The live man, out of lands and prisons,
shakes the dry pods,
probes for old wills and friendships, and the big locust-casques
Bend to the tawdry table,
Lift up their spoons to mouths, put forks in cutlets,
And make sound like the sound of voices.

— Ezra Pound
editors: Chris Gjessing and Lindy Davies

prose:
Friend
   John Marshall
Visiting Relatives
   Cynthia Lanning Hahn
The Mud Lane
   Eloise Haveman
The Petrification of a Wild Sweet William Blossom
   Melissa Simmons

art:
Three views of Granville
   Scott Tryon (front cover)
untitled photos by
   Bogart
   Jerry Brown
Landscape
   Scott Tryon
Submissive Defiance
   Bogart
Three things that Remain
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   Lindy Davies
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FRIEND

John Marshall

One

It was a gift, given probably because she didn’t want it anymore. Tall golden pagodas tower above golden pools reflecting golden trees, shimmering in the sixty-watt light of my room, paving the way to dark pagoda entrances that reveal nothing. An antique I’m told, seventy years old; it looks much older, a relic of ancient artistic eccentricity. I hung it prominently in my room because I want her to know that I did, though she will not see it hanging there. “Burnished bronze,” “must be a brass rubbing” — to be honest, I think it’s obnoxious. But, she makes me like it. One day I’ll take it down, perhaps, but that will be a sign of other changes.

Two

Hands clasped together we walk the golden pathway, neither knowing what lies ahead, goals and simple hopes pulling us forward. The path narrows in the distance; blackness lies at path’s end. Black for ends, or black for beginnings? The beauty of the trees around us beckons, humming songs of warmth and quiet. We stop, but only for a short while.

Three

I was sitting in my room, staring at the decorations on the walls, remembering the origin of each one. The one I remember best is from you. I tried to write a poem about it, but only came up with two lines. Here they are, anyway:

Rising sun, bursting golden gleaming
breaking across night sky . . . . . . .

Four

Mei-tai had scarcely been gone a week, yet Chuan knew she would not return. She had seen the golden vision, just as her grandmother had predicted — and it drew her, demanded her. Its desire was tenfold that of Chuan’s love — but its love was not jealous, as Chuan knew. What Chuan did not know was that the vision was golden only to his eyes. He, too, had seen it, but only Mei-tai was able to perceive its truth. In truth it was long and narrow, and, very often, lonely: it was a path of constant compromise. If he had seen
Five

"I can't understand you sometimes."
"What do you mean?"
"I mean, this thing about possessions and personal space."
"You're being paternalistic again."
"Ad hominem attack — a logical fallacy."
"And condescending too. Look, just shut up for a while, OK?"
"No, I want to talk about it — now."
"We don't have anything to talk about."
"I want you to have this, too."
"But isn't one of your favorites?"
"No — well, I can't get it back, anyway."
"Thanks. I'll remember this place — a lot of times here — mostly good ones."
"We won't remember the bad ones."
"What bad ones?"
"Silly."
"Yeah — this was a good place to be in, when I was here."
"Part of it was yours too, you know."

Six

Two things could happen. One, it will be displayed for a lifetime, even if I only look at it once or twice a year. Or, it will be taken down, as the gold fades, and stored in undusted attics.
Shirts on the line,
flopping their arms, embrace
in this April wind.

Watching the receding wave,
swiftly and suddenly I
move back as though on wings.

The thisles
are question marks this morning
facing autumn's sun.

Should I submit a few Haiku
Verses for Exile?

