Distant Hills
The distant hills call to me.
Their rolling waves seduce my heart.
Oh, how I want to graze in their lush valleys.
Oh, how I want to run down their green slopes.
Alas, I cannot.
Damn the electric fence!
Damn the electric fence!
Thank you.
THE RED WHEELBARROW
MARCH 1993

EDITORS: KATE ANGUS
         KATIE EYER

FACULTY ADVISOR: MICHAEL DELP

Special Thanks to Jack Driscoll for Advertisement Assistance
Felice Koenig: “Beware of the pursuit of the superhuman, it leads to an indiscriminate contempt for the human.” - Bernard Shaw

Britain Washburn: “The mark of an immature man is to die nobly for a cause, while the mark of a mature man is to live humbly for one.” - J. D. Salinger; *The Catcher in the Rye*

Kate Angus: “Do not think that I do not love you if I scream while I die.” - Leslie Marmon Silko

Adam Smith is a two-year junior who did not give the editors a quote.

Genia Bonyun: “Love is the desire to prostitute oneself.” - Charles Baudelaire
Quotes from the Contributors

Katie Eyer: “It is love that goes in the end. It is that out of all this amazement and pain; the bright harm, the royal woe, the brilliant wound and the stain... And the mind knows this well; But the heart breaks if it believes.” - Elder Olson

Melissa Stephenson: “The Hell’s Angels, by several definitions, including their own, are working rapists...and in this downhill half of our twentieth century they are not so different from the rest of us as they seem. They are only more obvious.” - Hunter S. Thompson

Callan Barrett: “Today means boundless and inexhaustible eternity. Months and years and all periods of time are concepts of people, who gauge everything by numbers; but the true name of eternity is Today.” - Philo

Joe Freidman: “He then passed the required examination and was duly presented with a high school diploma. He had just turned thirty. At long last, Joe Maddy was educated.” - Norma Lee Browning; Joe Maddy of Interlochen

Kris Shapiro: “Oh...piddle!”

Andy Johnston is a three-year local lumberjack, Olympic swimmer and all-around nomadic hero.

Katherine Factor: “Find the cost of freedom buried in the ground, mother earth will swallow you, lay your body down.” - Crosby, Stills & Nash

Alan Cohen: “I would like to be the messiah, but unfortunately am an atheist. Oh well. Maybe someday I can be a college professor.”

Jen C. Jones: “A bird doesn’t sing because it has an answer- it sings because it has a song.” - Joan Angluna

Rachel Webster: “Love is not concerned / with whom you pray / or where you slept / the night you ran away / from home / Love is concerned / that the beating of your heart/ should kill no one.” - Alice Walker

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Cover Art and Second Interior Art.................................................................Adam Smith
First Interior Art...............................................................................................Genia Bonyun
A constellation of cigarette butts litter the ground at my feet and I look to the sky, where the stars pierce through the soft flesh of night like rattlesnake teeth, shining their poison light above me.

- Katherine Angus
I expected your return to be in a season of hurricanes:
rough wind, rain that pelts the people
as water rushes in to drown the city streets.
Not this, no warm day in late May,
no east wind coming towards us
rich with the scent of lilies.
I once knew exactly what I would say to you;
how a Jewish author said of the Holocaust,
that his sole faith was in Hitler;
the only one who ever kept his promises to the Jews,
and how that's the same kind of faith I've always had in you.
But now, sitting together in the sand,
I cannot speak, my words to you
catching in my throat like pebbles.
You say you are leaving in the morning,
and I believe you have already left.
It doesn't matter that your hand holds mine
because I do not think you are even here anyway.
Now, after we have finally said goodbye,
I stand in the forest at night,
afraid of every sound
as white wisps of Marlboro smoke escape my lips,
pale clouds covering the dark sky.
I think of your smile as you greeted me,
happy now that you could look through me to the haze
veiling the lake, and I know
that tomorrow, on your plane to New York,
I will no longer matter to you,
as I remain here among the pine trees of Northern Michigan.
How, in the long years after this,
you will have forgotten me; to you
I will be nothing, somehow, less
than nothing.
Fantasy Suite

Tonight, I stroked my sister's hair as she slept, body curled into itself, edge of her nightgown dangling over the shoulder of the bed like an afterthought. Her dreams must be valuable as mine, the way she huddles around her sleep, each dream a tiny sun nestled in the lap of her gown, the light that glows in her face.

