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EXILE

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You of the finer sense,
Broken against false knowledge,
You who cannot know at first hand,
Hated, shut in, mistrusted:
Take thought:
I have beaten out my exile.
I have weathered the storm.
I have fought.
Ezra Pound

There is, shall I, misused:
You who cannot know at first hand.
Broken against false knowledge.
You of the finer sense.
Balanced Budget

October 23, 1981

Today the United States national deficit surpassed $1,000,000,000,000 for the first time in its history. If every person in the United States would wipe their ass with a two dollar bill and send it to the Treasury in Washington, D.C. we would have the biggest pile of shit in the world.

August West
Horace had acquired the lighter in a flea-market barn at 3:30 in the morning, on the eve of his 21st birthday celebration, with his friend Al and two ladies of the night: Gatsby and Flatsy. It was a beautiful, slim, rectangular lighter with a bold "Winston" logo guilloched on both sides. Gatsby and Al had knocked over a small table after completing a generous liberation of mutual energy, and the lighter had cracked Horace in the forehead as it fell; Horace and Flatsy had been on the floor, screaming and writhing in the second room, the frying pan falling to the floor. Horace had treasured the lighter fiercely from that moment on. He carried it with him everywhere, told all of his friends the circumstance and never once mentioned this to Al, but he simply chuckled maliciously and threatened to steal it. Horace had oncemented the lighter fiercely from that moment on. He carried it with him everywhere, told all of his friends the circumstance and never once mentioned this to Al, but he simply chuckled maliciously and threatened to steal it. Horace had treasured the lighter fiercely from that moment on. He carried it with him everywhere, told all of his friends the circumstance and never once mentioned this to Al, but he simply chuckled maliciously and threatened to steal it. Horace had treasured the lighter fiercely from that moment on. He carried it with him everywhere, told all of his friends the circumstance and never once mentioned this to Al, but he simply chuckled maliciously and threatened to steal it.
he likes the night.
Embracing the solitude
silent.
leaving a shadow of his
doppler by
a gently swinging cane
and puddles of
rippling light in streams.
The stars all in duplets.
the metal gated storefronts
his haunts shares him from
along the brick brownstones
slinking like a vine

Christopher B. Brougham
Heartstrings

Wires give him life, like a puppet
Yet soon they will break
From the doorway I stare
In the bed he lies, decaying

But what of kite flying and baseball games and piggybacking, I ask?
What of pizza and haircuts and the new math?

Limply he waves—hello or goodbye?
Eyes close, lips seal.
Robed in white,
his puppeteer removes the strings
Can't anyone fix him, please?

Hello Father, I am still waiting.

Pete Waters

MUMS

Under hot, blue days she kneels
among her lilies of the valley.

Her calves are two, firm balls
As she pulls at the weeds
With her swollen hands;
Pink polish still splotched
On her dirty fingernails.

Her sweat, like sycamore pores down her back
And under her arms
As she ovulates dreams.

Mary Wilson

Spell

Wine drunk evening, snowstars fall
Cold cornfield walking
Slow stutter to sleep, past dreams.

Eric Stevenson
Nancy is alone in the steamroom. She is sitting on the cedar bench, her elbows resting on the top of her knees, her hands gripping the wet strands of her sweaty hair. She has turned the setting up nearly as high as it will go and she listens to the powerful hiss of the steam escaping from the vents beneath her.

Jim is standing in front of the meat section in the Safeway grocery store trying to figure out the difference between hamburger and ground chuck. He examines them closely. They look the same. He tries to remember what his wife used to buy. He notices that the ground chuck is more expensive and reasons that it must be better quality meat. He picks the hamburger. "I have ketchup at home," he says out loud.

Nancy is lying on her back, enjoying the heat and the solitude. She enjoys the smell of the sweat, the slippery, almost greasy, feeling of the hot wall tiles as she rubs her hand across them.

Jim likes foods that are instant, or as close to instant as possible. When he examines labels he is not looking at the ingredients. He is looking for the cooking time. Things like "heat and serve," and "just add boiling water" mean a lot to him. "Ready to eat" is his favorite.

There is a group of retarded men swimming in the pool near the steamroom. The water is cold. Three of them decide to go and warm up. They have been in the steamroom before and they begin to giggle as they shuffle across the slippery pool tiles towards the door.

