Eric Schneider: Is not the type of boy who had dirty ears as a child; you must believe this.

Beth Wolfson: zzz...
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ART WORK

Andy Rockwood  ZAPPA, "WATCH OUT FOR BROKEN GLASS" (Drawings)

Ellen Campbell  DENIM CLOTHES, SEEDPOD (Drawings)

David E. Harris  BARN (Photograph)

Notes on Contributors

Sally Alatalo: "Everybody knows there are small boats of joy cruising their veins"

from "Almost Dancing"

-Thomas Lux

Ellen Campbell: Ellen's ears redden every morning: She listens, even for the paint cracking off walls.

Jack Driscoll: Says he wants "something good" A few fish, scratches his beard. And, oh those words...

David E. Harris: David has been known to "regard" one snowdrift for an hour.

Elizabeth Holmes: Interest: human. Plans a career in international law.

Carolyn Masear: Carolyn does everything out of necessity.

Rosalie Matchett

David Perk: An organ filling with blood, that mute lewd cry: writing.

Andy Rockwood: "Eyes capable of cracking pebbles

smiles without thinking

for each dream

squalls of snow cries

lakes of nudity

and uprooted shadows."

-Paul Eluard

INTERLOCHEN ARTS ACADEMY

INTERLOCHEN, MICHIGAN 49643
in despair, she still stared into the sky, tears streaming down her cheeks. In an instant, she excused herself, averting her face, refusing to meet my eyes. I should not have waited, but caught her in the street; but I was slow and the pale dress vanished before I thought to move.

And even as I paced the cobbled block of street to her room, my mind was empty save for a mute concern and curiosity. So Cozuelio, imagine the horror, the disbelief as I entered the open door and found no woman crying, no clothes scattered across the bed, no books, no skulls, no evidence of life. Just the dusty floor, just a single chair, just the empty closet. Just the cold brick ceiling hanging over all, hanging as though by magic over the empty, utterly empty room.

...Cozuelio, Cozuelio...

Does life hold symbols, Cozuelio? The waiter, should I ask him what he stands for and evoke his mute amazement? The slaughterhouse, the scissors-shop; what meaning does a crow convey? What thesis, what conclusion to this unfinished tale do they imply? Cozuelio, you know I live to drink from my two cupped hands with the pleasure of one who has found water rather than conquered it. But does it surprise you to hear me say that I must find her? That I turn to you for aid? This tearing off, so violent, so inexplicable to me; it is too sudden, too filled with imposing threat for me to think that it can be the last I ever see of her... Cozuelio, my senses reel, they tell me that this cannot be the stiff conclusion.

---

Elizabeth Holmes

DROWNING

At night, she moans and rolls down the beach toward swelling layers of shapeless sea.

In water, seafoam licks her skin. Waterweeds twine leaves in and out through her.

Like a raincloud in water her shadow lifts and sways, tired thighs rock loose on the floor. Her eyes don't feel salt as they stare through water at nightbirds flying in light of the moon.

An iridescent globe, her belly rounds the surface and shines like an oily seabag.
Rosalie Matchett

TWO DREAMS

one

Tonight, Vivian dreamed Toronto died. She dreamed she went to Bear Island to pick up her mail and the Indian did not sit a glum plum on her stool, her face wasn’t dull like the flat gray rocks. Instead she was a grinning cat. She flung her arms into the air and whispered in to Vivian’s ear, “Toronto is dead, the ground split in half last night, the city fell through and Lake Ontario seeped into the crack drowning the whole mass of dead concrete.” She smiled and purred, “The people looked like insects moving in slow swarms. They tried to attack the whole lake,” she roared, rolling her eyes. Vivian was relieved Toronto died, its thick concrete sunk into the stinking lake. The Indian stood up from her stool and leaned so close to Vivian’s ear she could feel the wet breath moving on her skin. “Seagulls peck at bits of bodies that float to the surface.”

Vivian woke up and went down to the lake. Black water everywhere except for a smooth white line where the moon shone. She sat on the gray rocks and could here the Indian dogs howling on Bear Island. They always howled, they howled for the black string of mainland knotted around this lake. They howled for Lake Tenenogami, Lake Wikimaka, Obabika, they howled. They howled the Indian’s dreams, they howled Vivian’s dreams. In shallow water, she fingered between small rocks for crayfish. She slipped into the lake letting weeds and beautiful water-hemlock slide across her stomach. She lay on her back kicking the water, splashes turned to white quartz in the moonlight.

Does this then tell you, Cozuemel, how we came to that beach, that kiss? The longest night of my life, each hour opening into the next....I remember she bit me, as a lover bites, the moon a spare sickle in the sky, the cry of a dog or a train rolling low across the trees. The cowskull lay between our feet, pale as her dress, pale as any biscuit made of ash. In the cafe, eating without forks, mashing the steak between our teeth, walking the inky, cobbled block of street, eating flan from a plate with one tinfoil spoon; in her room, now so near and ignorant of the end, watching her as I have watched you, Cozuemel, drinking beer...wiping the coarse foam from her lips with the back of her wrist, amid cowskulls crowded between books and scattered cowskulls staring from shelf and floor. And then the rush to the ocean and its endless voice, the mumbling, hissing whisper, the suck and crash of salt. The sand cupped like a palm around the marks we left like shoulders, hips and knees... those palms of the body...

Cozuemel, if you were to meet a man, by chance, who spoke with a touch or a look, who seemed to know you from before, when there was no before, who already knew your body in a way that gave you pleasure... would you not follow him? Would you not turn your head to see where he had gone?

Nearing dawn we sat on the roofless patio of that same cafe, clinging to the night as stars cling against the fall of day. For moments now, she stared into the sky. When the waiter came, her arm went out like the vowels of her words as she asked him the name of a certain star. He followed the line of her hand, as did I, then, finding the star, told her. That is the eye of the crow, he said. And there, the beak, and there, the claws, and there, the open wings. And I, ignorant, about to smile, turned my head, brought my eyes away from the screaming bird. The waiter, in his embarrassment, mirrored my surprise: mouth twisted.
in an instant but as surely as the young daughter vanished into the sireless crone who shuffled towards me, her eyes dark as fish eggs and seeing only dust. As surely, perhaps, as she vanished that second final night, the brick ceiling left hanging as though by magic over the empty, utterly empty room.