Eloise Haveman
Visiting Relatives

Cynthia Lanning Hahn

It was a half hour ride on fast, bumpy roads and now she felt sick. Isabel told her mother that she knew she shouldn't have come, that she was probably going to throw up on their plastic coated furniture. Her mother slammed the car door and bent down close to Isabel's face, then hissed through clenched teeth and stiff red lips to please behave. The family entered the apartment building. The thick smell of food and people living together surrounded them as they entered the elevator. Isabel found her mother was saying something to her father, who looked back and glared at Isabel. She was too young to know what they were in for, thought Isabel. The noise of their shoes banged madly against the walls, as they made their way up to the third floor. Isabel caught a glimpse of her parents' faces as they turned and began the next flight. They were both frowning. Her mother was saying something about "old Nana Dear", but she could only make out a few words of the discussion. Her mother was saying something about "old Nana Dear", but she could only make out a few words of the discussion. Her mother was saying something about "old Nana Dear", but she could only make out a few words of the discussion.

Strength, gathered from lax limbs, the silence and darkness of dried cups and a still pen prime me as with a long drawing of breath before I dive to embrace my reflection.

The glow of an eastern diety nourishes me with the still lines of a plum blossom.

The shared warmth of our rising bodies like plums, now malleable and ripe, make me morning's oldest lover.
were pressed tightly against each other again. Isabel stood and slept until it was time to leave, but she knew by the way her eyes met her mother's. They were narrowed and her lips corduroy. She wanted to snuggle into a tiny circle on her lap and sleep until it was time to leave, but she knew by the way the hands patted her head, pinched her hair, cheek, then left her. She continued holding the plate in front of her as she looked for a place to sit. Her mother was resting comfortably against his soft, huge baby calling for his mother to pick him up. She tightened her grip on her plate and tried to ignore him. The rest of the room seemed undisturbed by his as they continued their chewing and chattering. Then, Isabel's youngest sister pranced past her and into Uncle Wilbur's immense open-armed embrace. His white cotton shirt sleeves enclosed her green-pinafored body like the giant clam she had seen in a Walt Disney movie. Isabel sat down cross-legged where she stood in front of the table. She set the plate on the floor and stared at the food. She felt someone watching her and glanced around the room. Her eyes met her mother's. They were narrowed and her lips were pressed tightly against each other again. Isabel stood
Her palms were pressed flat against the cloth of the chair. Isabel was amazed at the strength left in Nana Dear's hands. Her mother complained that she already had arthritis in her fingers.

Her sister was still laughing at Uncle Wilbur's smoke rings, which bothered Isabel. She wanted to touch the slightly transparent skin of Nana Dear's hand, but instead she stood watching the eyes that were focused up at her. Then, the hollows of the woman's cheeks moved upwards, forcing more wrinkles around the glassiness of her staring eyes. The hand fell limp and still. Isabel reached forward and finally touched its pale blueness.
Bob McLaughlin

He's coming home again.

Did you hear? Icar...

He's coming home again.

Bob McLaughlin
The Mud Lane
by Eloise Haveman

There was the sound of high heels clicking along the uneven brick walk.
For a moment Flora paid no attention, but anyone could have told that the sound troubled her.
Her wild brush of hair stood up disordered as Medusa locks and her small but muscular black arms struggled with the clothesline. Her children watched as in their own yard she attached her means of livelihood to a clothesline — the shirts and underwear of the genteel world.
The clicking heels drew nearer.

Wilene was passying by.

Wilene was young, as young as Flora. But Flora already had the wrinkles of age and Wilene was smooth and yellow, skinned, with cool tyranny in her full lips and a tint of red in her hair. Her crystal glass earings swung as she walked, and her flouncing orange-and-white shirt revealed slim, shapely legs.

Flora hesitated. Then she called out, “That’s tinted up red!”

But Wilene’s step quickened. “You mine yo own business, woman!”

“Who’s that tellin’ me?”

Wilene paused. Flora was leaning toward her, over the fence.
“I’m tellin’ you. You try for every man in this part of town, but you ain’t gettin’ my husban’. You leave my husban’ lone. I’m warnin’ you . . . Today.”

Across the mud gray street a screen opened. Then another. Neighbors stepping on creaking porches, leaned over dirty window ledges.

