

Spring 1985

## Wineskin, Vol. 2, Spring 1985

Sharon Gilmore ed.

Fred Tillman ed.

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# Wineskin



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# Wineskin

Volume 2

Spring, 1985

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Wineskin

Editors

Sharon Gilmore Fred Tillman

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David Smith

Quaker  
PN  
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x

Manhattan

A huge

Insect, helplessly thrust into green water.

Liquid pouring from its chitine shell:

A frying pan's fast moving fat,

Numerous wearing suit and tie.

And its thousands hollow legs

Erected into

Sky.

Ekkehard Rohwedder

9.11

November 5, 1984

The Water Poem

Sometimes on alwayscold nights  
When the wind rips through my thoughts  
I realize I am standing before another  
          violent irresolvable prayer

I see another haze beyond the trees  
          the wind teases waterbeads off my nose  
I stand alone with my thoughts and watch  
          the wind and the darkness crowd the summerset

I wonder at the bliss of the still-standing  
          water in the street

Sometimes I stand and wish I did not fear  
          the someday when,  
          just before my last sunrise poem

          I slip into the water  
And flow unfaced through Hess Creek  
          into some new place

Sometimes on alwayscold nights  
When the wind rips through my thoughts  
I realize I am standing before another  
          violent irresolvable poem.

Fred Tillman

Untitled

The leafless twigs hold the droplets of life  
Like a beautiful crystal visage  
Drop here and there along the puddles  
As ideals are held to the truth

          Some drop, others glisten  
          Many fall unnoticed

My dreams of euphoria  
Are whims of a breeze  
Rummaging through a pile of leaves  
As if searching for a perfect answer

An actor begins his line  
Speaks with confidence never felt

          To be or not to be  
          To fight or not to fight  
          To search or not to search

The dilemma of a dream  
Can only be uncomprehended  
Or unseen.

Timothy Eastman

### April Fool

The foolishness of it all,  
Crowning and robing a Jester King,  
Even appointing a court to reign beside him,  
Raising him just high enough to let his feet  
dangle,  
And laughing all the while crying, "Save yourself,  
our King."

The joke finished, some knelt beside him  
thirsting,  
Convinced by an earlier wedding trick,  
Everyone else went away accepting rusting tin  
canisters,  
Sold from a cheap black magic store,  
Settling, they thought, for peanuts.

Eddie Kidd

### With My Friend

Hard rushing strong  
Unpredictably proud  
She has no time to waste  
Impatiently she tries to reach us

Freezing cold, like winter is her touch  
Gradually she recede, yet always to return  
and man could never stand against her

Slowly striking out  
She fights in vain--giving in  
And yet we find she is still in control

The sun radiates from her  
Sending a sense of completeness--  
a fire to our souls  
What beauty

Silently the stars tantalize their eyes  
As they find themselves mirrored in her depths  
Soon this sleeping mistress will awaken to the sun

She will never know a restful peace  
But I will find it, as I watch her power  
How much more God must have  
So much mightier is He  
I remember this when I'm with my friend  
The sea.

Amber Stockwell

### Summer Romance

You showed a sudden interest.  
I didn't know what to do:  
I wanted romance in my life,  
But I never thought of you.

Your friendship meant a lot to me.  
We've always been good friends.  
I thought I'd give at least a chance,  
But knew it soon would end.

Just sitting 'neath the moonlit sky,  
And holding to your hand,  
I felt a stir inside of me  
That made me feel so grand.

Your arm around me in the night,  
The starry sky so vast,  
Could not erase the hidden fact:  
I knew it could not last.

Our lips met as the music played.  
My head was in a whirl.  
I felt like I was in a dream,  
Or in another world.

I hardly heard the music as  
I lay there in your arms.  
But deep inside I knew the nights  
Could never stay so warm.

Then suddenly the nights grew cold;  
The leaves fell from the trees;  
The clouds began to hide the sun;  
And cooler was the breeze.

And suddenly you changed; I guess  
I'll never understand.  
And 'though you never call me now,  
I want to hold your hand.

Carmel Nissila

### My Angry Eyes

Please unwind my angry fist.  
Hold my trembling hand.  
Hide me from my blind frustration.  
Give my angry fist a safe place  
to be gentle,  
And give my trembling hand  
a calm place to be safe.