But fill your glass again, Cozuemel, as I tell you of that second night. Admire the thick foam leaping for the glasses' rim as I tell you of the smell of the slaughterhouse reaching across the fields, and of the building's brutal sides turning golden in the advancing dusk. And I, standing alone in the brown, knee-high grass, the ripe, tepid breeze washing across my face. As, that coming night, the waves would wash my feet... need I tell you that I ran when I saw that pale dress, the color of ash? And that she turned to me as though turning to a familiar lover and smiled and spoke and took my hands. Cozuemel, in her quick dry grip she took me behind the killinghouse, around the corner of the golden wall to the back field, trampled, shadowed, grey, littered with the discarded, sun-cleaned skulls of each cow killed.

And she lifted one to the sinking sun: her thin arms heaving the pale insect into air, her eye examining each quick fissure of bone, cataloging each chip and crack. Then she tossed it aside and seize a new one up, and another and another; then I seized one ard together we heaved the sleek skulls into the darkening air, filling the eyes, the nostrils, the missing teeth with the shadows of evening.

So Cozuemel, communication is this? A man and a woman lifting skulls beneath a dark sky amid worm-holes of light? Seeking the skull, perfect in curve and in texture, that cradles darkness with grace... until finally, with an animal cry, the ash of that skull rises from the ash of her dress and together we laugh, bearing our teeth to the sky...

Bees moved like small helicopters following Vivian slowly. The air was hot and still, the lake flat. When she tried to run from the bees, her feet would become heavy and the ground sticky, like gum. She had to move very slowly towards the lake. When she was about to jump into the water she saw a tin motor boat. The Indian woman was fishing. She was drunk, Vivian could tell by her movements: they were slow like an almost dead fish. The Indian lay down in the hot boat, she folded her arms over her breasts and fell asleep. Vivian stood on the cliff watching. She expected the boat to float away or sink, but it stood very still, Vivian waited. A hot sticky depression moved through her; bees swarmed around her body. The reflection of sun on the water burned Vivian's eyes. The air thickened and became like a white web threaded through her eyes. The boat was invisible. Green, green cold, everything rushed and Vivian brushed the black wings of dead bees from her skin, then she swam. She felt her muscles working. The swimming became a rhythm like the beat of wings, wings, the sound of a swan. The cool, fresh swimming went on. Vivian yawned and gulped the swimming as it moved through her sleep. Slowly she became tired, her arms ached. In her dream, she dreamed of letting go, lying back in the water as it rushed like the wind and birds over her body. She would drown and become a waterfall, always moving, crashing down to stillness.

...
THREE CATCHES

One didn't fight when landed
but no line pulled it
from that river.
Dead fish can't leap currents
or a child's clutch that grows
as the hand does. I had said
This is no fish, mama. This is old.

And yesterday the big head
pulled off and left
like the top of a bottle.
A hand jumps when dead eyes bulge
but it still goes back, slow.

All that's left is the minnow--
carried all morning,
hidden sometimes by a sleeve
but making it here, now waiting
for me to shake the dead grey.

These I suck black water for
and grip skin
into the last light.

David Perk

The Man Who Bought Scissors

Cozuemel, Cozuemel...
What does one do when life, that soft equation,
provides no answer? Contrive one's own? Take the natural
facts and construct a story that presumes to be the
truth? Cozuemel, you are the storyteller, it is you, not
I who is able to take the scissors and describe the hand.
I can only give to you each dusk-blue image sinking into
blue and hope that you can draw the lines that tie each
piece to earth.

So, Cozuemel, if I were to tell you of a woman whose
name, if I knew it, would be the name of the daughter I do
not have; if I were to tell you of the night I kissed her
as the ocean swept hissing across sand packed firm as
any bone, you would nod Cozuemel, and sip your beer and
smile.

And if I told you that a crow's eye took her
from me?
And if I told you that she gathered cowskulls as
some men gather insects?
And if I told you that I met her as I was buying
scissors?

...Turning from the counter, the scissors cool
against my palm, it was her face peering through the
open doorway, her body poised as though my eye held an
instant of her motion. Staring from the bright street,
her face, her eyes held a fire that proudly declared
the self as it offered self. Within me, Cozuemel,
there was a dry heat, the image of those eyes, that look,
stretching across my life.

She turned away. In the time it took me to gain the
door, she vanished; for in the street to either corner
were only one old woman and the pale adobe walls, both
silent beneath the sinking sun. She vanished, Cozuemel,
FOUR CROW POEMS

1
A dead snake
or the head of a fish.
Crows land here.

2
This one lets a car
do its work
then finds the sweet
carcass
pecks the last kiss.

3
On the lake
a fat black sister
wades, waiting
for the next meal
to find a shore.

4
Crow's tracks
are measured
often as
the small light
in a head blinks out.
Jack Driscoll

RETURNING

Every morning this week
after filling the car with gasoline
I drive home and park it in the garage. I jack
the back-end up, attach a hose to the exhaust pipe
and run it outside
through the window. Throwing the shift
into reverse and putting a brick on the accelerator
I listen to the tires spinning
in air. Soon
this will be a new car again. The miles I erase
will be forgotten. My wife
coming home early will find me, years ago
carrying storm windows up the ladder. She will wave,
go inside the house and begin repaying
the old bills. Before lunch
on the same day I will fall from the third floor
holding the window in front of me
like a man diving from a burning tenement building
holds to a mattress. But going back
these are the chances. I take
the snowtires out of the trunk
and lean them against the wall. I put my glasses
and wristwatch on the workbench. I won't be needing them
after the odometer reaches zero. I will be in an ambulance
speeding across town
trying not to smile.
The hotel was a blue shadow at the top of the hill. The road that Tomas would walk that evening, like the other evenings on either side of him in time, slipped down the green hill and into the small town of whitewash and children. Leaving the town, the road stretched itself north toward the fiezal ranches and the patient desert. On those nights when Tomas walked down the hill he would look at the blue light rising over the edge of the land and think of the hotel, the pools and the tall, hungry men who lived there. He would touch the cards, warm in his breast pocket, and he would run his hand over the bulge in his pocket that was money.

