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Violence drawing - John Jackson
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Kerouac, mooses, foot - David Bowman
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THIS ISSUE IS FOR ALL THE BIG CHEESE WHO HAVE HELPED US THIS YEAR
Jimmy? Can that be the dog you carried with you into the night? This is still a desert. Look there in the back seat is the empty canvas water bag. What we need is gasoline and jumper cables, Jimmy. Pull your car down here nose to nose with the lights on. But he only smiles and leaves tying the ticket to the windshield wiper.

When it turns over in the wind, the next day, you read the words, one at a time forgetting where you've been
Doug Stanton

THE LEAVE OF THE POTATO, ALL OVER AMERICA

Tonight, damp potatoes grow cold and grey in thick corners of vegetable bins, all over America.

And thick white-threads have sewn themselves to the burlap skin, clogged with dark Idaho dirt.

Tomorrow, the threads will rise up like garlic breath and lift the plywood lids and rest them on Ace Hardware hinges.

Jack Driscoll

A TICKET FROM JIMMY BURNS

Any night you drive through this town too fast you get stopped by the only cop alive. He has no badge only a large dog that jumps on your hood and bares his teeth through the windshield.

"It's you again," he says. But you have never been here. You are simply driving around trying to write a poem. He runs his finger through the dust on your car, dust even on your hands. When he opens the hood the radiator is filled with dust and the cap gone. He wants you to get out and wait in his cruiser where the blue light slaps under the green bridge. There is always a highway above always a view of the city. But the door jams and the window, which you have not rolled down is loose and moving in the wind. You look into the mirror. Dust. You look at him climbing in next to you and you want to say, Jimmy Burns?

You know if he writes on that pad it will flake away in his hands. Can it be Jimmy Burns coming back ten years too late not with the can of gasoline but with this pad to ticket you here where the sand has blown up over the tires? Can that be a highway
KEEPING IN TOUCH

Sometimes driving between these fields at night I notice the wind pick up the same wind that brings letters to my door. I always stop and open them here on the hood of my car where the wind has just been leaning. The pages are blank.

and when I let them go they float into the dark grass behind the barbed-wire fence hundreds of them among the cows. Back home I answer them all in dreams, the words breaking in the bones of my tongue.

Closing the lids, they will say goodbye to the furnaces and to the Montgomery Ward freezers and to the Kenmore washers that hum their motors and wiggle their rivets as a last farewell.

And they will leave through the grates of broken Whirlpool air conditioners and pull themselves into the mufflers of black Pontiacs parked under carports, all over America.
Hal Neth & Eric Schneider

MORNING

In the basement a green creeper
swings on silver chains
until Maclennan cuts it down with a knife.
He holds the planter in fat hands,
eats it in two swallows and plods upstairs,
his stomach shaking with the sound of change.

Coffee boils in the kitchen.
Maclennan pours a cup and it churns
trying to escape on steam.
He panics,
two hat racks like cigar store indians
block his escape to the living room.
Pulling a knife, he slashes the steam,
scattering bits, but it closes
like a plastic bag to smother him.

David Bowman

THE MAN WHO INVENTED DEER HUNTING

Walking into the backyard
he catches his wife
sleeping with her father
in the hammock,
grey trousers rolled in a ball
beside the sprinkler.

He turns and lies in the grass
behind the picket fence.
Closing his eyes
he is hunting deer on a prairie.
The deer are dancing in circles
around him. He shoots
and misses everytime.

When he opens his eyes
he sees the moon in the middle
of the noon sky.
His wife leans over the fence,
hers nose bleeding.
She dabs it
with the hem of her skirt.

Between the pickets
his eye runs
along her leg
to the deer tracks on her belly, follows them
to her breast
where he joins deer
starting to lick.
David Bowman

POEM FOR MALKA

Christmas, the milkman has left two bottles, they start to crack in the cold. Through the window I see you—the clubfoot girl, standing in a field of brown sod. Pears covered with frost stretch to the highway.

I bring the milk in, a dead angel lies in the glass. Coming down the road on a bicycle, your breath leaves a trail in the air. The road is a hurt paw you bandage by riding.

Coming to meet you, I find a goldfish frozen to the ground. I give it to you.

Eric Schneider

IN LATE FALL

Leon rests heavy arms on the rail of his back deck and leans out to kiss the town spread below. His house stands like a guard tower on a prison wall of mountains. Moving inside he fogs the window as the four-thirty sun drops molasses fast to the horizon. Leon eats dinner at six. On soup days he counts spoonfuls per bowl or maneuvers crackers like a child planning naval battles. After the dog is fed Leon puts on a heavy coat to take out garbage. He hauls it over frozen grass, whistling about these small cans of life taken every Thursday in a truck.

Stopping, he sits on the cans looks down the grey gravel road dimly lit by a half moon. He blows white breath at a black cloud smiling, and sees a shooting star driven like an orange spike across the sky. He leaves it and the garbage, crunching back to wrestle his dog.
Brigid Corbett

POEM

Charlie Martin swings the pickup his son bought onto the only paved road in St. James, passes stop signs at 25. His right foot jerks on the accelerator; last year's stroke kept him from renewing his gillnet license, has put gloves on his hands, they are stiff on the wheel. Charlie drives Pogenog Road, passes houses his children fill; his eyes follow shoreline that breaks behind trees, past the house where he was born 68 years ago, past McFadden Point where his boat no longer fills with whitefish.

Tonight at the Shamrock he will sit at the bar with his arm around my waist, invite me home for coffee, and forget the name I gave him three times this morning.
That night the moon rises red.
Next to me, my daughter moans in sleep, whaling. Soon the hunting will be over.

Morning, and the net lies empty.
The whale is gone without a wake.

John Jackson
POEM TO MAKE SOMEONE GUILTY BY

I
I wait for you till five
drinking milk
and you don't come.
I drink milk till seven
cup after cup, in a line
from my table, running out the door
like doves on a telephone wire.
The cups pile high
and I build a white cathedral around me, complete,
with a white nave. I drink till
I become very sick
and they have to dig me out of my crypt with hammers.
They rush me to the hospital like a bleached whale.

II
You aren't there, when I die,
bloated like an inflated surgical glove. They don't have to embalm me, I am
like a pre-pressed shirt.
At my funeral, the hearse is pulled by Gernseys, and milk cans, filled with milkweed
surround my coffin. People cry milk, if they cry at all you aren't there to cry.
I just lie there and glow milk white, like fluorescent tube.
When they bury me, milkweed grows above my grave. It has gone to seed when you come and pick it all.
Dawn Banghart

GRANDPA'S FUNERAL

I
The plane is leaving and I am
dressed in a white jacket, shorts,
and a tie that itches my neck. It's
the one that scratches even when I
dig my hands under the shirt collar
to pull it away. I have picked at my
knee socks until they have fallen
down but my mother doesn't yell at
my fidgeting this time. She just
stares out the window like Billy
did when his dog died.

