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### Brushing, Spring, 1971, vol. 1, no. 1

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Archives  
160  
I  
Spring, 1971  
cop. 3

BRUSHING



CATH

Spring, 1971

If you were you  
and I were I  
and this was the place  
and there wasn't much time  
. . . would you?

**Rich Whitley**

## *Brushing*

Spring 1971

Donna Stein

Ann Ferguson

Carol Lightbourn

Hugo Rizzoli

J. R. Bird

Sue Martin

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a  
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f

Gil Klein

Nancy Norman

Tryst Whittier

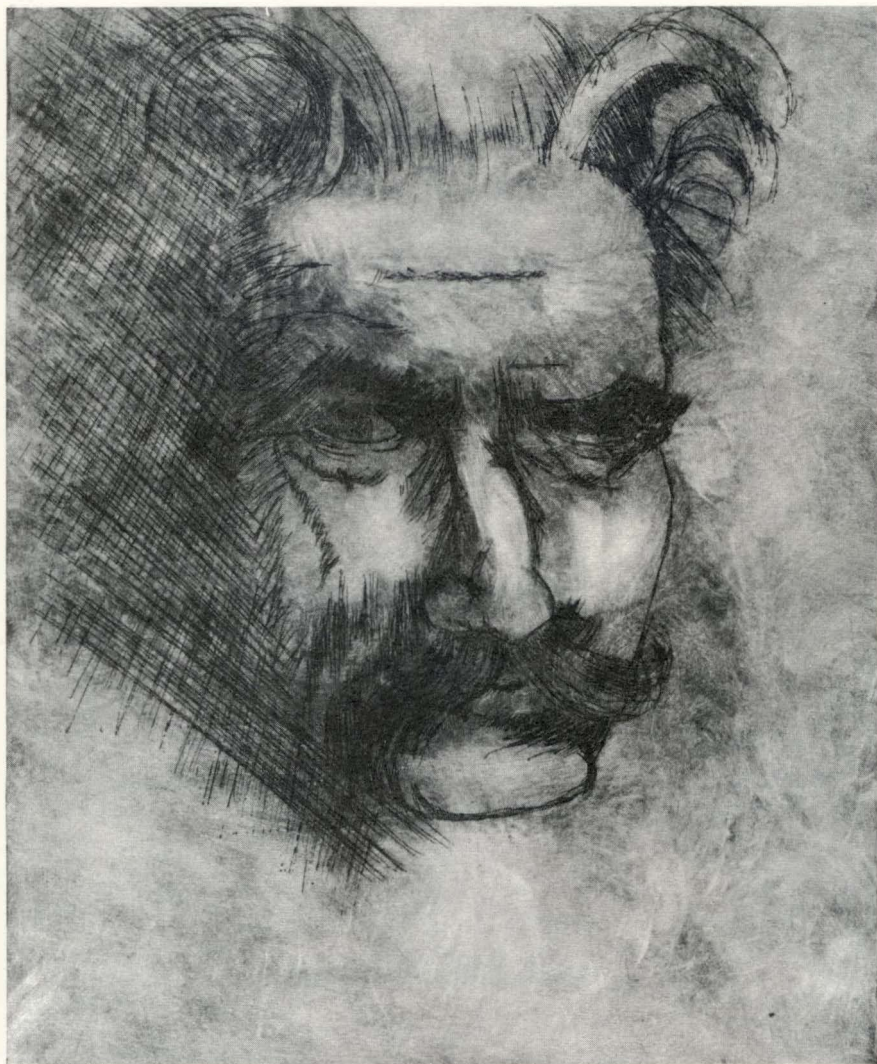
Vicki Thames

Michael Del Colliano

Susan Dollinger

Michael David Madonick





**Lendon Hamilton**

# The Yippiedog Treatise

And my solution for the true greening of america

The Five Year Plant

We shall all spill our green seeds throughout every

Gutter, middlesex (if that's where you are at the time)

And farm

And build a new generation of

Vital lush vegetables.

And for you, my love, the sea-green wave shall overflow its banks

Till the fruits of my loom are abundant and bursting

With fertility.

And for you, my love, I will bury my

Putrifying emotion in the dustblown plain so that

The incessant pool we've tapped will enrich the cause.

And for you, my love, I'll be the progenitor of the

Third World of bawling abortions

Conceived in ecstasy

And dedicated to the proposition

Of the proposition.

For you, my love, are fading into the transparent train of

Wondering, colliding cabbages and cucumbers

In a vegetarian's bacchanalian splendor

Where no blood is spilled — only the thick green oozing of

Chlorophyllic stench to mark where leaves are stripped

And flowers torn.

For we, my love, are all plucking each other into so many bare stalks

Pale-green, fading, bending with the wind

Ever invisible in the sunlight

For me, my love, a return to nature

I shall sow my seed, cultivate my crop

And through the digesting grace of decomposition

Be born again to my home.

Frank Jenkins

## THE VISITOR

And the time called on me today  
I awoke, looked into its mirthful eyes  
Cowered before its catlike paws  
    And accepted its mocking grin

And laughing I shared a shred of its private joke  
    Kicked it unmercifully  
    Then embraced its furry body  
        Like a lover, or a mother, or a long lost enemy

"You stirred me from my rest"  
I charged with grateful indignance  
"You intruded upon my dreams with fantastic images of  
    Maggots evolving into butterflies"

"Take pity on Beelzebub," it commanded  
"He is lonely and has lost his way  
And the necessary is always the impossible  
    And it's impossible not to imagine them both."