And when he came to the bridge in the road he would climb down to the stream and walk under the few trees that grew there, past the rich deposits of clay. And reaching a certain stretch of bank, he would climb out and cross the few hundred yards of moonlit earth to the quiet house. He would undress and go to bed; and it would have been a day.

Now, that morning, Tomas, waking late, reached to the floor for his deck. Lying on his back, naked between the cool sheets, he stared past the cards in his hand to the ceiling. He went through them, then got up and went outside, leaving the deck on the kitchen table and the nine of hearts beside it.

Pennefiel was at the pump. Leaning every crisp bone of her body into the work, she listened with one gnarled ear for the cough of water rising in the pipes.

"Oho, look at this naked young thing in the sun! Come over here and warm Pennefiel, warm her as warm as the brown ass that you warm in the sun, young one."

Pennefiel stared at Tomas out of her crooked eye.
as the water began to spatter into the bucket. Tomas scratched his leg; the bucket took a long time to fill. He began to urinate onto the hard baked earth that stretched from the house to the stream. "Ai, so you water my lawn, eh? And what will grow, brown one?" said Pennefiel. "With this I shall drown your chicken, o woman," said Tomas. "Ho, thou beast! You deserve no more bread than the crow, that thief!" "No more bread than your mad chicken, perhaps." "No more mad than my own mind, spicer," said Pennefiel. She began to sing: "My yard is made of brick. All my grass has died." She laughed. Tomas smiled and stretched in the sunlight. Pennefiel laughed and went inside, her long dress puffing about her skinny legs. Tomas stood in the sun and looked at the chicken, at the pump, at the fat house curling its fat adobe walls around the cool blue shadows inside.

In the kitchen, Pennefiel filled the kettle and set it on the fire. Tomas took the deck and went to the bedroom for a pair of pants. When he came back, his meal was made and set. Pennefiel watched him with her cock-eye from in front of the fire; with one hand she held up the back of her dress, with the other a tortilla to her mouth. Tomas took her underwear from his chair and tossed it out the window. "You will burn yourself, old crone," said Tomas. "Nay, not I, brown one, not this potter!" "I see two blushing raisins," cried Tomas. "Two red melons wrinkled with age."

"Ai!" said Pennefiel. "Chee chee chee." And putting her head down she bustled off to her work-room, chuckling to herself and grinning through her broken teeth.

Tomas, smiling, began to eat, filling his mouth with potatoes, with steak, and lettuce, with beer. Soon he could hear thudding from the work-room as

Eric Schneider

TRUCKS

Hunch-backed trucks enter late
gather at my bedside
and turn up their headlights
til I float separate

into all of them
I ride along
stop in diners
use the gas pumps
and check the hot tires
But day is a loss
Did we roam all night
or tell our own stories

all of us at home
stopped urgently
like a heart
II

All right, let's not talk about sleep anymore, or its execution. Still we can deny neither. The execution is this: your heads falling into baskets, the crowd steps back from the scaffold, wishing to have slept through this nightmare. It's no dream, this breathing of dust in their eyes. There were a few breathing more deeply: Géricault, who guarded your sleep keeping your heads on his table. He'd have slept for you, that Revolution. Instead, remained still. We can forget about that war, I know steps had to be taken. I'm concerned with your steps, now: (now that Géricault is among you) your infinite elite. If it's a question of breathing or not, I have to know what steps to take. Tell me, is it boredom, complacency: that sleep you flaunt as simple gravity? The earth still tells me when I'll sleep, is proof that you have slept.

III

Paul, you say, "It's not yours, that sleep under the table." I'll take my steps, slowly. I'm breathing, still... I'll have that sleep and soon enough, have slept.

Pennefiel began to work her clay. When finished, he put his plate to one side and listened to the water moving in the kettle. Then he took the deck and began to work.

Later, clay-crusted, Pennefiel came in for her water. As she came through the door the sun fell across her, and from where he was sitting, Tomas could see her face thrusting into the light: the texture of her cheek, the planes of light, the blue shadow of her nose. He set down the cards. But she was working, as was he, so they said nothing to each other and only looked, their eyes warm as the air. She made her coffee and left, he resumed his cards.

In the yard, Pennefiel's chicken walked aimlessly across the hot earth, now and then breaking into a run or the small flurry of a leap. After each it would pause an instant before falling to the earth and rolling in the hot dust, kicking its legs in the air. By the stream the wind moved slowly, pushing softly through the dry gray trees. Pennefiel muttered as she worked the clay, slapping it, spinning it smooth as a whisper on the wheel. From the kitchen came the sound of the fire, Tomas' quiet breath, and the incessant slapping of the cards.

Tomas was smoking when Pennefiel came into the kitchen wiping the clay from her hands. She went to the window, crying, "Ai, cute one, that chicken is shitting all over my brick!"

"You are a great south wind," said Tomas, but she did not see him.

Pennefiel turned from the window and took the pipe from his smooth lips with a gentle tug of her clay-covered hands. She puffed furiously, staring through the cloud of smoke to the cards laid face-up on the table. She ran a finger along the stiff brown bow of his collar bone.

"You go to the hotel tonight, my crow?"

"It has been a long time," said Tomas. "I shall have the luck of an eagle. He watched the back of her neck, the grey fur that, starting there, grew to her shoulders, the ancient curve of her back as it disappeared into her dress."
from "Le Cimetiere Marin"
by Paul Valéry.

The wind is its own listener. Still
I listen for your steps,
perhaps some bone, or one lung breathing-
whatever lunar force you might decree. 1

I have slept
moons away, waiting for that grace: your
claim to the perfect sleep.

Each night, sleeping, I take steps
toward your turning. To have dreamed, to have slept
breathlessly ... oh this dreaming. My sleep
is deaf to such things. The earth is your
dream, consummated. Here, breathing
this tenuous air, everything is still.

translated by C. Day Lewis

You who sleep together, who have slept
so long alone, 1
m dizzied by your
turning. I stir in my own element, still
m loamless: open to the bare breathing
of the night. Below me, such dark sleep-
walking; I'm lost in your steps.

"And the tall men, young one, what of them? Who
shall follow you home tonight?"
Tomas smiled the smile in the hotel when the men
were around the circle of felt. He swept the cards
into the deck and pushed it to Pennefiel. Her fingers,
setting the pipe down on the worn wood of the table,
quickly shuffled and dealt. She looked at her hand
and shrugged; Tomas turned his cards face up on the table
and they were the same cards he had set aside before.
"They will be there," said Tomas. "And they will
come as I call."

