

Spring 1992

## Wineskin, Spring 1992

Kim Stafford ed.

Pam Friesen ed.

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.georgefox.edu/wineskin>

---

### Recommended Citation

Stafford, Kim ed. and Friesen, Pam ed., "Wineskin, Spring 1992" (1992). *The Wineskin*. 23.  
<https://digitalcommons.georgefox.edu/wineskin/23>

This Issue is brought to you for free and open access by the Archives and Museum at Digital Commons @ George Fox University. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Wineskin by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ George Fox University. For more information, please contact [arolfe@georgefox.edu](mailto:arolfe@georgefox.edu).

# WINE SKIN



Spring 1992

# WINESKIN

George Fox College  
Spring 1992

Editors  
Kim Stafford \* Pam Friesen

Cover Design  
Rikki Rungay

"Then he took the cup, gave thanks and offered it to them, saying, "Drink from it, all of you. This is my blood of the covenant, which is poured out for many for the forgiveness of sins." (Matthew 26:27-28 NIV)

*HAVING COME SO FAR TO BE SO CLOSE AND YET SO FAR-*

Having come so far to be so close and yet so far-  
Having spent long days bed-fellows with Mr. Weary-  
Having hounded heaven with Impatience' blinding fury-  
Having heaved my hopes upon a (shoo o o ooting) star-

Having told me blessed times to never worry-  
Having peace is holding Time in Who You Are.

-Fritz Liedtke

TO DIGNITY

And when you were laughing  
with those people  
behind the brown back-turned lawn  
You were certainly reveling  
in the devotion  
and the ear  
and the thoughts  
thought for you.

And so moved my shoulders  
square  
to reconcile with what i ought  
and hope of what've might.  
Had you my wish  
to be known  
to be knowing  
And that i offered  
to list  
to hold.



Who knew you me to be  
was ought to bear  
was weighty dropped  
Oh, much to not.  
---and handles of me  
were handles no more  
than of another barrow  
to trundle courtesies  
and ambitious estimations  
---which, i recall,  
i did supply  
and know now how

to soft reclaim,  
or that i should.  
My shoulders turned a half away  
(a half into);  
hid poorly weight of hope betrayed.  
A fidget grin and untold muse  
found powerless to strive past nods.

Now hear my wish:  
to yet be known  
and held in knowing!  
---and swift, reply  
to dignity.

-Jared Jones

DUTY  
by Scott Nilsen

It was a dark and stormy morning. Though the sun had risen nearly three hours ago, the darkness in the sky still enveloped the land from horizon to horizon. Rain pelted against cars, sounding like the pop of machine-gun fire. Nature's forces had taken over, wreaking havoc in the world of man. The bone-chilling wind blew hard, sending trash and leaves tumbling down the street. Yet onward he came, facing the full brunt of nature's fury with courage far surpassing that of any ordinary man. His sense of duty, to do what needed to be done, was so ingrained in his soul that even these devastating conditions barely fazed him.

The gloom and mist all around him made him seem almost invisible as he trudged up the street. Only the badge he wore stood out among his dreary, soaking frame. The majestic form of a gallant, mighty eagle in mid-swoop adorned his sleeve. His very presence in the city made it known that, yes, the nasty work of sorting had been done because the mighty hero was about his work: the morning mail.

Melvin P. Snodgrass was no stranger to this job. In his thirty-some years as an employee of the U.S. Government, nearly two million pieces of mail had been speedily delivered in his jurisdiction alone. Though only 5'8" tall, his bold spirit towered over any obstacle, danger, or difficulty that dared cross his path. It was he who alone had faced the

mountains of Labor Day junk mail and the endless flow of the mighty river of Christmas parcels. He was the best at what he did, simply because he felt it was his personal responsibility to bring the public its mail safely. Fledgeling postmen idolized him while his rivals, shamed by his brilliance and splendor in the field, envied him.

The constant pelt of blinding rain mingled with the sweat on his brow as Melvin strained to keep a clear field of vision through his fogged-up bifocals. The weight of a mailbag that would cripple an ordinary mailman bothered him not at all as he fought the wall of wind that took his breath away. He had weathered such storms before, each time emerging triumphant from the forces of Nature that would have him fail.