I left the bedroom, caught like a splinter in my own sleep. A sleep where my stepbrother is still sneaking in my bedroom window, his shadow cast across the room from the streetlights like a monster searching for a child's closet.

* * *

Traveling from New York to Indiana, I saw a man in the airport, his blond hair curling to the waist, eyes fixed on me. In my fantasy, he took me in the bathroom, pressed me against the wall until I melted in,

There is a strange silence about its breaking, and your figure is suddenly obscured by dusk. I wander in the waist-high weeds to find you, hours pass and alas I stumble upon your body, downed in dirt but breathing. You whisper: Perhaps I had confused your shining shape for something else; you are feeling weak.

I lie down beside you. In our dreams we take aim, blowing away each little light so that the world might marvel at the shooting stars, exclaiming wishes as they explode out of existence.

- Britain Washburn
Shooting Disks

We have walked to a field
near neither my house nor your's,
bundled for the brisk fall weather
we barely feel beneath our woolen layers.

Though lacking knowledge of this sport,
it is said that some possess stunning
self-taught skills, and with this at risk,
we are shooting disks.

Each is labeled with a question:
Vague words like "time" and "spirit"
that need no surrounding sentences
nor punctuation, for the sheer sight of them
causes inflection of the syllables
that slip past our tight lips.

I get some distance with the gun
so that you stand, a speck in the tall grasses,
and await the shadow-passing of plates
in the silver sky. I shoot
and the pieces shatter and ring,
scattering "sex" unanswered,
like so many snowflakes
we anticipate touching down.

Again, and again, and again,
disks spin into the air
like vinyl versions of the sound track to your life,
You sing along but I cannot distinguish the song.
I shoot "memory," then "art,"
and finally your, "heart,"
and for a moment I feel
I should have spared this one.

clean and shiny as each white tile.
His hair hung in strands
like cypress knees,
his arm, a crescent of moon.

* * *

This afternoon, my mother
drained a bottle by three,
her medicine for raising children.
I packed one bag, no questions
asked as I stumbled
towards the door like
a blind man to light, slipped
into my car
thinking north and cursing south,
turned the key
and the engine fired
like something
that's barely escaped death.

* * *

Suddenly, I am in the back
of Mercy's convertible again,
the hood rumbling
as if a hundred butterflies
were beating their way out.
The dirt road blurs behind us,
mountains closing in,
only this time
we keep driving. I stand up
in the back seat, face bright
as a cactus flower
to challenge the wind,
the only other life
in this deserted valley.
* * *

Letting out the clutch with all the skill I have, the car starts for Canada cursing this road like a forgotten jail cell as I struggle to escape to the stripped threads of my wildness.

- Melissa Stephenson
Seams

Little girl
a little lost

to play her daddy home
shoves her head into his
chest and fills it up with
love

his little faith-filled rosy girl
with tinted
Barbie glasses and plastic
colored heels attached with screws
and

he holds tight as she lets go

- Felice Koenig

The Moon

is risen, shimmering transparently
like a delicate communion wafer.
Its body of dust
lightens everything
it touches.

In its stillness I kneel,
with dogs, with lovers;
the speechless ones singing
ceaselessly to their Goddess.

Trembling, we hold her
in our eyes.
Her transfixing light
dissolving slowly
like a prayer in our mouths.

