red:

1. a color whose hue resembles that of the long-wave extreme of the visible spectrum
2. having red as a distinguishing color
3. heated to redness:
GLOWING
4. inciting or endorsing radical social or political change especially by force

The Red Wheelbarrow
EDITORS:
Elizabeth Armstrong
&
Elise M. Breen

THE RED WHEELBARROW
Elizabeth Armstrong: "Opinions--- how they do love their opinions!"
- Tom Ferrid

Amanda Holmes: "If the black loon calls you on the shores of Lake Michigan, answer in the morning."

James Wilson: "ADVICE: If you count your chickens before they hatch, and there's no water in the well, then your golden goose will be killed once by two stones from glass houses."

Elise M. Breen: It is said she sprang from a snowbank in early spring on a night when the moon was as bright as the sun.

Tina Ament: "There is ever a song somewhere."
- James Whitcomb Riley

Stacy Spencer: "The superior man understands what is right; the inferior man understands what will sell."
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Elizabeth Armstrong

Abandoned House

You stand across the room,
flat pink flowers curling upward
on wallpaper.
The floor, a bare wood wave,
rolls softly to the far wall.

All morning
sunlight washes through a half-opened window
and divides your face
with a shadow.
her eyes adjusted to the dark she saw Gregory at the bottom of the staircase, trying to disentangle himself from his afghan. She flew down the stairs, leaping the last five, and landed with a violence that rattled the plates and pictures on the walls around her. "You were listening!" She took him by the shoulders and shook him until his head rolled around uncontrollably. "You were listening!" She stopped shaking him and held him still in front of her. It was very quiet, except for the buzz of the television. "You say carrot," she said finally. Gregory stared blankly at her. He was finding it increasingly difficult to understand her speech. "Carrr-ottt" she said over and over again. Gregory stopped breathing for a moment, and listened carefully to what his mother was saying. "Carrr-ottt" she said holding the 't' sound menacingly. Gregory could no longer understand his mother's speech, and when she left him heaped with his pillow and afghan, he cried for that.

One morning, after breakfast, Gregory's mother put him into the green station wagon, with his teddy bear and a black vinyl suitcase. She drove him far out into the country to a grey cinder-block building surrounded by huge white pines. Behind the building was a large playground. twenty small children silently crawled over monkey bars and pumped swings. Gregory would be the twenty-first. "We are developing new ways to reach these children," a serious man in a grey suit told Gregory's mother. Gregory was standing on a chair making faces into a mirror; "What a darling little boy!" exclaimed a volunteer worker. Gregory stopped making faces and stared deep into her eyes. He jumped off the chair, picked up his teddy bear and started to walk out to the car. The man in the grey suit hurried to his side and turned him around. "Now Gregory, wouldn't you like to go out to the playground?" Gregory stared at the man, then at the volunteer worker, then at his mother; he stared deep into the teddy bear's glass eyes.

Eventually he went out to the playground.
Stacy Spencer

Under the Universe

Tonight stars pierce trees
As I stand overlooking the lake:
The sky below in the black
Water reaches to touch me, naked
In cold air. The far shore
Moves, headlights weaving
Between hill and houses.

I feel the movement of the earth
Tilting backwards
Into the edge of the sky. Night fills
The crevices. I grip

The bark of an oak, planting
My feet against its roots,
The moon brushing its top branches.

Evenings, before dinner, Gregory watched people get blown up on the news. One night the Viet Cong set a baby on fire. One night American helicopters hovered over some small North Vietnamese rice farms and left them in flames. One night, in a jungle, men with leaves on their hats threw flames from tree to tree. "Why don't you go out to play?" said Gregory's mother, irritably. Gregory leaned against a pillow and sucked his thumb. At the foot of the sofa his teddy bear leaned against a red cushion. Sometimes he watched the reflection of the television in its glass eyes.

At dinner one night, Gregory wanted carrots. He pointed meaningly at the blue china bowl. "What do you say, Gregory?" asked his mother, avoiding his eyes. Gregory tried desperately to reach across the table to the bowl, but his arms were too short. He let them drop into his lap and finished his dinner. When he went to bed he still wanted carrots.

Late at night, after Gregory had gone to bed, his parents stayed up watching late night talk shows. Sometimes Gregory took his pillow and afghan and climbed the stairs to listen to them. He would lay his pillow on the landing and sit on the second stair, his arm folded on the first. He sucked his thumb quietly and pulled at the wrinkles in his pillowcase. Once, the television was turned down and Gregory heard his mother talking at his father.

"In six weeks he hasn't said one word, Dave! He won't even say a simple word like carrot!" Gregory's father turned over, unhearing. Gregory's mother continued on, her voice becoming fevered, "He can't even ask for carrots at dinner. It's insane."

Gregory stood up and tried to walk quietly downstairs. "There's nothing wrong with him!" Gregory's mother went on, "He's just doing this to get attention. He's got to stop."

Gregory's foot caught in the afghan and he tumbled down the last of the staircase.

"What was that?" asked Gregory's mother, throwing off her covers and racing to the door. Her slick red nails clawed at the brass doorknob. She turned it slowly, then rushed through the door into the darkness of the landing. As
Miss Warner talked for forty minutes, but never said anything. Gregory's mother thought her a very rude woman.

One morning in class, Gregory drew a beautiful picture of a small blue and yellow house. Miss Warner walked by his desk.

"That's a very nice picture, Gregory."

Gregory did not say thank-you. He took a broken red crayon from his box and drew in three small people.

"People are not red, Gregory."

Gregory did not look up. Miss Warner took the red crayon from his hand and put a peach colored one into it. Gregory opened his hand and let the crayon drop to the desk. He picked up the red crayon and drew a tree into the picture. Miss Warner sighed and moved on to the little girl at the next desk who was drawing war pictures with a black crayon.

"That's a very nice picture, Alix."

"Thank-you, Miss Warner."

"But wouldn't you rather draw a pretty bird?"

Miss Warner took the black crayon out of her hand and put a turquoise one into it, and Alix drew a very nice picture of a bird.

Later, Gregory had to see the principal, Mr. Kadison. Mr. Kadison had a large office with an enormous desk, two black leather chairs, and a smoked glass picture window. Gregory knocked quietly on the door.

"Come in!" boomed Mr. Kadison jovially.

Mr. Kadison stood up and extended his hand across the desk. Gregory shook it gravely and heaved himself into the depths of the black leather visitor's chair. His feet could not touch the floor. Mr. Kadison adjusted his collar nervously; he felt uncomfortable with small children.

