"I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honeybee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade."

W. B. Yeats
The Bork and the Fooo

By Lawrence D. Bruya

Once upon a time there lived two neighbors who didn't get along. One - the Bork - lived in a giant house on the side of a very beautiful snow covered mountain. The other - the Fooo, of course, lived very close to him (for they were neighbors), just a stone's throw away as it turns out. In a cave above the Bork's house and in the side of the mountain.

The Bork wanted the Fooo's land so he was about to engage in what he considered a great battle. The Fooo wanted none of this war (for he was a very quiet animal) and crawled back into his warm cave to sleep.

On this particular night, however, it was very cold, very still and very quiet. For a long time the Bork had been planning for just such a night to carry out his scheme, very quietly then, while the Fooo was asleep. The Bork took position above both his house and the Fooo's cave. To himself the Bork thought, "Ha, ha, at last the best moment has arrived. I will not forfeit my opportunity."

It was at this time the Bork began to scream. "Come out Fooo, you yellow mouse, come out or I will stone you!"

Thinking to avert this invasion of his world the Fooo ran to the mouth of his cave to raise his voice in protest. Much to his dismay, he was not heard for the Bork had begun to shower great stones and pieces of earth down upon him from above his cave; and I might add, from above his great house. As the stones and earth began to roll so too did an avalanche and so too it carried with it, the Bork.

The Fooo ducked into his cave as the Bork and snow went by and rolled over the house and hill until nothing was left but the Fooo and his cave - in which it should be said, he lived happily ever after.

Moral: He who strikes mud generally loses ground.

A rolling stone gathers no moss.

Keep me
Secretly.
In rooms only you can unlock.
Where you can come alone,
Where I will wait alone
To hear your steps in the hall.
And linger until the sky begins to grow grey.
And may you stay with me some morning at two or three
As the moon laughs on.

A POEM FOR ROGER NO. 2

Keep me shyly
Frightened.
In my half a heart.
Where I can be alone.
Where I will wait alone
To hear your steps in the hall.
And linger until the sky begins to grow grey.
And may you stay with me some morning at two or three
As the moon laughs on.

By Nancy Betz

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As the moon laughs on.

CLOUDY

Nature's winged demon
Stalks through the sky,
Slain by a breeze.
And never a dragon again.

Dennis Phillips

"THE WAVE"

The thunderous wave
Beats upon the shore,
Breaking the silence,
Tossing the remnants of the past.

Bill Ellis

Rites of Reflection
Interminating calling
its invitation
as the moon laughs on . . .

The wave crashes in
And what is and what is
Less
timidity.

The grains of sand powerless against the wave
Trying to resist
Yet yielding.

The sullen trees unable to follow . . .

The wave crashes once more,
Extending a soft,
Reassuring hand
Towards shore.

The moon teasingly
Breaking a path
On the shoulders
Of the wave, and laughs on . . .

Things could be so easy

Karen Nouchi

LINDA L. DAVIS

Bridal parties
With a flute
to follow...

Robert Leidy

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DANDELIONS

Yesterday the sun laid out its treasures on the meadow.

Millions of gold coins glittered to tempt all passers-by.

Last night Time crept slowly up
And stealthily removed the fortune.

Leaving in its stead bits of shimmering cloud.

Robert J. Gariepy

THE TRAVELER

Across the Sea of Gallivair
Across the barren plain.
To crawl unheed, unseen.
Amid the jungle yellow-green.

The journey to the Wonderland.
Thru the shadow maze.
Carving the faithful worker
In the crimson, dying day.

-Jerry Sears.

"MEMORIES"

The Past hides You-
Fugitive Memories.
Running, sliding
Into the shadows.
No one can see You.

No one can see You
Shaking, crying,
Quivering in guilt.

No one can see You
But me.

But within these eyes,
You are revealed.
Not laughing or gay.
With no words of friendship,
No sincere words of love,

Memories -
You are seen sad,
Lonely, desperate.

You come back to me
Filled not with pride,
But regret.

You come back
With downcast eyes,
Tear-stained face.

You come back
With swift daggers,
Still twirling those blades,
Still cutting my heart.

Karen Nouchi
Daytime T.V.