Then it smiled again  
    Like a long lost enemy, or a mother, or a lover

**Frank Jenkins**

## From The Shelf

In Calabritto  
the square is dark  
mornings around  
the shopkeeper

pinning up the windowshade  
and excusing the night  
dust that gathers  
on old windowsills

In the evening  
the shopkeepers will re-  
arrange his spices on the shelf, himself  
replace the windowshade, and

sweep the chickens off the  
step before moving back  
across the square ahead  
of Angelo ahead  
of the pigeons  
as he has done.

**Hugo Rizzoli**

# HIS BROTHER'S HOUSE ON A HILL

What the candle has  
in common with the  
evergreen is  
buried in mountains; was  
always there, can't be  
ribboned.

And the pine  
is part of candles; and though one  
seems to melt,  
the other never melts.  
Neither melts. It's the bark of the flame  
that cracks the dark, steams  
the window pane.  
And it's the blood  
of evergreens that  
breathes for the candle.

It all says something  
of the nightvillage planted  
in the hillside of the farmhouse  
shivering alone on snowhills.  
It says something  
of the candlestickmaker in December.  
All of this is near Switzerland  
somewhere is  
nowhere near here except  
in the minds of  
candlestickmakers, and  
the painter of evergreens.



# Public Zipper

I walked this morning down  
a private driveway through  
a private garden over  
a private lawn to  
a private lake, and sat on  
a private dock  
and thought:

of when

I was evicted from  
a private beach by  
a flock of public nuns  
who swam in skirts and  
I said I thought this  
was God's beach, and  
they said God  
didn't pay the taxes.

But then,

I suppose there are  
those who would  
yank down our public zipper  
and stand back laughing  
if they had the chance.  
But who would complain  
when everyone knows  
fire hydrants are public  
for dogs and drunks?

Hugo Rizzoli



**Nancy Norman**

# Everyday People

Nathan Laffoon

In the beginning it's you and me and Pooneil, and we are looking for the House at Pooneil Corner...somewhere on the other side of this life and it's strange, but I forget. And Oh yeah, these two cats come groovin' up our way somewhat faster than the speed of life. One is wearing striped trousers, the other a striped tie. And like I said we're looking for this house, but for reasons I am not prepared to explain, I can't find my way home, so naturally we're all sort of...Now I ain't superstitious, but there is something about dog legs and feet...amplified heat and we jump back. They're strange looking cats; best beware! Christ, Nowhere to run to, no place to hide...Desperation...

"Lovely to see you my friend." The one in striped trousers smiles. "I'm Pressed Rat and this is my good friend Worthog. Perhaps you..."

"Wow!" It's Pooneil rushing to embrace them both. "I didn't recognize you through the fresh garbage and all. I mean we saw the dog legs and feet and freaked--you know what I mean, but that's our neurosis. What's been happening?"

"Been in desolation row for a while over a girl I know. Kinda pickin' up the pieces--if you know what I mean. Listen, Worthog and I were just going to this sort of gathering of the tribes. See some old friends...get some things together. Perhaps you would like to join us? All the people you've ever heard of will be there."

Pooneil looking at you and me through the strange days. "Don't really know how to relate to those people, I mean what can you say? But if there ever was a time...These are my friends you and me."

It's you and me and Pooneil, Pressed Rat and Worthog, going up the country, headed for the celebrity ball. And it's a long dark road, somewhere up cripple creek, we're travelling faster than I can believe--some  $3/5$  of a mile in ten seconds. Down Creeque alley, past Tommy's holiday camp, and somewhere deep inside shady grove...a house of four doors. House of four doors; huh! Does it matter which door you choose? Worthog chooses the door, "It's all in your mind you know. If you don't like what you see, you can always pick another one."

He enters and we all follow; an embryonic journey through the long dark canyons of your mind. It opens some 50,000 miles beneath my brain into a white room (with black curtains). Standing on the threshold, peering through the purple haze... it's like visions of paradise.

"God, man, it really is everybody I've ever heard of!" Pooneil squeals, remarking upon the shapes of things. "I'm so glad I came, but I'm no E Z rider. What should I say? How should I act? They might not accept me."

"Put down your ball and chain," says Pressed Rat, "People got to be free. Just float with the stream--it's all in your

mind anyway. Life can be so simple...If you know what I mean."

"Well no, I don't, but push me to it."

PUSH...Pooneil pulling you and me with him, way behind the sun...Right into the pudding. And yes, there is this dangling conversation going on here, third stone to our right, and we could attempt to...Right! but Tommy and Lady Madonna came wiffing towards us and we immediately recognize them...such famous figures and all, but you're shakin' all over...breathless anticipation. I mean what can you say?

"Lovely to see you my friends. My name is Tommy, perhaps you...yes, well you probably passed my holiday camp on your way. If you are ever passing by, please stop in. We'd love to have you. And by the way, this is my good woman, Lady Madonna...perhaps you've..."

"Yes, well I must say, I have long admired your smile," says you for what it's worth.

She smiles back through tears of rage.

Tommy is staring in disbelief. "Shew!" you sigh in my ear, "I've got a long way to go."

"God," whispers Pooneil, "there must be another door."

But Worthog comes swimming over in a sea of joy saying "Come on man, you've got the power. Take it as it comes!"

"Yeah, I can see I have a long way to go," you say, "but I get by with a little help from my friends...If you know what I mean." So off you go into the purple haze with Worthog, and we wanted to follow, but there was the weight...

