



JIM SCHEMMER, JOHN DAY, ORE.

POETRY

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION?

Another year older —
More freedom with
More Rules.
When eyes turn
To the four walls,
I look for nothing
But the Door.
Since I find none,
I turn to the typewriter,
Clacking the keys
Until you complain
Of a migraine,
And send me out for groceries.

You don't like my hair,
So I promise to get it cut.
Looking in the mirror,
I take the knife,
And lob off my head,
Solving both problems.

THERESA FAIRFIELD

ODE TO A FOSSIL

Lovely, lazy Pterodactyl,
With your fingered wings contractile,
Overlooking turgid Mesozoic swamps...
Sit you there in meditation,
Or is your trouble — constipation?
Does your primordial gut have cramps?

Pretty, pretty Pterodactyl,
Did you cheep, or caw, or cackle,
O'er the dank effluvious ooze of Earthly dawn?
Or perchance with worm in belly,
Earliest worm from primal jelly,
Did you tweet like silly Robins on the lawn?

Pray tell, prehistoric Petrel,
If the Darwin dogmas set well,
Or if the archeologists more often be preferred;
Or if science seems to muddle
Through that far miasmatic puddle —
Mayhap the savants all should get the bird.

Gaunt and lonely Pterodactyl,
Would that time were retroactile
To when you winged that time-lost sky!
What was the mischance colossal
That turned you into a fossil?
What god decreed that you must die?

JIM McCAFFERTY

EMERALD HEIGHTS BLOWDOWN

Towering giants,
Grown sturdy & tall shoulder to shoulder,
Supporting one another through many wind whipped winters,
Were not seen by all through Joyce Kilmer's eyes.
Visioned, were board feet ripe for harvest.
Cleared land, a more valuable asset.
Did one brittle branch crack and fall
Before squat dozers moved in for the kill,
And the flashing teeth of the jackal saws ripped the flesh,
Leaving only a few skeletal stragglers standing?
Where, when, will the next blowdown be?

MARY McKINNEY

THE CITY THAT NEVER ARRIVED

at Canemah, on Hedges Street

These cliffs refuse the city.
Hold the steep more stubborn
than pioneers staked claim
to the promise of plows. This

land will not grant its roots
to rows or roads or anything
but rain and the green rambling
of fir, fern, maple, and vine.

Captain Absolom Hedges wanted
to do what appeared proper on maps
his hand stroked flat on the plat
of good business. They say he stood

for years, looking up this hill,
imagining the street to our house
out of the planning department.
That dream wakes up in the eyes
of bewildered delivery boys.

The man who built our house
waited fifty years to never
for those plans to leave their longitude
and deliver him from the confusion
of salesmen drumming up business
in the houses of leaves. No

street lamps string themselves up
the bluff to us. Gravity, blackberry,
and the flood of eighteen sixty-one
deepen together in defeat of Absolom
Hedge's dream of this street climbing

high enough to see the falls.
Cliff, tangle, and rain, his name
will never rise past our house,
out of Oregon City, and go
all the way to Estacada.

TIM BARNES

foreign policy

the militia came nosing
around paulo's shack,
the old man said he'd been
there but had not been back.
the soldiers watched the flames
surge up through the grass roof,
and left the old man
bleeding in the street
while gutless little robert ford
shoots jesse james down on
the late show for the
ten thousandth time,
and further down the dial
starsky and hutch fire
blank rounds at fleeing
bit actors before the
next irishman can starve
to help clint eastwood kick
that beaners bad ass back
across the border to east
l. a. where he belongs,
to ride low into the
holy american mythology
and stare straight into
prime time as paulo fires
wildly and spits blood,
running his last alley
and saving his last
bullet for himself.

david harlan

AT THE DUTCH CUP

The pleasure of a window view:
Seeing our friend, the Arrow Two,
Making its graceful way.
Meeting the Genoa Maru?
Coffee?
This booth with you
Has the peace of all the day.

ROBERT ADAMS



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