By Terry Davis

"Don't hurt me," she said, as she pushed her panties down her baby-smooth, brown legs as perfunctorily as if I had been a doctor. And I didn't realize all that she meant until, I guess, right now.

I hurt her plenty physically. We tried everything we'd heard of (not much at that time): a pillow under her little, brown butt; so much vasoline that I felt like a well dressed hotdog, and all sorts of anterior, posterior, spread-legged, vertical, linear positions, but nothing was much help. Oh, we achieved something, but it sure as hell wasn't the transcendent experience we'd primed ourselves for. I felt less than the great lover of the pre-intercourse relationship, and she acted as though she wished she'd been born something other than a girl, having quite a bit of trouble walking. I laughed at her as she waddled wide-legged into the bathroom.

Well, things did progress. With the help of epidermal elasticity and other of nature's wonders, we hit the sexual road. We did all the things I used to read about in my Grand Dad's paperbacks. I kind of liked reading about it, but the real thing was fantastic. That's all I can say - fantastic. We used to go to bed in the afternoon and wind up watching the late movie. She was so soft, and she smelled so good all over. We made cute little animal noises that don't seem as cute anymore. Because they aren't our noises anymore, I guess.

I can't forget her, and the way I used to froth about the crotch every time we'd put extra pelvis into a hug. Don't get me wrong now, our thing wasn't all sex. We planned marriage, and children, and worked on all sorts of spiritual and intellectual fulfillments.

Yes, we planned for a lot. I guess we even planned love. And that's what's troubling me now. I've realized that you can't plan love. It just happens. It's more than being "the cutest couple around," and more than consideration, more than habit, more than - God, it's even more than love. You see, I did love her, but that wasn't enough. Something was missing, and whatever that something was is what will bring love home to bed when it's real.

Anyway, I took her - all she had - body, time, all her thoughts, and even a little of her money. And now I'm so sorry that I could bawl; in fact, I do.

Yesterday, I saw her with a guy. He's a real nice guy, and I hated him. She was smiling a kind of secure smile that ran down her arm and into her hand holding his. God I loved her. No I didn't. I hid behind my hair and watched them. She probably wouldn't recognize me if she saw me now anyway. We change a good deal after ending parts of our lives. The guy was walking pretty proud and you could tell he was holding something he wasn't going to let loose on the moment.

She'd looked at me that way for three years, and I'd probably looked the same.

So, she has someone, at least it appears so; I hope so. And I don't have anyone. But you know, I'm not a bit sad. This just isn't my time. Tomorrow, I'm going to go to town and buy a new sport coat, going to start all over again as they say on day-time T.V.

I'm alone, but I'm free. No more razor blades in my stomach when my smiles are lies; no more praying for sterility at the end of the month. I do feel free. Sometimes, though, in the night usually, I think of what I really did. I lived the worst kind of lie a person can manifest. She was my human being, my person; she gave me her body and her mind, and, God, I took them. But I didn't give mine back. Maybe it's really not as terrible as it seems to be those times in the night. Maybe it's just the way things are because we're people, and can't do better if we try. Maybe. But I know I'll never forget her. I know I'll always hope she's happy. And I'll probably always wish to hell I'd watched the whole thing on T.V., and etc., and we could watch the re-run lying together in bed.
"BECOMING CHIMES"

"Becoming chimes
on windswept evenings
We join with each to sing
dream of dreams
I dance - sing
Spend a time at Rainbows end
touch each leaf
as Rainbows whisper
find and make a sunflower’s beam.

Becoming unity
in gardens sewing
We join with each to sing
now on your journey
Vapor trails to fly
on indigo wings
ascend the mountains
glide in stillness
to the sea."

Stanley Cooper

A SKYFUL
we have lain together
in the tomorrow of our dreams,
but more importantly
we have lain together
in the toady of our uncertainty.
we have touched
as close as touching can get
and still not be public,
where virginity is a physical technicality
of microscopic size,
but also where our love
as much as now allows
is real and true:
two bodies
joined in careful sterility
but also two minds
joined in a skyful of fertility

-Ken Tailey

MORNING KISSES
Morning kisses are the best.
You come fresh-smelling
from hot showers,
and your lipstick is newly spread
across your lips.
I hold your body in my arms
and soap and talcum,
Your breasts brush my arm
as I whisper in your ear:
"Morning kisses are the best."

