"Too many poets delude themselves by thinking the mind is dangerous and must be left out. Well, the mind is dangerous and must be left in."

--Robert Frost

"The writer should never be ashamed of staring. There is nothing that does not require his attention."

--Flannery O'Connor

"One ought to only write when one leaves a piece of one's flesh in the inkpot each time one dips one's pen."

--Leo Tolstoy

"I see only one rule: to be clear. If I am not clear, then my entire world crumbles into nothing."

--Marie Stendhal

"Our words must seem to be inevitable."

--Yeats

"Any work of art, provided it springs from a sincere motivation to further understanding between people, is an act of faith and therefore an act of love."

--Truman Capote
The Moment

We passed the ice of pain,
And came to a dark ravine,
And there we sang with the sea:
The wide, the bleak abyss
Shifted slowly with our kiss.

Space struggled with time;
The gong of midnight struck
The naked absolute.
Sound, silence sang as one.

All flowed: without, within;
Body met body, we
Created what's to be.

What else to say?
We end in joy.

--Theodore Roethke

THE RED WHEELBARROW

EDITORS: KATHERINE FACTOR
AND
MELISSA STEPHENSON

FACULTY ADVISOR: MICHAEL DELP
The Wheelbarrow

Wheelbarrows are used to
Carry things like
and Rocks and dj

Sometimes r
Poetry t

-- Olaf Lind

Five A.M. in the Pinewoods

I'd seen
their hoofprints in the deep
needles and knew
they ended the long night
under the pines, walking
like two mute
and beautiful women toward
the deeper woods, so I
got up in the dark and
went there. They came
slowly down the hill
and looked at me sitting under
the blue trees, shyly
they stepped
closer and stared
from under their thick lashes and even
nibbled some damp
tassels of weeds. This
is not a poem about a dream,
though it could be.

This is a poem about the world
that is ours, or could be.
Finally
one of them- I swear it!-
would have come into my arm.
But the other
stamped sharp hoof in the
pine needles like
the tap of sanity,
and they went off together through
the trees. When I woke
I was alone,
I was thinking:
so this is how you swim inward,
so this is how you flow outward,
so this is how you pray.

--Mary Oliver
Raised on the Lake-- Jill Jennings..................2
The Chernobyl Catastrophe--Putnam Riley Trumbull......3
When I Die-- Zoe Tsavdarides..........................4
The Pain-- Leith Campbell................................5
duck duck goose-- Kanako Wynkoop........................6
15 on a Friday Night-- Kanako Wynkoop..................8
Patience-- Elizabeth Savage................................9
The Last Goodbye at the Greyhound Station- Kate Angus.10
The Black Spider-- Adam Smith.............................11
Pebble Stream-- Adam Smith.................................12
An Essay on Procrastination (an excerpt)--
Putnam Riley Trumbull.....................................13
Five A.M. in the Pinewoods-- Mary Oliver................17
The Moment-- Theodore Roethke...........................18
Front cover art by Adam Smith
Back cover art by Genia Bonyun
Raised On the Lake

The pattern of waves pushing each other to shore will never sound foreign to me. When my father first put me in the water, he told me I had instincts, like a fish, the force of water outlining the curves of my body.

At night I would slip out of our cottage, run to the end of the dock and dive deep beneath the waves swimming on and on then peeking my face up just long enough to get a gasp of air—and check the direction of the moon.

Under the water, I would try to follow the course of moonlight until my arms and legs proved helpless and I would swim back barely able to lift myself to the dock.

Lying on the cracked wood, letting water roll down the sides of my face I pictured myself in winter sitting on a deserted beach just staring at the rough face of the lake.

--Jill Jennings

One day, after things had been calm around the base for a while, several soldiers decided to go into town for a good time. This was not an unusual thing. A portion of the town made its living prostituting for the men who pulled up in green jeeps, wearing green uniforms. The men left early in the day, four of them, and drove to town through the populated, relatively safe roads. As far as air-force intelligence can gather, the four men spent the day in a bar, something in itself considered promiscuous, and then when it became dark, found the closest cat-house. They spent the evening with the ladies, and took directions from then for a short cut to the base so that they could be in for curfew. And then they climbed in their jeep and drove off into the darkness and chirping crickets of the Philippines at night.