Smith, Dexter, and Harrison avenues had today already received their allotments of post from this man clad in blue. As Melvin turned the corner of 5th and Pike, his instincts told him trouble lurked about just ahead of him, waiting to lash out. He heard the snarl of the ferocious beast a full five seconds before his eyes fell on the snarling animal. Its eyes were an unholy shade of sienna and its razor-sharp teeth bared as Melvin came into view. A plan of action quickly formulated in our trusty hero's head as his mind, not unlike a steel trap, searched for a solution to his dilemma. He stood stock still, waiting for his mortal enemy to show any weakness. Without warning or provocation, the ferocious beast leaped at him with all its might. Melvin's lightning fast reflexes then took over.

With all the skill of Annie Oakley in all her glory,

Melvin unleashed a steady, unrelenting stream of itchy, burning mace into the eyes of his attacker. The beast was caught in mid-leap, its jowls still straining for their intended mark. Eyes now blinded, the creature fell heaving to the ground, striking its head hard against the curb. As his opponent lay twitching on the cold, wet sidewalk, its sides glistening with sweat and specks of foam, Melvin slowly lowered his mace pistol.

After basking in the glory of having put yet another enemy to rest, our hero slowly returned his deadly weapon to his shoulder holster.

Then, as if on cue, the dank, oppressive clouds broke and the sun's brilliance radiated all around him, and birds once again raised their twittering voices to song. Melvin paused a moment, breathing deep the cool, fresh, reviving air before stepping over his vanquished foe to continue his rounds. Yes, once again Melvin P. Snodgrass had remained calm in the face of calamity, certain that this time, Mrs. Wootenhoffer's vicious poodle would no longer keep him from his appointed task of postage delivery. And off he went down Pike Street, continuing to extend his impeccably spotless record of accuracy. Never since has there been such a brave and courageous carrier as he, and the world has certainly been the better.

## FAVORITE FIREPLACE

As in the cabin i am warmed--  
A faithful home, my soul's retreat--  
So can i find in your good arms  
A smile, heart's-ease, and greeting.

An honest laugh, good-natured sayings  
So soon endear the weary mind,  
And harken beck to childhood's game  
When you would read my rhymes.

And now i rest and share with you  
Whenever hours say i may.  
The years have changed my ears, but still  
I trust each words you say.

A father cannot hide his works,  
For often they outlive him long.  
Abraham and you, dear man,  
Have brought forth sons of God.

Grand and kind and patient: yours  
Are virtues man does badly need.  
When you lay your laurels down  
The Lord will smile indeed.

I cannot curl ink to say  
How dear your spirit's wrapped in mine.  
When i see much of you in me,  
I'll not have far to climb.

-Jared Jones

## THE AFTERNOON OF THE B-52'S

In the window of the window seat  
Song of Solomon's certain Jazz plume and a fresh pack of  
Winston's  
and then somebody wakes up,  
rolls a couple of carpets off the floor  
and lays them  
up over the windows like summer curtains.  
Then falls back asleep  
or takes some vitamins  
- says something of tennis stars  
and small brown boats  
and the North Star,  
and then falls back asleep.  
He would be the poet you see.

And others lay at eye's distance  
bundled in their rugs like worn and leather covered books  
listening for the old Mercury refrigerator  
which finds you with its low red-bird hum,  
and is genuinely friendly to you.  
- Friendly like silk typewriter ribbon on its best days.

What the others don't realize  
is that you eat salami and ham sandwiches,  
the skin beneath your fingernails,  
the underbellies of roaches the size of large WWII aircraft,  
the skin off a peach.  
The lowest and sickest of breeds are alive inside  
and oh, how they are all so worried about my soul.  
Though they stumble frightened over the roaches  
that come up from the polished silver drain pipes  
and pay the rent.  
They don't realize that I have hope in this curtained room.

They just lay back, in the danger of roaches shadow,  
and never try to  
know me.

-Brian Hartenstein

## THROW ME OVER

Yeah, I admit it,  
My life doesn't always smell like roses.  
As long as the Red Man lives,  
There will be misery in my life.  
I admit it. It's there.

Yeah, I admit it, I'm not perfect.  
Sometimes I cover my ears and run.  
I close my eyes and lock the door.  
Sometimes I just don't care about your pain.  
I got my own. Take care of yourself.

Quick, throw me overboard,  
I'm too scared to save the city anyway.  
Wouldn't want you to drown;  
Quick, toss me over.

