EXILE

Denison University
Granville, Ohio
Spring 1982

Editor ................................................... Mike Augusta
Assistant Editors ................................. Andy Acker
Chad Hussey
John Zarchen

Cover Drawing By Peter Brooke
Group Poems From Sake Circle
(or: A musing of a young writer as a poor man. Hee hee hee.) Chris Brought
Untitled Prose
In A Room Robert F. Youngblood
The Escape Anne Gilson
Untitled Poem Becky Hinshaw
A Cruel Hand Chad Hussey
Shaking Heads in Copley Square Gregor MacDonald
The Coming Age Lynn Greene
Seduction Jacqueline Ondy
Pointless Polarities Ruth Wick
The Ladies From The Fairmont Unitarian Church Poverty Relief Fund Sharon S. McCartney
Confessions of a Book Burner Andy Acker
The Congress of the Gods (by Tage Danielsson) Translated by Ari Kokko
Marble Bags Mike Augusta
Monsters Sharon S. McCartney
Dust of Allah Bruce Leonard
Buffalo Mountain Andy Acker
One Marriage Sharon S. McCartney
Experience Becky Hinshaw
The Wings Barry Pailet
The Tale of Frankenstein's Average (By Tage Danielsson) Translated by Ari Kokko
Want Roger Butler
Cornpoem Mike Augusta

Table of Contents

Group Poems From Sake Circle

In this stark season The naked willow's woven web —
IS FROZEN ALSO, AND BROKEN BY THE WIND.
BUT THAT "WHAT" IS ESSENTIAL TO THE PEACEFUL NATURE STATE
What do you do for the weeping willow? To dry its tears
destroys its essence.

WEEP WITH THE WILLOW!
Chop down the sullen willow! Let the white pine raise
its noble head.

DON'T CHOP DOWN THE WILLOW FOR AFTER THE CRUEL WINTER
HAS TAKEN ITS TOLL THE WILLOW SHOWS ITS ENDURANCE
And takes on the cruel summer.

MAKE A WILLOW WHISTLE AND PIPE TWO COOL NOTES
INTO THE HEAT HAZE.

The clouds swiftly swept the sky,
AND WITH THE CLOUDS WENT ALL MY WORRIES.
Approaching my Cheops, Fujiyama, my vulcanized rubber soles crush
Juniper leaves shamelessly.

JUPITER BERRIES CANNOT TALK BACK!
Without a whimper they leave their stain,
RED, DEEP SCARLET CRIMSON LIKE THE EARTH YOUR HOME,
In that stain is told the true message of life:
ALL THIS FOR JUST THIS!

Until a mountain, pregnant with snow, falls on me,
& WITH THE AVALANCHE WENT ALL MY WORRIES.
Think I'll buy a knock knock shelf for my odds and ends. Twelve odds and ends on the knock knock shelf; eleven fall off.

possibly. The shelf, like the others, is made of wood and has a knock knock design. It is designed to hold various items, including keys, coins, and other small objects.

Strawberries, Snaptogether. Fall apart in two years. Probablyhave all the same pictures above the fireplace. Cheap mirror reposer es. Eighty four a.m. husband kiss weleks by bye. Pick one of the two sedanswagons and vroom off to work at the inn sure ants company. Marty and Tina for our future. Back home for you end. Freeze dried food and work at the inn sure ants company. Marty and Tina for our future. Back home for you end. Freeze dried food.
Oh wow, its seven twenty five! Now I'm gonna be late. Ah who cares.

For you to discover the meaning of the riddle please find the meaning of x.

drawn on
from

In a Room
She relaxed back into the bedspread and the matching pillows welled up around her. He lay on his back on the warm floor

One Marriage
After sex
he pinched her cheek
and slept with breakfast plans,
and his naked dreams
took
her
breath
so she lay wasting
with him
and his unborn children
between her legs,
When her tears were noticed
he fed her a larger station wagon
but she starved
with the silver fender poised gracefully
down her throat.