- Callan Barrett
This story deals with a young man who exists in our modern world, occupies a life similar to yours and mine as a member of a society resembles ours. He is confronted with himself and the realization that through trying to meet up to society’s ideologies, he has denied himself a personal identity. Through his confusion he realizes as well that he cannot co-exist with a society which suppresses common sense and intelligence as well as individuality for mass acceptance and manufactured spirituality. In disgust, he attempts to escape, only to find that he is unable. He is, in fact, “blocked” by the same “dead ends” that society is trapped within. He is forced to accept the same fate as society, to be destroyed by smashing headlong into the “dead ends”. Through this he returns to the modern world as an enlightener, perhaps even a savior. This excerpt is taken from the beginning of the story, it is the first contact within which Ile encounters realization of his situation. This realization comes through a “dream, a prophecy which begins his escape from the functional reality within which he has lived his life.

Inside the room, the faint warmth of a pale morning sun reflected from the outside buildings, filling the room with a gray concrete light. The queer commonalities of frustration and necessity turned to stone in this light, and stood as statues in monument to a sickly tired existence. This light, while brightening the room, left corners and niches darkened in shadow, making the room formless between voids and empty beside the slumbering, noiseless animal inhabiting it. The whirring of an air conditioner droned monotonously throughout the room, setting it solidly within time and space, cementing it within a frame. This is where everything starts and stops, the control. To say that there was only one animal in the room is not entirely true. I was there as well. I had awoke from slumber however, and I think that looking down upon myself, I refused to sleep any longer. Ironically enough, a revelation was birthed from my sleep, fashioned in my subconscious head and spit out from its cocoon after a lifetime of hibernation.

It happened during the tossings and turnings of a cold night, cold in so much that I could have cured it with a leisurely flick of a heating knob. In the half insanity of frustrated sleep, however, I lay sprawled upon my side of the bed, cursing myself silently for the inability to warm myself. Something invisible, intangible, almost unimaginable, but real, prevented my movement from the bed, and the more I tried, the more I felt I was fighting myself. I was afraid, and as well, disgusted by this impotence, lying in bed with my chilled nose crushed against a pillow, wishing I were someone who I was not.

Fire

Born at twilight, she rises hard as a falling man crippled and heavy.
She has endured the night.

She sings for the wild sky for the rain that seizes dry ground, for the young wind that runs so fast and far.

She is left to burn, kept within the arms of dead wood. Jumping, kicking, she wants to fly to dance in a red sky.

Only fire can warm hands in a cold night. Here, alone on a snowy mountain, I watch her run and bite the frozen air.

- Rachel Webster
Sister

It's been too long since we talked. Remember when we walked the long way to the beach—nous avons parlé rien que le français et je t'ai dit mes rêves secrets. I couldn't feel a space between our souls until the next morning when I chased that boy in the rain. I could feel a space beginning then.

Last time you called me from that faraway place you chose you told me you were heartbroken but saved by Taoism just when I had given up on boys to make you proud. And you mentioned you had cut your hair (I only had an inch left before I beat you) "Short hair's better now," you said. So my long curls weigh heavy on my head.

My hair grown long and yours cut short you in love and me halfway sane the world is being built again. In this crazy shifting place I believe our space will bring us closer.

- Jen C. Jones

I tumbled quietly through waves of sleep, through different worlds, sensations, and levels, each like a different puzzle piece of a mirror becoming more and more whole as I slipped from consciousness. it seemed as though I could actually see the fuzzy head of a dream creeping itself slowly towards me until finally pushing its way in and swallowing me whole from the inside out. The first realization of the dream came in the form of recognition. I had been there many times before, I had breathed the same pretend air, smelled the accumulated scents borrowed from reality, and every piece of landscape which greeted me held the faint air of familiarity and farce. Memory left me helpless in this place with little beside the acknowledgement of everything I saw and felt as being part of a cloudy past and uncertain future.

It was a subway station somewhere inside the state of California. It was not bright or sunny there, no happy beautiful California people roamed in search of fame or fortune. In fact, it appeared quite gray and dull, with little more than the aged cracks in the concrete to provide interest. Faceless men, women, and children hobbled aimlessly around, clumsily bumping into one another in such a way that none could fully keep their balance. The ones who could stand most firmly seemed to study the cracks in the concrete, worship them almost, as if they were statues in monument to a higher force. One which could motivate and destroy the lives they owned on whim. Upon closer inspection I realized that each of these people did in fact have a face, each one unique and personal. The faces were difficult to see though, sometimes it seemed as though I would have to go up and positively scrutinize every inch of their bodies to see their faces; and sometimes, I realized, it was not worth the trouble of wasting my time trying to see them.

