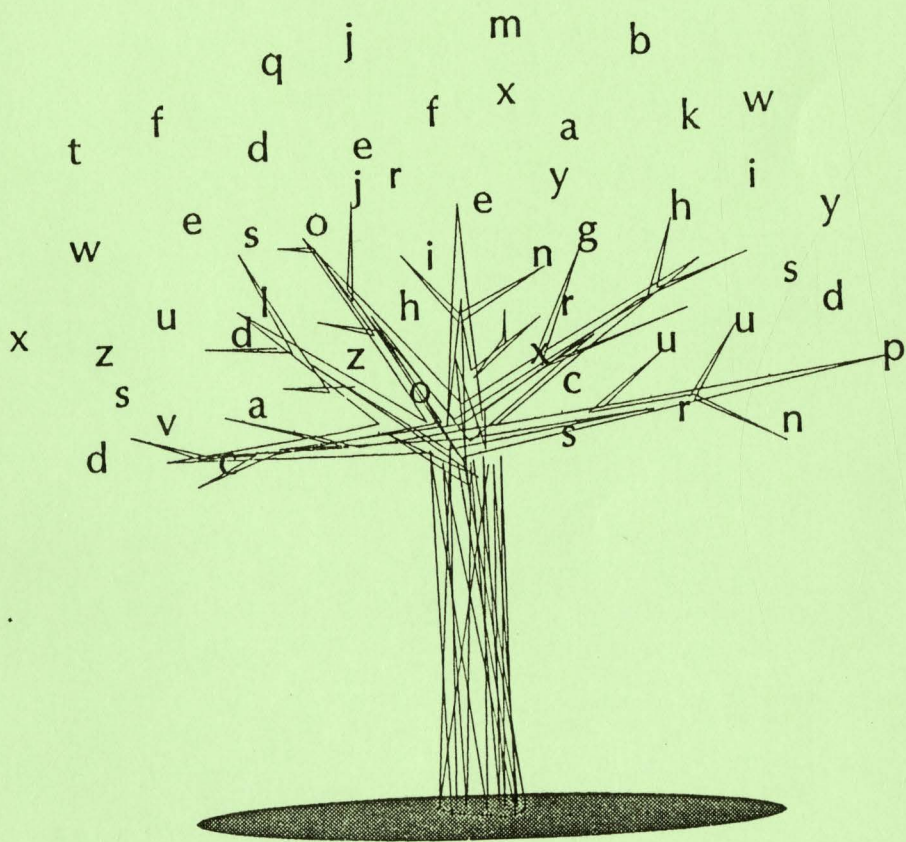


Second Nature



1991-92 Southern Quill

Southern Quilt Staff

1991-92

EDITOR:

You may have heard the statement "One picture is worth a thousand words." It's not true. As soon as it becomes necessary to deal with emotions, ideas, feelings, and words, only words will tell. The inclusion of words in a quilt is a different way of saying that the quilt is not just a piece of fabric, but a story. It is a way of saying that the quilt is not just a piece of fabric, but a story. It is a way of saying that the quilt is not just a piece of fabric, but a story.

Jill Hart

(1991-1992)

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"You may have heard the statement: 'One picture is worth a thousand words.' If so, don't you believe it.... As soon as it becomes necessary to deal with emotions, ideas, fancies--abstractions in general--only words will suit. The modulation of sound, in countless different ways, is the only device ever invented by human beings that can even begin to express the enormous complexity and versatility of human thought."

—Isaac Asimov (1920-1992)

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Christian Arial

Yellowstone After Fire '90

How do I come to you Yellowstone? In retrospect?

I saw your Irish steam defying
the curing snows of spring.

I saw your matchsticks (your full follicles) dampened &
cast to
the sky from carbon's black,

& I saw cars not noticing as
from your folded labia rose
the pubescent and shunned beginning.

I first saw sulfur belches rising to
taste the sky--to savor the addition to
piles of minutiae--the muds.

I saw the stands (the fallen trees),
the treadmills grounded to your back,
the concessionary procession to the restaurants
tied to vacations.

I saw animals on two limbs pausing to see
Old Faithful rise to meet expectant cameras.

I first saw Falls weeping with such a violent force
the railing disappeared.

I first saw moose & mother abiding business
(grazing) as the freeway slammed doors and
crossed the street to comb you into another
camera.

I saw parents gather animals back from the
zoo with motorhome eyes & television
tires.

& I was they; I came twice to you.
I yielded soul to steaming without

payment and remember first the pioneer
 who came with himself & a horse
 who dragged his life across the soil in a casket
 of wood and wheels.
 & I saw the first Canon raised,
 shooting dense velcro buffalo
 with a motorcade mantra.

Todd Perkins

A Goldmund Summer

Wandering as
 Waves wind-born

Wondering as
 Whales home-spurned

Worshipping as
 Wheat to the sun

Wishing like
 Goldmund, to be all of these
 Come summer.

Chrissy Stauffer

Sirenia

Sauntering in the bayou,
 Along water burping green carbon bubbles,
 I wish I could hear the aphonic manatee;
 Or is it a mermaid,
 With mercury scars
 Criss-crossing her back.
 Deep in the horsetails
 An alligator dozes,
 With trembling scales
 On his boondock mattress.
 The virtuoso crickets
 Are tuning and rosining,
 Preparing for the evening's finale.
 I inhale humidity and petroleum green.
 Closing my eyes,
 I surrender to sleep.

Todd Perkins

Pollination

From blossom to blossom
Frenetic display.
A need for pollination
Before blossoms fade.

The bees search in madness
For a blossom yet full
While in trampling the flower
The petals fall.

Pollen sacs full.
Yet, for more they labor.
The old--they may be--
Picking wisely through day-long endeavor,

The empty and young,
Fully searching,
Ever trampling,
I wondering,
Why not linger?

And still the petals fall.

Christian Arial

This Question

The hummingbird is beyond angular
pause diving.
He/she/it/what stares at me
animated and musing,
amid air, the whole of me is compassed.

And entering this aspen glade and holy bark,
at the over-sized ants and Bristlecones
gnarled, visionary arms,

I inquire

of the squirrel (huddled over hands, a child blowing chicken noodle),
of the flies everywhere,
this question:
How does the decomposed pulp of this
papered log (with termite trails
and knotted decisions) create such
a wonderful chair?

Todd Perkins

A Run Between Love

Running and streaming,
I with the rain.
The desert dust
Turned mud
Cushions
Plodding pace.

Sun present
Translucent gleam
Of rain sheen.
Rocks wet
Shine praise
With gold halo;
Yellow rain-washed
Rays.

I pause on a ridge,
Shielding eyes from sun,
Allowing rain to run
While I contemplate
The prisms of number,
Yellow-gold; resounding color
As it would seem
Is the source of rain-song.
Perhaps complementary
As a fiddle to a flute
Or recorder to the lute
Or rather
The slipping sigh of silk
From a sleepy thigh.

Run on.
Rejoice.
For running and rain suffice now
But what will come?

Dora Wymer

Wind

It is the wings of myth
Above the desert sand,
The whispering drift
Of Gypsy dunes,
Spirit voices across a forest land,
Coalescing with the loons,
A murmured warning of tomorrow's snow,
A listless promise of an early thaw,
The wistful wave good-bye when seasons go,
Earth's sigh of awe;
It is the wafting up of prayer,
The flowing, ebbing of life's tide
That coexists with sky and air;
In the gnarled limbs of fall,
It is death's coercing call,
Coaxing the clinging leaf to take the ride.

Dora Wymer

Early Fall

It isn't autumn;
Autumn brings rich, bronzed sacraments,
Burnished, gilded fruit and flowers,
A glorious Sabbath at summer's hearth,
When mellowed life bows, basking in
The warm, sweet harvest hours ...

Not quite winter--
This august soul is still too young
For chilling nights, dark days, perpetual snow,
Yet, wind-frost claims the vanquished apples, while
A wicked gust takes all the rusty Mums away,
And yesterday I saw the last lark go.

Chrissy Stauffer

Blue Heron

It was springtime. Springtime was synonymous with camping trips. Every spring the girl and her father would pack camping paraphernalia in the back of the Volkswagen station wagon that was painted a jaundiced yellow and was twice as old as the girl, who was six. They would drive due east for hours, the girl watching the scenery through the television screen of her window, and her father rolling a cigarette and telling her about the great blue heron that he sometimes spotted when he was camping in solitude. Her father told her of this heron every year as they drove to their campsite. She had yet to witness this bird, this heron, and was beginning to think that her father might not know what he was talking about. Doubting her father's omniscience was a feeling she did not enjoy. He was, after all, her father, and always did things a little bit better than other people, particularly other fathers. Her father smiled at her while he crimped one end of the cigarette he had just rolled. The girl smiled back and gave him the thumbs up sign, their signal that everything was okay and she wasn't growing carsick and about to redecorate the interior of the car. She was, however, drowsy; she slipped off to sleep with her head resting on the rattling door.

She awoke to the sound of running water and the pounding of tent stakes. Her father was crouched low with a mallet in his fist, and the breeze picked at the brim of his straw hat. She opened the door and stepped out into the sand. It felt coarse and cool, and she squelched through its coarseness to where her father

knelt. He looked up, squinting, shielding his eyes with the mallet.

"The rock near the shore, that is where the heron comes. Perhaps we will see him, eh?" He turned back to his hammering, and she stared at the rock for a moment longer, willing the heron to appear there. She had never seen a blue heron, except in photographs featured in wildlife books, and she was eager to see the great azure bird. She suspected he must be spectacular for her father to be so enchanted with him.

The girl and her father had finished a stir-fry dinner and were reclined against fire-warmed rocks listening to the insectile night noises while drowsily digesting their food. Her father began rolling a cigarette, as he always did after good food. Suddenly, his finger stopped twiddling, and his eyes fixed on something across the river. She followed his gaze over the water, to the rock near the shore.

The heron balanced placidly in the gentle current that swirled around the rock. He dipped his thin bill beneath the water to probe for food. His cerulean feathers were slicked over the contours of his splendid form, and he flexed huge wings against the breeze before folding them gracefully against his body. His slender neck was curved into a frail blue "S." From the shore, the girl gasped at the sighting of the elusive and legendary (in her mind) bird. The heron turned and waded through the current on delicate bird-legs. Suddenly, he lifted his wings in an enormous span and beat them furiously enough to ripple the water beneath him. His legs churned through the water with surprising strength until there was wind under his wings to lift him from the water--almost. He seemed to walk upon the waves for scarce moments before his

wings, fully supporting his weight, took him into the indigo night. The girl watched in awe before glancing at her father, who was smiling and nodding at her.

"That's him," he said quietly, and returned to his rock. The girl blinked for the first time since the heron had appeared, and thought of the Great Bird she had seen, of his grace, and of the fluid movements of his neck. She knelt beside her father and hugged his flannel waist. He kissed her on the cheek, and they gave each other Eskimo and butterfly kisses before she left for the tent. She nestled down in her bag, grateful for its downy warmth. She fell asleep thinking of the heron and of her father, who really did know everything.