The men did not show up for curfew, nor did they appear the next day, or the next day. The base sent out a search squad and located their jeep and bodies on the third day. The jeep sat over turned in a ditch, camouflaged with the long, wide leaves from sugar cane, and riddled with bullet holes and blood. The bodies resembled the jeep.

The base captain, outraged at the officers stupidity and lack of moral, decided that it would be best to use the four officers adventure as an example for the rest of the air-base. My mother remembers it very clearly. Her and her four brothers, Chris, John, known as J.B., Peter, and Rob, came across the jeep where the captain had placed it, in the center of the base. The bodies were gone, but the remnants of a week old ambush had been preserved, dry, lumpy, human, and stinking. It is said that afterwards, the prostitution in the town dropped dramatically.

But, see, the problem with this story is the lack of "natural phenomena", and that is a requirement for my essay. It is very likely, now that I think about it, that I will not use this story. In fact I won't. Apathy and procrastination have driven me to the point that I must write the essay tonight, but as to what I'll be writing about, your guess is as good as mine. I mean, nothing has been lost yet, I still have until tomorrow, but it would appear as though I have nothing to say, and nothing to say nothing with...and as the minutes tick away, all hope of any suitable, hand-inable, reasonable essay is vanishing, and I am tired.

--Putnam Riley Trumbull
the field that my grandma had crossed half an hour earlier, and the stream, and then she came up to the edge of the pasture. Far off, on the opposite side, she located the bull, kicking the ground with his hoof, leaning forward as to charge, and then she located Caroline. In an instant she had flung herself over the fence and started across the pasture towards the bull and the child.

It is here where the events become unclear. As Maddy neared Ceasar and Caroline, something undoubtedly happened, although nobody is sure as to what. The bull shot forward towards the child, and then something happened, something intervened. Maddy believes it to have been an angel, come to rescue the child, and she describes what she saw, simply, something blue and glowing and good. The bull stopped dead in its tracks and seizing the opportunity, Maddy swooped up little Caroline, my grandma, and carried her away from the pasture and back to the plantation, to safety. It's not a very bad story, really.

Yes, I might include it in my essay. I might not however. I have the ground work pretty much laid out, I know the guidelines I have to follow, and it might not suit my purpose to simply rattle off old family stories. I might want this essay of mine to have some sort of meaning, the likes of which I am not sure. Maybe the essay could even have a point. And I'm slightly worried about the "natural history" requirement of the essay. This must mean "instead of unnatural history", as it cannot be verified. One story which can be verified however, and has been told to me by both my grandma and my mother, is the story of the air base. It is not a very interesting story is the problem, and this has got to be an interesting essay.

My mother grew up the daughter of an air-force pilot, thirty-eight years ago, twelve years after World War 2, and lived for the bulk of her youth, on air-force bases. They lived in Germany, Japan, on the Hawaiian Islands, in France, Italy, and as in the story, the Philippines. It is important to note that although WW2 had been over for twelve years, and so in some sense "settled", my mother grew up, at times, in hostile territory, the air base catching a little enemy fire here and there. Daily air-raid drills were common, and while soldiers could leave the air-base to go into town, they were ordered never to travel alone, and never, ever, to find oneself in a vulnerable situation without a gun.

The Chernobyl Catastrophe

1
It is strange the thing that leaked from within Chernobyl.
It is strange that while those people were sleeping it crept up on them:
Children's faces stolen from their mothers, hideous black spots left on the rug in the shape of Spot the Dog, families reduced to shadows of ash. And all this while they were asleep.

2
For a long time the center boiled.
It began to swell like the cartoon toaster, that turns red, says Oh No! and then pops.
And when the cloud settled everything was toast.

3
It is a bad idea to visit Chernobyl for a vacation.
There aren't too many hotels with vacancies, because the people have been frozen in their beds, arms outstretched towards the telephone, wax dummies unable to call the front desk for assistance. And if you go out to the pool for a tan, it is important to wear sunscreen SPF 30,000, and a hat with a very long visor.

4
I am Chernobyl: ready to blow, holding onto the earth only barely, prepared one day to leap forward, spread my arms like a big bear hug, and burn the hell out of everything.