A drone filled the empty air, shattering the previous state of aimlessness and organizing the faceless people, along with myself, into a ticket line, as if on cue. The drone grew to a deafening roar. As if it were a story book monster coming to devour us, it became something unreal, filling my heart with a strange but very real terror. With a hiss of escaping steam, a beautiful silver subway cab appeared, emerging from a tunnel to the far right of us, and ceased its movements. It lay fat and open, prepared to accept all of us, each and every one.

We shuffled mechanically towards the ticket taker, a short plump man with a ragged goatee and a balding wispy head. As I came to him he handed me a little green ticket stub and motioned that I should move along.

"Don't I owe you something?", I asked in confusion, fishing through my pockets for loose change.

"Owe me!", he cried, laughing, "Ya paid already, eh, doncha know that? Now get outta here, I'm busy."
“Jerk!”, I muttered under my breath as I walked away. What had he meant by that, I wondered. I didn’t remember paying anything. His rudeness annoyed me and had left me feeling insecure and alone there. I clutched my ticket stub tightly and searched for the nearest opening into the cab.

The cab was more immense close up than I had realized. It manifested nearly the entirety of the station and beamed almost ostentatiously as if it were the sun. Catching my reflection in the silveriness, I discovered that I could not see clearly my own face, but dismissed it in eagerness to step into the cab and leave.

The interior was even more lavish and gaudy than the exterior. The walls were lined with a smooth creamy leather which engulfed even the lush seats and sleeping compartments where the passengers relaxed lazily. Faceless stewardesses, with beautifully articulated bodies erupting from within their tightly stretched clothing, wandered the aisles offering their services to anyone in need. Quietly and happily, I took my seat next to a window, leaned back and waited for the ride to begin.

The rumble of the engines exploded beneath me, shaking the compartment in a tornado of noise, as the cab prepared to move. My fingers gripped the arm rests, digging into the leather as I watched the station through my window. Through the corner of my eye, I saw it. I saw a world of confusion and fright which in an instant I could not comprehend. There was no tunnel for the cab to enter. There was nothing save a great impenetrable wall on the left, where it was facing. I looked to the right only to find the tunnel from which it had emerged, vanished, gone. A wall stood there as well. Both the right wing and the left were dead ends.

The subway lurched forward, gaining momentum slowly as my horror turned into a fit of screaming.

"Stop the cab, for Christ sake, can’t you see?", I yelled, gaining no enthusiasm from the other passengers, who sat gaily enjoying the ride. "Where the hell are the brakes? Are you all crazy?"

My screams crushed in the warpings and twistings of hollowness., pushing me through colors and memories, shrinking a part of me and at once enlarging another. Stuffing me back into the womb and finding myself inside-out, turned around, lost and found, I opened my eyes and stared at the cracking ceiling of my apartment. With the gradual sense of where I was, time and place merged, leaving me with the faint taste of a dream still lingering in my mouth.

- Joe Freidman

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**Place Of Gods**

Standing steep on the hillside at Delphi, I watch the morning mist drink in the sun rising in tendrils over the Gulf of Corinth. I bask on the treasure house of the Boeotians, then I jump, faithful as Icarus, off the cliff from which blasphemers were cleansed, spreading themselves across the mountainside in supplication or defiance.

I drink from the fountain of Castalia. I climb the facing mountain as a woman’s breast, then humble myself to Pallas and Phoebus. I kneel beneath an ancient olive tree, watching the thrushes and the tall grass and the pink hyacinths, the streams of ants following the contours of the hill, all beneath the ruins, all things potent through disorder.

