

COAST FEVER

Watch out for Shorty &
watch out for his men —
they sit in pickups scowling &
rubbing their chins.
They eat lost children &
blame it on the waves.
Desperate, they are desperate —
all that rusted tin,
all those grey boards
nailed, falling & floating.
They are sick
of all the women being fat
& the kids muddy.
They've been watching you pass
for so long
they know where you are going
before you do.
Next tuesday they will
plot your course,
slit your wheels,
leave you stranded on Haystack
during
High Tide.

MICHAEL MARINO

SENILITY

Just sit there old man
burning your brightness into
fast fading smoke
Disappear within your misty being
where minds blend with souls
dancing madly
to the music of entropy

E. A. ANDERSON

CONTRA

(Wait.) A young rebel soldier
points his rifle
at the children. (Wait.) And
the children see the soldier
as a man. And the man
sees the soldiers as children.
The soldiers (Wait.)

watch a child's dog. (The dog walks to them.)
It enters into the circle
of their smoke and their laughter. The
young rebel soldiers, the children, the man
from Washington (He brings the circle, and
it closes, is closing.)

see the child's dog leave the
circle of conversation, cigarettes, and laughter,
it leaves in a howl of bewildering pain. The man

(Wait. The man...) he slipped
his knife under the skin
making quick slices round the neck, and
down the belly, peeling
off the skin like a glove. The young

rebel soldiers are impressed with this freedom
to skin puppies. The soldiers forget the dog,
now, when it leaves the circle of smoke, talk,
and dreams, but the pain is not,
the pain is not forgotten. The pain
trails after the beast and it draws
in a young soldier, this rebel sees

(His eyes are mirrors. Wait. I mean...) he
is in disguise. The pain
it infects the soldier until
he removes all his clothes
to rid himself of the itch of his misplaced
destiny. He scrapes
the hair from his arms
and his legs. He digs
the knife into muscle.
(I say, "Wait.") The circle of
a child's puppy-dog dreams
widens to include fashion magazines, journals

written for ladies to read at the beauty parlors
in Miami, in Houston. The skinless puppy
becomes a mascot for Burger King. The young

this soldier he strips meat from his bones.
The circle is entered once again
by a young executive with contracts.
(Wait! Don't leave.) The soldiers
are promised jobs at the
future hamburger palace. The man smiles

along the edge of his knife. The children look out
from the jungle. They sharpen stakes, test
bows, make points for arrows. Wait.

JOE NAPORA



ROBERT BENNETT, "WELCOME TO CANNON BEACH"

The Old Chinese man
Skin pulled tights across his face
Patiently waiting

Vivid memories
Of early childhood traumas
Violate my sleep

January sun
Warms the east wind coastal town
The ocean is flat

Sitting in the dark
Reflections in the moonshine
Prisms on the wall

Staring at my face
In my father's empty mirror
Nothing there remains

The drunk Indian
Far from the buffalo herds
Sleeps on the sidewalk

Cold rain blows sideways
His hands are red with fishblood
His nets need repair

Lonely figures stand
Black against the sea-gray sky
The cold fog is white

RICHARD SCHULTZ

LINCOLN CITY

Sea soused men
sit over beer at
Picaroon Tavern,

looking at sixty-
dollar beach paintings
from forty-year-old men.

Telling stories about
half-assed attempts to
dominate her.

Salty blue eyes shine
up to say
"once hooked a whale
had to let it go."

Black gapped grin
tells about the
time a seagull flew
away with the jaws
of his great white.

TAMARA BROOKS

OREGON LANDSCAPE WITH LOST LOVER

I take my bike
and ride down to the river
and put my feet into the water
and watch the ten toes play distortions

with the light. I had forgotten all this time
how good it is to sit by water
in sun all day and never have to leave
the river moving

as no lover ever moved
widehipped deadsure and delicate —
after a while I cannot bear
to look. Pleasure dilates me

open as a trellis
free of its green sharp glossy leaves like tongues
made out of mirrors gossiping
in the sun the wind. By which

I mean
somehow
free of the self.
Through all the hungry-eyed

criss-crossing slits along the trellis
finding them leaving them
bare and clean the widehipped delicate
green river flows

volutuous as any lover anywhere
has been

OLGA BROUMAS