

Fall 1987

## Wineskin, Vol. 6, Fall-Winter 1987

Christopher S. Divine ed.

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# Wineskin



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DENC0

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

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Volume 6

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**Wineskin**

**Editor**

Christopher S. Divine

**Cover**

Dave Smith

**Special thanks to-**

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Julie Isaac

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**From the editor:**

Since its creation not so many years ago, Wineskin Literary Arts Magazine has had as its elementary goal a desire to allow individuals the opportunity to display their literary endeavors in a format that offers both a low risk and a high level of pride. Although the magazine itself has gone through many editors, it has been the intention of each to continue in this venture from one year to the next.

In this issue of Wineskin I have gone beyond the usual and included the best pieces from each of the past issues so you can see the trends that each editor has taken with his interpretation of the literary world. Those pieces that are from past issues will have their titles in *ITALICS* and will be followed by a date and issue number from which it was taken.

I hope that you will find some inspiration and challenge, but most of all, I know you will find talent.

The authors here deserve not only a congratulatory remark for their courage, but a word of gratitude for trying to make the world more beautiful simply by plying their trade, by painting pictures with words and putting them on display.

--Christopher S. Divine, editor  
Wineskin Magazine

### Rose Petals

Each petal I send was picked and pressed  
with the intent that it should represent a small  
portion of my love. I cannot send the rose as a  
whole, just as I cannot give you all my love at once.  
Therefore I will give my love to you a little at a  
time as you are able to receive it.

--Joshua Nauman

### Sunday's Fathers

Our children circle on tethered pacers,  
an unending succession  
of twenty-four hour visitations.  
We wave as they plod near,  
and dry our eyes when they circle away,  
again away.  
I cannot ignore those beside me;  
friends in need.

We're Sunday's fathers  
vainly wishing  
we were one of the lucky ones.

--Christopher S. Divine

### From Beyond The Window Pane

The night is always more bleak at this cafe. The high mountain behind blots out the stars and invites rain and ruin. I always choose this cafe, as the other has a tree limb beside it that thumps against the window when the wind comes up. And tonight I must finish correcting the geography papers.

I sip smooth creamed coffee and nibble the edge of my sweet role; one bite allotment per paper graded. It's a pleasant arrangement. The logging van leaves at dawn, so I arrive at dusk. This cafe is always calm until closing--if, perhaps, dim. I watch the rain trickle down the rotting tree just past the yellowed window pane. Thank God it doesn't rap at all.

As I turn in my blue grade-book and mark a "77%" for David R., a Buick pulls slowly into the gravel lot. It might be a shining red, but the color is dulled by the night, and smudged by the rain on my window glass. Three figures get out: a man, a woman, and a child. The cafe door is opened and the smell of damp wood is carried in by the chill. The man leads the others inside.

Her beauty startles me. Her hair, black as coal, is set against a cool, fresh face. There is something too pale about her skin, something too polite about her eyes. Yes, two coffees, please. Ah, yes, and a milk, thank you. As I turn another blue page I think vaguely that the rain might compliment her beauty, and I mark another grade I hardly see. Next paper.

They sit the space of an hour. They are more than twenty feet away, and they talk in muffled tones, but the cold cedar walls carry voices quite well. He finishes veal cutlet, she the prime rib. The boy of about seven years, sits and stares at a cold patty-melt. I finish four papers that hour, much below my average. I refill my coffee without waiting for Angie to make the rounds between their table and mine, for I really must finish the papers tonight. The rain sounds softly, plup, plup, plup, on the gravel beyond the window pane. It makes the world seem calm. It makes the world seem very far away.

Papers and papers and papers. Such great depths to dive into, and how much like treading water it seems. Tim and Carol and MaryBeth. Front row, and one in back. Anthony, a rather

nice boy. Though uncertain about some punctuation, he often writes with clarity beyond his years. And they say he's fast in sport as well. He lives in the backward country off County Road 47, I believe. Sharon and Rodney, those two. . . Ahhh, COLD! !

