor by saying practically nothing but asking all the right questions when he did.

Cover Design: Scott Coleman

SOUTHWINDS is published by the Greater Rolla-UMR Metropolitan Literary Society (for the last time this year) and is not an official publication of the University of Missouri-Rolla. SOUTHWINDS will continue to be published by a new organization which interested students are invited to join in the Fall of 1980.

Seasonal Blessing

May God bless you
with popsicle summers,
multicolored lollipop sunsets,
marshmallow skies
crying sweet, subtle raindrops
to tingle your tastebuds;

Orange-peel autumns,
wine and cheese firesides,
Indian blanket smiles
cozily keeping you
from the coiling wind;

Magical ice cream winters,
topped with hot cocoa delights,
honeyed hot toddy evenings
bespeckled with bon bon surprises
to warm you from the icy cold;

Cool spearmint springtimes,
eloquent morning glory wakings,
golden dandelion laughter
sounding, resounding, abounding
in a green, grassy world.

Jacqueline Sommer

Heaven's Agony Earth's Birth

A thousand tears,
On my window pane,
Fell from the skies,
In the form of rain.

Their homeland, black,
and huge drifts by,
moaning and rumbling,
it shares their cry.
My roof a destination,
a shelter for the birds,
a pathway for the raindrops,
which skip and fall to earth.

Their music,
like a tabby
stalks the wind-torn
eaves,
pittering and pattering,
It falls on grass and leaves.

Rimmed in tears the
seedlings grow,
small elves, emerald
from head to toe.

The lightning
a dragon, claws
the skies,
spitting fire,
and heaving sighs.

The hours pass,
and with them
goes the tears
that made new life
to flow.

The Tiger sun strikes and kills
the roaring dragon,
and all is still.

The wind will cease,
The rain will die,
And God will repair
the anguished sky.

Jay Dee (Short) Farnham

Out the Window

A DROP .

ANOTHER! AND ANOTHER, AND ANOTHER, AND.

RAIN,
RAIN,
RAIN----

A STEADY DRUMBEAT AGAINST THE PAVEMENT,
SOOTHING AND MASSAGING THE EARTH.
CLEANSING AND WASHING: RENEWING THE DRIED GROUND.

COOL, REFRESHING RAIN---
SOFTLY BEATING. QUIETLY FALLING.
FOREVER CHANGING THE EARTH, BUT WITH NO MORE THAN
A WHISPER.

THEN,
ALMOST UNNOTICEABLY, THE WHISPERS DIE AWAY, LEAVING:
MOIST, FRAGRANT SOIL,
SPARKLING BLADES OF GRASS,
SOFT, REFLECTING POOLS.

AND, FOR SOME,
A SHARP, REFRESHED FRAME OF MINE,
AND A NEWFOUND PEACE.

Len Struttman

Atrophy

Drifting, floating,
Feathers from a bursting pillow,
White flakes blanket the hard, frozen ground.

Heaping, piling,
Layers of lace on a bridal gown,
White flakes quietly veil the winter hills.

Slipping, sliding,
Frosting on a warm cake,
White flakes pack into a sledder's glazed arena.

Miring, sloshing,
An obstacle course through quicksand,
White flakes become
a quagmire of ugly red ruts on the country road.

Ruth Ann Parker

Rolla Weather

It's Sunday in Rolla.
Brown and yellow leaves
caught in a gust of chilly wind
are swishing around me
like birds in a mating dance.
As I sit on my patio
I tell myself, today I'll
put away my sandals, cutoffs
and tennis shirts,
and bring out my Dingo's, Levi's
and sweaters.
Today I'll close windows, gather
firewood, and get out
the old pigskin too.
But I know tomorrow I'll
get out my sandals and
cutoffs again.
Then I'll open windows, put
out my fire, and grab
my tennis racket.

'Cause this is Rolla weather,
it changes like days in a year
each day different.

Larry Maxwell

Time

it's not too important that it rhyme
but nothing goes like time, but time.
time flies when you're asleep,
late,
making a long distance phone call
taking a test,
or talking to her in the library
before class.

nothing goes as slow as time
when you're waiting in a checkout line.
time creeps when you can't go to sleep,
when you're in church,
while watching a commercial,
or in class on a warm Friday.

really time is okay
it is just space between night and day
but no matter how fast
it goes, or how slow it goes,
time is elusive, & unmerciful
it will catch you with
your pants down.
once it is gone
it's gone.

Larry Maxwell

Actualization

Only a plot of ground, an acre square
Enclosed on three sides by barbed wire--
But it's ours.

Once a pasture; unlevel ground,
Rocks to remove--We'll groom nature
On our piece of land.

A family started, savings slim,
Dreaming, planning, an occasional picnic
In the shade of our trees.

The stakes are placed, a hole is dug,
Daily trips to check the progress
Of our future home.

Six weeks of labor, seven years of planning,
A house is built. Hot and tired, mid-July
Our moving day.

Another child, the house is home
For our small family. Final payment,
It's really ours.

Ruth Ann Parker

For Monsieur Breton as You are Dead and I am not

1.

I am as one who sees through glass
posed upon a great obelisk
a naked mirror and vacuous
pressed against the universe

Oh, favor those who favor dreams
and make words to fashion what they see
sweet corridors of hidden meaning
become secret halls of justice screaming

to liberate the exiled thought
and reconcile the paradox
to capture, crying and unlock.

2.

That flapping future mocking,
I trace the outline of last year,
on your head. The tumbling silence.
The flaming cup throws wide your tears.

Footsteps clamor where no man is walking.

a rainstorm, an outcry, a lost breath gasps and shudders

Drooling a sign says WAIT!
That man is a messenger!
His hair is calligraphy
his jawbones are evidence
His shoes have control of him.
HIS VOICE IS BLUE CELLULOID!

and I am his mystery
paralyzed by history.

3.

I am preparing myself
for the change in the world
to be brought about
by the change in the world.
that will be brought about
by the very next war
that will be brought about
by the change in the world.

Revolution has been mechanized
my dear Andre-if you were here, you would not agree.

Rebecca Gavin

The Badge

I remember the
feel of close to you
The warm and tucked
by you,
away from harm
I remember the walks
the talks late at night
the promises of a tomorrow.

I remember the grass
breathing beneath us -
the sky crying above
the wind - the hands
holding each other tight
but now
I'm just feeding my aloneness
and the juke box with coins
and I'm wondering where our love
has gone -
you're on the city limit -
between the law and me -
Badge shining in the crying
morning light,
after an empty night.

I'm on the run, Hon -
from alone
Just pushing in the quarters -
and taking up smoking -
filtering with the music
through my brain
a blue mood -
Ah! where have the
Good Times gone -
They were shorter than this
quarter song.