Look into my angry eyes.  
Dry my angry tears.  
Gently soothe my rebellious spirit.  
Teach me the strength of a soft heart  
and the power of a contented mind.

Lead me into your world--  
Slowly, that I might not  
notice progress and rebel;  
Firmly, that I might not be tempted  
to withdraw into myself;  
And gently, that I might not  
be afraid to learn new things..

Fred Tillman

**You**

**If that door opened**

**stilly**

**stole your shade in**

**seen through closed lids**

**and your smile**

**sensed on my skin**

**and you caressed,**

**kissed me**

**I would not stir a bit**

**nay**

**would not stir**

**at all.**

**Ekkehard Rohwedder**

**I wish you could**

**have a nice brown study**

**and a nice white kitchen**

**blue bedroom yellow john**

**and all the sympathy**

**you could ever handle**

**to be shipped bi-weekly**

**in plain brown wrapping**

**for covering yourself over**

**in your nice brown study.**

**Sharon Gilmore**

**you**

**with your sad secrets**

**cry for me...**

**now i am one of them.**

**Sharon Gilmore**



## The Good Humor Man

Selling ice cream didn't pay much money, but I enjoyed it anyway. In fact, I wouldn't mind playing the Good Humor Man as a career if I received minimum wage. But the company somehow avoided paying the required \$3.35 an hour by paying on a twenty to thirty-percent commission basis. On my first day my boss told me that once I gained experience I could make over seven dollars an hour. Yet in two months, I made at best twenty-four dollars for an eleven hour work-day. All my friends said I should quit and find another job, and at times I began to agree.

Something about the job kept me from quitting. I loved guiding the white three-wheeled scooter from neighborhood to neighborhood, sometimes waving to children attracted to the amplified music box like mice hypnotized by the Pied Piper's flute. From babies to grandfathers, I met hundreds of new people. By the end of the summer I even knew what ice cream half of my customers wanted as they waved me down in the street.

Last summer, I drove through my old route nearly a year after I quit. Very little had changed since ten months earlier. Boys still effortlessly bunnyhopped their bikes off street-curbs and off homemade wooden jumps made from logs and plywood boards. Girls still sat on the green shaded lawns playing mother to pink, plastic, smiling dolls. Teens smoking cigarettes and carrying "ghetto blasters" strolled down sidewalks past young fathers who looked on in restrained silence. Families occasionally gathered for neighborhood barbecues where the air smelled of hamburgers and beer while everyone gathered in the cul-de-sac to play softball.

It always amazed me that the untuned clanging of "Mary Had A Little Lamb" could pull a neighborhood this diverse together just for a frozen fudge bar or a cherry popcicle. As I crept up on kids playing hide-and-go-seek or tag, I could see them abruptly halt their game and scurry to their houses. Seconds later, they reemerged, coins and gills in hand, frantically leaping up in the air to assure I saw them. Sometimes I'd wait endlessly for kids who for a half hour couldn't decide between a strawberry Big Wheel or a Fudge Bomb, only to discover they didn't have the money for the cheapest popcicle. At these times I would drive off scowl-

ing. I already made too little money for a long days work to waste time listening to a mindless preschooler babble on and on, then not buy anything.

But not everyone failed to follow proper procedures in stopping the ice cream truck. And there were images and memories that made up for the long days and low pay. I chuckled at kids whose smiling faces dripped of red melting popcicle juice. I met a seventy-year-old lady who limped across her lawn every day to buy the Frooty Patrooty that made her "feel young once more." And I served couples strolling in the warm summer evenings who treated one another to Fudge Bombs while searching out a viewpoint to watch the red, glowing sunset. They walked away licking their ice cream from one hand leaving the other free to embrace. Once an interested teenager searching for a job asked me how much selling ice cream paid.

"More than you could imagine," was my reply.

Eddie Kidd

## Sketches

I alone  
on the open road  
plod silent under  
the wide pale sky:  
clouds slung in hammocks,  
a corner caught  
on a passing hill,  
all silent like still-life;  
a small grease-flecked kitten  
flicks a look  
from beneath  
an earthbound wagon  
and disappears.

Fred Tillman

## Time?

A woman sat at her desk, very calm, very quiet

She looked to see the clock strike five.

A woman sat in a train station, very calm, very quiet

She glanced at her wrist watch to see it reach six.