Water! Water all over, over all my papers! Water seeping into my sweet role, following the canals of my corduroy trousers! Everywhere! O heavens! O my! A boy is looking up at me. "Momma's gettin' a d'vorce. Sorry 'bout the glass, Mister."

I bellow, "Angie, what the devil!?! How was this allowed?" She shuffles my direction. She is swishing the water all about the table as I pace the limits of my backward corner. She's telling me, "The mom is out buying cigarettes and the man is using the pay-phone. I'm awful sorry, Mr Cornwell. (She is walking the boy away.)" "I thought the boy would sit still with the Tonka Log Truck. He won't bother you anymore."

But Angie is a good kid. Fourth period, I believe. Writes well, I believe. And there's Brian and his Russian Satellite Countries paper. He seems almost to grasp the concept of neutral space and internal conflict when he suddenly loses it to a poorly worded sentence. Ah, well. About 87% (the boy is playing with the postcards beside the cashier desk). I turn to the blue book and follow the red accent line. I mark an 87% and turn again to the large pile next to the water glass. Which means "uncorrected."

I finish the papers twenty minutes before closing, perhaps a touch slower than my usual. But I had suffered much anxiety this night. The lady had shaken my calm, and the boy. . . Oh, the boy was horid!

I pay for my coffee and sweet role. I leave my quarter tip, and walk out into the brisk rain. I fumble for my keys. From beyond the window pane I see Angie holding the boy close as she searches the phone book for the number of County Juvenile Center. Yes, she had mentioned County Juvenile specifically. How true; it is often sad to see any child abandoned.

### The Beggar

Come forth blessed hollowness.  
In thy frontal lead  
Lay my salvation.  
Shed thy glorious copper sheath.  
Invade me,  
Take me!  
Frigid iron amidst enamel  
Troth mercy.  
Coruscating, glistening extrication  
Progress forthwith!  
I entreat thee.

--Kirk Mylander

### Grandfather

Grandfather  
spoons poached  
eggs  
into his mouth  
and sips

water  
from a speckled  
tin cup.

Mother tels me  
how he'd  
built the house  
himself

dug its cellars deep,  
raised its beams  
and fit the joints together.

The house has gone now  
for potato fields

Grandfather  
fingers darkness across the  
covers  
where his stuffed  
sack body  
slumps into the couch  
His mouth  
a round, gummed  
O

--Juanita Smart  
Spring '86 vol. 3

## 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 recieved minimum wage. But the company somehow avoided paying the required minimum 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 workday. All my friends said I should quit and find another job, and at times I agreed.

Something about the job kept me from quitting. I loved guiding the tree-wheeled scooter from neighborhood to neighborhood, sometimes waving to children attracted to the amplified music box like mice to 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, nearly a year after I quit the job, I drove through my old route again. Very little had changed since ten months earlier: boys still effortlessly bunny-hopped their bikes off street curbs or homemade wooden jumps; girls still sat on the green shaded lawns playing mother to pink, plastic, smiling dolls. Teens smoking cigarettes and carrying "ghetto blasters" strolled down side walks past young fathers who looked on in restrained silence. Families occasionally gathered for barbeques where the air smelled like hamburgers and beer, and everyone played softball in the cul-de-sac.

It had 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 popsicle. As I crept up the street toward kids playing hide-and-go-seek or tag, I had seen them scurry toward their houses and emerge, seconds later, coins and bills in hand, frantically leaping in the air to assure I saw them. Sometimes I'd wait endlessly for kids who, for half an hour couldn't decide between a strawberry Big Wheel and a Fudge Bomb, only to discover that they hadn't the money for either. At these times I would drive off scowling, feeling I had already made too little money for a long day's work to waste time listening to a mindless preschooler babbling on and on and buying nothing.

But not everyone failed to follow proper procedures in stopping the ice cream truck. 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 popsicle juice. I met a seventy-year-old lady who limped across her lawn everyday to buy a Frooty Patrooty that made her "feel young once more." And I served couples strolling in the warm summer evenings who treated each other to Fudge Bombs while searching out a viewpoint to watch the golden glowing sunset. They walked away licking their ice cream from one hand, leaving the other hand 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  
Spring '85 vol 2



College

Yesterday smiling we mused over  
Zeus pissing through a sieve  
While it rained.