"And you, mute beneath the bridge, the mud red
between your knees? How many cards before the same
tall men come for the tongues of your hands and the clay
is red again?"

"We must eat, o wind. So to eat I must play, and
the cards must be played as much as I must play them."
Pennefiel looked at him then, her cock-eye staring
at him past her aquiline nose as she took the deck and
lifted the jack of spades, the suicide jack, for him to
see.

"And when I come home tonight I shall bring wine,"
said Tomas.

"The dead lie easy, hidden in the earth where they
Are warmed and have their mysteries burnt away.
Motionless noon, noon aloft in the blue
Broods on itself—a self-sufficient theme.
O rounded dome and perfect diadem,
I am what's changing secretly in you."

Beth Wolfson

Turning

"The dead lie easy, hidden in the earth where they
Are warmed and have their mysteries burnt away.
Motionless noon, noon aloft in the blue
Broods on itself—a self-sufficient theme.
O rounded dome and perfect diadem,
I am what's changing secretly in you."

translated by C. Day Lewis

I
You who sleep together, who have slept
so long alone, I'm dazzled by your
turning. I stir in my own element, still
I'm loamless: open to the bare breathing
of the night. Below me, such dark sleep-
walking; I'm lost in your steps.

Each night, sleeping, I take steps
toward your turning. To have dreamed, to have slept
breathlessly ... oh this dreaming. My sleep
is deaf to such things. The earth is your
dream, consummated. Here, breathing
this tenuous air, everything is still.

The wind is its own listener. Still
I listen for your steps,
perhaps some bone, or one lung breathing-
whatever lunar force you might decree. I'll have slept
moons away, waiting for that grace: your
claim to the perfect sleep.
Tomas grappled with her, but she slipped past him. The chase covered them both with water and, finally falling, they wrestled at the stream's edge until each pinned the other.

The chicken rolled away from Tomas. Drinking at the pump, he threw a cup of water at it. From the bedroom he could hear Pennefiel singing as she worked the new clay, kneading it like bread. Slowly brushing his jacket, Tomas thought of the hotel, the blue shadows of its arches, the men with waxed hair at the billiards table, the women clustering on the broad patio, each gown a petal from a different flower. His hands flicked lightly over his clothes as his fingers imagined the warm cards they would hold.

Pennefiel came in; walking once around him as he fastened the suspenders over the white shirt, her fingers slid across his back quickly, coolly... She picked up the bottle of cologne saved for the hotel and sprawled across the bed.

"And the women, brown one, o crow, what are they like? As handsome as the men? As pale?"

"They are the color of teeth, south wind, with hair the color of sand. The men who own them trade them like racehorses and pass their money to me as though they were passing water," said Tomas.

"Ai!" she said, puffing her cheeks, fixing him with her cock-eyed stare. She took some cologne and slapped the sheets of the bed with it, slapped the pillows, her neck, her knees, her dress, both cheeks of her ass, her stomach.

"And that mad chicken that smells like wet straw, slap him as well," said Tomas before she chased him from the room.

In the kitchen he took the cards from the table and put them in his jacket, close to his breast. Pennefiel took his face between her dusty hands and bit him on the cheek.

"Now, brown one, the women of sand shall see who
shall keep this crow," she said, looking at the red splotch on his cheek. Tomas began his walk to the town of whitewash and children and the long blue shadow beyond it, taking with him his cards and a piece of honey and bread. Pennefiel cackled behind him, and dusk began to fall across the dusty road.

The Final Voyage

...and I will leave. And the singing birds will remain; and my orchard will stay here, with a green tree and its white well.

Every afternoon the sky will be calm and blue
And the bells of the bell tower will continue ringing as they were this afternoon.

Those who love me will pass away
and our village will renew itself every year;
and in that corner of my green orchard
my nostalgic spirit will wander...

and I will leave, and I will be alone,
without my home, without green trees
or a white well,
without a calm and blue sky...

and the singing birds will remain.

translated by Carolyn Masear
and Paula Smith
...Y yo me iré. Y se quedarán los pájaros cantando:
y se quedará mi huerto, con su verde árbol,
y con su pozo blanco.

Todas las tardes el cielo será azul y placido;
y tocarán, como esta tarde están tocando,
las campanas del campanario.

Se morirán aquellos que me amaron:
y el pueblo se hará nuevo cada año:
y en el rincón aquel de mi huerto florido y encalado
my espíritu errará nostálgico...

Y yo me iré, y estare solo, sin hogar, sin árbol
verde, sin pozo blanco,
sin cielo azul y placido...

Y se quedarán los pájaros cantando.

---

Translations

Pablo Neruda is the pseudonym of Neftalí Ricardo Reyes, a Chilean poet, born in 1904. He worked as a schoolteacher and was later sent on diplomatic missions to Spanish and Latin American cities. Although he is often criticized for the ornate, romantic style of his earlier poems and for his tendency to include political and social messages in his poetry, Neruda is acknowledged as one of the world's foremost contemporary poets. His compressed, "simple" poems about such humble subjects as potatoes and onions ("Ode To Some Yellow Flowers" is one of these) are often considered to be richer in content than some of his other, more elaborate, metaphorical poems.

Juan Ramón Jiménez (1881-1958) won the Nobel Prize for literature in 1956. Born in Spain, he came to the United States during the Spanish Civil War and did not return to Spain during the last twenty-two years of his life. Besides writing lyric poetry, Jiménez wrote several books in prose. He is most famous for a book titled Platero Y Yo, which describes the authors recollections of his youth. In his poetry, Jiménez often uses themes of the beauty of nature to reveal spiritual sensations; "The Final Voyage" is such a poem.
Contra el azul moviendo sus azules, el mar, y contra el cielo, unas flores amarillas.

Octubre llega.

Y aunque sea tan importante el mar desarrollando su mito, su misión, su levadura, estalla sobre la arena el oro de una sola planta amarilla y se amarran tus ojos a la tierra, huyen del magnifico mar y sus latidos.

Polvo somos, seremos.

