EXILE

1984  Vol. 30

Denison University
Granville, Ohio

Cover Drawing by Jim Kenney
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Chris Paul
Bruce Pedretti
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Black and White

when I see pictures of myself as a child sitting on a hearth
in sad hand-me-downs a chubby child
I wonder who is he?
what kind of boy
possessing taut lip and
eyes so round
would I know him if he walked up
to me today saying not
a word.

Seymour Buffalo
Demosthenes

There's a marble to swallow: it sits under your tongue. Spun off a blue veiny thread, it rolls and clacks on your picket-fence teeth.

A.T. McM

Losing Face

Miracle Whip-white bread sandwiches after school
Halloween is coming in princess costume --
Leaf pile castles are gathered with the rake
Father bought and never used.

Mother sighs home
my cheeks hot pomegranates in the cool grey air,
the Girl Scout cookie orders undelivered
long division still unconquered --
another night of Tuna Rice, a babysitter,
a new man who knows my name.

"Kimberley", he named me
my father -- the weekend man (hiding all week)
Coaching me with late movie pizzas,
and Sunday morning bacon to pick my team.
I am the captain with no players and no rules,
Until "60 Minutes" flickers on
and he pitches me home during a commercial.

Mondays the street sweeper sucks the castle from the curb, and I lie, waiting face up to branches, letting their colors fall,
to mask my face.

K. Kiefer
A cat came tonight
  emerging from the dark chill,
Born breathing by blackness,
  shadows and rustling leaves.

A message from nowhere
  wrapping around my ankles,
With half an ear
  and a tattered tail.
An animal stranger
  blocking my footsteps,
Speaking of hunger
  through glowing green eyes.

Graduations

With each sweep of the swing John’s dusty sneakers chip one, and
  another bit of paint off the weathered porch planks. In and out
  into the awning’s shadow a fly hovers before finally catching the fold of
  John’s sweaty belly. John lets it stay.

“Got any idea what time it is?” he calls to Andrew. Andrew’s gaze is fixed
  toward waiting, as a baseball rises, floats for a while, then drops slap into
  home plate. Still skyward, he says “No.”, slap.

Mr. Fadley is getting ready to plant his garden. He says the moon is right.
  “I offered to till a small plot for us,” says John.

“Tossing, Andrew’s balanced rock rolls forward to his front foot which
 一遍 deeper and deeper into the tall grass. He studies the ball’s path,
  unable to count its rotations. Rocking, a bit deeper into the lawn, he catches
  the ball’s path is like the others.

“Yeah.” Andrew says.

“Actually Fadley put it like ‘I could roto’till yu a patch a ground. Got
  myself a new roto-tiller so it ain’t no trouble, cept when it starts turning over
  your heads. They’ll dull yer blades yu know.’” And he says it can’t handle'
  weeds. You’ve got to pull the weeds first.” John says.

“No.“ Slap. “They’re s’posed to have a good season this year . . .”
  slinging “Did you tell him we won’t be here?”

“Yeah.” Slap.

John looks out across the two lanes of hot black asphalt and across the
  parallel striations of tilled earth. He looks out across the infinite striations to
  where they merge beneath the thick white sky. And he notes only one small
  obvious disruption in the pattern, a grassy mound which Mr. Fadley calls
  an Indian burial mound. It’s like John’s peering out over a big empty table,
  spread like paper, on to which he and the porch and Andrew and the grassy
  mound have been placed. John watches patiently as though for something
  Chris Paul to be placed on top of it. He watches and waits and it is still, except for
  the baseball’s orbits. But like the motion of windshield wipers, or John’s own
  breaths, heavy with humidity, they become unnoticed.

Nothing changes. It’s like he’s studying a photograph and depth is an illu-
  sion or not even suggested. He sees a band of green against one of black,
  against thinner and thinner bands of textured brown, like an inverted cross-
  section of the earth, layer upon layer squeezing each successive layer harder
  against the harsh unyielding white. Somewhere in the middle, like a hard
  deposit, is that spot of green.

Without thinking John turns his head and attention left. Where the white
  washes into the brown earth, like that fine area of flesh between the
  summer tan and the constant white masked by the watchband, from that
  area called the horizon John detects a grain of emerging gray. Though its
  emergence is gradual, and uniform, much less noticeable than the chipped
  and jaggèd growth of bald plank beneath John’s sneaker, it is enough to be
  noticed, more than the growth of the sweaty pool on John’s belly. Thinking
  that the grain of gray had perhaps always been there, emerging, John
  wonders for how long he saw it, before noticing it.
From the unnoticed slap-slap John realizes he hears an expanding hiss. He doesn’t know for how long he’s heard it but he realizes he does. He decides it’s probably the voice of the expanding grey. At some passing instant John realizes the grey hiss has become a car. In that same instant, without much thought, no thought at all really, John anticipates the car passing. And without thought he’s aware of the distance the narrowing distance between himself and the car and the distance the car leaves between it and the distant horizon. And without thought John assumes a driver. It becomes a Buick, he thinks Uncle Bill’s Buick, 213 miles to the Mardi Gras. “Mardi Graw, John.” Now he sees long hair, fine wind blown whips stinging his face without thinking and thinks it’s her. “I hitch it every year” and her bony finger traces the line on the map softly stroking over and over the lines of his moist palm. Out of the hiss he hears a blaring “Ya-ya-ya.” Pressed against the sticky vinyl seat his cheek hears the vibrating “Ya-ya-ya” from deep within. From within, a moan emerges moaning. Through a glimpse he sees the hair moaning back and forth over the seat back and the bony fingers stroking his uncle’s upright head. With the passing car his head rotates right and he watches her languorous smile recede. Although the car recedes much the way it emerged John watches and thinks of the diminishing car and the increasing distance.

“It must be two,” John says.

“Ha?” Andrew replies, tossing.

Noting the baseball, the consistency of its slaps John says “it must be two. She passes every day at two . . . maybe I’ll wave to her next time.”

“She looks like she’s married.”

“Oh . . . I wonder what she has to do at two.” John pauses. “I’ve never seen her driving the other way. I had never realized that till now. I’ve always seen her going that way.”

“Maybe she circumnavigates the earth. Actually I’ve seen her go the other way in the evening.” Andrew says. Slap.

John waves the fly from his chest but it hovers back. “What are you going to do?”

“I might go see if the tractors turned up any arrowheads. A baseball game will be on in a while.”

“No . . . I mean when summer is over.” says John.

Detecting a loose seam in his ascending baseball Andrew can now almost count its rotations. “I don’t know . . . s’pose I’ll get a new baseball. I’ll have to do my laundry too.”

Looking at the bald planks John thinks of his sneakers as unfolding an old crumpled map. Peeling away a large piece he uncovers “J.M.’00 etched into the wood.

Cris, in his checkered jacket
And blood in his mouth
And teary-steel gray eyes
And smile that broke
His hallucinatory stare;
This Cris of mine
Sought to
Reveal a comprehension
That reduces the shape of trees —
Threatens the sky
And wonders
If it isn’t the ground.
“And perhaps that’s why
They got along so well”
My sandy-kneed cousin Ben
used to speculate.

