

Spring 1991

## Wineskin, Spring 1991

Kirk Mylander ed.

Kristin Potts ed.

# WINE SKIN

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# The Wineskin

Spring, 1991

## Editors

Kirk Mylander  
&  
Kristin Potts

MURDOCK LEARNING RESOURCE CTR  
GEORGE FOX COLLEGE  
NEWBERG, OREGON 97132

Everyman will be a poet if he can,  
otherwise a philosopher or a man  
of science. -Henry David Thoreau

Quaker PN 6110 .C7 W5<sup>Spring</sup> 1991  
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In the Russian month of June

Indian summer

I'm in the orchard with the guitar  
players

- Its a revolution

to the self portrait I'm painting.

I'm a fairly ugly man

and my landlord's in her mid twenties

and demands I use black and purple

for the contrast of song to decay

in my painting.

She thinks I'm a genius

and worries about my health.

Malaria shivers and the trick mire

of reading Turgenev

and painting like Debussy.

I have writhing hands, hands that shake in horror,

and I cannot finish my art.

I swear off the brushes, and canvas

and green contrasting images of envy

in the portrait.

It's all too much for me

and I lay back on the floor

listening for the guitar sounds.

Gift From Winestein, Sluff, 4/8/91

Images of Greek women  
enter my mind.  
Like the Sea Gods of Nepal.  
Taking August baths at Ventoor  
on the Isle of Wight.  
And I paint them.

Inspiration is like oil upon the water.  
Yet, often it takes only the ugliest  
of men,  
to find it.

-Brian Hartenstein

My Affair On 14th and Wilbur

She invited me to New Mexico  
I laughed,  
thought of secret underground Atomic  
Bomb sights  
Myan Myths,  
Ugly white buses  
and Indian girls that rode them.  
and the Heat-

Told her  
wasn't in my stars.  
Not spiritually clear.

I felt like Judas.

She rolled off me  
and dressed.  
And with sad and wanting mouth  
she poured a shot of  
scotch into a glass,  
and said,

"Here's to our beautiful child."  
And tipped it down.

I saw her throat, long  
and curved like the nape of a bottle.  
Dramatics, every inch of her.  
A benefit  
for the faint, for the astounding.

Her name was Felica,  
It suited her well.

-Brian Hartenstein

Thank You

For knowing the weight of a word  
The stretch and seam of syllables  
The meaning in a mouthful  
Taken with wine, and chewed slowly

-Jenn Fyock

Untitled

My lover

leaps  
and slow descends  
arching faun  
gentle Pan

My lover

lights  
and laps the pond  
raises flute  
and tumbles on.

-Jenn Fyock

Depression

After three hours of gaining the strength,  
I step in to the hot shower  
The water contrasts against my cold legs  
I wish my knees would melt away  
Leaving my torso to drown in the stream  
And get caught in the whirlpool  
And rinse down the drain.

-Robbie Kay Naser

(Untitled #47)

I have nothing to say  
In this piece that I write  
I just wanted a poem  
Titled

"Untitled #47"

?

-Robbie Kay Naser

Mad Tides

The sea foams his face  
preparing for ritual shave

The beach's sharpened blade  
cuts across the sea's wet skin

Pricking, scraping and nicking  
makes him roar in pain.

But I suspect he froths at mouth  
from lack of sanity.

-Corey Beals

Prejudice

Clique!

The shudder

Opens for a chosen  
instant--

Letting light pass,

Inverting the image

Now fixed forever.

-Corey Beals

The Answers Given Here Are

ANSWERS TO NOTHING

I wish to live above existence.

I want to experience everything life has to offer.

My goal is to attain the unattainable,

Reach the unreachable.

Our lives are destined for greatness,

We will go beyond ordinary means of living.

We will fulfill our wildest dreams of adventure.

It is an unquenchable desire to experience more.

An eye that wishes to see more,

A foot that won't rest until it travels around the globe,

A dream wanting to comprehend more,

A heart that wishes to feel more,

A soul searching for the answers to something...

nothing.

-Jon Wolber

Autumn Tanka

Today has a cold  
The wind sneezes and sputters  
in short gasping gusts  
Coughing leaves, clearing its throat  
Is breath wheezes through bare limbs.  
-Kristen Potts

Christianity?