- Alan Cohen
Feigning Sleep

I. Child

She's curled on the floor beside the stove,
wear her sleep face.
Her father glances over from the television, smiles.
His daughter is so pretty all curled up like that,
a warm thing to be held close, soft, with eyes closed.
He bends down, touches her shoulder. She moves toward his touch.
He picks her up and carries her to bed,
her hair spilling over his arms.
She makes a noise like a dream leaking out of her mouth.
Sleep ebbs over her fragile form,
she fits so perfectly into his arms now.

II. Woman

She wants to be held, so
she sinks to the floor in the corner of their apartment,
waits for him to notice, to wonder at how young she looks,
all curled up like this.
He glances over from his book, smiles. She looks
as if her dreams are made of water, as if she floats,
tiny and lonely, within them.
He bends over to pick her up. She shifts closer,
fitting so perfectly into these arms.
He has to protect her, in this sleep she could drown in.

- Kris Shapiro
The Third Manitou

We stand
digging our boots
into the Empire bluffs,
his long wisps of hair spilling out
like moraine.

I motion.
He hands me an opener,
the one that he wears
strung around his neck
with chain,
Indian beads,
and some of the hemp
that slithered
around Nat Turner's neck.

The sun eases behind
the tear-drop gas tank
of his Harley
before it drags its last golden light
under the waves.

I ask for light.
He tosses me his Zippo.

In the tiny flash,
I see his Viking eyes
shimmer like glacial lakes.
One blue,
thirsting for life,
the other a lichen green.
They are two transfixing shields
guarding a mind
poised to sweep the low country.

- Andy Johnston

Baptism

Sunlight. Sunrays moving in and out of water as if they had subdued gravity and were playing with the water, pulling it down down to the earth. I remember when I was eleven and swam in the catch-pond of a Hawaiian waterfall, the undercurrents swirling around my body and taking me from my grasp on the bank. Clear water. Holy water. Arms circling, legs pedaling in the tropical waterfall, I imagined being the water: fresh from the sky, moving miles while molding in and out of the shore crevices, shaping stream banks, smoothing rocks, flowing as pensively and passively as childhood; floating in between the two banks knowing I am the only thing they hold. Then, being pulled over the crest of the waterfall by the sun. Falling. Falling water. Falling back into myself.

- Katherine Factor
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Inside the room, the faint warmth of a pale morning sun reflected from the outside buildings, filling the room with a gray concrete light. The queer commonalities of frustration and necessity turned to stone in this light, and stood as statues in monument to a sickly tired existence. This light, while brightening the room, left corners and niches darkened in shadow, making the room formless between voids and empty beside the slumbering, noiseless animal inhabiting it. The whirring of an air conditioner droned monotonously throughout the room, setting it solidly within time and space, cementing it within a frame. This is where everything starts and stops, the control.

To say that there was only one animal in the room is not entirely true. I was there as well. I had awoke from slumber however, and I think that looking down upon myself, I refused to sleep any longer. Ironically enough, a revelation was birthed from my sleep, fashioned in my subconscious head and spit out from its cocoon after a lifetime of hibernation.

It happened during the tossings and turnings of a cold night, cold in so much that I could have cured it with a leisurely flick of a heating knob. In the half insanity of frustrated sleep, however, I lay sprawled upon my side of the bed, cursing myself silently for the inability to warm myself. Something invisible, intangible, almost unimaginable, but real, prevented my movement from the bed, and the more I tried, the more I felt I was fighting myself. I was afraid, and as well, disgusted by this impotence, lying in bed with my chilled nose crushed against a pillow, wishing I were someone who I was not.

Fire

Born at twilight,
she rises
as dawn drips down
hard as a falling man
crippled and heavy.
She has endured the night.

She sings for the wild sky
for the rain that seizes dry ground,
for the young wind
that runs so fast and far.

She is left to burn,
kept within the arms of dead wood.
Jumping, kicking,
she wants to fly
to dance in a red sky.

Only fire can warm hands
in a cold night.
Here, alone on a snowy mountain,
I watch her run and bite
the frozen air.