It's me and Pooneil down in the bottom, flashing lonesome... wishing you were here...or someone...and this thin man comes careening into us. He's looking over his shoulder and then CRASH!...He's falling all over us. "Oh my goodness...Gad! I'm terribly...you will forgive me won't you. Lovely to see you. My name is Jones and Oh my! I was looking for someone; now let me see...Oh yes! A girl I knew... somewhere...hm-m! Ah, but you will...won't you?"

"Allow me to introduce myself," I said trying very hard to..."I am me, and this is my good friend, Pooneil."

"Yes, I see. Well it certainly is a...God! would you look." Says Mr. Jones pointing to a young man who is drawing pictures of mountains on the wall. "Someone really should tell him to grow up; I mean a grown man...Tch-Tch...Really." Mr. Jones shaking his head all the while.

"I don't believe I understand." Pooneil looking at me and shrugging his shoulders.

"That's Lather...perhaps you've...Well anyway he's just turned thirty, and simply refuses to act his age. Here he is drawing pictures on the walls. It's disgraceful. Someone should tell him..."

"Why don't you tell him?" I asked, winking at Pooneil.

"What! You don't think that I...Really! It's not my cross to bear! Oh! excuse me, there's the young lady I was looking for and I really must..." said Mr. Jones as he peeled across the carpet, his heels smoking in protest.

"The flesh failures," I said laughingly, after he'd gone.

"How's that?" It's Pressed Rat back to see how we're getting on.

"We were just remarking about Mr. Jones," says Pooneil, "It's like he's running dry. I mean he went into this long shtick about Lather, over there, and we sort of goofed on him, but he got rather...you know, and his heels smoked in protest as he split the sun."



"Yes, well you know what They say, 'Walk a mile in my shoes,' if you know what I mean," says Pressed Rat, obviously meaning something and oh yeah, "There's food if you're hungry," he says. "Come on!"

It's me and Pooneil and Pressed Rat tripping through the purple haze, trying to get from here to there eventually. We break on through to the soul kitchen, broke and hungry, and we're hoping it will be a place in the sun, but there are about forty thousand headmen waiting for a spoonful of the midnight special--a little gris-gris gumbo ya ya. I get my spoonful from the night tripper and a little morning dew to wash it down.

I do that and it's cool, but when I look around for Pressed Rat and Pooneil...I'm lost in the shuffle, can't find my way home again. I'm standing in the midst of these forty thousand headmen, and somewhere through the windmills of my mind I flash on some sinister purpose. Can't quite hold on to it. It's here and now, but not quite--latent somewhere... And I'm looking around at all these faces...round and round at these grotesque faces. I'm crying to be heard, but there comes no sound...Only the echoes of my mind, and they are getting larger and larger...Oh Jesus, what's that touching my arm? I spin around afraid to see, and...

"Lovely to see you my friend," a very soft female looking up into my face, "are you experienced?" Her voice is coming far from the other side of this life.

Soft...Stardust...and "What? I...I don't think I... What?"

"The morning dew, have you ever walked out in it before?"

"Oh! No...no I don't believe so, but...uh-h..."

"Well in that case," she says touching my arm, "you're going to need somebody on your bond."

"The touch," I say looking hard at her...words...very hard to come by, "it's so...?"

She takes both my hands, and I'm lost in a dream... waiting...helplessly hoping. She smiles, and Wow, she really understands. She leads me through the fire into the room nobody lives in. She sits us down on the magic carpet, and I stare at her intently, as she does me. I'm lost in the shizoforest of love. This vagabond virgin, unabashed child of God...she's a rainbow. Certainly no greasy heart. And these profound sounds of silence; would like to say something, but what can you say. I mean in light of all this, anything I say...

She smiles and it's just too contagious. "How do you feel?" she says, tilting her head ever so...

Let's see and oh yeah, must say something. "It's um-m... strange brew. I...let's see, I should have known better... maybe, but...s-h-e-w," says me a little bewildered.

"If you don't like it, you can always open another door," says she smiling and soft, "It's all in your mind."

"Oh! I forgot. Yeah-yeah, right-right; that's what someone said some time...I can't recall."

Words...putting it together. Get by with a little help... and "Yeah, guess you're my saving grace. It's like for so long I've been crying to be heard...you know, just helplessly hoping, but it's been nowhere."

"Can't be a tail dragger," she says, "You've got the power you know, and don't let nobody turn you around." She pauses in her conversation, and looks into me very deeply.



"I think you need somebody to love."

I nod. "That's me, untouched by human love. It's been all love in vain. The chest fever can really do a thing to you, if you know what I...but anyway I feel so infinitely different now."

"If you feel..." she says, ever so...yes and she's smiling at me, and I can't help it; I feel like the Cheshire Cat. And whenever I look into her eyes it's no secret... Not to touch the earth...

"If I feel...yes but? Yeah...If you feel...Touch me."

Wishful, sinful...I close my eyes, thinking it's been a long time coming, and...Smokestack lightning! A soft press against my lips. I can't keep from crying.

Three millenniums later its me and my friend standing on the threshold of the white room, looking forward to the vague future. Feel as though we should tell all the people, but then they'll see it for themselves if they...Right, but Pressed Rat and Pooneil came rollin' and tumblin' towards us, parting the crowd as they move.

"My friend!" cries Pressed Rat, "I'm so glad for you, really I am. It's been a long time coming, but I can see now that you've definitely come together." He embraces us with mad purpose, as does Pooneil who is a bit slower in catching on.

"Oh, yes! I see it now," exclaims Pooneil, "I'm so glad for you, but...how did you do it?"

"Well, I'm not certain. I..."