Love.....	...No Homosexuality
Joy.....	...No Premarital Sex!
Peace.....	...No Rock Music!
Patience.....	...No Rated R Movies!
Kindness.....	but ...No Drinking!
Goodness.....	...No Smoking!
Faithfulness.	...Go to a Bible Study!
Gentleness...	...Go to a church!
Self Control..	...Go to Hell!

-Emerson Thomas Springer

Eli the Baptist

When I saw my younger brother climbing out his window I couldn't help remembering he was always smarter than me. Our house was laid out in a horse shoe shape, with Eli's room opposite mine, across the center plaza. It was one in the morning and Eli would expect me to have fallen asleep hours earlier. My brother, who was nine, stood on the ledge looking down at something. I released myself from the covers I had bunched up in my right hand, slid out of bed and onto the floor. Keeping low I pulled on underwear, jeans, a sweatshirt from under the bed, and my sneakers. I stood up and peered out the window just in time to see Eli, who had moved five or so feet to his left, jump.

I thought he was killing himself. I rushed to the window and looked down in the clear dark light of the half moon. Eli landed in a juniper bush. A large triangular juniper bush mother was very particular about. I thought he was hurt; ten feet is a long way



up to thirteen year olds, no matter what they tell you. I didn't call out, making sure my brother was okay. I didn't even look at him with both eyes. I crouched at the window, afraid of his ghost coming out of his body and finding me standing there. Eli was sprawled into the bush, face up. He hadn't hit the ground.

Climbing out apparently unscathed, Eli brushed himself off and looked about. Peeking up over the bottom of the window sill I could just make him out walking through the front gate. He didn't head toward town but turned right, walking down our street toward where it dead ended at the river.

I pushed aside the window screen and climbed out into the cool night and the brightest star filled sky I 've ever seen. There was no bush for jumping into on my side of the plaza, and even if I ran around to the opposite side, how were we supposed to climb back up? Eli remembered everything. I considered trying to sneak down the inside stairs, but they were next to Mom and Dad's

bedroom, and even the lightest of rains would wake up Mom. I considered jumping into a tree at the front of the house, but the lowest branches were almost as high as the ledge anyway. I looked out toward the road and crept quickly around near Eli's window. A single candle burned at his desk. I glanced at the street but there was no sign of my brother, then my body tensed and I fell more than jumped into mother's favorite bush.

I opened my eyes. One arm stung just above the elbow, and my left shoe had come off. I scrambled out, pulled on the shoe, and sprinted to the gate.

Eli had left it open.

Looking about the road I saw only asphalt, dark trees, and the neighbors' front lawns. I followed the slope of the road in the direction of the river, hoping to find Eli. The pavement was old and the loose gravel crunched beneath my feet. I jogged, keeping up against the neighbors' fences and when I could, cutting across lawns so Eli wouldn't see me if he looked back.

My guess was the Harrison's, who had a daughter named Tina I thought Eli liked, although he would never say so. Or maybe Timmy Simms' house. I caught my first glance of Eli as I reached the edge of Simms' front yard. He was walking as if it was midday and nine year olds often step out for a fresh breath at one in the morning. And yet he limped ever so slightly, as if his hip were bothering him.

He limped by the Harrison's like Tina didn't even exist, passed by the Stanley's and the last house on our street, the Simms'. When he walked off the end of the road, disappearing down into the trees, I started running, and nearly whisper-yelled "Eli!" but didn't. The gravel on the road crunched under my feet. Part way down the path to the dock Eli stopped and turned. I froze. I was afraid he would see me and I'd ruin whatever was happening. He turned, and walked on. Continuing onto the dirt path my steps made no noise, and whenever I thought he was about to look back I jumped behind a tree.

From the edge of the woods I could see a long dock with two boat slips and a short homemade diving board. Eli stepped past both the slips, out the farthest point on the dock. I stood in the darkness at the edge of the trees watching my brother. He appeared lighter out over the water, almost as if he were glowing. He emptied his pockets onto the dock. Then, from the back of his neck, he lifted something over his head. I guessed it was his I.D. necklace. The object clinked against the sun faded planks that looked dark and freshly cut in the moonlight. Eli didn't even take off his shoes. He just sat down on the dock, and pitched forward into the river.