Anonymous
Sorry We Are Close

Henry Edgar jolted up in his chair and dropped his copy of Ninja. He raised his hand to his mouth to moisten the smarting cigarette burn. The cherry blossom fragrance of the Japanese hillside was overcome by the musty stacks of the Little Professor Bookshop. His new Timex with the glow in the dark dial showed seven-fifty-four. November the Twelfth. Thursday. The store was to close at eight. Henry leaned forward to rescue his copy of Ninja from the swamp of dust fuzzies and paper scraps. A sinewy hand unseathed a katana, letters of the title spelled out on a bloodstain. Choice cover. Those guys made Samurais look like Sunday school kids.

Henry rustled through the litter on the counter. He had to find the keys. Yellowed stacks of the Free Press spilled their edges into an oversize ashtray already brimming with butts. A leaking bottle of white out. Copy of Mandingo with chewing gum glob. The widows trade-ins, basement mildewed trash. Black dust from the sharpener. Newsweek, July, June, May. Magazines. Thursday. Dinner at Dads. Henry found the keys. Eight o’four. He went to lock the front door. Keep anyone else from coming in, get these people out. Don’t forget the mags. Oh no, Mr. Walters encroached upon the closing door.

“I’m sorry Mr. Walters but we’re close.”

“Don’t be silly Henry.” Mr. Walters blazed a mad path to the display case. Straining, inhaling, her left breast. “That’s the solar panel. Powers the whole damn thing.”

Henry? “Henry?”

“Yeah… Oh… Eugene. Eugene is dead. He choked on a doughnut.” He scratched his shortly cropped blond hair and shrugged as if to say “What can you do?” Her jaw went slack.

“Who else would?”

“Mr. Walters sipped from his hip flask. “Yer supposed to know. Yer the dern little Professor ain’t you?”

“Henry!” Mr. Walters bellowed.

“Call me Becky.” She swept the bag from the counter and flounced out the door. Kinda fat. No, not fat, just sort of roundish. That’s it. Roundish. Nice though.

“Henry! Where the Popular Damned Science!”

“Asswipe.” Henry muttered as he shuffled to the back of the store. “I think I took the last copy for my Dad.” Eight fifteen.

“You think?” Mr. Walters sipped from his hip flask. “Yer supposed to know. Yer the dern little Professor ain’t you?”

“It’s past closing Mr. Walters, and its time to-” The doddering old man ticked his falsies and pored over Scientific American.

“Lookit here.” Walters prodded the open page. “As soon as that bum son-of-a friend a mine, Earl, says he got hisself one these solarized jobs. Don’t hatta waste good green on energy bills, no sirree Bob, not with one a them solar pupples. I figure, with two, maybe three grand say, lookit right here.

Why that’s the solar panel. Powders the whole damn thing.”

Henry heard the toilet flush. Not another one!

“Earl says a feller can run a blender or anything on that sucker if he had a mind to. How bout that. A blender.”

Henry ushered Norman the Poetry Nut from the washroom door to the front door. His private reading room. That’s what he thinks it is. Poetry nut. Henry saw Mr. Walters waddling out the door with a stack of magazines. Old fart better pay for those later. Finally everyone was gone.

Four quick snaps. He snuffled as the two rows of fluorescent lights flickered out above the congested aisles. The armpit of his sweater snagged the top edge of the plywood that fenced in the display case. Straining, inhaling, fingers shook. He surged. The scratchy collar of his sweater creased his neck. The splinters held fast. A bead of sweat tickled and clung to the tip of his nose. He narrowed his eyes. It plopped onto the green felt. Henry flipped the sign. SORRY WE ARE CLOSE. The sun had evaporated the last letter. He noticed that the display case hadn’t been changed in weeks. He was supposed to do it. Who else would?

He was stuck. While he grunted and tried to free himself, he noticed the display case. He writhed, then rested. In the case were best sellers in hard cover editions. Not a bad job. Generous stacks, front and back of the paper
jackets clearly visible. Ken Follett, Stephen King, the new James Beard Cookbook and . . . Best Biker's Tales? He squirmed. He twitched his nose and sent another bead of sweat to the felt. Nearest and within reach were Helen Gurly Brown and the G-Spot book. Just what exactly is the G-Spot. People seemed to want to know. Becky has one. One copy left propped up with extra Stephen King. Still trapped. Might as well since I'm down here.

He strained just a little bit more, reaching. Sharp, unexpected pain snapped him upright. A thin strand of sweater led from the splinters. "Crap." He probed the gaping hole. The G-Spot remained a mystery. Henry looked for the stack of magazines. Right there. They were right over . . . there. Nuts.

The string of reindeer bells tinkled, leather strap gently tapping the frosted glass door. Ought to get thermalpane solarized glass. Sun in, cold out. Mr. Walters is a fool. Solar nut. Rock salt. Crush it. Smash it into a fine white powder. The armpit smarted. More rock salt to be demolished. He stomped the crystals. A few tugs from the neck of a puffy down coat produced a scarf. He pulled it to cover his runny nose, then a bit farther up the bridge of the nose. It was his disguise. The wind from the traffic bounced off glass store fronts. He winced. A small cold tear trickled down. Henry saw the street people from the reflection in the glass. They did not know this. He spotted Otis. Otis was not looking. That was good. He shoved the scarf up higher. An elderly black man in a worn and shiny corduroy coat first thumbned up on a pair of baggy trousers, then yanked down on the fuzzy earflaps of a black pilots cap. Henry wanted to skate past. Slip through the trap just this once. The old man spat while massaging the whiskered creases on the back of his neck. He dropped out of vision as Henry passed a section of brick wall. Then from another window, Otis. That feeling came. Gray queasiness rancid mushroom soup thronging in his gut. Otis left his post. The pard

Henry's chest heaved in a relief. He was past. Then the hand on his shoulder. "Wait a minute Chuck." Henry wheeled and locked with the bloodshot eyes, the drooping lids. The palm and wriggling fingers at eye level. Henry's chin trembled. He tried to step around the bum.

"Don't have no change to-day?" Henry discovered two cigarettes in his shirt pocket. Otis snapped up the smokes. "You alright chuck."

"You a righteous dude Chuck. Make Otis feel a little not so bad." Otis popped an Ohio blue tip on a cracked thumbnail. He took a long drag. The smoke bobbed up on his lip. "Go on. Go ahead." Otis held out the wet fitter. A peace smoke. Henry flitted from bloodshot eyes to cigarette. Otis tilted his head. "Watsa mattah Chuck?"
"No sir."

"Any contagious diseases?"

"What?"

"Disease. Chicken Pox, V.D.?"

"Certainly not. Hey, is this really necessary?" Henry breathed into his cupped hands. "I'm here every week. You must know me. I recognize you."

"Just answer the question fella."

"But look at me. Look. Look at the car! I'm Henry Edgar. You must have some recollection?"