Wilene moved away.

With sudden flame Flora unclicked the gate and ran after her shaking a fist.

“Trash, that’s what you are! Trash! I’m the mother of four an’ you best leave my husban’ alone. I’m tellin’ you!”

Flora turned back. She heard the laughter of the neighbors. Their mouths were opened wide. They held their sides. Then, silent and burning, she hung up the last pieces of the wash and went indoors.
"Why you lock th' door, with a man around?"
Y'all heard that woman! You think I gonna have my house burn just cause you in it!"
Burt laughed as he grabbed her arm. "You heard that woman! You think I gonna have my shabby sofa.
Burt tried to speak, and pointed at his heart.
Jacket with a white plastic lapel flower was slung over the eyes, Wilene was locking the door for the night. Her pink
eyes, Wilene was locking the door by the neighbors. Down
the blinds were muttering consultations. Wilene's coiling softness suddenly vanished.

Flora stood clutching the things she had brought.
Toward the end of the lane was one lighted house where
the blinds were drawn. Wilene's house.

From the room where the children were asleep came the
sound of a cough. Tara had been coughing. It wasn't getting
better. Flora paused at the front door and then, putting
her back and raise her arms over her head as she gave
a moment with her head poised, as though..."

Flora reached Miz Mongrove's where the guests were
gathered in the front yard. Miz Mongrove, large and serene,
had face wreathed in smiles, was chatting with the young
people.

Under the ailanthus tree in one corner of the yard stood
Burt and Wilene.
"There's your wife," murmured Wilene subtly. "Better go
speak t' her!"
Burt started. "She'll speak, soon enough," he said.
"I ain't 'fraid her!" countered Wilene.
"Come back here!" hissed Burt.
But Wilene strode to the gate.
"A locust hit the air with a rattling exclamation, and a
chilly breeze cut the stillness of the street.
"If you come to disturb choir practice," with your raptin'
an talkin'," shouted Wilene, "you just go back home."
"I came for my husband!"
"Why you want to disturb Miz Mongrove's meetin'?"
Miz Mongrove was hurrying toward them.
"I don't want no two women fightin' in my yard," she
cried.

"Flora Williams, you eitha come in, peaceable, or take yo
husban' home."
The young people listened, and then the night hummed
with voices. "She neglects her children to come make
trouble! 'No, but I wouldn't leave my husban' neither — with
Wilene."

Flora's head was in turmoil. She had a hatpin. It was stuck
like a sword in the knot of her belt.

Preacher Emerson had taken her gently by the elbow.
"Wont you join our choir practice?" he urged. "Then,
take your Burt home."
Flora's mind was confused by right and wrong. Should
take go in, peaceable?
She looked at Burt who stood where Wilene had left him
glowering under the ailanthus tree.

Then she met Wilene's eyes, and she remembered that
she had a hat pin sticking in the knot of her belt.
She put her hand to it, "you better run 'way, woman."
The air was full again of protesting cries around her.
"She worse'n Crazy Maude. "'She is.'"
Wilene turned, ran to Burt, hung on his arm.

Miz Mongrove was pushing Flora toward the gate.
"Go home t' you children, Flora Williams," Miz Mongrove
said.

For a long moment Flora stood like a piece of the earth.
But then, slowly, she turned and went toward the gate. All
she felt was the rain and the street and turned the corner near her house.
Silent and burning she shoved open the door, and went
upstairs. Tara was sitting up in bed, terrified of the night.
"Turn at light off, girl!"
"Mama! I had a dream. I dreamt' —"
"Shut up!" cried Flora savagely.

An insect outside bungled through the air.
"Shut . . . up!" Flora's words crumpled and she put her
head on her arms, and cried into the hotness of the evening.