I stepped forward out of the trees. Eli's head bobbed above the surface like it had no body, floating silently out into the current. As the current began to sweep him downstream, Eli's head slipped silently through the dark mirror that was the river's surface. I squatted down, looking out across the water for where he'd come up...

Each step of my slow run to the end of

the dock seemed to thunder against the planks and I heard my own voice, croaking out my brother's name, then echoing back at me off the far bank. The bounty of his pockets lay in a still pile where he last stood: the I.D. necklace, a pocket new testament, and a picture of our family, he and I arm in arm in front of Mom and Dad. I looked out over the unbroken surface of the river, snatched up the little new testament, took two quick steps forward and dove.

-Kirk Mylander

### Tooning In

"Old people give me the creeps," Ricky said to his friend Paul, as they straggled in the back of the line of twenty second-graders walking down the sidewalk toward Oak Gardens Nursing Home.

"I like old people," Paul replied. "My grandpa is the nicest guy I know."

"I don't have a grandpa or a grandma," Ricky said matter-of-factly.

"Everyone has grandparents, stupid, or you wouldn't be here."

"Not me. Three of 'em are dead, and the other lives in Canada, and I never see her. The only old people I know are wrinkly and gross and deaf. They never watch anything good on TV, and all they do is talk about boring stuff."

"Ricky! Paul! Hurry up! It was Ms. Vandenburg, their teacher. The two boys jogged to catch up with the rest of the group. Every year Ms. Vandenburg took her class to the nursing home, which was three blocks from school. The elderly residents and the energetic second graders interacted very well.

Paul pulled a stack of dog-eared trading

cards out of his pocket and started to shuffle through them.

"Whatcha got?" Ricky asked.

"Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle card. Here's Rafael and Leonard...Donatello...and my favorite, Michelangelo."

"Cool," said Ricky. "He's my favorite, too. I like the turtles. I watch them on TV every day. They sure got funny names, don't they?"

"Yeah. My brother told me they were named after famous serial murderers. I don't believe him, though. He lies all the time."

"Cereal murderers?" Ricky said in a goofy voice. "That's stupid. They probably just made the names up."

"Yeah."

The class stopped at the front door of the nursing home. Ms. Vandenburg explained how each of them would "adopt" a resident for about a half hour.

Inside, the residents slowly filed into the lobby area. All of them were perky with anticipation of their visitors, except for Stella Davison, who argued with the nurse in a back wing.

"I will not tolerate those grubby

children," Stella said stubbornly.

"But they'll love to talk with you," the nurse argued.

"All they talk about is TV and candy and comic books. Kids these days are just...just...I don't know. I'm glad I'll be pushing up daisies when these kids are leading the country. They have no respect for the culture that has given this society sophistication."

Stella dramatically whipped her walker around and headed back to her room.

"But Mrs. Davison," the nurse pleaded.

"Now one of the children won't have anyone to talk to."

"Too bad," Stella declared, her nose definitely in the air as she walked into her room. "Too bad."

The lobby became filled with smiles and friendly introductions as the children filed in.

Ricky hung toward the back, mad that he could actually have to go through with this.

"Teacher," he said. "I gotta pee--I mean, may I go to the restroom."

"Mm-kay." Ricky asked the receptionist where the restroom was, and trotted down the hall. He went into a stall, locked the

door, and sat glumly on the edge of the toilet. He hoped he could hide out here the whole time.

"This place smells like old people drool," Ricky said angrily. "I hate ole people and their drool." He positioned himself for a long wait. After what seemed to him like a couple of hours, he heard someone walk in.

"Ricky?" It was Paul.

"What?"

Ms. Vandenburg sent me to see if you fell in and drowned. It's been fifteen minutes."

"I'm not drowning, I'm takin' a dump."

"No you aren't," said Paul, bending down to peer under the stall. "You got your pants up."

"You're not supposed to peek when someone's goin' to the bathroom. Only fags do that."