"Hey pal. You're not in the book. If you're not in the book, well ... you're not in it. No one gets in unless they're."

"In the book." Henry completed.

"Dumb ass. The guard barked a backfire that startled them both. The phone rang. The guard stomped over to the shack.

"Okay buster. You got clearance. Park it in G-lot."

"Thanks buster."

"Too bad."

"The guard shook his head. "And I was just about to warn you, he whined. "This is ... Oh my God."

Another guard hissed open. Exit now. The corridor curved forever. Video cameras ogled him like ravenous vampires with blinking red eyes. There were not right angles in PLACID FUTURES. Henry slithered onward. Then the swinging doors and another blinker. The Voice had followed him.

"WELCOME TO BETA EXCHANGE RADIATION PURGATION CENTER."

Henry hesitated. This must be new. It can't be as bad as the ... what the hell.

The floor became a moving sidewalk. He was being propelled toward a shimmering steel arch. Not unlike those of airport metal detection units. He looked down to find himself on a black dot. Once under the arch a cracking noise began to slowly emanate from somewhere. Louder staccato bursts ricocheted off the smooth walls. A siren went off. The signs flashed CON- TAMINATION. Two men in lead lined suits, faces obscured by black rubber gas masks. "You must come with us." The voices gurgled.

"But I haven't done anything!"


Helpless. Nude. Embarrassed. Henry looked at his feet. "Is this really necessary?"

"How about buttoning it and getting on the conveyer belt. Better lie on your stomach."

"A hand poised at the control lever wiggled anxious fingers. Why? What for?"

"The belt lurched forward, bringing him a foot closer to the black hole in the wall."

"They're not my balls." The hole was closer. Henry rolled unto his belly. The fans assaulted. Torrents of hot, dry air blasted the foam off of him. Henry wobbled and leaned against the wall. Then he pan6ed.

... pro w he was closer Hep ro


"The Voice, a metallic abstraction slicing through the undertow. PLEASE STAND ON THE BLACK DOT. Silence for a few seconds. Then alien static..."
rump. The belt delivered a quivering blob of Henry.

A blond woman of heroic proportion wearing a crisp white jumpsuit hovered near the belt. She held a armful of powder blue paper clothing. Name tag-Amelia shook her head. “We found the source of radiation dear. Get up.” His body was pink, scratched and puffy. He felt like hamburger. He lay prone on the canvas, squinting up at her through spread fingers. Couldn’t she just leave the clothes and get lost. He did not move. “Get up dear.”

“Bitch... Bitch... Bitch.” The words barely drooled out. He was close to tears. He covered his genitals and reached out for the stiff paper garments with his free hand.


*****

The paper garments chafed. He stiff legged down the hall. A draft violated the rip in his seat. He recuperated during the long, tedious, descent to Delta complex. He thumbed the buzzer to apartment seventy four. A fishy eyeball flickered in the circular glass plate. Locks began to whirr and click inside the lead lined door.

Merle shimmered in a sleek white tennis outfit that set off his tan. His hair was perfect. “Henry! What took you boy?” He bellowed with genuine enthusiasm. “You look all tucker ed out. What’s with the paper duds?” Henry forced a weak smile and slinked in the doorway.

“How’s life out there?” Merle’s forearm rippled as he locked Henry’s flaccid hand in a corporate grip.

“Pretty okay I guess.” Henry shrugged. He peeked over his father’s shoulders, fearful of some new form of modern treachery installed since last week. “I see you got rid of the jogging treadmill.”

“It’s gone. Wasn’t much fun was it? It’s good to see you Henry.” Merle surveyed him. “Why don’t you go and get into some real clothes?” Henry nodded and moped over to the bedroom. His paper clothes rustled. He came out wearing a pair of red golf course pants and a tight fitting polo shirt that would not tuck in.

“I got cable now.” Merle swaggered over to the tube. “It’s the latest thing Henry stretched the puckering shirt and frowned. He paused to look at the mural painted in the “windows” of his fathers burrow. Subtle track lighting played upon a New England moo-cow and barn scene. Merle slipped behind his fully stocked wet bar.

“How about a Canada Dry?”

“Sure.” Henry was transfixed by the illusionistic depth of the painting. He could almost smell the scene. Sweet grasses, an ammonia-like mustiness riding a warm breeze. The smoke twisting from the farmhouse tickled his nostrils.


“Wild.” Henry mimicked. It ain’t nothin’ I haven’t seen before. I’m a nurse Honey.” Henry chuckled over his electronic chortled on the pants, his toenail ripping a hole in the V

“Canada Dry crackled on the cubes. Henry looked down at his there. You only get one pair. By the way, you should get rid of Vh... The Canada Dry heated. No. That wasn’t it. The beds were no longer in Merle’s guest bedroom. Instead a stainless steel box, an inflated coffin, dominated the room. It sprouted a plethora of tubes and had a small door at one end.

“It’s a what?” Henry locked his knees and refused to enter.
“Really nothing to be afraid of son.” Merle applied pressure to Henry's back.

“Have you tried it Dad?”

“Why it's the latest thing.”

“No way.”

“Its state of the art.”

“I don’t care.”

“The air is supplied through a regulator type demand valve. Very safe. And what's nice about it, the air is lemon scented.”

“But why Dad?”

“I’m very well read on this son. Sensory Deprivation is just the ticket for the tense individual of today's high tech, fast paced world. Its relaxing, pleasurable, and a sure fire way to unlock the powerful imaginative potential dormant in all us. It really quite healthy. The ultimate hassle free environment.”

“It's dark in that thing?”

“Of course.”

“No way.”

Merle smiled.

Henry floated like a lilly pad in the salt water. It was more than dark. He thought about Mom. What was for dinner. He fell asleep in the spiraling lemon scented void.

*****

“Sorry about that Henry. After our squash game me and a couple of the guys went to see Dr. Strangelove. God I love that movie. Roy has an Australian cable channel I can't get. Gee you look a little ... puckered there ole boy.” Merle slipped a crisp twenty into Henry's pruny hand. “Get yourself a Burger Chef on the way home. And for god sakes Henry, get yourself some real clothes.” Henry poured himself out the door. He went home.

*****

The science fiction kid was cracking a wad of grape gum. Henry saw him through a hole in the stacks. In the constricted passage of aisle three, Sports and Self Help, someone had messed things up royal. What a chore, sort the fallen paperbacks and try and organize. Organization. That's the key. The grape reek drifted from the other side. He could hear Mr. Walters hacking, and the whisper of magazine pages. What a chore. Then she came in. Henry adjusted his hair. She tippy toed to pluck a book from the literature section. So like her, a discriminating reader. Never one to buy the pulp. That's my kind of woman, he had once heard someone say in the doughnut shop. Her blond hair was loose, as if she spent time trying to get the devil-may-care look. Henry ogled the swelling form that threatened to burst from the tight Slazenger sweater. It's a Lynx, not a housecat. She caught him staring. She did not blush. She winked. He snapped back to his task. She was moving closer. Be casual. Glad to see her, but not spastic. A smouldering coolness. Hello Miss Carter. Too formal. Hi Rebecca. Too flat. Good to see you Becky ole gal. Who am I trying to kid? Mr. Walters called her a hefty heifer. What does that old crank know? She's not fat, just very... roundish. Nicely rounded, like a model in a Renoir. Not mean and bony like the tweed and leather herd.

