

RHAPSODY

THE 1992 CLACKAMAS COLLECTION

R2

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS

Adam Wagner

First Place Poetry

We rescue the embers of summer
To help us shiver through the tunnel of winter,
Bundles, wrapped and secured
in Warm rooms,
Mailed across rain
and opened glowing
by others.
We rake lies into piles and store them for later
While outside
color files itself
under layers
that yield
only brown
under brown
under more wet brown.

We long for the warmer.
We forget things like swelter,
Sticky. Relentless and bees,
And how fast things rot and stink
in that much heat.
At night holding
still, praying for breezes
or at the mercy of machines
that imitate wind.
we begin to understand the weight
blankets have on sleep.

But now, we look at photos of summer -
we become entire families
Happy at picnics
Holding babies, playing catch with the less fortunate,
Eating pies and just plain laughing back so far
into the goddamned night
we almost can't live with ourselves.

This is what happens
in the middle of winter
And this is what happens
when a prime suspect suddenly becomes
a good candidate.



In Maybe Praise of Solitude

Kathleen L. Mayer

Second Place Poetry

I wonder sometimes about living alone.

All those women Out There
Living sanely in houses where
They find both slippers, a sense of humor, their scissors.
Surely they live alone.

What is it like?
To be sole owner of quiet dawnings, tranquil evenings,
Simple, still, silken serenity.
Calenders with fresh and clear complexions
And possessions patient in their places.

Instead, I've purchased crazy mornings and lunatic nights.
All these bodies to pry in and out of beds,
Lost homework, lost shoes, lost smiles
Drag and prod and goad
To get ready and get out the door.

It's not till after they've left
I realize...
I never gave them a hug.

I'm the landlord of ear infections, the expert on hurrying.
Misplaced bedtimes, last-minute everything.
The clutter is eating me alive and I'm
In imminent danger from laundry that won't be domesticated.

Today's weather forecast predicted:
Overcast with gusty winds
The kind that blows umbrellas up
And ruffles scanty tempers.

Oh where is there a private isle
With soothing satin breezes?

Honorable Mention Poetry

Diane M. Staehnke

THE LOST MUSIC OF PEBBLES AND STONES

Alone in the quiet of the Music Library
I count and sort the sheets of music.

My timeworn eyes long for rest,
and light on colored pebbles and stones
embedded in the concrete wall.

Their colors are cool blues and greys,
ochers and mauves.

Once these stones were in concert
with their birthplace in the mountains--
then they became a riverbed

engulfed

in the music of flowing water,

caressed

by the translucent tails of fish, and

held

by the roots of trees

smoothed

by an emerald veil--

rippling and speaking to them of ages past

a stream in harmony
with sands and soft breezes.

Now these small stones are removed and confined,
and as silent as
the sheets of music in their boxes.

POETRY

Snowboarder

Robert A. Hibberd

Chomp. Chomp. Chomp.
Frame of mind is right.

Maybe another brew or two.
"Ought do. You?"

Lift.
Think about jumping.

Snow, like cocaine.
White like me.

Edge to the wedge.
Shred and shred.

Killer.

Lift.