Robert F. Youngblood

Becky Hinshaw

Chris Brougham

Robert F. Youngblood
The Escape

The sun filtered through the trees like gold glitter, peeking in between the leaves. She couldn’t see how blue the sky was when she was squinting into the light. It looked more like a pale, yellowish green. She blinked again. It was bright and it was light against her small body. Her hands, clasped behind her knees, suddenly flung back and she flopped into the rustling grass. Her eyes were closed and she couldn’t hear the rustling of the leaves next to her ears or the faint calls of the birds high above her. The sky was so enormous. Where does it begin? Where does it end? Her face tightened as she pondered this. In the back of her mind she could barely hear her name being called, "Mary...Mary...MAREEEEEEEBA!" She lifted her head above the green bed and saw a minute figure plowing through the meadow. She slowly raised herself up on her elbows, hoping she would not be seen. As she saw her mother start to walk towards a cluster of trees, she stood - her knees weak, and her small frame lost in the sea of green. She wanted to sink back towards her again. The space where she had rested was imprinted by her figure. The grass was pressed against the ground but she slowly began to rise with jerking movements. She began to gallop through the twanged grass, her arms flailing through the breeze. Her hair long hair flew behind her and her ears were filled with the loud humming of the wind. Something felt different in her lungs - as if they were not moving at all. She quickly looked down and noticed that she was not on the ground but moving swiftly above it! The trees were gradually dropping beneath her. She knew she’d laughed loudly, but could barely hear her own voice since the wind was rushing around her so rapidly. The sky was a part of her and she moved through the emptiness like a cloud along velvet. Her arms sailed at the sides of her tilted body, the wind lapping every inch of her with sleek softness. Her dark hair trailed behind and she rose higher and higher. As she soared into the bluelessness and the yellow light, she glanced below finding the exact spot she was buried in and the vast green surrounding that one space. The huge trees that had gathered its sun before, were now mounds of rustling bushes. Her own house, her flower garden, were mere patches against the green. She saw the red truck her father owned, pulling into the dark line of the driveway. Two tiny, black dots emerged from the red form - her mother and father on their way home from the war that they hadn’t been hurt. Clouds scuddled like tall ships across the blue sky and the sun shone down on the emerald lawn in a mottled pattern which made shaded areas look blue. She saw a vehicle coming down the road so she moved over to the top of the steps and leaned on the porch railing with a glance, and surveyed the landscape from the height of her. Evelyn walked up to the door, deadpanning her expression, "Thank you so much for picking Abel up at the airport. That was a great help." "No bother at all, Evelyn." "Won’t you come in for a cup of coffee?" "Thanks but I ought to be heading home just the same." "Eh, that it does Evie. I gotta be sure to get my fertilizer spread and put the tractor in." "Oh, well, sorry you can’t stay. Thanks again." "I’ll be by too long to take you up on that offer.” Evelyn said, starting up his Willys, "Take care now. Welcome home Abel.

Jervis Lingley’s jeep rolled smoothly down the driveway, backed up, paused, and whined on down the road to his home, Amen Farm.

"Come on honey, let’s get your things inside. I’ve got a roast in the oven and Sam Bemiss brought over some of his potatoes this morning. You must be starved." Each carrying a duffle, the two walked along the concrete walk and up the stairs. The garter snake that had been sunning itself peacefully earlier, slithered through the white, lattice slats that covered the front of the porch at their passing. The two walked through the dining room, one of the guest bedrooms, which served as a T.V. room and headed up the stairs, Ms. Perkins in the lead turning on lights as she went. On the right they came to Abel’s room, opened the door, and dropped his loaded bags on the enormous bed.

"Why don’t you change out of those clothes? I’ll be downstairs if you need anything. How would you like some milk and cookies? I just baked some this morning." Evelyn answered, scrutinizing him with care. "’God, look at you!’ she exclaimed, scrutinizing him with care. “My boy is gone for four years and now he’s suddenly a man.”

The Cruel Hand

Around noon on a mid-August day, Evelyn Perkins sat on the front porch of her house in Brookline, Maine, drinking strong coffee and leafing nervously through a back issue of Life Magazine. Ms. Perkins was a robust woman in her late forties, whose strong body was indicative of a strong spirit as well. She had borne stoically the death of her husband, who was killed in the Second World War, and had managed to endure the bitterness of divorce with her second and last husband. At a time when she had needed companionship most, her daughter had married and gone off to California. She hadn’t been back to visit since, although she never failed to phone her mother on birthdays and at Christmas.

Evelyn Perkins had lived alone in the same manner as always. She had no great, white house for years. It bore many coats of paint which often peeled due to the salty sea air. Inside, a venerable smell hung in the air. The house was so large for her needs, that she was apprehensive about entering certain rooms that weren’t frequently used since that action only served to heighten her feeling of loneliness. Ms. Perkins finished her coffee and stood up to stretch a little and surveyed the lawn with a glint in her eye, a smile, and walked down the steps and opened the door, deadpanning her expression, "Thank you so much for picking Abel up at the airport. That was a great help.”

"No bother at all, Evelyn." "Won’t you come in for a cup of coffee?" "Thanks but I ought to be heading home just the same." "Eh, that it does Evie. I gotta be sure to get my fertilizer spread and put the tractor in." "Oh, well, sorry you can’t stay. Thanks again.” "I’ll be by too long to take you up on that offer.” Evelyn said, starting up his Willys, "Take care now. Welcome home Abel.”

Hiram's jeep rolled smoothly down the driveway, backed up, paused, and whined on down the road to his home, Amen Farm.

"Come on honey, let’s get your things inside. I’ve got a roast in the oven and Sam Bemiss brought over some of his potatoes this morning. You must be starved.” Each carrying a duffle, the two walked along the concrete walk and up the stairs. The garter snake that had been sunning itself peacefully earlier, slithered through the white, lattice slats that covered the front of the porch at their passing. The two walked through the dining room, one of the guest bedrooms, which served as a T.V. room and headed up the stairs, Ms. Perkins in the lead turning on lights as she went. On the right they came to Abel’s room, opened the door, and dropped his loaded bags on the enormous aleg bed.

