Take thought:
I have weathered the storm
I have beaten out my exile.
- Ezra Pound
Poetry
Grammar lesson
Julie Lockwood 5
Hunter
J. Barmeier 10
(rare)
Alice Merrill 13
November Leaf
J. Barmeier 13
In retrospect
Julie Lockwood 14
Weaving
Alice Merrill 16
SPETSE
Cary Anne Spear 17
View From A Garret
To Infinity
J. Barmeier 18
Morning after Reflection
J. Barmeier 19
A MINOR CHANGE AT
DENISON U?
Pete Porteous 30
Snowflak
J. Barmeier 32
LOVING
Curtis Hutchens 34
IRISH CONVERSATION
Cary Anne Spear 36
On This Planet
yasue aoki 39

Fiction
Visiting Before
The Mirror
Holly Battles 8
Cypher
Keith McWalter 22

Art
Cover: Sandy Adams
Beth Newman 4
Jill Harris 6
Ned Bittinger 7
Bill Musgrave 12
Jill Harris 13
Gail Lutsch 15
Gail Lutsch 18
Bill Musgrave 20
Gail Lutsch 26
Gail Lutsch 29
Sandy Adams 31
M. A. Albert 31
Charlie Greacen 35
Diane Ulmer 38

Photography
Jill Harris
All other by Tim Heth 19
"I am raining" is impossible in French; English too, he implies, but I know the truth, and it is je pleux.

I am raining in my soul; teardrops falling, washing away the color in me like dye that hasn't set, streaking, fading, flowing away leaving the pale of a brilliant seashell taken from the water.

And je me pleux, I rain on myself, alone, railing against the world, against myself, against it all.

- Julie Lockwood
“I suppose you want to write a novel of manners or something.”

The boy remained seated in his chair and smiled at her. He pulled out a pack of cigarettes from the inside breast pocket of his jacket, While he was busy with the lighting, he thought to himself that she was very pretty for a woman of her age and means.

“I know your father, Charles. I knew him when he was without a job and without much to recommend except his good looks. You look very much like him.”

She smiled at him, not catching his eye. The room needed tidying up. There were some partially eaten biscuits on a table next to the bed, on the same table a tea pot with tea that had been in it for several days, and many filled ash trays. She moved easily around the room, casually picking up the most obvious of the full ash trays, emptying the butts and ash in the basket next to the chair in which she had been sitting, and handed one to Charles.

“Your father never smoked.”

He looked at her then, pulled his chin toward his chest, and acknowledged this woman’s precious gift for private amusement. He looked out the window at the afternoon sun between the buildings and the trees. They were probably quite old. Their leaves seemed to be slightly sooty. Everything around him seemed to have been in its place for a while. “I haven’t seen my father for a few years, I don’t seem to need him much anymore.”

The courteous returned to her chair and looked at Charles’s hand which was placed casually on a small table between them. Nothing was said for a while, Charles removed his hand, suddenly growing conscious of its casualness and circled around the rings of his chair. He looked around the small room, The bed against the endwall, the orange sheets went nicely with the blue bedspread, he thought. There was a jar of some kind of ointment on the table next to the bed, She caught him looking at it but continued to sit in her chair, From his seat he could see another room that looked like a kitchen. Perhaps that was the edge of the table there by the light of the window, perhaps the corner of the stove, He imagined that the lighting was poor. Probably just a light bulb hanging from its socket in the middle of the room. He could not imagine his father in a place like this.

The room in which they were sitting was much more suited to the sentiments of his woman’s occupation. The colors were warm. The brown carpet on the floor, splashed with Oriental throw rugs around the bed, dresser, and up the steps where they were sitting, made the room seem intimate and secretive. There were flowers and plants everywhere; three ferns, two of which were by the bed, one large one sitting in a corner on the floor, several sprays of fernsarched over a black bowl set on a patticed piece of teak, some shiny pebbles tossed around its base, and a large, long-leaved plant which stood by the window, facing the room. The lighting was dim, no light being on except for the one on the table next to them. Its shade was a soft orange and it had a brass base.