"But anyway Pressed Rat and I were just thinking it was time we were on the road again."

"Does anybody really know what time it is," says my friend smiling slightly.

"That poses an interesting question," reflects Pressed Rat, "nevertheless, it's time we got this thing on the move."

It's agreed by all that we get you and Worthog together and leave. We have to extricate you and Worthog from the entertaining of a shy girl, Dear Prudence (perhaps you've...) who declines our invitation to follow us down, but that accomplished we head back towards the threshold. My friend and I throw a last glance at the crowd of everyday people, and then follow the others back through the embryonic journey which leaves us in front of the house of four doors.

We retrace our steps to the spot where we first picked up on Pressed Rat and Worthog.

"Land Ho!" shouts Worthog, "This is where we came in, so I guess this is where we go out."

"Yes, It's about time we circle for a landing," sighs Pressed Rat, "but tell me, where are you going my friends?"

"We'll be off to look for the house at Pooneil Corner," says Pooneil and you're nodding in agreement.

"I guess my friend and I will part from you too," says me fighting the gloom. "God knows the house at Pooneil Corner will come soon enough. We'll just sing in the sunshine. That's the best way to travel, if you know what I mean."

"Well, no," says Pooneil glancing at Pressed Rat, who is smiling just so, "but it's your thing. Well...Goodbye all!"

"Never say goodbye..." says Pressed Rat, and in so saying he and Worthog turn and head off into the vague future.

You and Pooneil turn and head off in search of the house, and me and my friend are left standing, watching wooden ships float off into the Chelsea morning. We stand there looking at both sides now, and feeling...

i. morningpoise

over the hill, over the hill,  
the charioteer approacheth,  
coming up the long slope w/  
bow in his hands: the blackbird  
is released: over the crest of the hill,  
flies he w/ wingbeat thrice: /the  
underplumage dark as cricketleg /and  
underbelly lightening / and—

—striketh fire in  
the iron sky: behold  
his many-coloured body,  
rainbowing the spent flesh,  
white in my eyes,

blinding me.

counterpoise ii.

baby the candle's out, but  
it's almost dawn. we are  
coming down in a crazy spiral  
limp in each other's arms.  
let go let go, what's that  
noise out the window!  
look there! the  
red-winged blackbird—

—baby the whole sky is alight:  
the milkman comes by, blinking,  
blind w/ his bright milk  
exploding out the bottles,  
white in my eyes,

Richard Paul Betz

ii.

lord me with fire o  
crotchcropper / seed stock raiser  
who with iron razor doth  
sever my inertia / dazzle my lightlessness  
whose form approaches the deep of me  
reddened before the cold of me  
like the apparition of a wargod / angry with lance  
with finger stout with tireless cock

approaching incomplete / eyes  
filled with the golden fleece of clouds  
evercoming spacedout unremembering  
your sentience spoke through space / arced toward flesh  
your wake unawake / embracing and prolonging your last syllable  
asking what did I just say dark lady?

**Richard Paul Betz**

iii.

crested from the buckling firmament  
heaved aloftily purple and pure / space had in-  
vaded you abstracted you / pale hair twisted out  
frayed erect in the rarified air / your  
nostrils dilated broad and unholy in-  
pulling strong the cold stratosphere / air  
starved, a mountain climber / star  
summoned (the bright imperative) at birth-

we will lance him through like a woman  
we will fix him at his height  
you like it so much up there king of  
mountaingoats / crestfallen / swannecked limp and  
unconsummate poised over your dark leda / earth-  
summoned (the lightless skulls on the ground) at death.

**Richard Paul Betz**

iv.

dark lady, we are separate in love,  
unsatisfied in consummation: always,  
always, there is space between us and  
skin, visions, poise of spark: we could be  
one, if I could leave myself behind me,  
slide into your spaces like an inverse  
universe, lay here in this veiled bed  
forever, eyeless entropy: I

am forever coming, bitter with news,  
to the dark loins of sleep:  
blazing across an ocean of streets  
to the nearing hello of your dark lantern:  
my amphetamine form draws close to you  
in the darkness: my voice burns like swamp gas.

**Richard Paul Betz**

## IDENTITY GAP

I worked on building a bridge  
between the tree and the wave,  
I worked on building a tree  
with roots that walked,  
I worked on building a wave  
with a constant amount of drops,  
I worked on building roots to trees  
that once had no earth to cling to,  
I worked on building drops of waves  
that once had held no salt,  
I worked on all this  
and built a wave with roots  
and a tree with leaves of water.

Carol Lightbourn

## SLOGAN HOME

Exit mania  
in neon exaggeration  
Tareyton and topless  
billboard fobia,  
a million Fathers'  
Christmassing in  
snow-proof acoustic sleds  
if you "Resume Safe Speed"  
are you armoured against  
pistoled safety symbols  
and lobotomized behind-line  
thinkers  
and Dead Sea rivers  
thick with new improved  
locked-in stain removers.  
My friends, take my hand  
I'll walk with you  
If God doesn't show us  
paradise on earth  
man will show  
paradise in heaven.

Carol Lightbourn



In the echoing chamber  
where the man sits  
where the bench  
is  
the walls  
are  
the sublimity of time  
and the eternity  
is dank.  
He cannot see the door  
for there isn't one  
and the ceiling is  
too far away to touch  
even if he stands on the bench.  
He hears all  
and talks to his second voice,  
never doubting the reply  
will reverbrate from the hollow  
grin of the air.  
There a light  
illuminating only  
the light  
is  
where the bench  
where the man sits  
in the echoing chamber.