In the middle of the night she awakened with a start. She
was alone, and she thought of the mud lane going to
Wilene's house. She got out of bed. She gathered what she
"You really care for me, don' you?" flared Burt. "Sendin' me out t' cope with a woman like that. She'll send 'at firebran' in my face —"

Wilene tore at his arm with her nails, and pulled him toward the door.

Outside someone screamed, "She puttin' oil on her paper. She gonna set it on fire!"

Burt went to the doorway slowly, and opened it. "Flora!" he said, "Here I am. What you want?"
"You come back home!"

Suddenly the silence was broken not by voices but by the shrillness of a siren a block or two away, closing in on them, piercing the air and moaning to a stop as a car turned into the opening of the lane, and drew up near the crowd. Two policemen got out of the car.

Sudden laughter came from the porch door where Wilene had appeared. "See what you get, woman, meddin' in people's affairs?" She came down the steps and shook her fist. "This woman gonna set my house on fire!"

Burt glanced at Wilene. The expression on his face was masked. He did not look at Flora. One of the officers was approaching.

Burt's voice rose suddenly, hoarse and uncertain, but everyone listened because it seemed as though he was making a speech.

"That's Flora," he was saying, and he pointed to his wife. "Flora is my only wife." Now his voice grew stronger. He did not look at Wilene. "Flora", he argued, "she wasn't doin' nothin'. We havin' street cel'bratin'. Flora she lightin' up a bonfire."

The little crowd suddenly took the cue. They took up the argument murmuring, "That's right!" "Flora she gonna light bonfire." "She th' mother of four an' those children need her back."

Shaking their heads the officers took notes before they left.

From the porches and yards they all watched the patrol cars as it wound out of sight down the lane.

The door slammed at Wilene's house as Burt and Flora went back down the mud lane.
DAVID

Betsy Bates

Your flight aloft
leaves me

to pull the seat forward,
adjust the rear-view mirror
   (which slips)
to drive back.
The pussywillow patch where we stopped
   yesterday
   is now an
exploded beige confusion
of seeds
and tumbleweeds.

The signs
that reminded you of
fishing lures
still promise storm doors
   beer and
firewood-cheap

but the
whitewashed fruitstand has been boarded up,
probably by the
sweating woman
anticipating
winter.
Sand settles in my glass of tea—
crusted around the edges where my hand
gritty from waves filled with sand, the sea:

Whipped-surf pounds the beaches and pushes sand—
fragmenting shells and corals
that lived there, but die, sifted land:

Wind pulls sand-grains from higher dry shoals—
shifting them in patterns of ripples
banking against tall beach grass, in rows:

Rising from sand a crab scuttles—
indirectly seeking pools passing
to drink between the stones, he tipples:

The water is a cube of glass—
motionless and cold, beneath which brown
sand lies, in sunlight shimmering brass:

Disturbed, it rises and mixes round—
settling back slowly, sand
is crusted on the edge of my glass, a frown.
The Last Ramona Poem  
(fat chance)

Lindy Davies

So I got My head in the sand?  
Maybe I am just writing soppy prepoems, Pops  
but you just give me some sand, you got plenty  
give me a dune to burrow my head down in  
make it fine, dry, and completely  
opaque, OK?

instead of planning  
about a home TV car job and wifekids  
I keep harping sandily about  
the suicidal wastefulness  
all over  
(what's more I spend all my free time  
thinking about this fictional chick named  
Ramona)

you can see the waste, right here in this building,  
look at that big hole in the middle of the stairwell  
— conspicuous waste of coalheated space

well

I tell ya  
college is irrelevant  
learning to love is fulltime, and  
It's not the wasted space that wastes me:

it's the wondering about sitting up here  
on this al you mini yum rail and pushing  
myself off  
in a sitting position  
four flights hitting on my back or maybe  
spinning and catching my  
neck  
curtains  
or paralysis  
curt in sore poor alley sis  
... funny thing,

if I did  
then out of all my school years  
one act would stick  
foremost in my consciousness