Sarah Montes

Ghosts

Dandelions like white ghosts
In the overgrown cabbage grass
Remind one of buried fantasies
And wishes of the past,

And if you reminisce long enough
To dance within the snowflake web
You'll find a labyrinth of complexity
In a silver crystal net;

A fine-spun macrame universe
Of riddles and faded dreams
Till the ghosts come alive with the breath of release
The spirits burst free on the wind to reseed
Dandelions in the cabbage grass.

Dora Wymer

Midnight Rain

I've watched early wind
Spread the curtains to let morning in,
And found the countryside
As from an unseen tide,
Washed clean again;

Then, recalled a phantom guest
Had interrupted solemn rest
With quite untimely repertory,
While as usual, I'd closed my eyes
Letting rhythms mesmerize
Me, and their metered oratory
Lull me like a bedtime story.

But there's something in this sudden midnight storm
That's quaintly warm,
Like small fingers gently tapping,
And it won't allow for napping;
The familiar beat is rousing
Dormant memories from drowsing.
So nostalgically I listen to the splatter--
It's my children's laughing chatter
And the clatter of their footsteps down the stairs ...

Who cares
If by tomorrow, just to keep
Awake will be a strain?
Tonight I couldn't sleep
And miss the rain.

Christian Arial

American Dreaming

Hello! Welcome to America. May I take your order please?

Why yes. I'd like a cheerleader with blond hair, big tits, and a vaginal smile; a large Coke, a cherry-red Porsche and a Case of Budweiser.
Oh Yeah! And a slice of apple pie.

Will that be all, sir?

No, I'd like a wife, three kids, and a John Deere riding lawn mower, and a spicy Spanish maid. You know, the one with garter belts and a feather duster, one without a green card...

Okay! That's one cheerleader/wife with blond tits, big hair and vaginal yeast, a large Coke, a case of Bud, apple pie, three kids, John Deere, one Salsa: no card, with a side of garter and duster. Right?

Wait! I'm not finished! I'd like a summer cabin/home, a ski cottage, a Land Rover with a bike rack, ski rack, snow tires, & a sun roof.

And a tanning salon, a weight room, a personal trainer, an RV, a gardener, a theater, a swimming pool-sauna-jacuzzi, a backyard forest, a personal minister, a hair stylist, a wardrobe coordinator, some business consultants, a few stock advisors, some country club companions, a technological consultant, & art critic/advisor/acquirer...

Will that be all?

Give me a minute, I'm consulting.

I'd also like two mid-life crises, a youth fountain, a diet consultant, a chef, a backyard naturalist/botanist, a gardener, a dry martini, a *Wall Street Journal*, a translator, a cruise ship, some beach front in the Riviera...

Will that be it?

I'm also advised to acquire CBS, MGM, and Disney.
That will be all.

Okay. Your order comes to: three souls, 80,000,000 acres of wilderness, the operation of 90,000 mechanized assembly lines & beasts, the poverty of the masses, a grand impression of yourself among the pseudoeducated, 50 feature articles about yourself, & other assorted mills, plants, & warehouses.

Please drive to the window. Your order will take just a minute.

Thank you. You sound like a nice girl. What's your name? I bet it's Shelly.

(giggle)

You a cheerleader?

I played tight ass, Oh! I mean end--tight end in high school.

You know what? How would you like dinner tonight--in Miami?

(at the window) I get off at 9. Here's your order and thank you. Please come back to America soon and remember all our packaging is environmentally friendly. Oh! I almost forgot. Don't rock the sack, you'll spill apple pie on the flag logo. See ya later.

Terry Draper

Unwinding

Children thread their webs of speed
Through polystyrene jungles.
Teen-year-olds race frisbees
In sun and shade tangles.

Two young mothers briskly wheel and
Circle the gazebo.
They pass a midlife crisis
Strolling at his own measured pace.

On the bench bends snow white
Cracking peanuts for the pigeons.

Christian Arial

Of and About Off-Freeway Productions

I missed the moon tonight.
The clouted room was foggy.
Men stuffed in
white oxfords and trimmings of sweat ruffled and rambled.

The aftermath was:
opening a car door into midnight bagpipes
and authentic jazz stations,
which were appropriate.

As the stations signed off,
I tuned off the freeway's pinstripes and disc-oh! jockeys
to the resounding rain and stopped amidst
the doused sage, to listen
as the frequency of the antenna
whipped in the wind...

Glen Bessonette

The Hiding of a Bible: A Perspective on the Nag Hammadi Library

The story could be the stuff of an adventure film: An ascetic monk desperately scrambles down the rocky talus slope that drops steeply beneath his secluded cave at the foot of a cliff somewhere in the depths of a vast desert. In his arms he awkwardly clutches a large red earthen jar almost a meter in length. Despite his urgent, ceaseless strides over irregular boulders, he gingerly guards the jar, careful lest he break the bituminous seal that guards its sacred contents. A menacing storm is approaching too fast from the distance, a storm that seems to be consuming his entire world and threatening his very existence. He knows he must quickly bury the jar if he is to safeguard the sacred objects it contains, as certainly this storm will destroy them if he fails. At last he falls to his knees and digs a hole at the base of a large boulder that has long since sluffed from the cliff above, gently lays the jar down and places the dirt back over it. He rises and brushes the dirt from his hands, now to face alone the storm which soon overwhelms him.

For nearly 1,600 years the red jar rests beneath the boulder before being unearthed by an Arab peasant. The peasant, thinking the jar might contain gold, eagerly breaks the seal and reaches in his hand. But he grasps instead a sheath of dry papers that crumble at the touch of his hand. He pulls from the jar nothing more than a few oddly assembled books and

takes them to his crude home and drops them on the ground next to an oven, where he occasionally uses some of the leaves to tinder a fire. From there the books are spied by an attentive visiting teacher, who recognizes their potential value, and convinces the peasant to give them away, and for the next twenty-five years the disintegrating books are carelessly handled by a series of people and events that involve murder, bribery, black market trade, international smuggling, and political, academic, and religious rivalries. One of the books ends up in Switzerland, while others find a circuitous route back to their native Egypt. Finally the much abused books are "rescued" by scholars only to be carefully disassembled with each decayed leaf of papyrus sealed into plexiglass and filed in the vault of a museum in Cairo, Egypt.

While such melodramatic adventure could fuel yet another Steven Spielberg movie, it is a tale that is largely true and documentable. The books, given the name of "Nag Hammadi library" (named for the region in Egypt where the jar was discovered in 1945), are a modern day revelation that adds a tremendous store of knowledge about the forces of political and religious thought that have evolved the world civilization found today. The contents of the Nag Hammadi library are largely related to Christianity in that the majority of the contents are writings about Jesus Christ that have both similarities and contradictions to what is contained in the writings of the modern Bible. Their authorship is commonly attributed to the gnostic Christians, a factional group of the early Christian church.

It is thought that the jar containing the Nag Hammadi library may have been buried by a monk who lived an existence

of at least occasional seclusion and strict abstention from worldly goods. Such a monk probably inhabited a cave near the boulder that sheltered the jar during his retreats from a monastery some miles away. It was some four, or perhaps even five centuries after the life of Christ when the jar was secured beneath the boulder, a time when the shaping forces of the Christian religion were involved in a continuing struggle to establish one true faith from the many religious factions that had evolved since the time of Christ's resurrection. That struggle became a storm of popular beliefs that would not tolerate any outside ideas and, in the manner of many religious and political movements, sought the destruction of those "heretical" ideas.

Zeb Walker

Thoughts on Politics

Embedded upon my windshield, the yellow, dispersed remains of a monarch,

The wings still trying to fly without a body to carry.

"Vote for me. I promise to clean up society."

The wings still trying to fly without a body to carry.

With time, the shiny, molecular structure of the body weakens and rusts,
Allowing flies to feast upon the tongue.

"Vote for me. I'll bring social equality."

Allowing flies to feast upon the tongue.

Can everyone know everything there is to know by listening to only what they want to hear?

That would be inflating an air-mattress by just opening the cap.

"Vote for me. I know what you want."

That would be inflating an air-mattress by just opening the cap.

Christian Arial

Death: a la Las Vegas

Riding the last caboose, I see you.
 You are even & constant.
 You are in the streets at night with the buzz of lampposts--evil prose.
 We dress doors & kitchens with blood &
 you pass with the night sounds.
 You are a myth,
 a myth believed in, feared, & fought.

Yet thousands come.
 They come from cars on the freeways,
 they come wives to wine,
 they come to see you in electric splendor shake your sequined tits.

The object of vice combined,
 your touch is the whore who knocks continually on humanity's mind,
 & yet I would not blame her for your actions.

You expand, & money redeems your reality.
 Your concrete texture blooms new Mirages
 with honest enough titles & hips to sell them.
 These tall impositions will against the wombs of the night rise.

Laid within a labyrinth of curbs,
 curbed desires shed
 for lighting & the
 flash of steel sirens in smoky dens
 --payments slapping metal trays.

To hold you they come
 & run eyes along your smooth solar plexus
 & rest upon the base of power,
 the high point of your prone extrusion.
 Your eyes are on it and
 the canyons & walls whisper against its size.
 You make the buildings larger.

& the canyons & peaks, the sweaty, working rumps and pits of reality,
 grind out gravel & collect with a connection to toil.

Sweet with the soft soul of Earth are grinding thighs: revolving
 around, engaging youthful grabs, & ending wrinkled sags--padding the
 base bone.

The bone is braced.

& watchers come to MAGIC & CIRCUS,
 & to scream "JACKPOT!" into the base of a call-girled jacuzzi,
 to ride the steely bones of fate into a padded table,
 & to ask rawness why it left flesh.

They pump in.
 Water, women, wine, welshers, wheels, cogs, & cops, (the disposables).
 The labor, the trees, the liveliness, & the bright mirroring eyes
 all lie down in the desert bed & show:
 tainted eyes from straight shots,
 royal flushes, eyeless Jacks, stale jokers, &
 dragged queens in their hands.
 & Keno cards file
 the exploit of "Keno Girls" on dripping drumsticks.

The wolf watches the seduced lamb ride barbecue-drenched hips,
 licking an old thought,
 as she swivels on fishnet to a proper pimp's office.

The banquet:
 so free, so full of palateless pulp,
 so sprawling and large like a promise of resistance.
 Returning! Returning! the line piles the buffet
 --a last supper without content.
 Plates warm, ready themselves with enamel grins, & stack themselves
 beyond the tomorrow of desserted excess,
 Beyond the prime rib of desire.

Strategic pools,
 your eyes light green &
 money slips through green, yellow, green lights on the Strip to unknown
 places
 --cracks somewhere in the seamless smoke saloons.