"Well, Greg, do you want to talk about it?"

Gregory was staring out the picture window. Several boys from his class were playing war. One of them pretended to step on a land mine, and threw himself backwards into the sand, tossing handfuls of it into the air. Gregory looked back at Mr. Kadison, and stared deep into his eyes, but didn't say anything.

Stacy Spencer

Watching Ravens Gather at Nightfall

Autumn whispers red
As dusk closes
Its black wings around the lakeshore.
I listen: ravens settle into the tops of oaks,
Calling upward with cocked heads,
Leaves falling into the breath of water.

A raven follows its shadow into the night;
By memory, the unseen
Path of underbrush takes me,
Wrapped in the rhythm of forest,
A night animal, green eyes
The only moons rising.

I cross a footpathed stream,
Listen for flocks
Of ravens to lift me, above tangled feathers
Of hemlock, to the stars.
Tina Ament

The Watcher

Every Saturday morning when I go to work at Lincoln's department store in the plaza, he's sitting on the same bench watching people. He has a newspaper, but I can tell he's not really reading. When I go down the street to Nell's for lunch, he's still there; I see him when I come out at five, too. He doesn't look more than 35, and he has on these little glasses that he's always squinting through. Everyone at Lincoln's thinks he's pretty strange, and more than once they've dared me to get adventurous and find out what's with him.

So this one Saturday morning we're real busy. At noontime I'm let off late from selling our new line of Skintone make-up. On my way back from lunch I see him reading the comics. "Hello," I say. It comes out without me even thinking.

He stiffens like he's been shot full of electricity. He's wearing a green army jacket and a homemade green scarf pulled over most of his face. The scarf doesn't quite match. I've heard that it's best to be straight forward with this type, so I dive right in, thinking I'll try to remember everything for Anne and Brenda at work.

"Why do you come to the plaza all the time," I ask him. "What do you do here?" He isn't really looking at his paper now, but he won't look at me. I wonder if that was the right approach after all. "I just like to read the paper and see people." His voice is softer than I expected it would be.

"Doesn't the plaza get boring, though?" I persist. "I mean, you're out here every day."

He squints up at me for a second, then shrinks back a little. "I like watching shoppers," he says. "Look there, that guy's a slick dresser. Buys a lot of his clothes at the Men's Den." Then he points to a woman windowshopping at Plaza Shoes, next door. "She's been looking at expensive shoes all week, but do you want to know something about her?"

Elise M. Breen

Armies of the Night

"And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night."

--- Matthew Arnold

One day Gregory stopped talking. He came home from school and wouldn't say anything at all. He just walked into his bedroom, sat down on the bed, and hummed softly to his teddy bear. He was only seven.

At first his parents didn't really notice. "Gregory's been awfully quiet lately, Dave."

"I'm sorry, Alice," he said, looking up distractedly from his law briefs, "what did you say?"

"I said, Gregory's been awfully quiet lately."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know-- it's hard to explain," Gregory's mother faltered. "Well, it can't be too terribly important," said Gregory's father, dismissing the subject, "if you can't tell me what the problem is."

"But Dave!"

"Probably just a phase, Alice. I'll talk to him about it."

"Well, don't forget," she said.

"Damn it, Alice, I won't forget!"

He forgot.

Then Gregory's teacher, Miss Warner, called them. She was tall and thin, believed in New Math and had a "love it or leave it" bumper sticker on her car.

"May I talk to you about Gregory?" she asked Gregory's mother.
James Wilson

On a Viet-namese War Protester, 1961

Dusk is still hours away
and the drone of artillery echoes
off Hanoi mountains
as a Buddhist monk prays. Draped in muslin
lotus-positioned and silent, he waits
dead center in the street-- beside him,
a drained gas can and matches.

There is an offer of peace
in his dark, flat eyes. There is a man
burning in protest.

"What's that?"

"She spends too much on drinks to be able to afford what she
wants. You work at Lincoln's, don't you?"

I start to ask how he knows that, but remember that I walk
past him three or four times a day. "Do you work?" I ask.

"I used to," he answers and begins folding part of the paper
into thin neat creases with his pale fingers. "The government
pays me now. I may start work again, when I'm ready."

"When you're ready?" I ask.

He looks down into the paper like he didn't want to talk. I'm
too far along to let that happen, so I ask one of those simple
questions designed to offend no one. "Where do you
live?"

"On Front Street."

I laugh a little then say sarcastically, "That's a big street." His
pale hands begin methodically folding the paper again, "Why
the hell does it matter so much to you?"

"I'm sorry, I shouldn't have asked," I said, wishing I hadn't
stopped to talk to him after all.

"I didn't mean to snap. I live at 434 Front."

"No, it's my fault, I really shouldn't have asked you that."

He cuts me off, "I've lived there since I got out of the
service."

"You were in the service?" I ask, "what was it like?" I
almost bit my tongue then, thinking that he didn't like talking
about work.

"It was hard." That's all he says.
"My uncle tells all kinds of stories about the army," I start to say.

"I'll bet most of them were just stories, though," he says, looking straight at me for the first time.

"I don't know about that," I say. "What did you do?"

"Well, I worked on special assignments. I guess you could call me a hunter of sorts." He keeps fidgeting while he's saying this and looking past me down the mall.

"Special?" I ask.

He looks up at me nervously and says, "Let's go have a cup of coffee somewhere. I never really talked to anyone about the service before." I think for a minute I'd like to get to know him better, but I can imagine what Anne and Brenda would say if they saw us drinking coffee together. I look quickly at the town clock. It says that it's five to one, and I've been late back from lunch too much lately. "I have to go back to work," I say, "but tomorrow at noon?"

He opens his paper and turns to the comics. "I can't really talk about it anyway," he says. From the way his voice sounds I know I've hurt his feelings, and forgetting Anne and Brenda I say, "We could talk after I get off work."

"O.K." he says, almost smiling, "I'll be here."

They ask about him at Lincoln's, but I don't say much. I hurry through an afternoon of Skintone and crowds, and when I leave at five, I walk down to the bench where he always sits. All that's there is a neatly folded newspaper. He never comes to the plaza anymore.

Judi Shulevitz

Dogs

The dogs are barking in the night. At the edge of fields they brush their fur flanks against trees and lift red-throated howls to the moon. When they pause in the still air of autumn, the sound of their feet stepping into fallen leaves floats up to my window.