Ni aire, no fuego, ni agua sino tierra, sólo tierra seremos y tal vez unas flores amarillas.
Pablo Neruda

ODA A UNAS FLORES AMARILLAS

Contra el azul moviendo sus azules,
el mar, y contra el cielo,
unas flores amarillas.

Octubre llega.

Y aunque sea
tan importante el mar desarrollando
su mito, su misión, su levadura,
estalla
sobre la arena el oro
du una sola
planta amarilla
y se amarran
tus ojos
a la tierra,
huyen del magno mar y sus latidos.

Polvo somos, seremos.

Ni aire, no fuego, ni agua

sino
tierra,
sólo tierra
seremos
y tal vez
unas flores amarillas.

translated by Paula Smith

Ode To Some Yellow Flowers

Shades of blue moving against blue
the ocean; and against the sky,
some yellow flowers.

The month is October.

And even if
the sea unfolds with power
her myths, her destiny, her swelling tides,
that golden explosion
across the sand
of a single
yellow plant
draws your eyes
to the ground
pulls them from the splendid sea
and her roaring.

Because we are only dust, and will never
be flames, wind, waves, anything
but earth again,
only earth
and maybe
some yellow flowers.
J.R. Jiménez

EL VIAJE DEFINITIVO

...Y yo me iré. Y se quedará los pájaros cantando:
y se quedará mi huerto, con su verde árbol,
y con su pozo blanco.

Todas las tardes el cielo será azul y placido;
y tocarán, como esta tarde están tocando,
las campanas del campanario.

Se morirán aquellos que me amaron;
y el pueblo se hará nuevo cada año:
y en el rincón aquel de mi huerto florido y encalado
mi espíritu errará nostálgico...

Y yo me iré, y estaré solo, sin hogar, sin árbol
verde, sin pozo blanco,
sin cielo azul y placido...

Y se quedarán los pájaros cantando.

Translations

Pablo Neruda is the pseudonym of Neftalí Ricardo Reyes, a Chilean poet, born in 1904. He worked as a schoolteacher and was later sent on diplomatic missions to Spanish and Latin American cities. Although he is often criticized for the ornate, romantic style of his earlier poems and for his tendency to include political and social messages in his poetry, Neruda is acknowledged as one of the world's foremost contemporary poets. His compressed, "simple" poems about such humble subjects as potatoes and onions ("Ode To Some Yellow Flowers" is one of these) are often considered to be richer in content than some of his other, more elaborate, metaphorical poems.

Juan Ramón Jiménez (1881-1958) won the Nobel Prize for literature in 1956. Born in Spain, he came to the United States during the Spanish Civil War and did not return to Spain during the last twenty-two years of his life. Besides writing lyric poetry, Jiménez wrote several books in prose. He is most famous for a book titled Platero Y Yo, which describes the authors recollections of his youth. In his poetry, Jiménez often uses themes of the beauty of nature to reveal spiritual sensations; "The Final Voyage" is such a poem.
shall keep this crow," she said, looking at the red splotch on his cheek. Tomas began his walk to the town of whitewash and children and the long blue shadow beyond it, taking with him his cards and a piece of honey and bread. Pennefiel cackled behind him, and dusk began to fall across the dusty road.

The Final Voyage

...and I will leave. And the singing birds will remain; and my orchard will stay here, with a green tree and its white well.

Every afternoon the sky will be calm and blue
And the bells of the bell tower will continue ringing as they were this afternoon.

Those who love me will pass away
and our village will renew itself every year;
and in that corner of my green orchard
my nostalgic spirit will wander...

and I will leave, and I will be alone,
without my home, without green trees
or a white well,
without a calm and blue sky...

and the singing birds will remain.

translated by Carolyn Masear
and Paula Smith
Tomas grappled with her, but she slipped past him. The chase covered them both with water and, finally falling, they wrestled at the stream’s edge until each pinned the other.

The chicken rolled away from Tomas. Drinking at the pump, he threw a cup of water at it. From the bedroom he could hear Pennefiel singing as she worked the new clay, kneading it like bread. Slowly brushing his jacket, Tomas thought of the hotel, the blue shadows of its arches, the men with waxed hair at the billiards table, the women clustering on the broad patio, each gown a petal from a different flower. His hands flicked lightly over his clothes as his fingers imagined the warm cards they would hold.

Pennefiel came in; walking once around him as he fastened the suspenders over the white shirt, her fingers slid across his back quickly, coolly... She picked up the bottle of cologne saved for the hotel and sprawled across the bed.

"And the women, brown one, o crow, what are they like? As handsome as the men? As pale?"

"They are the color of teeth, south wind, with hair the color of sand. The men who own them trade them like racehorses and pass their money to me as though they were passing water," said Tomas.

"Ai!" she said, puffing her cheeks, fixing him with her cock-eyed stare. She took some cologne and slapped the sheets of the bed with it, slapped the pillows, her neck, her knees, her dress, both cheeks of her ass, her stomach.

"And that mad chicken that smells like wet straw, slap him as well," said Tomas before she chased him from the room.

In the kitchen he took the cards from the table and put them in his jacket, close to his breast. Pennefiel took his face between her dusty hands and bit him on the cheek.

"Now, brown one, the women of sand shall see who..."
"And the tall men, young one, what of them? Who shall follow you home tonight?"
Tomas smiled the smile in the hotel when the men were around the circle of felt. He swept the cards into the deck and pushed it to Pennefiel. Her fingers, setting the pipe down on the worn wood of the table, quickly shuffled and dealt. She looked at her hand and shrugged; Tomas turned his cards face up on the table and they were the same cards he had set aside before.
"They will be there," said Tomas. "And they will come as I call."
"And you, mute beneath the bridge, the mud red between your knees? How many cards before the same tall men come for the tongues of your hands and the clay is red again?"
"We must eat, oh wind. So to eat I must play, and the cards must be played as much as I must play them."
Pennefiel looked at him then, her cox-eye staring at him past her aquiline nose as she took the deck and lifted the jack of spades, the suicide jack, for him to see. "And when I come home tonight I shall bring wine," said Tomas.
The underwear lay beneath the window for the chicken to roll in. At the stream, Pennefiel took her arm, a brown branch, from his waist and they dug the thick red clay together, loading it into canvas sacks. Pennefiel took a piece in her hand and slapped it, then smeared it across her stomach saying, "A pot! A potter's pot of a pot, my pot! Ai, brown one! And a clear glaze like water over river stones, like the wind over leaves. Clean pot for clear water!" Pennefiel threw a handful of clay into the air and began to splash in the stream. She stopped and stared at Tomas over her shoulder, her gray hair wild, her dress bunched about her waist. Then, with a quick turn she splashed him, saying, "Water. Lawn waterer, ass warmer, to cool thy warm ass! Oh crow catch this wind, between thy legs."