**Carol Lightbourn**

## NIGHT SONG

walking the halls at midnight-  
conversations seeping under closed doors  
like so much smoke  
filtering through a cracked window.

night sounds, the only true sounds;  
a distant typewriter, thin pages turning,  
soft sighs and the restless shifting of sheets.

out the window, a thousand black spirits dance  
while the moon bemoans each intruder's step  
and misty whispering chants  
tame the wind's hot paws.

too soon,  
morning smothers struggling darkness,  
as yellow-grey fingers of dawn clutch a quiet world,  
and the fire of day begins to burn.

Anne Thacher

# THE LAST WEEK

Jeffrey Wilder

"Brian, Brian. Come over here."

Brian let the screen door slam and then tried too late to catch it to make it quiet. He stood on the concrete stoop and the cold came up through his socks. Jimmy was over by the bluff. Because of the grass, only from his belt up was visible, making Jimmy look even smaller. Brian wished he would leave him alone.

"What do you want?"

"Come here, Brian, look down here."

"Wait a minute. I gotta put on my shoes." He held up a pair of sneakers to show him.

"Hurry up, Brian."

Brian sat on the stoop and felt the cold again. The sun hadn't come out yet. He pulled at his sneakers. They felt good in the morning. He could tie them by himself but it took longer than when old people did it. He just learned. Jimmy couldn't tie his shoes yet so Judd or Ellie did it, but now Judd was sick so just Ellie did it. Ellie got mad today when Jimmy made her tie his shoes. Her eyes were red, and she still had on her bathrobe. Jimmy was always making her mad. She said she has so much to do and why can't he act good like Brian.

"Quick, Brian. Come here." Why can't he stop yelling? Ellie said not to yell while Judd was sick but Jimmy still yelled. Brian jumped off the side of the stoop instead of using the steps and ran across the yard to the edge of the bluff where Jimmy was standing, but he didn't go so close. Jimmy always stood closer to the bluff. Brian was afraid to fall. He only got close enough to look over the edge one time and he saw the ledges sticking out with the little trees and bushes and way down below the river. Sometimes at night he dreamed of falling off. He tried to catch on to the ledges but he always just missed and he kept falling and falling. He didn't know what happened to him when he hit the river at the bottom because he always woke up first.

One day Judd really scared him with the bluff. Judd was his grandfather and Jimmy's, too. He had a moustache and spoke low so Brian couldn't understand him. One day Brian locked the door when Judd was outside and Judd almost took off his belt when he got in but Ellie made him not do it. The next day he was over by the bluff with a rope and he told Brian to stand over there and do something but Brian didn't understand him. He was chewing on a toothpick and laughed loud. He said it again but Brian still didn't understand what he was supposed to do, so he just stood there. He wished Ellie would come out. Judd still made him afraid because of the door--he didn't know if you pushed the button, Judd wouldn't be able to get in. He wished he had known. The rope was swinging around over Judd's head like a cowboy's and then it came at Brian. Judd was yelling "Calf, calf." The rope missed Brian but Judd pulled it in and tried again--"Calf, calf"--and got the rope around Brian's waist. Then with the rough laugh he pulled on the rope. Brian thought of the door and the belt and the ledges and the river below. He dropped to the ground and started crying and screaming.

The rope hurt his stomach. Ellie yelled at Judd for doing that but he only laughed and said something that Brian didn't understand. Ellie said it was okay and Judd was only practicing for the roundup but Brian was still afraid. Maybe that's why he was glad when Judd didn't come out of the bedroom anymore.

"Why do you have to stand so close, Jimmy? You might fall off. Ellie said not to yell around the house when Judd is sick. We can go away from the house to yell."

"Look down there, Brian. A car is coming."

Jimmy looked up into Brian's eyes and pointed across at the trees below. Brian tried to see where he was pointing at. He could see way far across the sky for miles. Even if he didn't get too close to the edge he could see the river where it curved around the pastures and into the trees. On the other side there were high rocky hills covered with trees. He could see so far that it must be all of Arkansas. Down straight across the river was part of Uncle Elvin's house. The other part was in the trees where Brian couldn't see it. The cows weren't there in the pastures anymore, though. Last year when they visited Ellie and Judd's farm, Uncle Elvin came up through the trees with his gun and his dogs and Jason. Uncle Elvin called Jason "his boy" but Jason was as big as Dad. Uncle Elvin was old and skinny but Dad said he was still strong as two mules. Uncle Elvin talked funny, too, like Judd, and last summer when he came up Brian couldn't understand him. But this summer he was gone and the cows were gone but they still called it Uncle Elvin's house.

Down to the right he could see a bit of the old grey building that was the schoolhouse. Uncle Elvin had built it all by himself when Jason was little like Brian. Now it wasn't any good anymore. All the windows were broken out and the door was lying in the yard with broken glass and stones and old red and green bullets. That was where the old dirt road forked and Judd's mailbox, too, because the other road was his. Except Uncle Elvin isn't there anymore. Ellie said they'd come for him but she wouldn't say where he went so Brian didn't ask anymore.

Brian could hear the car on the road now. The sound came up through the trees like the fall leaves blowing at home. It sounded like Judd coming back from town or one of the pastures in the green truck, but Judd hadn't taken the truck away for a week. When the days were quiet, a car or truck could be heard coming for miles before it could be seen. Sometimes Brian heard a truck coming up until it got to the schoolhouse and then it went the other way and that was Uncle Elvin's old black truck but it didn't come anymore because Uncle Elvin had gone away, and if it stopped at the schoolhouse, that was the mailman. Brian heard the car but he still couldn't see it. Why could Jimmy see the car first?