I listen in the forest of my bed. Sheets twist around me like underbrush. I lie awake for hours, staring at the tops of pines, moon-white against black skies. Even birds, under the tuck of wings, stare at the pointed teeth of the dogs, alert and panting. I pull my head under and cannot shut my eyes.
Judi Shulevitz

Smokestacks

They rise along the highway
against a sky gray as a prison wall.
I huddle in the corner of the truck,
watching those black throats
breathe black clouds that stick to the windows.
The smell of singed hair burns
in through the vent. I shut my eyes,
pulling my knees close

and imagine the 0 of other chimneys
spewing bone ashes into a winter sky,
and men with no faces staring
beyond squatting barracks and work sheds
at the smoke of disembodied voices
rising toward the moon.

I fix on a point in the clock
as I feel you looking at the road,
at cars with windows tightly rolled.
The screams released
from each body burnt
echo in the low hum of barbed wire fences
and in the tires, as we drive
ahead in the slowly settling smoke.

Nina Moore

Calling the Dog

The dog on the side of the road
does not know he is dead. Each time
a car passes, the thick fur
on his neck shifts in the night.

He wants to get up
and follow the strange spasmatic dance
of his legs. Under the full moon

a John Deere sleeps in the half-cut field
of corn. And the clouds, sliding south,
go black at the edge of the woods.
Miles a way a back door opens. The farmer's wife
calls into the wind, her words
echoing into her throat. As she puts the dish
of scraps on the porch, she stops and listens,
the red tail-lights of a car
disappearing over the last hill.
Lisa Tennyson

Dana's Poem

I work from eight to five
with an hour for lunch
and two twenty minute breaks.
That's when we sit in the lounge
thumbing through old Mademoiselles.
I type fast and use a book
with 20,000 words to look up spelling
mistakes. I bring my own
returnable Pepsi bottles to work,
smoke in the bathroom when I'm not on break,
and leave the butts in the basket
next to the toilet.

Last month I got four days off
for my father's funeral.

I am pleasant and enjoy a good laugh.
On Tuesday and Thursday

nights I bowl in the leagues
at Timberlanes for Simplicity Pattern.
The highest I bowled was a 194.
Once, Paul, my husband, bowled
a perfect game. They gave him a beer
and put his name on the wall.

Tex Hart

Instructions for Becomin' a Ginu-wine Texan

First, git a pair of cowboy boots, and
take off them tacky clothes, here
this ten gallon hat will top the attire.

I reckon you should own a big Cadillac,
horns stickin' out the front like an angry bull.
Chew tobacco, dip snuff, smoke foot long cigars
with the local farmers in the barber shop.

Next, buy oil wells and a ranch with
rattlesnakes bathing besides the waterhole and
scaring off the bullfrogs.

Bobby-que everything on the grill outside, then
wash it down with Lone Star beer, while
watching the Dallas Cowboys.

Now change completely the way you
tawk. Draw out your words, make
one syllable two. Say "aig, arn, dawg, and bob war."

Then come to Texas, and when someone asks
"Where are ya from?" just tell 'em
"Well, I was barn and raised in Big D."
Whenever I hear the William Tell Overture or see leaves blowing across the street, I remember the fall of my seventh grade year. I had a good friend named Roseanne who could whistle the whole overture. She rode her brother's bike, and she could spit farther than anyone I knew. I'll never forget the day Roseanne and I went to Mrs. Weissberg's antique sale. It was after school. We were sitting outside the bakery finishing our donuts. Roseanne was telling me about the affairs all our favorite movie stars were having. I listened intently because my mother never let me buy the kinds of magazines Roseanne read. Roseanne knew about everything. I'm sure she knew more dirty words than anyone else at Parkway Middle.

"Almost ready to ride home?" I asked when we had finished our donuts.

"Let's take the long way and ride down Beechwood," she suggested. "I have an idea that could be really fun." As I unlocked the bikes and pulled dried leaves from the spokes, I tried to imagine what Roseanne wanted to do. I could have told her that I had to go home. But being able to call Roseanne my friend meant everything.

"Just follow me," Roseanne shouted as she rode off. "You have to do whatever I do," she told me as she ran her bike over the curb. She laughed as she bounced on her seat.

"That's not good for your bike Roseanne," I warned.

"You're just chicken," shouted Roseanne.

"I am not," I answered. I squeezed the handbrakes tightly as my bike rolled over the curb. I wondered what Roseanne had in mind. One time she pushed her next door neighbor, Dougie, off his scooter and then threatened to make him eat a worm if he told. I think worms are the grossest things alive, and I knew Roseanne could make him eat one if she wanted to.

As soon as we turned down Beechwood, Roseanne moved out into the middle of the street and took her hands off the handlebars. "No hands," she shouted, laughing. Telling her it was dangerous...
wouldn't do any good. "No hands," commanded Roseanne, looking back at me.

"But Rose...," I began.

"No hands," repeated Roseanne. The blue car I had heard behind us now honked at Roseanne. Putting her hands back on the handlebars, Roseanne moved to the side of the road. "You old bag," Roseanne yelled after the car. I almost told Roseanne then that I had to go home, but I didn't.

"Where are we going, Roseanne?" I asked.

"You'll see," she answered.

"Aw, come on. Please tell me," I begged.

"You vant that I tell?" Roseanne asked in an exaggerated German accent. Then she began to laugh. I knew then that we were going to Mrs. Weissburg's. Mrs. Weissburg was a crippled woman who lived four blocks from my house. On the first day of winter vacation, Mrs. Weissburg always invited all the neighborhood kids over for Christmas cookies. Last year, Roseanne broke one of her glass animals that she keeps on top of the piano. Mrs. Weissburg tried to console her, but I know Roseanne wasn't very sorry. Ever since then, she had made fun of Mrs. Weissburg's walk and her accent.