She was closer, but not looking. Tretorns, faded jeans, classy sweater. She dressed as if she wasn't roundish, but she was. The Tretorns squeaked. Henry knelt and began tossing books. He mixed Sports with Self Help. She was on top of him now.

“Hello Miss Carter. How was your weekend?” She had leaned back against the foreign language dictionaries. Her sweater was near the breaking point. She looked up from the book.

“Today is Friday Henry.” Such a pleasant smile. She wanted to squeeze past. Henry tried to make room by pressing himself into the stacks. He sucked in. She smeared against his back.

“Call me Becky.” Her breath tickled his ear. She trailed a finger across the small of his back as she passed. Henry started. Books fell. He tried to catch them, but the flood from the rocking shelf cascaded to the floor. Becky giggled.

“Knock off the damn racket.” The voice snapped. Mr. Walters. Becky slipped around the corner into science fiction.

“Fat Hog.” The science fiction kid wrinkled his nose at Henry through the We in the stacks. Henry plugged the hole and continued re-shelving.

The bell rang at the front counter. Becky, not really that fat, was there, capping a paperback against her thigh. Henry hastened to her. Not too eager... keep that smouldering cool.

“Find something you like?” A slight pause. “Becky?”

“Sure did.” She held out the book. He looked at the title, the price, popped the gluey keys, looked at the title again. Delta of Venus. Erotica. French name. That word. The smut shops that were sprinkled all over the downtown area. That word in big letters, drawing in the slinking men in their overcoats and slouch hats. Henry wasn't sure, but she must know. There she goes winking again. He had no idea that there was a place on his shelves for anything of its kind. Becky of all people. In his store. Sports, Self Help, Literature, and now this.

“Something wrong Henry? You look pale.” She wiggled and slipped her purchases into a tight back pocket.

“What? No, Nothing.” Becky gave him a sloe-eyed grin and propped her elbows on the counter. Henry twitched into his most personable smile. He raised into the chair, breaking from the eyes. His smouldering cool was now a steaming sewer lid. He looked over, around and again into the eyes. Say something.

“Do you like to party Henry?” He clicked his lighter and shot a thin stream
of smoke to the side.

"Party? Sure. Love to party." Party. The word tumbled around, finding no particular place to rest besides New Years. He never partied.

"Come to my party. Tonight. I'm having some people over and I thought you might like to come. My folks are in Nassau again." She began scribbling down an address. Henry focused on the lynx, which trembled as if to spring. "Some of the guys are going to be old High School friends. They're all right but I get sick of their heavy ego trip thing. Know what I mean?"


"Oh sure. I'm sick of that too." She pressed the note into his hand.

"Tenish is great." She flounced out the door. She was really not that fat at all.

******

Henry tired of the stealthily creeping black robed warrior from the island of Urumu. He closed his copy of Ninja. The blurb on the back read: LYRICAL in its tranquility. REMORSELESS in its violence. HEART STOPPING in its suspense. EXPLODES THROUGH THE FRONTIER OF MODERN FICTION WITH UNPRECEDENTED POWER. Bullshit. Henry stealthily crept over to the frontiers of the remorseless literature section with unprecedented curiosity. He bumped into Mr. Walters.

"That Heifer sure got you in a tizzy there Henry. Now if you ask me." Walters held a finger up.

"Not now." Henry scanned the titles, looking for the word. That word. He found it and pressed the cover to his chest.

"Whatcha readin' there boy? Must be pretty good judging by that pup.

"Have you seen the recent expose on state of the art solar water heating systems in Popular Mechanix?" Henry hustled past Walters. Walters swigged from his flask and padded along behind. He stopped.

"State of the art? No kiddin'" Walters wiped his chin and trotted back to the magazine section.

Henry slouched down low and surveyed his prize. He peeked up over the littered counter. No one. He thumbed open the pages of Delta of Venus. No pictures. He checked the back cover. "She did for a wealthy male patron for a dollar a page. He asked her to leave out the poetry, but she could not." He started to read. He had encountered sex scenes in the pulp novels, even in Ninja, but nothing quite like this. He read faster. Where he expected trai

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to mention the ladies, Huh?" Kevin gave Henry a confidential elbow nudge.


"You're going to feel a bit out of place this summer in corduroy. And too warm on the golf course." Kevin whisked out several lightweight suits and draped them over his arm. "Let's take these to the dressing rooms."

"But I want to wear them tonight. To a party." Henry stubbed on the thick carpet. Kevin stopped and looked him fully in the eye.

"You're gonna look a little weird wearing a spring lightweight at a mid-November event." Kevin narrowed his brows.

"You got any corduroys or not?"

They finally agreed upon a pair of Sahara tan cords. They had a button fly. "Why don't you just take these, and a fine choice I might add, over to our tailor, Raoul. Raise two fingers if you want cuffs. He'll catch on."

Henry cautiously edged into the back room. Raoul was on the phone, angrily spouting his native language and gesturing emphatically with his free hand. His dark eyes bored into Henry from beneath a shaggy brow. Henry pointed down to the pants. Raoul terminated his conversation with a grunt and slammed down the receiver. Henry held up two fingers.

"A-hehn." Raoul grumbled. He looked down at the excess fabric pooling around Henry's stocking feet. "Ah-heh-hnn." He gestured toward the alterations platform. Raoul took charge, spinning him around, yanking up on the waist, down on the cuff, pinning and grunting all the while. Henry felt the back of the store was empty. SORRY WE ARE CLOSING.

"I'm gonna finish the alterations at home thanks." Henry grabbed his new jacket and left Male Ego in a hurry.

Henry flossed, making sharp clicking noises in the dank washroom with the rust stained sink. He stretched his upper lip down over his teeth and clipped a tuft of nose hair. The store was empty. SORRY WE ARE CLOSE. He left and began walking. He probed the shadows of dooryays and alleys with wide eyes. In the dark anyone could be Otis. He jingled the quarters in his hand. Never could find a decent parking place. Cabs honked. A bus lumbered along the curb, grazing, filling its windows with tired expressions that yawned and stupidly stared down, foreheads thunking the glass. A packet of teenagers took turns pushing each other and grappling for a bottle in a paper sack. One had one of those radios. Looks more like a suitcase. They didn't notice. That was good.

In the muted light from the glove compartment Henry checked the address. So like her. 1051 Devonshire, Grosse Pointe Park. The nice part of town. The Satellite coughed into life, rattling and clanging. The tail pipe wagged as he turned down Jefferson. He sniffed and made a sour face. Familiar, yet strange. Like an old sweatsock. Like a crusty old sweatsock on an old radiator. Foul. He rolled down the window.

"Yo Chuck! Roll that up. It's cold back here!"