II
The plane ride was over and the
taxi man had left when I went up
the stairs of the front porch to hug
grandpa but I was greeted by boxes
filled with his clothes instead.

III
My finger traces a dog in the
dust on the window and my feet
are dangling off grandpa's chair,
the one he used to sit in. Mother
said grandpa doesn't live here
anymore and that the men are taking
his chair tomorrow.

David Perk

HUNTING

1
My daughter and
I go hunting.
Rain falls,
washing our clothes away.

Next year,
when she is twelve or eleven,
her breasts will start.
But now we hunt.

Leaves hang in the air
caught,
like rocks trapped in a river.

2
We look between trees
until we find a huge thing:
a whale.

It is sleeping.
The ocean of gray skin takes air
rarely.
Deep in its mind
it dreams of swimming
through the trees.

Slowly we build our net.
When that is done
she climbs
on top of the breathing hill
and laughs, dancing the dance
of capture.
Jack Driscoll & Bill Meissner

KEEPING IN TOUCH

Even if no one ever asks me
to talk about wheels
I will live knowing they watch
the spokes in my mouth
and I will pretend to sing
like a bicycle in an attic.

I will write letters to my friends
explaining nothing
and they will reply with empty envelopes
that float to my door like milkweed.
I will phone them, long-distance
and remain silent, letting them guess
whose voice is the stalled engine
on the other end. Before they hang up

I will pour water into the phone
and listen to the sound of them rusting.
Henery looked out the window. It was dark outside. Dark and big and wonderful, he thought to himself as he jumped off Lisa's bed and onto the window ledge. It was late—about two or three in the morning. The time for cats to be out on the streets. I'll go and look for a producer. I know I'll find one somewhere out there. I'll show him I can talk, talk, and do tricks, and everything, and I'll make lots of money, and I'll buy a big house with an attic full of mice, and a sunny kitchen, and a bed, and a cupboard full of food. Then I'll come back to get Lisa. She will live with me in my house!

Henery heard a cat meow in the street. He looked out the window. Cars were rushing by. The city lights shone brightly. Night life, what a life it will be. I will be a star in the center of the black night. Lisa's mother will beg me to come back. But I'll just laugh, laugh, and Lisa will too. He turned around and looked at her. Blonde hair twisted in curls around her face. Her cheeks shone like pale white moon light. I better leave a note, so she won't worry, he thought. He went over to the table and started scribbling on a piece of paper. His claws got in the way, so it made the writing a little messy.

Dear Lisa,

I have gone away to be one a movie star. I will be back to take you away with me. Don't worry, and take care.

Love Henery xoxo

LOVE POEM

In the Detroit Art Institute, we look down on the tiled courtyard, three floors below us, filled with crossbeams. I am not Mercury—my feet would not carry me, my body sailing, to the grounded sculptures.

With your hand gently guiding my back, the bending of my knees for the final thrust would be easy. Behind us, the painted eyes of dead Egyptians follow our movements; Osiris smiles to see me join him.
He folded the piece of paper as neatly as he could, then left the letter on the table and went to his drawer to get his belongings. Henery lay his favorite blue hanky down on the floor. He put a brush, toothpaste, soap, a wallet with ten pennies, and a picture of Lisa on the hanky then folded the corners up and tied them around his yellow tooth brush. He was ready to go. I'll have a quick look at Lisa and then be off, he thought. "I hope she'll be safe without me." He climbed up on the window ledge and tried to open the window, but Lisa had locked it and the hook was too high for Henery to reach. I'll have to look for an open window downstairs." He walked down the steps. On the middle one he stopped.

There was someone walking around. I'll have to be quiet and slink down the steps then hide behind the wastepaper basket in the front hall, he thought. He peered from side to side looking for the person. Henery felt mysterious like the Egyptian cats. Footsteps got loud; thump, clump, thump; he ran into the sitting room. Thump, clump, thump; he ran into the dining room; thump, clump, and under the big oak table. Who is that? he thought. His heart was thumping like the footsteps. "It's dark here."

"Ho, Ho, ho, hee, ho, ho."

"Who's that," Henery whispered as if he were a shy mouse.

"Who is that," he said again.

"This me."

"Who me?" Henery said, looking around the table.

"Me, in front of you."

"Where?"

"Open your eyes Henery, in front of you."

Henery looked directly in front of himself. He saw no one, only the dark wall and a table.

"I can't see you," he said, then stepped on the table leg and peered around it.
"Ow!, you're stepping on me."

Henery jumped back and looked at the leg. It had a carved oak face on it. It was a fat face and the eyes were shut tight, till they crinkled at the side with dust.

"You're, you're a table leg!"

"Dust my eyes, so I can open them and see you," the leg said.

"Was it you making all that thumping and stumping?" Henery said while he swished his tail back and forth on the table leg's eyelids.

"Why no, there are robbers in the house and not very smart ones either. They're making a terrible racket.

"Robbers?" Henery asked.

"Yes, robbers, but don't worry about them. They left the front door open. You can leave now and become a star."

"Robbers," Henery muttered.

"You can become more famous than puss 'n' boots ever was!"

"Robbers."

"My table leg!" the table leg said, "yes robbers, but don't worry about them. You can leave, become rich, you're free to be different!"

"Maybe I should tell Lisa."

"You can't do that you won't be able to leave then."

"That's right. Okay I'll leave now. Those robbers are pretty stupid. They won't take anything valuable." Henery started to walk out of the dining room.

"What was that?" a man said as he entered the room with a big canvas bag around his left shoulder. Henery quickly went back under the table.

delight. Running to the stream, Zatarga sees the water opening to swallow the last man. He reaches out to save someone, but all the bodies float single file into a black hole on the end of the chamber.

Zatarga stumbles back in the main cave and stands by the table watching ropes swing. He sits at the table, running one finger along the glue seam, and then notices the deck of cards lying there. Smiling, Zatarga picks it up and begins to shuffle it slowly.
with Zatarga who lies in his own corner expanding and contracting.

"Jesus Christ," Ahlgrim mumbles, heading for the dining room. The cave vibrates from explosive force as another bomb triggers itself and pops out of its shell over their heads. Zatarga breathes in and opens his eyes and at the same time, the others breathe in and open their eyes.

Ahlgrim rushes back into the cave. "Why the hell do they keep bombing the same goddammed place over and over again?" he screams, sorting out the tangle of ropes around him. "When are we going to get out of here?"

Zatarga smiles, "You may leave whenever you wish. However, the enemy has probably contaminated the air with plague by now."

"Plague?" Ahlgrim says, pausing, "We won't be able to leave here for at least another year."

"Probably never." The others listen intently. It seems as if the cave has shrunk suddenly. "Why do you think I had this shelter built? If we were on the surface we would be dead or nearly so right now. Down here we continue to live."

"But there's no way out of here then," Ahlgrim says.

"It isn't necessary," Zatarga insists. "We have all the supplies we need."