-Ken Tailey

Return
By Steve Blewett

It had been an especially difficult day
in the office. Over the noise of the radio,
the senseless chatter of the others
riding in the car, and the background
traffic of the traffic on the freeway,
my mind kept returning to the talk he had
had with his boss earlier in the day.

"You know Ewing," the old bastard
had said, "You could have a great future
here at Fantastic Plastics. You got
a great mind on those shoulders, but you
go no push, no drive."

"You let slobs with half your imagination
and talent push you round, take advantage of you.
You know I don’t know nothin’ about plastics or chemistry.
Never have—never will. But I got drive.
That’s why I own this plant; that’s why I have this office;
with a bar—the barber comes up to cut my hair.
I don’t go see him, he comes to me.
You could be here someday yourself.
You just gotta want it bad enough.”

That had gone on for 46 minutes,
theari man going over and over the same
old crap that he had said a thousand
times before; it always ended the same
way—the old man getting mad and shouting:
"You graduated first in your
class in physical chemistry! We didn’t
give you that scholarship so you could come
here and have a great time screwing
around all day in that lab down
there. We want your money to pay off with
a good education.

And when he got home it would be
worse. He was never in much of a
head to face his wife after those ses-
sions with the old man. Complaints about
the wonderful opportunities they were
passing up just because he wouldn’t
switch to management and get out of the
research lab. The money he would

LIFE RESUMED
Bellowing, screeching, the sparrow
wipped across the abyss.
Dodging the hit, fearful for the worst and laden with
misery.
The sun jettisoned its ultra-violet bullets through time.
and splattered devastation across the wasteland.

She turned to the doctor, “you see that
He must be able
to hear me. He must know that he’s
to live.”
And then it died.

The surge of pure joy that welled in
to his soul choked—and was lost as the voice
of his wife came faintly to his ears:
"Oh Ed, thank God, thank God. I
know you can’t hear me, but I have to
tell you anything. You’re going to live.
The doctor said that you were dead for
almost 46 minutes, and that he didn’t
think that he was going to save you, but
he did. You hear that Ed, you’re going to live.”

She turned to the doctor, “you see that
doctor, you see that? He must be able
to hear me. He must know that he’s
going to live; he’s crying.”

TO MR. SCHOEN
Sometimes I don’t know you
But now I worry of June (ugly date stamped in
mines mind—not yours)
By force coming together we tear apart—an intercourse on
the telephone.
Sometimes I really don’t know you—saddle-shod,
long-haired boy man.
Your mind’s on the inside and your body’s on the outside—
and because of that, your mind’s on the outside
within the inside and your body’s on the inside
within the outside.
Loved smokely dreams—ominous gray-bang silence—you
love your longvew motherfather—I love your headbrain.
But who am I not to not know you? I had
a carefree, restricted-boundary-bound fraternity, were you
really, Schoen?
No, sometimes I really don’t know you—but
I’m falling into Shellian
Sweetmeats.
"He’ll call them as he sees them"
but he won’t see this one.
I want to talk to you—I’ve talked to you—
yours is 22-catch?
I can’t catch my laughter—it’s bubbling now, but you could—
but why—who, with that mind
that not in comparison with my mind (static—the brain’s
rotten and the body’s twisted)

I stagger—you write—but I don’t know you.

Cry, girl, cry

Karen Olson

be something. For a few agonizing moments
he doubted, and then...
He was aware.
He could feel the minds of all the
great men who had ever lived and
died. around him, and with him.
He felt the pulse of the universe,
the heartbeat of infinity, the quiet whisperings
of eternity in inexpressible question.
He belonged. He was almost a part of it
and the forces of creation washed
gently, lapped as the gentle surf at his
awareness.
And then it died.

LIKE US
Who is to say
How long they will stay?
Blind, cold, dead.
Raindrops which go where they may.
Failing where others fell.
Falling from heaven, seeking to hell.

Doug Goddard

MEN
A world of perpetual snowflakes, silently thinking
Drift into birth, fade into death
Gathered into humanity, alone as one.

