

Helen Patti



TO PERK Roanoke Memorial Hospital Renal Dialysis Unit Wednesday morning

I know you are dying
you speak of toe drop, shunt tubes and soft bones
and your dreams of standing alone at the edge of blackness.

Still you have your vignettes
Painted windows of moments you keep
to thrust through morning clouds of valium
to thrust against those miracle machines,
pumping out every drop of your blood
and returning it to you
clean like red tap water
twice a week.

You say:
"There, I'm standing in the sun
eating dinner, or
holding a woman."

Holding a woman — that's one thing you can still do. And
you say you want me again
but you haven't been kind,
because lately you've thought
death will only be
just
being gone.



HELEN PATTI



Above
The sky hung
Silent on
Gray rope
Winding down
To lace
Smooth in
Quiet ocean
Coils



BRAND DICHTER



Suicide night waves
Breaking across
The border

Death bloom of
The desert

Oh Earth
Swelled rich with
Man blood
Plowed deep
Red
In brown breast

What lies and sorrow
Self thrust bodies
Crumpled
Under
Flaming metal

Boneseed revenge
Nurtured and soon to
Harvest these mad
Saints follow the
Seasons with hateful
Pruning care



BRAND DICHTER

THUNDER

Today there is thunder
in this place,
thunder so rare
it barely whispers
its presence.
We listen for it,
it hums into us
rumbling deep
into our memories
of sharper storms
and other places.
It slows and hushes us
with images
of warm barefoot walks,
with loves so soft and fleeting
they too might well
have been imagined.

ELIZABETH HOBBS



PASTORAL

how wind
dripping grass
feeds sky

draws whiteness
breathes
and eats

and how
under days
and words

shepherds
under rocks
write sheep

K. E. RONEY



LET NOTHING REMAIN

— based on a report by
U.S. Representative Les AuCoin

It was midmorning when they came,
all of the villagers except the oldest and the youngest
were out in the fields;
we saw them at a distance
coming down the road in two columns,
but took little notice,
for these particular soldiers
had been friendly;
we turned back to our work.

We were startled at the bullhorn amplified order
directing the entire village to assemble
in the public square for a town meeting;
we dropped our hoes and hurried in
to see what the news might be;
it was evident at once
that these soldiers were no longer friendly.

"Someone in your village
has been aiding the guerrillas",
accused the angry commander,
indicating a frightened, disheveled youth
none of us had seen before who, in shackles,
was being dragged along
between two militiamen;
we all assured him that we knew nothing
of any guerrillas,
but our denials fell on deaf ears.

Twenty-five at a time they lined up the men
on the village square,
then down each line a soldier marched
shooting his pistol pointblank
at the temple of each poor farmer;
the piles of bodies
soon resembled stacks of cordwood
as the blood of our sons, husbands and brothers
soaked into the engorged earth.

The soldiers marched the women into the houses,
from which none ever returned;
the expectant mothers and the children
were disemboweled with bayonets;
the heads of the small babies
were smashed against the walls of the church;
a mangy dog slunk down the street
with a fetus protruding
from its drooling jaws.

At last the slaughter ended
with the burning of the village
in accordance with the promise
given by the commander of the army
of Guatemala's "born again Christian" president
that nothing would remain,
not even a seed.

But one of the 350 peaceful residents
of this community of descendants of the ancient Mayans
remained alive to painfully crawl
from under the charred morass to tell his story
to a shocked audience of representatives
of the superpower which continues to support
the genocidal regimes of Central America.

MARY JANE BREWSTER

REUBEN'S FIVERS

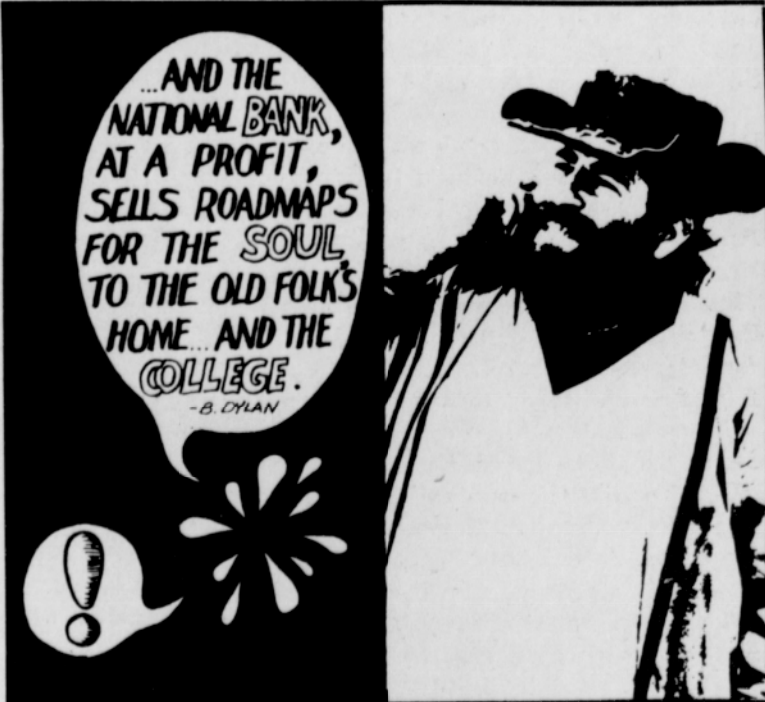
They were tough sons-of-bitches,
Those Reuben's Fivers.
They hurt
And hurt
Until the pain was gone.
And, then, they hurt some more.
They dared to explore
Many levels of consciousness.
They were lonely as hell, those sons-of-bitches,
Seeking love in a glass
Or in another lonely soul.
They laughed themselves to tears
And cried themselves uproariously.
Theoretically, they trusted everybody,
But, really, they trusted nobody.

They were tough bitches,
Those Reuben's Fivers.
They hurt
And hurt
Until the pain was gone.
And, then, they hurt some more.
Sometimes, they went to Reuben's
To escape male chauvinism
Over a glass,
But chauvinism was there too.

I'm a tough son-of-a-bitch,
A Reuben's Fiver!

ARTHUR HONEYMAN

Menu by John Echols



...AND THE
NATIONAL BANK,
AT A PROFIT,
SELLS ROADMAPS
FOR THE SOUL
TO THE OLD FOLK'S
HOME... AND THE
COLLEGE.
-B. DYLAN

Sandwiches *

THE REUBEN 1.40

DON'S BEEF AU JUS 1.25 HAM 1.00

COPPACOLA 1.00 CORN BEEF 1.00

PASTRAMI 1.00 SUPER CHEESE .90

TURKEY 1.00 THE SAMMICH 1.40

* served with tossed salad—choice of doris roquefort, french or 1000 is

TOSSED SALAD .35

Wines

DRY RED•DRY WHITE•LOGANBERRY•BLACKBERRY

.35

HOT SPICED WINE .45

november—march

Pizza

COMBINATION 2.75

REUBENS SPECIAL 2.50

4 kinds of meat, olives, mushrooms

coppacola ham, olives, mushrooms

&c.

PEPSI STRAWBERRY SODA CREME SODA .25