A woman walked into a lonely apartment, very calm,

Very quiet

She saw a digital printout read seven.

She decided not to eat nor to watch t.v. at eight

Nor to awake at five to start all over again.

"Megan Morgan"

## Make-Up Call

A hand for a palet, and fingers for a brush,

A pancake for an ink-well to create a different me.

A face is the canvas to paint in colors flesh,

Lights around a mirror which makes the un-made flush.

Masks in a mirror, a mirror for a stage.

"Megan Morgan"

## Lessons On A Thursday

I fell

downstairs

and didn't stop mid-air

to think things over,

(pros/cons/outcomes

etc)

or to catch myself

before the landing did,

or refuse to fall

for fear of

playing the buffoon

(and laughing is the

only recourse

for such clumsiness)

but as I fell

I did learn a truth,

of how falling is like hating.

Sharon Gilmore

### The Good Sport

People....

They're only human,

They constantly change...

They love you as a clown,

But dare you remove the mask?

They shun you like a snowstorm in July.

They live to see you smile and laugh,

Would you,

Should you,

Could you ever frown

And reveal the other half?

Don't reveal the hurt

Burning inside you, like a fire

Barely under control.

Don't complain of your many aches,

How could you dare?

Even when you feel your heart is going to break,

Do you really think the world cares?

And if you should try to silence the

Beating of your heart,

The only heart silenced is yours,

As the rest of the world continues to turn.

Rather, quiet the tears of your distress

And be happy...be jovial...and funny

for everyone loves a good sport.

Tony Pfeu

### The Rose

The rose with it's beauty

Will last so long; but as

For our love,

I pray it will grow strong.

Not weak as the petals

That wither and fade,

But strong like the oak

Whose branches only sway

In the winds of doubt

And fear.

Owen F. James VIII

### Commitment

I've asked you to share a special  
gift with me,

To be a part of a lifetime project.

It will take a lot of your time and  
will never be complete until  
the end.

You'll have to keep giving even when  
it hurts,

To share when you want to hide.

I want you to be my friend.

"Devey Dickens"

The Mind Listeners, Alone

The great silence whispers softly to the wind

And she alone hears the voice.

The poor little infants upon her lap

The orphans, the lost

And the tears that they cry

As they listen for the sound

Fade into the awful stillness

As their hearts grow cold

Upon the pillars of time.

Ray Ewbank

Christmas Shopping

Stone faced robots pace the crowded halls

Searching for their gifts

In vain.

There are no sales of what is worthy of value

Too much to see, Too much to wonder

In pain.

I hear there's a good buy just down the way

Run quickly it for may be gone.

What a buy

What a deal

Two for one

It's a steal

Better get two

Just in case

Don't want to be left out

It's the thrill of the chase

Yet not for long they are searching again

For the perfect prize

In a maze built by man.

Timothy Eastman

### Piccolo

Waiting here for time to pass on by,  
Patiently attending to airborne melodies...

Sweet and strumming,  
Tunes of guitar and flute open my eyes to love.  
All too soon, high and humming,  
The song fades to a mischievous lull.

David Nevue

### Interstate 5

"Sometimes it's nice not to smile," she said,  
And the steering wheel turned white  
Beneath her icy grip.

"Sometimes it's nice not to smile."  
I choked down her every consonant.  
For an eternity, it seemed.

"Sometimes it's nice not to smile."

And I swear,  
I could swear I saw death outside her window  
As the steering wheel slipped from her hands.

"Tell it to God," I said.

David Nevue

### Meetingherology

My warm front  
Meets her cold shoulder.  
I rise to the occasion,  
As hot air will,  
Passing her on her way  
Down.

With friction,  
Some heat, and static  
Electricity,  
Positively charged,  
I do.

Some lightning,  
Though no thunderous clapping.  
The pressure is falling,  
With a possible warming trend.

Forecast?

Sunny, with highs or lows.

Who knows weather?

It could be either.

Gary Hollon

## Road Trip

"Sweet! You know we gotta hit that place, 'cause you know Value Village is one excellent thrift store."

Upon this haven for lovers of polyester pants and floral print ties descends the future of our country, a la small Christian Liberal arts college. One by one they materialize out of the '63 Pontiac they called "the Beast." Clad in slouch hats, oversized overcoats, and military leftovers they goose-step across the parking lot. An innocent bystander remarks, "Look, son, juvenile delinquents."