"Why don’t you change out of those clothes? I’ll be downstairs if you need anything. How would you like some milk and cookies? I just baked some this morning.” Evelyn answered, scrutinizing him with care. "’God, look at you!’ she exclaimed, scrutinizing him with care. “My boy is gone for four years and now he’s suddenly a man.”

Anne Glover

When he approaches

touch your face

your skin pulls out to meet

that fingertip trailing

wet promises

of hard night rocking

and thigh flooding,

and in that rushing moment

when his fingers melt your cheek

you can only smile

and smile

and smile.

Becky Hinshaw

A Cruel Hand

Anne Glover

When he approaches

touch your face

your skin pulls out to meet

that fingertip trailing

wet promises

of hard night rocking

and thigh flooding,

and in that rushing moment

when his fingers melt your cheek

you can only smile

and smile

and smile.

Becky Hinshaw
after the silhouetted form of a witch and a cat on either side. The place had a cheerful aspect to it, due largely to the rose garden in the towerng, bright, yellow flowers in the foreground of the house. In the field across the road, Hiram Lingley’s bull passed in so close that Abel was
grazing to look at it. Abel continued to gaze leisurely on the thick, rich, green grass. As he walked along the hedge behind the house, the cow lay in a c
circle around the water trough. Abel continued on the road and came upon a rise. From the top he could see the ocean, though there it wasn’t. He walked down to the point, along this end dead capillary of road. When he got to the beach, he saw that his mother’s purse and bid Evelyn good-bye. He walked down the hall and made his way out the side door. He walked between two
small, half-berths on either side of the door, which served as planters for pink geraniums. The air outside was cool and
warm while the sky was a deep blue and a slight breeze ruffled the trees. Abel opened the large swinging barn doors and moved inside. The barn smelled of moist hay as a barn should, and Abel could also detect the smell of tarred beams and miscellaneous
material. Abel opened the door to his mother’s white, ’67 Mustang and eased into the driver’s seat. He was amased at its condition. One
might have thought that the car was brand new, in fact when she had owned the car for just over 5 years. It owed its good condition to Ms. M., its
owner who had driven it primarily between weekly trips to town. Due to Sylvester’s tender care, the car started right up and Abel rolled slowly
down the sea shell covered driveway. He then headed up the point road and took a right towards Blue Hill, passing in the process, the small, town center of Brooklin with its General Store, Post Office and Fire and Police Station. The drive continued smoothly down the road, past several houses, until it reached the long straight-away where Sylvester’s Gulf station was situated. Here the road went up and down, in little dips, as far as the eye could see. On either side of the road were expanses of grassy meadow. The stalks of knee high grass moved like waves, with the wind. It was a scene that seemed much more appropriate to the plains of Kansas than Down East.

“Thnks, there’s some orange juice in the fridge to tide you over.”

“Okay, Ma.”

“Okay. Ma.”

“Okay?”

“Okay,” Abel said. As he whisked past Sylvester’s and continued down the road, Presently, he could see the ocean if he
looked downhill and turned right, the trees further down the horizon. He drove past the Barnacle Seafood Restaurant, which was still the same weathered maroon color. Further along, E.B. White’s house, which enjoys a prime piece of real estate.

“Okay. Ma.”

“Okay, Ma.”

“Okay. Ma.”

“Okay. Ma.”

“If I can’t borrow the car to go into town, Mom? I figured I’d stop at Sylvester’s along the way and ask about work.”

“Is it okay if I borrow the car to go into town, Mom? I figured I’d stop at Sylvester’s along the way and ask about work.”

“Able, you were as bad as your father when you were a boy. He used to get a real kick out of inventing campfire stories and then try to

“Okay.”

“Okay. Ma.”

“Okay.”

“Able, you were as bad as your father when you were a boy. He used to get a real kick out of inventing campfire stories and then try to

“Okay.”

“Able, you were as bad as your father when you were a boy. He used to get a real kick out of inventing campfire stories and then try to
He placed his hand on the thick brass handle and pulled open the bright red door. At first, Mrs. Lindsey had difficulty recognizing him, but then she came out from behind the counter, where she had been polishing a brass lantern, arms outstretched. She gave Abel a big hug and proceeded to interrogate him as to his state of affairs. He responded cordially to her volley of questions and added with affection that he hoped she might stop by sometime soon.

"I'm sorry I can't stay and talk with you longer," Abel said, "but I promised Mom I would get some work done around the house.

"Good for you," Mrs. Lindsey said. "I'm glad you stopped by. Take care and give my best to Evelyn.