- Rachel Webster
Seams

Little girl
a little lost
to play her daddy home
shoves her head into his
chest and fills it up with
love
him clean into the end
his little faith-filled rosy girl
with tinted
Barbie glasses and plastic
colored heels attached with screws
and elastic
he holds tight as she lets go

- Felice Koenig

The Moon

is risen, shimmering transparently
like a delicate communion wafer.
Its body of dust
lightens everything
it touches.

In its stillness I kneel,
with dogs, with lovers;
the speechless ones singing
ceaselessly to their Goddess.

Trembling, we hold her
in our eyes.
Her transfixing light
dissolving slowly
like a prayer in our mouths.

- Callan Barrett
* * *
Letting out the clutch
with all the skill I have,
the car starts for Canada
cursing this road
like a forgotten jail cell
as I struggle to escape
to the stripped threads
of my wildness.

- Melissa Stephenson
Shooting Disks

We have walked to a field
near neither my house nor your’s,
bundled for the brisk fall weather
we barely feel beneath our woolen layers.

Though lacking knowledge of this sport,
it is said that some possess stunning
self-taught skills, and with this at risk,
we are shooting disks.

Each is labeled with a question:
Vague words like “time” and “spirit”
that need no surrounding sentences
nor punctuation, for the sheer sight of them
causes inflection of the syllables
that slip past our tight lips.

I get some distance with the gun
so that you stand, a speck in the tall grasses,
and await the shadow-passing of plates
in the silver sky. I shoot
and the pieces shatter and ring,
scattering “sex” unanswered,
like so many snowflakes
we anticipate touching down.

Again, and again, and again,
disks spin into the air
like vinyl versions of the sound track to your life,
You sing along but I cannot distinguish the song.
I shoot “memory,” then “art,”
and finally your, “heart,”
and for a moment I feel
I should have spared this one.

clean and shiny as each white tile.
His hair hung in strands
like cypress knees,
his arm, a crescent of moon.

* * *
This afternoon, my mother
drained a bottle by three,
her medicine for raising children.
I packed one bag, no questions
asked as I stumbled
towards the door like
a blind man to light, slipped
into my car
thinking north and cursing south,
turned the key
and the engine fired
like something
that’s barely escaped death.

* * *
Suddenly, I am in the back
of Mercy’s convertible again,
the hood rumbling
as if a hundred butterflies
were beating their way out.
The dirt road blurs behind us,
mountains closing in,
only this time
we keep driving. I stand up
in the back seat, face bright
as a cactus flower
to challenge the wind,
the only other life
in this deserted valley.
Fantasy Suite

Tonight, I stroked my sister's hair as she slept, body curled into itself, edge of her nightgown dangling over the shoulder of the bed like an afterthought. Her dreams must be valuable as mine, the way she huddles around her sleep, each dream a tiny sun nestled in the lap of her gown, the light that glows in her face.

I left the bedroom, caught like a splinter in my own sleep. A sleep where my stepbrother is still sneaking in my bedroom window, his shadow cast across the room from the streetlights like a monster searching for a child's closet.

* * *

Traveling from New York to Indiana, I saw a man in the airport, his blond hair curling to the waist, eyes fixed on me. In my fantasy, he took me in the bathroom, pressed me against the wall until I melted in,

There is a strange silence about its breaking, and your figure is suddenly obscured by dusk. I wander in the waist-high weeds to find you, hours pass and alas I stumble upon your body, downed in dirt but breathing. You whisper: Perhaps I had confused your shining shape for something else; you are feeling weak.

I lie down beside you. In our dreams we take aim, blowing away each little light so that the world might marvel at the shooting stars, exclaiming wishes as they explode out of existence.