Zatarga's smile turns to a proud grin. Ahlgrim slowly looks around as the cave walls close in on him. The others contract with claustrophobia and peer at Ahlgrim, who starts to walk to the doorway of the underground stream. At the doorway, he looks at Zatarga, laughing, then turns down to the stream mumbling something.

The others hear a splash whisper into the chamber. Zatarga grins, picking up his book to begin reading again. The others look at him and each other as the ropes swing quietly from Ahlgrim's departure.

Finally, they stand and follow Ahlgrim grimly, in single file. Zatarga looks up and panics.

"Hey wait!" he yells at their backs. Splashes start echoing through the main cave as the water slaps against the wet rocks in

"I don't know. It sounded like someone talking," the second man who entered the dining room said. Henery watched them search each corner of the room. They were dressed from head to toe in midnight black. Henery's teeth started chitter-chattering.

"Shut up," the first man said.

"I didn't say anything," the second said to the first.

"Don't tell me you didn't say anything. I heard your teeth chitter-chattering; you're frightened," the first man said.

"I am not," the second said.

"What am I going to do?" said Henery. He looked at the table for advice. There was no face, only the slender oak leg. "Table leg, table leg wake up, you've got to help me out of this mess!"

"Will you shut-up. I'm trying to find the person who's talking in here," the first said.

"I didn't say anything," the second said.

"Don't lie to me. I didn't have to bring you."

"I didn't say..."

"Shut-up!" the first said to the second as he hit the second over the head with his canvas bag, opened the sideboard-cupboard, and started dropping silver pieces into the bag.

"What happened?" the second said.

"C'mon let's go," the first said. The two men walked into the kitchen.

"I've got to warn Lisa," Henery waited for the kitchen door to shut. Then he dashed out from under the table and upstairs into Lisa's room

"Lisa, Lisa, wake up, wake up," Henery screamed.

"What is it?" Lisa said.
"There are robbers downstairs. Two of them. They're stealing everything!"

Henery and Lisa sat on the front staircase waiting for the police to come. Lisa's father was down in the basement looking for the burglars.

"I hope my father's all right," Lisa said. A few minutes later the door bell rang. Lisa let in three tall men in blue uniforms that looked as stiff as cardboard. One of the men wore a hat with brass letters on the front, spelling: SARGENT.

"My father is downstairs looking for the burglars." Lisa took them into the kitchen and showed them down the basement steps. Henery walked behind the four of them with his head high, and eyes on the ceiling. He was pretending to be the SARGE.

"Well, Lisa, I guess I should go down and make sure everything's a-ok," Henery said.

"You can't go down there, Henery."

"Why not."

"Because."

"Oh, all right. I'll stay here and protect you, but those burglars were awfully mean. I hope your father's all right. He has been down there a long time."

"The police will help him."

"I don't know. These policemen looked pretty skinny and weak."

"Do you think you should go down, Henery?"

"I think so. They might have even beaten the police up."

"Beaten 'em up?"

"Yep," Henery said.

drown out the scream of rage that he lets loose. Pieces of rock crumble out of the hole and drop on him like little bombs. "Crap!" he yells, tearing them from his hair and jumping up.

A silence follows, broken only by Zatarga's laughter and the turning of a page. Ahlgrim's face turns red, almost purple, and his rage explodes in two long strides. He kicks the book out of Zatarga's hand and the others condense into a single mass of flesh. Page three-twenty-eight loses its identity as the book snaps shut in the corner. Zatarga remembers that number as if it were written on his eyeglasses.

Ahlgrim's wide hand grasps Zatarga by the shoulder and hoists him off the ground. He pulls his other fist back, trembling as if he were pulling back a huge rubber band.

"Put me down," Zatarga says, calmly. The tensed fist falls to the end of a relaxed arm. Zatarga thuds to the ground where he retrieves his book. Ahlgrim turns, pushing ropes out of his way, back to his cards, and says nothing for the rest of the night.

The others sleep, heaped over each other in a little pile by their corner. Ahlgrim has been rolling around under the table for an hour trying to sleep. He can see Zatarga's face in his mind. It dangles there next to his arm, pale, but hard. "You can't harm me," the face says, but the eyes are like two holes in the steel mask. Fear flows out of them, spilling down his hand and arm to the floor.

Ahlgrim gazes across the room through the rope fence at Zatarga, who finished his book before he went to sleep. He has a new one sitting six inches from his nose so he can start reading again the minute he awakens. Ahlgrim suddenly wishes he could turn off the chemical light and swears at it through the table. He listens to the breathing.

The others are breathing together. They breathe in rhythm with Zatarga. When he snores, they all stop and resume the rhythm when he does. Ahlgrim tries to confuse them by coughing. They continue the pattern. He jumps out from under the table and gazes around. The pile of others expands and contracts in time.
corners of Zatarga's mouth turn up and they climb even harder.

They climb ten more times, then look at Zatarga, who is reading again. Ahlgrim starts going up, using his arms alone. The rope pulls into a white line against the green-grey walls. The others try using their arms, but some of them fall, and after four times, they all sit on the floor panting. Ahlgrim's arms twitch along the line ten more times while the others go to one wall to try something new. They all put their hands against the wall and brace themselves. On signal, they all push as hard as they can in an attempt to move the wall back for more space. There is a cracking sound, and they immediately give up, sitting back in their corner, tired of rope climbing. It didn't take them anywhere.

Ahlgrim makes his way through the rope forest to flip the table upright. A drop of sweat falls on the table top until it soaks and spreads out from a clear mound. Ahlgrim pulls out his restacked deck of cards. "I'm going to win this one," he says to the others. They pull closer together and look away in doubt, listening to the cards flipping onto the table until the sound is drowned out by the low rumble of bombs. A card flips out of Ahlgrim's hand on the first blast, falling face down on the floor. Zatarga turns another page and sighs.

"Must be bombing their own goddamn bombs by now," Ahlgrim mutters, bent to retrieve his card.

The cards flip fifteen minutes more before Ahlgrim jumps up, "I won!" he shouts. "I'll be goddamned! I won!" He turns and shouts it at the others who shrink back. He looks over Zatarga, "I won!"


The bombs stop and nine seconds of silence smash the others closer as they wait for the first hit. Ahlgrim's fists contract into cannonballs as a bomb falls. Almost directly overhead, it shakes the room and Ahlgrim turns, jumping to a rope, climbing it this time with a single arm. His figure jerks violently up the white line.

As Zatarga turns to page three-twenty-seven, the hook lets go of the ceiling and Ahlgrim falls ten feet. Even the bombs cannot

"Oh, Henery, go check," she said.

Henery quickly ran down the steps. The basement was black and cold. It felt like a wet halloween night. Henery walked slowly, looking everywhere before each step. He stayed close to the walls. He felt his eyes glow with new power and fright. I am a witch cat. I can do anything, he thought to himself.

"All right, drop the guns!"