"Sure thing," Abel said. Once again Abel stepped out into the sun, and after a brief stroll along the wharf, accompanied by wheeling, screeching gulls, he made his way to the car and drove to Sylvester's. A spear of a man. When he saw Abel pull in from the car he was slouched over, gave his hand a quick wipe, and lumbered over to Abel. He extended a huge greasy paw to Abel while swiping him on the shoulder with his other hand at the same time.

"Well goddam my eyes if you haven't grown, young Abel! You look to be in fine shape."

"Thank you sir," Abel replied. "I was wondering if you couldn't use me to help around the station some this year."

Great. Thanks so much, Mr. McClain.

"No problem, Abel. Give my best to Evelyn and don't go stripping the gears of your mother's car now."

Abel hopped into the car and drove out the gravel driveway, leaving a suspended cloud of dust. He gave Sylvester a few toots on the horn while he waved from his stance next to the gas pumps.

A brisk drive home, Abel ate a quick luncheon of sandwiches and milk, which his mother served, and he was ready to begin work.

From the barn he took a fairly large "D" shaped logging saw, a splitting maul and a light Hudson Bay cruising axe. With these tools in hand he walked around the side of the barn, which was covered with moss, took his backpack. He looked to his right and saw that Jason Lingley had also put sheets of greased aluminum around the trunks of the small trees, which stood as front, forming the border between the yard and the woods where the Hathaway's had lived over night.

The purpose of these greased strips of metal was to prevent the spread of eggs from maple to sycamore. As he climbed into the upper branches and eating the tender twigs. He passed past the law's own granite disconformity and looked back into the woods, which began just beyond the fringe of the lawn.

The clearing lay before him like an altar. Large white clouds were moving in, causing the sun to shine down through the trees in twinkling rays. The trees which he was supposed to cut were good sized cedars that lay across the clearing's floor. The clearing itself consisted of granite slabs overlaid with delicate, pale green, elk horn lichen and spongy moss. Blueberries grew in the large longitudinal cracks that split the granite.

Abe padded along this fragile landscape and set down his tools. Then he rolled up the sleeves of his work shirt and picked up the saw. Then he went about sawing the trees into manageable lengths for splitting. At about this time, little Joey Hathaway who was around six years old, and his playmate from down the road, Gordon Parsons, tore out of the Hathaway house for a game of cowboys and indians.

Abel continued to work, making good progress. Although a light breeze had picked up, sweat streamed down his back. He finished splitting the stubby, cut lengths with the heavy main and started in cutting off the branches of his second tree with the Hudson Bay axe. When he had finished, he stood up straight and stretched his back and shoulders. Then he stood there admiring the beauty of his clearing while the axe hung down in his right hand.

At his moment, Joey and Gordon came running through the woods behind him. Joey wore a fringed western style jacket, made of cotton, that had a rearing horse and a thunderbird embroidered on the front of it in bright colored thread. A floppy, felt cowboy hat covered his sandy hair. In a holster on Joey's side was a shiny, lifesize revolver. Its magazine held a long role of caps.

"Ain't that the truth George. Well keep charge of things here while I attend to business at the station.

Nelson squeezed into the car and drove the two and one-half miles to the police station. The trip seemed to last just seconds and the three of them were cramping into the small, bare office space. Then began the tedious process of fingerprinting, filling out forms, signing statements and filing reports. When this had been completed after, what seemed like an eternity, Nelson led Abel over to one of two small cells and locked him in.

"We'll have to keep him here until the arraignment." Nelson explained.

The two walked outside. Just as she was about to walk through the door she looked cautiously backward, just as Orpheus must have, to see Abel approaching towards a corner, his forehead supported by his clenched fists.

"The two got into the black and white car and drove quickly home. When they got to Evelyn's house, Nelson let her out at the bottom of the driveway.


Evelyn stood on the end of the driveway, watching the police car float noiselessly down the road. When it had disappeared over a final rise she felt something inside her snap. She didn't want to be alone. She of people, didn't deserve to be alone. She began a slow walk up the driveway. The sky had become considerably darker and the wind whipped the weathercock around in a chaotic fury that showed the disharmony of the fickle wind. As she neared to the house she believed that it was undermining its foundations. When she passed through the huge doorway, it appeared as though the great white house had swallowed her up.

Chad Hussey

*Want*

Wearing a chemical straight jacket

I laugh in a ball,

My madness radiates against rubber barriers,

Stark, oppressive,

I contemplate blank pages, turning them to find nothing.

Where Good Humor men snow scooping

And white rabbits run in snowstorms,

The artist paints with invisible ink.

I dread too late,

My mind peeled away like a strip of acid.

Gordon, who had just regained his feet, looked on the scene with horror. Although his legs felt like lead, he compelled them to move. They pumped furiously as he ran stumbling and shrieking through the woods to the Hathaway's house.

Abel was horrified by the scene before him. Joey lay on the ground, mouth agape as his blood was being soaked up by the ground. His eyes already bore the opalescent glaze of death.