Not everyone leaves a rape.
 Most calculate their death and roll back to extremity.
 Was it delicious?
 The fireworks are emblazoned on the memory.
 The cold, calculated suck, stealing breath,
 blown skyward (a myriad of stars).

Were lights alive?

Do bones creak because of longing?

Heal away, weaned by a subtle nectar whose trust is not near the bleak goal.

Julie Miller

1983

Barefoot tracks along the beach,
Running hand in hand,
Castles, shells, and fairy tales,
Waves wash against the sand.

Me and Cindy in the sun,
Swimming through the days,
Watching rainbow sails go by,
Watching as each fades.

Reflections from the shadowed sky,
The horizon's empty edge,
Time's grown old; the water's cold.
The sun sets beyond the ridge.

Barefoot tracks upon the beach,
Running two by two,
Castles in the distant sand
Washed into the bare lake's blue.

Julie Hart

The Metamorphosis

I embrace the unmalleable clay
In my appetant hands,
And begin to mold it into
A sculpture of myself.

My fingers gently manipulate
The untouched block of clay
Whose destiny is mine.

The metamorphosis is at my fingertips
As the clay materializes into
The image in my mind.

My warm hands are welcomed
By the cool hard clay
Like the sun on your back
On a hot summer day.

With a firm but tender touch
I am pulling, pushing, pressing.
I can feel the intensity building
As I am rubbing and caressing.

Hours pass...my sculpture is complete.
But, as with the reflection in the mirror,
It reveals my every flaw.

Unlike my mirror image,
I can change its imperfections,
For I am the creator,
And at last there is no law.

With this remarkable realization
I set my imagination free.
Free to journey
Where before it dared not go.

On its return
It brings a picture back to me
Of all the beauty I had wished for
That I knew would never be.

Eagerly, I begin to reshape
My every defect.
Now only I can choose
What I will and will not see.

And while at times I feel resistance
From the sometimes stubborn clay,
One by one I find the blemishes
And erase them all away.

I open up my eyes
As I begin.
Raise my cheek bones up
And carve a dimple in my chin.

After kneading and shaping
The contours I desired,
I sit back
And for a moment I'm admired.

But wait!
This is not my vision.
While it is flawless to the eye,
It is not whole.
Tell me,
Where did the beauty go?

Christian Arial

A Discourse Concerning Vaughan Williams' *A Lark Ascending*

Ralph Vaughan Williams (pronounced Raff), an English composer considered the "father" of the British musical Renaissance and folk revivalist, is renowned for several classical works. Of Vaughan Williams' pieces, I found *A Lark Ascending* most affective and, therefore, most effective.

A Lark Ascending was originally written in 1914 based upon a poem written by George Meredith (1828-1909) of the same title. The piece, as written, was prefaced with the following lines:

He rises and begins to sound,
He drops the silver chain of sound,
Of many links without a break,
In chirrup, whistle, slur and shake ...
For singing till his heaven fills,
'Tis love of earth that he instills,
And ever winging up and up,
Our valley is his golden cup
And he the wine that overflows
To lift us with him as he goes ...

Till lost on his aerial rings
In light, and then the fancy sings.

The piece was revised in 1920 and again revised prior to publication in 1926. The piece was written and adapted for chamber orchestra, for violin and piano, and written as a "Romance for Violin and Orchestra." The original performance used only violin and piano. The instruments used in the recording I listened to

are solo violin, two flutes, an oboe, two clarinets, two bassoons, french horns, a triangle, and the strings. The premiere of this, the orchestral version, took place in London on June 14th, 1921 with Marie Hall as solo violinist under the direction of Vaughan Williams' aforementioned friend, Adrian Boult. The piece opened to favorable reviews.

Due to its inspiration from poetics and the romantic nature of *A Lark Ascending*, it is hard to describe the work in any terms but poetic. I have attempted to make sense of the piece within the impossible confines of basic elements of music. The music itself, however, stems from a theoretical branch of romantic/impressionistic thought which was not concerned with technical elements as much as musical affect. I have also included a poem of mine, which was indirectly inspired by the piece and the romantic/impressionistic view of the world, as a sort of subjective balance to objective analysis.

The piece, like a free verse poem (not the particular Meredith poem cited, but closer to one of Whitman's, a person who Vaughan Williams admired and often adapted to music), is expressed through the "voice" of the solo violin, which is definitely the "lark." The music is based according to a very loose rhythm (there is no percussion) and concentrates (like the majority of Vaughan Williams' work) on colour and texture. The piece succeeds due to a flexible disregard and blending of musical elements, relying instead upon abstract sonic impressions. Of the available elements, Vaughan Williams uses mono and homophonic texture, consonant harmony, subtle dynamic changes, melody (the solo violin), warm timbre, and ambient, spatial form to combine to create musical affect/effect.

The piece begins with the warm timbre

of a continuous note played by the full orchestra. From this warm "glow" emerges the solo violin, "the lark." The melody carried by the solo violin literally "ascends" (from the sonic picture of the orchestra below) by climbing melodically into the upper reaches of the instrument. The warmth of the Earth is left behind, and an almost spiritual song emerges from the lark (the violin) as it leaves the Earth. The basic theme consists of a four-note progression and seemingly limitless rhythmic and harmonic variations. After this solo, the Earth (sonically speaking) comes into focus again, and there is a joyous soaring of flight in the voice of the violin (due to timbre and melodic change), while the Earth (orchestra) again provides a comfortable warmth through timbre. This interchange continues through the piece; the lark (violin) soaring above the Earth (orchestra). This effect is created by the very real dynamic and melodic soaring of the solo violin over the supportive harmony of the orchestra.

Midway through the piece, the bassoon, the flute, the horns, and other instruments take subtle solo parts, and the strings provide a basic plucked rhythm. The plucking and solos cause a sprightly dance effect. The effect conjures sonic images of playful climbing and diving flight.

Toward the final third of the piece, the solo violin is again accompanied by the orchestra, yet there is a union of the two which has not occurred before. The two parts (solo violin and orchestra) which have remained in relatively consonant harmony, yet distinctly separate, now come together due to an increase of dynamics and timbre by the orchestra. This point seems to be the spiritual/affectual apex of the piece. From this point on, the orchestra follows the solo violin in a delicate, floating stretch until the end of the piece.

The overall affect of the *The Lark Ascending* is nothing short of phenomenal. Vaughan Williams thought throughout his career that he lacked technical music skills. What he may or may not have understood was that he not only knew the basic "rules" of composition, but also transcended them by keeping them on a subtle, almost unconscious level. It may be argued that *The Lark Ascending*, like musical and orchestral works of the romantic period, has a weak base in logic and reason. It may also be argued that the piece is weakened by and self-indulgent because of this weakness. To the contrary, I would argue that *The Lark Ascending*, like an actual, physical lark is mind-boggling, because the piece exceeds its musical means with its ends. The listener is not only hearing what Vaughan Williams transcribed on paper, but also experiencing the joyous and beautiful vision which Vaughan Williams brings to existence through music. To quote Archibald MacLeish's "Ars Poetica," "a poem should not mean but be." Although *The Lark Ascending* has a very distinguishable, literal meaning, and Vaughan Williams might not agree with MacLeish's "Art for art's sake" (Oscar Wilde) premise, the piece's existence (through the voices of the instruments) becomes very real. An almost tactile emotional and visual affect is created through sonic effect, causing a state of spiritual and emotional height in the listener. This experience, a human vision of "a lark ascending," is relayed not through words or even through notes, but through an almost direct emotional impression of Vaughan Williams' actual experience. The dynamic conflict of the piece, however, is never as obviously pronounced as in a Beethoven piece, but is far more subtle and varied. With Vaughan Williams we do not get the

"thunder" of Beethoven's 5th Symphony. Instead, the music presents a series of emotions with an ultimate message of wonder and love for life in all its permutations. I found it interesting that Vaughan Williams had this to say about Beethoven, "I hate Beethoven. To this day the Beethoven idiom repels me, but I hope I have at least learned to see the greatness that lies behind the idiom I dislike ..." Somewhere above or below, or possibly from within the existential soil, Mozart must have smiled when Ralph Vaughan Williams was born.

Here is my subjective balance:

Hawk: Anytown Southwest and Beyond

& I awoke & rose before dawn peered with slow breaking eyes,
 & rode above to a near palace of red
 to watch the huddled town rest beyond
 the breast of a floodplain
 --nipple fed and warmed,
 she was in the innocence of sleep.
 I looked at her with open eyes
 (gazing through thin haze) and witnessed
 the nurture of homes & beds
 & hearth & heath were upon the delicate
 flesh lying mystical & pure,
 So that I with paternal & maternal yearnings
 knew of miracles,
 So I stood with the door cracked (following
 a tender lullaby or sandy tale) & tucked
 & kissed her forehead & fell into the
 lit hall--
 to see her innocent brow,
 to think the thoughts of children grown.
 & she blew whispers
 --involuntary breaths
 surrounding the bedded valley with mists
 of cover and comfort.
 I passed on.
 Down from the red citadel of perch
 again drawing my limbs beneath me

--defining my illustration.
 & I saw her lids lift,
 her eyes sweep the smoke of silence with the
 sun, &
 her fresh limbs lingering for a moment in newness--
 rising to reality.

& yet I loved her when I was awake.
 & I circled the & sun was.

Quint Olsen

Flash of an Eye

Scrapbook pictures scattered
 Like toys in a dusty attic,
 Forgotten souvenirs.

The past is just a haze,
 Youth destroyed by age.
 Expendable were the years

Like jigsaw's missing piece.
 I can't set my mind at ease
 By looking in a mirror,

And the letters never sent
 Sit with photos old and bent,
 Beckoning my tears.

Old's replaced by new,
 Different attitudes,
 Returning's just a fear,

And though your grin comes back,
 I cover it in black
 And bury yet another year.

Franklin Johnson

Broken Urn

No Grecian urn, this heap of shards.
 Scattered on the concrete floor,
 In such disorder as they fell,
 Broken pieces, flat or round, or both.
 How could I do what I have done?
 Did it slip? Did fortune blink?
 Or was there secret chance I seized?
 The mental master of my grip,
 Did it lose its link to task at hand?
 A Hypothalamic error, as it were;
 Not immoral sloth, of devil, Puck.
 Herr Doctor Freud would sagely nod:
 If he spoke at all, would say, "Read my book!"
 Then judge me if you must, but hear me first--
 Truth uncorrupt and told straight out.
 I did not like the cheap, damned urn:
 But I really did not drop it.
 Fate is who or what--
 It always is!

Michael Hall

Charade

What is truth? Truth, in one way or another, has been one of the most controversial subjects debated by philosophers and religionists of both the present and the past. In the movie *Charade*, there is a parallel between the movie personalities' understanding the truth about Cary Grant and mankind's quest for understanding the truth about Cary Grant and mankind's quest for understanding what truth is in all facets of life. Not only is truth one of the points brought out in the movie, but also predominantly exhibited is the way truth is so elusive to those who seek it.