Henery's skin jumped off the bones. He ran behind the freezer. His teeth started chit-tit-tittering, he said to himself, "It's only because I'm cold." He waited, waited. There was some sort of rumble in the next room. Henery wouldn't dare leave his hiding place, even to see a rumble.

The sargent finally came out of the next room. His face was smudged with black dirt. His uniform looked more like wrinkled paper, and the hat was off his head. He walked backwards with a gun pointed at the two burglars. There was another policeman behind the two men, and another with Lisa's father who looked rather tired. Henery watched them walk up the basement steps. Then he went into the next room. Boxes and old furniture were upside down and scattered around on the floor. Henery found the sargent's hat and picked it up with a paw. He dropped the hat on his head, then paraded around the room. He found an old shoe, picked it up and talked into it as if it were a walkie-talkie. "This is Sargent Henery talking. I'm at the old shoe factory on fifth street. I've tied the burglars up. They're under the old oak table. There are two of my men watching them now. So everything is a-okay, over-and-out, over-and-out. He put the shoe on the floor. Then marched up the basement steps.

Lisa's mother and father were standing talking to the sargent. The other men held the two burglars against the kitchen wall. Lisa sat at the table watching everyone.

"Henery," Lisa said, then started laughing. "Sargent, look at Henery. He's got your hat on."

"Hell, well, I think Henery wants to take my job, ha, ha," the sargent said then burst out laughing. He took the hat from Henery's head and placed it on his own head.
"Henery is the one who saved us," Lisa said.

"How did Henery save you?" the sargent asked.

"He woke me up because he heard the burglars," Lisa said.

"Henery did, did he? Well, well, he deserves a medal for such bravery. George, go out and look in our patrol car for a bravery medal," the sargent said.

The other policeman was back in a minute. He put the shiny brass medal around Henery's neck.

"Henery, you're the hero of the house tonight," Lisa's mother said, "but Lisa it's time for you to go back to bed."

Lisa and Henery walked out of the kitchen. Henery's medal swung back and forth with each proud step he made.

"Lisa, Henery is not sleeping with you," Lisa's mother said.

"Oh, mom."

"Oh, all right. Go on then, but only tonight."

They went up to her room. Lisa saw the note on the table. She went over, picked it up, and read it. "Henery you were going to run away. Why?"

"I wanted something different."

"Like?"

"Something new."

"You don't like it here."

"I wanted, I wanted..."

"Henery," she said softly, then laughed, "Let's go to bed. I'm tired." They both fell asleep dreaming of Love and Egypt. Love, love, love, Egypt, love.

in two pieces. Zatarga crosses the room slowly. Ahlgrim stands looking at the table and reddens, wishing he hadn't broken it.

"Why did you break my table?" Zatarga looks up at Ahlgrim calmly. The others expect violence and close together like a school of fish under attack.

"I lost another goddamn card game!" Ahlgrim yells down at the marble-faced Zatarga. As Zatarga looks down at the two halves of the table, dropped like bombs on the cards scattered underneath, Ahlgrim peers down at his feet, then up at the ceiling, and over at the others. Zatarga glares back at Ahlgrim.

"There is glue in the supply room. You will fix this table," he says. He smiles and everyone files into the mock dining room to eat with bombs roaring dinner music.

After dinner, the others glue the table together and prop it against the wall to dry. Then, Ahlgrim shows them a plan that he has diagrammed on paper. They all put on yellow safety helmets in unison as they agree with the plan, nodding their heads. They march into the supply room and each comes out with a hammer, chisel, ladder, and a coil of rope. Chipping holes in the twenty-foot-high ceiling, they strike the chisels first in time with one another, then in different rhythms. Finally, they cram the hooks in the holes and come down for the rope. They go back up and begin tying the ropes on the ends of the hooks, leaving ends dangling to the floor.

"Are you going to hang yourselves?" Zatarga asks. They ignore him and continue struggling with the knots.

"I say, are you going to hang yourselves?" Zatarga asks again, smiling and setting his book noiselessly on the floor. As Ahlgrim takes his ladder down, he says, "Up yours," to Zatarga.

Zatarga nods as Ahlgrim and the others take their ladders back to the storage room. Soon, they return and Ahlgrim hooks one hand on the rope in the center of the cave, giving it a tug. Then, jumping up, he climbs to the ceiling using his arms and legs. He touches the cold ceiling and slides back down, smiling at Zatarga. The others start scaling their ropes like a herd of spiders. The
"Otherwise you will disrupt this system, and we will not use our limited resources efficiently." There is a rumble far off. The bombers are coming again. The floor trembles, and water drips from where it has condensed on the rock wall. The others huddle closer together to protect each other as if the tons of rock will be unable to penetrate them should it collapse. They all look up, checking the cross-beams they welded together four weeks ago. It has only been silent for twenty minutes. Neither Zatarga nor Ahlgrim say anything about being wrong.

"I'm bored," Ahlgrim says.

"Why don’t you read something? There are plenty of books in the supply room"

"I hate reading," Ahlgrim replies, "And I'm beginning to hate these rotten walls, and stepping over everybody. I want to get out of here."

Zatarga turns to page one-twenty-eight of his book. Ahlgrim shakes his head and picks up his cards again.

Zatarga reaches the end of chapter four and puts his book down smoothly. The hard book strikes the floor soundlessly. He glances at his watch. It is eighteen-hundred as Ahlgrim snatches another card off the top of the deck.

"It is time to eat," the words flow from Zatarga's mouth and swirl past the others to knock into Ahlgrim.

"I'm not finished," Ahlgrim says quietly.

The others can tell that he is losing. They hope he will forget this game and start a new one after they eat. It has been two hours since they last heard a bomb and they are just beginning to relax.

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"Goddammit! I said I'm not finished!" Ahlgrim screams. The table on which he has been playing crashes at the wall and comes down
"We can't just sit here forever," Ahlgrim says.

"What time is it?" Ahlgrim asks. The others turn their eyes to Zatarga. "It's designed to be totally self-sustaining. We can live the rest of our lives here and then some."

"You can live here for the rest of your life," Ahlgrim says, walking through the hole in the cave wall that leads to the underground stream. The others follow him, and they all go down to urinate. Zatarga sits down smoothly and picks up his book.

Ten minutes later, Ahlgrim and the others return. The others gather back in their corner. "What time is it?" Ahlgrim asks. The others turn their eyes to Zatarga.

"Fifteen-hundred," Zatarga replies.

"Only three? I'm going to get something to eat anyway." Ahlgrim strides toward the supply room, but bumps his head on the overhang. "Damn!"

"You must eat only at the specified times," Zatarga says as Ahlgrim attempts to pull the pain from his head with his hands.
Beth Wolfson

A HATCHET ON MATCHETT--TO THE INSOMNIAC PHOTOGRAPHER
(for Rosalie Matchett)

All night you drag your feet around the house like a child in her mother's shoes. It is dark under your eyes when your body gently pulses into sleep. You lie resting one arm in your waist the hand still to hold your camera. You are hot and want to rip the flannel from your skin.