Brian liked to look from the bluff. There weren't any bluffs he could look from in Indiana. This was the best summer he could remember. Brian and Jimmy got to come by themselves to Arkansas and visit Ellie and Judd on the farm that was on the bluff, except for the pastures and the cows that were all over. Judd said Brian could milk the cow and he would do it, too, when he wasn't afraid of the cow anymore. Once, a bull chased Brian and Jimmy out of a field and they just made it over the fence in time. Judd laughed when they told him, the loud laugh that made them laugh. Judd was funny but not when

he was mad and not when he roped Brian and Brian thought he was going to pull him off the bluff. That happened last week and the day before that Judd wasn't funny when he almost took off his belt, but still Judd let them play on his tractor and when they finished getting the eggs from the chickens he let them run down the road out back that went downhill, past the cows that were Judd's, down to the river that they could swim in. They could see the river from the bluff if they stood close enough, and it was the same river, but they had to go down the road to swim in it and Judd made them wear shoes because of the rocks. When Judd yelled it scared Brian because it was loud and then Brian liked Ellie because she didn't yell too much and he could understand Ellie. She walked down the road behind Brian and Jimmy and she went swimming, too, even if she was old. Judd didn't go swimming because he said he was too old, but he took baths sometimes and one time he yelled when Brian saw. Now he didn't come out of the bedroom and Ellie said not to yell. Judd yelled at Brian when the door got locked and he almost took off his belt but Ellie made him not do it. Now Judd didn't come and Brian was glad he wasn't scared that Judd would yell and maybe he would forget when he came out. This was the best summer but now it was the last week and Brian wanted to play on Judd's tractor but Jimmy saw a car and called him over to the bluff and all he could see where he pointed was part of the old schoolhouse where the mailbox was.

The mailbox took three miles to get to from the white house that Judd had built on the bluff. It didn't look so far when you could look right down at it from the bluff. But the road wound down through the trees and around other hills, and the muddy ruts probably made it three miles, too. Sometimes Jimmy and Brian walked to the mailbox with Ellie. But the most fun was to stop at the branch that ran across the road while Ellie went on to the mailbox. Then they could roll up their blue jeans and wade down the branch and try to catch the water spiders that always went too fast.

When Judd drove to the mailbox in the green truck, they got to ride in the back. When they hit a bump Judd looked through the window at them and laughed. Judd was funny before, except when he yelled and the time with the belt and the rope. Sometimes he twirled a chicken by the neck and let it run around without its head until it was tired and that was funny to watch. Then Ellie would take off the feathers and cook it. Now Judd was sick and Ellie kept getting mad at Jimmy, and Brian just wanted Jimmy to leave him alone. Why was Jimmy so little? Why couldn't he be five, too, instead of only four?

"Where do you see it, Jimmy? Brian asked. "I don't see anything."

"See? Down past the schoolhouse? On the road."

Brian looked again. The road from the schoolhouse wound around for about ten miles before it opened onto the paved highway that went into the town, and where Ellie and Judd went to the store and the church. It was funny to see Ellie make her lips red and put on her black shoes and sit in the truck waiting for Judd to come out with his suit and his books to go to town every Sunday. Judd had a tie just like Brian's with a silver steer that you pushed up until it was choking you and your neck was all red. Judd's neck was



always red on Sundays. When Judd did his loud laugh and his face and neck were red, it always made Brian laugh. On those days, Brian liked Judd and he wasn't afraid. But last Sunday, Judd was sick and didn't go to church. He stayed in the bedroom with the door closed and nobody could go in except for Ellie. Until last night. Then Ellie said to go in and talk to him because this might be their last chance. Brian asked where was Judd going, but Ellie just said they were coming for him soon and she wouldn't say where. Brian still couldn't understand what Judd said. He spoke very quietly and then he laughed the same loud laugh, only quieter. Ellie's eyes were red and made Brian feel funny. If she was crying, then something bad happened. Brian didn't know what to say so he said when Judd came back he could practice roping him again. Judd said something and Brian couldn't understand and then Judd couldn't talk anymore, so Ellie said to leave.

Brian thought that they must be bad because they were coming to get Judd and because they made Ellie cry. Who was they? Maybe Judd was going to see Uncle Elvin.

Now Brian saw something moving between the trees. It was flickering black specks at first, moving slowly along the road somewhere past the schoolhouse.

"What is it, Jimmy?"

"A car."

"I know, stupid. I wonder who is it coming up here."

Jimmy just stood there, looking across the open sky at where the car was. Brian didn't see the car again and then he saw it at the schoolhouse. It looked like Dad's stationwagon, only Mom and Dad were still up in Indiana for two more days and this car was black instead of red. It couldn't be the mailman. It was too early. The grass was still wet. The mailman was a little old man with a big dog in the back of the car. When Brian and Jimmy walked with Ellie early to the mailbox and got there before the mailman left, he let Jimmy pet the dog. Brian was always afraid to, so he stayed with Ellie. He liked to wait at the branch and try to catch the water spiders.

"I wonder who is it coming," Brian said again.

"I don't know. I saw it first, Brian. I saw it way down by the creek. I was going to play on the tractor when I heard it and then I saw it. I saw it before you did."

Brian heard the screen door open, and Ellie came out of the house.

"Hey, look, Brian. Ellie has on a black dress. I wonder if she's going to the store."

Brian didn't answer. Ellie wasn't going to the store.