Yesterday we talked about the  
Reductive power of sin that reduces  
Man to his foibles.

Yesterday we argued over Kant's  
Categorical Imperative, free and  
Autonomous will, a priori knowledge  
of good.

Yesterday we projected the New Age  
I remember putting myself somewhere  
Where it mattered.

I remember pitying a contemporary  
Society addicted to mediocrity in  
Art and music.

I remember reading e.e. cummings.

I remember feeling that life  
Without choice is tragedy  
And I remember discovering bits of  
Myself in the knowledge of other men.

I remember the nodes of ranvier,  
acidicoline, ecoli spirokets, cromitids and  
Tectonic plates.

I remember sitting in the Pentagon  
listening to a General explain our action  
In Granada.

I remember briefings at the State Department  
On Africa and Central America and  
Calling home many a late night on  
Congressman Craig's telephone

Georgetown for dancing, New York, Boston,  
Policy debates, Bald Peak on a double date,  
watching for lizard movement in a Newberg  
Pet store late at night.

And then Graduation. And now I work at a bank. Damn.

-D. K. L.

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Another Day. Another...

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

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

He aimed the Plymouth toward home and turned the radio up to hear the news. "Three men were executed today in the latest of a series of brutal executions. An inside source reports that the government is trying to discourage more gatherings like last Sunday's. One of the men killed this morning was the alleged leader of that gathering. The government spokesman refused comment on the alleged leader, but said the other two were executed as part of the government's continuing crackdown 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 allowing news people on the Hill, but it was 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 not to have to drive to the Hill everyday. "I doubt WE'LL ever get a branch office in the suburbs," he chuckled.

He like 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 disappointed when he didn't know everything about the famous people he knew. He really didn't want to know.

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

"I was in a hurry," he yelled from the bedroom. "Besides Safeway was closer and I saved ten cents on a special." 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 TV. "You made the news again. The news lady says one of today's batch was

some sort of religious bigshot. He don't look like much, least ways, not afterwards.

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

"I'm gone," he said. "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 are 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 do much to help. "Tomorrow we go out to dinner," he said. "With this new job, we can afford it."

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

"I don't know," he said. "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 TV-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 TV. He switched on the latest episode of "Police Story" and picked up the paper.

"You know, honey," he said from behind the sports page. "I really hate these cop shows. They're so unrealistic." The man on the street, he thought to himself, wouldn't know 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 said as she hung up her apron.

--Gary Holton

Spring '85 vol. 2

The Cold

I had a sore throat  
you said  
"take honey with tea"  
and  
I  
burned my tongue.

--Kirk Mylander

And proved power over dark  
and made days with hope  
of all doing the same. . .  
living, not dying  
because night died.

-A Witness

--Brian Goff

Dear John

The flame chews eagerly  
The tear-stained parchment  
Between my fingers--  
And I count the seconds  
That stutter bye as I  
watch your so long and sorry  
Slowly burn.

--David Nevue  
Spring '86 vol. 3

## His Eyes

He looks at me;

my thoughts  
journey into the  
dark  
circles,  
black  
jolts  
of past rejection  
streak past  
like arrows, then  
bounce  
and break  
on crumbling walls.  
emotion engulfs me  
like salt tears. . .

I reach out and  
wipe away  
his, and

Words can't describe  
when I experience

his eyes.

--Julie Isaac

## Blinded

Harsh black silhouettes upon a melancholy sky--  
my one-dimensional world.  
Scarlet red accusations point their fingers to the cell bars  
holding back my courage.  
Neon lights flash a glimpse at two lovers who flirtatiously steal  
delicate crystals of romance  
from my heart,  
Wisping past in a waltz that torches my being in an atomic  
blast,  
starting in my eyes.  
My arms quiver, alone, deprived of your embrace.  
So, I close my eyes on my psychedelic world,  
blind to the piercing sight. . .  
of a kiss.