--Putnam Riley Trumbull
When I Die:

Take off my clothing and tie marionette strings to my limbs. Put on a puppet show in which I recite my last words thirty times, with varying intonations:

Serve tomatoes with oregano at my funeral. Have someone play the bouzouki. Pretend it's a wedding and I'm simply asleep.

Leave every mirror I have owned in the bottom of a clear lake, to return narcissism to itself.

Leave my books to some beggar on the subway, warn him that enlightenment changes nothing.

Take all my paints, pour them into a warm bath. Mix them until they turn each other brown.

Put my eyes on your mantle, nicely colored but useless as knickknacks.

Put my teeth, my lungs, and the back of my mind in a vat of Clorox for a week. Show it to someone who doesn't believe in futility.

Take all the parasitic catchy tunes out of my head, string them together. Play them on an obscure radio station. Call it art.

Pull out every unwritten poem, tie each with a ribbon, give them out to my enemies. For revenge.

Give the rest of my mind to the neighborhood bowling alley.

Give my flesh, with a rolling pin, to the corner bakery.

Pickle my liver. I haven't had the chance.

Take my fingers and stroke them carefully against your own body. Talk to yourself in a monotone, pretend it is me and that I loved someone.

Shred my heart as it is meant to, wrap it in something opaque, and throw it off a cliff into the Aegean. Wait until it sinks before leaving.

--Zoe Tsavdarides

An Essay On Procrastination (an excerpt)

So finally here I am at the old computer, having tossed aside apathy and procrastination. I am not sure as to what exactly will come out, I know the product must resemble an essay, but as of yet I do not have a topic and I do not have a prayer. I know that the essay must in some way include: A) natural history, B) oral history, C) natural phenomena, D) some sort of contact with these things. Ok, no problem, I say, I've got the ground work all laid out. I'm sweating a little, but it's simple. Now I just throw it all together.

It'll be something about my family, probably on my mother's side, probably going back to the Civil War, or I'll tell about my grandma almost getting mauled by a bull and being saved just at the last moment, or something along those lines. It'll have to be heartwarming, and perhaps I'll add somebody who thought they saw God snatch my grandma out of the path of that bull, just for effect, and to cover the "natural phenomena" requirement.

It's a very interesting story actually. Many, many years ago, right around the longest day of the year, when everything becomes very lazy in the south, my grandma wandered into the pasture of a very mean and infamous bull named Caesar. The day before in fact, Caesar had broken out of his pasture, and it truly was his pasture, and knocked over an occupied outhouse. The farmers had to shoot several pellets into either side of the large yellow gray section of hide surrounding his small tail, in order to direct him back to the pasture, and then rope his legs and then pull him to his back. And all this, the effort of twenty men. But there must have been no way that my grandma, at the age of five, could have known this or understood that it was not a good thing to cross the wooden fence into the pasture, which she did, her doll tucked carefully underneath her arm.

Meanwhile, as the story goes, Maddy, who worked in the kitchen and looked after the children claims that while kneading bread, she had a vision in the dough of little Caroline in the bull pasture. A cold chill shot upwards, through her spine, and instantly she started looking around for the children. Bobby, shooting his bow and arrow; Robert, stuck in a tree; But Caroline, where was little Caroline? Instantly, Maddy rushed towards the bull pasture, lifting her skirt as she ran. She crossed
Pebble Stream

Wandering
    through the woods--
    as spiders glide, birds dive
    small shiners shine as they ride
    the light that carries me out
    into a field, and around
    a red barn built
    for my bends, which are much
    so such small shiners
    may shine as they ride
    the light that beckons
    me and the birds that dive
    under the spiders that glide,
    back into the woods wandering

--Adam Smith

The Pain

On the Au Sable, just outside of Grayling
I sit under green pine boughs
with my uncle.
Underneath he is still a good man.

Circumstances change the world
and they changed him.
When the fire went through
the river country, it did not stop
for his house.
From cigarette to dried needles
to jack pine to his roof,
he was fishing in the U.P.
when his dogs burned in their cage.
He didn't realize they were gone
until the ashes clung to his boots.

He now lives on a disability pension,
drinks too much,
plays with the new dog,
and collects cheap tools,
so that next time
he'll be ready.