In the morning, new light circles your eyes and you focus on the nurds in the street.

Brooke Cushman*

NORM JAMBOIS GETS RUN OVER GOING TO LACROSSE TO NET SUCKERS

The trucks don't notice Norm Jambois on his walk from Genoa to Lacrosse. He walks on the fresh yellow lines, past Rudy sitting over the snake sitting in the toilet of the Skelly station.

Norm doesn't net the suckers in Lacrosse. Like a fish, his backbone cracks under the pick-up where men drip yellow paint on I-80.

* just kidding, it's Beth again--Ed.
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Eric Schneider
SHELTER

The concussive force of a bomb causes Ahlgrim's last card to vibrate so that he can't read it, but after seeing it he throws it down, swearing in frustration. He has just lost his eighth game of solitaire for the day.

"When the hell are we going to get out of here?" he yells at Zatarga. The others peer up at him from the corner of the cave. "They bomb for ten minutes; then everything's quiet. It's quiet now. Why don't we leave?" Zatarga rises from the floor where he has been reading a book.

"They've just gone to get more bombs," he says. "You're right. They'll be back in two hours." He nods his head.

"We can't just sit here forever," Ahlgrim says.

"But we can. You helped build this place," Zatarga says. "It's designed to be totally self-sustaining. We can live the rest of our lives here and then some."

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"You must eat only at the specified times," Zatarga says as Ahlgrim attempts to pull the pain from his head with his hands.
Otherwise you will disrupt this system, and we will not use our limited resources efficiently." There is a rumble far off. The bombers are coming again. The floor trembles, and water drips from where it has condensed on the rock wall. The others huddle together to protect each other as if the tons of rock will be unable to penetrate them should it collapse. They all look up, checking the cross-beams they welded together four weeks ago. It has only been silent for twenty minutes. Neither Zatarga nor Ahlgrim say anything about being wrong.

"I'm bored," Ahlgrim says.

"Why don't you read something? There are plenty of books in the supply room"

"I hate reading," Ahlgrim replies, "And I'm beginning to hate these rotten walls, and stepping over everybody. I want to get out of here."

Zatarga turns to page one-twenty-eight of his book. Ahlgrim shakes his head and picks up his cards again.

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"Henery is the one who saved us," Lisa said.

"How did Henery save you?" the sargent asked.

"He woke me up because he heard the burglars," Lisa said.

"Henery did, did he? Well, well, he deserves a medal for such bravery. George, go out and look in our patrol car for a bravery medal," the sargent said.

The other policeman was back in a minute. He put the shiny brass medal around Henery's neck.

"Henery, you're the hero of the house tonight," Lisa's mother said, "but Lisa it's time for you to go back to bed."

Lisa and Henery walked out of the kitchen. Henery's medal swung back and forth with each proud step he made.

"Lisa, Henery is not sleeping with you," Lisa's mother said.

"Oh, mom."

"Oh, all right. Go on then, but only tonight."

They went up to her room. Lisa saw the note on the table. She went over, picked it up, and read it. "Henery you were going to run away. Why?"

"I wanted something different."

"Like?"

"Something new."

"You don't like it here."

"I wanted, I wanted..."

"Henery," she said softly, then laughed, "Let's go to bed. I'm tired." They both fell asleep dreaming of love and Egypt. Love, love, love, Egypt, love.

in two pieces. Zatarga crosses the room slowly. Ahlgrim stands looking at the table and reddens, wishing he hadn't broken it.

"Why did you break my table?" Zatarga looks up at Ahlgrim calmly. The others expect violence and close together like a school of fish under attack.

"I lost another goddamn card game!" Ahlgrim yells down at the marble-faced Zatarga. As Zatarga looks down at the two halves of the table, dropped like bombs on the cards scattered underneath, Ahlgrim peers down at his feet, then up at the ceiling, and over at the others. Zatarga glares back at Ahlgrim.

"There is glue in the supply room. You will fix this table," he says. He smiles and everyone files into the mock dining room to eat with bombs roaring dinner music.

After dinner, the others glue the table together and prop it against the wall to dry. Then, Ahlgrim shows them a plan that he has diagrammed on paper. They all put on yellow safety helmets in unison as they agree with the plan, nodding their heads. They march into the supply room and each comes out with a hammer, chisel, ladder, and a coil of rope. Chipping holes in the twenty-foot-high ceiling, they strike the chisels first in time with one another, then in different rhythms. Finally, they cram the hooks in the holes and come down for the ropes. They go back up and begin tying the ropes on the ends of the hooks, leaving ends dangling to the floor.

"Are you going to hang yourselves?" Zatarga asks. They ignore him and continue struggling with the knots.

"I say, are you going to hang yourselves?" Zatarga asks again, smiling and setting his book noiselessly on the floor. As Ahlgrim takes his ladder down, he says, "Up yours," to Zatarga.

Zatarga nods as Ahlgrim and the others take their ladders back to the storage room. Soon, they return and Ahlgrim hooks one hand on the rope in the center of the cave, giving it a tug. Then, jumping up, he climbs to the ceiling using his arms and legs. He touches the cold ceiling and slides back down, smiling at Zatarga. The others start scaling their ropes like a herd of spiders. The
corners of Zatarga’s mouth turn up and they climb even harder.

They climb ten more times, then look at Zatarga, who is reading again. Ahlgrim starts going up, using his arms alone. The rope pulls into a white line against the green-grey walls. The others try using their arms, but some of them fall, and after four times, they all sit on the floor panting. Ahlgrim’s arms twitch along the line ten more times while the others go to one wall to try something new. They all put their hands against the wall and brace themselves. On signal, they all push as hard as they can in an attempt to move the wall back for more space. There is a cracking sound, and they immediately give up, sitting back in their corner, tired of rope climbing. It didn’t take them anywhere.

Ahlgrim makes his way through the rope forest to flip the table upright. A drop of sweat falls on the table top until it soaks and spreads out from a clear mound. Ahlgrim pulls out his restacked deck of cards. “I’m going to win this one,” he says to the others. They pull closer together and look away in doubt, listening to the cards flipping onto the table until the sound is drowned out by the low rumble of bombs. A card flips out of Ahlgrim’s hand on the first blast, falling face down on the floor. Zatarga turns another page and sighs. “Must be bombing their own goddamn bombs by now,” Ahlgrim mutters, bent to retrieve his card.

The cards flip fifteen minutes more. “I won!” he shouts. “I’ll be goddamned! I won!” He turns and shouts it at the others who shrink back. “I won!”


The bombs stop and nine seconds of silence smash the others closer as they wait for the first hit. Ahlgrim’s fists contract into cannonballs as a bomb falls. Almost directly overhead, it shakes the room and Ahlgrim turns, jumping to a rope, climbing it this time with a single arm. His figure jerks violently up the white line.

As Zatarga turns to page three-twenty-seven, the hook lets go of the ceiling and Ahlgrim falls ten feet. Even the bombs cannot

“Oh, Henery, go check,” she said.