"Yaaa!" Henry braked, the Satellite tracked on a patch of ice, no control. He flailed at the wheel, hand over hand. Nothing. Then the angled wheels gripped dry pavement. The car lurched to the left violently and bounced to a stop.

"Say! What you podabedoin! You gonna snuff us!" The hand clamped down on his shoulder. Henry swivelled to face the bloodshot eyes. Otis.

"Where we goin ole dude?" Otis bubbled up a bottle of Mohawk sloe gin.


"How about a Pistons game?"

"What?"

"Hoops. I want to see Bob Lanier."

"No. Wait. No. I mean I've got to... a Pistons game? Are you out of your... five bucks. Take it. Please get out of my car." Otis did not move.

"Where you goin Chuck?" Otis picked his nose.

"Ten bucks. Take it. It's all I have. I'm going to a party. I can't be- I can't be late. Henry fluttered the bill in front of the bloodshot eyes. Otis snapped it up.

"Tha'd be jus' fine Chuck. Is this a dance party?"

"No. No way." The traffic zipped past casting moving shadows on the two. Otis tipped his bottle and belched. The idling Satellite wagged its tailpipe with a steady thunk, thunk, thunk.

"Look. There's no way you could get in the party even if I... You're dressed like a... Otis, will you just take the money and go easy on the both of us?"

Henry waited until Otis was done. Chunk of sewage. Anyone else would have thrown the trash out, given him a swift one and sent him off. Otis yanked up on his zipper and emerged from the steaming bushes. The two crashed up the brick steps and stopped at a large, ornately carved wooden door. It had a heavy lion's head knocker. Henry smoothed the creases in his new pants and faced the door with a smile. Otis coughed up a holler and tried to figure out what the cast iron dachshund on the front porch was for.

"You're not going to get in. And don't sleep in my car either." The door groaned and a face poked into view above the security chain. It was not Becky.

"Yes?" A neatly groomed and starched young man drily questioned, then painfully clamped one eye shut as he saw Otis grinning in his threadbare corduroy coat and fuzzy pilots cap. While Henry fished for the crumpled address, Otis pushed forward.

"It's me baby. And I am raring to party and have a good time!"

"Who may I ask is 'Me Baby'?"
“I’m not with him. I’m Henry Edgar and—” Henry waved the piece of paper in an invitation of sorts.

“It’s me! Otis Allison! King of the Blues. I just split from my gig down at the Soup Kitchen Saloon. I been jammin’ with Muddy.”

“Muddy Waters?” The security chain dropped.

“The Man himself!”

“I’m Henry Edgar, Rebecca told me—”

“No kidding. I love that stuff. Hey c’mon in. How did you find out about our—”

“Some dude at the bar—”

“Excuse me—” Henry peered over Otis’s shoulder.

“Hey, who’s this turkey with you Otis—”

“I’m Henry Edgar and—”

“He ain’t with me—” Otis shook hands with the man and smirked at Henry.

The door slammed. He looked down at the dirty piece of paper clenched in his fist. He rapped the lions head. No answer. He warmed his hands in his pockets. If only Becky had answered. The King of the Blues. Who is he trying to kid. He succed down the steps. The muffled laughter, music . . . and her voice. He spun around. 1051 Devonshire mocked him. Dammit. He trudged through the snow. A back door. He tripped past the bay windows. Around the corner. This place is huge. A dog barked. He forged ahead, past the bluish lights of the conservatory. Over a low brick wall and he was at the kitchen door. He pushed his nose up to the glass. In the light from the open fridge, she was there. He tapped on the glass. She was feasting on a piece of chicken while scanning the contents of the fridge. He rapped a little harder.

“Becky!”

“C’mon in. You’re all snowy. Henry! Guess who’s here! B.B. King!” Henry dusted the snow from his cuffs.

“The guy at the front—”

“B.B. is such a wonderful man—” She led him down the long hall toward the clamour of the party. “He has some of the most colorful stories about the music business.”

As he shrugged out of his coat he spied Otis stalking the hors d’oeuvre table.

“There he is!” Becky squealed.

“No, that’s not—” Becky drifted into the crowd of blazers and argyle sweaters milling about the family room.

Otis was entertaining a smoke shrouded clique by demonstrating how many deviled eggs he could fit into his mouth. He was slurping beer from a crystal vase. Henry sneered. Becky was giggling and fawning over every disgusting gesture Otis made. Conversation swarmed Henry as he elbowed his way to the booze table. “Roy! Good to see! Angie! Hey Jeff—”

“May I have a gin and tonic please?” Ignored.

“I heard Ralph never graduated. Where did Norman go? Bill’s plastered again. Three sheets to the wind. Look at that. My Dad got these free ties from work. Check that out. Did George really bring his Uncle?”

“Can I have a beer?”

“Sure pal. Hey, is that really John Lee Hooker? He’s hot.”

Henry smirked. He let the babblings bounce around him. He hung out by the pool table and sipped. Bruce racked up. The stiffly dressed guy from the door was chalking up his cue. He lifted his nose up and away from Henry.

You too pal.

The warm hands came from behind and covered his eyes. She pressed into his back and blew a soft “Guess who?” in his ear.

“Just hanging out Henry?” She picked a piece of lint from his sweater.

“This is a real nice place. You know I’m reading this book right now that has a house sort of like . . . It’s called Ninja . . . and.” Two women in plaid skirts tittered and looked away.

“You’re dribbling a bit there.” He brushed the droplets of beer of the front of his sweater. “I’m so glad you could make it. Have you two met?” Otis leaned from over her shoulder. “B.B., I’d like you to meet Henry.”


“Then you two know each other. You move in a lot of different circles, don’t you Henry?” Becky adoringly touched Otis on the shoulder. She twirled a lock of hair.

“Becky this isn’t who you think—”

“Say darlin’. You remind me of a gig we played down in Memphis. O’course Elvis be dere, and we had us a righteous time.” Otis puffed his chest with the flourish of a master Bluesman.

“He was never in Memphis. You don’t believe this?” Becky squinted.

“Don’t be rude Henry. Please B.B., tell me about Elvis. It’s so exciting!”

“Well, you dig, it was a hot show. Den lateron, we got together at Elvis’s place with some o’ them fine lady friends of his. A party to be sure.”

“I’m originally from South Carolina!”

“Becky. This guy is, he’s a, a b—”

“Just what is it you’re trying to say?”

“Don’t be mindin him. He be drunk. Anyhows, we was jus hangin’ out with the Man when he says, ‘B.B., would you like yourself a Cadillac?’ Well, B.B. already had himself one or two back then, so I says—”

“A bum. He’s a bum. A bum off the street.”

“That’s not very funny. Don’t insult B.B. with your crass jokes. Why don’t you go talk to George’s Uncle or someone. Please go on B.B.”

Henry fumed over to the bar. He leaned up against a windowsill and stared at the ensuing pool game. He caught glimpses of him thrilling her with his Cadillac and three Elvis’s. That scum. He takes my money, my cigarettes. Becky. I’m not giving him a ride. He can hoof it for all I care. His sweater stuck to the frosted windowpane. He tugged, but it had frozen fast.