-Matt Mitchell

## HE SAID

Sin  
n is  
Sin  
n is  
Sin

-Anonymous

"I know when I'm talking out loud.  
I can hear my lips moving,  
and I can hear words in my ears.  
And if what I hear is interesting,  
I shut up and listen."  
-Paul B. Lowney

*I gasp  
and clutch my throat frantically  
my stomach heaves  
and I choke  
I have done it again  
eaten another word  
read to vomit  
another backlash  
why do I swallow  
everything they say about me  
then puke back  
words  
that are pleasant as mildew  
stirring up more filth  
I should take  
their plate of insults  
and barf bag of iniquities  
and dispose of it  
properly.*

-Erik Stanfill



### TRIOLET

My eyes are weary from this life  
Just lead the Way; I'll follow You  
Lord, hold my hand so I won't stray  
My eyes are weary from this life  
I leave the Night and choose the Day  
Strike down the old and make me new  
My eyes are weary from this life  
Just lead the Way; I'll follow You.

-Kim Stafford

10

### EVE BY DEGREES

Your snaky tongue  
Robs my mouth of privacy  
It twists and feels its way  
In the dark

I never asked for  
a Pet  
You camped on my door,  
Whining (a hiss disguised)

Your voice a freakish  
Jest to call me  
near.

You created a monster, too.

-Pamela R. Friesen

Flutter off your own way  
little butterfly  
into the blue

This daisy shall remain  
(where summer days you perched  
with tremulous wings,  
and as in prayer you would  
pass the dark of night)

with outstretched leaf  
and sunward face  
I shall remain  
(\*til frost shall bid  
and swallow up this grief)

-Fritz Liedtke

### SONNET R

A moment's rain has cruelly come and gone,  
Impressed my heart's faith song upon the breeze.  
A pleasant thunder follows, and rolls on,  
And trickles show good Providence a tease.  
What brass have bands to strike a chord and run,  
That all are left to quit their dance compelled?  
Also a storm: what right has, once begun,  
To mute his notes before yon stream is swelled?  
And so unfilling runs this river near,  
The mind to nourish and the soul supply.  
Though quit the road for bathing do i fear,  
And thus to follow time the soul will die.  
But time forever spills across my way,  
Is wholly mine to draw from her each day.

-Jared Jones

11

## LITTLE FLOWER GIRL

I call you little flower girl  
Because I remember the times  
When you used to play behind our house  
In the field holding wild blossoms.

You'd run to me on pudgy legs,  
Hair tangled from the wind.  
With arms full of daffodils  
Your tiny voice would say,  
"Look what I found, Mommy!  
These are for you today."

And as you grew I loved to watch  
From the kitchen window,  
As you seemed to waltz  
Upon the rolling meadow.  
You'd bend down to caress a petal,  
Then you'd rise and skip around.  
And again you'd bend with graceful moves  
To pluck a daisy from the ground.  
Soon upon your head would sit  
a wreath, white and gold and green.  
You'd look to me with eyes of joy,  
Your smile looked so good to me.

The sun would shine off your rosy cheeks  
As you'd visit all the flowers.  
It was as if they were your royal court,  
And you their reigning queen.  
Oh how you loved all of nature's ways,  
Pulling its beauty to your small frame.  
You'd hug it 'til it could be squeezed no more,  
Then you'd dance and laugh--  
True friendship blowing in the wind.

These were the days of spring  
And summer and fall, and

As for winter, cold and bright,  
You'd go out just the same.  
Your arms would raise, you'd twirl around,  
And dream of beautiful things.

And now my little flower girl  
You will not run out and play.  
There is no wreath upon your head,  
Nor cheeks of rosy red.  
You cannot go out and greet your friends,  
Nor invite them in to play.  
You cannot twirl around and dance and sing,  
But I know you still dream of beautiful things.

This I think as I look upon you,  
Through a tiny window.  
Oh how I wish I could bring to you  
The peace of your loving meadow.  
Then I look down and caress the petals,  
Just as you used to do.

As I cross the room, you look to me,  
Your eyes still shine with joy,  
Your bright smile still lights my day.  
With tears of love I reach for your hand  
And hold it in a tight grip,  
Not wanting to let go.

Oh my little flower girl  
In this hospital bed.  
I say to you, "Look what I found!  
These are for you today."  
Then I set your daffodils in your lap  
Where your frail hand will forever lay.