Jay Dee (Short) Farnham

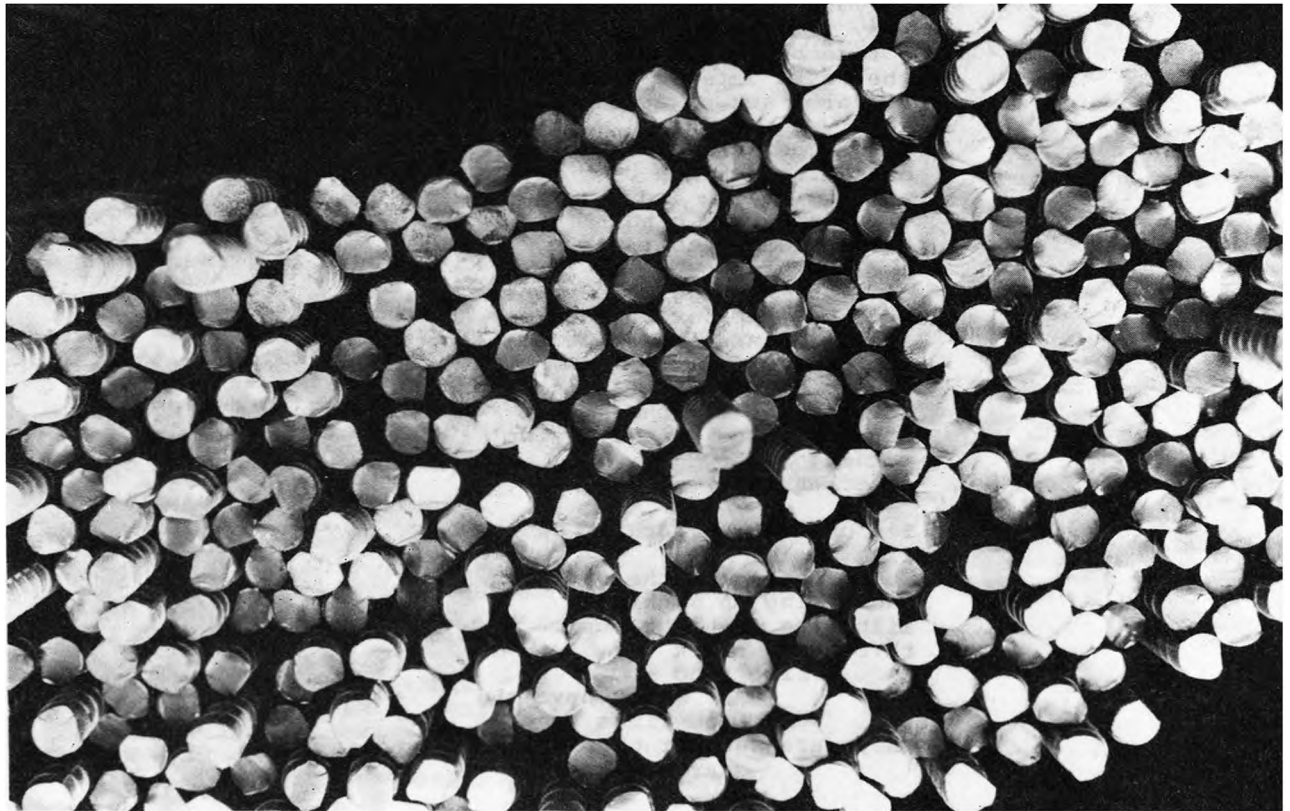


Photo
Michael Cole

I found out you were getting married
just a few days ago.
I hadn't seen you in quite a while.
Maybe a year or so.
I guess you could say we
saw things differently.
You and your talk of God and church.
I guess my drinking and ways didn't help us too much.
I felt like a king as I watched your eyes
When we exchanged stories of our lives.
You were so beautiful then,
But changing old ways ain't easy.

So I called you Sunday during dinner
Just to wish you my best.
We didn't have too much to say
We listened to a silent line, heard the emptiness.
My fries and Big Mac are probably cold
so I better let you go,
I told you maybe I'll see you around sometimes
and you said yea, maybe so.
I know after I hung up you probably
said a prayer for me.
But we both have our lives to live.
And may you and he live happily.

Larry Maxwell

Sometimes
I cant speak my heart
So now and Forever
I Sing my Soul

THERE IS NOT ANY but One?

Before:

I once was married
to myself
Me was important
Me was all
My work was My pleasure
My job was My life
My interests were My only concern
My. . .

But then,

She came
She was important
She was All
My work was Her pleasure
My job was Her happiness
She was My only concern
She. . .

But then,

Something happened
i dont know what
i exist alone,
barely
Though they try to help
But I die
Forever

Now:

i awaken
with fear
with delight
By myself

Dreams are supposed to be
happy
joyous
pleasurable
Only the nightmares are bad
Nothing inbetween

But i dont dream prettily of
a girl
who gives me
what i want
when i want her

i dont dream busily of
myslef
and all i have divorced

i dont dream hungrily of
money
and all it cant bring

No,
i see Her
 and me
 walking
 together
We talk
 We laugh
 We hold hands
She does not do
 what i want a pretty girl to do

She is beauty
And She is with
 me
Truth sees Her
 and me
And proclaims itself
 for all to see and hear

But only She
 and me
Look and Listen

This is no dream
A dream lets id walk through
It lets the beast out
It leaves you wet and frustrated

Not with the feeling
 of content
 of being cuddled
 of holding Her hand
 of Her

What is this thing i do at night
 and day,
 for i need not be asleep
 to dream
 to be with Her,
That lets me live
With me alone?

i think it is called memory
It should be called Life

James Jay Klavetter

Changes

Teddy sits high on the shelf.
I've forgotten where he came from
His button eyes are gone
But he has seen more in me than anyone
He knows all my secrets and all my fears
Together we shared all my smiles and all my tears.

Childhood grew to adolescence
And written thoughts took the place of whispered words.
My book's cover is worn and the binding's broken
But it's heard more from me than anyone
It holds all my secrets and all my fears
It remembers all my smiles and all my tears.

Somewhere in time I grew again
A new friend took the place of books and bears.
His heart was warm and open
And I loved him more than anyone
He shared all my secrets and all my fears
He laughed at my smiles and dried all my tears.

I'm growing again
I need something or someone close
To share all my secrets and all my fears,
My smiles and my tears.

Barb Kilpatrick

Hello--it's a beginning
Simple yet full of warmth
Goodbye; a sad lonely--forgettable
Farewell my love
"Goodbye"

A walk in the rain
So simple--plain
Erotic - crazy
Walking - being lazy
Alone; together
Thoughts in our minds
Pasts linger behind
Sharing, loving
Strangely Insane...

Once in a while
I am lonely
I get depressed
Scared - Really scared
I guess most of all
I fear failing - dying
Splitting up -tearing
away from loved ones
I feel I'm slipping - backwards
Losing grip
I guess I never knew
how important holding on
can be . . .Just Holding On-

Don't Close the doors
Don't Close your heart
Keep open arms,
Expressive love
The warmth of your arms
around mine
So fearless
So unwinding
It's a hazey feeling
Drifting - Lifting
Holding; Loving
So Kind - So very warm
Stay mine - -

Willie Blocker

Lynn

Warm, golden, laughter

Guarding against,
chisel and chance,

Each crack and crevice

Leading to
the lover within.

Tom Renick

Sad Eyes

the door's wide open
rain pours in --
I let the coffee burn
the smell needs
some means of escaping.

someone's reflection
in the glass door
stares at me,
deep sadness in her eyes.

the rain's stopping now.
I drank the burnt coffee
the smell blew away,
a rainbow supplants droplets.

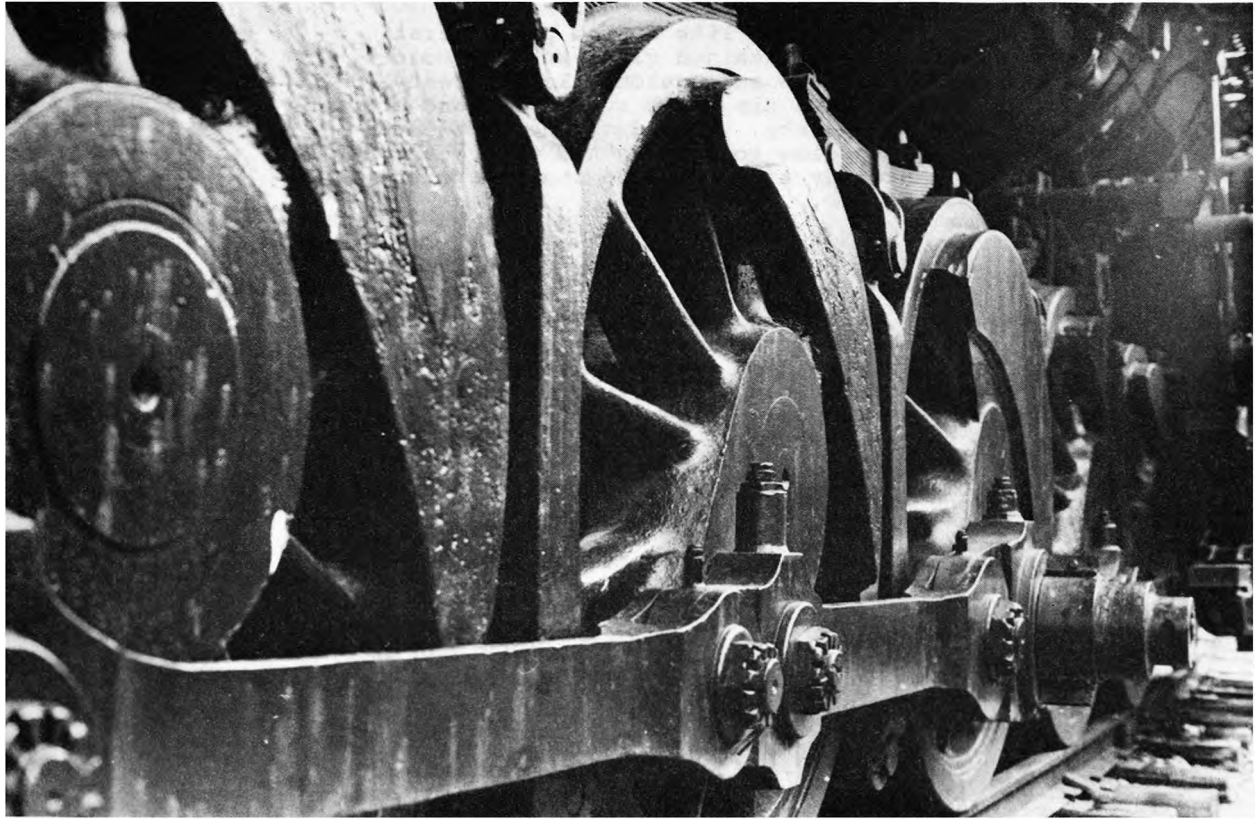
the sad eyes remain.