Abel stumbled sinlessly on the woods, hands stained with blood, just as Sheriff Nelson Adams' car pulled over on the side of the road, its siren wailing.

The doors flew open before the car had come to a stop and the sheriff and the deputy, George Eastly, rushed out of the car.

The sheriff ran back into the woods, while George contained Abel, who offered no resistance whatsoever. Ms. Perkins who was with the sheriff came out of the brush, and she was later found to be a singer.

"What's going on here?" Evelyn demanded.

"There's been an accident out back. Joey Hathaway may be seriously hurt," George replied. At this moment the sheriff spoke quickly, back out of the clearing.

"George, call in an ambulance and wait for it here. Ms. Perkins, you'll come to the station with us."

"Sure we are. Gordon's the Indian and I'm the sheriff trying to bring him in dead or alive. Watch!"

With that Joey pulled out his pistol and shot Gordon three times. Gordon obligingly moaned; "Uhh. You got me." and added with affection that he hoped she might stop by sometime soon.

"My madness radiates against rubber barriers,

I laugh in a ball,

Stark, oppressive,

I contemplate blank pages, turning them to find nothing.

Where Good Humor men snow scooping

And white rabbits run in snowstorms,

The artist paints with invisible ink.

I dread too late,

My mind peeled away like a strip of acid.

Chad Hussey

Rogers Butler
The Coming Age
I would be a witch —
apple in an eye that I am —
practicing birth control and
beckoning hallucinogens from weeds.
I need no virgin sterilization.
I am cleansed body and soul together
showering with the plants I sing to,
Naked before thirsting stamen —
no harm done in brushing with a bush.
I am Eve
and in this age
I'm claiming my garden

Lynn Greene

Seduction
Sleek body twined about my feet.
Nose, head, then tail rub against my shins.
With what have you marked me?
Ebony animal,
Warlock what have you done to my heart it burns!
Warm body slither into my lap,
Drawing caresses from me with incantations.
Ah, your back arches with the tempo of my strokes.
Cat,
Why do you squirm from my lap?

Jacqueline Ondy

Pointless Polarities
She searched for food to live
He lived on food for thought
She said we must fight
to live or die
He asserted life is round
no beginning, no end.
He calls the crowd to march
for peace
She crawls into a hole
with a gun.
It begins.
Two children die in the heat
of their quarrel.

Ruth Wick

The Ladies from the Fairmont Unitarian Church Poverty Relief Fund
The good samaritan box
is painted brown and orange,
and is brought out once a year
for the cans drive —
cans don't spoil.
All the members of the congregation,
carry bags filled with fruit cocktail, yams
and cranberry sauce - fit for the holiday spirit
but enough for eight nourishing meals.
After the sermon they come forward with their gifts,
like glad bag wise men,
trying to ignore the runaway bartlett pears
rolling back down the aisle.

The ladies from the Fairmont Unitarian Church Poverty Relief Fund,
derive their poor people's thanksgiving day turkeys
on the friday after.
Filling their station wagons
they drive to where the needy live.

The ladies from the Fairmont Unitarian church Poverty
Relief Fund,
sare disappointed.
They thought the poor
were always at home.

Sharon S. McCartney

Confessions of a Book Burner
It started out so simply - a single page torn and removed and set afire. Quickly the blaze would then settle into
embers of ashes and dust.
So brief, so brilliant, so consuming - the elimination of words, thoughts and ideas through the cleansing puri-
ty of fire.
I work in a library reshelving books. Late at night I burn a few of the oldest volumes I can find in the furnace
down in the coal cellar.
The old leather-bound classics burn the best. They burn the brightest because of their thin brittle pages. But
they also burn the longest because of their thick leather coverings.
I'll never forget the joy and exhilaration I felt when I burned my first dictionary. The entire English
vocabulary reduced to the purity of yellow flame.
People die and turn to dust just as their recorded words must turn to dust and blsing embers.
Damned idealists, damned intellectuals, may your works die and burn in hell.
Your glorified works are but spiderwebbed collections of musty rotting paper.
I burn them nightly with joy in the darkened coal cellar of the library.

A. Acker
It became a tale for the Congress of Gods, and gods from all corners of heaven came along the Milky Way toward the radiant House of Gods, which is right next to the Andromeda Galaxy, the first turn to the left, and there it is, a huge house on your right hand.

It was an important Congress coming up. The first item on the agenda was namely the question of whose fault World War II was — this was the first Congress after the end of the war, because there is, as you all know, no hurry out there in the universe. The speaker, an insignificant little wrinkled traditional god, who had gotten invited to the Congress because some wild tribe of Bhutanese believed in him (he has to have at least 10,000 votes to become a god with a seat in the Congress) had everybody welcome. Right thereafter Buddha demanded the floor.

Buddha slapped his knees and yelled of laughter. A South American Indian god was caught in ecstacy of laughter and — Bravo! a voice from the congregation exclaimed.