-Toni Van Matre

## SOUL WATERS

Sometimes the torrents  
that swirl through my soul  
seem to win  
carving a crack  
a crevice  
a canyon-  
when will it end?  
Such gaping holes,  
such struggle,  
Will I go under?  
Will these floods rage on  
eroding  
devouring  
any roots of faith still clinging?  
Then gently  
a flowing  
a filling  
of calm clear water  
and words serene,  
"How can you hold  
much of Me-  
if you're only a shallow stream?  
Those deep cavities  
that hurt has created  
will not disappear  
for they are the cisterns  
to carry My love."

-Peg Hutton

## HILDA BRIGHT by Rolf Potts

Not in the twenty years that the parochial school had been in operation had so subtle a change created such widespread effect at St. Patrick's than when Hilda Bright transferred there for her junior year of high school. Her unflawed beauty and graceful poise at once did justice to both her name and the parochial school uniform. A year earlier, a reference to someone named "Hilda" would at best conjure images of a long-lost great-grandmother. Now, "Hilda" was a two-syllable poem, spoken as if it were composed by Shakespeare himself. And when she wore the plaid skirt-navy sweater ensemble that had been required of all female students for the entirety of school history, she still managed to look freshly lifted from the pages of a fashion magazine. It often took a second glance at her to realize that she was wearing the same thing as everyone else.

No one was sure where she was from. She told everybody who asked that she was from Wichita. But as far as anyone could tell, the only Wichita in existence was in Kansas, and Kansas seemed too obscure and bucolic to have fostered anyone as pristine as Hilda Bright. Hilda's arrival at St. Patrick's was met with surprisingly little hateful jealousy from the female population. Certainly, most of them envied her presence and her manner, but she was not seen as that much of a threat. It



was taken for granted that Hilda would not lower herself to steal away any of the St. Patrick's men, let alone want to do such a thing. The general assumption was that she had a boyfriend waiting for her someplace. Perhaps he was back in Wichita, or more likely he was off laying siege to Troy. Speculation on the details of his appearance and character transformed him into a modern-day Apollo.

Hilda had no close friends, but it didn't seem to bother her. She walked the halls between classes alone, her eyes sparkling, her mouth set on the verge of a smile. The males of St. Patrick's regarded Hilda with a reverence, and spoke of her in mythological terms. Boys who were generally loud and boisterous during passing periods were respectfully silent when she walked by their lockers. There was no snobbery in her manner, and she spoke intelligently to everyone who spoke to her. She answered every question with a style befitting a beauty pageant. No boy could return her alert, clear-eyed gaze for more than a few seconds, and the boldest of males usually ended up addressing most of their comments to the tops of their own shoes. Even the men who taught at the school couldn't help but blush and mispronounce their words in her presence.

These St. Patrick's men made Hilda the subject of many locker room and after-school conversations. They spoke of her beauty in terms more suitable for the Statue of Liberty than a school classmate.

After three months of school, it had never occurred to any of the guys to actually try and ask Hilda out.

\* \* \*

Todd Archer was a short, dark-haired, introverted senior whose major contribution to scholastic life was a poorly-written editorial column that appeared in the school newspaper every other week. Todd had a passion for poetry. He read avidly, and enthusiastically wrote murky, confusing poems that no one had ever possessed the patience to read entirely.

It was with horror one evening that Todd stumbled across Robert Herrick in a book of English poetry. The title of his poem, though intriguing, was harmless enough: "To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time." But Todd began to sweat as he grasped the meaning of the first stanza:

*Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,*

*Old Time is still a-flying;*

*And this same flower that smiles today,*

*Tomorrow will be dying.*

He knew that he was now obligated to ask Hilda out.

Hilda didn't recognize Todd's face when he stopped her before school the next day, but she looked at him with all of the earnestness of a dear friend as he stumblingly announced a greeting to the tops of his shoes.

"Hello," she said, smiling.

Todd's ears began to ring. In a way, he was hoping that she would perhaps ignore him altogether, saving him



from reciting the script he had so carefully rehearsed the night before. But her friendly salutation had come like the gavel of a judge. His sentence was final. He would have to do it.

Todd had planned to recite the Herrick poem to lead into his crucial question, but at that moment, he could not have quoted Mother Goose. His mind was a blank, empty racquetball court of unintelligible information.

Simplicity was his only resort.

"Do you want to go out this Friday?" he asked finally. Hilda's eyes wavered slightly. "What?"