what has all this do with a girl

RAMONA 
CHICK NAMED  
AT AN AVALONT GRADELY TOLD TALE OF A  
— AIRY REVIEW AND BLINK — THUMB THRU THE LATTER  
MAKE LOVE AND WHEN YOU YES YOU SHITASS  
THE HEART BEATS THE SAME AND FASTER  
MADAME CUNT A ROSE BY ANY OTHER  
NAME MEAN SHIT ANYWAY BITCH LADY  
AND HER NAME ISN'T RAMONA BUT WHAT  

write some real poetry, thus  
quit wishing all over myself, thus  
write some real poetry, thus  
write some real poetry, thus  
write some real poetry, thus

quit winging it with the feelings, huh?  
quit wishing all over myself, huh?  
write some real poetry, huh?

if that's your definition of poetry  
Mr. Artsy O'Stretch,  
then you can  
refrigerate Hell  
before I'll ever  
write you a  
poem.
In concentration camps also wonderfully what the human spirit can suffer. There is no way to understand, we must not ask, it is just that way, it is the way. Existence. Things are. It is all the same for the animal world and for us.

The Preacher said

Are you alive?

I screamed — "I am still alive!"

They said.

"Old Woman, look to the past. It would be like Lot's wife. I would turn to stone.

They said.

"There is a chronological age, a lessening. This country, this modern world.

I said (I said Is it?)

"You take your place. " They said, The place they have assigned you. Oh, it is well to be spiritual (we admire that) and to have ideals (we love that) but to fit into our place — that is it.

"What is our place?" I asked and they were silent.

But I answered in my mind...

A two by four place with a window looking out upon a dirty street. No tree. No tree. No tree.

A two by four place with a window looking out.

But I answered in my mind: "What is our place?" I asked and they were silent.

To fill in our place.

"You take your place." They said.

Elise Haveman

POEMS OF THE INCONSEQUENTIALS

Mother Told Me Not To Play Next Door

Ellen Cox

He enjoys running stoplights
Red means “take” to him
See a woman in red, take her
See a red stoplight and take the next red car
Roll over it bend it fold it flatten the driver in red
Smile a red smile at the sight of blood
Dripping onto the grey pavement

His brother pushes people off the top
Of the National Bank in Charleston
If you stand on the sidewalk in front on Sunday
Sometimes you can see them fall
One afternoon he broke his record
And created a pile 22 bodies strong

His younger sister races horses
Across the tracks at the Detroit Motor Speedway
The near-misses excite her the most
So far she’s only lost three thoroughbreds
And from that she’s learned to always ride females
I said
The human spirit is
also capable of depth.
Of longings for a
silver stream that
glistens and reflects
The Sun.

Heaven and Hell
Are here
On Earth.
To us they come as our creation.
They are in your palm.
They are in my hands.
Thunder it
Thunder it
Thunder it.
In your palm, in my hands
the tingling ecstacies
the sobs, the shrieks
the seeing of an arch across the sky
... pastel
... quiescent.
The Petrification of a Wild Sweet William Blossom

by Melissa Simmons

I.

Hannah sat at the kitchen table with two thick ceramic bowls and a bucket of strawberries on the floor beside her. Her fingers and thumbs were black from days of twisting stems and sorting the berries, the soft ones to be jammed, the firmer ones eaten with sugar and cream or on top of corn bread. She gathered the stems into a heap with the side of her palm and took a long breath, swelling with the scent. Even after a half an hour she was not immune to their smell.

Two bangs, a grating sound and a third bang brought Hannah's eyes to the pile of kindling beside the cold iron stove. Samuel stood, legs apart, feet turned slightly out and holding a piece of wood as a man holds a cane, with one hand over the other. The diaper fastened around his narrow hips sagged at his crotch almost to his knees and was dusted with fragments of bark and ash. Hannah made little effort to deny a smile as she swung her legs to the chair's side.