Before they are twenty feet into the store, a tremulous voice pleads over the intercom, "Security, line two." As the troops converge on the coat rack, they are surrounded by twenty middle-aged women in polyester and green Value Village nametags. Subtlety is not their strong point. Just as the short adventurer in moonboots is trying on his first pair of jammies, the store manager arrives on the scene to tell our heroes that they are... "BEING WATCHED."

Assuming this initial show of force will be the end of their problems, the troops hope to resume their never-ending search for vanishingly thin ties and the elusive propeller beany. No such luck. Behind every pair of hightop tennes are the nurse' shoes and elephant nylons of these G-men of the Geritol set.

Whenever one of these onlookers discovers she has been discovered, she assumes a "You can't see me--I'm hiding" expression and becomes engrossed in the cotten content of a particularly interesting pair of "Fruit of the Loom's." Undaunted, our aspiring bohemians find those treasures they simply cannot continue existence without, and take them up to the neanderthal in charge of taking their money and breaking their purchases, the dread...checker.

"And it's Mildred 'Full-Body-Check' Checker coming down court. She puts the plaster elephant up, it hits the rim, bounces out, and crashes to the floor." The elephant is now missing several of the attributes one has come to expect from a plaster elephant, namely, its head and two of its legs. Mildred says she's been robbed, but the ref calls "foul" and she has to give the money back.

Having been granted an unwanted reprieve from terminal tackiness, our hero decides to dedicate himself anew to his scholastic pursuits, to spend his money on something more expanding. He finally decides on an extremely rare

autographed copy of Homer's Oddysey as translated by Harpo Marx.

Satisfied that this has been another Saturday suitably ill-spent, our weary and package-laden adventurers pile themselves and their treasures back into the Beast and motor off into the sunset, narrowly missing a light-pole in the process.

Gary Holton

## How Is It ?

How is it

If I don't try

you don't care!

Is it me

or is that

just you?

Michele Creech

Significant Other

I look over your shoulder,  
Hang on your every silence,  
My breath,  
Catching in your hair.

Those are my words,  
Flesh of my flesh in ballpoint.  
You cradle them,  
Not enough like a newborn child.

I wait,  
Resigned, for you  
To not like  
My words.

I am again surprised.  
You like them--maybe understand.  
Heart flying, I mumble thanks.  
And avoid your eyes.

Gary Holton

And Now I Know

I remember the firstgrade day in  
sunday school when  
Brother Jerry declared the Second Coming  
no later than 10 yrs. hence:  
I remember how I prayed  
for God to wait till I  
had a littlehouse and a littlewife  
with a creek to fish in  
so I'd maybe catch a kid somewhere,  
the way daddy prayed he'd catch me  
like he did,  
but I didn't know

Then I remember a house  
beside several creeks later  
shortly after Custer lost the Battle to Crazy Horse  
at the Centralia Jr. Library  
a house  
where the neighbor had a sister  
who was also a girl  
but we caught no kids nor prayed for any,  
then we all moved on  
to new creeks and new girls  
and new prayers,  
but I still didn't know

Then came 10 yrs. and alas  
there was a girl  
with long ponybrown hair  
and careless eyes  
and a creek:

my first girl  
and she smiled in her eyes  
and she smiled in my prayers  
but she walked away from the littleshack  
the crystal dream I'd built  
and she couldn't hear  
my silent tears falling  
echo upon echo  
into my silver stream of prayers

and now I know.

Fred Tillman

## The Wind

You've said that you hear the rushing wind,  
And what you say is true.  
The wind is blowing all around;  
Where is it blowing you?

There's a difference between just feeling the wind  
And letting it take you away--  
Don't pretend that it's only a gentle breeze  
On a lazy summer's day.

It's a wind that blows where it will;  
Many hear the sound but fewer know  
The place from whence this wind must come,  
And no one knows where it will go.

So is he who is borne of this wind;  
So is he who is born again.  
The wind is the Spirit of Jesus Christ,  
The only way to enter in--  
To the kingdom of God, and eternal life.

You've said that you hear the rushing wind;  
It's blowing you like a gale!  
You've said that you can feel it, too;  
Remember to spread your sail.