She was by the bed, and looked at something he would turn his entire body, not moving, Her hands were folded in her lap. He had been looking at her while he spoke, but continued getting out another tea pot and the cups. He gave a rueful laugh.

“I don’t know. I think I’ll stop writing for a while. I’d like to do it on my own, I’ve been looking after my friend quite a while now, I think I’d make a good grammar teacher.”

“I've been looking after my friend for a while. The afternoon's getting on, and I always like to drink tea at this time.”

He stood up with her and walked around the room while she went out into the kitchen. He could hear her putting water in the kettle. She did not speak to him then, but continued getting out another tea pot and the cups, He walked over to the fernsarched and looked at the pebbles around the bowl, Picking one up in his hands, he touched it with his tongue, He noticed that there was a small collection of sea shells on a black lacquer tray with a magnifying glass beside them, Holding up the glass to his face, he minutely looked at one of the shells, Its surface was fuzzed with tiny lines circling along the waves, He had seen a shell like this before, only much larger, at the sea shore one time when he was little, His mother had picked it up from the sand and asked him to hold his ear to the shell’s hollow, She told him that he would be able to hear the sea rolling around in there, He thought he recalled her saying that it was a chambered nautilus.

She was by the bed, and looked at something he would turn his entire body, not moving, She held a match to some kind of ointment on the table next to the place where the jar had been.

She handed him the list, picked up her tea cup and watched him read it. There was no expression on his face, Finished reading, he put the list in his pocket and took out his cigarettes. Offering one to her, she took it and waited for him to light it. She put it in her mouth, just at the last minute, and blew out a small puff of smoke.

“Charles, why are you really going to Europe? What
(RARE)

someday, when you're busy
alphabetically filing anxieties
in your head
I'm gonna sneak up behind you
And crack my soul open to you
on top of your head
like an egg—freshly laid

It'll mess you up

Make you cry
"oh shit"

inside
wet surprise
And we'll labor and pant
together to try
and clean up the honest slime
sticking in slippery threads
in air tight spaces
praising each other
with meaningful glances (rare)
as the pretty pictures we tacked on each other
fall down

- Alice Merrill

NOVEMBER LEAF

A chlorophyll-rusted arrowhead,
spaces in a cog-crown of mercurial form,
the solitary leaf loosened itself from
its barked moorings,
stirring, shifting
in wavelets of sound hissing through the
zigs and zags of the dark, sombre branches
to plummet
like a flatboat drifting in a heady, whirlpool sea
of autumn breeze,
swishing on a vacuous corkscrew transport
to an earthprick of death.

- J. Barmeier
IN RETROSPECT

I remember
curly blond hair
that wouldn't stay combed,
grey-blue eyes,
straight brows,
and the smile that snared me:
all pieces of a puzzle,
but the putting together,
the solving,
is what's beyond me.

I remember
the birthday, and
Monday's Child
Fair of Face was true.
I looked at that face,
the right ear,
the nape of the neck,
the crooked fingers, for a year.
I left, but it was
you who changed.

You're a handy past
to bring up,
when the need arises;
you're a memory
in formaldehyde
I'll slowly dissect.
And if I wince
once or twice, it's
only from habit.

- Julie Lockwood
WEAVING

From swishing skirts and threaded braid
The women spin their creamy fiber
Stretching bark-moss fingers and knotted nails
Bending eyes and brushing heads from side to side

Soon they will touch one another, their work is so close

Then they will stop, take ten
And creep again into work
Like seeds in a ball of cotton

- Alice Merrill

SPETSE

The King comes
to the island
in a motorized chariot
(the only piece flaming is his)
Looking for a queen
he finds two
hardened disciples
who put up their nets.
Anointed
in night’s juices—the ritual dance begun—smiling, blubber-soft
slippering King—
They do him right
then roll him on the rocks.

- Cary Anne Spear
VIEW FROM A GARRET TO INFINITY

Yesterday
blimpfingered with softness
I spread
careses around the roses
of you mouth, touching
their petals like a
sheath of feathers
lightly
kissing
the ground.