“Now if they had heads out, they’d gotten some a them therenalpane glass windahs.”
He slowed down to read the digital sign. Twenty nine degrees fahrenheit. A negative seven celsius. November the fourteenth. Saturday. One thirty-four. A.M. The only place open was FOOD CITY.

The automatic door beckoned. He saw no one in FOOD CITY. The plunky shopping music eight track rumbled and switched tracks. Henry squinted under the buzzing fluorescence. Frozen . . . pizza. Out of the corner of his eye he saw movement. Then it was gone. Could it be the stealthily creeping black robed warrior from the island of Urumu? Henry padded along through produce. Frozen . . . sushi.

YO! Mr. Briggs!” The stock boy yelled from frozen foods. “There’s a guy ever here flipping out!”

Henry calmly strode up to the black robed warrior, planted his feet in a wide spread stance. Arms folded. Fear was alien to him. He was a master of kenjitsu, the ancient art of blade combat. The revered katana, only to be unsheathed in mortal combat, flashed in the waning sunlight. He wielded the weapon in the two handed vertical position.

Ralph Atkinson prepared to defend himself with his price stamper.

“Mister Briggs!” Ralph’s thin arms quaked, top heavy from the stainless steel pricer. “Call the cops!” Ralph Atkinson turned heels and ran. Oldest trick in the book. Make me come to him. Henry strided along, ears pricked to detect the whisper of a dart.

Briggs and Ralph poked their heads around the corner of canned goods.

“I think we can handle this . . .” Ralph whispered.

“He only has a penknife Ralph.”

“Yeah, but call ‘em anyway. I didn’t even hear him, then he’s standin’ there holding that blade with both hands. I almost bought it.” Ralph’s adams apple bobbed.

Henry picked up a few frozen pizzas and headed for the register. What do you have to do to get some service in this place. There was no one in the express lane. He waited.

Briggs kept his distance. The phone was on the other side of Henry.

“Hey!” Henry called out to the wide eyed night manager. “How about it all. You gonna let me pay for this stuff?” Briggs cowered back into produce.

“They’re yours. Just get out of my store. Please.”

What a wierdo. Henry ambled out of the store. He clicked on his car radio. Some gentle music drifted out, then the voice.

Thursday. November the nineteenth. Eight-twenty-four, he read from his digital Seiko. The guard came out of the shack wielding his clipboard.

“Name?”

“Henry Edgar.”

“Purpose of visit?” The Satellite clunked its tailpipe in a steady rhythm.

“Dinner. With my Dad. And I don’t care for any of your bloody hassle.”

“Well . . . I’ll see what I can do . . . Buster.” The guard grinned. Henry patted his copy of Day of the Jackal and grinned back. The blond haired Englishman was not a man to be underestimated.

Scott S. Schuster
The Roommates

Confronting the dust
Is a task we split
Evenly like bars of
Chocolate, fifths of
Scotch, batches of macaroni
And cheese

On your birthday
I was broke and didn’t get you anything.
This was o.k.

And when you went to New York
I finally let that cat up the stairs only
It did a bad thing under your desk.
But I cleaned up and this was
Also o.k.

Yesterday morning
After we went running in the rain you
Were taking a shower, and I
Was making eggs trying to
Locate the source of the whole deal -

Is it the knowledge that you’ll be doing
The dishes after breakfast?

Or that we will both close the door
Quietly should the phone ring
For the other.

Perfectly Good Words

There is something inadequate
about a noun such as
artichoke. It is rare
to even see it in print —

and what about confetti
or frontispiece - what about
dulcimer? (I suspect their all in serious trouble)
and what can that mean for their objects?

There was someone who actually
made dulcimers. He lived at the base
of the appalachians
and he’d go up there on saturdays
along some muddy road
to where an old man taught him how.
This is fitting
as the dulcimer is a mountain

instrument. And also once he
played a dulcimer in a talent show.
I was with him and we sang
a song called ‘I am a rock’. We

would have got third place
if there hadn’t been a drummer.
Drummers always seem to win
talent shows. But Mathew

(that was his name) Mathew
never went around saying the word
dulcimer. He just made the thing
well. Very impressive the way

in which he bent the wood, pounded the silver,
the way in which he could fashion tiny birds
out of ivory or mother-of-pearl
and then place those birds into the fretboard.

What were they? I don’t know, some kind of
what, canadian geese?
Artichoke, confetti
Frontispiece.

Gregor Macdonald
Trees fall without me, would you?

You are glued
to the toilet
with pitchy darkness.
You pull off your hands
and throw them at me.
You say you are clogged with the night
your father locked the door above the garage
and stuck
his knuckles into you.

You timber onto my bed
in the hollow of the night
and ooze
apologies
all over me.

You dredge my arm
from sleep
to answer phonecalls
made in pool halls.
Your throat is jammed
with whiskey.
I can hear the smoke
clasping your face
like a gas mask.

When it rains on the snow in the city,
You upholster your flat
with me. I am
in your kitchen
sink.
You plug coffee
and jazz into me
and hover... your hand
shatters when it hits my face.

You timber onto my bed
in the hollow of the night
and ooze
apologies
all over me.

I stir warm milk;
my head is a bobber
into the morning.
I weave yellow
sweaters with jeans
in my suitcase.

You outstrip my response
with your moans down the stairs
and return.
You paste
your face
on mine.

Kate Reynolds
Here at the House

I've asked Bo to move several times. I've asked him to move so many times I'm sick of asking. He likes this place and besides the rent is nice, very nice, he tells me. This is a great house — there's this beautiful mahogany paneling in the den and sauna off the master bedroom even. Really. We have enough room for eight or nine people at least, and his mother had all the rooms, including closets, recarpeted just before they left. It's beautiful thick carpet that sucks your feet and doesn't like to let go. Bo says to relax and enjoy it here, enjoy. But I hate it. I'm afraid to move anything around or buy even the most stupid little thing for this place. Take for example, this soap dish and these matching guest towels I saw the other day. They were this great royal blue. A wonderful warm color that reminded me of a baby's nursery or a kindergarten classroom. But I knew Bo would say they were nice but that his mother really wouldn't like them and that he really couldn't see them in any of the bathrooms anyways, so I didn't get them. His parents let us use this house because they decided to move to Georgia. Bo's dad is a golfer. His mom tries, but she's lousy — she thinks it sounds good to say you golf though, so she does. I find little golf tees all over the house still. There are shoes and clubs all over the basement. Once I even found a set of totally wooden clubs in the attic here. Antiques. They would have looked great if I refinished them and hung them over the fireplace or something. But I didn't suggest it to Bo because I didn't want him to think I was snooping around his parent's house.