David Gilmore

## Images Of Rehearsal

A world of hoopskirts, suits and dreams  
Characters hold place and still thought.  
Immortality for the famous on stage.  
When one enters this place where age  
never dies  
A vision of a ghost, a character of space  
and lines  
Slips down a side isle, petticoats rustling  
Then disappears in a passage of time.

Megan Morgan

## The Moment

A time for goodbye  
Is not now  
For now is only  
A moment  
Of our  
Hello.

Shannon Smith



### Backsliding

A sweeping increasing crescendo  
Flowing higher until it rings the ears  
Intense tone-shrilling as it sails...

### Topples

Aggravation drives as does sorrow  
In the heart  
Piercing deeper until it spouts forth  
Gushing living water  
life stops

### Topples

The unknown emotion  
Always sought, always desired  
Yet never permanent, never affirmed  
Except we think it will never end  
is betrayed

### Topples

To build create design  
Walls hold beauty in nooks crannies  
Skill of ages molding plaster  
Titled masterpiece of man's mind  
grows old

### Topples

Faith to move mountains, to heal, see ahead  
Forever present, standing solid  
Can never fall or collide  
rots  
from the inside  
caves in...

### Topples.

Timothy Eastman

### Kyrie And Response

The heat of the desert rises  
From the burning sand  
And all is still.  
How great is this pain  
For the wind is gone away  
To other places of beauty--  
Places of mountains and trees  
And sparkling rivers.  
She gently caresses the trees  
And they respond with glee.  
She sweetly sings with the river  
The music my soul aches for--  
But all in another place,  
For she is gone away.

The rocks  
They fall from the sky  
Huge boulders  
They crush my aching bones  
Into dust  
And yet I am  
And cry out in pain  
Alone  
One lonely cry in the desert  
For a moment of time in the endless ages.

The voice that shatters walls is upon us  
Flee for your life, thou builder of walls  
Or stay, and cry o'er the rubble  
Old man  
To gaze upon the work of one's life  
The cold hard stones in the shadows of dusk.

Ray Ewbank

### Christmas Morn

in the shiny bright red  
of early morning  
sits an anxious store  
of toys,  
special are they all.

through the silver tinsel  
struts a lone tin soldier,  
saber flashing yellow, green and  
blue by the icy lights  
of Christmas.

yet nestled warm  
'mid all the others  
slumps a small  
plump bear,  
primly set  
with ribbon bow  
and clumsy smile,  
calmly awaiting the  
solemn, eager ritual  
of discovery.

as days wear on,  
tin soldier slows his strut  
in the arthritic rust  
of spring rain,  
meek with age,  
saber lost in some past battle,  
abandoned on the porch.

the silly bear  
still slumps,  
the seams are worn and soft,  
the plush tan hair is faded  
where it took its place  
at your cheek,  
where it guarded  
your youthful smile  
from the awesome  
fury of a  
bad dream.

Fred Tillman

### Forgotten

Man named R.J.

Rodeo star from Texas.

Sitting silent, still, sorrowful

On pavement in Portland. People pass

In and out.

Warm room, hearty laughter,

Hot food.

Inside.

Cold cement, icy raindrops,

Raggedy clothes.

Outside.

Curled in a ball.

Shivering, shaking in the streets.

Eyes of loneliness,

Full of despair.

I weep

For frightened man.

People pass

In and out.

Eyes of loneliness,

Full of despair.

I weep.

Carmel Nissile

## Another Day, Another...

"Shop at Bob's Friendly Meats, this week's special, ground beef, a dollar ninety--eight a pound." The radio reminded him they needed some hamburger for tonight's dinner. He took a left into the Safeway parking lot.

"Sorry Bob, but your friendly meat'll have to wait. Marge will nail me for being late as it is." The ham-burger was ten cents less than at Bob's. Marge would be surprised. She swore by Bob's.

He aimed the Plymouth towards home and turned the radio up to hear the news "Three men were executed today in the latest series of executions. An inside source reports the government is trying to discourage more demonstrations like last Sunday's. One of the men killed this morning was allegedly the leader of that demonstration. A government spokesman refused to comment on the alleged leader, but said the other two were executed as part of the government's continuing crack-down on crime."

He liked hearing about himself on the news, even if they never mentioned his name. He'd have to check the paper tomorrow. He might have made it into the background of the picture. He wasn't sure he liked them allowing newpeople on The Hill, but it was still fun to see his face in the paper.