"Here we are," said Roseanne pointing to Mrs. Weissburg's brown brick house. A sign with the words "Antique Sale" written on it was pinned to a tree. "Follow me," she said, turning in the driveway. Roseanne had no trouble pedaling up the steep hill. "Hurry up, you slowpoke," she called to me. I got off my bike and walked it up the rest of the way. I locked the bikes together and followed Roseanne around to the back of the house. She walked directly over to a wobbly card table set up in front of a wooden shed. On the table was a shoe box with a rectangular section cut out of the top. Roseanne motioned me to her side. "Look in here," she said. I looked through the hole. Inside were a few crumpled dollar bills. "This is going to be fun," she told me. "Come on." Roseanne opened the gate, and I followed her to the back door. She knocked. I knew there was still time to tell her that I had to leave, but I didn't. After a few seconds, she knocked again; harder this time. Mrs. Weissburg opened the door. Her hair was black with streaks of grey, and she had it pulled back in one long pony tail.
"Roseanne, Kelly, come in. How nice you come and see me. I
don't have cookies today, but we make some. You want?" she asked
nodosing her head.
"Come in, come in."
"Well, we'd really like to see your antiques if you don't mind," said Roseanne. "We're so interested in the past." I looked at
Roseanne in surprise.
"Well, we'd really like to see your antiques if you don't mind," said Roseanne. "We're so interested in the past." I looked at
Roseanne in surprise.
"Of course you can see the antiques," Mrs. Weissburg was saying.
"You liked them much yesterday, Roseanne, no? I get my sweater."
"You were here yester..." I began when Mrs. Weissburg had gone.
"Shut up and listen," said Roseanne. "When she takes us back to
the shed, I'm going to tell her we forgot to lock the bikes," Rose-
anne instructed. "And then..."
"Then what?" I asked weakly. Roseanne began to whistle the
opening bars of the William Tell Overture.
"Then we split it fifty-fifty, ya?" she answered laughing. I
thought about trying to talk Roseanne out of it, but I knew she
wouldn't listen.
"Don't know why you girls want to see my old things," said
Mrs. Weissburg returning. "But you want to see, I show you," she
said leading us to the shed.
"We love to see things from the past, don't we Kelly?" Rosea-
anne asked. I nodded my head.
"Yes we do," I popped up when Roseanne jabbed me in the ribs.
"The past is so interesting." Roseanne smiled at me approvingly.
"What kind of things you girls want to see?" asked Mrs. Weiss-
burg.
"Oh, anything old," Roseanne answered. "Old things are so
much fun."
On a bench in Forest Park, a woman
Almost drove me crazy. God what a Walpurgis Night!

We began most courteously. I didn't say
Much-- she changed the subject
Every other minute-- I give piano lessons
At home, pay for my schooling. I'm a mortal enemy
Of the cigarette, and study shorthand
Through the mail. What do you think of obstetrics?

Fennel makes her sneeze--

And I dream my tonsils are being removed.
Yellow excites me. I'm planning to spend the holidays
In Linares. A month ago I got rid of my appendix.

Once she fell out of a eucalyptus tree.

And--as if this were nothing--she says
Her brother-in-law chases her: The other night
He broke into my room.

I recite one of Shakespeare's sonnets.

The truth is this: I can barely stand her.
I'll probably get rabies pretending I do--
Clever ideas occur to me. I also jabber
For the sake of jabbering. Everyone follows his own

Theory: Why don't we go to a hotel for awhile?

"Let me see what I have that you girls would like," said
Mrs. Weissburg as she pushed open the door of the musty shed.
"You want to see a doll?" she asked. "She's real China."

"Oh, we love dolls, don't we, Kelly?"

"Yes," I said dully. I turned my head and watched the leaves
blowing across the street. I wanted to get on my bike and ride
away. A blue station wagon was going toward my house.

"I see my mom's car," I said. "I'd really better go." Roseanne turned around.

"That wasn't your mom's car," she snapped. "Your station wagon is brown."

"Yes, I guess you're right," I told her.

"I think I even saved a dress or two," Mrs. Weissburg told us. "When I was your age, in the old country, I had one doll.
I used to dress her up and pretend she was going to a party at
a rich man's house. I had a best friend, too. We used to play
dolls..." Mrs. Weissburg babbled on. I was staring at Roseanne.
She had been looking at the box on the card table. She turned
to me and grinned.

"Here it comes," I thought. I swallowed hard.

"Did you lock the bikes, Kelly?" Roseanne interrupted. I
looked at Mrs. Weissburg and then at Roseanne. "Kelly," Roseanne
repeated, "Did you lock the bikes?"

"No," I said looking down. "I forgot."

"I'd better go back and lock them," Roseanne said. She
smiled sweetly. "You stay, Kelly. I wouldn't want you to miss
anything."

"Such a nice girl," Mrs. Weissburg sighed.

"I'll be right back," Roseanne almost sang as she headed out
the gate. Mrs. Weissburg tugged at my arm.
"Like I told you," she continued on. "My best friend and I would bring all..." I hardly listened as she talked on.

"See this tea set?" Mrs. Weissburg asked as she pointed to it.

"It's very nice," I told her.

"It was my grandmother's back in the old country. She used it on Sundays to serve company." She handed me one of the cups. I traced one of the pale pink roses with my finger. I didn't know how to begin to tell her about Roseanne.

"I hope I didn't miss much," said Roseanne as she walked back into the shed. She was smiling triumphantly.

"I really think we should be going, don't you Kelly?" Roseanne asked.

"Yes, we'd better go," I answered mechanically.

"You girls come visit again soon. Next time, I have cookies for you," Mrs. Weissburg told us. "You like?"

"Oh, yes," answered Roseanne. "But we really have to leave."

"You girls stay longer next time," said Mrs. Weissburg as we walked to our bikes.

"We get two fifty each," Roseanne whispered excitedly.

"I don't want it," I whispered back.

"Of course you do," Roseanne told me while I was unlocking the bikes. Mrs. Weissburg stood at the top of the driveway waving as we rode off.

"Come again. Good by. Come again," she called. The wind blew dried leaves across the street as we rode home. Hands waving in the air, Roseanne whistled the whole William Tell Overture and laughed.

I always wished I had turned around and told Mrs. Weissburg. I stopped riding past her house on the way home from school, and
Street Light

a lamp burns
in the city's broad mind,
its face
covered with roads,
old webs,
a spider,
a person in a far window.

a dull sun
dying in the night
as crowds pass,
a shadow playing on them,
flickers,
a moth
breathes up against the light

mother, come watch

I didn't go to her house for Christmas cookies ever again. Roseanne and I were put in different reading classes, and I tried to avoid her as much as possible. I wanted to tell Mrs. Weissburg sometime and pay her back, but she died a year later. Six months after that, Roseanne moved to the West Coast, and I never saw her again.
Late Snow as Viewed from a Window

The snow is late coming. She stands at the window, watches the first flakes swerve against pines, swirl into drifts.

The clock echoes the wind in the trees.

Every hour the snow dies, the first fallen is buried with the leaves, the garden hose, and old papers blown from the trash.

A loose board taps against the house; it vibrates through the walls and floors through the dust of cracks.

The gravel road pushes itself beneath a cover turning from brown to white.

No car lights pass tonight.

Wind's Harvest

It all begins with the wind in the fields, lifting loose soil from furrows, carrying it inches away, uprooting the plants that had grown through summer.