- Britain Washburn
The Poison Sky

I expected your return to be in a season of hurricanes:
rough wind, rain that pelts the people
as water rushes in to drown the city streets.
Not this, no warm day in late May,
no east wind coming towards us
rich with the scent of lilies.
I once knew exactly what I would say to you;
how a Jewish author said of the Holocaust,
that his sole faith was in Hitler;
the only one who ever kept his promises to the Jews,
and how that’s the same kind of faith I’ve always had in you.
But now, sitting together in the sand,
I cannot speak, my words to you
catching in my throat like pebbles.
You say you are leaving in the morning,
and I believe you have already left.
It doesn’t matter that your hand holds mine
because I do not think you are even here anyway.
Now, after we have finally said goodbye,
I stand in the forest at night,
afraid of every sound
as white wisps of Marlboro smoke escape my lips,
pale clouds covering the dark sky.
I think of your smile as you greeted me,
happy now that you could look through me to the haze
veiling the lake, and I know
that tomorrow, on your plane to New York,
I will no longer matter to you,
as I remain here among the pine trees of Northern Michigan.
How, in the long years after this,
you will have forgotten me; to you
I will be nothing, somehow, less
than nothing.

For Joel

How much will I lose if I stay?
Whatever it was you meant to give.

How much will I lose if I go?
I could fill the sky with such longing.

In which direction is your road?
Direction is not the question.

Then where are you going to?
To where the wind means more.

Where have you been?
Not living.

Why do you go?
Because this road won’t stop singing in my sleep.

How must I find you again?
Follow the serpent’s path pressed in the grass.

Where will you be?
In love with the lake and the willows.

Will you remember me still?
Goodbye love, Goodbye.

Have you forgotten already?
What was the question?

- Katie Eyer
A constellation of cigarette butts litter the ground at my feet and I look to the sky, where the stars pierce through, the soft flesh of night like rattlesnake teeth, shining their poison light above me.

- Katherine Angus
Quotes from the Contributors

Katie Eyer: “It is love that goes in the end. It is that out of all this amazement and pain; the bright harm, the royal woe, the brilliant wound and the stain... And the mind knows this well; But the heart breaks if it believes.” - Elder Olson

Melissa Stephenson: “The Hell’s Angels, by several definitions, including their own, are working rapists...and in this downhill half of our twentieth century they are not so different from the rest of us as they seem. They are only more obvious.” - Hunter S. Thompson

Callan Barrett: “Today means boundless and inexhaustible eternity. Months and years and all periods of time are concepts of people, who gauge everything by numbers; but the true name of eternity is Today.” - Philo

Joe Freidman: “He then passed the required examination and was duly presented with a high school diploma. He had just turned thirty. At long last, Joe Maddy was educated.” - Norma Lee Browning; Joe Maddy of Interlochen

Kris Shapiro: “Oh...piddle!”

Andy Johnston is a three-year local lumberjack, Olympic swimmer and all-around nomadic hero.

Katherine Factor: “Find the cost of freedom buried in the ground, mother earth will swallow you, lay your body down.” - Crosby, Stills & Nash

Alan Cohen: “I would like to be the messiah, but unfortunately am an atheist. Oh well. Maybe someday I can be a college professor.”

Jen C. Jones: “A bird doesn’t sing because it has an answer- it sings because it has a song.” - Joan Angluna

Rachel Webster: “Love is not concerned / with whom you pray / or where you slept / the night you ran away / from home / Love is concerned / that the beating of your heart/ should kill no one.” - Alice Walker

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Cover Art and Second Interior Art.....................................................................Adam Smith
First Interior Art...............................................................................................Genia Bonyun
Felice Koenig: “Beware of the pursuit of the superhuman, it leads to an indiscriminate contempt for the human.” - Bernard Shaw

Britain Washburn: “The mark of an immature man is to die nobly for a cause, while the mark of a mature man is to live humbly for one.” - J. D. Salinger; The Catcher in the Rye

Kate Angus: “Do not think that I do not love you if I scream while I die.” - Leslie Marmon Silko

Adam Smith is a two-year junior who did not give the editors a quote.

Genia Bonyun: “Love is the desire to prostitute oneself.” - Charles Baudelaire
Distant Hills
The distant hills call to me.
Their rolling waves seduce my heart.
Oh, how I want to graze in their lush valleys.
Oh, how I want to run down their green slopes.
Alas, I cannot.
Damn the electric fence!
Damn the electric fence!
Thank you.

Cow poetry
"THE REDWHEELBARROW"