Jim decides he has enough groceries and pushes his cart into a check-out line. There is a middle-aged woman reading People Magazine. She has a nice tan and wears horn rimmed glasses. Her upper half is quite attractive. She seems thin, but he notices that her hips and thighs are unusually large, as if all of her weight is being pulled down by gravity and is stuck between her knees and her waist.

Nancy knows that she has been in the steamroom too long and it is time for her to go. She stands up, looks at the three men, and begins rubbing her legs. "Hi," she says.

Driving home Jim feels a sense of accomplishment. His groceries are stacked nearly in three bags and sit on the back seat like obedient children. The radio is tuned to a country and western station and he sings along with the music.
Two more retarded men enter the steamroom. One of them is very obese. His swim trunks are old and look dirty. He sits next to Nancy and smiles, his teeth brown. One of the men begins to hum. She can’t quite make out the tune. The obese man moans, stands and starts to leave.

Jim is going a little too fast when he makes the turn in to his driveway and one of the bags tips over, spilling its contents onto the dirty, carpeted backseat floor. He turns off the radio, stops the car, and contorts his body over the seat to see what has spilled. He curses.

The obese man is holding the steamroom door shut so no one can leave. He is flicking the lights on and off, on and off. He is laughing and having a good time. Nancy has shut the steam off but the room is still very hot. It is time for her to go. The four retarded men are yelling at the fat man, calling him something sounding like Pete, and this makes him more excited and he flashes the lights on and off even faster and laughs even harder. “Just ignore him,” Nancy says. “Just ignore him and he’ll go away.”

Nancy is standing on the inside of the metal door trying to reason with the retarded fat man outside. “Please let us out,” she says, “Please.” She pushes on the door to see if he’s still holding it shut. It won’t budge. She steps back and slams her shoulder against the door. The obese man has taken a few steps back, deciding to let the people out, and he is laughing as the door hits him in the face. His nose begins to bleed.

Jim is in the bathroom urinating. He is too tired to stand so he is sitting on the toilet, his pants down around his ankles. He stares at the empty bathtub with its solitary shampoo bottle and thin piece of yellow soap half way down the drain. He begins thinking of the woman in the grocery store with the big hips. He imagines her large thighs spread wide, a small mound of pubic hair barely visible beneath a thick roll of fat. He decides to masturbate but finds that his penis is unresponsive, and hangs between his legs limp and uninterested.

Nancy is alone in the shower room. Too tired to stand she sits, limp and exhausted, on the tile floor, letting the cool shower water fall gently over her hot red shoulders.

Gordon Black
A Grave Day-Dream

Yesterday, I met a red-blue Sprite under the wood:
She stood stark-bare with hair accented by her hood.
I reached, she pulled, and the black earth fell away-
Spinning quickly-white, I was unknotted from the clay:
We trilled about licking oily leaves with our feet.
Sprite ran naked-clean, but under Stream missed a beat:
She slid onto a rock, and quite calmly fell
Opening her knees, and I loosed my flesh-bell.
I jangled once loud, and much louder still-
Then we stuck, and burned together 'till we had our fill.
Overnight we slept under cool dirt and moss,
Our bodies wrapped in fine forest floss.
I inhaled bug-beetles, white-worms, and ants:
She fed me blood that had been stolen by Chance.
But when I woke, I knew that Sprite was gone,
And only then did I see one pretty doe-fawn.
She chewed soft grass above my lonely grave,
And I thought of Sprite, and the warm-soft fluid she gave.

John Zarchen
Reconciliation

last night I watched Life Goes To War and seeing Donald Duck in full combat attire fight the tricky Japs could not help but think it is because of this I am that I am in arenas of amusement, baseball games and football since I was a child I had always noticed how he sang the National Anthem hand to heart every time.

Nisei father of mine, every time I sang the National Anthem, my father noticed how since I was a child baseball games and football In arenas of amusement I sang, I am mine. It is because of this I could not help but think about the many times I sang and seeing Donald Duck in full combat attire Life Goes To War. Last night I watched