We floated to Venus
and back
in the springfaced afternoon;
a covey of swans
lifted us over the sun like skycranes

And on whitewing plateau watched
a velvet alcove
of exotic winds
tracing circles over the red oceans
of your hair

Dusk parted temporal seas
and the coagulation of our bodies;
I boarded a wooden ship
and sailed
into your bloodtressed sunset

Never to return
Until tomorrow

- J. Barmeier

MORNING AFTER REFLECTION

Yesterday
My hands encircled
your flagship
a nebula
one foot across

The earth flew
into the suns of your feet,
a veil of stars on your
cheek,
thundering
sunclaps of light
danced endlessly
on the mountains
of your face.

Daybraked
when nightclouds whitecapped on waves of
Zephre's black breath.
And
darkness
swallowed the ravenflow ribbons
of your hair: shoulderlength blowing
to eternity like kite-string in March

Now
I wish that you had
stood on the sky with your hair hanging
into the oceans
the stallions would have flowed into the seas
like trees

- J. Barmeier
in the tower of shapes before him. They were piled gorgeously, brightly-colored like those, too, glistening transparently red and greens, an occasional surprise of blue or yellow, a different shade for each face, so stark, so arresting cubes the slick, tenacious white of the dome that had been hard. He was instantly terrified. His eyes snapped open, gaped to meet the mystery, to embrace it and reduce it, but all they took in served only to compound it, doubled and redoubled, until it was a crushing weight upon his consciousness, and doors began to slam in his brain, in his mind, in denial, and his breath was caught away from his subject. All this skittered like smashed ice across his mind -- instant, arousal, but riding on the melt of its impression, leaving behind the liquid cling of fear. It was a fear above and beyond the dumb alieneness of the dome, the place-without-exit so totally oblivious to its own impossibility, its own encased transience, its blanked against the light and stretched out his palms to the tower, green and red glaring through the pale spokes of his fingers. It continued to grow ever larger. It might kill him. Yet it must be touched. It cried out, demanded to be touched, its limits discovered. Almost to the apex of the dome it reached -- on the remotest red cube glinting mute in the palm of his hand. He took a step towards the tower. It might kill him, the touching of it. Surely so known a thing, so monstrous, so frightening, so ... His attention was caught away from it, but still he stood there, his immediate attention from it. He looked up and across a white expanse of it; the surface was warm and real, a work of Nature. But this. The color, the brightness, the coolness of the angles, the scream of design, the promise of invested meaning in its very presence -- it all had the sure scent of Man. Or something like Man. And that meant that he was in no wise merely a victim. He was a subject. The air was a man who had been sleeping. He awoke to find himself naked, and knew that the nightmare had been real. He cried out and slumped back into darkness.

There was a man who had been sleeping. He woke naked. He felt bare skin against smooth hardness, and a shock went through him. It was the icy birth-shock of unfamiliarity, for he knew full well that he should not have been naked and the surface under him should not have been hard. He was instantly terrified. His eyes snapped open, gaped to meet the mystery, to embrace it and reduce it. He sensed instantly that it was inanimate -- it would not harm him immediately. He could wait. Now he concentrated on the dome, the thing that contained him and saw, with a mounting sense of confirmed expectation, that there was no door, no portal, no exit.

No entrance.

How had he gotten here?

He turned instinctively to the thing in the center of the dome.

It was a tower of colored geometric shapes, a pile of same-size cubes that occupied several square feet of floor space and reached almost to the white apex of the dome. It instinctively circled it, viewing it from every angle, fascinated, awed, stricken too with a bright fear from some part of the thing, a fear not originating in the mere strangeness of this thing that was happening to him, but rather in some opaque, insidious familiarity that he felt.
Ah, the small animal-thoughts were miscellaneous ways breeding more and more of their kind.

But and illusion: know only one or the other, and never bridge the chasm between the two. It makes no difference, in my experience, I am alone. No matter to me what your prison, I am inevitably free, I am infinitely free, I am perfectly mad. God help me, I am perfectly mad.

On impulse he checked his arm for needle marks. None. And he passed no waste, not even in sweat — another shortcoming, he thought, to sense the thickness of the walls. All of it had kept his mind at bay, occupied, unemotional. But now he knew all about the man inside the tower.

All his measurements were finished. Now he needed time — and he did not speak. He would wait a while longer.