But tonight we sit
under green pine boughs,
and he tells me about fishing,
the long dead Indians
and how the river flows on
through the night.

--Leith Campbell
I could run faster than Derek Denoyer but I liked to watch him skedaddle. So I took extra long hopping up and ran a little slow, so I could appreciate how he leaned way in towards the right trying to gain speed round Brian Alshire who was the biggest ten year old in Brigham County. He would get away 'cause I'd let him sliding safely into my old space, grass.

Little Black Spider
As I sat on my front porch one evening, a little black spider above the door called to me

"Oh little boy! little boy!
fatter than a mayfly softer than a june bug smoother, than a fuzzy fuzzy moth so sweet! so sweet! my prize, so sweet!

little boy!
little boy!
come closer little boy!"

but I wouldn't I wouldn't and I quickly stood up and I quickly walked away until the space between us was greater than the space before.

--Adam Smith
The Last Goodbye at the Greyhound Station

After you see a girl you once loved at a Greyhound station, you take her out to dinner where the wine dregs congeal in your glass like flecks of dried blood.

Then you put her on the bus that will take her to wherever it is she is going, and you return to the place where you live.

You strip off your clothes as if peeling off memories or years and stare into the mirror; white flesh and fat, thin black hairs, and old scars marring the parchment of your skin. "So this is the body."

In the shower, the water flows over your back like her hands did the first time during ten minutes stolen at a church picnic.

You find your body trembling, your blood humming as if thousands of insects now wished to be free.

--Kate Angus

staining his brand
spankin' new courdoroy slacks that still
bent funny at the
knees and wiggled goofy when he ran and leaned and slid.

duck duck duck
duck duck
duck

of course I goosed Desiree she was sittin next to Derek and she ran like a porcelain doll. I ran wild and fast, the houses and yards blending into the wind.

She could never catch me, nope. Desiree was history and I was now next next to him.

2.
I was always the first (girl) to get chosen to play on Derek's baseball team. Desiree would have made a good cheerleader. I wonder why she got chosen first to kiss him. She was such a
doll doll.

--Kanako Wynkoop
15 on a Friday night
(when I still knew everything)

stuck between three others
in the back seat of
"it's my mom's car"

my friend Amy
driving too cool
hands at five and seven

legs all tangled
mine squashed under
Derek Denoyer's
I wonder why
they call them crushes

--Kanako Wynkoop

Impatiently, is how you lived
not stopping for anything
you ate apples while
they were still green in the summer
joined the Navy at eighteen,
and flew away towards that wide horizon.

You were the brother
I followed like a path sometimes
losing your sight around bends,
tripping over hidden stones and roots
I could never keep up.

Now rooms are quiet,
sounds slow into whispers.
At night the wind blows in the pine trees
restless, like the dark African plains.
I came to know patience with

those long days alone by the river
my hands shaping the smooth clay
into entities, while the only voice near
was the water with its invisible lips.

I molded your head like a stone,
your hard legs, your sturdy back.
When you were perfect
I left you in the sun to dry,
I was God, and I made you in my own image.
But all night it rained until

you sank into the ground
as you were before;
a soft lump of clay, a new beginning.
So let us begin with patience
like the slow trickle
of water over stone
that wants to go faster
but is not yet capable
of breaking down the mountain
in the full force of a waterfall.

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will never sound foreign to me.
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At night I would slip out of our cottage
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and check the direction of the moon.

Under the water,
I would try to follow the course
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Lying on the cracked wood,
letting water roll down the sides of my face
I pictured myself in winter
sitting on a deserted beach
just staring at the rough face
of the lake.

--Jill Jennings

One day, after things had been calm around the base
for a while, several soldiers decided to go into town
for a good time. This was not an unusual thing. A portion
of the town made its living prostituting for the men who
pulled up in green jeeps, wearing green uniforms. The
men left early in the day, four of them, and drove to
town through the populated, relatively safe roads. As
far as air-force intelligence can gather, the four men
spent the day in a bar, something in itself considered
promiscuous, and then when it became dark, found the
closest cat-house. They spent the evening with the ladies,
and took directions from then for a short cut to the base
so that they could be in for curfew. And then they climbed
in their jeep and drove off into the darkness and chirping
crickets of the Philippines at night.