"Do you want to go out this Friday? With me?" Todd clenched his neck muscles and forced himself to look her in the face. He noticed that she was taller than he was. Hilda blinked at the nervous-looking boy in front of her, then stared down at the tops of her shoes. Todd stood frozen as she paused. The ringing in his ears was getting louder.

Hilda gracefully returned her gaze to Todd.

"No," she said. She was still smiling.

A wave of relief swept over Todd. He was so happy that he felt like hugging her.

"OK," he said to her face.

"Goodbye," said Hilda, and she left for class.

Todd turned and headed for his locker, smiling like he hadn't in a long time. He was stopped by Cobb, his friend from the newspaper staff.

"Get ahold of some ether, Todd?" Cobb asked.

"Huh?"

"Why are you grinning?"

"Um, I asked Hilda Bright to go out."

"You *what?*"

"I asked Hilda to go out. With me."

"What did she say?"

"No."

\* \* \*

News traveled fast at St. Patrick's, and things changed.

Hilda still looked exquisite in the dowdiest of school uniforms. Her eyes still sparkled, and her smile was still charming.

But the male teachers no longer tangled up their words when she sat in the front row, and the guys in the hall were rowdy whether she was there or not. Some girls became hatefully jealous of Hilda. Others became close friends with her.

Locker room conversations regarding Hilda now could hardly be discerned from talk about any other attractive girls. And on occasion, at least one or two times a week, some guy would sidle up to Hilda before class and ask her out.

Sometimes she even said yes.

## BEYOND THE HORIZON

I reach out into the still, cold air,  
grasping at what I cannot hold.  
I step back, re-examining your glow.  
The distance between us causes a twinkle,  
for if I were too close I would not see.  
Your beauty can be taken in from afar,  
yet I am drawn closer.  
I must refrain, finding escape in the masses.  
To get too close is to be blinded with pain.  
Your spark is a smile  
and your fire is cold.  
What worth is the freezing torture?  
Space is my only enjoyment.  
Stay far away and see not me,  
I only care to observe.

-Lisa Mylander

## WITHOUT DEDICATION

Touch me not  
And I'll bare not my soul  
Lest one finger of your belonging  
Carry its melody along  
Singing upon my skin  
My heart would too respond  
Granting the graceful, dying rhythm  
To a song yet unsung  
Already it has been composed  
The notes and words unspoken  
So carefully unchosen  
The singer  
Takes his place  
And if this heart should be so softened  
The composition shall then unfurl

-Andrea!

## WAITINGAME

These hollowaitingrating daisydays of petalplucking  
(not like cloudrifting days of nowhereness)  
(not marrowsucking)

but youawaiting

meabating circlediving  
maybedays of  
just  
no  
sures

(when but one anyword  
surrendered from your lilylips

would send me

circlesoaring

cloudeparting  
petalplucking free)

-Fritz Liedtke

## ETERNITY DRIVE

Souls die as ice drips from our tongues,  
crying out in thirst for stainless religion  
Peace garb beats our eardrums to grey pulp,  
as the unit of the circle shatters into space  
Stone lies where the dancers prance beneath  
hypnotism and their mouths stretch as the  
prophecies explode in blasphemy.

Revive your deceased soul from slumber to  
gulp the fountain tht flows in purity  
Open your inner ear to the grace within;  
joining together the pieces of the falling universe  
Break the chain holding your head to the rock,  
and in humility contain the judgment of conceit.

-L.W.

white pinpricks  
sting my cheeks...  
firs and elms  
bend nearly double  
under the weight  
on their shoulders...  
weeping willows  
cling to the earth  
with fingers of ice.  
beautiful countryside--  
beautiful--  
with an aching  
sort of  
empty  
weight.