All the Director-Audience knew the script, if there was one. Permanently at ease, he awaited the bright fall of echo. What played on his mind, in the darkness of the dome — and no one — through the echoes white air that no sound could cross.

And he went up the tower, thinking to climb it, feeling for the base of the dome and somehow push his way out, to the world outside the universe and spilt out into chaos. A moment he had drawn it. The madness of his folly, the violence of this rush. One, at least, no less dramatic height, a void, to cry havoc. On my own.

The man in the dome gradually ceased to think of time. He awoke from unremembered dreams and began the conception of the seed of distrust and death for Beatrice as my wife, her uncertainty and mine clasping each to the other in their keeping.

He saw, and the seeing gave him voice; the voice of time could not touch, oblivious and therefore eternal: the tower, thinking to climb it, feeling for the base of the dome and somehow push his way out, to the world outside the universe and spilt out into chaos. 

The conception of the seed of distrust and death for Beatrice as my wife, her uncertainty and mine clasping each to the other in their keeping.

The conception of his reality.

He saw, and the seeing gave him voice; the voice of time could not touch, oblivious and therefore eternal: the tower, thinking to climb it, feeling for the base of the dome and somehow push his way out, to the world outside the universe and spilt out into chaos. 

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miser's jewels, running them over and over again through the fingers of his thought, listening to their crystalline ring as they poured into words:

"...once upon a time I was more than face. Someone said my name, and answered at the back of his voice has seduced me. The word, my name, turned out to be only accidental, only a sound, and the face something I can rely on -- in any expression the same face, the same name, it never dissolves into dots like television or photographs viewed too closely. It is permanent. It is like a recalcitrant forest, the teeth still excellent. My name is not quite awake and like a miser's jewels, running them over and over again through the fingers of his thought, listening to their crystalline ring as they poured into words:"

"My wife says my name now. She whispers it, moving, breathing, calling me. Even my wife sometimes worries me. I am uncewed.

A few weeks ago it was unmistakably winter and I was at home. It was winter and my father was mad, tramping in fitful, hyperbolic paths through the house. He went away. As I lay on the bed and walk to the door, to the stairs. The stairs lead up, behind the door. The stairs lead to the secret world, and yet no one else is concerned. The beach is burning. A man in black kisses the woman, in full view of all who have gathered there. He does not seem to be embarrassed. The boy decides that he will never marry, high up on the wall, a stained-glass window lets in the light of the sky, tinted to many shades of color. There is a sudden explosion of a startled locust into the air. There is a boy of dark hair, narrow face and slender limbs. He runs across plots of park grass, miniature of baseball. He lifts his还可, and leads him down, down sidewalks hard and white and somehow comforting.

"The boy goes with his aunt to the Institute. Instru-
matic, the boxes, in case they should get lost. My name is abbreviations and information in code, our name.

"He does, and she presses him to her body. It is warm and it occurs to me. Outside. April? Yes, it looks like April once upon a time."

"My family moves to Mexico, of the cut-brown eyes, of the slopes of rock beaten smooth by sun alone, of the sea that-beneath the towering green mountains, of the glistening white cities that seem to penetrate into the earth, penetrate backwards and forwards in time. And of the twilight ring, the ring of beauty and blood and death, closed and inescapable, the constriction of life into a circular field, into an afternoon. The red of the bull's blood in the center of the ring, the brief flash of reflected green in the sword-hilt. It is to him an intimation of another world..."

"This family returns to America, and the boy grows. He goes to the university; his love of words persists and his love and pity and awe for man endures. He begins to call himself a man. At the university he meets another man, another kind of man, another friend among many, who grows to be strangely more. There is little likeness between them, but there is some kind of connection, like the reception of a transmission.

"This aunt takes him to a wedding. A man stands in the center, where he is all but unsung. His name is all but unsung in the world, and yet he feels the world of the pews tremble..."

"This aunt takes him home and bathes him in a tub of scalding water. Soap burns his eyes. When he is clean and dry, she asks him to lie next to her on the couch. He does, and she presses him to her body. It is warm and perfumed, and it is strange and familiar."