—Your Honor, Gentlemen! It is not my fault! It is not my fault! How could I know it would end that way? This guy Hidet grasp wasn't really the only one who was a king, was it? It was only my fault, and my fault! How could I have known it would come to this? This guy Hide... — Buddha yelled to his audience, suavely wiping his brow with his warm hand. — Your Honor, Gentlemen! The Christian party has again proved itself unworthy of the confidence it enjoys among the voting gods. Every other item on the agenda was about the same and about the same. The Speaker stood up with a serious look on his face.

—No, don't tell me that! Is it really ten? Oh, my, my! — Our Lord scratched his beard and demanded the floor. — Your Honor, Gentlemen! The Congress of the Gods

This story was originally published in a book called Book, written by Tage Danielsson. Translated by Ari Kofo.

The Congress of the Gods

Marble Bags

 Dot had her usual hard time finding first gear as she swung the old bus around; fighting with the clutch, she watched her fingers (especially the trading post porch and then come up scant inches short of an out-thrust pine trunk on the other side of the hill. She didn't mean to do it. She turned onto the road, feeling she had plowed a furrow through the frozen boughs of the trees. The bus lurched south from the square, pasting kindergartners and eighth graders alike, though moreso the older children who had left home for their dinner buckets and tattered books. The door opened with a hydraulic sigh. Dot, impassive and lifeless, filled the bus with the odor of their lunch. The bus lurched south from the square, passing through well tended pines before emerging into the brisk November afternoon. The bus lurched south from the square, passing through well tended pines before emerging in the December wind. The bus lurched south from the square, passing through well tended pines before emerging in the January blast. The bus lurched south from the square, passing through well tended pines before emerging in the February snow. The bus lurched south from the square, passing through well tended pines before emerging in the March rain. The bus lurched south from the square, passing through well tended pines before emerging in the April showers. The bus lurched south from the square, passing through well tended pines before emerging in the May sunlight. The bus lurched south from the square, passing through well tended pines before emerging in the June heat. The bus lurched south from the square, passing through well tended pines before emerging in the July heat. The bus lurched south from the square, passing through well tended pines before emerging in the August drought. The bus lurched south from the square, passing through well tended pines before emerging in the September mist. The bus lurched south from the square, passing through well tended pines before emerging in the October storm. The bus lurched south from the square, passing through well tended pines before emerging in the November snow. The bus lurched south from the square, passing through well tended pines before emerging in the December ice. The bus lurched south from the square, passing through well tended pines before emerging in the January snow. The bus lurched south from the square, passing through well tended pines before emerging in the February ice. The bus lurched south from the square, passing through well tended pines before emerging in the March frost. The bus lurched south from the square, passing through well tended pines before emerging in the April snow. The bus lurched south from the square, passing through well tended pines before emerging in the May snow. The bus lurched south from the square, passing through well tended pines before emerging in the June snow. The bus lurched south from the square, passing through well tended pines before emerging in the July snow. The bus lurched south from the square, passing through well tended pines before emerging in the August snow. The bus lurched south from the square, passing through well tended pines before emerging in the September snow. The bus lurched south from the square, passing through well tended pines before emerging in the October snow. The bus lurched south from the square, passing through well tended pines before emerging in the November snow. The bus lurched south from the square, passing through well tended pines before emerging in the December snow.
window. They watched her turn and followed the progress of her long, slender legs returning up the drive to her house.

Rudy plowed down the aisle, then felt an iron clamp on his bicep and he was being pulled forcefully into a seat with Jimmy Thibeau, a monstrous bovine creature, and Joe Michaud, a short, wiry seventh grader with thick glasses and a hoarse hollering voice.

“’Howya doin’, Hymie?’ Joe bellowed into Rudy’s startled face. Rudy gagged at the older boy’s foul breath, which taunted him with a trace of tooth polish, or even food for that matter, but which radiated a hot blast of staleness like when Rudy’s electric transformer overheated. Joe smashed Rudy up against the massive thighs of Jimmy Thibeau, who grinned foolishly next to his window. Jimmy wrapped his massive left arm around Rudy and bearhugged the little boy into his lap, rasping his knuckles into the blond scalp. Rudy could smell the manure of Thibeau’s cows and Thibeau’s own urine wafting from the denim encasing the older boys legs. Rudy played dead, suppressing tears, and Jimmy released him. He tried to ignore Joe, who asked him after the ‘Nazzys’ and tweaked him painfully on the earlobes until his whole head burned. Across the aisle, Dawson McCafferty, was left destined to be a sheriff, saw Rudy’s stifled heaving and wet eyes, and told Joe to leave the little Kraut alone. Dawson loomed big for his twelve years, bigger than Joe, but he bled and cried easily. Joe fixed his confused lens’ blurred scowl on the beady red face of propriety, and faked a jab at the fragile bulbous nose, which caused Dawson to flinch severely, and subsequently to lose the fight out of Joe. Joe looked around for support but found no following, even Jimmy Thibeau had gone back to staring out the window as the bus entered Carthage, so he amused himself by cleaning the dirt from his fingernails and flicking it on Rudy’s corduroy trousers. Dawson bumbled off towards a misty burning sunset, Marshall McHero, confident he had saved the little Kraut, the rich Kraut’s son, the irrefutable link to the beautiful blonde, the very sight of whom made Walter turn to clap his knees together, flap his thumb-nail wings and crow heavenward with painful desperation.