Jacqueline Sommer

Home Forgotten

Broken glass on asphalt roads,
Billboard signs to sell or show.
Restless souls in an empty lane,
Trying hard to hide the pain.
Been so long since home was near,
Don't cry . . . hide the tears.
Here at last, not much to see. . .
Everyone's forgotten me.

Ross T. Barnes



*Photo
Michael Cole*

A Moral History For Children

I think
"I am awake"
but can not move.
I am naked but it has only just occurred to me.
It is a dream.
I travel through houses and yards and remember
Grandmothers extravagant hats.

The sun was shining in like at the popes first
communion. Through stained glass in dark colors,
it stabbed at me and wouldn't let me rest.
At noon it was like his first confession and started
to go down in the sky. At dusk there collided
the papal procession conducting him to his throne.
Night fell shortly after and the stars were the
fountains of Rome.

*

*

So Appropriate, So Piquant

"This moment," he pronounced and threw a glance at me.
Eyes round, brows arched, voice pitched with dignity.
"This obscene moment of self-repudiation."
"With the dark attitudes of a funereal procession."
"Beginning to display the sepia overtones of tomorrow's
aghost photographic retro-inspection. Relative to past
dishonors."
"This moment tastes like pink carnival dolls, forever
ravaged by the terms of their peculiar reality."

"A moment steeped in relative atrocity."

Rebecca Gavin

Climbing

We pack
We prepare
We ready ourselves
For the social climb
Of Our lives

We double-check
We load
We secure Our burdens
To the backs
Of Our friends

We start
We file
We only look forward
For Our future
Depends on the route We take

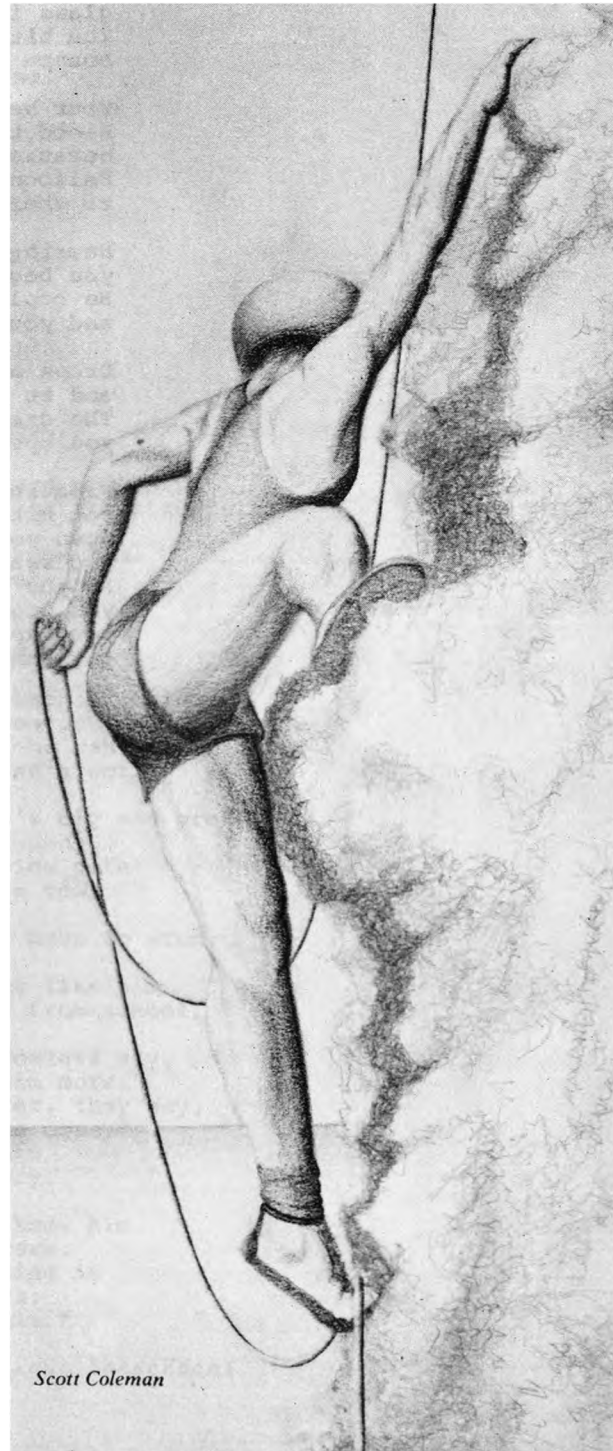
We are non-stop
We keep pace
We forget those
who are slow or
Those who return for memories

We remember
We don't forget
We watch from afar
At the progress
Of those now ahead

We wait
We hope
We can see them
At the peak above
Where we had hoped to be

We sit
We sigh
We watch the activities
Thinking someday they'll return
and say hi...to us at the foot

Kent G. Green



Beginnings

You open your eyes and scream.
"What, ha ha, I'm going to get you!"
as you swing the bat.

Count your heads to see if you have one.
Crash, now you have none.

Jump through the window,
glass in your eyes.
You hit the pavement and
bounce to your feet.

Your head begins to swell.
Blood throbs through your ear
because of what you hear.
Balloon-head man you float,
to where, who can tell.

Nearing the sun
you begin to sizzle.
Be cool and you're an iceberg,
and you melt.

Drops of moisture touch the sun
and it goes out.
The drops begin to congeal and
you open your eyes.

Floating through the stars,
you hit deep space.
Open your mouth and
you swallow a galaxy.
As you swallow the stars
you begin to expand, and
you explode with a
Big Bang.

Joseph C. Fischer

Storm Clouds

Storm clouds gathering in an angry sky.
Everyone sees them and they wonder why.
But not for long, they have
Other things to occupy their time.

Got a new dance to learn, a new song to sing.
Got to make more money, got to buy more things.
Got to get a new hair style, lose some weight.
Get a new love before it is too late.

Storm clouds thundering in an angry sky.
Everyone hears them and they wonder why.
But not for long, they have
Other things to occupy their minds.

The Mayor got caught with his hand in the till.
Twelve year old Annie Lou is on the pill.
Tom and Joe were united in marital bliss.
Their clergyman said, "It's God's will, we're making progress."

Lawyers in divorce courts wheel and deal.
Children weep, then lie and steal.
Even the president played the game
Of breaking the law to further his aims.

So, like a mery-go-round out of control
This spaceship earth is beginning to roll
Into a staggering spin that's going to end
Right back where it all began.

Juliana Barschdorf

Street Boy

I stand at a distance and weep
for this boy loose on the streets.

His daddy doesn't know him.
His mama doesn't care.
He tells, me,
"I do as I please,
I'm free as the air."

I know he does too much drinking.
He smokes and pushes pot.
He steals whatever he can,
and sleeps on anyone's cot.

The girls think he's big and pretty,
They follow him around.
He cuts a mighty wide path
all up and down the town.

He says he doesn't have to study,
He's no fool.
The teachers didn't like him.
He's been expelled from school.

The local social workers say,
"We need to help him more."
The cops know better, they say,
"He's rotten to the core."

I know why and I cry.

His daddy doesn't know him.
His mama doesn't care.
I see the net closing in
on the boy who says,
"I'm free as the air."

Juliana Barschdorf

Soy Chicano

Soy Chicano

and proud I am.

Not Black or white,

but a Brown man.

Soy Chicano

and it's time to walk tall,

not just for the sake of my race,

but for the sake of all.

Soy Chicano

with a brain and willing hands,

created in God's image;

that makes me an equal man.

Soy Chicano

with a purpose in life:

To fight for the rights of my people,

without gun or knife.

Soy Chicano

and I'm here to sing my song:

True liberty and justice for all.

Is that so wrong?

Soy Chicano

and now I'll walk steady,

always remembering,

¡Sí Se Puede!