--Tricia L. Gates

## An Account

The cold night  
left no evidence of  
the heat of the day--  
red dusk still echoed  
painful, priceless hours passed  
where life poured down  
a merciless board and  
dripped slowly  
running along  
relentless rocks  
and died.

Lifeflood  
which ran over  
ageless killing stones  
where other reds stained. . .  
this one cleansed.

Hours past  
as hope also passed and faded  
until hours reached the final  
and emptied the hope into  
and end whose end  
is another's rock and wrappings.

Tears and loss  
disguise the promise and hope  
whose end was no end  
but fulfillment in the tomb.

Not stopping  
but pausing to remove points  
of doubt built  
to be faithfully removed.

And then night died  
as another lived  
whose blood had drained out  
to save others.

you've created dreams  
brand-new in me  
like something of a  
sunshine day in wintertime  
something like awakening  
mornings to your warm arms  
or to a new discovery of  
love and myself. . .

smiling.

--Tricia L. Gates

## A Marriage at Stake

Dawna Bains looked up from her book into the dancing flames within the parlor's fireplace, then to her husband. His eyes were closed, a book resting on his chest, but she knew he wasn't asleep. Brandon was usually restless at night. Dawna was deeply in love with this plain, commonplace man, and had agreed to marry him almost six months ago.

As the mantle clock lightly chimed ten-thirty, Dawna arose from her chair and tenderly kissed her husband's high forehead. He looked up at her and smiled with perfect teeth and eyes that enchanted her.

"I wish you didn't have to work so late all the time," she said.

"Yes," he said, "but with Spring coming, people are beginning to take vacations. I have to pick up the slack."

He returned to his reading, thereby ending the discussion.

Brandon Bains was always one to avoid a conflict, and although Dawna was occasionally tempted to force him for answers, she understood his meekness. So, she remained quiet; not always satisfied, but always happy.

What had she to worry about? He had no bad habits to speak of. He was the perfect gentleman, and never chased other women.

Dawna's friends had always held a blatant dislike for Brandon, as if the strength of his commitment to Dawna served only to remind them of their own typically failing marriages.

In fact, earlier on this very evening, when Brandon had gone out for a walk as he did every night after dark, Dawna's friend Jenny had asked what the mild-mannered man did for a

living. Dawna had to admit that she didn't know, exactly.

In the Fall and Winter Brandon had been nothing short of the perfect husband, but Jenny's constant barrage of questions began to cause doubts in Dawna's mind.

When the following morning arrived and Brandon arose as usual, before the sun, Dawna got up too. She dressed herself quietly while Brandon wrapped himself in his cloak and picked up his umbrella.

She stealthily followed her husband into the predawn streets, guilt nagging at her mind, and up to the city cemetery.

As the sun broke over the horizon, Brandon leaned his umbrella against a deteriorating concrete mausoleum and ducked inside closing the door behind him.

In the hazy light, Dawna stepped up and read the marker on the tomb.

"Here lies Brandon Bains. Born Sept. 17, 1751. Died Feb. 12, 1783."

Dawna knew that the right thing to do would be to find a stake and mallet, but she would be lonely without him. She knew, at least, that he wasn't seeing another woman.

In the early morning light, Dawna picked up her husband's umbrella and strode home.

--Christopher S. Divine

## Blowing Bubbles

Rainbows swirl

like spiraling fingerprints

I freely drift outward,

a breath lost from

the mouth of God.

I notice

strange faces whirling past,

fingers anxious to capture

my frail existence.

Suffocating

in my darkening vessel,

I crash into the

blade of life.

Naked and unprotected

I cry for help.

No one hears non-existence.

--Julie Isaac

## Vice

Burgandy painted

Handgun Blast. Shot down

Just-ly

Another night.

Chrome-bumper mirrors

Gleam,

Blinding neon eyes.

Camel filterless glows

Cold, gold

Amidst littered darkness.

Street-lit movie marquee;

Peep show,

Carnival,

One cool quarter, please.

Bathroom snowstorms of

Flakes line mirrors, and

Divide minds.