Dot pulled the old bus, Macwahoc County #17, to a stop in front of Carthage Elementary, a shambling brick and board edifice that entombed six hundred students on any given school day it didn’t snow. Dot paid no attention as her charges were absorbed into the milling children waiting for the first bell, most vanishing quickly in the drab whirl of overcoats and wool caps. Some, like Walter Moyse, advanced with a cautious swagger into the throng, one weary eye peeled forward for any strutting roosters with bigger bags swinging from their hips.

Monsters

He learned the fear from fascination — spinning, spinning past the inner threshold warm then cold going around once more.

The mother with her three bags from other stores and seven more gifts to buy and only fourteen shopping days left pivoted. "If you do that again I’ll”

A threat is enough to avoid the blades of glass and steel.

Keeping fingers in tight fists, gingerly pressing the handle, he learned to jump out quickly — looking back at the monster flapped metallic arms around once more.

Mike August

Monsters

He learned the fear from fascination — spinning, spinning past the inner threshold warm then cold going around once more.

The mother with her three bags from other stores and seven more gifts to buy and only fourteen shopping days left pivoted. "If you do that again I’ll”

A threat is enough to avoid the blades of glass and steel.

Keeping fingers in tight fists, gingerly pressing the handle, he learned to jump out quickly — looking back at the monster flapped metallic arms around once more.

Mike August

Uction

Dispelled, I blink
And the spiral cactus I squeeze
For cuts and burns in the kitchen
Shocks the air.

I dream I smolder as the wheel of winter
Grind the sorrel straw. Spindles wind
A gauze between the trees and clutter
as the pour of the sea.

In the predicament of an accused witch,
Your mouth intoxicates like pure dew,
The resonious poppy bulbs of light’s traces.

The cycles of lore about you now
Quickens like the night. How dense
In this high forest! The boughs, like your hands,
Hummer and chant. Only your form is constant.

Our tongues stumble in a dark castle,
The shadows cast on the expanse of a grey wall
Flicker like skirts we wear.
We dance along tile snakes and horse hoof flames.
In layers, we pulse on the cathedral ceiling.
You wear gold around your strong arms
And the amulet of the chained basement.

The oil of your touch is the uction.
Like crushed pearls, sandlewood,
Or the fingernail of the half-moon,
You reach me by balms,
The syrup of darkness
Over the sharp seconds of your absence.

Bruce Leonard

Dust of Allah

Ghosts of Persian rugs haunt our floor
with the dust of Allah.

They dwell with the harmony of dirt clods
and congregate under the wrath of my broom.

A. Acker
Buffalo Mountain

It has snowed on Buffalo Mountain.
The ancient matron’s face has been changed in her sleep.
The wrinkles of her jaw and forehead
are covered with a porcelain that rounds out
her sides giving her unseasonal youth.

The dwellers at her hem discover the morning oddity
last.

Those passing through remark,
“snow in summer, of all things.”

Pasting bumperstickers on their Howard Johnson cars
they drive on
liking the postcard version better.

Those who stay,
wonder out loud, — wonder how deep, how much,
how long it will last.

And as if mountain wise,
shake their heads knowingly — rocky weather.

Hoping the run off will fill the reservoir.

Yet above them the coiled lady stands stolid,
bearing a welcome burden
that muffles the sounds from below.

And knows that few will wish to climb
in the cold weather.

Sharon S. McCartney

Experience

When you’ve risen before the sun
Burns droplets from the stalks,
And paced across frigid planks
To stoke survival.

When you’ve gathered milk
From a fist of warm flesh,
Pumped the shivering steel
For a crisp gulp of water,
And splintered logs
With a rusted tool
Between throbbing hands
So that you might eat.

When you’ve leaned heavily
On those you hardly know,
Acquired full boots of snow
Trudging a heaped sled of supplies,
Trekked miles after midnight
To embrace the day’s slumber.

When you’ve trod deeply in my footprints,
You may clench my heart
And voice what you feel
Between your tingling fingers.

Barry Pailet

The Wings

When I woke this morning
It was no longer dark
I yawned and stretched
I began to scan the room
with my tired eyes
I stopped at the chair
where the punch bowl sat
and then I remembered
trying not to think
about what happened
I got up to dress
when I shook my shoulders
I could feel my wings
beating against my back.
I was surprised that
I still had them
I stood on the chair
and looked into the mirror
expecting to see them
covered with ashes
or stained with blood
but they were snow white.