-Jenn Armstrong

## PROGRESSION by Kristina Arnold

Two-spotted ladybug crawls up the glass beside my face  
and stops for a moment, apparently pondering the  
expanding nature of the universe. Barren branches,  
knotted, gnarled, twisting and singing, peer at me from  
beyond the window, indeed from the other edge of the  
universe, which is contracting, contrary to the poor  
ladybug's flowery philosophy. How does a bird get from  
here to there? He flies. How does a ladybug get from here  
to there? She flies. But I saw with these, my own eyes, a  
bird hop and a ladybug crawl, although I can't say I've seen  
other people fly. I flew when I was young. Sometimes I  
still do. I saw a bird swim, too, and a fish hopping about on  
the fisherman's dock, the thread of death still securely  
fastened inside his mouth. He didn't know anything of the  
air world except suffering and death. I can hold my breath  
under water for a minute and a half, maybe longer if I  
really try hard, but I can swim for a while if I'm allowed  
to come up frequently for air. Many things float. I am one  
of them. Dead pelicans float. Wasn't it Edward Weston's  
photograph? Does time float? Fair question. I think I float  
in time. I ride the swells, but sometimes crashing waves  
push me under, and I fight for freedom. There is a prison  
at the deepest heart of the ocean, and I am the gate keeper.

I am also the ward. Guard and guarded, my only freedom is in that I may come and go as the gate keeper allows. My refuge there is dark and warm and safe and often unbearable. My escape is filled with blinding light and joy and hope and peril and terror and burning passion. How I wish I could come and go as I please, independent of the fickle guard.

sitting here in the rain  
I cannot see you  
but I know  
your wind-wild eyes  
are watching me  
somehow time stopped  
long ago  
only moths and mysteries  
remember when  
but now  
water like a flood  
pours into my flesh  
my vision fails  
and I look out upon  
rain-beaten worlds  
twisting and floating  
down the fall  
hard to concrete  
like the empty green bottle  
I smashed yesterday  
under the dock

-Kristina Arnold

## THE BITTERSWEET ENTENTE

by Josh Pierce

We were so very hungry that day. Hungry for blood. So much strength in crowds, you know. Crowded streets reared our justice-filled hearts, as they filled with swinging fists and echoing voices bouncing from wall to wall. Muffled heels trampled the street. Anger carried the firey-eyed crowd and made it come alive.

Conviction to judge pulsed in my veins. I lived on this conviction for the present time. Unconsciously, I dug my heels into the dirt and made my way through the mass of living bodies that stood between my aggression and the violent intentions my hands had for a certain neck. At a point I could go no further, the reason being that I was surrounded by dirty, crusted hands intent on the exact same purpose.

Many watched from the rooftops of the old, weathered stone buildings. One man stood above me on the branch of a tree that had grown awkwardly and now hung over the street, as if it was bowing its thorny crown to the sun. He had clambered slowly up by locking his knees around the base and pulling upward with his arms. His mocking saliva sprayed the air as he swore and mocked in unison with the raging ocean of human flesh below. Palm leaves fell from his hands and floated onto our sweating heads.



Suddenly, to our dismay, we were halted by guards. Many, many guards. They stood up straight and wore pointed silver helmets, like large nails or spears. Hellish screams of those surrounding me tore the air as forward progress was stopped on the dirt street, which was packed down and hard from feet of men and four-legged animals. "Metal-heads!" we shrieked, but didn't dare to do anything else.

Our physical momentum was gone, and within seconds the bond of anger within this crowd was severed. We found ourselves embarrassingly quiet for a time. The once overpowering roar was now nothing but whispered bickering and grumbling. Tension filled our legs and knees, and I shook in pain.

Then he came. From above on his platform he yelled down. Yes, he gave us our obsession.... Then he washed his hands. But we won't. We never will. If we don't bring death to men like this, what kind of future will we ever have?

## CLOUD SHROUD

Cloud shroud hovers in down swirling air,  
Red swarm hissing and kissing the sun,  
River flood innocent choking despair,  
Some crying justice, three being one;

Black tree drip darkens blood turning pale,  
Dancing spirit and substance depart,  
Currents enticing of tormenting gale,  
Eyes pleading answer, stone beating heart;

Time stops violently earth shaking light,  
Tall cliffs crumble exposing their end,  
Hope dawn fog in song absolute white;  
Holy true suffer, truth to defend.

-Kristina Arnold

parched with thirst  
I ran...  
walked...  
crawled...  
to the shimmering  
water hole,  
only to find  
an image,  
a nothingness.

-Jenn Armstrong

THE BOY WHO GREW UP  
IN THE HOUSE OF MANLESS WOMEN

For the herons and swans  
there were cold plums from a jar  
that we spread upon the water.  
Very purple and blue,  
and bronzed like little butterflies asleep and bobbing upon  
one another,  
yet still as distant as the great shadows  
from an empty house across the  
fields.

