

NOTEWORTHY

If you know a poet
love him through his verse

touch him when you read
praise him when you hear

then watch him disappear

Words are only for the length of time
you speak

which is short,
so if you know a poet

search him slow.

KPM

A strange song to hear.
No tunes or rhymes.
The notes linger in the past.
Preserved in time.
Unapproachable by space, they stand firm.
Waiting... Just Waiting...

As the bird is slapped by the ground on its first solo,
So the chord strikes.
As the clock's alarm shakes one from slumber,
So does the timbre pierce.

Racing through a dream at the speed of sound.
Pursued by a silent moon, a beat is heard.
Long and low from some time ago.
One you have heard but don't place.

A cymbal crashes and the mimes weep.
Wetting the face of a Shakespearian stage.
A circus band continues the act.
Playing a song every minute or so.

As my glistening eyes glow,
From the ghost of stars long since gone.
The candescent spirits fall from their reign.
As my tears greet the ground in quarter tone time,
I look to see if anyone listens, but to no avail.
Only the silent moon circling above,
Waiting... Just Waiting...

Dan Winslow

The dependable one

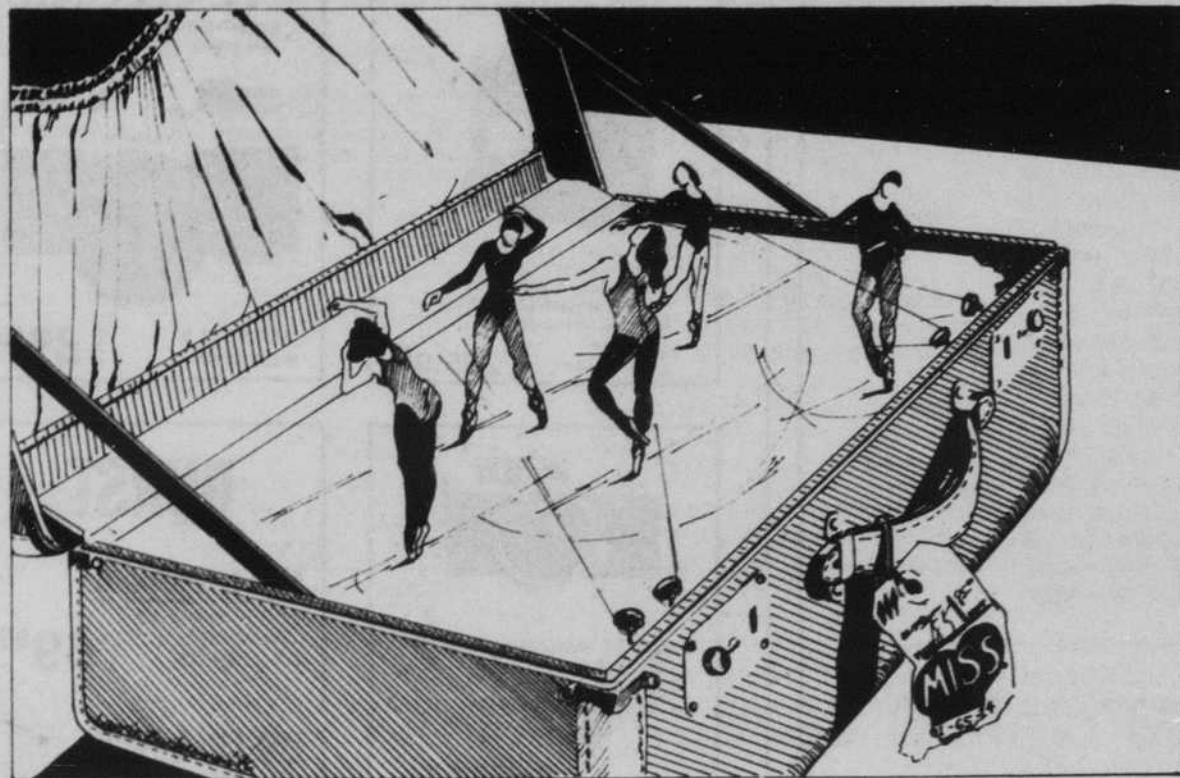
Maytag

My mom is always raving
about her Maytag clothes-
washer. She got it when she was
first married, 26 years ago, and
it hasn't had a repair or any-
thing. I'm careful not to bring up
the subject of washers with her
around because I can expect a
complete history of her old
Maytag and the thing that bugs
me is that she is so sincere and
honest in her enthusiasm. I was
just thinking that she ought to
do one of those commercials
where they use old, fat, homey
looking Southern ladies who
look so gross it makes you think,
"Man, they're real people."
How neat. A summation of my
mother's life in 60 seconds on a
Maytag commercial. That
would probably thrill her.

Susan Dalton

And I turn away
from my strengths
the old pain of slipping
seems to take me some days.
When?
Will it ever recede-
do I grasp onto pleasure
only seeing the real scene
when my madness creeps
away.
I know tides return
watch it eat at the castles.

Kate Andersen



next stop — some college in Mississippi

before the concert
dancers dot the stage
faces held ridged like masks
exercising their arms and legs
weaving a tapestry with care and precision
one by one
they fall from view...warm/silent

the concert
crayons mark the stage
with lines that run askew
and then
disappear
puppets held in suspended time
with life that's more than life
music feeds

their eyes light up
the hands that talk and smile and cry
and feet find flight
with legs held high
a painted canvas...turning/moving
a breeze
and it's as if it never were

after the concert
heads bopping
smiles replacing tension
limbs hanging like so many drapes

the color dreams are put to flight in a suitcase
next stop — "some college in Mississippi"

Ray. Miller

The west wind

The weary Sandscrib Highway
Desert Timeless
Dusty Weeds Cleaned By New Mexico Wind
Dusty Weeds
Tumblin Tumbles
Endlessly Cross The Prairie
Whoo-o-o-o-o-o

My Transient Bone
Wrapped In Frail Flesh
Chilled By My Landlord The West Wind
As Collateral For Rent
The Wrinkles Of Old Age
Thru A Windshield They Stare
And The Youthful They Raise Eyelids
And Grin Knowingly Amongst Themselves.
I Am Clearly A Stranger
In The America They Inhabit.

Fat Mexicans With Families,
Pickups Stocked With Stuffs,
Offer Sympathetic Faces But No Help.
Gun Racks Ride Thru A West
That While No Longer Wild
Is Still Far From Tame.
Who-o-o-o-o-o-o-o

round and round And Round
The Dust Flies, Abounds
Endless Patterns
To Baffle Even A Computer.
How Long This Dust
These Very Same Grains Of Sand
Have They Flown
Into How Many Eyes Of The Stray,
While The Pale Face Pass By
And The Wailing Wind Mourns For It's Deceased.
Whoo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o

The Red Ghost Spirit Lingers
In The Calm Within Swirling Dry Dusty.
America's Native Is Patient
And The Invader Is Slow To Learn.

Visions Of Tortillas And Sombreroes
And Long Black Feathered Hair
Pervade The Atmosphere Of The Mind,
Yet I Know I'll Look Up
And See A White Face
And Realize
Who
After All
Has Sentenced Me
To The Side Of
This Southwestern Highway.
Whooo-o-o-o-o-o

Percy Hilo