Pamela Hurney

"MY FUTURE TO THE SEA."

-Ken Tailey

―Ken Tailey"
By Terry Davis

I've seen some odd things from my window. Probably the only advantage to a two-dollar-a-day room is that you can always count on being in an interesting part of town, a place where lots of things happen, anyway.

My window overlooks Riverside, the main drag around here. Many times, I've sat at my window on a warm summer night enjoying the young people walking and driving up and down. "Innocent practices," I called it, until last Saturday. The papers covered it; they listed the injuries and placed the blame. But I saw it. I know how it really happened.

A sly July-eve breeze had flustered the curtains, tangling them in the pink petunias that the window next door uses as an excuse to come over to see me. They were too far down the sill to kick off, so I had to get up and untangle them by hand. I'm usually pretty careful about the petunias; they brighten up the room quite a bit. But this time I accidentally snapped a petal off as I grabbed the curtain.

As I watched it float down the two stories to the sidewalk, I retrieved a couple kids turn onto Riverside from the darkness down at the corner where the Library and the Old Christian Church are now only piles of dusty brick.

I hadn't seen these kids on the street before. I sure would have remembered them. They looked so odd together. The big one (and he was big -- six-foot, two hundred pounds, I'd guess) was a color. We don't get many of his kind down here on Riverside. And the other one, well, they just looked so odd together, that's all. The color was so big, and this other guy, the white, was so skinny, and kind of frail and bookish looking. They loosed, rocking from side to side in a sort of rhythm, down toward Jefferson.

Most of the youngfellas walk stiff-necked down Riverside. They all like to look tough. I guess it's a game with them-bluff each other, and show all those pretty little skirts in the convertibles their chest feathers-but not these two. They just shuffled along, quietly talking, each nodding affirmation to the words of his friend.

About the middle of the sidewalk, the color and the white crossed, just side to side of the corner, the big one laid a heavy hand on the other. "Don't do that," he muttered, tangling them in the curtains, and the color, with a whole lot of blackness of his head. And the kids pulled louder.

The weight of the lighter barrel pulled the white to his knees, and the color, still bent over, pulled both of those huge black hands from between his legs and kept rolling them upward in an ape-like motion to a spot flush on the white's jaw. I heard the crunching, probably of teeth, and old Edith hid her face.

The kids began to yell, "Stomp him, Beat him, — Kill him." The white, splitting blood, looked at the black, and then all around him at the crowd. His look stopped on a blond girl, cute little thing, about eighteen, and like all the rest, dressed to kill. The white's eyes could have burnt right through that girl, but she didn't even notice him. She was clinging to the school-sweatered arm of her football-player-looking boyfriend, her eyes big, bright, and beautiful, screaming, "Kill him," and looking at the color, still doubled over on the sidewalk.

The white turned from the blond, and looked past the front row back into the body of the crowd. He should have been looking for help, but his eyes were full of hate, hate without fear.

The black pushed himself to his feet from all fours, like some African monkey, and ran at the white, who still stirred into the huge traffic-jamming crowd.

The color rammed him like a bull against the ribs of the light pole. His scream flew to my window, and something that I didn't think was pain shot up at me from his eyes. The color was still doubled up from the first kick, and doubled deeper when the white, back arched against the pole, kicked him again.

The color fell on his back, and the kids began to scream, like hounds on a deer, "Stomp him, Stomp him." The faces of the pretty little girls, fit to kill, and other faces of their football-player boyfriends became distorted, hibious sculptures in the Jefferson Street light.

The white kept leaning against the pole, catching his breath, and the color rolled to his side and groaned. Blood bloomed the color's forehead, and bearded red the face of the thin white boy. The two stood facing each other, drawing closer, and the white turned again.

He was staring at the little blond, still screaming and tearing at that sweatershed arm, her eyes glowing big, bright, and beautiful.

The two boys, the white and the black, stood facing each other until the screams died. The white's face pinched and wrinkled and showed more hate than I think I ever saw.

The black moved like he wasn't even hurt up beside him, his face smarling too.