Beth Wolfson

Turning

"The dead lie easy, hidden in the earth where they Are warmed and have their mysteries burnt away. Motionless noon, noon aloft in the blue Broods on itself—a self-sufficient theme.
O rounded dome and perfect diadem, I am what's changing secretly in you."

from "Le Cimetière Marin" by Paul Valéry
translated by C. Day Lewis

I
You who sleep together, who have slept so long alone, I'm dizzied by your turning. I stir in my own element, still I'm loamless: open to the bare breathing of the night. Below me, such dark sleep-walking; I'm lost in your steps.

Each night, sleeping, I take steps toward your turning. To have dreamed, to have slept breathlessly... oh this dreaming. My sleep is deaf to such things. The earth is your dream, consummated. Here, breathing this tenuous air, everything is still.

The wind is its own listener. Still I listen for your steps, perhaps some bone, or one lung breathing—whatever lunar force you might decree. I'll have slept moons away, waiting for that grace: your claim to the perfect sleep.
II

All right, let's not talk about sleep anymore, or its execution. Still we can deny neither. The execution is this: your heads falling into baskets, the crowd steps back from the scaffold, wishing to have slept through this nightmare. It's no dream, this breathing of dust in their eyes. There were a few breathing more deeply: Géricault, who guarded your sleep keeping your heads on his table. He'd have slept for you, that Revolution. Instead, remained still. We can forget about that war, I know steps had to be taken. I'm concerned with your steps, now: (now that Géricault is among you) your infinite elite. If it's a question of breathing or not, I have to know what steps to take. Tell me, is it boredom, complacency: that sleep you flaunt as simple gravity? The earth still tells me when I'll sleep, is proof that you have slept.

III

Paul, you say, "It's not yours, that sleep under the table." I'll take my steps, slowly. I'm breathing, still... I'll have that sleep and soon enough, have slept.

Pennefiel began to work her clay. When finished, he put his plate to one side and listened to the water moving in the kettle. Then he took the deck and began to work.

Later, clay-crusted, Pennefiel came in for her water. As she came through the door the sun fell across her, and from where he was sitting, Tomas could see her face thrusting into the light: the texture of her cheek, the planes of light, the blue shadow of her nose. He set down the cards. But she was working, as was he, so they said nothing to each other and only looked, their eyes warm as the air. She made her coffee and left, he resumed his cards.

In the yard, Pennefiel's chicken walked aimlessly across the hot earth, now and then breaking into a run or the small flurry of a leap. After each it would pause an instant before falling to the earth and rolling in the hot dust, kicking its legs in the air. By the stream the wind moved slowly, pushing softly through the dry gray trees. Pennefiel muttered as she worked the clay, slapping it, spinning it smooth as a whisper on the wheel. From the kitchen came the sound of the fire, Tomas' quiet breath, and the incessant slapping of the cards.

Tomas was smoking when Pennefiel came into the kitchen wiping the clay from her hands. She went to the window, crying, "Ai, cute one, that chicken is shitting all over my brick!"

"You are a great south wind," said Tomas, but she did not see him.

Pennefiel turned from the window and took the pipe from his smooth lips with a gentle tug of her clay-covered hands. She puffed furiously, staring through the cloud of smoke to the cards laid face-up on the table. She ran a finger along the stiff brown bow of his collarbone.

"You go to the hotel tonight, my crow?"

"It has been a long time," said Tomas. "I shall have the luck of an eagle. He watched the back of her neck, the grey fur that, starting there, grew to her shoulders, the ancient curve of her back as it disappeared into her dress."
as the water began to spatter into the bucket. Tomas scratched his leg; the bucket took a long time to fill. He began to urinate onto the hard baked earth that stretched from the house to the stream. "Ai, so you water my lawn, eh? And what will grow, brown one?" said Pennefiel. "With this I shall drown your chicken, o woman," said Tomas. "Ho, thou beast! You deserve no more bread than the crow, that thief!" "No more bread than your mad chicken, perhaps." "No more mad than my own mind, spice," said Pennefiel. She began to sing: "My yard is made of brick. All my grass has died." She laughed. Tomas smiled and stretched in the sunlight. Pennefiel laughed and went inside, her long dress puffing about her skinny legs. Tomas stood in the sun and looked at the chicken, at the pump, at the fat house curling its fat adobe walls around the cool blue shadows inside. In the kitchen, Pennefiel filled the kettle and set it on the fire. Tomas took the deck and went to the bedroom for a pair of pants. When he came back, his meal was made and set. Pennefiel watched him with her cock-eye from in front of the fire; with one hand she held up the back of her dress, with the other a tortilla to her mouth. Tomas took her underwear from his chair and tossed it out the window."You will burn yourself, old crone," said Tomas. "Nay, not I, brown one, not this potter!" "I see two blushing raisins," cried Tomas. "Two red melons wrinkled with age." "Ai!" said Pennefiel. "Chee chee chee." And putting her head down she bustled off to her work-room, chuckling to herself and grinning through her broken teeth. Tomas, smiling, began to eat, filling his mouth with potatoes, with steak, and lettuce, with beer. Soon he could hear thudding from the work-room as Eric Schneider

TRUCKS

Hunch-backed trucks enter late
gather at my bedside
and turn up their headlights
til I float separate

into all of them
I ride along
stop in diners
use the gas pumps

and check the hot tires
But day is a loss
Did we roam all night
or tell our own stories

all of us at home
stopped urgently
like a heart
The hotel was a blue shadow at the top of the hill. The road that Tomas would walk that evening, like the other evenings on either side of him in time, slipped down the green hill and into the small town of whitewash and children. Leaving the town, the road stretched itself north toward the fiezal ranches and the patient desert. On those nights when Tomas walked down the hill he would look at the blue light rising over the edge of the land and think of the hotel, the pools and the tall, hungry men who lived there. He would touch the cards, warm in his breast pocket, and he would run his hand over the bulge in his pocket that was money.