R.T. Hayashi

spring 42, winter 82

son, reconcile

walk the land

watch the land, feel the barren air

go there

pick the neck

I feel broad, wide

and above that officer's coat

in doors of Leather

shoveling December snow

watching him now from my window

in remembrance

of six months in Tule Lake, a ten by twenty tarpaper home on the bus ride when he thought of how he left

casn I wonder

and as a student

and as my age then

spring 1942

present

like a Christmas or birthday

for the hate that you gave them your rose children named me

while in school

father of mine

beside every time I sang the National Anthem, my father noticed how since I was a child baseball games and football in arenas of amusement I sang, I am mine. It is because of this I could not help but think about the many times I sang and seeing Donald Duck in full combat attire Life Goes To War. Last night I watched
Petosky stone beaches,
the blue lake lies
raw and unsalted.
The road empties
into the woods,
sunlit turquoise flickers
through washboard walls
of white birch
shimmering in
silver leaf droplets.
Blue-black road,
dark green and silver birch
mingle in the grey
of a windshield.
On Timber Shore’s boat trailer
“Torch,” in chipped paint,
dangles its rope and bailer
white against black.
Past the red and black
stenciled sign in front
of Peshawbetown’s white church,
a Sunday flea market
tries to close.
Women emerge, clinging
to soft cardboard boxes,
oozing leftovers.
An old Indian,
gnarled and reeking
of Night Train whiskey,
barters angrily over
fish hooks and worms.
Out from behind
a rusted car on blocks,
a small, naked boy
runs from a barking dog.

Shenango Valley

The powerlines leading
into town sag
a little more each day.
Pretty soon they’ll
be down scattered
across the roads and river.
There are still
mountain piles of coal around—
old women come
with dented wire shopping carts
to carry away their loads.
Further along the railroad tracks
naked children hide
among the rusting box car rows
and scavenge along
the river bank at dusk.
Coal-eyed men
sleep and roam, sleep and roam
stand along the mesh iron fences
that surround the black windowed
factories
and still hear their dreams die
like a dragon being slaughtered.
Ultraviolet Blues

New Orleans and the Silky Black Seams

Kathy Shelton

Kate Reynolds

23
experience would not end. It had been so bloody bad... John was trying to make her understand... but she refused to listen...
He folded his fingers together. The pain stretched across his face like an open sore. She felt the tears rising in the back of her nose. It didn’t even make much difference whether or not she cried.

"It'll be the end, you know," he said. "If you go down there alone, when we’re like this."

"No, not necessarily. You know that’s what I want. I can’t go at all unless you promise you’ll give me some time." Her eyes searched his face.

"I can’t promise you anything." He was trying hard to be hard.

"Then I can’t go," she said, somewhat convincingly. He appeared somewhat satisfied and asked the waiter for the check.

She turned out the light with a sigh. He had blown her off, bigtime, but she had asked for it. She loved abuse. Obviously the decisions she had made in the last few weeks showed that she’d rather be abused than treated well. The streetlight shown in off the street, picking up the lights of the other cars, the headlights, the streetlight shown in off the street, picking up the lights of the other cars, the headlights, the streetlight shown in off the street, picking up the lights of the other cars, the headlights.

So where was he tonight? There were several possibilities. He could be reasserting his freedom and male dominance by raping one of the girls who were "always looking for it" down at the co-op. He could be reasserting his freedom and male dominance by raping one of the girls who were "always looking for it" down at the co-op. He could be reasserting his freedom and male dominance by raping one of the girls who were "always looking for it" down at the co-op. He could be reasserting his freedom and male dominance by raping one of the girls who were "always looking for it" down at the co-op. He could be reasserting his freedom and male dominance by raping one of the girls who were "always looking for it" down at the co-op. He could be reasserting his freedom and male dominance by raping one of the girls who were "always looking for it" down at the co-op. He could be reasserting his freedom and male dominance by raping one of the girls who were "always looking for it" down at the co-op. He could be reasserting his freedom and male dominance by raping one of the girls who were "always looking for it" down at the co-op. He could be reasserting his freedom and male dominance by raping one of the girls who were "always looking for it" down at the co-op.

The pictures would have to come down soon, but for now they helped her to handle her guilt, and let her believe, if only half-heartedly, that all the things she had done were no more than a wild dream fantasy that she would wake up from, call successful John, and go on with her uncomplicated, consistent life.

The building was made out of reflecting glass, and she watched the flags. That’s the police station.

"No, not necessarily, you know that’s not what I want. I can’t go."

"It’ll be the end, you know," he said. "If you go down there alone, when we’re like this."

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The windshield wipers smeared the scarce snow flakes across the windshield elongating the scenery in front of her. The cold breeze that came in the window even when it was rolled up (even since she had broken in with a coat hanger) hit her left cheek. She held on to its familiarity. He was reciting stories of his childhood as they drove past familiar sights.