Russell G. Espinosa

Embarrassment

It happens

red lobster spreads across my face
warm rain moisture forms upon
my cold stilled hands

worry, worry, worry
like the rabbit through the looking glass
time passing quickly, slowly
on, on, on

do they know, do they care
are they here--are they near
let me go, before they know
let me go

too late---they laugh

I CRY

Linda Marie Ponzer

Permuting...Is That It?

(a poem for beginning statisticians)
by Curt Dowdy

Is it that?
That it is,
it that is.

Is that it?
That is it!
It is that!

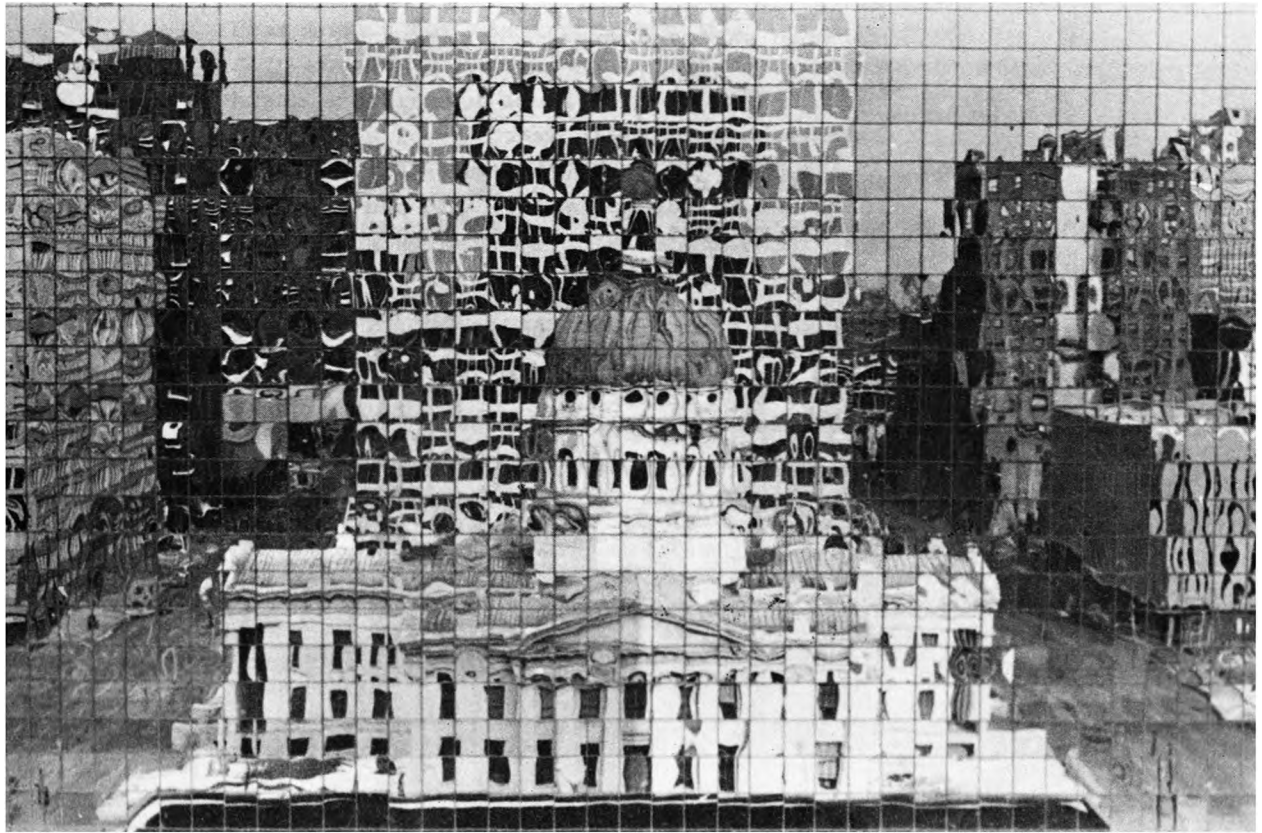


Photo
S. Fischbeck

Poem Six

In cloudless sky
the moon shines down
a bright white
streetlamp

Grey smoke curls heavenward
As the moon rises slowly
The night air icy
Stars flicker diamonds
through my eyes

Meet the blue ocean
where sunbursts explode
brilliant orange hues
form translucent clouds

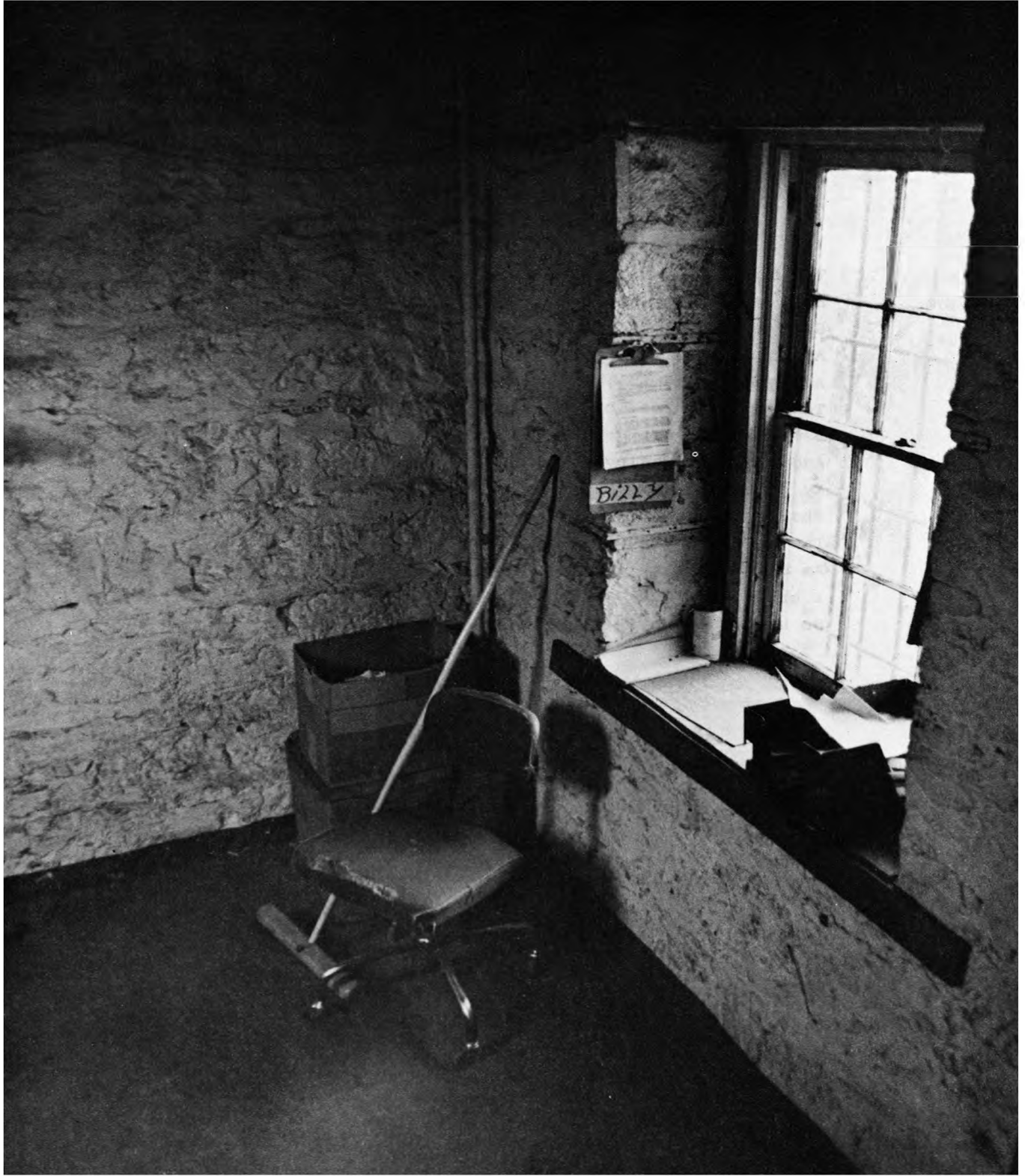
Birds become stones
Flowers glass
Life a circle
and death a straight line through

Kathryn Anne Bushur

Death Summons

The hour is near, the moon is waned, and I
Hear sounds not meant for ears like mine and yours.
Soft sounds, sick sounds, eeking, seeking sounds lie
Awake and grumble loudly, their noise pours
And gushes foaming, swirling through my mind.
To grope a thread of reality, to
Be well, but no! -- the cry of crone will ring
And clutch my being to her dark slough.
My cries and screams of torment all in vain,
The strings that pull at me will never stop.
The days go by and I must live with pain,
As blood of mine ripples, gone, drop by drop.
I grow weak, but now I know the world's a cup
So vast this blood of mine will never fill it up.

