the red
wheelbarrow

William Carlos Williams

THE RED WHEELBARROW

so much depends
upon
a red wheel
barrow
glazed with rain
water
beside the white
chickens.
the red wheelbarrow
the red wheelbarrow
Nat Horowitz

I was a little uneasy submitting this poem -- it's my shortest poem and also my grossest -- but it speaks to the desperate mood that many of us at Interlochen find ourselves in doing math homework at 2:30 in the morning in the shower 'cause they'll bust you if they see your lights on and you're so tired you have to clench your teeth to keep the tiles from moving in your periphery.

About "Flanged Goat Rind", it's a private joke and really has no place in a publication of the nation's finest high school for the arts.

Chrystya Johnson

Flapping your arms can be flying.

- Robert K. Hall

Chris Wick

As already mentioned, we had no way of forcing Leon to attend the daily meetings; or to sit in their sitting room, day in and day out, with Joseph at his side; or to eat with the others; or to work with them.

- Milton Rokeach

John Hiemstra

"It worried him that he felt so bankrupt; that whatever intellectual or philosophical precepts he clung to broke down entirely now that he was faced with the human situation."

- John LaCarre

Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy
CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES:

Carlabie Byrnes
So little of forest's charm is left in the mushroom soup!
- Stanis J. Lec

Robin Abramson
None of us have felt good this year.
Pus around the eyes,
sores that come and go with no explanation.
- James Tate

Jennifer Lynch
I hate camping. It's so intents.

Ken Bresser
People travel to wonder at the height of mountains, at the huge waves of the sea, at the long courses of rivers, at the circular motion of the stars, and pass by themselves without wondering at all.
- St. Augustine 399 AD

Wendelin Scott
I'm trying to find the fish.

Tom Murdock
I have nothing worthwhile to say.

Anita Mage
I think raw thoughts.

Homer Bass
I think I exist, therefore I exist.
I think.

Rebecca Young
Much madness is the divinest sense.
- Emily Dickinson

THE RED
WHEELBARROW

chris wick
john hiemstra
october 1984
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John Hiemstra

AFTERNOON

We sat smoking, indoors on a grey day. She pointed two fingers at me when she spoke. We had turned the lamp off; the end of her cigarette glowed. I turned to see the rain through the window behind me, but she began:

"When I can do it with my eyes, with my hands, and not just with these words... I guess I'm scared." something had broken, some glass in front of her, but I didn't know what to do with it. She only dragged at her cigarette and coughed, once.

"I hate words," she said, and uncupped her brown hands, reached for mine across the table, closing her eyes. I knew then that it had been an opening; but I had nothing to conquer.

ART CONTRIBUTORS:

ANNELIES DE BOER........ Print 2
........ Print 11
........ Print 26

KIM WRIGHT............ Photograph 6
........ Photograph 19
........ Photograph 29

NORM KORPI............ Photograph 15
........ Photograph 22

CONTRIBUTOR'S NOTES 30
The shadows are cool, and the green on the side, away from the road, soothes my eyes.

I see one bird, close to the ground, it doesn't move. It's the mother quail, wings tucked, head low against her chest.

I step back to the dirt road, squinting from the sun, I watch the birds rise and scatter, from my shadow.
Carlabie Byrnes

THE OLD RED WHEELBARROW

We looked in the yard
for the old red wheelbarrow,
to carry laths
for the new chicken pen.
Someone found it
behind the tool shed
missing its wheel,
too rusted to use, anyway.
Robin Abramson

TO MOTHER

What hurt most wasn't the separation; but the strain on the umbilical - stretched two thousand miles to California.

There, air is thick with smog. Our eyes water on the way to the airport. My throat tightens at our last touch.

All this hidden on the ride home. Curled in a darkened backseat I listened to the muted sounds of traffic; Patterns - shadow light drift through the car over my face. The radiator breathes. A slow stream of warmth surrounds me as I wrap myself in darkness.

The rain is down, and the dust will rise, as I walk alone, kicking stones.

Up ahead. A blurred shadow breaks the sun. Lingers on the road.

I get closer. A mother quail, her young following, crosses the man-made path. On the edge, where the dried soil builds, the young have trouble. The wall is high, and one is left behind. Only I hear, its small squeal.

To push it up, with my fingertips might help. But I wait, it finds a way, and moves through the new grass.

I step up to watch and follow. The birds are gone.
Chrisyla Johnson

HIBERNATION

His body stews in the spice of his own rich smell, acrid as a blackberry picked too soon, left festering in the hot sun.

Oily fur hangs in folds over his heavy belly. He stirs, growling faintly at an imagined danger.

DREAMS shift to fishing, to long hours in Jacob's Creek, to the cold crunch of trout in his jaws.