This is a strange, strange neighborhood. Bizarre. Everyone is so damn picky about their yards and anything out of what they consider, the ordinary. Bo's mother told me once that she had this brass wind chime over her patio. And that she was down the street talking to Mrs. Bellwether (a bore) and that she could hear her windchime all the way down there. Maybe three houses at the most. "I took that thing down immediately, Margaret," she told me with this expression on her face like it was a Playgirl centerfold she had pasted out over her patio, not a stupid little wind chime. "I was thoroughly embarrassed," she told me, plowing her thick gray hair with her fingers. Bo has her thick hair. I like wind chimes, but Bo won't let me hang any. No, nothing out of the ordinary. He doesn't mind plants that much though. I work a lot with my plants. Almost every morning I come out here and just try to lose myself in them. Kind of like camouflage I guess. I've always wondered what it would be like to be a plant. Every now and then I'll smoke a joint out here with my plants and really try to wonder and really try to relax, but it's just too goddamn hard sometimes. And besides, Bo's parents would absolutely die if they knew I smoked pot. God, it makes me sick to even think about them finding out. I really don't do it that often though. "This is an older community Maggot," Bo tells me. "Certain neighborhood etiquette is expected." Well, I don't know what he considers proper etiquette around here. So many damned inconsistencies. Major traumas happen once every six months or so. I've just come to expect and accept them. I have to for my sanity's sake. It's like you have to pay your car insurance twice every year. You don't like to, but you learn to live with it. Things will be going along smoothly around here. Smooth as the underside of Ralph and then,
out of no where, she'll freak out or he'll freak out.

Ralph is their cat. It's a retarded cat, to be perfectly honest. You can always tell when Ralph is out. The birds will start screeching and swooping down on him and he will just sit there in the backyard like a ceramic cat (he will not move) until Ilene, Mrs. Baxter, comes out and screams at the birds. She screams things like, “Leave my damned cat alone!” or “Get the hell out of my yard you filthy animals!” I don't even consider that a freak out.

I swear I am paranoid to stay alone in this house sometimes. I used to feel that way anywhere else I've lived. And I think I have had some really shitty, crowded places to live in. I even made it through four years in those lousy cardboard shoebox dorms. I've never felt uneasy about living anywhere. But here I do. Bo likes to go out a lot. I don't. So I am here alone a lot and I do not like it.

Last night, alone, I was watching the news, smoking a cigarette and trying to relax. I had just got back here after going to this gourmet cooking class that Mrs. Simpson (another bore) has every Tuesday. Bo asked me to take it so I'll get to know some more of the women around here. I did not really want to do it, but I did. It's a real stress scene. So last night I'm trying to relax after suffering through that thing and all of a sudden I hear this terrible, horrendous, LOUD screaming outside. It was like nothing I've heard around here before. I really did not know what was going on. I went into the living room and turned out the lights so they wouldn't see me and I looked out the window and Mrs. Baxter is trying to run Mr. Baxter over with her car. No lie, I couldn't believe it. She's driving all over her lawn and he's running around trying to get her with the pruning shears. I had never seen anything like it before. This elegant, distinguished man running around in a monogrammed bathrobe oblivious to anything around him. And this woman driving this wonderful little Alfa Romeo after him. The windshield's broken and they're screaming things like, "You'd better not do this," and no one is out in the yards watching or trying to stop them or anything. No one's doing anything. I was getting sick just watching it.

Weird. After fifteen minutes I just couldn't take it anymore so I called the police. That really made Bo angry. He came home last night and saw the police car in their driveway and asked me if I knew why they were there. So I just told him I called them because I was sick of it. I didn't want to go into details or anything. He said, "Goddamnit Maggot, learn to mind your own business." He was truly upset that I had called the police. "Your mouth looks like it's on fire," he told me. He doesn't like me to smoke because his mother doesn't like me to smoke. She hates it. Once we were eating dinner at the club and before we had even ordered or anything she looked over her menu and said, "Margaret, why do you smoke?" like I was some junkie sitting there with this syringe getting ready to shoot up on the spot. And then she went into this long story about how horrible smoking is if you're pregnant (I'm not and don't plan on it either) and how whenever she sees me smoking she sees this beautiful little baby just sitting there holding this cigarette between two hands and the smoke just coming out of its mouth and it's smiling and all that crap. I mean she went into this long story at the club before we had even ordered or anything. Do you think I had an appetite after that?

Bo knows it makes me furious when he mentions my smoking. I'm so goddamn self-conscious about it anyways. So I said something right back to make him mad. I said, "Bo, do you remember when we went to that golf tournament with your parents? And I was bored so I left you guys to follow Maxwell?" "Oh God, Maggot, don't start," he said and walked over and picked up the paper, which I was not finished with by the way.

So I got up and lit another cigarette and said, "And I met you and your parents and the Bartons at the bend by number seven and I was all excited." "Because Maxwell had walked past me on the fairway after his last shot," he said.

"Damnit, Maggot," he said and he took the cigarette out of my hand and put it out in the ashtray. "It's senseless for you to bring that simple-minded story up all the time. What do you want me to say this time? That it was right for you to go on and on about what a nice ass that man had? God, Maggot, we were with the Bartons. We were guests," he said.

"Well he does," I said and I smacked my lips together for emphasis.

"My mother could have killed you, Maggot. She had so many reservations begin with," he told me and started up the stairs. Always settle it in the bedroom, in the sauna, on the golf course.

"You mother's great Bo, I love the woman."

"Maxwell sucks," he said from the top of the stairs.

"He's on the tour," I said and I lit another cigarette.

"Not for long."

This morning I took Bo across the street to show him what happened. "I love golf, too," I said and then I pointed to the parallel cuts, little trenches really, in the Baxter's yard, "is where she tried to run him over with her car," I said. All he said was, "She turfed her own goddamn precious lawn." That was all he said. Nothing like, "We really should find another place to stay," or anything just, "She turfed her own goddamn precious lawn," like it as a sad normal thing people do. Well, I'm sorry, but I don't think it's a normal thing to do. And I don't like living here and I don't like Bo golfing every morning and I don't like going to those goddamn gourmet cooking classes.

"Bo, that woman is a crazy, lunatic bitch," I said. "I don't like living here."

"They have problems Maggot," was what he said. "C'est la vie," he said. "C'est la fucking vie."

He really does think they are okay. They have money. They are attractive. Their parents absolutely adore them. They used to play bridge together before they moved to Georgia.

"Bo, I really don't like it here," I said and I started to cry then. I didn't want to, but I did. So he hugged me and all that stuff and whispered, "cellar door, cellar door," to me about fifty times. He read somewhere that cellar door is one of the most soothing words in the English language. Whenever I get upset or cry or complain about cramps or anything, he says it over and
over. Well, that's bullshit about the word. I hate it. It makes me sick. Whenever I hear it I think of my grandmother and this story she used to always tell me about hearing this knock coming from her cellar door and checking out her cellar and of course no one was there because she lived way out in the country. The very next day after she heard that knock my grandfather got pinned underneath a tractor tire and died. "It was the knock of death on that door, Maggie," she'd always tell me. "It was a sign for me to make things right," she'd say sitting in this chair by the stove in her kitchen and playing with my hair and crying.