"Samuel, look at yourself." She rested her thin arm on the top rung of the chair. "You just be careful now. If you get a splinter, you won't be very pleased."

Samuel pounded the stick, his smile tensing into a contortion that reddened his face and threatened tears. He sat suddenly, not having allowed for the weight of the stick. Hannah knew that the delayed outburst was more from surprise than from a sore bottom. She walked quickly to him, wiping red juice on her apron. She picked him up under the arms and arched her back to hold him, swiveling to the right and left until he was calm. She touched his cheek, wanting to feel the new hard edges emerging from smooth gums. His forehead, still gathered in pleats at the crest of his nose was short, unlike Job's or her own. From his round blue eyes about to blink a tear, she knew to continue swaying from side to side.

She slid her hand beneath his jersey and undershirt, stroking the moist heat of his back and side. How many days would he fuss, turning his head from cereal, even rippled with honey and berries, or squirm as she dressed him, rolling onto his stomach and grasping the rug to crawl away? She
Hannah repeatedly that her hips were narrow that was all; as if Hannah wouldn't understand an answer more complex. She felt angry when Doctor Moser told her not to worry about her irregularity, angry with Mrs. Chadwick's simple answer when she wanted to know what was happening within her body; but she never mentioned it to Job or her mother. Hannah, Mary told Hannah repeatedly that her hips were narrow that was all; as if Hannah wouldn't understand an answer more complex.

Hannah's mother listened attentively when she told her her hips were narrow that was all; as if Hannah wouldn't understand an answer more complex. She felt angry when Doctor Moser told her not to worry about her irregularity, angry with Mrs. Chadwick's simple answer when she wanted to know what was happening within her body; but she never mentioned it to Job or her mother.

Hannah returned to the kitchen and put the bucket and bowls on the table by the window. A large wash basin sat one-quarter filled with water soaking mason jars. Using a square of a shirt with pocket still intact, she scrubbed the larger table. She worked gradually over the wood until the whole surface was darkened with wetness. The strawberry stains would take many washings before camouflaging in the walnut grain.

The stove was already loaded, leaving only the task of lighting and nurturing a flame, poking the slim sticks and blowing them to sparks. She set the mason jars in a cast iron pot, covering them with water, and put it on the stove. Looking over the shelves of jars, squat paper sacks and small boxes, she found chunks and paraffin and the crock of coarse beet sugar. She grabbed a long handled spoon from the wall and went to the berries. She poured sugar over them, flipping her wrist to make a snake-like trail across the red globular mass.

The sun cast weak light on her work. The shadows were as undefined as the edges of clouds in the grey-white expanse. As she stirred and watched the sugar disappear, she hoped that Job would not continue his morning complaint about the weather when he came in. She knew that the wheat was a paler green than it should be and that the barley needed sun and wind to become firm. She could lament over the weather as sincerely as he; but when he did she felt his
and held his fork ready for use. Hannah fed Samuel and
moment before looking up. “No, it isn’t. Once in a while I
Samuel into her lap. Job ate with large methodical bites,
didn’t say that and don’t hand me your piety. You can
vision after being lost in an unfocused stare.

Wakening by and by,
Rolypoly caterpillar,
Wakened by and by,
Found himself with wings of beauty, —
Changed to a butterfly!"

Samuel let them maneuver his limbs but kept his attention
on his tongue working to find saliva.

“He’s so warm.” Job’s hands held Samuel under his
arms, his middle fingers meeting in the hollow of his navel.

“I know; it’s because of his teeth.” She brushed the pale
back. He sat down at the table, Samuel leaning against his
stomach and elbows and began fumbling with small feet and
socks. Hannah came and squatted by his knees to help.

herself from different bowls but with the same small spoon.
She broke off chunks of bread and let Samuel finger them,
very little reaching his mouth. Their laps accumulated moist
crumbs. Job’s eyes volleyed between his plate and the
women will be doing quite a bit of baking for the coffee after
the service. You heard about it, didn’t you?”