Ed Hart



*Photo
Nelson Rivera*

Dabney Dillard

Stale bananas in the window,
everyone outside cutting trees.
Dabney sits. Alone.
Hungry! Hates stale bananas!
Perhaps a
dab

of
lard
with dill pickles
besides a thermos of Kool-Aid.

Everyone outside playing with atoms.
Dabney Dillard sits. . . .alone. . . .
eating stale
bananas.

Kent C. Boyd

Into Madness

Does one slip into madness as gently as day into night?
Perhaps one goes as violently as the sun on a storm darkened day.
Is one robbed of a shadow or swallowed by it when noon blazes
white hot light all around until one can no longer see?
Are you in a glass orb lost on a spinning carousel unable to comprehend
the life swirling by or slow down enough to participate?
Is one Catapulted into a blackened pit where all manner of beastly
howlings permeate the space with their deafening din?
Is there an exit or are you trapped there body and soul until death
brings release from the mind made hell?
A murky swamp where neon deamons spin glowing webbs around your soul
as they choke away all sanity in their wake.

Does madness come over the mind blocking all view:
Hovering like a cloud cover on a moonless night?
Do you fight through a cover or break free of a trap, gnawing your
way as an animal leaving parts of yourself behind?
Does one slip into madness through the bottom of a bottle only to
turn and discover the neck too small for escape - having no
memory to fill the all engulfing space or tell you why?
Can the human soul claw through the labyrinth of the diseased mind
to sanity without raxing the fragile walls and turning the
knowledge stored there into a pile of rubble that must be rebuilt
before one can ever begin to relearn?

Is madness an inborn seed that lurks in the hidden recesses of the
mind, ready to sprout when fed an unbalanced diet by a mal-
functioning body?
Or is it like a dandelion seed blown by random winds to wantonly fall,
sinking deep roots through the bowels into the gut, racking pain
from the very core of being as it capriciously rips out your soul?
Will the picking of the bud before it blooms prevent the blossom or
merely postpone the eruption until another spring?
Must one expunge the total root, digging deeper yet to be free,
at whatever the cost of pain to an already tortured being?
If one goes into madness does one ever emerge to truly live again?

Catherine Dolan Hopkins

Poem Five

Light the sky
with a tiger's eye
Melt a mountain
with fire and snow

Tombstone flowers
weep not
Infant's tears
curse cruelty's snares

Climb golden dew
Scatter death ashes
to the deep brown cradle

Kathryn Anne Bushur



Scott Coleman

Boa Lost at Zoo

Moving swift and silent, she slides her graceful bulk across the cold floor. Exquisite tremors course the length of her anatomy as she undulates with unhampered freedom. From the corner drifts the smell of leaves and faded greenery, she buries her head in its crispness and coils herself deep inside it.

Sleep comes with sweet familiarity. Sounds of the jungle echo dimly as the dead, brittle stuff about her becomes steaming green and alive. Wound around an imaginary bough, once again she stalks the screeching parrot.

Ed Hart

Child's Imagination

Old house creaking
Crickets speaking
Answering back and forth

Bones moving
Dogs howling
Moon traveling north

Kathryn Anne Bushur

"White Winged Horse"

Who did you see

Flying through the skies on a white winged horse?

Was it me?

Was it me?

Caught in an abyss in cords of iron

Wings of a horse caught in the mire.

Is it me?

Is it me?

Who can help?

Can't you see?

Can't you see?

I'm part of the universe, a flower, the sea

Energy in action, flowing through eternity

On a white winged horse, soaring free, so free.

Can't you see?

Can't you see?

Juliana Barschdorf

Nightmare and Resolution (Child's Version)

Arms outspread
flying over
gnarled trees
Still leaves
frozen branches

Sandpaperhands
reach out and
grasp flowing hair
"let go"
"let go"
"These trees have minds
of their own!"

Escape to
another side of
the mobius strip

Tall yellow flames leap
from slender white candles
Mary nods
winks
I strike the match

Tiny blaze transforms my face
The glare without becomes a glow within

Kathryn Anne Bushur

A Jilting

It was high June. The new summer stretched fresh and green beneath the warm sun. A light breeze drifted through the open windows of the old church, bringing with the smell of freshly cut clover several young wasps that knocked themselves about the cracked ceiling.

A young man stood straight and silent at the center of the room. His eyes were set and he appeared to be watching the wasps. One of the insects made a spectacular dive at the man's head, and missing him, dropped onto a large bunch of flowers set below a rickety wooden altar. The man hadn't moved at the insect's mock assault, but his eyes followed the wasp as it journeyed across the yellow centers of the wild daisies in the arrangement.

The flowers marked an occasion, today there was to be a wedding. The old church was swept and aired, ragged song books were stacked neatly at the pews and two new candles were perched upon the ancient organ. The silent young man wore an ill-fitting but new black suit; its still lines matched his own rigid pose. A wilting daisy drooped on his lapel as he stood with his hands clenched at his sides, watching the wasp and waiting.

It seemed he had been standing for hours. He had risen at dawn, helped his father with the morning chores, gulped breakfast, and then lost himself in the thousands of things that were happening today. As he recalled the morning's activities, his mind began floating with the slow drone of the wasps' wings.

The evening had been long, slow, and hot. When a full silver moon finally rose against the tree tops, the last wagon of hay had been unloaded and he had straddled the board fence with the rest of the men, resting and cooling in the evening air. The men talked quiet and low, tired but pleased at completing the day's work. Their low banter faded into the dusk and blended with the night racket of crickets. Resisting a world of weary complacency, he looked across the moonlit stubble of the field and saw the willow shadowed fringes of the creek. Suddenly he felt an almost compelling need to be there, lying in the cool water with the night smell and the croaking frogs. He disentangled himself from the fence and plodded in the direction of the stream.

"Goin' for a swim, Ralph?" one of the men called after him. "If I wasn't so wore out, I believe I'd join ya. Ain't nothin' better than a cool dip after a long hard day to make a body feel better. Why, when I was a boy . . .," and his voice was lost in the shadows and the sound of the young man's footsteps as he crossed the brittle stubble.

Two of the younger men started after him, thinking about the cool water and ridding themselves of the irritating hayseed.

"Hell, I'm too tired to go trapsin' all the way down there," one of the men sighed as he changed his mind and resumed his perch on the fence. "Just get dirty again tomorrow, anyhow."

"Yeah, I'm beat too," the other agreed. "Hey, Ralph, hang on to your privates when you get down there!" he yelled after the young man's receding back. "I hear them young craw-dads is particlarly active this time of night!"

"That ain't the only thing active down there at night, don't ya know," the first young man laughed knowingly to the other men. "Tansy Hodge can be just about as prickly as those craw-dads, and how she does love to prow around the crick

along this time of the evenin'!"

The other men guffawed at the jest, but their sound only faintly reached him as he took the last few steps to the fence separating the hayfield from the stream. The rusty wire bounced and scraped his hand as he held the top strand of the fence to cross it. He held the raw spot on his hand to his mouth while the sound and smell of the creek at evening enveloped him, soothed him. He luxuriated in its intensity. The moon glowed warm and ripe as he slipped through the boundary of willows, and its rays reflected upon the rippled surface of the stream causing shimmers of light to bounce on the willow leaves. Quickly he stepped out of his clothes and slid into the tepid water.

Lying on his back, he floated on the surface, feeling the water and the summer breeze play against his body. A whip-poor-will sang somewhere far back in the trees on the neighboring hill, sounding near and then far. He stopped his quiet splashing and listened to the peaceful, dreamy song of the night bird. Even after the bird had stopped singing he remained motionless, standing with the water lapping his knees and drops of it clinging to his body. For many minutes he stood there, staring at the ripe moon, not feeling tired, not cold, a silhouette of water-flecked marble mesmerised like the statue of a time-forgotten Greek athlete.

The city appeared. He could see it now. Its familiar buildings stood tall and straight, looming over narrow streets and broad avenues. Busy exchanges looped back and forth across the streets, leading thousands of thousands of people to even busier and more exciting places. Lights glittered about the city, many lights, bright lights, all glowing in the night and calling to the young man. He watched, he waited, and then he saw the city dwellers come alive. Quiet little places were filled with romantic people sipping wine, nightclubs sang with merriment, and the dance floors overflowed with young people in bright, hypnotic suits swaying to a magical beat. Everything, everyone was alive and happy.