"Well, of course thinking about that made me cry even harder. So Bo said, "Just meet me for lunch, okay Maggot? Just meet me for lunch." And I nodded my head and he put his golf clubs in the car and left. I don't really know feel like meeting him or not. I've been trying to make a list of what I'm supposed to bring to the next cooking class, but I can't remember a damned thing. Mrs. Simpson asked for. Instead, I've been scribbling little things like, Why I think I love Baskerville Osborne, and making little hearts and playing myself in tic-tac-toe and things. I walked out to get the mail a little while ago and Mr. Baxter was limping around his yard trying to gather glass from the windshield into a grocery sack. It was sad. He was walking around like some little kid on an Easter egg hunt, like nothing at all had happened.

Joan DeWitt

An Eleven-year-old Mother in Stanton, Tennessee

Her cornstalk ankles are not anointed, but wooed by the drip of her hem. Hands climb that trail into a quarry, unshrouded, pink as a shell's secret; they rub her gooseflesh into breasts. Her hips are driven into the ground. She is a tent.

Her spine is a fiddle-head fern, uncoiling, supporting a boulder that bursts down her legs. Her mother follows the stream, plucks the vegetable, cuts the roots, dunks it into her daughter's arms.

Kate Reynolds
In the Livingroom

On Saturday I called the man from the Geauga County Department of Natural Resources to come out. The deal used to be that the county would stock your pond free of charge if the county representative approved of the location and the drainage of the pond. Well, when this guy came out to look at the pond, he came to the front door. I greeted him and said, "It's this way," and led him to the pond. I showed him around, and I told him about the pond and the fish and the plants and the location and the drainage. He said that if the man had already come out to survey the land and had found it unsatisfactory, there was nothing that could be changed sending him out again. "That's the rule," he said. "That's all I can do. Take it or leave it." I was overjoyed. "Oh Tom. What kind?" "Catfish? Carp? This is a pond, not a lake." And I continued on in instructive talking, he began to see that I had a point, and that indeed he sympathized with me. Great," I said. Then I'll meet you out at my place on Saturday morning," and hung up the phone.

First thing Monday morning I was on the phone with some guy from the county extension of the Department of Natural Resources. I got nowhere. He placed himself on a large boulder by the shore. "Let me explain," I love it here, because the natural beauty of my surroundings carries me from lessons and kids and problems and meetings. Now that the shore has sand, I can sit by the pond and smile at the ripples which die one by one on the shore. Last weekend, I planted six trees around the pond; three maples and cedars and apples themselves and bottles thrown everywhere, and con-((they will be beautiful next fall), two elms and an apple. I'm happy to report theinumins on once virgin lakes with speedboats dragging people behind for they are all doing well.

So, I spent the rest of the day by the water's edge, observing the landscape. Sitting, relaxing, wondering, thinking; it was so peaceful. That's why, I told him; I told him everything. I told him about seeing pup-tabs from the shore, and had found it unsatisfactory, there was nothing that could be changed by me talk Cassell. That's all. Just talk. Talk all you want to." And I did. After a half-hour of instructive talking, he began to see that I had a point, and that indeed he sympathized with me. Great," I said. Then I'll meet you out at my place on Saturday morning," and hung up the phone.

Tuesday, however, was my lucky day. When I called three times in the morning, I was told each time that he was out on a call. Then I got tricky by-passed this county rep, and called up the state extension.

"Good morning," I said. "Could I please speak with someone about one of your Geauga County branch employees. It seems that every time I call him and leave a message, he never returns my call. As a faithful taxpayer, I deserve as much right to the governmental services as the next guy,". And I continued on and on, until I finally convinced these state big-wigs to put some pressure on my friend Mr. Cassell, and have him return my call.

Well, it must have worked. About three o'clock that afternoon, I got buzzed at my office. My secretary said it was a Mr. Cassell returning my call. "Tom," I picked up the phone and said. "So glad you returned my call!"
K-Mart. There are five in all, I think that will be enough to keep the trees alive. At first, it didn’t seem right to have those buzzing lights hanging from the ceiling, so I splotch painted them green and brown. Then, I hung vines from them, so now they don’t look too conspicuous.

A few days past, Emily bought me a watering can, but I don’t think it was meant in a kind way. She knew the problem I was having watering my new trees. “Harry,” she said, “I bought you something.” And she handed me the watering can. “I hope they grow. Just don’t spill any water on the roof. These should provide the right kind of light for the room and allow for shadows, just like outdoors, so I can let my imagination play. This will also give me a sense of time passing. My morning glories won’t water can. “I hope they grow. Just don’t spill any water on the roof. Now, I must do something for natural decomposition s’n other source of natural fertilizer for the plants and will provide that key link in the cycle of life and death, naturally.

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In their houses for decoration and effect. It's the same principle, the natural effect, only mine is a little more bold. Then I thought, houseplants are no different either, they operate under the same premise. I simply like to do things on a larger scale. Trees are, after all, just large houseplants. And look at furniture, it's all that simulated woodgrain stuff. They all want their room to look so natural, but mine really does! The same is true with the pond and the fish, they are naturally alive. "Don't people have fish bowls in their houses?" I asked Emily one day.

"Not that they can swim in, or drown in," she replied. I felt like breaking off a twig and throwing it at her, but decided that would do no good, it would only stunt the growth of my tree. So I didn't.

Sure, Emily wasn't too hot on the idea at first, you know how wives always have to disagree with you, just like your mother used to do. "But Emily," I said, "I built you your sewingroom, and fair is fair."

She slapped me playfully on the butt with love and said, "The world is too much with itself to be fair." I didn't know what to say to that because she sounded so real. The room must have done her good. And I said all I could say.

"Who else can rake leaves inside their livingroom in the autumn?"

Don Wenzel

Minimata

your mother
is sick from the factory
upriver.
and so now it is she
who needs
someone to bathe her.

a wet sponge
orange drips
along the line
of her back
to the outstretched hand
that contorted

a crab
from the ocean.

Seymour Buffalo
Innocent Intentions

The can of Underwood Deviled ham
Sits on the shelf,
Clouded by a veil of dust.
It's always been stacked under
The artichoke hearts, not
Expiring until 2012.
The white wrapper has yellowed,
But the devil still smiles.
She came over one night, no
Not Her, the other one.
We got drunk,
The next morning the can was
empty — even the gelatin was gone.

Bird to Brittany

Dazzle me please and
beneath a spellbinding impotence
I will cast long shadows
until an unblinking sun strikes
a snake-tongued flame
searing, into quivering snow.
One tiny gasp escapes
like a hiss, a sizzle:
quickly cut off.

A.T. McMullen
Fall Parents Weekend

I know why my father looks the way he does,
I know why he is not fat and grumpy.
Those plaid pants,
Would only make him look thinner. He is many shades darker
Than my ruddy skin.
November and August have sculpted him,
Down like a mountain that has been all but worn away.
His eyes are pale blue as if he cried all the color out of them.

I know why I am here and he is not.

Jacqueline Ondy