

RHAPSODY

THE 1992 CLACKAMAS COLLECTION

R3

Honorable Mention Poetry

Terminally Hip
Robert A. Hibberd

American Native marble
Carved Calumet holds
Smoldering gonga, inhaled
Dreams restored,
Visions savored behind
Nurtured mind
Lost amidst ideas from
A different kind.

Small greenhouse holds Evian
Grown rewards
When kept among supplies
Backpack stored
For life. Washing away
Black throat mold,
Providing German social
Style mode.

Historic bricks glide under
Birkenstock feet
Leading towards real life
People meet
With comfort, shelter.
From reign
Of white govern
Mental pain.

Camel cigarette smoke flows through
Espresso stained teeth,
Over cherry painted lips,
Past eyes secluded beneath
Rayban shades. Hair knotted
Above brain thieved
By cultural souls belonging
To art's deceased.

Dripping Guitar space occupied,
Lingering language
Deliberation over existing
Rights of passage.
Gathering of coolly filled
Wooden chairs, stools,
Housing of creatures playing
With a new set of rules.

Structured by thoughts derived
From an accidental slip,
Tired momentary grounds store
Karmas of the Terminally Hip.



Honorable Mention Poetry

The Girls' Room

Kathleen Mayer

Baubles and bangles and jingles and jangles and
Bric-a-brac bracelets all twisted and tangled
(They claimed it was done by pixies.)

Cascading fountains of scarves and belts and iridescent ribbons
Sliding and leaping from dressers and drawers
And oozing from under the bed.

Volcanic risings of laundry to launder:
Slips and socks and shirts and shorts
And some run-away pantyhose.

Vanities littered with powder and perfume and rouge and red lipstick
Peach Glow and Berry Blush and Glazed Peony.

And then:

They emerge from the welter of personal pieces

Cool and clean and gracefully rare

Like trillium

Rising from the littered forest floor.

To Be
Julia Jones

Honorable Mention Poetry

To be an old crone who stands above an audience with grey hair flying
in a halo as the truths learned are spoken.

To be an old crone whose face is etched with the living done, whos
voice catches attention and conveys lessons.

To be aged, ancient to show wisdom gained with the carving of time.

To be in that shape and form that will demand respect from those
who need to hear.

To be - it is to be - until then I cry my tears.

POETRY

Honorable Mention Poetry

WR121 and the Gestapo's Red Ink
Eric Day

O great! A class with the word writing in it
I'm gonna take it. Sis' says I have a way with words
I can't wait.
Really, I can't
I must write now
let me think
description of landscape?
dialogue between lovers?
argument in favor of arts over athletics?
sketch of that crush I have?
I choose the last one
let's see what comes:
Myself nervous around her
that smile might be inviting
O God not another pink slip
to say hello is one thing
acknowledgement of existence quite another
variable beauty
loss of appetite
stolen thoughts--captured heart end.
not too bad just from the cuff, I guess
here registrar take my money for that class with the word writing
in it.
I must go to sleep now
class is tomorrow

Shower shave toast coffee
brush up on definitions synonyms antonyms
a quick inspirational peak at Matisse
out the door excited on 205

Let's see. Classroom in same building as
computers and VCRs
ah, there it is
automatic doors
how nice
I'll sit in the back
and there's the teacher
she'll fine tune my art
what? in-class self-description? great!
Let's see. tall. average looking. thin.
blah blah blah blah and blah
her ya' go missus instructor

She's gotta love it, I say going through the automatic doors
the next day
It was artful, sincere, imaginative and
it was all me--she's just gotta love it.

Hey! there's mine. quick. hand it to me.
what's that frown for? and that eye-rolling?