The men did not show up for curfew, nor did they
appear the next day, or the next day. The base sent out
a search squad and located their jeep and bodies on the
third day. The jeep sat over turned in a ditch, camouflaged
with the long, wide leaves from sugar cane, and riddled
with bullet holes and blood. The bodies resembled the
jeep.

The base captain, outraged at the officers stupidity
and lack of moral, decided that it would be best to use
the four officers adventure as an example for the rest
of the air-base. My mother remembers it very clearly.
Her and her four brothers, Chris, John, known as J.B.,
Peter, and Rob, came across the jeep where the captain
had placed it, in the center of the base. The bodies were
gone, but the remnants of a week old ambush had been
preserved, dry, lumpy, human, and stinking. It is said
that afterwards, the prostitution in the town dropped
dramatically.

But, see, the problem with this story is the lack
of "natural phenomena", and that is a requirement for
my essay. It is very likely, now that I think about it,
that I will not use this story. In fact I won't. Apathy
and procrastination have driven me to the point that I
must write the essay tonight, but as to what I'll be
writing about, your guess is as good as mine. I mean,
nothing has been lost yet, I still have until tomorrow,
but it would appear as though I have nothing to say, and
nothing to say nothing with...and as the minutes tick
away, all hope of any suitable, hand-in-able, reasonable
eassy is vanishing, and I am tired.

--Putnam Riley Trumbull
THE RED WHEELBARROW
May 1993

Raised on the Lake-- Jill Jennings......................2
The Chernobyl Catastrophe--Putnam Riley Trumbull......3
When I Die-- Zoe Tsavdarides..........................4
The Pain-- Leith Campbell................................5
duck duck goose-- Kanako Wynkoop.....................6
15 on a Friday Night-- Kanako Wynkoop................8
Patience-- Elizabeth Savage...........................9
The Last Goodbye at the Greyhound Station- Kate Angus.10
The Black Spider-- Adam Smith..........................11
Pebble Stream-- Adam Smith............................12
An Essay on Procrastination (an excerpt)--
Putnam Riley Trumbull................................13
Five A.M. in the Pinewoods-- Mary Oliver..............17
The Moment-- Theodore Roethke........................18
Front cover art by Adam Smith
Back cover art by Genia Bonyun
The Wheelbarrow

Wheelbarrows are used to Carry things like and Rocks and dirt

-- Olaf Lind

Five A.M. in the Pinewoods

I'd seen their hoofprints in the deep needles and knew they ended the long night under the pines, walking like two mute and beautiful women toward the deeper woods, so I got up in the dark and went there. They came slowly down the hill and looked at me sitting under the blue trees, shyly they stepped closer and stared from under their thick lashes and even nibbled some damp tassels of weeds. This is not a poem about a dream, though it could be.

This is a poem about the world that is ours, or could be. Finally one of them— I swear it!— would have come into my arm. But the other stamped sharp hoof in the pine needles like the tap of sanity, and they went off together through the trees. When I woke I was alone,

I was thinking: so this is how you swim inward, so this is how you flow outward, so this is how you pray.

--Mary Oliver
The Moment

We passed the ice of pain,
And came to a dark ravine,
And there we sang with the sea:
The wide, the bleak abyss
Shifted slowly with our kiss.

Space struggled with time;
The gong of midnight struck
The naked absolute.
Sound, silence sang as one.

All flowed: without, within;
Body met body, we
Created what's to be.

What else to say?
We end in joy.

--Theodore Roethke
"Too many poets delude themselves by thinking the mind is dangerous and must be left out. Well, the mind is dangerous and must be left in."

--Robert Frost

"The writer should never be ashamed of staring. There is nothing that does not require his attention."

--Flannery O'Connor

"One ought to only write when one leaves a piece of one's flesh in the inkpot each time one dips one's pen."

--Leo Tolstoy

"I see only one rule: to be clear. If I am not clear, then my entire world crumbles into nothing."

--Marie Stendhal

"Our words must seem to be inevitable."

--Yeats

"Any work of art, provided it springs from a sincere motivation to further understanding between people, is an act of faith and therefore an act of love."

--Truman Capote