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"See that department store window? I tackled a dummy in there when I was 9. My mother was crying so hard they had to carry her out of the store." She heard with half an ear, and smiled, but she was concentrating on keeping a blank mind. Too many things had happened in the last 24 hours... well actually the last few weeks of her life, and if she thought now... well she just knew she couldn’t think. The abrupt end of the engagement, the scenes, the screaming, the crying, the slums, the girls who were "always looking for it" down at the co-op. He could be reasserting his freedom and male dominance by raping one of the girls who were "always looking for it" down at the co-op. He could be reasserting his freedom and male dominance by raping one of the girls who were "always looking for it" down at the co-op. He could be reasserting his freedom and male dominance by raping one of the girls who were "always looking for it" down at the co-op. He could be reasserting his freedom and male dominance by raping one of the girls who were "always looking for it" down at the co-op. He could be reasserting his freedom and male dominance by raping one of the girls who were "always looking for it" down at the co-op. He could be reasserting his freedom and male dominance by raping one of the girls who were "always looking for it" down at the co-op. He could be reasserting his freedom and male dominance by raping one of the girls who were "always looking for it" down at the co-op.

The building was made out of reflecting glass, and she watched the car stretch and slither past, getting disfigured in the reflection by the windows.

"Hey! That was a red light," he called.

"Sorry."

"Hey, are you alright? You nervous about meeting my folks?"

She shrugged. "Well don’t worry about it."

"Okay," she said.

"I wonder if my sister will be there," he said. "If she is she’ll really check you out... and she’s pretty nice looking. It should be interesting."

"Let’s not talk about it" she said.

Knots was the name she gave to the feeling she got in her stomach whenever he pulled something on her. Her doctor called it an ulcer, but he wasn’t sure, and actually, she didn’t think he’d been around long enough to give her an ulcer. The knots had just crawled back in, and she was trying to think of something to say, to make everything okay, to make the knots go away—at least for a few hours—at least until the next crisis.
She giggled. "What's going on?" she asked.

"Knock on his door," the tall one said. "Tell him who it is.""When they arrived at the house the knots were worse than ever, but when she got to his door they were passed her on the stairs. When she pushed the door open the man, a balding executive-type with a pleasant face and small features, greeted her mockingly.

"Good morning," she said, "and you're beautiful first thing in the morning." He picked up a piece of her tangled hair mockingly.

"You're beautiful," he said.

"Cause she's ugly," she said.

She giggled. "Sorry, that didn't come out right." "Kelly came down to see me last night," he said. "The girl I was seeing now."

"How are you Dad?" she asked.

"Well, well, what a surprise," he said. "1 don't know Dad, we just . . ." "Well son, tell me what you're doing in Detroit."

"Good Dad, this is my friend Jamie," she said, holding his hand with all the feeling in the world that she had for him.

"I'm great son how are you?"

Jamie wasn't sure what he'd do, or where he was going, listening. That's Okay. Some of my best friends drive foreign cars," he said. "And you look so beautiful, Dad.""And you're beautiful," she said.

"Why?" she asked.

"Good Dad, "1 don't know Dad, we just . . ." "I don't know, why? she asked.

"Why?" she said. "You jealous?"

"No," she said, "so what happened?"

"Sorry, that didn't come out right."

"Kelly came down to see me last night," he said. "The girl I was seeing now." "Why not?" she asked.

"No," she said, "so what happened?"

"Why?" She giggled. "You jealous?"

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"You're beautiful," he said.

"Cause she's ugly," she said.

She giggled. "Sorry, that didn't come out right."

"Kelly came down to see me last night," he said. "The girl I was seeing now."

"How are you Dad?"

"Well, well, what a surprise," he said. "1 don't know Dad, we just . . ." "Well son, tell me what you're doing in Detroit.""Good Dad, this is my friend Jamie," she said, holding his hand with all the feeling in the world that she had for him.

"I'm great son how are you?"

Jamie wasn't sure what he'd do, or where he was going, listening. That's Okay. Some of my best friends drive foreign cars," he said. "And you look so beautiful, Dad.""And you're beautiful," she said.

"Why?" she asked. "You jealous?"

"No," she said, "so what happened?"

"Why?" She giggled. "You jealous?"

"No," she said, "so what happened?"

"Why?"
"What do you mean?" she asked him.

"I'm telling the truth anymore."

"What do you mean?"

"I've got to . . . nothing."

"Shit, Jamie.""Oh," she said. He didn't ask her if she was in love with him.

"Why do you think you have to know now?" she asked.