And when he came to the bridge in the road he would climb down to the stream and walk under the few trees that grew there, past the rich deposits of clay. And reaching a certain stretch of bank, he would climb out and cross the few hundred yards of moonlit earth to the quiet house. He would undress and go to bed; and it would have been a day.

Now, that morning, Tomas, waking late, reached to the floor for his deck. Lying on his back, naked between the cool sheets, he stared past the cards in his hand to the ceiling. He went through them, then got up and went outside, leaving the deck on the kitchen table and the nine of hearts beside it.

Pennefiel was at the pump. Leaning every crisp bone of her body into the work, she listened with one gnarled ear for the cough of water rising in the pipes. "Oho, look at this naked young thing in the sun! Come over here and warm Pennefiel, warm her as warm as the brown ass that you warm in the sun, young one." Pennefiel stared at Tomas out of her crooked eye
Jack Driscoll

RETURNING

Every morning this week
after filling the car with gasoline
I drive home and park it in the garage. I jack
the back-end up, attach a hose to the exhaust pipe
and run it outside
through the window. Throwing the shift
into reverse and putting a brick on the accelerator
I listen to the tires spinning
in air. Soon
this will be a new car again. The miles I erase
will be forgotten. My wife
coming home early will find me, years ago
carrying storm windows up the ladder. She will wave,
go inside the house and begin repaying
the old bills. Before lunch
on the same day I will fall from the third floor
holding the window in front of me
like a man diving from a burning tenement building
holds to a mattress. But going back
these are the chances. I take
the snowtires out of the trunk
and lean them against the wall. I put my glasses
and wristwatch on the workbench. I won't be needing them
after the odometer reaches zero. I will be in an ambulance
speeding across town
trying not to smile.
FOUR CROW POEMS

1
A dead snake
or the head of a fish.
Crows land here.

2
This one lets a car
do its work
then finds the sweet
carcass
pecks the last kiss.

3
On the lake
a fat black sister
wades, waiting
for the next meal
to find a shore.

4
Crow's tracks
are measured
often as
the small light
in a head blinks out.
Sally Alatalo

THREE CATCHES

One didn't fight when landed
but no line pulled it
from that river.
Dead fish can't leap currents
or a child's clutch that grows
as the hand does. I had said
This is no fish, mama. This is old.
And yesterday the big head
pulled off and left
like the top of a bottle.
A hand jumps when dead eyes bulge
but it still goes back, slow.
All that's left is the minnow--
carried all morning,
hidden sometimes by a sleeve
but making it here, now waiting
for me to shake the dead grey.
These I suck black water for
and grip skin
into the last light.

David Perk

The Man Who Bought Scissors

Cozuemel, Cozuemel...
What does one do when life, that soft equation,
provides no answer? Contrive one's own? Take the natural
facts and construct a story that presumes to be the
truth? Cozuemel, you are the storyteller, it is you, not
I who is able to take the scissors and describe the hand.
I can only give to you each dusk-blue image sinking into
blue and hope that you can draw the lines that tie each
piece to earth.
So, Cozuemel, if I were to tell you of a woman whose
name, if I knew it, would be the name of the daughter I do
not have; if I were to tell you of the night I kissed her
as the ocean swept hissing across sand packed firm as
any bone, you would nod Cozuemel, and sip your beer and
smile.
And if I told you that a crow's eye took her
from me?
And if I told you that she gathered cowskulls as
some men gather insects?
And if I told you that I met her as I was buying
scissors?
...Turning from the counter, the scissors cool
against my palm, it was her face peering through the
open doorway, her body poised as though my eye held an
instant of her motion. Staring from the bright street,
her face, her eyes held a fire that proudly declared
the self as it offered self. Within me, Cozuemel,
there was a dry heat, the image of those eyes, that look,
stretching across my life.
She turned away. In the time it took me to gain the
door, she vanished; for in the street to either corner
were only one old woman and the pale adobe walls, both
silent beneath the sinking sun. She vanished, Cozuemel,
in an instant but as surely as the young daughter vanished into the sireless crone who shuffled towards me, her eyes dark as fish eggs and seeing only dust. As surely, perhaps, as she vanished that second final night, the brick ceiling left hanging as though by magic over the empty, utterly empty room.

But fill your glass again, Cozuemel, as I tell you of that second night. Admire the thick foam leaping for the glasses' rim as I tell you of the smell of the slaughterhouse reaching across the fields, and of the building's brutal sides turning golden in the advancing dusk. And I, standing alone in the brown, knee-high grass, the ripe, tepid breeze washing across my face.

As, that coming night, the waves would wash my feet... need I tell you that I ran when I saw that pale dress, the color of ash? And that she turned to me as though turning to a familiar lover and smiled and spoke and took my hands. Cozuemel, in her quick dry grip she took me behind the killinghouse, around the corner of the golden wall to the back field, trampled, shadowed, grey, littered with the discarded, sun-cleaned skulls of each cow killed.

And she lifted one to the sinking sun: her thin arms heaving the pale insect into air, her eye examining each quick fissure of bone, cataloging each chip and crack. Then she tossed it aside and seized a new one up, and another and another; then I seized one and together we heaved the sleek skulls into the darkening air, filling the eyes, the nostrils, the missing teeth with the shadows of evening.

So Cozuemel, communication is this? A man and a woman lifting skulls beneath a dark sky amid worm-holes of light? Seeking the skull, perfect in curve and in texture, that cradles darkness with grace... until finally, with an animal cry, the ash of that skull rises from the ash of her dress and together we laugh, bearing our teeth to the sky...

two

Bees moved like small helicopters following Vivian slowly. The air was hot and still, the lake flat. When she tried to run from the bees, her feet would become heavy and the ground sticky, like gum. She had to move very slowly towards the lake. When she was about to jump into the water she saw a tin motor boat. The Indian woman was fishing. She was drunk, Vivian could tell by her movements: they were slow like an almost dead fish. The Indian lay down in the hot boat, she folded her arms over her breasts and fell asleep.

Vivian stood on the cliff watching. She expected the boat to float away or sink, but it stood very still, Vivian waited. A hot sticky depression moved through her; bees swarmed around her body. The reflection of sun on the water burned Vivian's eyes. The air thickened and became like a white web threaded through her eyes. The boat was invisible.