Through the course of the film, the movie's main character, Cary Grant, changes identity several times. Even those that are supposedly in league with him don't know his real identity. He is, in reality, working with the embassy, but to the other actors he is known as a thief or a fortune hunter. The other characters' conception of him is truth to them at that certain time, but, in reality, there is only one truth about his identity, no matter how many times their conception about his identity changes. Truth, like language and Cary Grant, is under constant construction and reconstruction. For example, the opinion or understanding that Audrey Hepburn has about Cary Grant changes almost every time his identity changes. The fact that truth is always relative to perspective, culture, time period, and knowledge of the object or topic is brought up throughout the movie. An example of this is again in the case of Cary Grant's identity and motives, which to Tex, Herman, and Gideon

are one thing, but to Audrey Hepburn are another.

Another excellent example of the movie's theme of what is truth is in the scene where Cary Grant gives the parable of the truthful Whitefoot and the lying Blackfoot Indians. Ironically the answer he gives to Hepburn is "What kind of Indian are you?" and is another example of the arduous task of discovering actual truth. Even the audience isn't sure what the actual truth is about Cary Grant.

The concept of the unknown identity of Cary Grant demonstrates the way truth is relative, and the way truth is reconstructed as knowledge is acquired. The movie exemplified these facets of truth when it showed the change in motives that Cary Grant had for trying to find the money from the viewpoint of all the other characters. The overall outcome of retrieving the money was the same; however, the principles and reasons for looking for the money changed as his identity took on another personality.

One other example of the theme of "What is Truth?" has been portrayed in the encounters Audrey Hepburn has with Walter Matthau. The relative truth about Walter Matthau remained constant throughout the movie, as did the actual truth. Audrey Hepburn believed him to be Mr. Bartholemew. Truth again was indistinguishable and relative to knowledge and perspective. The fact that what Walter Matthau told Audrey Hepburn about the money in the embassy interview was actual truth, yet his identity was false, although his identity was relative truth to Audrey Hepburn.

Although Cary Grant was viewed by many of the characters as either a thief or a fortune hunter, the actual truth about him was constant, yet undiscovered. Relative truth changes as perspective, time, cul-

ture, and knowledge temper and affect its validity. The fact that relative truth changes does not alter the fact that actual truth remains constant and predominantly undiscovered. The movie, like life, shows the complexity of the concept of truth and the problem of discovering what actual truth is. Much like Cary Grant's identity, and as the title *Charade* suggests, the actual truth, in many cases, is still unknown and undiscovered; therefore, the search for truth goes on.

Christian Arial

La Strada (The Road)

Gelsomina with Chaplin face
you left innocence to know
the pans & pipings only trumpeters understand.

Could he hold you?
Rough skin was requisite of times,
but who could be kind in a realist world?
& sought you to leave,
probably prayed between shots to
the crosses on parade also.

That soft refrain sung through brass
was more than ... Zampano struck you
with all his fear.

So you faded into the grey possible in
monochrome.

Your only love in course could be nothing
but fool & destined to die--he warned you.
What was a mother to do, but give you with
tears to the World.

Still you smiled amid the rumpled rags &
stew pots.

You played monkey & stared at another just
whorled--madness.

All in the act of breaking chains.
Stronger steel could never be found
& true the weak should turn & run.

IV. Man Kind?

Christian Arial

Without Title (Parentheses Optional)

Most of these, my classes,
have required more syllabus than substance,
more title than timbre(er).

I write small poems.

I ate two store-bought oranges that kept
breakfast small, yet large.
Like life they come
--a single orange at dawn,
an orange at dusk.

This gift,
a small gift to you is less
than, you always want more to eat;
the equation grows.
The salmon bones of less melt, fusing time
to the tongue of constancy.

I say I know cummings, Jeffers, Thomas & Jefferson
from scraps of mind and spirit (mostly spirit)
--though printing would make them a law firm.

I say I saw the staggering of suicidal drunks at dawn
who'd found homes of reject & walls of humanity
destroying themselves for something. I saw Whitman and Ginsberg.

But, I say to those who become invisible in Tolkien rings
those who became odd and muttering
those who came too long to Prospero's island
those who mirrored nature's eyes
those lost in pages (the throes of love)
the tired and ugly who see
those despised and shunned
those who death kissed without mercy

I say this:
if the Universe in its light falls indifferent
if people piss from towers down your throat

if scabs peel more frequently than heal
if suicide holds your kind,

Come! Rise! Rise up from your huddled, lone mind
Rise from Christian persecution
Rise from academic diffusion
Rise from mechanical fragmentation

Rise to be human.

Rise with scabs, scars, & empty scabbards
Rise to kiss the species of connection;
for the small clans, the tribes, falter without you,
the long shores whine to be held
the cacti desire touching
& spring calls the ebb of mating to flow
again.

& we are mad, yes maD
maD as the concept of stars
MaD like river rushes braided with flowing
through the eternal, round course of love
in its passion for life,
its passion for continuance, pain & protection.

Come eyes, come hands, come hearts
& discover the winds,
the bursts of solitary peaks and deserts,
the living, the unison,
the family--
coupling of all tribal souls, which transcend singular;
the all into yourself until there are no times, no names.

Why then don't you come?
why do none come into humanity
alone
so that we may share insignificance?

Time, the universal is not really there
and yet, the interval between companions
is too small for me
to be a smaller segment
--a thread of cotton tied through the needle
& even the finest weave
has space between thread.

So I will write for you & me,
for our love through thyme
for our touching of poems.
do not remember authors (they may not finish, may not connect)
only poems
to be smelled and forgotten
to be and to die
to have lived & remain in our one vague soul.

Please printer, please publisher public,
add a-new (not nostalgic names)
to the present,
for now, in understanding the poem, is all.
We are all ands
no punctuation no exclamation of
true sentence no grammar
except we are
& are sentenced to be
conjunctions
the not endings the barrel knots in ascending rope ...

Julie Hart

Values

TWO SHOT

(BROOK and SUE walk into the casino.)

SUE

I can't believe that he turned out to be such a jerk. The last time I saw you, you were so happy...you were practically bouncing off the walls. I thought by now you two would be married with a kid on the way.

(BROOK and SUE walking through the casino.)

BROOK

Oh please! Bite your tongue. The thought of living with that cold-hearted, ego-maniacal Aries for the rest of my life makes me car sick!

(They both sit down at the table.)

ANGLE-SUE

SUE

So how long has it been since you've seen him?

ANGLE-BROOK

BROOK

I left five weeks ago. But he kept calling me for the first three weeks. Then, one night I was lying in bed not sleeping when I realized that he was the coldest, meanest, crudest man I knew; and I couldn't believe that I ever thought that he would change. So I called him up and told him that I was never coming back.

TWO SHOT

Brook and Sue at table

SUE

(Wide eyed) You're kidding me. What did he say?

BROOK

After crying and begging me to come back for 45 minutes, he told me that I was a fool. And that I would NEVER find a better looking boyfriend than him. You know...typical Aries man. (chuckle)

INTO FRAME-COCKTAIL WAITRESS

WAITRESS

Can I get you ladies a drink?

TWO SHOT-BROOK AND SUE

BROOK

I'll have a margarita. Gold. With salt.

SUE

Make it two.

(WAITRESS walks out of frame.)

ANGLE-SUE

SUE

(sincere) Seriously, how are you doing?

ANGLE-BROOK

BROOK

Fine. Great! I have shed my last tear over him. Believe me. I don't EVEN miss him...But I do miss this town! Why did you ever let me leave? I love it here.

ANGLE-SUE

SUE

Then come back. It will be like old times. We used to have so much fun. It just hasn't been the same since you left.

TWO SHOT-SUE AND BROOK

Both girls laughing.

INTO FRAME-WAITRESS

WAITRESS

(Puts drinks down.) That will be \$4.50.

BROOK

(Hands her six dollars.) Thanks.

ANGLE-BROOK

(BROOK picks up drink. Takes sip.

Music starts to play. She looks up at singer.)

QUICK CUT TO TONY

(TONY: Singing song.)

QUICK CUT TO BROOK

BROOK

(Turns head quickly.) Oh my God! I can't believe it! Why didn't you tell me he was still in town? Oh my God! Oh my God!

(Puts hand over face. Looks back up at singer.)

CUT TO TONY

(TONY: Singing song. Looks down. Sees Brook. Reaction shot.)

QUICK CUT TO BROOK

(BROOK: Staring back at him.)

TWO SHOT-BROOK AND SUE

SUE

What are you doing? I know that look in your eyes!

TWO SHOT-BROOK AND SUE

(BROOK picks up margarita. Takes sip. Watches Tony with a smile.)

FULL SHOT-STAGE

(TONY: Music changes. Starts singing "Baby I Need Your Loving.")

ANGLE-BROOK

(BROOK: Looks up seriously. [Should portray love and pain.])

ANGLE-TONY

(TONY: Singing. Looking at her. [Should also portray love.])

ECU-BROOK'S FACE

(BROOK: Tear in eye.)

VARIOUS ANGLES

(Tony will sing song in its entirety. Various shots between Tony and Brook. [To establish them falling in love.])

ANGLE-SUE

SUE

(Near the end of the song.) Brook, are you crazy? Don't look at him like that. You're scaring me! Come on. Let's get out of here before he finishes this set. The last thing you need tonight is to deal with another old boyfriend. We're supposed to be having fun!

(Stands up.)

TWO SHOT

BROOK

(Pulls her by the arm to sit down.) No, let's stay.

DISSOLVE

FADE IN

ANGLE-TONY

TONY

That's it for us. You've been a great audience. Bobby and the Groove will be up in 25 minutes, so don't go away.

TWO SHOT-BROOK AND SUE

SUE

Please, Brook. Let's just go. Don't put yourself through this. If we don't leave now, he'll be over here soon. (Glances over.) Oh God! It's too late.

INTO FRAME-TONY

TONY

(in shy voice) Hi.

ANGLE-BROOK

BROOK

Hi.

ANGLE-TONY

TONY

(sincere) Wow! You look great! It is SO good to see you. How are you?

ANGLE-BROOK

BROOK

Good...Fine. How 'bout yourself?

ANGLE-TONY

TONY

(Sitting down.) I'm okay. (pause) Are you back in town?

TWO SHOT-TONY AND BROOK

BROOK

No. Just visiting.

TONY

It has been a long time since I've seen you. It's been almost two years hasn't it?

BROOK

Just over three.

TONY

You're kidding me. Has it been that long? What have you been doing since you moved?

BROOK

Oh, you know, same shit...different city. I can't believe YOU'RE still here!

ANGLE-SUE

SUE

Well, I can't believe that you are even talking to him. Can we go now?

THREE SHOT-BROOK, TONY, SUE

TONY

Hi Sue. Long time no see.

SUE

Ya, well thank God for that!
IN FRAME-SCOTT (keyboard player)

SCOTT

(Walks up to table.) Sorry to interrupt, Tony. But we really do need to check these levels before the next band goes on. They were all screwed up in the last set and...*(glances at Brook)* Brook? Is that you? I don't believe it...How are you?