Henery quickly ran down the steps. The basement was black and cold. It felt like a wet halloween night. Henery walked slowly, looking everywhere before each step. He stayed close to the walls. He felt his eyes glow with new power and fright. I am a witch cat. I can do anything, he thought to himself.

“All right, drop the guns!”

Henery’s skin jumped off the bones. He ran behind the freezer. His teeth started chit-tit-tittering, he said to himself, “It’s only because I’m cold.” He waited, waited. There was some sort of rumble in the next room. Henery wouldn’t dare leave his hiding place, even to see a rumble.

The sargent finally came out of the next room. His face was smudged with black dirt. His uniform looked more like wrinkled paper, and the hat was off his head. He walked backwards with a gun pointed at the two burglars. There was another policeman behind the two men, and another with Lisa’s father who looked rather tired. Henery watched them walk up the basement steps. Then he went into the next room.

Boxes and old furniture were upside down and scattered around on the floor. Henery found the sargent’s hat and picked it up with a paw. He put the shoe on the floor. Then ran up the basement steps.

Lisa’s mother and father were standing talking to the sargent. The other men held the two burglers against the kitchen wall. Lisa sat at the table watching everyone.

"Henery," Lisa said, then started laughing. "Sargent, look at Henery. He’s got your hat on."

"I’ll, well, I think Henery wants to take my job, ha, ha," the sargent said then burst out laughing. He took the hat from Henery’s head and placed it on his own head.
"There are robbers downstairs. Two of them. They're stealing everything!"

Henery and Lisa sat on the front staircase waiting for the police to come. Lisa's father was down in the basement looking for the burglars.

"I hope my father's all right," Lisa said. A few minutes later the door bell rang. Lisa let in three tall men in blue uniforms that looked as stiff as cardboard. One of the men wore a hat with brass letters on the front, spelling: SARGENT.

"My father is downstairs looking for the burglars." Lisa took them into the kitchen and showed them down the basement steps. Henery walked behind the four of them with his head high, and eyes on the ceiling. He was pretending to be the SARGE.

"Well, Lisa, I guess I should go down and make sure everything's a-ok," Henery said.

"You can't go down there, Henery."

"Why not."

"Because."

"Oh, all right. I'll stay here and protect you, but those burglars were awfully mean. I hope your father's all right. He has been down there a long time."

"The police will help him."

"I don't know. These policemen looked pretty skinny and weak."

"Do you think you should go down, Henery?"

"I think so. They might have even beaten the police up."

"Beaten 'em up?"

"Yep," Henery said.

drown out the scream of rage that he lets loose. Pieces of rock crumble out of the hole and drop on him like little bombs. "Crap!" he yells, tearing them from his hair and jumping up.

A silence follows, broken only by Zatarga's laughter and the turning of a page. Ahlgrim's face turns red, almost purple, and his rage explodes in two long strides. He kicks the book out of Zatarga's hand and the others condense into a single mass of flesh. Page three-twenty-eight loses its identity as the book snaps shut in the corner. Zatarga remembers that number as if it were written on his eyeglasses.

Ahlgrim's wide hand grasps Zatarga by the shoulder and hoists him off the ground. He pulls his other fist back, trembling as if he were pulling back a huge rubber band.

"Put me down," Zatarga says, calmly. The tensed fist falls to the end of a relaxed arm. Zatarga thuds to the ground where he retrieves his book. Ahlgrim turns, pushing ropes out of his way, back to his cards, and says nothing for the rest of the night.

The others sleep, heaped over each other in a little pile by their corner. Ahlgrim has been rolling around under the table for an hour trying to sleep. He can see Zatarga's face in his mind. It dangles there next to his arm, pale, but hard. "You can't harm me," the face says, but the eyes are like two holes in the steel mask. Fear flows out of them, spilling down his hand and arm to the floor.

Ahlgrim gazes across the room through the rope fence at Zatarga, who finished his book before he went to sleep. He has a new one sitting six inches from his nose so he can start reading again the minute he awakens. Ahlgrim suddenly wishes he could turn off the chemical light and swears at it through the table. He listens to the breathing.

The others are breathing together. They breathe in rhythm with Zatarga. When he snores, they all stop and resume the rhythm when he does. Ahlgrim tries to confuse them by coughing. They continue the pattern. He jumps out from under the table and gazes around. The pile of others expands and contracts in time.
with Zatarga who lies in his own corner expanding and contracting.

"Jesus Christ," Ahlgrim mumbles, heading for the dining room. The cave vibrates from explosive force as another bomb triggers itself and pops out of its shell over their heads. Zatarga breathes in and opens his eyes and at the same time, the others breathe in and open their eyes.

Ahlgrim rushes back into the cave. "Why the hell do they keep bombing the same goddamned place over and over again?" he screams, sorting out the tangle of ropes around him. "When are we going to get out of here?"

Zatarga smiles, "You may leave whenever you wish. However, the enemy has probably contaminated the air with plague by now."

"Plague?" Ahlgrim says, pausing, "We won't be able to leave here for at least another year."

"Probably never." The others listen intently. It seems as if the cave has shrunk suddenly. "Why do you think I had this shelter built? If we were on the surface we would be dead or nearly so right now. Down here we continue to live."

"But there's no way out of here then," Ahlgrim says.

"It isn't necessary," Zatarga insists. "We have all the supplies we need." Zatarga's smile turns to a proud grin. Ahlgrim slowly looks around as the cave walls close in on him. The others contract with claustrophobia and peer at Ahlgrim, who starts to walk to the doorway of the underground stream. At the doorway, he looks at Zatarga, laughing, then turns down to the stream mumbling something.

The others hear a splash whisper into the chamber. Zatarga grins, picking up his book to begin reading again. The others look at him and each other as the ropes swing quietly from Ahlgrim's departure.

Finally, they stand and follow Ahlgrim grimly, in single file. Zatarga looks up and panics.

"Hey wait!" he yells at their backs. Splashes start echoing through the main cave as the water slaps against the wet rocks in

"I don't know. It sounded like someone talking," the second man who entered the dining room said. Henery watched them search each corner of the room. They were dressed from head to toe in midnight black. Henery's teeth started chitter-chattering.

"Shut up," the first man said.

"I didn't say anything," the second said to the first.

"Don't tell me you didn't say anything. I heard your teeth chitter-chattering; you're frightened," the first man said.

"I am not," the second said.

"What am I going to do?" said Henery. He looked at the table for advice. There was no face, only the slender oak leg. "Table leg, table leg wake up, you've got to help me out of this mess!"

"Will you shut-up. I'm trying to find the person who's talking in here," the first said.

"I didn't say anything," the second said.

"Don't lie to me. I didn't have to bring you."

"I didn't say..."

"Shut-up!" the first said to the second as he hit the second over the head with his canvas bag, opened the sideboard-cupboard, and started dropping silver pieces into the bag.

"What happened?" the second said.