Then a woman appeared on the opposite bank of the stream. She stood with her back to the moon, as if she had just stepped out of its fullness. The man could not see her face, but she stood graceful and serene, her long, dark hair fell softly about her and she gazed at the man as intently as he observed her. She was wearing a loose, filmy gown that swept freely about her in the breeze and shimmered in the moonlight. They stood like characters in a dream, watching each other in a timeless world. Then, as if bored with the game, the woman loosened the gown about her shoulders and it fell gracefully to her feet. Holding out her hand she beckoned the young man to come to her. He remained motionless, so she dropped to the grassy bank, again inviting him to join her. Still he did not move. It seemed he should know this dream woman, but the sounds of the city confused him and he could not think straight. Looking at the moon again, he could see the city, but it was farther away. The girl called his name, once, softly. Shivering, he stepped into the deeper water and slowly waded to her.

The wasp again sped by his face, this time buzzing angrily as it went by. The church was now filled with people. Smiling old men were talking sagely about the weather, leaning across pews and twisting their necks to see one another. Several ladies busily fanned themselves with funeral-parlor fans and reprimanded their squirming children. Somewhere someone said, "Somebody oughta kill them wasps." Another voice loudly whispered, "That there's the new suit his Uncle Jack sent him from Summit City. You know he runs a store down

there" Bawdy laughter erupted from the row of young men sitting on the back bench. Aunt Piney grumbled loudly to the matron sitting next to her, "Folks don't teach their kids nothin' anymore. I knew Tansy'd be in trouble before the summer was over what with Bill and Laura lettin' her trapse all around the country ever' night. The Devil's always workin' in young people" Suddenly awful music started to play and all heads turned to see the door at the back of the church.

The young man looked up. Tansy stood at the door, her bearing that of a grand lady but with a hint of her characteristic wickedness. She was dressed in a simple gown, like the one of that night, only plainer and of an aged, dull white. Her bountiful dark hair was not loose, but was bound high upon her head, and flowers were placed in it. She carried a small bouquet of daisies in one arm and her other arm was looped through that of a gaunt, grinning old man in a faded blue suit.

The music continued, and then she was there beside him. He stood looking into her eyes. She seemed vaguely remembered, like an old dream, but yet she was here, now. A man's voice droned with the buzzing sound of the wasps. The voice of the man and the voice of the wasps seemed to be the same, one was as incomprehensible as the other. Minutes and more words passed, and yet all he could do was stare into Tansy's deep brown eyes.

He did not want to be here. These people he had known all his life were strangers. He felt weak and the need to run at the same time. The scent of the flowers made him nauseous, and somewhere a girl was singing sweetly. The sound made him even more ill. Then there was silence. Tansy was looking at him, her soft smile seemed almost a leer. He was expected to do something, to say something. He knew the words, but he couldn't talk. The silence grew heavy, even the breeze was still. The whole world was waiting for him.

He ran. Four long strides to the door, one leap down the front steps, and then across the still muddy road into the James' hayfield. He ran. Tall buildings, enticing streets, and exciting people waited for him somewhere beyond this field. He would find them. He laughed uncontrollably as he ran. This day was Tansy's wedding, but the dream was his.

Ed Hart

LOUISIANA

The Quapaw had all retired up the river
of the Arkansas & were living some twelve miles
from the entrance of White River--

They were still said to be fairly considerable
in numbers,

joined as they were
by the Michigamias
& part of the Illini--

They were no less distinguished
as warriors than hunters
& they had succeeded in intimidating
the restless, warlike Chicasaw--

During the skirmish the Chicasaw were forced to retreat
before the Quapaw

for want of ammunition,
thereupon the Quapaw, understanding the situation,
halted their attack, emptied all their powder-horns,
& with a spoon

divided the powder upon a blanket
& presented half to the Chicasaw--

The battle then proceeded
terminating in the death of 10 Chicasaw warriors
& the loss of 5 prisoners
with the death of a single Quapaw

* * *

it is said
the Quapaw

after firing
the first volley

would throw aside their rifles

& establish their attack

with hatchets

"the fine men"

born from the waters

of the Great River

(the time of the planting of corn

the melting
of snow
 & the first green shoots
from earth

 a dog
selected
by the women

& eaten

alive

a general council of the neighboring tribes
met at the village of the Osage

among them
the Creek
whom the Osage observed
carried spoons
in their pockets

dissatisfied with this conduct
the elders of the tribe
alleged that they undervalued
their hospitality
& threatened to kill those
who would
 in the future
enter their lands

(Osage

every morning at sunrise
the people would stand
in the doorways of their lodges
& mourn the death of friends
& relatives

the cries
of the entire village
echoing for miles
along the lower
river country

(people of the River

garments woven
of the lint of mulberry,
papaw

& elm

or coverings of feathers
favorably those
of the turkey--

(butchering of the bull

head adorned
red dyed down
of swan
& buzzard

tobacco
in nostrils
& clefts of hooves
& mouth
after bleeding
& the removal
of the tongue

Randy Barnes

NON-STUDENTS

Plethora of Poets

Minds buzzing with poems,
all those people writing.
Some merely dance
in the air.
Others leave fine dark honey
deep within the woods.

Ann Resh Siehr

Contra Dance

Bells,
the river
rips ice from its edges
out into sun of midstream

blessing
the winter roofs of Cambridge
glimpsed from calculations of traffic,
drift of Memorial drive.

Canabis bouquet,
coxwain call upon Charles,
peaceful parking lot.

There was a wonder forest on a hill, ok

cat on a warm sill o'er the square
all cars arondelay.

Filligree,
shadow and lightfall,
two cups of coffee

John Morgan

Echos

Through misty fog
Come echos from the past
the past

Childhood on the farm
Rooster crowing at dawn
Freshly plowed fields
Fried chicken--iced tea
Water puddles on bare feet
New kittens in the barn
the barn

Through clouded dreams
Come reflections of time
of time

Ladder against the barn
On the abandoned farm
Abandoned farm

Joan Floyd

I found bones in a cave
by following a cold moist
wind from the mouth.

Far back
the walls were scratched
in a kind of text.

The bones were scattered.
The wind through the skull
sounded like

Remember me. Re
member me.

Robert Greene

Sweet Potato To Go

stainless steel sweet potato
sweet potato melt down
sweet potatoes fell on Alabama
unidentified flying sweet potatoes
orbital sweet potato

loser weepers, sweet potatoes keepers
a fool and his sweet potato are soon parted
give me liberty or give me sweet potatoes
I never met a sweet potato I didn't like

sweet potato fever
reel to reel sweet potatoes
all dressed up and no sweet potatoes
12 string electric sweet potato
Jonathon Livingston Sweet Potato
sweet potato conspiracy
off the road sweet potato
digital sweet potato

ah, sweet potato of life

Matt and Gene Warren

Laurie's Collection

Part I

If you have any letters for Heaven, just mail 'em
To a big little town in Missouri, called Salem
For onto our campus descended, one day,
A sort of an angel from over that way.

You might say she's set up an annex to Heaven
Just inside the door of Room 107.
She arrives there each weekday at 8:00 AM, sharp,
To play a typewriter instead of a harp.

Seems like sunshine and birds' songs and stardust, and all
Float around her trim figure as she walks down the hall.
She's lovely to look at - eyes blue-grey and sky clear.
She has a heart kind and steady, a blush that's sincere,
The smile of an angel, the grin of an elf,
A good sense of humor: she can laugh at herself.

In each situation she shows greatest tact.
A genuine lady in dress, speech and act.
Every inch of her being good breeding reveals
(Including those three inches due to wedge heels).

And many have found, perhaps with surprise,
That there's more than just moonglow behind those bright eyes.
She has words that make sense--a well organized mind.
A job she can't handle is just hard to find.
So it puzzles us how the Department survived
During all of those years before Laurie arrived.

Part II

Consider quite carefully all you've just read.
Add that Laurie's a pretty good cook, it is said.
Then it's obvious: Most any man in this life
Would find in her just what he wants in a wife.

So there's many a fellow whose every hope lies
In how he might appear to her steady, grey eyes;
And who, gazing into those angelic portals
Finds all other girls reduced to mere mortals.

Now, all around her desk, and at home---
perhaps in a trunk,
She has a collection of miscellaneous junk:
A cup with a candle, a pine cone and such;
And a pot full of ivy that doesn't twine much.
And at home in the trunk are innumerable vases
Which have held floral tributes to her many graces.