ANGLE BROOK

BROOK

(smiling) I'm good, Scott. You look terrific. Married life suits you just fine.

ANGLE-SCOTT

SCOTT

(laughing) I guess you didn't hear.
ANGLE-BROOK

BROOK

(embarrassed) Oh no!

ANGLE-SCOTT

SCOTT

Ya, well it lasted for about a year and a half. Then she...well she found somebody else.

ANGLE-BROOK

BROOK

(sympathetic) Oh, Scott, I'm so sorry.

ANGLE-SCOTT

SCOTT

Don't be.

TWO SHOT-TONY AND BROOK

TONY

(Takes hold of Brook's hand.) Listen, I'll be right back. Stay where you are, okay? Promise me that you won't go anywhere.

BROOK

I'll be here.

ANGLE-TONY

(TONY gets up and walks to stage with Scott.)

TWO SHOT-BROOK AND SUE

SUE

(Snaps fingers.) Would you snap out of it, girl? You're acting like a teenager. I know what you're thinking. And I WON'T hear of it! You just got out of one nightmare...Why must you re-live another? I think you've had about enough assholes for one lifetime.

BROOK

(defensive) He's NOT an asshole!

ANGLE-SUE

SUE

Oh. You dated the guy for six weeks, in which time he stood you up twice, lied to you hundreds of times, and left you for a

stripper from the Palomino club. Other than that I guess he was a real sweetheart!

ANGLE-BROOK

BROOK

He's not so bad, Sue. He was just...
ANGLE-SUE

SUE

(interrupts) He's just what, Brook? Going through hard times? Well, who the hell isn't? Come on. Wake up. Don't let him talk his way back into your very fragile, very STUPID heart again. Once is enough. I can't watch this again. I've seen the ending...and it wasn't pretty!

IN FRAME-TONY

TONY

(Puts two margaritas on the table. Takes rose from his mouth and hands it to Brook. Looks into her eyes and smiles.)

God, I've missed you.

ANGLE-BROOK

BROOK

I've missed you too, Tony.
THREE SHOT-BROOK, TONY, SUE

SUE

So, I heard that you moved in with Debbie last year.

TONY

Who said that?

SUE

Everybody says that, Tony. Your life isn't exactly **low profile**. People talk. Anyway, I heard that you were getting married in June.

ANGLE-TONY

TONY

Well, you heard wrong! That was nothing. And it's over! We broke up a long time ago. Besides...I didn't care about her. She was just...

ANGLE-SUE

SUE

(interrupts) Just the BIMBO that you dumped Brook for.

ANGLE-BROOK

BROOK

Come on. Come on. Drop it. Let's have a drink. *(Holds glass up.)* To old friends.

THREE SHOT-BROOK, TONY, SUE

TONY

And new ones. *(Winks at Brook.)*
ANGLE-TONY

TONY

How's your brother?
ANGLE-BROOK

BROOK

John? God, I haven't seen him in almost two months. But he is doing great! I wouldn't be surprised if he were married before the year is out.

TWO SHOT-TONY, BROOK

TONY

How 'bout your mom and dad? How are they?

BROOK

Divorced! Dad's remarried. And mom is getting remarried in the fall.

TONY

When did this happen?
TWO SHOT-TONY AND BROOK

BROOK

It's been three years, Tony. A lot has happened. *(sigh)* Things change.

TONY

People change, too. I have! You can't imagine how much I have thought about you. I tried to get a hold of you so many times. But nobody would give me your

phone number, or even tell me where you were. I guess I can't say as I really blame them.

(Takes hold of her hand.) Well I don't see a ring on your finger. Is it safe to assume that you aren't married?

BROOK

Oh, I'm not married. I just broke up with the biggest mistake of my life.

ANGLE-SUE

SUE

I thought TONY was the biggest mistake of your life!

(Smiles sarcastically.)

ANGLE-BROOK

BROOK

I heard that you and Debbie were pretty tight.

ANGLE-TONY

TONY

What a joke! I should have known what a slut she was from the beginning. I was just so stupid then.

TWO SHOT-TONY AND SUE

SUE

You would think the fact that you met her in a strip bar and she was wearing a g-string and pasties would have been a pretty good clue. *[Rolls eyes]*

TWO SHOT-TONY AND BROOK

TONY

Oh, Brook, you don't know how sorry I am. I was such a...

ANGLE-SUE

SUE

An asshole, Tony! The word is asshole. And sorry doesn't cut it. Too little, too late! Come on Brook...let's go home.

INTO FRAME-SCOTT

SCOTT

(Holds out his hand to Sue.)

Come on. They're playing our song.

POV-TONY

(Scott and Sue walk out to dance floor.

Start dancing to slow song.)

ANGLE-TONY

(TONY is watching them dance..)

TWO SHOT-TONY AND BROOK

(TONY scoots chair next to Brook. Pulls out cigarette.)

BROOK

(smiling) I thought you quit.

TONY

I did ... TWICE!

(Both laugh.)

TONY

I guess I'm a little nervous. I just can't believe that you are sitting here talking to me.

BROOK

(Shakes her head) Neither can I. I just can't help myself.

TONY

When are you going home?

BROOK

Wednesday.

TONY

Don't go. Stay here.

BROOK

Stay here and do what?

TONY

Marry me.

(Both get serious expressions on their faces. Staring at each other.)

TONY

I love you, Brook. I always have. You just scared me before. I wanted you so bad.

BROOK

Then how come you ended up with Debbie?

ANGLE-TONY

TONY

I guess I wasn't intimidated by her. I always knew what kind of girl she was. She's a real bitch. A lying, cheating BITCH! I never loved her, and she never loved me. As far as I am concerned she never existed. If I could do only one thing over in my whole life, that would be it. Please give me another chance, Brook. I love you. And I know you love me too. I can make you happy. We could be so happy together.

TWO SHOT-TONY, BROOK

TONY

(Puts his hand on her cheek) You are beautiful. You are really a beautiful person. *(Pulls her to him. Kisses her. Pulls back and looks into her eyes.)*

Do you love me?

ANGLE-BROOK

(BROOK looks down [3 seconds].

Looks up. Nods head yes...)

TWO SHOT-TONY, BROOK

TONY

Let's go to my apartment, have a bottle of wine, and catch up on the past three years. How 'bout it?

BROOK

What about Scott and Sue?

TONY

They left five minutes ago.

ANGLE BROOK

(REACTION SHOT: Surprised)

DISSOLVE

FADE IN-LIVING ROOM

(Shot of coffee table with wine and wine glasses half full.)

CUT TO BEDROOM

TWO SHOT-TONY, BROOK

(TONY AND BROOK sitting on the end of the bed. Kissing. TONY unbuttons Brook's shirt. BROOK unbuttons Tony's shirt, takes his shirt off. Looks down on his arm. [Tattoo of heart with "DEBBIE FOREVER" written underneath.]

ECU-BROOK'S FACE

(BROOK: Tear rolls down her cheek. She pulls back.)

Dora Wymer

Last Night

Last night you showed me your garden.
The paths were wet
From a late watering:
We walked around the edge
Avoiding mud in the middle.
The air smelled of sweet, damp petals,
(Like nuzzling a baby's ear)
And shadows made more of everything--
Families of daisies and hollyhocks,
Twins, triplets, twice the memories--
Through night's closed eyes joy doubled
Because we were together.
But sleep--the black-masked thief--
Crept in on soft feet,
Robbing the illusion ...

Bold maturity of day brings judgment
From an old pagan god;
Paths harden,
Flower scents succumb to
Freeway fog, a neighbor's morning coffee;
Daylight decrees separation:
Each visibly thorned rose,
Every single, straight-stemmed iris,
You,
There in today's less innocent garden,
I,
Here alone with my vase of silk flowers,
And a trace of dried mud on my shoes.

Tamra Fullmer

Princess*

Flowing dress, ringlets, and pearls;
Prom night.
Excitement, elegance,
Everything you ever dreamed.
The dance is over--
Videos.
"Let's go for a drive,"
Whispered gently,
Breath tickling your ear.
"O.K.," you're safe
With your prince.
The view is beautiful.
It's over.
Sneaking into the house.
Your parents can't see
The torn dress,
Tangled hair,
Smeared mascara,
Bloodshot eyes.
What happened?
It's not quite clear.
When did the dream end,
The nightmare begin?
Memories rush
As the steaming water
Pounds, cleansing your
Body (nothing will help
Your tarnished soul).
The car
NO
Hands rushing, grabbing,
Tearing, holding, forcing,
Pain, terror, fear.
How will you cover the bruises,
How will you be able to face him,
How will you ever trust again?
Gentle sleep
Overwhelms your battered body.
The last thought,
"Please, don't let me wake up."

*Third Place Winner 1991-92 Annie Atkin Tanner Poetry Competition

Christian Arial

Dolphin & Sea*

A thought on Thursday I swam through an evergreen see.
 Beside the tryst we hovered, dancing about our bodies--
 thrust up through deeps.
 & I willed smooth to sky only to fall to you again
 to slip through & around our moonlight chase.
 You were a thousand tangles coursing
 coming upbraided at each breath we asked sky to keep--
 as we swept through dreams
 --contours contrived with the birth of bodies.
 If a thousand hands wrenching me skyward looked through
 silver (shimmering eyes) I would
 find you again from a moonbow arc,
 to try my birth through fluid.
 & you always wait, near reef & reflection
 or find yourself daring, with the strength of the World,
 the shore to leave.
 & You're gripping sand with a tumbling body,
 embracing sky upon your back,
 finishing the horizon in the setting moon,
 & forcing definition upon a cliff's rising.
 As though a Tempest should find beach,
 you dash intrusion to pepper far palms.
 Yet, all who would find life within your dense song
 could know why Sirens keep me.

*First place winner 1991-92 Annie Atkin Tanner Poetry Competition

Terri Draper

Summer of the Woosel

Summers, we lived in heaven. Dad bought a primitive, used trailer, towed it under the aspens overlooking the lake on Grandpa's sheepherding land, and built a shelter over it. Mom sold real estate so we went home weekends, except when she came up for vacation. Dad was a teacher, and in the summer he ran sheep. When we weren't helping, we caught salamanders, built forts, and chucked leftovers to Chevy, a tall cocky squirrel, and Dan, his rounder comrade or their clones.

The day we met the woosel, Dan was defending a last pancake crumb while Chevy lectured him about greed. We sagged amid the torn weave of lawn lounges, when from under the trailer struck a flash of tan. Poor Chevy lost his train of thought, occupied immediately with survival in a no-nonsense attack on the part of the woosel, and a short one, mercifully, on the part of the squirrel.

When blur became form, the weasel, a dainty slip of varmint, was clamped to Chevy's neck, straining to drag the much larger animal back under the trailer. He dared us to interfere with one glare and persisted.