Now honey scents his dreams, clublike paws scratch the air swatting winter bees.

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Our bodies green together, locked, like blades of grass.

Paint is everywhere. Red acrylic on my lips, kissing is hard.

Blue paint on his hands, on my bare skin.

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Cutting them off, she explains they fit her also.

A dog will die before a man.

True loyalty comes from the moon that follows you.
THE LONELY HILLS OF IRELAND

Although the passenger liner was in the open ocean the seas were as calm as that of a small lake early in the morning. All that could be heard that cool foggy afternoon was the constant hum of the engines as they propelled the ship to Ireland. The decks were completely empty except for one man reclined in a bamboo chair on the aft deck. The wind created by the movement of the ship blew his pipe smoke back through his gray receding hair. His old cotton jacket would have left most people cold but he was already partially numbed by a near empty bottle of whiskey. A door to the dining room opened and a figure stepped out and began walking toward him. As it got closer he saw that it was a crew member.

"Can I get you something sir?" asked the young man when he had finally reached him.

"No thank you," he replied in a strong Irish accent. "How far are we from Ireland now?" he asked uncrossing his legs.

"The captain said it will be about oh," he looked down at his watch, "maybe fifteen minutes before we see land."

The man took the pipe out of his mouth and sat up in the chair, he gulped down the last of the whiskey in his glass and refilled it. With a stern, worried look on his face he said quietly, "only fifteen minutes." The two men looked at each other in silence for several seconds until the Irishman finally said, pulling a chair up next to him, "why don't you sit down and take a break?" Slowly the man sat down in the chair. "Your American, aren't you?" asked the Irishman.

"Yes sir I am, I was born in Virginia."

"But you moved away from your family to New York to get rich."

THE OTHER SIDE OF MATH

It was 2:30 in the morning and I was all bloodshot eyes caffeine heart and cramped fingers

The mathbook said to check its solution to a sample problem so I did
The lie of the equation enraged me among those numbers of truth
It was as if some gross mathematician had broken into the book,

wormed his way to page 184 and suddenly
(I didn't need this at 2:30 in the morning)
bared his ass ---
The American uncrossed his legs and sat back a bit in the chair. "Well, yes I did."
"Ah, I remember when I was your age. I had heard of this place called 'America.'" He paused for a moment sipped from his glass then asked, "do you like it there, in America?"
"Oh, yes sir, its the land of oppertunity!" the American said as if he were selling something.
"The land of oppertunity." He savored the words as he said them. "The land of oppertunity, that's what I had thought. I was determined to go to the land of oppertunity.
"You were there sir." The American said as if the man didn't know the ship had left New York just a few days before.
"Yes, yes, I was there, I was not content with the farm, but my wife wouldn't leave." He paused, puffed on his pipe several times then continued, "so I left her."
To distant blasts of horn interrupted the calmness, then two piercing blasts came from the bridge. Through the fog a dark black figure was visible, as it grew nearer it took the form of a ship, a ship with passengers on her decks. As quickly as she had appeared she disappeared again into the fog.
"I was going to get rich in New York, I was. But for fifteen years I worked in the factories. I missed the green of Ireland, the fresh air and wide open spaces. My wife wanted me to come back. In letter after letter she pleaded with me to come back. I told her I would as soon as I had reaped my fortune, as I slaved in the smoke and filth of a factory. But finally I made my move. I leased a building on fifth street and opened a pub. It went well, I made a profit until the big crash of '29. Then I was in the unemployment line. Have you ever been in an unemployment line?" he asked.

---

Rebecca Young

TO WALT WHITMAN, AFTER "Song of Myself"

Little lonely lady, watching bathers from your window, is it you who loves them more than anyone?
Still in your room, you watch. Your eyes draw the shining ones to yourself, and you wrap them, each one, in a coat of the softest fur. They welcome your shaggy face, deep voice, and wizened eyes.
Homer Bass

ON THE NIGHT TRAIN TO BASIL - SEVEN WEEKS SINCE I'VE SEEN YOU

Dear Mother,

Your old college
copy of Minnesburg Ohio
is in my lap.
I finished the story
about George Willard leaving home.
George counted his money
on the train;
but I look out the window.

All day German
farms and buildings, sometimes stations,
pulled by the window.
Later, when the light faded,
dim trees and bushes passed through
the reflection of my face.

When it got dark
I felt the heartbeat
of the moving train
and saw your face.
But now,
when I lie still
and can't call you,
I hear your voice.

The American said he had kept his job on the liner so far, then the Irishman went on.
"You have no idea what it's like to wait in a food line for fifteen hours, finally getting to the front and they're all out." The cry of a gull interrupted his thought. He watched it fly around looking down into the water for it's reflection passed through my face.

Later, when the light faded, dim trees and bushes passed through the reflection of my face.