Wind... through oak trees, shaking from branches the parched bodies of leaves; through a cornfield, raising and lowering the husks against the surrounding stalks; through the roadside twisting apart dead flowering weeds.

But it is winter that pulls the wind with its leaves and husks and stalks and weeds over the edge of the valley and down where the snow will anchor them under.
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The gravel road pushes itself beneath a cover 
turning from brown to white.

No car lights pass tonight.

---

Wind's Harvest

It all begins with the wind 
in the fields, lifting 
loose soil from furrows, 
carrying it inches away, 
uprooting the plants 
that had grown through summer.

Through oak trees, 
shaking from branches the parched 

bodies of leaves; 
through a cornfield, 
raising and lowering the husks 
against the surrounding stalks; 
through the roadside 
twisting apart dead flowering weeds.

But it is winter that pulls 
the wind with its leaves 
and husks and stalks and weeds 
over the edge of the valley 
and down 
where the snow will anchor them under.
I didn't go to her house for Christmas cookies ever again. Roseanne and I were put in different reading classes, and I tried to avoid her as much as possible. I wanted to tell Mrs. Weissburg sometime and pay her back, but she died a year later. Six months after that, Roseanne moved to the West Coast, and I never saw her again.

Nick Thorndike

Street Light

a lamp burns
in the city's broad mind,
it's face
covered with roads,
old webs,
a spider,
a person in a far window.
a dull sun
dying in the night
as crowds pass,
a shadow playing on them,
flickers,
a moth
breathes up against the light

mother, come watch
"Like I told you," she continued on. "My best friend and I would bring all..." I hardly listened as she talked on.

"See this tea set?" Mrs. Weissburg asked as she pointed to it.

"It's very nice," I told her.

"It was my grandmother's back in the old country. She used it on Sundays to serve company." She handed me one of the cups. I traced one of the pale pink roses with my finger. I didn't know how to begin to tell her about Roseanne.

"I hope I didn't miss much," said Roseanne as she walked back into the shed. She was smiling triumphantly.

"I really think we should be going, don't you Kelly?" Roseanne asked.

"Yes, we'd better go," I answered mechanically.

"You girls come visit again soon. Next time, I have cookies for you," Mrs. Weissburg told us. "You like?"

"Oh, yes," answered Roseanne. "But we really have to leave."

"You girls stay longer next time," said Mrs. Weissburg as we walked to our bikes.

"We get two fifty each," Roseanne whispered excitedly.

"I don't want it," I whispered back.

"Of course you do," Roseanne told me while I was unlocking the bikes. Mrs. Weissburg stood at the top of the driveway waving as we rode off.

"Come again. Good by. Come again," she called. The wind blew dried leaves across the street as we rode home. Hands waving in the air, Roseanne whistled the whole William Tell Overture and laughed.

I always wished I had turned around and told Mrs. Weissburg. I stopped riding past her house on the way home from school, and
Doug Stanton

Clever Ideas Occur to Me

a translation of Nicanor Parra's Se Me Ocurren Ideas Luminosas

On a bench in Forest Park, a woman
Almost drove me crazy. God what a Walpurgis Night!

We began most courteously. I didn't say
Much--- she changed the subject
Every other minute--- I give piano lessons
At home, pay for my schooling. I'm a mortal enemy
Of the cigarette, and study shorthand
Through the mail. What do you think of obstetrics?

Fennel makes her sneeze---

And I dream my tonsils are being removed.
Yellow excites me. I'm planning to spend the holidays
In Linares. A month ago I got rid of my appendix.

Once she fell out of a eucalyptus tree.

And---as if this were nothing---she says
Her brother-in-law chases her: The other night
He broke into my room.

I recite one of Shakespeare's sonnets.

The truth is this: I can barely stand her.
I'll probably get rabies pretending I do---
Clever ideas occur to me. I also jabber
For the sake of jabbering. Everyone follows his own

Theory: Why don't we go to a hotel for awhile?

"Let me see what I have that you girls would like," said
Mrs. Weissburg as she pushed open the door of the musty shed. "You want to see a doll?" she asked. "She's real China."

"Oh, we love dolls, don't we, Kelly?"

"Yes," I said dully. I turned my head and watched the leaves blowing across the street. I wanted to get on my bike and ride away. A blue station wagon was going toward my house.

"I see my mom's car," I said. "I'd really better go." Roseanne turned around.

"That wasn't your mom's car," she snapped. "Your station wagon is brown."

"Yes, I guess you're right," I told her.

"I think I even saved a dress or two," Mrs. Weissburg told us. "When I was your age, in the old country, I had one doll. I used to dress her up and pretend she was going to a party at a rich man's house. I had a best friend, too. We used to play dolls..." Mrs. Weissburg babbled on. I was staring at Roseanne. She had been looking at the box on the card table. She turned to me and grinned.

"Here it comes," I thought. I swallowed hard.

"Did you lock the bikes, Kelly?" Roseanne interrupted. I looked at Mrs. Weissburg and then at Roseanne. "Kelly," Roseanne repeated, "Did you lock the bikes?"

"No," I said looking down. "I forgot."

"I'd better go back and lock them," Roseanne said. She smiled sweetly. "You stay, Kelly. I wouldn't want you to miss anything."

"Such a nice girl," Mrs. Weissburg sighed.

"I'll be right back," Roseanne almost sang as she headed out the gate. Mrs. Weissburg tugged at my arm.
wouldn't do any good. "No hands," commanded Roseanne, looking back at me.

"But Rose...," I began.

"No hands," repeated Roseanne. The blue car I had heard behind us now honked at Roseanne. Putting her hands back on the handlebars, Roseanne moved to the side of the road. "You old bag," Roseanne yelled after the car. I almost told Roseanne then that I had to go home, but I didn't.

"Where are we going, Roseanne?" I asked.

"You'll see," she answered.

"Aw, come on. Please tell me," I begged.

"You vant that I tell?" Roseanne asked in an exaggerated German accent. Then she began to laugh. I knew then that we were going to Mrs. Weissburg's. Mrs. Weissburg was a crippled woman who lived four blocks from my house. On the first day of winter vacation, Mrs. Weissburg always invited all the neighborhood kids over for Christmas cookies. Last year, Roseanne broke one of her glass animals that she keeps on top of the piano. Mrs. Weissburg tried to console her, but I know Roseanne wasn't very sorry. Ever since then, she had made fun of Mrs. Weissburg's walk and her accent.