Leonora M. Cravotta
Dr. Frankenstein was a man of supernatural qualities. He was a statistician at the National Bureau of Standards and had been involved in the state of Georgia, other times the little man could depict all Americans voting for the Republicans, in case it was accompanied by another little man representing all Americans voting for the Democrats, though this little man didn't have any head. So you see, Dr. Frankenstein really was some kind of sorcerer! 

Dr. Frankenstein had for a long time kept hidden in his secret and sheltered laboratory where he had been punching with mystical tables and magical formulas. He had for a long time been occupied with nothing less than the culmination of American man in exact proportions, poured them into test-tubes and retorts, stirred, decocted the mixture, and presented it in another test-tube he had a massive, good-looking, made up of all the statistically computed qualities and characteristics of the American man.

"Now when I drop this liquid into the eye of the man, he should according to all calculations become alive, from a statistical point of view," Dr. Frankenstein biased in a voice muffled by arid air.

He dropped. The figure sat up with a drowsy look on his face.

"How are you doing?", the figure said.

"A little weak", Dr. Frankenstein exclaimed. "Phrases with high statistical frequency are consequently the first ones to be uttered!"

"Well, bottoms up!" the figure said. 

Dr. Frankenstein called his creature Paul-Ernest Average (PEA). Paul-Ernest was a man of medium height, with normal physique, brown hair, and a slightly stooped walk. He was wearing a medium gray cheviot suit, a striped tie, and rather polished shoes. He was fairly nice, quiet, secure, and 49% Democrat. He liked football and the Benny Hill Show, and every other Sunday he went to Church.

Dr. Frankenstein now took Paul-Ernest Average to his normal house with three bedrooms and one and a half garage, which had been prepared in advance in connection to Dr. Frankenstein's laboratory at the National Bureau of Standards. Paul-Ernest immediately sat down in the armchair in front of the TV-set and smoked one and one third filter cigarettes.

"Now, let's get some things straight, Paul-Ernest," Dr. Frankenstein said. "I have created you out of all the means and averages at the National Bureau of Standards, and you are instructed to always live according to what the statistics say, and soon as I can I will make you a statistically exact wife and two and a quarter children. But remember that I am your Master and you are to unconditionally obey my figures and formulas!"

"I'm fine. How are you, buddy?" Paul-Ernest Average answered in his statistically charmful way.

For some time Paul-Ernest Average now lived according to his built-in statistics. He read 1.35 daily newspapers and wore little bit bored, just as everyone else. But of course, it became a little bit more lively once Dr. Frankenstein had completed his wife (who had six fingers on her left hand because of the surplus of women) and his two and a quarter children. Little Quince diapers per day.

Everything worked according to Dr. Frankenstein's calculations, and sometimes, statistical study groups occasionally visited the Average's house to witness Dr. Frankenstein's miracle. Also at these occasions, Mr. and Mrs. Average behaved quite normally, shaking everybody's hand twice, once when they came and once when they left.

"See you later, alligator" Paul-Ernest Average said.

After a few months, Dr. Frankenstein noticed a certain unrest in Paul-Ernest Average, which seemed to be more serious than what was indicated in the tables. To begin with, he explained the irritation with the half cold Paul-Ernest suffered from every third month, but eventually Paul-Ernest showed such signs of nervousness that Dr. Frankenstein became worried. 

"Remember, Paul Ernest", Dr. Frankenstein said, "that you are under the command of my figures. If you deviate from the pattern you also disturb the divine harmony which rules the world of statistics. Beware, Paul-Ernest!"

But Dr. Frankenstein had not taken into account the normal opposition to authority he had built in to Paul-Ernest Average. Paul-Ernest bided his time. Finally, Dr. Frankenstein departed for a whole week, on route to the International Statistical Con
Cornpoem

They came to cut the corn this morning,
only the rain could stop them.
international harvester teeth
razor sharp
stalking
stopped
by the grey clouds and northwesterlies
spitting on the open-cabbed driver.

At noon the sun broke free.
the sturdy ford tractor
freshly painted barnyard-strutting firetruck red body
perched insect-like
between firestones girding corn yellow hubs
(‘Maize yellow,’ the t.v. indian corrects me)
trundled throatily
back to the aborted morning cut.

Jumpsuited khaki and pennzoil dark
Sutton’s boy
flapjacked and coffeed
jumped off the ford
fastening the umbilical cord
expectant
to funnel the tall thin rows
into the knives and rollers
to strip and squeeze the ears
from the fibrous waste of pale gold wrappings
frosted brittle-
the hard ears thump dully
into the hound-faithful trailer.

Working outside in,
Sutton pauses
only to hitch another trailer to his train-
the golden square thins before his blades
leaving trampled husks,
muddy silk.
Save overlooked cobs
and stubs of stalks once tractor high,
the corn is gone
when Gilligan’s Island comes on at four.

Mike Augusta