When it got dark I felt the heartbeat of the moving train and saw your face. But now, when I lie still and can't call you, I hear your voice.
Wendelin Scott

SHEEP SOUP

Four years ago you told me to sing
that song about the sun going down on Galway Bay,
I am still clearing my throat.
We walked out every morning across wet fields,
to wake the dreaming dandelions,
flung mushrooms as big plates at the sea wall,
that broke silently in thick clods,
and fell back to the earth.
With the same hands that drowned tiny, blind kittens,
you braided my hair, pressed flowers,
and to Grandmother's horror,
painted a picture of my fat child's body, naked.
I only wished you had another pair.
do you remember the time you locked me in the byre
with the stench of cow-shit and rotting hay,
made me watch as you thrust a knife into the throat
of my retarded, pet lamb?
(I can still hear it scream).
we ate mutton stew for supper that evening,
you made sure I finished every drop.
(I don't eat meat anymore).

I closed my eyes as the plane flew over
the auld kirk land, and your grave.
I returned again to this island,
this island pressed flat un the weight of stars,
where the winds permit no trees to grow.

I will not bring you flowers,
even the dandelions I will let sleep,
but I will come bearing pale fungus,
a bottle of Old Grouse whiskey,
and a steaming bowl of sheep soup.
Anita Mage

PAVLOVA

A figure in the corner
just bones wrapped in a gauze dress
to frail to dance,
she sits in a dark room,
watching a film
of herself.
It is an old film
faded from years of play.
Her head sways from the screen
she looks at the floor,
shading her eyes.
She collapses
into pink satin.
The film ends.
The projector keeps running.
dust dancing in the room.
Wendelin Scott

WE TOUCH ON NIGHTS WHEN I WANT TO CRAWL

The tides in my belly,
rise and fall,
and I want to crawl
inside a broken watermelon,
to crush sweet fruit between my hands.

Touch me now.

Don't look so frightened,
I am only a woman,
one with small feet and ears.
Only a woman,
tangling herself in the windchimes
on your porch,
clinging to handfuls of brown earth,
in your garden,
feeling the pull of warm wind in her hair.

Touch me now.

Let me wake with you
one morning,
with the sun
between our legs.

Tom Murdock

POEM

The poet says all things
that make work easy
are evil.

Pen and print
are barriers to the poetry
of pure sense.
This poem begins in admonition:
hide naked in a dark cave,
drink images from cold springs,
feel this poem in the blood
of your wrist.
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All this hidden on the ride home. 

Curl in a darkened backseat. 

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The radiator breathes. 

A slow stream of warmth surrounds me as I wrap myself in darkness.

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<td>CHRIS WICK</td>
<td>Path</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JOHN HIEMSTRA</td>
<td>Afternoon</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES:

Carlabie Byrnes

So little of forest's charm is left in the mushroom soup!
- Stanis J. Lec

Robin Abramson

None of us have felt good this year. Pus around the eyes, sores that come and go with no explanation.
- James Tate

Jennifer Lynch

I hate camping. It's so intents.

Ken Bresser

People travel to wonder at the height of mountains, at the huge waves of the sea, at the long courses of rivers, at the circular motion of the stars, and pass by themselves without wondering at all.
- St. Augustine 399 AD

Wendelin Scott

I'm trying to find the fish.

Tom Murdock

I have nothing worthwhile to say.

Anita Mage

I think raw thoughts.

Homer Bass

I think I exist, therefore I exist. I think.

Rebecca Young

Much madness is the divinest sense.
- Emily Dickinson

THE RED
WHEELBARROW

chris wick
john hiemstra
october 1984
Nat Horowitz

Flanged Goat Rind
I was a little uneasy submitting this poem -- it's my shortest poem and also my grossest -- but it speaks to the desperate mood that many of us at Interlochen find ourselves in doing math homework at 2:30 in the morning in the shower 'cause they'll bust you if they see your lights on and you're so tired you have to clench your teeth to keep the tiles from moving in your periphery.

About "Flanged Goat Rind", it's a private joke and really has no place in a publication of the nation's finest high school for the arts.

Chrystya Johnson

Flapping your arms can be flying.
-Robert K. Hall

Chris Wick

As already mentioned, we had no way of forcing Leon to attend the daily meetings; or to sit in their sitting room, day in and day out, with Joseph at his side; or to eat with the others; or to work with them.
-Milton Rokeach

John Hiemstra

"It worried him that he felt so bankrupt; that whatever intellectual or philosophical precepts he clung to broken down entirely now that he was faced with the human situation."
-John LaCarre
Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy
the red

wheelbarrow

William Carlos Williams

THE RED WHEELBARROW

so much depends
upon
a red wheel
barrow

glazed with rain
water

beside the white
chickens.