"Here we are," said Roseanne pointing to Mrs. Weissburg's brown brick house. A sign with the words "Antique Sale" written on it was pinned to a tree. "Follow me," she said, turning in the driveway. Roseanne had no trouble pedaling up the steep hill. "Hurry up, you slowpoke," she called to me. I got off my bike and walked it up the rest of the way. I locked the bikes together and followed Roseanne around to the back of the house. She walked directly over to a wobbly card table set up in front of a wooden shed. On the table was a shoe box with a rectangular section cut out of the top. Roseanne motioned me to her side. "Look in here," she said. I looked through the hole. Inside were a few crumpled dollar bills. "This is going to be fun," she told me. "Come on." Roseanne opened the gate, and I followed her to the back door. She knocked. I knew there was still time to tell her that I had to leave, but I didn't. After a few seconds, she knocked again; harder this time. Mrs. Weissburg opened the door. Her hair was black with streaks of grey, and she had it pulled back in one long pony tail.
Whenever I hear the William Tell Overture or see leaves blowing across the street, I remember the fall of my seventh grade year. I had a good friend named Roseanne who could whistle the whole overture. She rode her brother's bike, and she could spit farther than anyone I knew. I'll never forget the day Roseanne and I went to Mrs. Weissberg's antique sale. It was after school. We were sitting outside the bakery finishing our donuts. Roseanne was telling me about the affairs all our favorite movie stars were having. I listened intently because my mother never let me buy the kinds of magazines Roseanne read. Roseanne knew about everything. I'm sure she knew more dirty words than anyone else at Parkway Middle.

"Almost ready to ride home?" I asked when we had finished our donuts.

"Let's take the long way and ride down Beechwood," she suggested. "I have an idea that could be really fun." As I unlocked the bikes and pulled dried leaves from the spokes, I tried to imagine what Roseanne wanted to do. I could have told her that I had to go home. But being able to call Roseanne my friend meant everything.

"Just follow me," Roseanne shouted as she rode off. "You have to do whatever I do," she told me as she ran her bike over the curb. She laughed as she bounced on her seat.

"That's not good for your bike Roseanne," I warned.

"You're just chicken," shouted Roseanne.

"I am not," I answered. I squeezed the handbrakes tightly as my bike rolled over the curb. I wondered what Roseanne had in mind. One time she pushed her next door neighbor, Dougie, off his scooter and then threatened to make him eat a worm if he told. I think worms are the grossest things alive, and I knew Roseanne could make him eat one if she wanted to.

As soon as we turned down Beechwood, Roseanne moved out into the middle of the street and took her hands off the handlebars. "No hands," she shouted, laughing. Telling her it was dangerous
Lisa Tennyson

Dana's Poem

I work from eight to five
with an hour for lunch
and two twenty minute breaks.
That's when we sit in the lounge
thumbing through old Mademoiselles.
I type fast and use a book
with 20,000 words to look up spelling
mistakes. I bring my own
returnable Pepsi bottles to work,
smoke in the bathroom when I'm not on break,
and leave the butts in the basket
next to the toilet.

Last month I got four days off
for my father's funeral.

I am pleasant and enjoy a good laugh.
On Tuesday and Thursday

nights I bowl in the leagues
at Timberlanes for Simplicity Pattern.
The highest I bowled was a 194.
Once, Paul, my husband, bowled
a perfect game. They gave him a beer
and put his name on the wall.

Tex Hart

Instructions for Becomin' a Ginu-wine Texan

First, git a pair of cowboy boots, and
take off them tacky clothes, here
this ten gallon hat will top the attire.

I reckon you should own a big Cadillac,
horns stickin' out the front like an angry bull.
Chew tobacco, dip snuff, smoke foot long cigars
with the local farmers in the barber shop.

Next, buy oil wells and a ranch with
rattlesnakes bathing besides the waterhole and
scaring off the bullfrogs.

Bobby-que everything on the grill outside, then
wash it down with Lone Star beer, while
watching the Dallas Cowboys.

Now change completely the way you
tawk. Draw out your words, make
one syllable two. Say "aig, arn, dawg, and bob war."

Then come to Texas, and when someone asks
"Where are ya from?" just tell 'em
"Well, I was barn and raised in Big D."
Smokestacks

They rise along the highway
against a sky gray as a prison wall.
I huddle in the corner of the truck,
watching those black throats
breathe black clouds that stick to the windows.
The smell of singed hair burns
in through the vent. I shut my eyes,
pulling my knees close
and imagine the 0 of other chimneys
spewing bone ashes into a winter sky,
and men with no faces staring
beyond squatting barracks and work sheds
at the smoke of disembodied voices
rising toward the moon.

I fix on a point in the clock
as I feel you looking at the road,
at cars with windows tightly rolled.
The screams released
from each body burnt
echo in the low hum of barbed wire fences
and in the tires, as we drive
ahead in the slowly settling smoke.

Calling the Dog

The dog on the side of the road
does not know he is dead. Each time
a car passes, the thick fur
on his neck shifts in the night.

He wants to get up
and follow the strange spasmatic dance
of his legs. Under the full moon

a John Deere sleeps in the half-cut field
of corn. And the clouds, sliding south,
go black at the edge of the woods.
Miles a way a back door opens. The farmer's wife
calls into the wind, her words
echoing into her throat. As she puts the dish
of scraps on the porch, she stops and listens,
the red tail-lights of a car
disappearing over the last hill.
"My uncle tells all kinds of stories about the army," I start to say.

"I'll bet most of them were just stories, though," he says, looking straight at me for the first time.

"I don't know about that," I say. "What did you do?"

"Well, I worked on special assignments. I guess you could call me a hunter of sorts." He keeps fidgeting while he's saying this and looking past me down the mall.

"Special?" I ask.

He looks up at me nervously and says, "Let's go have a cup of coffee somewhere. I never really talked to anyone about the service before." I think for a minute I'd like to get to know him better, but I can imagine what Anne and Brenda would say if they saw us drinking coffee together. I look quickly at the town clock. It says that it's five to one, and I've been late back from lunch too much lately. "I have to go back to work," I say, "but tomorrow at noon?"

He opens his paper and turns to the comics. "I can't really talk about it anyway," he says. From the way his voice sounds I know I've hurt his feelings, and forgetting Anne and Brenda I say, "We could talk after I get off work."

"O.K." he says, almost smiling, "I'll be here."

They ask about him at Lincoln's, but I don't say much. I hurry through an afternoon of Skintone and crowds, and when I leave at five, I walk down to the bench where he always sits. All that's there is a neatly folded newspaper. He never comes to the plaza anymore.