"I'm not a fag and you're not goin' to the bathroom. You're just a chicken. And a fag, too. A fag chicken."

"Am not."

"Then why are ya hidin'?"

Ricky jumped off the toilet seat and opened the stall door. "I'm not hidin', I just don't like old people. But if I have to do it, fine. Let me meet the wrinkly old

farts."

The boys walked outside where Ms. Vandenburg was standing.

"Hurry up, Ricky," she said. "The time's half up. Someone's been waiting for you. She looked to the nurse, and the nurse left to find a match for him. Five minutes later, the nurse emerged from the back wing, accompanied by a grumpy-looking Stella. Ricky and Stella were placed together at a table in the corner. Stella gazed at the far wall and Ricky looked at his shoes as they exchanged mumbled greetings.

They sat in silence for a long time.

Finally, Stella spoke coldly to the far wall. "I can't imagine why they made me do this. What on earth does a seven-year-old urchin have to say to me?"

"I'm eight," said Ricky with a sneer. "And I wouldn't want to talk to you anyway. Old people are boring." Ricky continued with his sneer, pausing for the right emphasis. "I'll bet you don't even know who Michelangelo is."

Stella looked at Ricky with a surprised look on her face. "Why, of course I do. Michelangelo is one of the greats."

A stunned look replaced Ricky's sneer.

"You know who he is? You like him?"

Stella smiled. "Why, yes, I love his work."

"Michelangelo's my favorite," Ricky said enthusiastically. "But I like Leonardo a lot, too."

"Oh, I have to say I like him better than Michelangelo. A genius. An absolute genius, Leonardo."

"Really? Better than Donatello and Rafael, too?" Ricky leaned in intently. He had totally forgotten he was talking to an eighty year-old.

"Well those three are difficult to compare." Stella paused and thought. "I'd have to stay with Leonardo, though. He did much more than just art."

"Art? Oh, martial art. Yeah. But they all do more than are. Like eat pizza."

Stella looked confused for a second, then laughed. "Oh, I guess you could say that, since they all came from the land it was invented in.... You are mighty precocious for an eight-year old, Ricky."

Ricky didn't know what precocious was, but it sounded positive. "Well you're cool for an old person," he said, trying to return the compliment. "I never thought you'd seen the turtles."

"Terkels?" Stella said, thinking intently.

"You've got me there. I don't think I've heard of him. Is he Dutch?"

Ricky looked confused. "I dunno."

"What do you think of Van Gogh?" Stella asked.

"Hmm... is he a bad guy?"

"Well, in a way, perhaps. He was insane. He cut his own ear off."

"Cool! That's gross!" Ricky thought hard. "I don't remember seeing him, though. You've prob'ly seen more than I have."

"Well I'd imagine so. I have been around a lot longer than you have."

"I guess so. Could you tell me some more stuff that Michelangelo did?"

Stella clapped her hands together. "Why I'd love to." "Ricky?" It was Ms. Vandenburg. "Time's up. Everyone is waiting for you."

Ricky looked over. The entire class was standing by the door. "Already?" he whined. "She was gonna tell me about Michelangelo."

"Well you shouldn't have wasted so much time in the bathroom," Ms. Vandenburg. "Come on."

"That's okay, Ricky," said Stella. "We'll do it some other time." She looked at Ms.

Vandenburg. "Ricky is a very bright boy. I think he could be president some day."

Ms. Vandenburg smiled. She was used to over-enthusiastic remarks about the children by the residents.

Ricky half-heartedly left the table where Stella sat. Midway to his classmates he turned to Stella. "I was wrong. I do like old people."

Stella smiled sweetly. "And I like you, Ricky. I'm sorry I misjudged you."

The class began to leave, and Ricky again drifted back of the line. Still giddy from his change of heart, he looked back as he left.

"Don't forget," he yelled. "The turtles are on channel 5 after school!"

Stella waved, though she hadn't heard what he said. She made her way back to her room and pulled out her book on Renaissance art. Still smiling, she opened it and began to read.

-Rolf Potts

### Hurting for Peace

Lord,

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

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

I long for a summer that continues 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  
longingly and painfully wait.