Jimmy yelled, "Ellie, Ellie. A car's coming. It's a black--"

"Shhh. Jimmy, don't yell. You'll make her mad at you. Judd is..."

Brian stopped. This time Ellie didn't get mad. She turned and walked back into the house. Brian saw the white handkerchief in her hand. Jimmy was already running through the wet grass.

"Hey, come on, Brian. Let's go down and open the gate."

late afternoon up  
in the mountains towards Haworth  
desperate country — sparsely scattered  
across the moors barren trees  
joust with the North wind  
showing off — mean with longing  
country dogs seem fierce  
but they roam the heath with  
sheepish eyes — a private effort  
to fall in with the elements  
a troublesome stream winds the road  
down a rocky slope — from a seat  
on the bus I calculate  
even his subtle ways  
helping out I clear some snag  
and leafy dams — deciding at last  
on where to cross  
turning away to write this down  
he hurries into an adjoining valley

**John R. Nuber**

## HIGH ON A DUNE SHE LIVES

High on a dune she lives  
Straight away from a sea road  
Framed by thin green tentacles  
Obeying the wind's mind,  
Supported by mounds of sand  
Moving, resting, moving  
Always telling time.  
Seeing never the road,  
She sits with her dog  
Looking to the sea.

no  
they cannot mourn  
her fall  
her change  
her mind  
her mind is fine  
nothing is wrong  
all is fine  
but  
must my road bring people  
all is fine, I'm fine  
but to explain  
my wind must  
it carry news  
the dog is old  
to explain is messy and  
there's nothing wrong  
I'm fine

High on a dune she lives  
Straight away from a sea road  
Framed by thin green tentacles  
Obeying the wind's mind,  
Supported by mounds of sand  
Moving, resting, moving  
Always telling time.  
Seeing never the road,  
She sits with her dog  
Looking to the sea.

it was so easy  
before explaining  
before explaining that  
I couldn't go  
that  
the dog was old  
but there's nothing wrong  
she just can't be left  
I've always been fine  
but  
I can't talk  
there's nothing to talk about  
I'm fine here  
this day  
water  
a rest  
I've been fine  
only lately did I want to explain  
people  
nothing to explain really  
a crowd  
but here I'm safe  
no pressure  
no people, no pushing, no worries  
it's fine here, I'm fine  
I can't go  
the dog is old  
she musn't be left  
but  
you should stay  
there's much that should be done  
I'm fine

## MENU

- Platter 1: Delicious breakfast of freshly fried eggs, white and yellow brilliance, surrounded by dark sausage patties.
- Platter 2: The kingly gourmet of the Deluxe Omlet, surrounded by bacon, sausage, ham, butter, toast, muffins, jelly, jam, milk, juice, coffee, tea, and hot chocolate.
- Platter 3: The Weight-Watchers Nutrient, leaves of lettuce covered with tomatoes, asparagus, and quartered eggs, ladled with a vinegar sauce.
- Platter 4: Our Season's choice dictated by the time of year. (please ask your waitress for today's surprise)
- Platter 5: Your sea mermaid or fowl hunter present a tuna or chicken salad castle adorning lettuce hearts and garnished with tomatoes and quartered eggs.
- Platter 6: The Husky for the Famished, cold slices of tender all beef steak on toast tips, covered with a tantalizing mushroom gravy.
- Platter 7: The Question Mark Entrée. The special week's answer to aid your dining question. Rest, while your waitress transports something from another world.

**J. R. Bird**



## THE FOOL

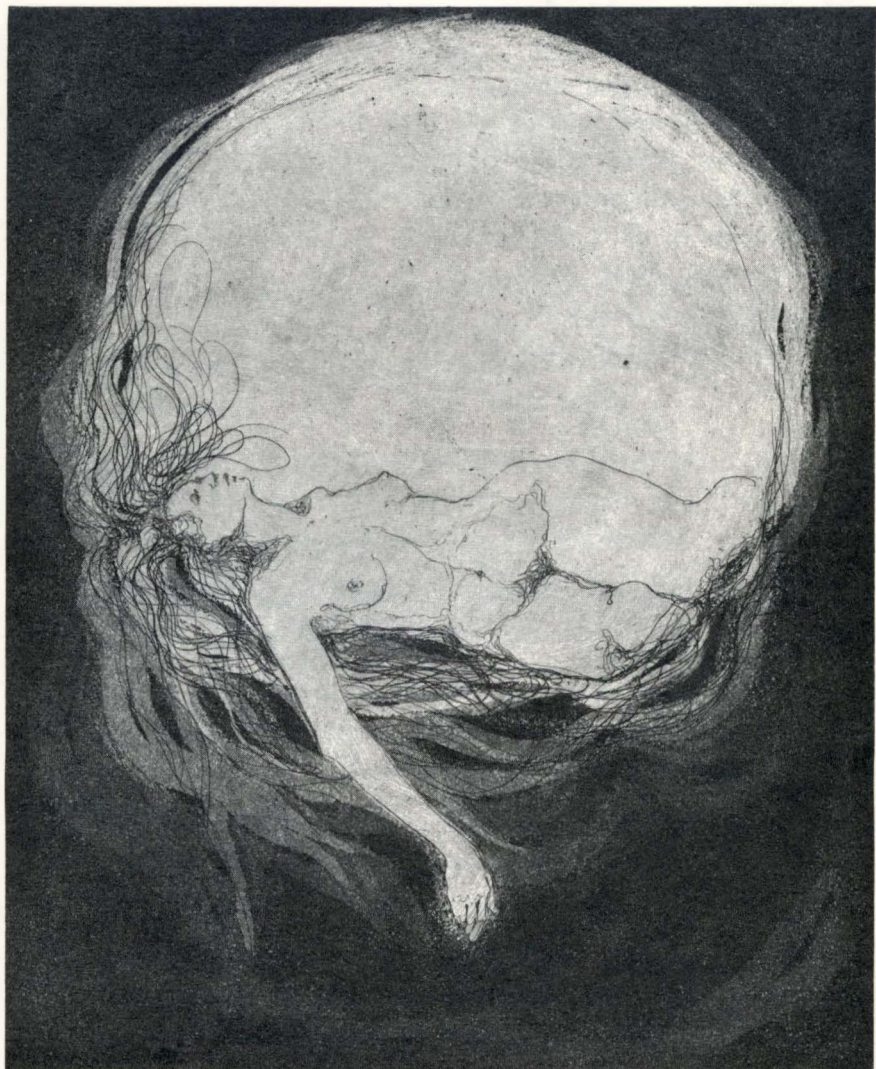
The fool is married to danger  
She will be his only wife  
And Temperance is a stranger  
As he gambles with his life.  
He takes all his worldly possessions  
And carries his own mourning rose  
As the edge of the precipice glistens  
To what end nobody knows  
Splendid garments and all  
The fool, life's victim, falls.