“Mm. If we get sun tomorrow and the next day . . . The
ground is just so damn water logged and the grain needs
sun, not more rain; that’s certain . . . I’ve got to get that
fence down soon. It’ll probably take another two days or so
what with the milking and all.”

“You’ll still have a little free time Sunday won’t you? The
women will be doing quite a bit of baking for the coffee after
the service. You heard about it, didn’t you?”

“Not now, I’m done with the milking and chores. I’ll
be free in the afternoon. Sam will keep the cows here until
then.”

“Wakening by and by,
Rolypoly caterpillar,
Spun around himself a blanket
into a corner crept.
Then for a long time slept.
Rolypoly caterpillar,
Found himself with wings of beauty, —
Changed to a butterfly!”

Hannah raised her eyes to meet Job’s. His grey-green
eyes had a decided softness to them. He caught
themselves as one notices a selfconscious stranger in his
vision after being lost in an unfocused stare.

Hannah brought vegetable soup to the table and sat
down. She served slices of ham, bread and soup and took
Samuel into her lap. Job ate with large methodical bites,
chewing each thoroughly as he rested his wrist on the table
and held his fork ready for use. Hannah fed Samual and
Hannah, I think he’s even hotter now.”

She felt his face, his neck. “Do you think doctor Moser would come now? He’s been fussing and everything but the fever only started today. I, I kept thinking he would cool down. She knelt down on one knee, holding Job for balance and stroked the nap of Samuel’s neck.

“Here, take him. I’ll go now. Moser will come.” Job went to the kitchen. Hannah listen to him put on his shoes as she rocked Samuel on her chest. He rested his head heavily by her neck but squirmed with restlessness.

Job came to the threshold, putting one hand on the edge of each wall. “I wish you told me before that he’s had this fever all day. I’ll be back.” The turned and walked out, his steps pounding the floor as quickly as the pounding rushed up from Hannah’s chest to her head.

Samuel whimpered at the slam of the door. She walked with him until he was quiet. She felt his drool and wrapped her arms to support his legs more closely to her. What was said at dinner ran through her mind seeming as painfully senseless as bringing in the wash when heaps of gathered barley lay in the fields at the breaking of a thunder storm. Other children become feverish while they teethe; but the thought failed to keep tears from traveling down her cheek, dispersing in the sweat of Samuel’s scalp.

Samuel was no longer restless but kept one arm firmly around her neck, his fist gripping her dress. She sat down, laid him in her lap and wiped his face with the back side of her apron. Samuel watched her, not pouting or smiling; but calmly looking up at her. She rocked as her voice quivered in a whispered song.

“If you were a flower
and I were a shower
Or even the dripping wet dew
I’d go to your bower
To seek you, my flower,
And there wash your wee face for you.

Let’s play you’re a flower,
That I’ve caught in a shower
Or gathered a bowl full of dew,
That here in your bower
I’ve found you, my flower,
And now wash your wee face for you.”

When Job and Doctor Moser entered, Hannah continued rocking. She heard the kitchen door, steps and muted voices. Job appeared in the doorway, anchored there by Hannah’s austere glare as she held Samuel, still warm in her arms.

The field climped sharply up from the creek then lolled in plateaus of bleached corn stalks. It stretched onward enveloping an island of young trees and underbrush covering and surrounding a small knoll, a protrusion in the level ground. Low leaning stones among the pricker bushes
The editors wish to thank everyone who has contributed to this issue of Exile.

Submissions are now being accepted for the Spring '79 issue. When given a voice, use it!
We are about to fall up until when we could always expand our problems away to think away manifest destiny. But you said it as when you fight with yourself you can only lose. And who still always have a friend in the end.

I know the song is it. Can I blame it on the rain? The rain that I'm standing out in the rain. I'm just looking up now. There are two, we're not sure what. But this is a magic.