-Jeffery Scott Colter

### Midnight on the Train

All is quiet  
but the humming of wheel on rail,  
the occasional stirring  
and a whisper or two.  
Lights are speckled and spotted outside.  
The car rocks softly side to side.

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and a whisper or two.  
Lights are speckled and spotted outside.  
The car rocks softly side to side.



These are the sights and sounds  
of one pulse of one vein.

One Midnight on the Train.

-Jasen W. Ward

Untitled

Work hard work days work nights  
work long time long days long nights  
long hours tick hours tock hours creep  
hours fly by fly low fly late  
fly home sick home run home late  
home dream life dream on dream when  
dream coming round coming back coming alone  
coming empty bottle empty mind empty lying  
empty work hard word long work again.

-Fritz Liedtke

Untitled

I am part-  
of an instrument-  
I sing-  
in three keys-  
all three-  
being different-  
the others-  
can't see.

I the bar-  
in the triangle-  
bounce from-  
edge to edge-  
then return-  
to the string-  
alone-  
to rest.

Though I'm made-  
of metal-  
I'm not hard-  
as I seem-  
it's the music-  
I yearn for-  
as I dangle-  
and swing.

The music-  
and the maker-  
they keep-  
me alive-  
for without-  
the two-  
is no rhythm-  
no time.  
-Fritz Liedtke

### Test Day

Today I take the Test  
Today I sit down and in two short hours,  
I justify my existence for the last five months.  
In two hours I account for thousands of dollars and hundreds of  
hours.  
Today my worth will be totalled up and entered in a grade book.  
Today on this piece of paper I define who I am.  
Tomorrow, this test will be just a memory.  
Tomorrow, seems very far away, Today.

-David L. Holmes

### A Dream Is A Spark

A dream is a spark,  
it flickers once and  
either ignites - or lost- forever.  
A spark, minute by itself,  
When fueled by desire  
becomes a beacon of inspiration  
for generations to revere.

-Jon Wolber

### Autumn

Fairest of all seasons  
Accentuate you symphony  
Music of the land  
smooth the colors  
until all is  
white  
-Kirsten Benson

### Tintern Abbey

Skeleton of Religion  
Stance of faith  
Cheerful no more  
Empty, Bleak, Dry  
Vapors of chants  
resonate  
Once reverent inner sanctum  
now bears its soul to heaven.  
-Kirsten Benson

Naturally

The wind, a cooling  
breeze, the sun, a  
warm hug, the flower,  
a wonderful fragrance,  
the ocean, a relaxing  
hush, the rain, a  
refreshing sprinkle,  
the moon, a hypnotic  
glow, the fire, a  
mysterious wonder,  
the snow, a pure  
inspiration, the rock,  
a solid reality, the  
star, a dazzling  
ambition, the cloud,  
an uplifting aspiration,  
a leaf, a season  
of beauty, the field,  
a flood of dreams,  
the universe, an  
endless revelation, the  
tear, a joyful emotion,  
the dew, a morning  
elation, the rainbow,

a hopeful spectrum,  
the waterfall, an  
energy rush, the mist,  
an invigorating serge,  
you, a novel blend.

-Lisa Mylander

Pleasure

In the palm of Lust's hand,  
We touched...  
We kissed...  
We cried...

-Emerson Thomas Springer

### Rappaccini's Poison

I have studied powder's many uses,  
And many ways have I employed it.  
Never to fill, only to control.  
The effects never touched me  
For in my hand was the elixir.  
An aegis to protect my heart.  
She, however, had more.  
She drank, she indulged, she sang.  
Her spirit was nourished by my poison.  
She took it all in,  
Like the night does the sun...  
With her tenderness,  
My poison was transformed.  
No longer immune, she injected me.  
She had no idea.  
No idea I was now helpless.  
Helpless to her touch that tickled my soul...  
We journeyed through a wonderland  
Running with no direction.  
The poison all the time destroying;  
Ripping through virtue.  
Lost and deceived.