Donna Stein

## THE HERO

the field mouse  
twitched its waffly nose  
and hosed out  
the assassin hired  
by the enemy  
to eat the green calliope  
the town clapped  
at the outcome they framed  
the mouse in  
lantern fish and waltzed  
him through the  
sky the calliope spouted  
steamy praise and  
voted to give the mouse  
a raise the  
assassin was hung  
out to dry

Donna Stein



**Julianne Battaglia**

it turns my  
in side out-  
it bleeds me in slow profusion-  
strings me in the sun  
where dark birds pinch me with  
expectation

it is all that sun  
in one place  
centered  
beat-  
i  
ng  
time  
to  
bottom-  
less  
hour-  
glass  
where dark birds pinch me with

expectation

it is a blood  
less ooze  
that leaves me hollow to the wind-  
silent suspension of spirit  
awaits reward

i am old waiting  
torn tired with thought-  
you . . .  
it is my love

that does this-  
waiting for nothing  
where dark birds pinch me with

expectation

michael david madonick

# SUEVEN

by Sue Martin

Sueven is Winter  
Spiney in pattern; blunt in its salvage  
It is a time when the musical river god  
Grinds ice and crumbled rocks into  
Harsh melodies echoing in Spring's desire  
Winter's pale soothing spreads smoothly  
Across the days  
Yet Winter is restless  
He is the hard-breathed old man constantly  
Walking from a dream, and wondering  
What it was all about  
And he stirs around the mornings  
Like metal spoons in coffee cups.

Light the morning clouds silver  
Light through city blinds  
Combing through grain fields  
At the stretch of day -

\* We, who are in Winter's dream  
Will set the mornings meld into one  
Emission:

The babysitters,  
The old women whom you could always hear  
Climbing the stairs as if  
It were their last fall  
In whose tired eyes one felt the waiting  
Of expectant mothers.

The desert kings  
Wise with the knowledge of their burial  
Though they claim to challenge

The refugee  
Spending his life driving home  
Driving toward unformed question -

x Between the dream of Winter's waking x



Sometimes I think I have no fear  
Of ghosts, but when I hear their sighs  
Below my breath; my skin is pinched  
And I gasp  
It is here, as if from a stairwell,  
Looking to the top of the stairs, I mistake  
Myself for another —

What is it that separates  
Us from ourselves?  
What wind-powered dream leads us through  
Backstreets alleyway  
Struck between vision and reality  
-- Passers-by whose dealt  
From the same hand  
The fear of moments turning —  
Wherein the moment there would  
Be fear, not for its turning —  
Fear of waiting  
Fear in the eyes of ghosts ---

We saw shadows in a broken glass, fragments  
In a shattered mirror  
Fear that we were children where  
There was fear in losing sense of fear  
The moment stands  
As does a suicidal cling to life  
With a deep and bitter love  
Dismiss the quiet standing moments  
Algae on the river banks, crumble and fall  
into the river's song.

And on the river —  
The river flows with the tide that rolls  
It's been said of seven tides  
That our mother has heard in each new child  
A cry of the lost who knew nothing  
Of highways but had lived the road  
to its climax.

Now the Wintery ground  
Laden with snow of coming seasons  
Looms the smell of melting snow  
And eyes stare through the winters cold  
Windows of seasons  
Windows of broken glass,  
— The Unwritten Song.





R. Hurlburt, Jr.

(a ballad of was)

# Abbey

MUSIC/LYRICS  
composed by Mac Arnold

days full of sun—shine  
cool nights in moon—light  
drinking warm  
wine and ask—ing if you can— a—bbey  
Fev—er G in this night A wea—ther  
a—bbey  
what will we come to how long can  
every—thing seem new won—der—ing if i will  
leave you a—bbey  
out in the cold world things just aren't the  
same thou—sands of peo—ple you don't have a name  
a—bbey

days full of sunshine  
cool nights in moonlight  
ask you the time and you say you don't care  
if we miss dinner you're no beginner

abbey  
abbey  
what will we come to  
is this beginning an end to  
wondering when i will leave you

abbey  
abbey  
out in the cold world things  
just aren't the same  
stalking a fortune  
or stalking a claim

abbey  
abbey