Judi Shulevitz

Dogs

The dogs are barking in the night. At the edge of fields they brush their fur flanks against trees and lift red-throated howls to the moon. When they pause in the still air of autumn, the sound of their feet stepping into fallen leaves floats up to my window.

I listen in the forest of my bed. Sheets twist around me like underbrush. I lie awake for hours, staring at the tops of pines, moon-white against black skies. Even birds, under the tuck of wings, stare at the pointed teeth of the dogs, alert and panting. I pull my head under and cannot shut my eyes.
On a Viet-namese War Protester, 1961

Dusk is still hours away
and the drone of artillery echoes
off Hanoi mountains
as a Buddhist monk prays. Draped in muslin
lotus-positioned and silent, he waits
dead center in the street-- beside him,
a drained gas can and matches.

There is an offer of peace
in his dark, flat eyes. There is a man
burning in protest.

"What's that?"

"She spends too much on drinks to be able to afford what she
wants. You work at Lincoln's, don't you?"

I start to ask how he knows that, but remember that I walk
past him three or four times a day. "Do you work?" I ask.

"I used to," he answers and begins folding part of the paper
into thin neat creases with his pale fingers. "The government
pays me now. I may start work again, when I'm ready."

"When you're ready?" I ask.

He looks down into the paper like he didn't want to talk. I'm
too far along to let that happen, so I ask one of those simple
questions designed to offend no one. "Where do you
live?"

"On Front Street."

I laugh a little then say sarcastically, "That's a big street." His
pale hands begin methodically folding the paper again, "Why
the hell does it matter so much to you?"

"I'm sorry, I shouldn't have asked," I said, wishing I hadn't
stopped to talk to him after all.

"I didn't mean to snap. I live at 434 Front."

"No, it's my fault, I really shouldn't have asked you that."

He cuts me off, "I've lived there since I got out of the
service."

"You were in the service?" I ask, "what was it like?" I
almost bit my tongue then, thinking that he didn't like talking
about work.

"It was hard." That's all he says.
Tina Ament

The Watcher

Every Saturday morning when I go to work at Lincoln's department store in the plaza, he's sitting on the same bench watching people. He has a newspaper, but I can tell he's not really reading. When I go down the street to Nell's for lunch, he's still there; I see him when I come out at five, too. He doesn't look more than 35, and he has on these little glasses that he's always squinting through. Everyone at Lincoln's thinks he's pretty strange, and more than once they've dared me to get adventurous and find out what's with him.

So this one Saturday morning we're really busy. At noontime I'm let off late from selling our new line of Skintone make-up. On my way back from lunch I see him reading the comics. "Hello," I say. It comes out without me even thinking.

He stiffens like he's been shot full of electricity. He's wearing a green army jacket and a homemade green scarf pulled over most of his face. The scarf doesn't quite match. I've heard that it's best to be straightforward with this type, so I dive right in, thinking I'll try to remember everything for Anne and Brenda at work.

"Why do you come to the plaza all the time," I ask him. "What do you do here?" He isn't really looking at his paper now, but he won't look at me. I wonder if that was the right approach after all. "I just like to read the paper and see people," his voice is softer than I expected it would be.

"Doesn't the plaza get boring, though?" I persist. "I mean, you're out here every day."

He squints up at me for a second, then shrinks back a little. "I like watching shoppers," he says. "Look there, that guy's a slick dresser. Buys a lot of his clothes at the Men's Den." Then he points to a woman windowshopping at Plaza Shoes, next door. "She's been looking at expensive shoes all week, but do you want to know something about her?"

Elise M. Breen

Armies of the Night

"And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night."
--- Matthew Arnold

One day Gregory stopped talking. He came home from school and wouldn't say anything at all. He just walked into his bedroom, sat down on the bed, and hummed softly to his teddy bear. He was only seven.

At first his parents didn't really notice. "Gregory's been unusually quiet lately, Dave."

"I'm sorry, Alice," he said, looking up distractedly from his law briefs, "what did you say?"

"I said, Gregory's been unusually quiet lately."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know-- it's hard to explain," Gregory's mother faltered. "Well, it can't be too terribly important," said his father, dismissing the subject, "if you can't tell me what the problem is."

"But Dave!"

"Probably just a phase, Alice. I'll talk to him about it."

"Well, don't forget," she said.

"Damn it, Alice, I won't forget!"

He forgot.

Then Gregory's teacher, Miss Warner, called them. She was tall and thin, believed in New Math and had a "love it or leave it" bumper sticker on her car.

"May I talk to you about Gregory?" she asked Gregory's mother.
Miss Warner talked for forty minutes, but never said anything. Gregory's mother thought her a very rude woman.

One morning in class, Gregory drew a beautiful picture of a small blue and yellow house. Miss Warner walked by his desk.

"That's a very nice picture, Gregory." Gregory did not say thank-you. He took a broken red crayon from his box and drew in three small people.

"People are not red, Gregory." Gregory did not look up. Miss Warner took the red crayon from his hand and put a peach colored one into it. Gregory opened his hand and let the crayon drop to the desk. He picked up the red crayon and drew a tree into the picture. Miss Warner sighed and moved on to the little girl at the next desk who was drawing war pictures with a black crayon.

"That's a very nice picture, Alix." "Thank-you, Miss Warner." "But wouldn't you rather draw a pretty bird?" Miss Warner took the black crayon out of her hand and put a turquoise one into it, and Alix drew a very nice picture of a bird.

Later, Gregory had to see the principal, Mr. Kadison. Mr. Kadison had a large office with an enormous desk, two black leather chairs, and a smoked glass picture window. Gregory knocked quietly on the door.

"Come in!" boomed Mr. Kadison jovially. Mr. Kadison stood up and extended his hand across the desk. Gregory shook it gravely and heaved himself into the depths of the black leather visitor's chair. His feet could not reach the floor. Mr. Kadison adjusted his collar nervously; he felt uncomfortable with small children.

"Well, Greg, do you want to talk about it?" Gregory was staring out the picture window. Several boys from his class were playing war. One of them pretended to step on a land mine, and threw himself backwards into the sand, tossing handfuls of it into the air. Gregory looked back at Mr. Kadison, and stared deep into his eyes, but didn't say anything.

Stacy Spencer

Watching Ravens Gather at Nightfall

Autumn whispers red
As dusk closes
Its black wings around the lakeshore.
I listen: ravens settle into the tops of oaks,
Calling upward with cocked heads.
Leaves falling into the breath of water.