-Emerson Thomas Springer

### Kill Zone

James D. Foster

Along the edge of the green strip was another of the creatures. Like the other four it wasn't moving and its unnatural position suggested death. Lieutenant Kelly approached cautiously since he had no idea what was natural on this planet. It was just as dead as the others, but not as badly decomposed. Enough remained of the alien creature to give him an idea of what it must have looked like alive. There were four large legs closely set on one end of the long thin body, and another smaller pair of legs at the other end. Kelly guessed that the creature probably walked upright and the smaller legs were used for manipulation. The creature was nearly two meters long, not including the tail. Kelly whistled through his teeth at its size and then checked to be sure his gun was still in its holster. The almost featureless head was too small for a body that size and was covered with brown fur. Kelly pulled back the lips and sighed with relief when the teeth

proved it to be a herbivore. The creature wore no clothing of any type and there were no tools.

Kelly stared at the green strip in front of him hoping to see something that he hadn't before. Why were these ribbons of vegetation so deadly to these creatures? The strip was something like coarse, waxy, clover a couple of centimeters thick. To Kelly it looked as neatly manicured as the lawns in his home town. But lawns don't kill. He continued walking along the edge of the vegetation looking for some variation in its makeup, there wasn't any. He kept walking, however, because it was moving him toward one end of the strip.

The green strips were only one of the mysteries of this planet. There were also weak but distinct patterns of electromagnetic activity in the  $10^{13}$  to  $10^{11}$  nanometer range, and humans knew that range well, it was TV and Radio. The electromagnetic activity would have been noted and forgotten by now if it hadn't been for the matter of the atmosphere probe. Telemetry from the probe showed

unusual levels of carbon dioxide, nitrous oxide, methane, and chlorofluorocarbons. These gasses were the mark of civilization, at least they were on earth. On this planet, however, there were no cities or signs of civilization and yet the atmosphere was one belonging to an industrialized planet. Then there were the green strips of vegetation.

They got brief glimpses of the strange rectangular strips through the cloudy atmosphere and what they saw puzzled them. The strips varied in length but most were less than two kilometers long. They never varied in width, however, and were all 10.3 meters wide. The only other feature that could be detected from orbit was the unusual heat signature of the strips. Apparently the strips were all directly over areas of subterranean geothermal activity. But there were thermally active areas with no green strips, many of them. The orbiting earthmen could discern no apparent natural reason for their existence, and that's why the mission commander had decided to risk contamination, and why Kelly was now following one of the green strips.

Kelly left the creature and continued toward one end of the vegetation strip. A short distance away he found another of the creatures. There were only bones left this time but it appeared to be similar to the others. This one's head had been crushed. Kelly was nervous now. He had been trying to come up with a natural explanation for why there were so many dead creatures along this vegetation strip, and had convinced himself that the vegetation was poisonous. But poison doesn't crush a skull. They weren't killed for food since they hadn't been eaten. Could they have been killed by animals protecting their territory or as part of mating battles? But the only carcasses he had found were along the edge of the vegetation strip, why not where else?

Kelly slid the magnifier into place and scanned both sides of the strip in the direction he was heading. There was another carcass on the other side of the vegetation strip and it appeared to be different. Kelly walked down his side of the strip until he was directly across from the

new carcass and then hesitated. Kelly wasn't sure he wanted to risk crossing this patch of green. He tested the vegetation with his foot and it sagged beneath his weight. He felt like he was standing on a thick carpet or a closely cropped lawn. Still unsure he retreated off the green strip to the volcanic debris and selected a large rock. Kelly heaved the rock underhand onto the strip and watched it bounce and then roll over the vegetation. It came to a safe stop three quarters of the way to the other side. Kelly waited and watched quietly and then finally stepped back onto the vegetation and began to slowly walk across, ready to react to any danger. He reached the far side without incident.

The carcass on the other side of the strip was much smaller than the first with four evenly spaced legs and a long rat-like tail. It had a pudgy, puppy, face with oversized eyes and was a meter long. Again he used the magnifier to scan the area ahead and this time he spotted the cave. It was hidden in the shadows at the base of the rocky pile that marked the end of the strip. He was too far

from the cave to see much detail but the vegetation ran at least to the edge of the cave and then appeared to drop away inside. Kelly was scared now. The vegetation strip leading up to the cave reminded him of the kill zones they cut around their encampments during the Kenyan campaign. The free fire zones prevented anyone from using ground cover to sneak up on the camp. If there was something in that cave and if the vegetation strip was a kind of kill zone, then Kelly was now on the wrong side. The safety of his lander was on the opposite side.