"Put your hand under the step and see what he'll do," DJ said.

"I have better things to do with my hand right now."

"Chicken."

"What are your hands doing?"

"Chicken."

"Dad says not to bother the wildlife on the mountain."

"I won't tell."

Dad was glad to have a woosel in the basement. The woosel was clean and only

occasionally disruptive at night. He disheartened the mice from their nightly raids.

Our dog, Tigger, wasn't quite as happy to find a weasel in residence when we brought him up the following week. He scented it immediately, sailing from the back of our Ford to a pile of five-foot PVC pipes dad was using to rig mom a solar-heated shower by the spring.

Retriever teeth sank into one end of pipe and woosel shot out the other, arced in mid-air almost, and torpedoed into Tigger's soft, wet nose. For a full minute thrashing dog and clinging woosel ricocheted through camp. Then the woosel tore free and disappeared under the trailer.

Tigger didn't renew his acquaintance with the woosel again. If any hint of woosel materialized, dog evaporated to a respectful distance.

Then mom came to the mountain. Slender and elegant in her cloud of bugspray and healthy glow of sunscreen, she came with her keep-the-mountain-particulates-on-the-mountain paraphernalia.

Mom hadn't heard about the woosel. We weren't sure she'd approve of us living a floor above a critter that wasn't fed from a can or bag. Don't get me wrong; we love Mom, and Mom loved the mountain. She just eliminated filth and pests while she absorbed scenery and tranquility. We preferred to absorb the entire mountain experience, pests and filth included.

Sometime in the wee hours of that first night, we heard the woosel at work. Nobody said anything, but we all heard the scuffling. Later still, Mom did some rustling of her own, then went to the out-house.

We enjoyed having Mom at the mountain. We ate real food, on plates even, and Mom could hike you into the ground.

Two days later we found the woosel a few yards from camp. Weasels are pretty things. Always before he'd moved so quickly we'd hardly noticed. When dad came home, we asked him what had got the weasel. He had it on the end of the shovel transporting it for burial. "It appears this woosel's been at a mouse somebody poisoned," he said.

Dora Wymer

Baby

I see you sleeping there--
Soft cumulus of ivory with angel's hair.
It's difficult to tell where
"Angel" ends and "child" begins;
You make celestial odds
Seem high amid earth's raucous dins.
But on your cherub's cheek a mortal tinge
Of pink sets them apart--
My signature and God's
On our fine work of art.

Shilo Case

Under the Concrete

Cling-clang, cling-clang, as the summer morning breeze sifts through the Levelor blinds, a six-year-old boy grunts and stretches to awaken himself. He smells the omelet and potatoes of every Sunday morning, not quite so bright eyed and bushy tailed as when he had arisen.

"Morning, mom," he says in a lazy speech. "Good morning, Xaier, would you like an omelet?" she asks. He answers, "Yes," quite loudly only to be hushed because his dad is still asleep. "Your father didn't sleep very well last night because of that frog."

His dad enters the kitchen with his usual, cranky, Sunday morning face and mutters, "I want you, Xaier, to catch that frog and kill it."

"Sure dad," he replies, not only because it's his dad speaking but because of that unusual instinct in man to hunt--the thrill of the stalk while the adrenaline pumps, and the innocence of not understanding death.

Lying at the edge of a half filled swimming pool with his arm swaying back and forth, the child daydreams of a swimming pool with crystal clear water. He thinks of the fun he could have. He would invite his friends over and swim all day until they got sick, and summer would never end. He'd invite some of the neighborhood girls for swimming pool kissing tag. The fluttering images leave his mind when his mom bursts his bubble. "Get away from the edge of the pool before you fall in. I don't want you to get hurt." Expressionless, Xaier tucks the comment in the back of his mind and moves to get up.

Suddenly, the darkness of the water rip-

ples the reflections, rapidly churning the greenish-black water with algae to support a swamp full of creatures.

"The frog! The frog! I see it!" he replies.

"That's good," his mother suggests, preoccupied with watering the trees and bushes.

He climbs down the stairs of the rough, concreted skeleton of a pool. He looks into the water's edge. Where is it, he thinks, I've got to get it.

From the upstairs window his dad pokes out, "I'll raise your allowance if you get it."

"Gee," he says under his breath, "now I can get that GI Joe with the swivel arm battle grip."

Crouched by the edge of this swamp, he peers into it for a while-- the wait, the hunt, the kill. "There it is!" He struggles to get the frog, reaching deep into the water. He tries not to get wet, but more not to let it go. "Mom, mom, I got it," and with a shaken voice swallows the lump in his throat as he climbs out of the pool. This frog is of healthy size, probably good eatin' Cajun style. He stares at his reward-ing catch. "Yea Hoo!" His dad yells from the window, "That's my boy! Now kill it!" Xaier looks at the frog; he notices the bumps and the cold wetness. He sees no harm from the frog as it struggles to set itself free. In a clutter of excitement, the frog urinates on Xaier's hand. Suddenly, it becomes an insult, and with all the commotion of his mother and dad, he feels in power. Then, with a blank mind, emotionless face, except for a small animalistic grunt, he lifts the frog in the air, and hurls it to the dry packed ground. With the sound of the impact of the frog, Xaier realizes what he has done. He looks at his mom, then he looks at his dad with disgust for being the devil's advocate. He looks at

the frog, lying on its back, barely squirming,
its last breath wheezing out.

Xaier cries frantically to the frog. He apologizes to it several times before giving it a name. "Charlie," he says, "I'll name you Charlie."

From the kitchen he gets a marker and writes CHARLIE on a shoe box lid. Now Charlie is in the backyard near the pool, under the concrete that was poured two days later.

Dora Wymer

Fairytales

When we were still drawing stick people
And breaking our crayons,
They gave us brushes and heavy oils--
For you to paint cathedral ceilings,
Me, to scrub hearths, and polish furniture.
Your role asked,
"Where is the goose who lays golden eggs?"
Mine questioned a Mirror.
I was sugar and spice and melted nicely;
You were a frog;
But they told me you came from a castle,
And once kissed, you would stay on a silver steed,
Killing dragons,
Bringing fair maidens roses
And glass slippers.
So I kissed, kissed, kissed,
Melted and melted,
Until I learned
You were only a horned toad who
Killed deer,
Knew nothing of roses,
And broke glass slippers--
(Fairy Godmother didn't mention
Glass slippers break into fine splinters
So elusive, they make you bleed forever).
Pandora could not tell the world it was you
Who opened the box ...
... And they all lived ever after ...

V. Cosmic Expansions

Kirsten Holt

You Pick Flowers

You pick
Flowers and weave them in my hair,
Making me the Lady of all that is green and right,
Me barefoot and you cloven-hoofed,
Walking into the warm night....
Silvered moon making rainbow shimmers on my skin.
You raise your hands above you,
Blue lightning in your eyes.
Dolphins leap from the sea and swim through the clouds
Towards castles of the sunrise
Where whales walk and share their wisdom,
And madmen find peace.
We eat flowers.
Petals drip from our mouths while
Turtles tell me legends of
We.

Chrissy Stauffer

Loki

Delving into mischief,
His pale orbs roll and glisten,
Gulping velvet nostrils
And seething sorrel muscle,
Capering over crimson dunes
Ascending toward the skies.
Is he from Medusa's blood?
For he has no wings and yet he flies
Briefly,
Until our descent back to the sands,
Our landing, pounds throughout the grains
With an audible bruise
Of croaking frogs
And rasping pasterns.

Dora Wymer

Artifact

In early morning
 There is a presence of ancient spirits--
 Valleys lie in thin gray sleep
 Which sunrise dissipates,
 Repainting veils between life's dimensions;
 Illusions lift like gossamer ghosts
 From phantom wig-wams,
 As bright drapings of blue and green
 Frame the gilded overlay,
 Yet, they are there ...
 A sunken stage holds old collages,
 Mosaic in terra cotta.
 Watch beneath your feet
 Upon this haunted land,
 For arrowheads lost centuries ago,
 Chipped by hands tan as the faceted chert
 And the bronzed sandstone cliffs.
 Feel a reverence below those crags
 Looming like monumental gravestones
 With ageless etchings--
 Scattered pages of autobiography.
 Listen for their voices;
 With the soul's eyes see them--
 Look to the black hills at evening,
 You may hear a doleful tale
 In the immortal wail of the evil one
 Who stalks the innocent rabbit:
 Or to Snow Canyon,
 Where still at dusk, old Phoenix
 Rising from the ash,
 Symbolically inflames the marbled walls
 With ceremonial fire.

Christopher Thompson

Confusion Past

A horizon I am, dark with the moon in the
 bitter winter.
 A refuge I am, the creatures hibernate in my
 bosom.
 Nothing stirs within my walls.
 Stone, mortar slowly rise then, fully engulf
 The vastness, unreachable vastness.
 The wise man searches, though my Jesus will never
 be found under some twinkling Vegas
 Finding only confusion and dirt upon this horizon.

A horizon I am, externally bright as the sun reigns.
 A refuge I am, quick jolting movement, everything stirs
 Though no one wants to acknowledge it....they with their ego.
 Stone, mortar slowly broken by my conscious effort
 The sun reigns supreme.
 The horizon mumbled something under its width.
 Realization flooded over its sands to quench the thirst,
 The thirst of creatures alive and unborn.
 The horizon, full with wisdom, rose full up and proclaimed,

"I am God."

Shilo Case

Pillars Of Thought

Life's a swallow in a jar,
Tight moves, but no room to spread your wings.
Till I desist, I hear
The echoes of my song.

Narrow cylinders of stone,
A walking cane of dry stripped wood.
The wind blows hollow through me.
Warped frames of mind, pillars of thought,
Brace my fall with brokenness.

Splinters lie extended over a wide area and
The temple seems to raise the offspring of thought.
Maybe when the pipit sings in fall and I am still here,
I'll watch the sun and the song I hear will not.

Julie Miller

Sunnyside Eclipse

The playing field
Seemed so much larger,
Its enclosing fence
Further from home plate.
The grass
Was a summer shade of green,
And the sky
Was endless,
Stretching far past my sight.

It was Saturday
And softball season.

The crowds in our ascending stands
Always encouraged us,
With applause,
With approval,
And with smiles.

One, two, three
Foul ball.
Fair,
Full count,
Strike, safe, score.
Home run!

You're out.

It really didn't matter,
Then.

We played
And we played
Throughout days
And throughout summers
Until,
The sun was eclipsed
By the shadow of seasons
And the crowds stopped cheering

When we lost.
The grass died
Under the empty autumn sky,
And the field seemed
Small,
Enclosed by an endless fence
That stretched far past home plate.

Christian Arial

About Moons (a poem)

Too many about moons
yet the tongue hangs from the
black corset of night
in an awkward embrace.

Psychling through purple
the uni-fied spokes gleam solid
and driven.