At age 11,  
shaving very carefully  
with an old razor too dull to shriek,  
I remember I stood upon the counter that reached  
for the window ledge.  
5 herons and swans waited quietly in the pool of blue  
and purple water.  
Clacking their beaks against the wave.  
Clacking.  
And so hard it became to swallow the little plums  
that bobbed.  
So hard they all but  
swam away

-Brian Hartenstein

CODEPENDENCY

I give you love, you give me grief.  
I give you trust, you give me lies.  
I bare my soul, you draw my blood.  
Why do I persist in needing you?

-Derric Watson

IT WILL BE OKAY

You trusted that someone would recognize the cry  
of a heart broken  
a spirit crushed  
But words, actions, or circumstances  
penetrated to the marrow  
of fragile bones  
weak from the weight placed upon them  
Betrayed - you are a fortress  
holding yourself in  
keeping others out  
Aching for someone who will protect your  
tender wounds  
long enough to heal  
Loving, you, not to placate their guilt  
or out of blood or tradition or obligation  
But because everything that you are  
is what they love  
unconditionally  
Pain, limited to boundaries within, destroys  
folds in upon itself  
wrenching the soul  
But love  
that can hear and not be afraid to feel  
that can feel and not be in danger of despair  
Transforms, heals, and protects  
made tangible in our willingness  
made available through love's author  
Gaining strength from those who by mercy and grace  
are not the cause of hurt  
but helps in healing  
In this safe place you no longer feel alone  
but are enveloped in a presence  
that allows you to grow  
more than you ever imagined  
know in your heart  
it will be okay

-Rih'det Corser

DON'T ASK ME.

Traps fill the path, but walk you must. You ask of me an impossible task. You see, I fell in long ago. I live in a trap of snow. I'll tell you where to go if you will trust a trapped man of white snow. Place each step carefully. Don't look down, for you will see the open mouths of trapped fools like me.

--Peter J. Moen

HIDE

Cry in silence  
Allow no one acknowledgement of your pain  
Hide the anguish, ache, the crying out  
Hold within  
Clasp over with a glove  
Let it be covered  
Smothered  
Only the One greater than you  
Will know  
Wet eyes hidden  
Just as your torn heart  
Your tormented, tortured mind  
It all burns  
Let it simmer  
And if it boils  
Find a lonely ocean  
Let loose  
Then regain what is left of yourself  
And continue on

*But what is left?*

-Andrea!

TIME

ever ticking, never ending always  
urging - with weighted words  
pounding the inner ear

quick to waste; slow to act  
time is  
lost  
forever it seems  
cascading

over the precipice of life  
we stand poised  
wanting to jump  
having to swim  
upstream  
we  
battle  
time  
enemy of the abstract  
yet  
oh so concrete  
like a run-away train  
in a black and white  
B movie  
Slow motion  
it careens down the snaked mountainside  
while we wait with  
baited breath  
God winds the world.

-J.S.T.

## JACOB

Eager and stumbling,  
I already know that he relished the sight  
Of a new pot of stew.

I say, already I saw  
That dear brother Esau  
Had a gnaw in his  
Ruddy belly - a really fierce chew.

In fact, to get technical,  
His blue-red umbilical once  
Siphoned off my dinner-

Of course, later I came out the winner  
(The judges were mistaken -  
wasn't my fist in the air?).

So, you see, God's pre-chosing  
Is all winning and losing - if by  
Eyesight, or cooking, or clothes  
I played sport,

Still I displayed a sort  
Of cunning superior to his hunting.  
(I fathered the Brain and Brawn Battle -  
Who could resist such a dare?)

-Pamela R. Friesen

## WINTER

In the night woods  
feet fumble over broken  
ice.

Snow falls  
to shadowed branches  
in a spell.

Not even spring  
could warm again  
this ending.

-Anna Cates

A thorn protrudes  
And pricks a finger.  
A spot of red blood flows  
But the pain eases  
And soon disappears  
At the sight of the beauty  
Caught in an upward glance.  
The thorn no longer matters  
As we realize that  
This small prick  
Cannot compare with  
The amount of pain  
That went into  
The deep, everlasting beauty  
Of the blood-red  
Rose of Sharon.

-Christie Wilson



“Neither do men pour new wine into old wineskins. If they do, the skins will burst, the wine will run out and the wineskins will be ruined. No, they pour new wine into new wineskins, and both are preserved.” --Matthew 9:17 NIV