Kelly moved cautiously away from the cave, keeping his eye on the opening, until he estimated he was about where he had first contacted the strip. His lander was now directly across the strip and through the ancient lava flow. The cave had returned to shadow at the base of the rocks but he kept his eye on it. Moving slowly he began crossing the strip, ready to draw his weapon at the first sign of movement from the cave. Halfway across he heard the humming.

Kelly froze in his tracks and thumbed up the gain on his helmet. He could hear a definite humming and it was getting louder. He tried the magnifier on the cave but it showed no movement. The humming was much louder now and Kelly bolted for the safety of the rocks. Out of the corner of his eye he saw something huge coming toward him. It was coming down the strip toward the cave. He had been looking the wrong way. Kelly had time to take three steps before it hit him and threw him to the side of the strip. The impact cracked his helmet, but it didn't matter, he had no use for the escaping oxygen. As he lay dying along side the kill zone Kelly watched the thing that had killed him retreat into the cave. It floated several centimeters off the green strip and moved very fast.

\* \* \* \*

Yorlan pulled his father's flyer over onto the next pull-out he came to. He popped the release on the wind bubble with his paw and scrambled out to look at the damage. There was a big dent just below the passenger

bubble. He wrinkled up his long hairless nose and extended a digging claw to poke at the dent. He was in for it now. He could already hear his father and mother. "What were you doing taking an overpass during lighttime? How many times have I told you safety first. Sure it takes a little longer to go around the hot spots, but you just can't see well enough in lighttime to risk an overpass." Then his mother would add, "you must think money grows like fungus."

His father was right about not being able to see well. Even with sunglasses and the bubble's light screen he hadn't seen the surface animal until he was right on top of it. He looked back at the blinding glare of the tunnel's opening and wondered briefly if it was dead. "Everything always happens to me," he thought. Blinking the bright dots out of his pink eyes, he climbed back into the flyer, wrapped his tail around the throttle control, and continued down into the main arterials at a slower pace.

#### From a Woman

Mugsy, Moby, Magic Johnson,  
Moses, Sigmund Freud,  
Snoopy, Silas, Sinbad, Elvis,  
Jesses, Jughead, George,

Judas, Calvin, Conan, Kermit,  
Quincy, Mickey, Abe,  
Arthur, Dante, Rambo, Gandalf,  
Adolf, Rudolf, Gabe,

Herod, Hélder Shelter, Buddha,  
Batman, Baptist John,  
Puff the Magic Dragon, Plato,  
William, Gengis Khan,

Preachers, puppets, poets, pirates,  
heroes, healers, knaves,  
martyrs, gangsters, traitors, teachers,  
tyrants, bandits, babes,

singers, sinners saviors, psychos,  
serpents, sleazy slugs,  
dragons, devils, villians, victors,  
losers, lovers, lugs:



Approach the books with caution,  
All those of gentile race.  
From leaf to leaf, age to age  
our names have been erased.

From Moby Dick to Midas,  
from Killer Khan to Kong,  
from Freud to Rumpelstilskin,  
from Budda, George to John;

where are history's women  
amid the flock of men?  
Praises for the nest of eggs,  
yet silence for the hen!

-Anna Cates

#### Untitled

I try sitting still,  
thinking then I may find  
bliss in other people's ignorance  
of my presence.

My body reflects the idea.  
A conspiracy in the way  
my hair reaches down

past the chair's height,  
forcing me to move my  
whole torso to free myself--  
not just nod my head  
slightly forward  
hoping my movement will go  
unnoticed.

You and I both know  
passion --  
pricks of the knife,  
stealing flesh.  
an endless profusion of  
funeral pyre wounds  
left unnoticed  
until the liege you loved  
disappears.

You and I both know  
laughter --  
choked away --  
hands round the neck,  
caressing at first,  
applying pressure softly --  
thumbs delving deep  
into flesh once smooth and  
loved --  
now purple, bruised,  
dead.