Blue flash. . . red flash. . .

Blue flash. . . red. . . and

sirens cry like abandoned

children, until

Chained bracelets

Click,

Click,

Click, and

Steal freedom,

Notch by notch.

Then downtown to

The Crossbar Motel

For lessons in finger-print

Painting,

Picture taking,

loneliness, and

waiting. . . waiting.

--Christopher S. Divine

**Winter Rose**

deformity froze  
ice-lashed to trellis, your  
petals bleed less red.

--David Nevue  
Spring '87 vol. 5

**Communion**

mind is clear  
apart in the stillness  
blue tranquility carpets the everything  
silently hearing  
softly reading  
reverence and Affection  
connect.

--Kirk Mylander



## Psalm of Passion

Hold my hand!

O fairest of the women of God.

So I may feel the soft touch of you;  
do not let go for I am in love.

The beauty of your face comes from  
knowing the Lord,  
only eyes of springs  
would sparkle as yours.

O girl of faith,  
hold me and let  
me taste the sweetness of your lips!

Let us dance at night under the  
stars,  
so we may talk to the Father  
above.

How my passion and love burns for  
our knowing of the Lord;  
Let us get  
closer. . .closer,  
so the God of Heaven  
knows our love for each other is for Him.

--Jeff Colter

## Hunting for Peace

Lord,

give me a day that has no desert,  
so that I may find the olive tree rather  
than the willow.

Place me in a peaceful valley where  
the wind blows ever so lightly always.

I long for a summer that continues  
as long as the ocean,  
where I may  
see the dove and skylark fly over.

Yet I still wait,

I wait for You, my Lord,  
to receive the peace I am so longing  
and painfully waiting for.

--Jeff Colter

Cat's-Eye-View

Finicky feline  
Stretch forth your gaze.  
From sun-strewn sill  
I would see the world  
Through your green eye.

--Christopher S. Divine  
Spring '86 vol. 3

Impact

I stand  
over an apathy chasm,  
ready to plunge.

You wait.  
I fall,

and you expect me to  
deal with the impact.

No.

--David Nevue  
Spring '87 vol. 5

**Numb lessness**

your distant eyes  
spew frozen lovelessness  
making me numb.

my heart aches not,  
feels not.

lonely and you are by  
my side, lonely and i am  
without.

not numb enough for  
the carelessness of  
you.

--Tricia L. Gates

**Water Will Pass**

Standing alone  
Reflection so clear  
In a pool of time. . .  
Water passes with years  
And then is broken  
In seconds

No reflection. . .  
Just broken pieces  
Scattered about

With time  
The water will calm  
And so will we  
And your reflection  
Will return--so clear  
And water will pass  
For eternity.

--Brian Goff

### The Wish

Norman sat in his office staring at the bottle on the shelf. With no knowledge from where it had come, he strode over, picked up the bottle and brought it do his desk.

He pulled the stopper.

A cloud formed and dissipated revealing a small djinni sitting in Norman's ash tray.

"And what is you're third wish?" the djinni asked.

"I haven't had the first two," said Norman.

"Ah, but you have, my friend."

"I have," Norman looked puzzled.

"Yes," the djinni said. "And your second wish was too have all traces of the first wish removed."

"I see," Norman said, catching on. "In that case, for my third wish, I want to be irresistable to women."

"Funny," said the djinni, disappearing. "That was your first wish."

--Christopher S. Divine  
Spring '87 vol 5

On foggy days  
when the silhouettes of  
ghostly  
trees bleed into  
the white-mist sky and  
the sodden ground gives beneath me  
I stand out and watch the  
surreal galaxy about me,  
wondering if the world has got up and left.  
It doesn't move.

Only I am alive as leaves  
fall and crackle beneath my feet,  
mind wandering,  
bed's cozy heat. . . .  
Somehow I hope to hide from  
this freeze-frame world  
today.  
I think that I am afraid.  
I think that I am afraid  
of not being strong enough to  
face the fog with a smile  
and a "hi."

--Tricia L. Gates