He waved to Walt as he drove past the bank. It must be nice, he thought, to have a plush office only a few blocks from home, and to not have to drive to The Hill every day. "I doubt WE'LL ever get a branch office in the suburbs," he chuckled.

He liked his little jokes. Someone had to. Marge never understood them, and only wanted to know about his work when there was possible gossip in it. She was always dissappointed when he didn't know everything about the famous people he knew. He didn't really want to know.

She hadn't seen the news yet tonight, so she didn't bother him too much, except about the meat. "Safeway's, I thought I told you to go to Bob's, we're not made of money, you know."

"I was in a hurry, and Safeways was closer. Besides, I saved ten cents on a special," he yelled from the bedroom. He stripped off his work clothes and threw them into the hamper, careful not to stain the new rug. He was looking forward to the weekend.

"Honey," she yelled over the drone of the t.v., "You made the news again. The newslady says one of today's batch was some sort of religious bigshot. He don't look like much, leastways, not afterwards.

Wait! There you are. Come look. You look terrible. Nevermind, you're gone now."

"I'm gone now, that's funny, I still feel here."

She hated his mumbled jokes. They made him sound crazy, like one of those bums on the street. "Speak up, or people will think you're crazy. What're you mumbling about?"

"Nothing," he mumbled again. He tied his bathrobe and pulled a chair up to the table. He wasn't very hungry, and Hamburger Helper didn't help his appetite any. "Tomorrow we go out to dinner. With this new job we can afford it."

She sat down and spooned some casserole onto her plate, and heaped the rest on his. "So, about this guy you did today, the one everyone's talking about, what was he like?"

"I don't know, he seemed harmless enough, he didn't exactly give me his life story. He didn't say anything. What do you care anyway?"

"I just wanted to have something to tell the girls about my t.v. star husband," she chided.

"Forget it. Let's see if there's a rerun we haven't seen." He shoved his plate away and sat down on the couch in front of the t.v.. He switched on the latest episode of "Police Story" and picked up the paper.

"You know, honey," he said behind the sports section, "I really hate these cop shows. They're so unrealistic." The man on the street, he said to himself, wouldn't believe what we really do. Maybe I should write a real cop show. Then they'd see.

"Take your feet off the coffee table, dear," she called as she hung up her apron.

Gary Holton

You may be a soundingboard  
but that is not all  
you are

You were not put here  
to merely dance  
for me

Say the things your eyes whisper  
and I will listen to you.

Sharon Gilmore

I Could...

I could live without you  
I suppose  
but  
I'd rather not  
Too many things are involved  
Too much time  
Has passed  
Once we walked  
On two separate roads  
Somewhere along the way  
Our roads crossed  
Yet.  
I was not there to greet you  
So  
We walked along  
Our separate ways  
Until the crossing of the roads  
Repeated itself  
This time  
You made yourself known  
You walked into my heart  
And established it as the place  
That you would reside  
So much you are  
But  
I could live without you  
If I had to  
But  
I'd rather not.

Shannon Smith

A Living Celebration Of Victory

How do I explain the change in my life?  
I would have to tell you of the things that are  
missing now--  
The things that tortured me  
The fear of hurt, of failure, of death--  
They no longer have a grip over me.  
Because of a victory  
A victory I did not win  
but one that was won for me.  
Because of Christ's victory,  
the power of fear and death have no control over  
me.  
My life is no longer empty--but full--  
No longer full of darkness and oppression,  
but full of light and hope.  
My life is full of His victory  
I am no longer dying,  
but I'm a living celebration of victory.

Deb Horn

Too Late

I hear a plaintive cry  
outside my window.  
I choose to ignore it  
Only to discover later  
It was the cry of death.

Carmel Nissila

### Our Family

Sat alone among the other  
Splintered pine  
Sat alone in the dead forest  
Looking up at the longdead sky  
Where rainbows dissipate upon  
                    recognition  
Where grapes of wrath  
                    died on the vine  
Where sing the birds of paradise  
                            lost

Sat alone among the stormy swallows  
In their everyday dim hallows  
They cry their everyday dim memories  
Of stark shiny smiles which dissipate  
                    upon hesitation  
They cry among the browning of the nowdead forest  
Among the browning splintered splendor  
Of other stormstruck families.