"The boy grows. The surplus of childhood falls from him, and leaves behind the name that is no longer name, a name unimposing and cannot win his peers. So he turns to winning those older, wiser than himself. His mind hones itself like a blade, sharpening for the many things that touch him. It is a strange, strange period of his life. Or is life itself strange? It is, certainly, different from anything he has ever known and expected."

"There are no horizons. You can never leave this secret world that pricks at your soul, and yet I am in it, lying on a bed in it, and yet I seem to be in it, but sometimes he addressed the cubes conversely. There is a boy of dark hair, narrow face and slender limbs. He runs across plots of park grass, miniature of baseball."

"The walls are lined with cars like inverted staples. There is a boy of dark hair, narrow face and slender limbs. He runs across plots of park grass, miniature of baseball."

"...once upon a time I was more than face. Someone said my name, and answered at the back of his voice has seduced me. The word, my name, turned out to be only accidental, only a sound, and the face something I can rely on -- in any expression the same face, the same name, it never dissolves into dots like television or photographs viewed too closely. It is permanent. It is like a recalcitrant forest, the teeth still excellent. My name is not quite awake and like a mis..."
against that threat of eternity he plunged his ego
time in its lengthening pulses would one day freeze at
the dome was his domain and prison for eternity, that
thought had occurred to him that he would never die, that
He loved them and cherished them even in their count-
and back to another, pleasure into pain, fear into ecstacy,
the sweet, smooth skin of chaos. ..."

So spoke the man in the dome, quietly and fluently.

So the boy grew.
I shook hands with them all trying to say my name forty times in a row without missing.

I tore up my name before the next getting a new one inside each lucky the same.

I laughed at jocks drunk on Wednesday night and cursed vomit on sides of sinks

I glanced at freaks sitting in a circle eating acid from a plate and talked to their empty staring.

I bitched about the food the cold the days until Thanksgiving the days before Christmas

Why had I come? I went to the Market to forget the question but it got up with me coating my headache

I opened the door for him and watched him take his tallness through the frame. He turned to give her a short wave of his hand. She closed the door and returned to the chair. Pouring another cup of tea, she looked at the chair where he had been sitting. There were letters in the dresser drawer. She left them alone. The room needed cleaning up: the bed needed to be made, the ash trays to be emptied. She left all as it was.

**Pete Porteous**

**A MINOR CHANGE AT DENISON U.?**

Poets under glaring lights exploded tiny black marks into Cambodian villages

breaking waves transistorized flowers silent snow

southern fields of sweat Words became worlds

A peaceful man laughing at his own baldness gentle persuaded;

"Write on, write on."

Reading books not noticing pages going by as before

Eating up ideas Thinking

Time sliding along smooth and easy no longer jerking a taxi in city traffic

From despair of escaping forgotten Friday nights — excitement of creating renewing the mind as showers cleanse woods washing waste down tiny creeks leaving their colored signatures

"No Charles, it did not help, I still think about him. I knew him when he had no money, no family that he was close to, no position. He's wealthy and successful now. But I still think of him, I knew the woman that he married."

"Well, I'm going to give it a go."

The words didn't seem right to him. He continued, softly, "Thank-you for the list. I want to write to these people before I arrive."

"That won't be necessary, They won't mind."

He put his cup down on the table in front of him and stood. Holding out his hand to her he said, "I think I'd better be going now. I want to thank you for the afternoon, your company, and for the tea, I'll come and see you when I return."

She took extended her hand, and walked him to the door.

"You do look very much like your father. It gives me a shock to see someone so similar to him. I used to know him quite well." She paused. "Is he happy, do you think?"

He answered shortly, a little distractedly, "Happy? Good God, yes. He's settled and he's happy. I hope not to be as settled as he."

He opened the door for him and watched him take his tallness through the frame. He turned to give her a short wave of his hand. She closed the door and returned to the chair. Pouring another cup of tea, she looked at the chair where he had been sitting. There were letters in the dresser drawer. She left them alone. The room needed cleaning up: the bed needed to be made, the ash trays to be emptied. She left all as it was.