Eyes are falling under your gaze,
the shy orbs of bashful maidens
are loose abreast of dawn,
and merely resting foxes fly
across shadows of desert-ed cactus.

All things grey, midnight
too you are wed to
odd connections in the rods and cones:
muse, bedpost, shoes, and sorrows.

Porcelain platter what is served?
Liquids the canvas craves?
A viper or anecdote pen?

Pluck me, chord or hair,
I will sing silent
one more about moons.

Todd Perkins

Monarch

Pedaled gyrations,
Line of dawn,
I, splitting the plane of
Monarch and her shadow
As she flies along,
Smile,
The day-spring has begun.

Monarch falters;
Panicked,
She flies hesitantly
Across bicycled path.

Diesel smoke spewed,
Knobbed tires
And pining pistons
Scream protest to
The dawn.

Monarch,
She's gone.
Twittering wings
Wiped indifferently
From windshield,
From shield that deprives her of wind,
As time digresses on.

Sarah Montes

The Rain Fell

And the rain fell
In a tumbling cascade
Descending--
Like angels,
Riding clouds of electric thunder.

They splashed down
To meet my welcome arms
That grasped to catch the current of the wave--
Swirling
In the kiss of moisture.

Ace G. Pilkington

The Pulse of Light*

On these thick days light congeals into substance,
No longer transparent medium
But cloudy liquid
Tumbling from the sky in lucent drops.
Most afternoons it may staunch and flow
Unnoticed as the tide, the trains,
The walkers through the streets.
Not now. Now it is watched for,
Caught in rivulets down a glisten of slates,
Tracked from roofs to rough-cornered walls,
Urged through windows as though it were still
Thinner than the glass;
Almost it seems a finger might be moist with it,
If the hand matched the eye's clutch.
There is such a desert in December
That we give life and room to a heart's glimmer.

*Originally published in *Weber Studies*, Spring/Summer 1992

Chris Pellew

My Tempest

Storm clouds come closer quickly
Now and I watch as their
Faded black fingers stretch
Toward the ground. Others
Notice too,
Craning their necks 'round to see, but never
Slowing their business-fastpace at all
As they walk by.

As everyone else runs
(Cowards all!)
To be inside, away
From the storm, I run
To meet it when it arrives.
I stroll with the wind as we
Wait together, day turning dark,
For the storm to come.

Now the sky is shattered
By a single finger of light
That reaches its way
To the ground. Some might stop
Their ears at the pounding,
But all I hear is a peculiar music
That breathes life back into
A tired body and a muddled mind.

Then comes the rain, slowly
At first, as if to test
Whether or not it's welcome.
I reassure the rain and run
To meet it head on.
The trees wave their greeting back and
Forth, and the brook slaps its waves up
And down, anxious to meet the storm.

Then the wind, tired by its own enthusiasm,
Slows itself back down, and the rain knows, as
Much as it would like to stay, the time
To move on is at hand.
The drops disappear rapidly now, then

Linger,
Falling slower and
Fewer while the storm bids me adieu and
Travels on.

Moments later out
Pops
That cowardly sun (who also ran and hid)
To tell us all is well--
He's in control again, and everyone seems to
Believe him--going back outside.
But I know better, and slip in, to gaze
Out my window and
Await
My tempest's return.

VI. Underworld/ Undertow

Shilo Case

Tokay

My hair is wet and your eyes make me cry.
A dog is barking and that damn dog is dead.
Inconsistent voices are heard, maliciously blind.
Or is it the rain running down my cheek?

The lizard in my house barks at crickets
And I sit and wait for arms.
Sex and erotic smiles, *pinxit* posy love.
I'm not here to break down; I'll just move on.

Maybe tomorrow you'll whisper "you love me,"
And I sit and wait for arms
With a lizard that barks and the devil's child,
Pondering their twisting spring flowers.

Dance naked and play with silhouettes,
Buss the snake constricting your thigh.
Smile toward me in your love, while
Alone I sit with a lizard that barks; sex and erotic smiles.

Shilo Case

Stale Thinking

Eternity waits for me and so does its entity.
As I pick up my boots and keep walking,
When a blue moon eclipses my heart,
It burns from dullness so I burp!

Then I think that my thoughts have been there
For so long, and they start to cast their own shadow.
Rambling on, coincidentally, the snow starts to fall.
So then my eyes freeze and I dream:
Of a child in my mind and a woman in my heart.

Kaelani Acord

Smorgasbord-In-Law

Crystal Ogre jabs with gilt-edged knife,
Butcher's bloodied roast. Eyes
Yellow, angered blaze across cherrywood.

Rheumatoid Baroness, glances disapprovingly,
Mocks laughter. Skeletal fingers ashake,
Leveled over red Jell-O aspic, accuse dangerously.

Mendacious Troll, amber locks hide devious eyes,
Thin lips curl to a malicious grin. Plate heaping,
No stop will be put to this binge.

Simpering Sorceress, pork's not her choice,
Through paltry complaints red eyes roll white. Incantation
Silently murmured and gorged fowl replaces bloodied beast.

Slithering Chameleon, skin of flesh, eyes of green,
Surveys the fare, avoids the golden glare. But still,
Blushes a yellow trail, cheeks dappled red.

Shilo Case

Child

Innocence falters, betraying the child soul.
Lost now, twelve retreating back home.
He sees images of a carousel and mobile sail boats,
Frolic with the earth's pleasure in the middle of June.

Carelessly grinning, the child, running, circling the sky,
Suddenly revolutionizing about himself thinks he is why.
Lord of the Tonka trucks, King of the sandpit,
My daddy's bigger than yours, let's play ball.

Innocence creates the experience of climax.
Essence of passion in sweating nights.
Nightmares lurk deep within the coiled springs,
The monster lies waiting, grotesquely chuckling.

Morning sun has arisen, with the sky all around.
Birds in the trees and smells of used coffee grounds.
Only in his own little world can he relate,
Within himself breakfast is made.

Lying back in the chair, bacon in hand.
God sheds light on this plane of charisma,
"Mommy, don't let me ever grow up,"
But now he's twelve, retreating back home.

Shane Wintch

Anger

A blurred vision obscured the horizon.
Darkness closed about me,
For the sun had vanished behind
Black walls of cotton.

A cold rain chilled my essence of being.
Thunder boomed around me,
For lightning flashed and a
Sense of immortality ran rapidly.

A scream,
A yell,
An animal released.
Rain pounded the ground
In sync with my heart.

Light flashed as a roar was released.
An unconscious state consumed me,
For there was no holding back.
Blind fury of storm.

Claudia Edwards

North Wind's Affair

In the valley I stood when Zephyr came,
Who asked in rhythmic song,
"Why are you waiting for him to come?
Please go home; do not stay long."
But I twirl the horns of Isis, smiling,
"A challenge, a dare."

And there he was strong and brave, and I
Opened my arms, a delicious affair.

But angrily he met me with cold fire and thunder,
Lashing and striking, my breast thrusting and heaving.
Brutally he slammed me, deadly pain. My lover's
Laughing, my pleasure in vain.
Rolling sweat, his rumbling and muffling.
Slipping, sliding, No! his stifling and piercing.
He invaded my body. Gloating,
He ignores my pleas. Victory he declared.

Panting for air as I gasped for breath,
I reached out to grasp him--liquid despair.
And then he was gone before I could declare
I had only loved you from far away.
I heard his laughter as he rode with the wind,
My lifeless body, my shame within,
Trembling and shaking, I called out his name
Only to be answered by death's lingering trail.

Zephyr returned and gently gave me a kiss.
He caressed me softly, and rhythmically spoke this:
"Why did you wait for him to come?
I told you to go home. Was I wrong?
You could have made love to me; instead,
You chose darkness, and made shame your bed."

And then I spoke with Medusa's hiss:
This is what life is made of--the thunder, the bliss.

Ace G. Pilkington

Where Scientists Write Poetry*

Scientists do not write poetry--at least not frequently--
 What they write are formulae about light,
 About long lines of energy waves, about the primary
 Explosion hurtling out from inside itself, pieces
 Of a whole universe blown sharp from that fractured heart.
 What they write are histories of entropy, energy
 Spun into far-flung stars and turned finally to stones
 In the dark. What they write is the spiral of life
 Lifting itself from the sea and wheeling through seasons,
 Arranging itself into infinite caparisons but pulsing
 Always underneath with the heat from that first explosion,
 Concatenation and debris of galaxies, like light squaring
 Itself beyond entropy, where scientists write poetry.

*Originally published in *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*,
 May 1992

Stephanie Chidester

"Adamantine Chains and Penal Fire"

In *Paradise Lost*, fire seems to be a postlapsarian occurrence, a symbol of the fall and of punishment. Fire, as it is known after the fall, does not exist in the Garden in Eden or in Heaven. However, when the fallen angels and Adam and Eve are cast out of their respective paradises, they, of force, encounter sorts of fire which are very unlike that of the "flaming Mount" of the Father.

We learn in Book III that fire exists in heaven in the form of the blinding light of omnipotence. The angels, praising God, sing: "Fountain of Light, thyself invisible/ Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st/ Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st/ The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud/ Drawn round about thee like a radiant Shrine,/ Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear,/ Yet dazzle Heav'n, that brightest Seraphim/ Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes" (3.374-82).

God is light in this epic, a symbol of love, power, wisdom, and knowledge. The angels also, though to a lesser degree, share in this brightness, as does heaven itself: "With [Elysian Flow'rs] that never fade the Spirits elect/ Bind thir resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams,/ Now in loose Garlands thick thrown off, the bright/ Pavement that like a Sea of Jasper shone..." (3.360-63). All the angels adore God's brightness and to some extent emulate it.

At least a third of the angels, however, seek to usurp it. Led by Satan, these heavenly dissenters travel to the north for a protest meeting which is almost a parody

of 5.600-15, in which God addresses all the angels, whom he has just created, and sets out the rules of heaven. Satan enthrones himself "High on a Hill, far blazing, as a Mount/ Rais'd on a Mount, with Pyramids and Tow'rs/ From Diamond Quarries hewn, and Rocks of Gold..." (5.757-59). This "Royal seat" may be sparkling with precious stones and metals, but it cannot possibly compare to God's invisible brilliance. He is, as Milton indicates, "Affecting all equality with God,/ In imitation of that Mount whereon/ Messiah was declar'd in sight of Heav'n,/ The Mountain of Congregation call'd" (5.763-66).

During this sequence of events, Abdiel's righteous actions are described in terms of fire: "Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal ador'd/ The Deity, and divine commands obey'd,/ Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe/ The current of his fury thus oppos'd" (5.805-8). In addition, Abdiel warns Satan and the other rebels of the punishments which await them. They are to expect "His Thunder on thy head, devouring fire" (5.893).