"C'mon let's go," the first said. The two men walked into the kitchen.

"I've got to warn Lisa," Henery waited for the kitchen door to shut then he dashed out from under the table and upstairs into Lisa's room.

"Lisa, Lisa, wake up, wake up," Henery screamed.

"What is it?" Lisa said.
"Oww, you're stepping on me."

Henery jumped back and looked at the leg. It had a carved oak face on it. It was a fat face and the eyes were shut tight, till they crinkled at the side with dust.

"You're, you're a table leg!"

"Dust my eyes, so I can open them and see you," the leg said.

"Was it you making all that thumping and stumping?" Henery said while he swished his tail back and forth on the table leg's eyelids.

"Why no, there are robbers in the house and not very smart ones either. They're making a terrible racket."

"Robbers?" Henery asked.

"Yes, robbers, but don't worry about them. They left the front door open. You can leave now and become a star."

"Robbers," Henery muttered.

"You can become more famous than puss 'n' boots ever was!"

"Robbers."

"My table leg!" the table leg said, "yes robbers, but don't worry about them. You can leave, become rich, you're free to be different!"

"Maybe I should tell Lisa."

"You can't do that you won't be able to leave then."

"That's right. Okay I'll leave now. Those robbers are pretty stupid. They won't take anything valuable." Henery started to walk out of the dining room.

"What was that?" a man said as he entered the room with a big canvas bag around his left shoulder. Henery quickly went back under the table.

delight. Running to the stream, Zatarga sees the water opening to swallow the last man. He reaches out to save someone, but all the bodies float single file into a black hole on the end of the chamber.

Zatarga stumbles back in the main cave and stands by the table watching ropes swing. He sits at the table, running one finger along the glue seam, and then notices the deck of cards lying there. Smiling, Zatarga picks it up and begins to shuffle it slowly.
He folded the piece of paper as neatly as he could, then left the letter on the table and went to his drawer to get his belongings. Henery lay his favorite blue hanky down on the floor. He put a brush, toothpaste, soap, a wallet with ten pennies, and a picture of Lisa on the hanky then folded the corners up and tied them around his yellow tooth brush. He was ready to go. I'll have a quick look at Lisa and then be off, he thought. "I hope she'll be safe without me." He climbed up on the window ledge and tried to open the window, but Lisa had locked it and the hook was too high for Henery to reach. I'll have to look for an open window downstairs. He walked down the steps.

There was someone walking around. I'll have to be quiet and slink down the steps then hide behind the wastepaper basket in the front hall, he thought. He peered from side to side looking for the person. Henery felt mysterious like the Egyptian cats. Footsteps got loud; thump, clump, thump; he ran into the sitting room. Thump, clump, thump; he ran into the dining room; thump, clump, and under the big oak table. Who is that? he thought. His heart was thumping like the footsteps. "It's dark here."

"Ho, ho, ho, hee, ho, ho."

"Who's that," Henery whispered as if he were a shy mouse.

"Who is that," he said again.

"Why me."

"Who me?" Henery said, looking around the table.

"Me, in front of you."

"Where?"

"Open your eyes Henery, in front of you."

Henery looked directly in front of himself. He saw no one, only the dark wall and a table.

"I can't see you," he said, then stepped on the table leg and peered around it.
Henery Leaves

Henery looked out the window. It was dark outside. Dark and big and wonderful, he thought to himself as he jumped off Lisa's bed and onto the window ledge. It was late—about two or three in the morning. The time for cats to be out on the streets. I'll go and look for a producer. I know I'll find one somewhere out there. I'll show him I can talk, talk, talk, and do tricks, and everything, and I'll make lots of money, and I'll buy a big house with an attic full of mice, and a sunny kitchen, and a bed, and a cupboard full of food. Then I'll come back to get Lisa. She will live with me in my house!

Henery heard a cat meow in the street. He looked out the window. Cars were rushing by. The city lights shone brightly. Night life, what a life it will be. I will be a star in the center of the black night. Lisa's mother will beg me to come back. But I'll just laugh, laugh, laugh, and Lisa will too. He turned around and looked at her. Blonde hair twisted in curls around her face. Her cheeks shone like pale white moon light. I better leave a note, so she won't worry, he thought. He went over to the table and started scribbling on a piece of paper. His claws got in the way, so it made the writing a little messy.

Dear Lisa,

I have gone away to become a movie star. I will be back to take you away with me. Don't worry, and take care.

Love Hanery xoxo

Love Poem

In the Detroit Art Institute, we look down on the tiled courtyard, three floors below us, filled with crossbeam structures. I am not Mercury—my feet would not carry me, my body sailing, to the grounded sculptures.

With your hand gently guiding my back, the bending of my knees for the final thrust would be easy. Behind us, the painted eyes of dead Egyptians follow our movements; Osiris smiles to see me join him.

Dear Lisa,

I have gone away to become a movie star. I will be back to take you away with me. Don't worry, and take care.

Love Hanery xoxo
Even if no one ever asks me
to talk about wheels
I will live knowing they watch
the spokes in my mouth
and I will pretend to sing
like a bicycle in an attic.

I will write letters to my friends
explaining nothing
and they will reply with empty envelopes
that float to my door like milkweed.
I will phone them, long-distance
and remain silent, letting them guess
whose voice is the stalled engine
on the other end. Before they hang up

I will pour water into the phone
and listen to the sound of them rusting.
Dawn Banghart

GRANDPA'S FUNERAL

I The plane is leaving and I am dressed in a white jacket, shorts, and a tie that itches my neck. It's the one that scratches even when I dig my hands under the shirt collar to pull it away. I have picked at my knee socks until they have fallen down but my mother doesn't yell at my fidgeting this time. She just stares out the window like Billy did when his dog died.

II The plane ride was over and the taxi man had left when I went up the stairs of the front porch to hug grandpa but I was greeted by boxes filled with his clothes instead.

III My finger traces a dog in the dust on the window and my feet are dangling off grandpa's chair, the one he used to sit in. Mother said grandpa doesn't live here anymore and that the men are taking his chair tomorrow.

David Perk

HUNTING

1 My daughter and I go hunting. Rain falls, washing our clothes away.

Next year, when she is twelve or eleven, her breasts will start. But now we hunt.

Leaves hang in the air caught, like rocks trapped in a river.

2 We look between trees until we find a huge thing: a whale. It is sleeping. The ocean of gray skin takes air rarely. Deep in its mind it dreams of swimming through the trees. Slowly we build our net. When that is done she climbs on top of the breathing hill and laughs, dancing the dance of capture.
That night the moon rises red.
Next to me, my daughter moans in sleep, whaling. Soon the hunting will be over.

Morning, and the net lies empty. The whale is gone without a wake.

John Jackson

POEM TO MAKE SOMEONE GUILTY BY

I
I wait for you till five drinking milk and you don't come.
I drink milk till seven cup after cup, in a line from my table, running out the door like doves on a telephone wire. The cups pile high

and I build a white cathedral around me, complete, with a white nave. I drink till I become very sick

and they have to dig me out of my crypt with hammers. They rush me to the hospital like a bleached whale.