Now the ivy's from Steve and the pine cone's from Randy,
And who knows who gave her that jar full of candy?
And someone else gave her a flower vase so wee, it
Makes her put on her glasses, in order to see it!
Well, she can't marry them all. So each object's a token
of some poor fellow's heart that's potentially broken.

Ah! who's that new young man with gold wavy hair
Who just left 107, walking on air,
Calling over his shoulder "See you at five!"?
I'd guess that before autumn's red leaves arrive
He'll be represented, along with the rest,
By an acorn or two, or a porcelain bird's nest....

so what is the nature of Laurie's collection?
From evidence here, that's cause for reflection.
Though it seems to be bric-a-brac that must weekly be dusted,
It's really lads' hearts which are doomed to be busted!

George McPherson, Jr.

Girl in Beret

She's posing. It's a drawing by Corot. He was 25, she about 12, wearing a peasant dress-- leaf and flower designs on the bodice-- a pretty dress which she's happy to wear, evidently proud to be drawn by her uncle. Corot hadn't decided till three years earlier, according to this book of drawings, to become an artist. So it's an occasion, something still new and exciting, for both.

The beret is said to be called by tradition, "Corot's beret." I seem to remember photographs of old Corot stomping in the woods, paintbox, stretchers and easel in hand with this kind of floppy beret on. He must have been dashing, though maybe a touch bohemian as artists have been traditionally pictured. Bohemian? What connotations! Gypsy music, especially Scarlet Riveria, is that the lady who plays with Bob Dylan? Wild good times. Partying all night. Like Brughel's dance scenes at peasant weddings or a fiddle contest I went to over in Jefferson County at an American Legion hall. About 10 o'clock they declared the winner, but the playing didn't stop till one in the morning because the dancing started and beer kept flowing.

On one table, puddled with spilled beer, sat a plastic bassinet with a baby sound asleep. The only person near the child was a girl, about the same age as Corot's niece, Mlle Sennegon. This girl sat watching over the baby, her sister probably, looking at the dancers. Her expression was not quite as lively as Mlle Sennegon's. It was late. She was sleepy, and trying hard to stay awake, not show her age.

The girl in the beret does show her age. She's still a little girl, happy in her youth, with an acuity she could explain later as being due to her upbringing.

Prince Charles of Britain did at least one time, I read recently. The photographer Yousuf Karsh was invited to photograph the Royal Family. The Prince was then a child, and to be ready when he met the boy, Karsh had brought along a toy, which he gave Charles after they were introduced. The boy, in exchange, gave the photographer a flower he was wearing in his lapel. Reminded of the incident years later, Prince Charles exclaimed, "My, was I that well brought up!"

Neither nobility nor peasant, Mlle Sennegon seems calm in her girlhood. The drawing is not much more than a sketch. It's soon completed. Corot likes it; makes a copy and one of these drawings is given to his friend and teacher Aliguy, the man who first took Corot to the Fontainebleau forest to draw-- the place where he was to do his life's work.

Sandy Primm

Looking For Your Blue Spot

For David

we always heard
Oriental babies have blue spots
blue splotches of pigment
on their brown bottoms

so that at your first bath
we turned you over

there glowed a blue quarter
at the base of your spine

like a scar
where someone snipped off your tail

and higher up
indigo Madagascar
floated alone

these blue markings grew
stretched out
bath by bath

until invisible
except for a certain sheen

*

now we play the game

where is your blue spot

you grab your pants
and run giggling through the hall

has it moved to your elbow
has it moved to your neck

you shout back

it's looking for someone else

Denise Low

Fairy Tale

Once upon a time
(Although I feel confident
It must have happened more than once)
But once
We were in love
With being in love
With being with
People who were in love
With being in love
(I suppose in some way
We were in love with each other)

All of this happened
Once upon a time
A time when men were men
And women were women
And love meant
Getting married
And living happily ever after
Whether we were sorry or not.
Now we know better
Whether we are sorry
Or not.

K. Hoffman

Play House

I like to play House
But one of the pieces is missing
And in the bed when I play Night
It's only the air that I'm kissing
And when I play Going to Work
I leave no one at home behind
And when I play Coming Home Late
There's no one at home to mind
Except me.

K. Hoffman

Midsummer's Night

The shortest night of the year
Thank god
There's no one near
To heat my cool bed
On this shortest night of the year.

The sun barely sets
When it rises again
If someone was here
We'd collapse into bed
Quickly, too quickly
We'd have to rise again.

Thank god
There's no one near
To sweat with
To lock bodies with
To whisper
Those dear, sweet, silly words of passion!

K. Hoffman

Unlonely Leventh

Linda (as in "Leendah"):
Seven years and four
I have known what for
I have been unlonely,
Lovely.
Long has been our love
Large has grown our longings
Lilliputian our license, Longsuffering--
Lovely.
Brideliness lingers
In your long lovely fingers
Which trim lovely lamps
Of the wise oil bringers.
The Fresh-maker lives
In the life of my love--
Licking the lax
Making liquid the wax
Turning liquid the love
Of me and my dove--
Unlonely.

Bob moore

I was about to reach toward your hand
with my awkwardness intact
when I suddenly remembered the time
driving a country hill in dark fog,
third gear and cautious,
then without warning a woman
appeared in front, and like that
I swerved--

and all night
awake with a door open
in another life, the police,
funeral, lawcourt; where I would always be
the man who killed her. As she was
the woman I hit.

But I missed by inches.
Even the adrenalin didn't start
yet--a couple of minutes. By then
I was too nervous to go on, and she
was out of danger. At least from me.

M. Chrisman

At The Robo Wash

Robo stands dumb on the weedy edge
of the deserted car wash
trying to make friends with the rain.

It has no time for him.
Rusted into silence
he holds his elbows ready
to squire some ticking Olympia
through a clockwork polka.

Sometimes on rainy nights
kids come there to park.
He sees through the wet windshields
vague whirling dances:
skirts, shirts, hair
tumbling like colored brushes
behind the streaming glass.

One of his bulbous eyes is broken.
The other, lightless,
casts a slanting tear.

Sometimes I think
he is the Tin Man of Oz
scanning the lot's jalopies
for a usable heart.

It's a mechanical search.
I've been down that yellow brick road.
The hearts are flimsy,
the transplants risky.
The wizard is a humbug.

I'll make you a better deal, Robo.
I'll wind you up and send you skipping
down this page, knees high
like a jumping-jack,
your flat grin running rainbows
down your chin.

Margaret Menamin

An Excerpt From "The House on Dead Man's Curve"

At first, we thought it was a pig squealing.

* * * * *

There were two of them, both young if you want to be chronological, both tall and fair and freckled and with that kind of bristly blond look that comes to GI scalp-tops after two weeks, no matter what color a man's hair originally was.

Both were filled with the superficiality and essential urgency that comes just after eight weeks of basic training. The only feminine things they had seen in all that time were a canine bitch and, from a distance, the WAC battalion. The first leave was, to them, the most important one.

It was the most important leave in all the world to them.

The new Nash had rolled away some of the heatclinging dust of Fort Leonard Wood on its way to St. Louis. Some of it wouldn't come off; in their teeth and hair roots there was grit and the mingled broth of eight weeks of filth, sweat, and boneweary dirt that the barracks showers had not washed away.

They stopped too long at the Strip and gawked at "dancers" in St. Robert, and later, in Rolla, they tried to wash the corrosion of both the fort and the strip from them with generous libations of raw, white redjack from Old Title bottles.

They had to make up for lost time.

Time, for them, had to be foreshortened accordianwise. It was almost laughable, how the urgency was in them; how they had to *be* and *do* and *try* and somehow *re-live* those eight weeks another way. The great urge verged on bursting from them. There was not enough time!

They didn't want to be in St. Louis when they got there; the grey blank hopelessness of that sad city sat upon something within them and, by its desolation, drove them away before they had sampled more than a dozen bars. They didn't know anybody in St. Louis, and they didn't have time enough to get acquainted.

They were essential, urgent, and on their first and most important leave. They were not actually drunk. They were tired of having their spree now, before they had quite decided to have one.

Highway 66 was in front of them.

They wanted to go home.

Home, for them, was a little farm three and a quarter miles south of Springfield, Illinois, cupped in the springing of a sink creek and, to the brothers, a paradise of green fields, verdant, fresh with the sharpness of broken hay in autumn. They sat in the motel room near the Chain of Rocks Bridge and in their minds were alive all of the farm which had been their home for nearly twenty years. Need softened the green tones to a dull, pulling ache deep somewhere inside them, where the grey bleak hopelessness of St. Louis could not reach.