A raven follows its shadow into the night;
By memory, the unseen
Path of underbrush takes me,
Wrapped in the rhythm of forest,
A night animal, green eyes
The only moons rising.

I cross a footpathed stream,
Listen for flocks
Of ravens to lift me, above tangled feathers
Of hemlock, to the stars.
Stacy Spencer

Under the Universe

Tonight stars pierce trees
As I stand overlooking the lake:
The sky below in the black
Water reaches to touch me, naked
In cold air. The far shore
Moves, headlights weaving
Between hill and houses.

I feel the movement of the earth
Tilting backwards
Into the edge of the sky. Night fills
The crevices. I grip

The bark of an oak, planting
My feet against its roots,
The moon brushing its top branches.

Evenings, before dinner, Gregory watched people get blown up on the news. One night the Viet Cong set a baby on fire. One night American helicopters hovered over some small North Vietnamese rice farms and left them in flames. One night, in a jungle, men with leaves on their hats threw flames from tree to tree. "Why don't you go out to play?" said Gregory's mother, irritably. Gregory leaned against a pillow and sucked his thumb. At the foot of the sofa his teddy bear leaned against a red cushion. Sometimes he watched the reflection of the television in its glass eyes.

At dinner one night, Gregory wanted carrots. He pointed meaningly at the blue china bowl. "What do you say, Gregory?" asked his mother, avoiding his eyes. Gregory tried desperately to reach across the table to the bowl, but his arms were too short. He let them drop into his lap and finished his dinner. When he went to bed he still wanted carrots.

Late at night, after Gregory had gone to bed, his parents stayed up watching late night talk shows. Sometimes Gregory took his pillow and afghan and climbed the stairs to listen to them. He would lay his pillow on the landing and sit on the second stair, his arm folded on the first. He sucked his thumb quietly and pulled at the wrinkles in his pillowcase. Once, the television was turned down and Gregory heard his mother talking at his father.

"In six weeks he hasn't said one word, Dave! He won't even say a simple word like carrot!" Gregory's father turned over, unhearing. Gregory's mother continued on, her voice becoming fevered, "He can't even ask for carrots at dinner. It's insane."

Gregory stood up and tried to walk quietly downstairs. "There's nothing wrong with him!" Gregory's mother went on, "He's just doing this to get attention. He's got to stop."

Gregory's foot caught in the afghan and he tumbled down the last of the staircase.
"What was that?" asked Gregory's mother, throwing off her covers and racing to the door. Her slick red nails clawed at the brass doorknob. She turned it slowly, then rushed through the door into the darkness of the landing. As
her eyes adjusted to the dark she saw Gregory at the bottom of the staircase, trying to disentangle himself from his afghan. She flew down the stairs, leaping the last five, and landed with a violence that rattled the plates and pictures on the walls around her.

"You were listening!" She took him by the shoulders and shook him until his head rolled around uncontrollably. "You were listening!" She stopped shaking him and held him still in front of her. It was very quiet, except for the buzz of the television. "You say carrot," she said finally. Gregory stared blankly at her. He was finding it increasingly difficult to understand her speech.

"Carrr--ottt" she said over and over again. Gregory stopped breathing for a moment, and listened carefully to what his mother was saying. "Carrr-ottt" she said holding the 't' sound menacingly. Gregory could no longer understand his mother's speech, and when she left him heaped with his pillow and afghan, he cried for that.

One morning, after breakfast, Gregory's mother put him into the green station wagon, with his teddy bear and a black vinyl suitcase. She drove him far out into the country to a grey cinder-block building surrounded by huge white pines. Behind the building was a large playground. twenty small children silently crawled over monkey bars and pumped swings. Gregory would be the twenty-first.

"We are developing new ways to reach these children," a serious man in a grey suit told Gregory's mother. Gregory was standing on a chair making faces into a mirror: "What a darling little boy!" exclaimed a volunteer worker. Gregory stopped making faces and stared deep into her eyes. He jumped off the chair, picked up his teddy bear and started to walk out to the car. The man in the grey suit hurried to his side and turned him around.

"Now Gregory, wouldn't you like to go out to the playground?" Gregory stared at the man, then at the volunteer worker, then at his mother; he stared deep into the teddy bear's glass eyes.

Eventually he went out to the playground.

Lisa Shirley

Night

Her light is on, you watch
her undress, dreaming
she will step to the open window
and out onto the ledge.

Her body stands framed
long and white in glassy heat;
her face, shadow-dark
reveals nothing.

She is balanced, then flailing
and she waves to you, her hand
a fluttering moth.

You watch her twist
and you wish for her arms
to grow feathers, anything
to carry her up and back.

But the street pulls at her
and the wind sucks her breath,
leaving you with nothing to inhale.
Elizabeth Armstrong

Abandoned House

You stand across the room,
flat pink flowers curling upward
on wallpaper.
The floor, a bare wood wave,
rolls softly to the far wall.

All morning
sunlight washes through a half-opened window
and divides your face
with a shadow.
Contributor's Notes:

Nina Moore: "The animal, and senses immediately related."

Cynthia Hecht: "When I fall I would fall to my sounding..."
- Galway Kinnell

Tex Hart: "I had to leave Texas to realize that the idiosyncracies, braggadocio and rough-and-tumble of Texas were not things to be ashamed of."
- Lea Donosky

Nick Thorndike: "Stand in a row and learn."
- W.S. Merwin

Doug Stanton: "Adam invented writing."
- a legend

Lisa Shirley: "How thin, how wretchedly thin you have grown. You must have been suffering from poetry again."
- Li Po

Judi Shulevitz: "It was foreseen that the city of mirrors (or images) would be wiped out by the wind and exited from the memory of men...because races condemned to one hundred years of solitude did not have a second chance on earth."
- Gabriel García Márquez


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Elizabeth Armstrong: "Opinions--- how they do love their opinions!"
-Tom Ferrid

Amanda Holmes: "If the black loon calls you on the shores of Lake Michigan, answer in the morning."

James Wilson: "ADVICE: If you count your chickens before they hatch, and there's no water in the well, then your golden goose will be killed once by two stones from glass houses."

Elise M. Breen: It is said she sprang from a snowbank in early spring on a night when the moon was as bright as the sun.

Tina Ament: "There is ever a song somewhere."
-James Whitcomb Riley

Stacy Spencer: "The superior man understands what is right; the inferior man understands what will sell."
red:

1 a color whose hue resembles that of the long-wave extreme of the visible spectrum
2 having red as a distinguishing color
3 heated to redness: GLOWING
4 inciting or endorsing radical social or political change especially by force