II
You aren't there when I die, bloated like an inflated surgical glove. They don't have to embalm me, I am like a pre-pressed shirt.

At my funeral, the hearse is pulled by Gernseys, and milk cans, filled with milkweed surround my coffin. People cry milk, if they cry at all you aren't there to cry. I just lie there and glow milk white, like florescent tube. When they bury me, milkweed grows above my grave. It has gone to seed when you come and pick it all.
Charlie Martin
swings the pickup his son bought
onto the only paved road in St. James,
passes stop signs at 25.
His right foot jerks on the accelerator;
last year's stroke kept him from renewing his gillnet license, has put gloves on his hands, they are stiff on the wheel.
Charlie drives Pogenog Road, passes houses his children fill; his eyes follow shoreline that breaks behind trees, past the house where he was born 68 years ago, past McFadden Point where his boat no longer fills with whitefish.

Tonight at the Shamrock he will sit at the bar with his arm around my waist, invite me home for coffee, and forget the name I gave him three times this morning.
David Bowman

POEM FOR MALKA

Christmas,
the milkman has left two
bottles, they start to crack
in the cold.
Through the window I see you--
the clubfoot girl, standing
in a field of brown sod.
Pears covered with frost
stretch to the highway.

I bring the milk in,
a dead angel lies in the glass.
Coming down the road
on a bicycle,
your breath leaves
a trail in the air.
The road is a hurt paw
you bandage by riding.

Coming to meet you,
I find a goldfish
frozen to the ground.
I give it
to you.

Eric Schneider

IN LATE FALL

Leon rests heavy arms
on the rail of his back deck
and leans out to kiss the town
spread below. His house
stands like a guard tower
on a prison wall of mountains.
Moving inside
he fogs the window
as the four-thirty sun
drops molasses fast to the horizon.
Leon eats dinner at six. On soup days
he counts spoonfuls per bowl
or maneuvers crackers
like a child planning naval battles.
After the dog is fed
Leon puts on a heavy coat
to take out garbage. He hauls it
over frozen grass, whistling
about these small cans of life
taken every Thursday in a truck.

Stopping, he sits on the cans
looks down the grey gravel road
dimly lit by a half moon.
He blows white breath at a black cloud
smiling, and sees a shooting star
driven like an orange spike
across the sky. He leaves it
and the garbage, crunching back
to wrestle his dog.
Hal Neth & Eric Schneider

MORNING

In the basement a green creeper swings on silver chains until Macleman cuts it down with a knife. He holds the planter in fat hands, eats it in two swallows and plods upstairs, his stomach shaking with the sound of change.

Coffee boils in the kitchen. Macleman pours a cup and it churns trying to escape on steam. He panics, two hat racks like cigar store indians block his escape to the living room. Pulling a knife, he slashes the steam, scattering bits, but it closes like a plastic bag to smother him.

David Bowman

THE MAN WHO INVENTED DEER HUNTING

Walking into the backyard he catches his wife sleeping with her father in the hammock, gray trousers rolled in a ball beside the sprinkler.

He turns and lies in the grass behind the picket fence. Closing his eyes he is hunting deer on a prairie. The deer are dancing in circles around him. He shoots and misses everytime.

When he opens his eyes he sees the moon in the middle of the noon sky. His wife leans over the fence, her nose bleeding. She dabs it with the hem of her skirt.

Between the pickets his eye runs along her leg to the deer tracks on her belly, follows them to her breast where he joins deer starting to lick.
Sometimes driving between these fields
at night I notice the wind pick up

the same wind
that brings letters to my door. I always stop
and open them here on the hood of my car
where the wind has just been leaning. The pages are blank

and when I let them go
they float into the dark grass behind the barbed-wire fence

hundreds of them
among the cows. Back home I answer them all
in dreams, the words

breaking in the bones of my tongue.

Closing
the lids,
they will say
goodbye
to the furnaces
and to the Montgomery Ward
freezers
and to the Kenmore
washers that
hum their
motors and
wiggle
their
rivets as a
last farewell.

And they will
leave through
the grates of
broken
Whirlpool air conditioners
and pull themselves
into the mufflers
of black Pontiacs
parked under
carports,
allover America.
Doug Stanton

THE LEAVE OF THE POTATO, ALL OVER AMERICA

Tonight,
damp potatoes
grow cold
and grey
in thick corners
of vegetable bins,
all over
America.

And thick
white-threads
have sewn
themselves to
the burlap
skin,
clogged with
dark
Idaho dirt.

Tomorrow,
the threads
will rise
up like garlic breath
and lift
the plywood
lids
and rest them on
Ace Hardware hinges.

Jack Driscoll

A TICKET FROM JIMMY BURNS

Any night you drive through this town too fast
you get stopped by the only cop alive. He has no badge
only a large dog that jumps on your hood
and bares his teeth through the windshield.

"It's you again," he says. But you have never been here.
You are simply driving around
trying to write a poem. He runs his finger through the dust
on your car, dust even
on your hands. When he opens the hood
the radiator is filled with dust
and the cap gone. He wants you to get out
and wait in his cruiser
where the blue light slaps under the green bridge.
There is always a highway above
always a view of the city. But the door jams
and the window, which you have not rolled down
is loose and moving in the wind. You look
into the mirror. Dust. You look at him
climbing in next to you
and you want to say, Jimmy Burns?

You know if he writes on that pad
it will flake away in his hands. Can it be
Jimmy Burns coming back ten years too late
not with the can of gasoline but with this pad
to ticket you here where the sand has blown up
over the tires? Can that be a highway
Jimmy? Can that be the dog you carried with you into the night? This is still a desert. Look

there in the back seat
is the empty canvas water bag. What we need is gasoline

and jumper cables, Jimmy. Pull your car down here nose to nose

with the lights on. But he only smiles and leaves tying the ticket to the windshield wiper.

When it turns over in the wind, the next day, you read the words, one at a time

forgetting where you've been
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ART WORK
COVER: Concept - Bowman  Art work - Jackson
Violence drawing - John Jackson
Cartoon of writers - Andy Rockwood
Photograph - Bob Potter  Layout - Bowman
Kerouac, mooses, foot - David Bowman
Henery - Miss Rosalie
Lettering - The Park Commissioner

CONTRIBUTORS:

THIS ISSUE IS FOR ALL THE BIG CHEESE WHO HAVE HELPED US THIS YEAR
Hi! My Name is Jack Kerouac.
After a rough day on the road
my clothes get mighty dirty!
Here's what I use to get rid
of those hard
to clean spots...

absolutely the last Red Wheelbarrow [vol.1 no.5]
editor and latent beatnik: DAVID BOWMAN
editor of a smaller stature
& winner of the
Peter Orlovsky look-alike contest: David Perk
you inherit a red wheelbarrow
COLLECT $200