Green, green cold, everything rushed and Vivian brushed the black wings of dead bees from her skin, then she swam. She felt her muscles working. The swimming became a rhythm like the beat of wings, wings, the sound of a swan. The cool, fresh swimming went on. Vivian yawned and gulped the swimming as it moved through her sleep. Slowly she became tired, her arms ached. In her dream, she dreamed of letting go, lying back in the water as it rushed like the wind and birds over her body. She would drown and become a waterfall, always moving, crashing down to stillness.
Rosalie Matchett

TWO DREAMS

one

Tonight, Vivian dreamed Toronto died. She dreamed she went to Bear Island to pick up her mail and the Indian did not sit a glum plum on her stool, her face wasn't dull like the flat gray rocks. Instead she was a grinning cat. She flung her arms into the air and whispered in to Vivian's ear, "Toronto is dead, the ground split in half last night, the city fell through and Lake Ontario seeped into the crack drowning the whole mass of dead concrete." She smiled and purred, "The people looked like insects moving in slow swarms. They tried to attack the whole lake," she roared, rolling her eyes. Vivian was relieved Toronto died, its thick concrete sunk into the stinking lake. The Indian stood up from her stool and leaned so close to Vivian's ear she could feel the wet breath moving on her skin. "Seagulls peck at bits of bodies that float to the surface." Vivian woke up and went down to the lake. Black water everywhere except for a smooth white line where the moon shone. She sat on the gray rocks and could hear the Indian dogs howling on Bear Island. They always howled, they howled for the black string of mainland knotted around this lake. They howled for Lake Ienogami, Lake Wikimaka, Obabika, they howled. They howled the Indian's dreams, they howled Vivian's dreams. In shallow water, she fingered between small rocks for crayfish. She slipped into the lake letting weeds and beautiful water-hemlock slide across her stomach. She lay on her back kicking the water, splashes turned to white quartz in the moonlight.

Does this then tell you, Cozuemel, how we came to that beach, that kiss? The longest night of my life, each hour opening into the next. ... I remember she bit me, as a lover bites, the moon a spare sickle in the sky, the cry of a dog or a train rolling low across the trees. The cow skull lay between our feet, pale as her dress, pale as any biscuit made of ash. In the cafe, eating without forks, mashing the steak between our teeth, walking the inky, cobbled block of street, eating flan from a plate with one tin spoon; in her room, now so near and ignorant of the end, watching her as I have watched you, Cozuemel, drinking beer...wiping the coarse foam from her lips with the back of her wrist, amid cow skulls crowded between books and scattered cowskulls staring from shelf and floor. And then the rush to the ocean and its endless voice, the mumbling, hissing whisper, the suck and crash of salt. The sand cupped like a palm around the marks we left like shoulders, hips and knees... those palms of the body...

Cozuemel, if you were to meet a man, by chance, who spoke with a touch or a look, who seemed to know you from before, when there was no before, who already knew your body in a way that gave you pleasure ... would you not follow him? Would you not turn your head to see where he had gone?

Nearing dawn we sat on the roofless patio of that same cafe, clinging to the night as stars cling against the fall of day. For moments now, she stared into the sky. When the waiter came, her arm went out like the vowels of her words as she asked him the name of a certain star. He followed the line of her hand, as did I, then, finding the star, told her. That is the eye of the crow, he said. And there, the beak, and there, the claws, and there, the open wings.

And I, ignorant, about to smile, turned my head, brought my eyes away from the Screaming bird. The waiter, in his embarrassment, mirrored my surprise: mouth twisted
in despair, she still stared into the sky, tears streaming down her cheeks. In an instant, she excused herself, averting her face, refusing to meet my eyes. I should not have waited, but caught her in the street; but I was slow and the pale dress vanished before I thought to move.

And even as I paced the cobbled block of street to her room, my mind was empty save for a mute concern and curiosity. So Cozuemel, imagine the horror, the disbelief as I entered the open door and found no woman crying, no clothes scattered across the bed, no books, no skulls, no evidence of life. Just the dusty floor, just a single chair, just the empty closet. Just the cold brick ceiling hanging over all, hanging as though by magic over the empty, utterly empty room.

...Cozuemel, Cozuemel...

Does life hold symbols, Cozuemel? The waiter, should I ask him what he stands for and evoke his mute amazement? The slaughterhouse, the scissors-shop; what meaning does a crow convey? What thesis, what conclusion to this unfinished tale do they imply? Cozuemel, you know I live to drink from my two cupped hands with the pleasure of one who has found water rather than conquered it. But does it surprise you to hear me say that I must find her? That I turn to you for aid? This tearing off, so violent, so inexplicable to me; it is too sudden, too filled with imposing threat for me to think that it can be the last I ever see of her... Cozuemel, my senses reel, they tell me that this cannot be the stiff conclusion.

Elizabeth Holmes

DROWNING

At night, she moans and rolls down the beach toward swelling layers of shapeless sea.

In water, seafoam licks her skin.
Waterweeds twine leaves in and out through her.

Like a raincloud in water her shadow lifts and sways, tired thighs rock loose on the floor. Her eyes don't feel salt as they stare through water at nightbirds flying in light of the moon.

An iridescent globe, her belly rounds the surface and shines like an oily seabag.
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Notes on Contributors
Sally Alatalo: "Everybody knows there are small boats of joy cruising their veins"

from "Almost Dancing" -Thomas Lux

Ellen Campbell: Ellen's ears redden every morning: She listens, even for the paint cracking off walls.

Jack Driscoll: Says he wants "something good" A few fish, scratches his beard. And, oh those words...

David E. Harris: David has been known to "regard" one snowdrift for an hour.

Elizabeth Holmes: Interest: human. Plans a career in international law.

Carolyn Masear: Carolyn does everything out of necessity.

Rosalie Matchett

David Perk: An organ filling with blood, that mute lewd cry: writing.

Andy Rockwood: "Eyes capable of cracking pebbles smiles without thinking for each dream squalls of snow cries lakes of nudity and uprooted shadows."

-Paul Eluard
Eric Schneider: Is not the type of boy who had dirty ears as a child; you must believe this.

Beth Wolfson: zzz...