"I don't know," she said.

"It feels so good here."
A Midsummer Night’s Dream

Standing there, I asked, “Is this really you?”

Knowing only then would they come tonight unexpected, holding white candles.

Against a silver background he showed me the lines of his hands then ran above the misted rise shouting out—my name.

And so still I chase yet closer, and again I will sleep tonight outside my sheets, the window open, awaiting their arrival.

The Land of Winds their source

The Land of Winds

The ivory truth, they are keepers of the ivory truth, they have shown me pictures, and brought me pomegranate leaves which they press into my hands staining these fingers, some call them ghosts.

Couch Sleeping

I have heard the wind howl, several times in several days, far off lonely intensely as wolves. It fills me with a longing for the plains and flowing tallgrass, meat and the hunt.

I awake startled, half in, half out. All is eerie at 4 am. The howling . . . shivering glass . . . all is eerie at 4 am. And so still I chase.

I have heard the wind howl.

Eric Stevenson

A drawn howl of confusion.

A beard has grown. Nails are long. Were to find these things, the hunters would have come long before, knowing only then would they come tonight unexpected, holding white candles.

I have heard the wind howl.

A Midsummer Night’s Dream

R.T. Hayashi

Eric Stevenson

A drawn howl of confusion.

A beard has grown. Nails are long. Were to find these things, the hunters would have come long before, knowing only then would they come tonight unexpected, holding white candles.

I have heard the wind howl.
"Before We Could Build"

Two crows on the telephone wire line
black-eyed and sassy.
We are squinting at the sun
waiting for relief of the
ice cream man
and banana scooter pies
knees holding chins
skinny elbows playing
hide and seek
with sweater holes.
We live in the real world
everyday after school
at Card's market.
I best friend myself to you
by chewing on your
wet watermelon Bub's Daddy gum
And you climb the Jenkins fence
to touch the one-eyed dog
a sign of everlasting trust.
We skip school on spelling test days
and win the three legged race
at the sixth grade track meet.
Your liver brown summer skin
pulls you through the chlorine
faster than mine ever could
But in kickball
I am the champ.

When the sun set early
in September
summer melted from the sky,
and we skipped home
as the streetlights hummed on
Another first day of school.
That was the Fall you kissed Bobbie Foster
(I would have rather kissed my dog
or Jenkins one-eyed dog for that matter)
You were a little less
electric eyed
to greet the ice cream man
or relish scooter pies,
So I tried it alone
until afternoon
blossomed
old
then save up.
Now we build card houses
fragile cathedrals,
and watch blond boys
at the fair.
But I want to know,
if Bobbie Foster hadn't
chewed your gum too,
would you love him
like me?

Kim Kiefer
The Legend of the Bear Mother

It all took place some time ago
the woman’s dark child thrust from her
in a ring of pine
the chill air in her lungs
her large hips in a pocket of needles.

The tight baby had squirmed for hours
Skoaga’s screams echoed off rock walls
came back to her
came back to her
when it was done
silence rushing into that same deep hollow.

The boy was smooth and buttery
his eyes with the glint of blackberries
his maleness a capped mushroom
a nodding thumb.
The wind shook the leaves --
from the west a hush
in her ear as she breathed:
my little chestnut, my fallen berry
my bear-child, with the lips of a man.

It was spring
when she had crossed the stream
that rushed with herring
the waves humping with scaled backs
she entered the wood where the bear
was waiting in his hide
at the mouth of Whistling Rock.

In the shade of the glen
crude and ill-carved
Skoaga fell into his furred chest
into the dark-coated bear
wanting the shame, the touch
no voice but the bear’s rumbling
no smell but the glistening oil of his hide.
She clutched at the bear’s broad neck
as she would clutch the trunk of a tree
full of arousal and loathing.

Since then the Haidas
would not cross the stream
Skoaga’s mother nodded
her wooly head to the drum
and wept.
There were tales at night:
she was seen crouching over an antelope
with her lover at her side
her mouth speckled red.
Skoaga was moving in the brush
her belly burgeoning plump
and shiny as a skull’s head
her arms thick with new hair.

There was no truth to the tales
but this -- the bear had retreated into the cave
and she was alone at the stream
when the child was born.

Years later Tsagay the sculptor
chipped the argillite from the face of Whistling Rock
He carved her image from the stone
and she is frozen there still --
her mouth cleft in agony as the infant
rips and knaws at her bosom
that falls like a thick pod.

Amy S. Pence