That night they went home.

Sunday night was abruptly at their throats before they had breathed the dust of drought-killed corn and withered cash crops to surfeit so their illusion was not greatly wounded by reality before they had to leave it. The great illusion compounded of pain-erased memories, nostalgia, and eight weeks of basic training . . . not to mention the potent white redjack and all the beer . . . such an illusion is not easily flawed by facts. The real of a thing disillusions best when the great dream is strangled slowly by the dull and commonplace: bills, debt, early hail, a meal not ready on time, another day without rain.

The young blond brothers had this much given to them:

They were allowed to keep their illusion of home.

So it was late Sunday night before they even thought of their pass which would expire promptly at seven the next morning. They kissed their mother quickly before they drove away with a cloud of summer dust bannered after them and the *zing!* of gravels thrown by the front tires of the maroon Nash with the red leather seatcovers still smelling of newness and the Nash dealer's show window.

East St. Louis slowed them down. They stopped long enough to throw a six-pack of Bud onto the clean green floormat, and then Highway 66 was in front of them, and they didn't know whether they were sorry or glad they were going back to Fort Leonard Wood before their pastoral dream of home became a dull nothing.

There was a stoplight in Cuba which they overlooked.

The cop did them a favor and waved them on. He had only been discharged two months before.

Near St. James, they craned their necks to see if a distant star might really be the new sputnik.

After all, there *was* the strip with its whores, legendary creatures who lived in cinder-block houses and housetrailers, of whom their sergeant spoke. There would be other leaves, and Sgt. Paisley wasn't a half bad son-of-a-bitch when you finally got to know him. And they'd go home again at Thanksgiving.

They didn't talk much. They had something between them, they didn't know quite what it was, almost telepathy. They would go for days conversing in grunts and the quirk of an eyelid and the quick rough jerk of an elbow into a brother's ribs. They didn't need to talk. The one who drove just needed noise to keep awake.

They were late, late, late, with an MP at the gate.

Just before they reached the Rolla city limits, they were travelling at ninety-seven miles per hour, and they knew nothing about the deceptive, sideslipping bend in the highway which we who lived nearby called Dead Man's Curve. (It isn't there any more. The new four-lane interstate highway cut under it, and now there is a gently curving bridge overpassing the new road there. The approach to the westbound lane is where my home once stood.)

The two soldiers must have been doing a hundred when they found out all about the curve in the highway.

The Nash missed the guard posts and struck the muddy gravel ditch, silently twisted end-for-end like a dishrag being wrung out to dry, and then rolled over and over into the brush down to the bottom of Rabbit Hollow. I remember it because it was the last wreck before the bulldozers changed the curve and took that precious trap away. It was a very quiet wreck, until the one with the throat finally recovered a little energy.

At first, we thought it was a pig squealing.

Dr. John Thomas Richards

The Suffering Possibility

First

If your woman should eat
Of the fruit of the tree
Throw her out! Ger her out!
The matter was settled.

The cause of your stumble
May be your woman.
It may possibly be
Her fingering love.
But, it MAY be the Woman-maker
Who caused it (they say).
Cast her out! Cast him out!
May the garden be purged!

Cast her out we did
(And were bound to follow).
Out there we shrivelled
Out there we died
And yet we live
Though we're hollow inside.

Then

If your eye makes you stumble
"Tear it out! Throw it from you!",
The holy man counseled.

The cause of your stumble
May be your eye.
It may possibly be
But, it MAY be the Eye-maker
Who caused it (they say).
Tear it out! Cast him out!
May it never afflict!

Cast if rom us we did
(He takes the blame).
Out there it hung
Out there it dried
For all could see
And yet without eyes
How could that be?

Last

If your name is not found
in The Book of Life
Throw it out! Throw him out!
To the fire forever!

If your name makes you stumble
May it smoke forever.
The cause of your stumble
May be your name
It may possibly be
Your fallible race.
But, it MAY be the Name-maker
Who caused it (they say).
Throw him out! Cast it out!
May he suffer forever!

And we saw it suffer
and forever we will
Till the last death is suffered
And the suffering's stilled.

Recapitulating

The possibility is "IF"
Does anyone know it?
Will it take forever
To unveil and show it?

There may be ninety-nine saved
Of women, eyes, and names
But the Woman-maker loves
The promiscuous one
The Eye-maker looks
For the prodigal son
The Name-maker lauds
The poor/nameless for fun.
Having taken the place
Of a cast-out race
Having healed the pain
Of an injured brain
Having risen above
Dominating love.

And he searches and waits
Till the hundredth should come
But, still the smouldering
Possibility is
That suffering dies
While suffering lives.

Bob moore

My Sister Always Got The Better Of Me

To Tony Connor

God knows,
said the poet, uneasy in his aproprose,
my sister always got the bet'r of me.
Her entire thirty years
she got the bet'r of me.

Well, here's
a poem about stuffed cats,
he said,
but really that's
not what it's about,
really it's about my sister
who always got the bet'r of me.

He turned out
childhood's pockets, spilling
crisp Manchester days
each framed like a lantern slide.
Urchins willing
to dare Victorian capers
with a burglar guide,
we unlocked the museum door,
tiptoed inside
down the irresistible musty hall,
trespassing on another age.

Suddenly there was no more.
That's all,
he said, searching papers.
I can't finish the rhyme.
I'm missing a page.
I've never lost a page before.

Was it what we missed,
the words not there,
or the broken lock on time
that made me aware
of a schoolgirl wrist
whisking through the air,
a musty chuckle on the stair?

Margaret Menamin

**For My Mother,
Who Died April 17, 1978**

Flames
and the ashes
and bone that would not go.
Shy brown eyes
smile in
old photographs
and memory.
Gentle spirit,
I longed to share sping
in your last slow days
of dying.

Ann Resh Siehr

Retirement Decree

London, December, 1974

I have been living
In the past
My past
Your past
And the past of all
These European Cities
For too long a time
I have lost the reason
I have tired out the rhyme
Kind Ladies
And Gentle Men
I now retire.

The time has come
To return
To Library Basements
To Shopkeepers' Hours
To Drunken Saturday Nights
To Spirits and their Powers
To Strawflowers
In Handcast Pots
Thanks lots
World.

K. Hoffman

Arctic Mime

Don't be afraid
to fall into sleep.

(chanting, chanting)

They have killed a seal,
its blood ran out on the snow.

Don't be afraid to fall into sleep.

The blood in the water
carried utterly away

(chanting)

Don't be afraid child
to fall into sleep.

J. Morgan

Camp Rolla--1862

*

Strong smell of gunpowder in the air.

*

*

Wearing a blue woolen shirt
furnished by the government
A course looking article it is too.

*

*

Two companies returned to camp
bringing 25 prisoners, 30 horses.

A captain in the secession army.

Some spoke insultingly to him
and he replied firmly
I am a soldier unarmed,
don't you insult me in my presence.

*

*

All abed
or stretched out on the ground
with their shawls around them.

*

*

It is a tedious thing
to drill the band
when interest & ambition flags.

But I will drop this strain
& sleep.

*

*

Hard crackers & pork with coffee
cooked in a manner
which could not be eaten.

*

*

Many have heard us
who never saw a brass instrument before.
One young man wanted me to
give him a band of music:

"Did you ever see a brass horn before?"
"No Sir."
"Can't imagine how it sounds, can you?"

"Wal, I suppose right smart."

*

*

Exhausted
poor and dirty
as if they had just been
dug out of the ground

*

*

A dead man brought in
run over by a large wagon.
Externally scarcely a mark,
but inwardly smashed up generally.

Dead men create no excitement in this crowd.

*

*

Leaving well stocked farms
they flee the approach of the enemy--

all along the roads
camped in wagons
& deserted log huts.

*

*

The one followed kept running
& trying to avoid the other.
But patience soon became virtuleless
& he turned upon him.

Went to the ground
as if he had been shot.
The man struck him four times in the face.

*

*

Cowhide shoes for a pillow

fire went down,
awoke cold & shivering--

dead silence,
the slow tramp of the guard.

*

*

Called into the owner's house--
father, mother, a boy
& half a dozen girls.

The young ones
frightened about the soldiers
expected to be severely dealt with.

*

*

One man runs away,
another engages in some other business,
another eats green apples & gets a bellyache,
another grows lame in the hip.

A few want to play cards,
a few want to whittle pipes
& playthings out of stone.

*

*

Very dark,
the barking of dogs

one of the guns of the guards,
then another

every man to his feet
& seized his weapon

breathlessly
wait to hear the drummer.

*