



Barbara Grant

MAY 1994

BY G. ANKENY-VAUGHAN

Remember May? G. Ankeny-Vaughan hasn't forgotten. Perhaps her memoir might distract a few readers from this dark season's wind, rain, slush and snow with pleasant memories of the past spring, if of course one is not allergic to Scotch Broom.

The golden glory is spread across field and dune, making hedgerows along fences, springing up on roadsides and giving its gorgeous best to the edges of forests and the humble soil of neglected ditches.

The Scotch Broom climbs up almost impossibly steep hillsides and waves its gold branches at the top, crying *Rejoice! Rejoice!* It hugs fence posts and lets its banners cascade down among the now-hidden fence wires. It gambols across wide stretches of meadow and foams up into a brilliant sea of purest yellow.

It catches the sunlight and casts it back again into the sky, or, if the day is cloudy, it stands undaunted and says: "Very well, if the sun will not shine, I will shine for it."

The "least ones" — this year's late seedlings, tiptoe out from the lines toward the highway. With only a few tiny candles burning on frail branches, they say, "Look at us! Look at us! We are part of the celebration."

As one drives along the highway, catching one's breath now and again in joy and surprise, one might think: "There were two powerful kings who came to a meeting place, and so intent were they in competing in opulent display that the place became known as the Field of Cloth of Gold. But with all their vanity and wealth, they could never rival in lavish richness this astonishing, heart lifting tapestry of beauty."

And one notices, too, the places where the broom will not come again next year. For these children of heath, hedgerow and open sky live on a diet of sunbeams and without them,

starve and die. They yield to the taller, more somber bushes and the spreading pine and give up their places to their sedate and long-lived rivals.

For the green candles are alight all through the woodland. The beach pines boast both the green candle and the russet flame at its tip. The suspicious and defensive spruces are, for a little while, friendly to a touch at the end of a branch. The dark-souled yews are almost embarrassed to be seen with bright green candles, soon to turn dark and go about the stolid business of spreading the girth and increasing the height suitable to a forest elder.

The Douglas fir puts forth the brightest and tenderest of all the trees. Friendly and inviting, it appears to know that, later, in a convenient yard, it will carry other candles, lighted during the dark times, bringing soft and lovely colors to midwinter.

This is May in our home country. Brilliant beyond riches with the golden acres of broom, comforting to the eye with the green candles of the towering trees. No manmade garden can ever match their beauty.

G. Ankeny-Vaughn lives in Gearheart. Her memoir of May was sent to the NCTE by her friend Bunny Doar.

Barbara Grant lives in Cannon Beach. She is an artist, primarily painting, but she also uses ink, contributing illustrations to the KMUN-FM *Current* and the NCTE among others.

Juanita Huebner is an Astoria artist and poet whose birthday converges with the anniversary of the city's Great Fire of December 8, 1922 (her poem *Walking Tour of Astoria* was printed in the May 1992 NCTE). She is considerably younger, however

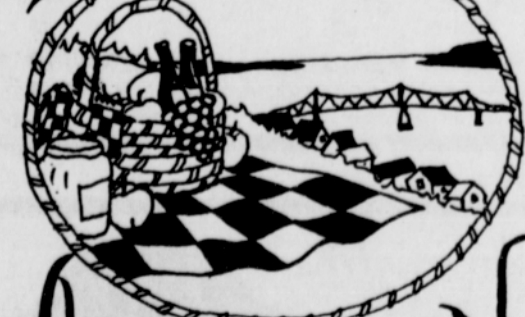


Columbian Cafe
1114 Marine Drive
Astoria, OR 97103
503-325-CAFE (2233)

Hours: Mon - Fri 8am - 2pm
Sat 10am - 2pm
Dinners: Wed - Sat, Open 5pm

URIAH HULSEY

THE COMMUNITY STORE



ASTORIA OREGON

A Natural Foods Grocery
est 1974 1389 Duane

THE SILENT KEEPERS OF THE BOX

we are starting out from our pure silence
into a box of old, broken moons and paragraphs

written quickly by the tongue of technological fury
under the luminous absence of the heart.

some of the words we read have bloodied arrow-tips,
others look now like burned flowers,

and still others hide at the bottom of the box
with trembling wings, remembering.

we shall not move from this box
until the mouth of this universe listens

to the full circumference of dignified eyes
and walks blind down the soul's corridor

feeling its way along each vein
without a compass, boots, nor a knife.

we will pry open the lid for more light
only after expectation sweeps

its scattered debris of arrogance and war
into sad, little piles of thorns,

and when solitude is left to whisper ancient cords
like minor, beautiful waves washing over the bones of the dead

like a long rain crying out from a blue silence.

~JUANITA HUEBNER

BUCK'S BOOK BARN



★ USED BOOKS & RECORDS ★ 738-4246
1023 BROADWAY • SEASIDE



SHARE THE PAIN
CALL

CLATSOP COUNTY WOMEN'S CRISIS SERVICE
325-5735
ANYTIME

NOT
JUST
ANY
TOM
DICK
OR
HARRY



HIRE-A-GRAPHICS 818 Grand Ave., Astoria 325-0596
POSTERS & PRINTS, SIGNS & DESIGNS, SCREENPRINTING



1089 Marine Drive • Astoria, Oregon 97103
(503) 325-2961 Bicycle Sales & Service



Parnassus Books
234 Tenth Street
Astoria, Oregon
325-1363