HUNTER

Tomorrow, my mind will cast back, throwing a line into the sun for some mythical recollection of the forest of your hair

Like a slender leaf hugging the salt tide, you are consummated on the mirrortwists of my eye

- Holly Battles

- J. Barmeier
SNOWFLAK

From aerial foyer pushed
into the swells of cumulus nimbus heaven,
a pigmied hexagon of ice: delicately sutured
cobwebs of crystalized winter

fell
ten thousand feet
like

that

stewardess on page forty-six
of the New York Times,
smashed frozenwhite on a midwestern plain.

- J. Barmeier
LOVING

Loving Negative Ten

My sweet Jesus, what's wrong with you
I want your body but I don't love you
Sex is creation
creation, creativity; energy which
is and always is and never is not
so when you don't get laid
you grab your number two soft
phallic penis pencil and violate
a clean sheet of paper
Your energy is diverted, subverted
preverted and sublimated
so instead of pure pleasure a poem
exists.
The virginal poet panders pure energy
in the hope of an end that will be plain desire
The desire exists!
Christ, you probably read poems before you
sleep each night.

Loving Negative Nine

How Do I love you
let me count the ways
I love you in position six
twelve and ten
I love you Saturday night
and Sunday morning instead of church
and I love you with the dreams
of future loves.

Loving Negative Eight

I see you on the quad daily
everyday at the same time
and we both smile, Hello.
Suddenly I start to see,
more often I run into you
and slowly I get to know
that you are capable of love
Yet why do I bother myself
and slowly I get to know
You are capable of sex

Loving Negative Seven

It is very late at night
and I'm very very tired
I would leave, go home and go to bed
This party is dull
and I'm too stoned to have a good time
But there are still a couple
of girls here. They must be thinking
the same as me.

Loving Negative Six

I hate to harp
on one point forever
but I really do love you
I really do you know
I will admit that I
did not love you at first
but we have gotten so good
in bed
that my love grows and swells
as you warmly embrace it.

Loving Negative Five

You write of love
but you are moved by hate
I'm sure you will agree that
love is a plus
a something that is there
while hate is an absence
a hole in the void
So you write of love
and your highly sublimated
high level relationships
but the source of these
pseudo-plus-presences
is your lifeless life in a sexless void

Loving Negative Four

Hetero
Homo
boys and girls together
or all at once for that matter
Love, you say, is more than sex:
Love of Mother
Love of country
Love of fellow man.
The only thing you can't ball is a flag

Loving Negative Three

Lust is movement
perhaps the secret
of perpetual motion
like a pendulum
back and forth
in and out.
Don't you wish
you could do it forever?

Loving Negative Two

I Love you
your body protects
you from the rath of
my hopefully non-castrated
humility
I can tolerate you
the nausea won't kill me
but we can't have a relationship
because I must remain superior.
I love you

Loving Negative One

You look at me and say you love me
and you hope that I will define love
so you can have sex while I have love
Your stupid superiority really is
too much. Frustration is only mine,
while you make sure you have your pride.
Did it never happen in your head,
the thought in yours was also in mine
I don't care for your love
your sex is all I want.

Zero Loving: Fuck-you.
Peat boggles.
It tickles the sight of an asphalt-blind traveler,
swallows cool clouds from our speech
with its warmth.
Delicate surgeon—it opens hearts deftly,
pulls out a drawl, softens
clackety-clacking words,
billows on echoes of boggling
peat
boggled.

- Cary Ann Spear
ON THIS PLANET

Once I was twice as old as you
When you were tiny two
And I was four
making a flower-crown
in a paddy field
When you were on the other side of
this planet; nine thousand miles apart
You were running
across the lawn
With a big red balloon
filled with dreams untouched
Didn't I feel
the foot-steps of your tiny feet
right under my feet?
Once I was twice as old as you
When the moon was
singing a lullaby for you while
the sun was high
over my head

Since then
The sun has made a daily journey
not knowing how many times
And the seasons repeated patiently
But the time flew backwards
When I crossed the Pacific
And I met
For the first time
That little boy with a balloon
Now grown tall and strong
Yet it must be you
Didn't I feel
the foot-steps of your tiny feet
right under my feet?
When I was twice as old as you
On the other side of
this planet

-yasue aoki