There was no sound on Riverside and Jefferson when the black and the white began to move out of the crowd toward the shadowy corner where they came from. I never heard the street so quiet.

The white boy marched, I mean stretched, and the color beside him, right toward the blond and her football-player. Those two boys, the black and the white, stopped and looked at each other just a few feet from the pole. The blond fit to kill. As though his body was stretched, and his feet were a snake's, all one muscle, he made of dirt drawn of death, offering a lease for new yellow tenants like vultures the flesh to other hills, Winds breathing hard in winter, winds of hate, hate without fear.

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There was no sound on Riverside and Jefferson when the black and the white began to move out of the crowd toward the shadowy corner where they came from. I never heard the street so quiet.
Coming again, but where —

to a dully remembered of non-belief
where people move in shadow play and
everything is what it doesn't
like a weeping bee

Ken Adams

In a white heat of

of jade blackness
a might figure skated against

a youth emerging in his great freedom
that most people have forgotten
now your ear

The world trapped in a season that has past spring by

but the poor

But the people

dread and love

and only in blood can the rich road.

Ken Adams

\**THE WAR GAME**

I heard the sixth hose

got pretty scared for a minute,

but then I said, "What the hell?"

and walked on down the middle of the street

got to think a little more

and the more I thought, the more the screen scrummed,"What the hell, what the hell?"

And I got looking at all the towns

and at the sky, and I wanted to feel the grass since the field.

And I lay in the grass and I hugged the earth
greyly.

And the grass tickled my ear; I heard the earth rumbled."What the hell..." —

—**Terry Davis**

When I Was Eight by the Ocean

When I Was Eight by the Ocean

I Can't Work for My Father

I can't work for my father

when we leave every year, I hide a
handful of sand in the blanket drawer

and clothes and towels and babies and

and give me dimes to get their coffee

and a' Space Age Done Order

of human life .

that evades caesuras.

I blink with the stars. Stand straight and tall, boy,

face your foe,

of his majesty, the King.

'Gainst his majesty, the King.

Of his majesty, the King.

Of his majesty, the King.

‘Gainst his majesty, the King.

I was going to tell him about my ambition,

but he wouldn't understand.

I was going to tell him about my little
portable /A-frame shack up in the mountains
away from all the highways and railroads and telephone poles and
snow-fills, and about my animal, /Ondine,
small talk with soft voice and soft, tall
leaves hair and how every day I'll go into my thirty-old wagon-wagon and

drive slowly to the university to teach

my futile three classes a day on

hurting and something to read. And

every day I'd go back to the mountains and

the shack and the salt, round road

and we could far the flat baked and

and go and grow watermelons and flowers and

to watch leaves fall and leaves, and

we could make a gym and school. It's dry here and

and I could stay far away from my friends' /frameworks

and garage cars and space and

super markets.

I was going to tell my friend about my problems,

but I just sat there and waited for them to

with away confidence that I had no goals and

just didn't care. I really couldn't myself. I won't let him go as his right, secure little

of his majesty, the King.

of his majesty, the King.

of his majesty, the King.

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leaves hair and how every day I'll go into my thirty-old wagon-wagon and

drive slowly to the university to teach

my futile three classes a day on

hurting and something to read. And

every day I'd go back to the mountains and

the shack and the salt, round road

and we could far the flat baked and

and go and grow watermelons and flowers and

to watch leaves fall and leaves, and

we could make a gym and school. It's dry here and

and I could stay far away from my friends' /frameworks

and garage cars and space and

super markets.

I was going to tell my friend about my problems,

but I just sat there and waited for them to

with away confidence that I had no goals and

just didn't care. I really couldn't myself. I won't let him go as his right, secure little

of his majesty, the King.

of his majesty, the King.

of his majesty, the King.

'Gainst his majesty, the King.

of his majesty, the King.

of his majesty, the King.

of his majesty, the King.

of his majesty, the King.

I was going to tell him about my ambition,

but he wouldn't understand.

I was going to tell him about my little
portable /A-frame shack up in the mountains
away from all the highways and railroads and telephone poles and
snow-fills, and about my animal, /Ondine,
small talk with soft voice and soft, tall
leaves hair and how every day I'll go into my thirty-old wagon-wagon and

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