Fred Tillman

### Reaching In

There my reflection stood gaping.  
It seemed surprised to see me in such a disquieted state.  
"Truly," it said, "You do not seem at all myself today."  
I turned and walked away, whispering  
"I never am."

David Nevus.

### Which Man Is This?

By firelight is a warm glow engulfing me  
In Greek like tragedy.  
One death follows another  
In an old man, new man fashion.  
The One man who lived and died  
And lived again two thousand years ago  
Asks me to kill myself in order to become like him.  
Every night, however, one slain man  
Gets up and walks again.  
How long do you suppose it will be  
Before the next dead man is me?

David Nevus

## Untitled

Once upon a time  
In the promised land of dragons,  
there lived a young knight.

He lived alone in plenty  
of not quite.

In the day he sought the night,  
though he sought the sun  
of his ordained quest.

Alone.

The knight found the night  
or something thereabout in time  
further down and further in  
caverns ablaze,  
dimly in dreams.

In a haze drowsily he caught  
the glimmer of torches far away  
in the sunlight within an arm's reach,  
of the sword cutting assunder  
"Happily everafter."

Rod Allen

## Early Morning Run

early on  
I run into the mountain  
Where, in mourning, sit  
The same sad clouds which  
only yesterday  
Smiled a find half-rainbow

somehow  
The colors were  
sucked up  
By the night.  
they now bleed  
Milkdrops  
into the silhouette.

Fred Tillman

### Seven-Thirty-One

One-hundred and forty-two of us formed a white half-oval against the sideline stretching to each thirty yard line. Each of us stood motionless, holding our instruments still in the front of us while staring ahead over the field. A roar went up from the other side of the field as the announcer's unintelligible voice echoed throughout the Seattle Kingdome. Standing there waiting, I felt my stomach grumbling. Three months of practicing, memorizing, and fund-raising came down to the next seven and a half minutes. We were ready for the state marching band championships.

After a year and a half of marching with the Kentridge High School band at football games and parades, this was the moment I had been waiting for. The Kentridge band has earned the winningest competition record in the state. Within the past five years, Kentridge placed first in 13 of 15 parades and has won the Washington State Marching Championships two years ago in 1978. (Last year the band didn't compete because the band director, Mr. Moses, served judge.) But two parade losses occurred just six months ago last spring and some speculated that the years of Kentridge domination had ended.

The drum major gave his first command, "Horns and sticks...UPI" Precisely one second later, each instrument snapped simultaneously ninety degrees (except for clarinets and sousaphones) from attention to playing position, a move we practiced at least a thousand times. The crowd hushed.

In our simplest move, the crowd saw perfection they hadn't seen in any of the thirty previous bands performing that night. We worked harder for perfection in our drills than anyone else. And it showed, from knee height when marking time to the intonation of the music, the entire band worked for precision. If anyone was off in practice he was screamed at, either by Mr. Moses or by the squad leader. During practices earlier that week, it seemed that I caught the bulk of the screaming as I struggled to perfect a backward gate maneuver which I couldn't master. As I stood there, I wondered if I would blow our chances to win.

After the drum major gave four quick silent beats, sound erupted from the field as we marched briskly to keep up with the frantic tempo. We halted momentarily on a grand pause in the twenty-fourth measure as the music continued to ring off the

concrete ceiling above us and the crowd stirred to the screaming music. The formation shifted to two symmetrical arches with the flag team and percussion centered in the middle of the field.

The drum major accepted the crowd's applause with a salute, then turned to count a slower tempo by which the band's song turned into a stately march.

Throughout the rest of the drill, the band continued to form patterns and execute maneuvers across the entire field. From gates to circles to company fronts, we performed each move perfectly while playing our music with the finesse and dynamics of many high school symphonic bands. I had to concentrate harder for the backward gate maneuver, but as I used my peripheral vision I saw I was right on step. The weakest section of the show was executed perfectly.

The show ended as frantically as it began. As we loudly played our final chord, the band arranged in company front stretching to both end zones on the sideline closest to the cheering crowd. With one knee to the ground, we bowed to our audience, receiving the only standing ovation of the evening. We knew it was the best performance of the competition.