You and I both know words of love --  
turning to words of hate.  
it takes time for desire to  
become rage,  
and for you to hurt  
the one you once  
protected,  
biting deep with teeth known  
for their gentleness --  
but that was long ago.

You and I both know  
rain --  
mixing with tears,  
blinding our eyes  
and never quite  
drying  
on our faces.

-Brenda Adams

### Untitled

I was white.  
You were black.  
I had the logic.  
You had the expression.  
I was unversed in evil

and evil had been your pride.  
I walked straight,  
and you walked circles around me.  
The Devil cried,  
"Look at my Angel,"  
And I could not resist you.

Today I asked your eyes  
for forgiveness  
and they echoed disgust.

How this is like the very first sin.  
Where Satan's joy  
and the Woman's pleasure  
played only in temptation.  
He crawls away,  
his feet kicked out from under him,  
while she bears regret,  
and an unforgettable  
sweet taste in her mouth.

-Crystal Snow

Untitled

Adam sat naked on the soft moss and tossed a date into the air. He caught it, sighed, and looked over at Eve--beautiful, naked, undesirable, her back to him. "Damn," he said innocently. "I'm bored. What's there to do tonight? Anything?" Eve looked over, one eyebrow raised. "Why don't you think of something?" she replied.

Adam listlessly scratched at the moss with his forefinger. "Dear God," he prayed quietly. "Send us some excitement." Eve stood and said: "I'm going for a walk." "Where are you going?" he asked. "To the center of the garden," she said, leaving.

Adam sat back and looked at the sky. Clouds were forming--he'd never seen them before. His heart started to beat faster. He looked at the clouds for a

long time, and  
foreign feelings:  
Pain, Ecstasy, Truth, Lies  
Life, Death, Good, Evil

swept through him in an instant. Adam closed his eyes, and could hear the footsteps of Eve returning.

-Rolf Potts

Untitled

You communist egghead white-collar gold chains-wearing city-slicker wetback tractor-driving pinko kike authoritarian yellow-tinted Catholic paper-filing bigot spic short redneck sexist camel-jockey Jerry's-kids chauvist money-embezzling moderate yellowbelly imbecile coon Islamic-terrorist techno-dweeb retardo earring-wearing drug-dealing fascist Budda-rubbing jingoist liberal ho-pimping stupid honky backwater zipperhead ghetto-dwelling protestant Stalinist married-cousins geek nigger blue-collar red-baiting Cadillac Mercedes Pinto

Dodge Dart Japanese car driving atheistic long-haired burger-flipping conservative wop racist geek tenement-living white-trash chink capitalist rent-grubbing gook fundamentalist dictatorial dumbass

dork.

How dare you say I'm wrong.

-Rolf Potts

### Sunday's "Carry-in" Dinner

Casseroles collect on red and white checkers, molded to the table by fingers obsessed with perfect arrangement. Bodies worm together for the feast, so one would almost think fresh apple flesh dumped on their plates, not all this carrion. Fellowship, spiritual growth, god bless you and frilly prayers quickly pumped from lips famished for this rot. Carrion, fill these pour soul's souls. Nourish Gene, with his well-meaning and firm hand shake,

Louise, with her adamant concern for which colors flower the alter, John, for his weekly 10 percent, Ann, for her cobweb-cleaning and after dinner dish washing, Will, for his reverent frown and unbending ideologies, Marge, for her sculptured hair and neatly trimmed Sunday School instruction, Barb, for her always-so-sweetly-said devotions, and Rev. Crock, for his puffed body and pink, psalm-singing tongue. Nourish, carrion, all precious lambs in his passel of devouts. Forget the drunkard in the paper-stuffed coat, local, grieving widows, the girl with no nice dress so stayed at home, all sick bodies in hospital beds, for they have their bright tubes, the young welfare refugees spending Sunday in the streets, and all vile addicts to whatever. Nourish carrion, instead, those who want your nourishment best.

-Anna Cates

Bolivian Beggars

Wind-chapped cheeks smile up  
And road dusted hands reach out,  
Hoping for stale bread.

-Pam Friesen