And fire is, indeed, the punishment for affecting God-head. Satan wanted God's fire, so God gave him the fire which he so justly deserved--fire which yields no light, which corrodes the angels' exteriors, and which represents omnipresent torment. We are told at 1.62-4 that "from those flames/ No light, but rather darkness visible/ Serv'd only to discover sights of woe." That this fire is corrosive is evident when Beelzebub suggests that the "soft delicious Air" of heaven, if taken by the fallen angels, would serve "To heal the scar of these corrosive Fires" (2.400-1); that it is everlasting is seen in Satan's unspoken observation: "Regions of sorrow, ... where peace/ And rest can never dwell, hope never comes/ That comes to all; but torture without end/ Still urges, and a fiery

Deluge, fed/ With ever-burning Sulfur unconsumed" (1.65-69).

Thus "Eternal Justice" has doled out a Dantesque punishment which mirrors the nature of the transgressor's prelapsarian disobedience. Satan sought to rule in God's stead, deeming himself equal to the Almighty. God gives this ridiculous rebel his own infernal kingdom which reflects Satan's inferior inner qualities.

The same sort of punishment is allotted to Adam and Eve after they eat the forbidden fruit, but with a clause for redemption. Comparing the situations of the fallen angels and of Adam and Eve, God explains that "The first sort by thir own suggestion fell,/ Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: Man falls deceiv'd/ By th' other first: Man therefore shall find grace,/ The other none" (3.129-32). Fire will be a symptom of man's fall, but it will not be all-consuming, inescapable. They are given the knowledge of good and evil, and if they have the strength to choose the good, they will escape hell's fires.

Prior to the fall, fire is not extant in the Garden. In a swipe at the Catholics, Milton points out that Eve "strews the ground/ With Rose and Odors from the shrub unfum'd" (5.348-9). The odors are all natural, unadulterated by such postlapsarian means as fire. A little later we learn that man's Edenic meals, which are vegetarian, do not necessitate fire: "A while discourse they hold;/ No fear lest Dinner cool" (5.395-6).

That fire is associated with sin in the mortal world is seen just before Satan's temptation of Eve at 9.388-92 when Eve wanders off to work alone: She "Betook her to the Groves, but Delia's self/ In gait surpass'd and Goddess-like deport,/ Though not as shee with Bow and Quiver arm'd,/ But with such Gard'ning Tools as

Art yet rude,/ Guiltless of fire had form'd..." The absence of fire suggests innocence, a sinless state of being.

Adam and Eve's sin, when it does occur, is of the same nature as Satan's; this is not surprising, of course, since Satan is doing the tempting. Eve is persuaded, as she tells Adam, that "This Tree is not as we are told, a Tree/ Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown/ Op'ning the way, but of Divine effect/ To open Eyes, and make them Gods who taste;/ And hath been tasted such" (9.863-67). Eve goes on to affirm the serpent's statements, asserting that she is, in fact, becoming more God-like: "I/ Have also tasted, and have also found/ Th' effects to correspond, opener mine Eyes,/ Dim erst, dilated Spirits, ampler Heart,/ And growing up to God-head" (9.873-77).

Eve, as we know, is deceived, but fortunately for her, not self-deceived. God has decreed, as early as 3.203-6, that "Man disobeying,/ Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins/ Against the high Supremacy of Heav'n/ Affecting God-head, and so losing all..."

And where there is sin and, consequently, a fall, fire cannot be far off. Indeed, Adam explaining to Eve their post-fall world, mentions the discovery of fire and the necessity of creating it for warmth: "by collision of two bodies grind/ The Air attrite to Fire, as late the Clouds/ Justling or pusht with Winds rude in thir shock/ Tine the slant Lightning, whose thwart flame driv'n down/ Kindles the gummy bark of Fir or Pine,/ And sends a comfortable heat from far" (10.1072-77). Fire is again associated with evil, but this time it can be used as a "remedy or cure/ To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought" (10.1079-80).

Milton has used fire as an indicator of

the fallen state (and the severity thereof) in *Paradise Lost*. Fire becomes the Dantesque punishment for those who seek to usurp God's ever-burning, blinding light. Just as Dante's Paolo and Francesca are eternally tossed and swept about by whirlwinds in the afterlife for allowing their emotions to buffet them in their mortal existences, even so are the fallen angels sentenced to spend eternity in a dark and sulfurous hell which is a reflection of their psychological selves, and Adam and Eve are condemned to a life of hardship in which, with their newly acquired knowledge of good and evil and with the help of a savior, they will have to fend off brimstone for themselves and earn their own salvation.

Christian Arial

Making Love to Lee Krasner in Effigy: A New Generation Goodbye to Jackson Pollock

You stood in the haunting corner
 when the camera was on, & Jackson held the
 cigarette low beneath teeth,
 so someday someone would dismiss him as James Dean,
 & then you were an alcoholic's widow.
 Both times you saw everything & painted,
 & painting was pointing away.

Jackson,
 couldn't you come to Cody, where elephants
 were scarce among Fords?

There were no piano-plying demons,
 just the floor covered with you & Jung.
The Road was yielding under jazz & memory
 --captured within a furrowed brow.

Beethoven eyes come from 19th Century ideals
 & comment that
 silly & eccentric alcoholics just
 make cases against art.
 It's harder human than ART,
 so you kept a six-pack in the trunk.

Taking a picture for *Life*--your paintings became trivial questions. The paintings
 will live.

Pop idiots & misunderstanding assure conversation.
 The conversion to medium is a lethal access--excused only
 in absolute genius--which can house
 no-
 body
 was there when all of you was prone,
 & exhibitions take space on walls, not floors.

Dora Wymer

Silvering*

There is a white warmth that comes
 With silvering hair--
 Like divinity stirred in a pewter kettle,
 Spooned out in swirled, platinum mounds,
 Or popcorn's cozy cumulus
 On a rainy day;
 Like ashes dancing with blithe flames
 And fair hands
 Holding Marshmallow sticks;
 A table set with polished heirloom ware
 On ivory-laced linen,
 Vanilla icing poured on spicy pudding
 And powdered sugar frosted cake;
 Like a summer night
 When the snow-bright moon
 Smiles across my bed,
 Where tucked in soft washed sheets,
 I still smell fresh, silvery bubbled suds,
 Clean water, and
 The lingering scent of bread dough
 On an apron--
 There is a white warmth ...

*Second place winner 1991-92 Annie Atkin Tanner Poetry Competition

HISTORY OF THE SOUTHERN QUILL

Year	Editor(s)	Advisor(s)
1950-51	Loraine Taylor	Juanita Brooks
1951-52	Loraine Taylor	Juanita Brooks
1952-53	Rose Workman	Rose Esplin
1953-57	No magazine published	
1957-58	Karen Vawdrey	Juanita Brooks & Betty J. Allen
1958-59	Karen Vawdrey	Juanita Brooks
1959-60	Barbara Larkin	Juanita Brooks
1960-61	Titine Spillsbury	Reed Blake, Jr.
1961-62	Joan Esplin	Robert O. Dalton
1962-63	Joan Esplin	Robert O. Dalton
1963-64	Ilene Harmon	Pansy L. Hardy
1964-65	Emily Cottam	Pansy L. Hardy
1965-66	Kay Lichtenwalter	Pansy L. Hardy
1966-67	James Force	Robert O. Dalton
1967-68	James Force	Pansy L. Hardy
1968-69	Linda Sue Hunt	Pansy L. Hardy
1969-70	Linda Sue Hunt	Pansy L. Hardy
1970-71	Roxanne Schmidt	Pansy L. Hardy
1971-72	Michelle Thomas	Pansy L. Hardy
1972-73	Gordon J. Peterson	Pansy L. Hardy
1973-74	Connie Gifford	Pansy L. Hardy & John G. Hacking
1974-75	Cathy Pam Heaton	Pansy L. Hardy & John G. Hacking
1976-77	Michael Perry	Janice F. DeMille
1977-78	Marilee Camp	James Force
1978-79	Bill Batzlie	Pansy L. Hardy
1979-80	Laura Lee Graff	Pansy L. Hardy
1980-81	Kurtis Crist, Linda Hedrick, and Aderianna Smith	
1981-82	Melanie Madsen	Ace G. Pilkington
1982-83	Dianna K. Kearney	Ace G. Pilkington
1983-84	Dawn Houghton	Ace G. Pilkington
1984-85	Julianna Burton	Ace G. Pilkington
1985-86	Janae Daley	Ace G. Pilkington
1986-87	Bonnie McCowan & Kris Shipp	Ace G. Pilkington
1987-88	Karen Hansen & Kris Shipp	Ace G. Pilkington
1988-89	Stephanie Chidester & Chris Metcalfe	
1989-90	Stephanie Chidester & Chris Metcalfe	Ace G. Pilkington
1990-91	Tiffany Durrant & Joni Jones	
1991-92	Christian Arial	Ace G. Pilkington

Staff Members

Christian Arial, from St. George, Utah, is a sophomore English major at Dixie College and served as editor of the *Honors Quarterly* for 1991-92. He is also a DJ at KRDC.

Michelle Case, from Bountiful, Utah, is currently a pre-med major at the University of Utah.

Shilo Case, from Salt Lake City, Utah, is a sophomore graphic arts major at Dixie College.

Stephanie Chidester, co-editor from 1988-90, was Dixie College's 1989-90 valedictorian and Southern Utah University's 1991-92 valedictorian. SUU named her Scholar of the Year for 1990-91 and 1991-92. Her essays have appeared in *Encyclia*, *Midsummer Magazine*, *On-Stage Studies*, and *Shakespeare Edition*.

Terri Draper, from St. George, Utah, graduated from Dixie College with a major in English and is currently working for *St. George Magazine*.

Julie Hart, from Salt Lake City, Utah, had her own touring magic show from 1989-91 and is currently a freshman elementary education major at Dixie College. She was yearbook literary editor at Skyline High School during her junior year and editor in chief during her senior year.

Julie Miller, from Salt Lake City, Utah, is a sophomore music major at Dixie College.

Sarah Montes, a member of the *Quill* editorial board in 1984-85, is a singer-songwriter from St. George, Utah, whose poetry has appeared in *Minas Tirith Evening Star*.

Chris Pellew, from Hooper, Utah, is a freshman English major at Dixie College.

Ace G. Pilkington's poems have been published in five countries; his articles on Shakespeare have appeared in *Literature/Film Quarterly*, the *Review of English Studies*, and *The Yearbook of English Studies*. He is the author of *Screening Shakespeare from Richard II to Henry V*, University of Delaware Press, 1991.

Josh Stanley, from St. George, Utah, is a sophomore theatre major at Dixie College.

Chrissy Stauffer, from Salt Lake City, Utah, is a sophomore English major at Dixie College.

Zebediah Walker is a sophomore cybernetics major at Dixie College.

Dora Wymer, from Pleasant Valley, Utah, is a sophomore English major at Dixie College.

HISTORY OF THE SOUTHERN QUAPAW

Year	(a) (b) (c)	(d) (e) (f) (g) (h) (i) (j) (k) (l) (m) (n) (o) (p) (q) (r) (s) (t) (u) (v) (w) (x) (y) (z)
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