As we sat acknowledging the applause, the crowd stopped clapping and began to yell at us. Everyone on the field looked at each other in bewilderment. Suddenly, the drum major gave the command to march off the field. When we were completely over the sideline, someone told us to look at the clock. Many of us couldn't believe what we saw. We were on the field for seven minutes and thirty-one seconds--one second over the allotted time. We had disqualified. Many of us wept as we left the field.

Eddie Kidd

### The Butterfly

I saw a flower today.

Blue, black and gold in beautiful array.  
I bent down to pick it for you

And it simply flew away.

Eric Snow

## War

When war comes,  
The peace must go,  
With crumbled castles  
And muffled groans.  
When children cry,  
The blood will flow  
Come sheltered dreams  
And broken bones.  
Fight or flight,  
No choice to choose.  
Soldiers come  
And people lose.  
For thier children  
Mothers plea;  
For freedom comes  
Not easily.

Michele Creech

## My Bike

How early a morning  
back at the crabapple house  
I alone in fear  
sat alone on a never-ever  
untraining-wheeled  
blue blunder

Bright/silent the day  
with me in front  
pop in back  
mom scared on the porch--

The bike and I  
pushed steadily by pop  
till pop--  
never telling--  
stopped

So the bike and I  
went spinning and grinning  
till reality  
hit/  
lay down hard  
again  
And another day I did so alone  
better

Till I again  
then heard  
the birds singing  
and so went spinning  
on.

Fred Tillman



A Smile Of Love

It once was thought that love was  
war and all life's heart was beyond  
the door...

I think of none and love the rest,  
and wonder for what reason my heart  
was left...

In sorrow and pain there is no gain  
and I wish for you and all my friends  
the love I've felt for, all remains.

I give the smile and therefore swallow  
the pride and call of tame and wild...

So if you see and give to me your  
love, pain, and glow I'll with my love  
let you know.

Mark A Duhrkoop

3

One,  
Twice born,  
Now resides  
With the Three-In-One

One  
Trudges  
Alone in the dark  
Confusing the mist  
With the light

One is one with the light;  
She sees through the mist,  
With each new step  
She better knows the  
Double path

In these three  
I see  
Faith, Hope and Love.

Rose Knutson

## Wineskin

3

A Living Celebration of Victory  
And Now I Know  
Another Day, Another...  
A Smile Of Love  
April Fool  
Backsliding  
Christmas Morn  
Christmas Shopping  
Commitment  
Early Morning Run  
Forgotten  
How Is It?  
I Could...  
Images Of Rehearsal  
Interstate 5  
Kyrle And Response  
Lessons On A Thursday  
Make-Up Call  
Manhattan  
Meetingherology  
My Angry Eyes  
My Bike  
Our Family  
Piccolo  
Reaching In  
Road Trip  
Seven-Thirty-One  
Significant Other  
Sketches  
Summer Romance  
The Butterfly  
The Good Humor Men  
The Good Sport  
The Mind Listeners, Alone  
The Moment  
The Rose  
The Water Poem  
The Wind  
Time?  
Too Late  
Untitled (I Wish You Could...)  
Untitled (Once Upon A Time...)  
Untitled (The Leafless Twigs...)  
Untitled (You...)  
Untitled (You May Be A Soundingboard...)  
War  
Which Man Is This?  
With My Friend  
You

Rose Knutson  
Deb Horn  
Fred Tillman  
Gary Holton  
Mark A. Duhrkoop  
Eddie Kidd  
Timothy Eastman  
Fred Tillman  
Timothy Eastman  
"Devy Dickens"  
Fred Tillman  
Carmel Nissile  
Michele Creech  
Shannon Smith  
"Megan Morgan"  
David Nevue  
Ray Ewbank  
Sharon Gilmore  
"Megan Morgan"  
Ekkehard Rohwedder  
Gary Holton  
Fred Tillman  
Fred Tillman  
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David Nevue  
David Nevue  
Gary Holton  
Eddie Kidd  
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Fred Tillman  
Carmel Nissile  
Eric Snow  
Eddie Kidd  
Tony Pfau  
Ray Ewbank  
Shannon Smith  
Owen F. James VIII  
Fred Tillman  
David Gilmore  
"Megan Morgan"  
Carmel Nissile  
Sharon Gilmore  
Rod Allen  
Timothy Eastman  
Sharon Gilmore  
Sharon Gilmore  
Michele Creech  
David Nevue  
Amber Stockwell  
Ekkehard Rohwedder

