

umbling

my way through existence
but i have not bit the dust
and i am humbly grateful

*umbilical cord acting up i was born
into palsied chaos and have danced
to a different step ever since
and though i shake and slobber
and stutter my way through life
occasionally missing the right turn
and come to near death by cracking
my skull on even harder objects
and sometimes narrowly escape
injury caused by collision of me
and another faster traveling body
like a train or other motor vehicle
again reminding me of my ultimate
vulnerability in the game of life
strengthening my determination
to keep on going until the last play
even if i cannot easily pronounce
the h letter and call myself oneyman
or tell bible thumpers to go to ell
for my crippled drooling mouth
are for me interesting and umbling*

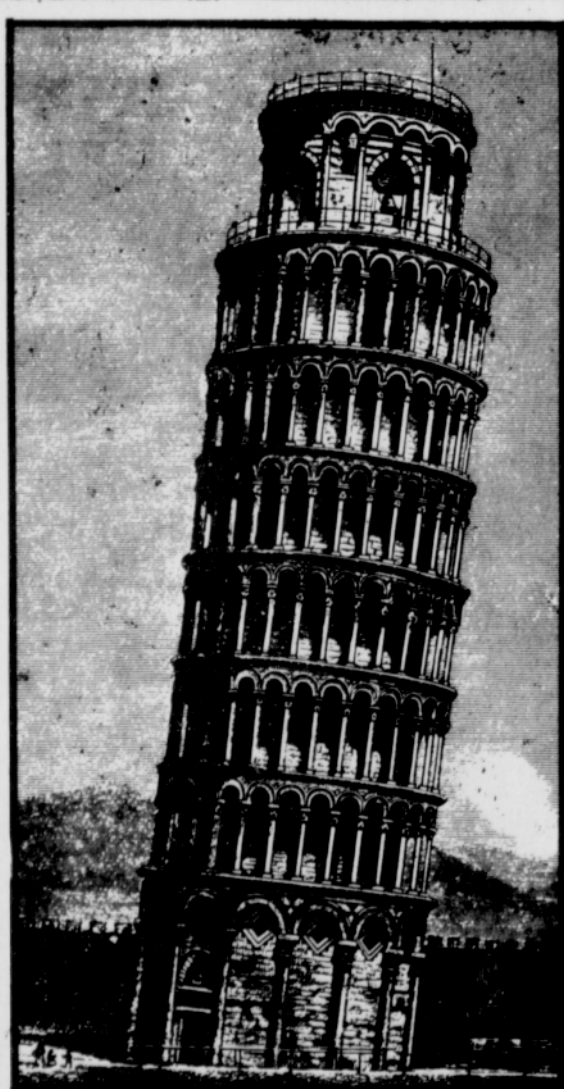
arthur honeyman
july 30 1990

six poems by arthur honeyman

butt look a different perspective

when you are in a wheelchair	as i am
you have a direct eye view	of butts
and if your thinking is anything	like mine
you are darned grateful that most	of them
are covered because you do not	want to
look at bare butts not because	they are
so bad to look at but because	you like
to guess at their appearances	by how
their clothing fits in conjunction	with their
different bodies and the ways	that they
move and the wrinkles or creases	in their
pants or skirts or tights or other	forms of
apparel or wardrobe worn	by us
members of the human race to	make us
look different from the animals	that we
really are and that we pretend to	not be
for we seem to have the idea	that our
ways of adomment are superior	and even
more seductive and appealing	than the
rest of kinetic existence	with no
ifs ands or butts	

october 19 1987

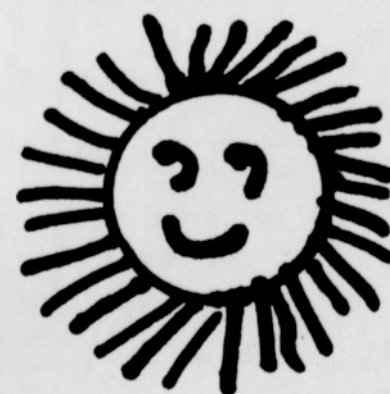


DON PETRIE'S
ITALIAN FOOD
COMPANY

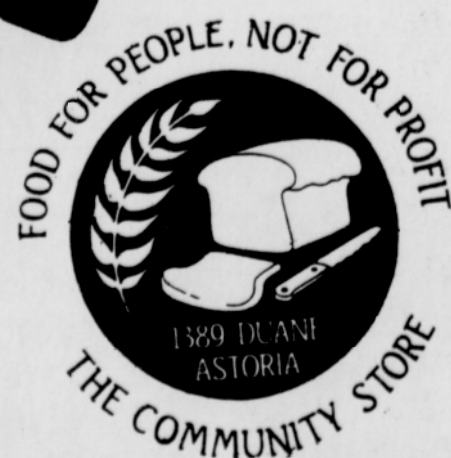
613 NW THIRD, NYE BEACH
NEWPORT, OREGON 265-FOOD



FALLEN ANGEL CHOIR
DECEMBER 16, 1990 • COLUMBIA RIVER MARITIME MUSEUM



DRAWING BY
TRACY McCUSKER
(AGE 6)



THE NORTH COAST
TIMES EAGLE

