



MARCEL GROMAIRE, 'NUDE WITH A VASE OF FLOWERS' (1932)

THRILLING EPIPHANY

That spine tingling,
that chill,
that cold moment of awareness,
that icy instant of enlightenment,
that understanding,
that comprehension of paradox,
those goose bumps,
that startling hot flash,
that sizzling blaze,
that cataclysmic catapult,
that cascading heat,
that watery warmth,
that titanic teeter-totter,
that razor's edge,
that quantum leap?

Her hand is on my knee.

~ARTHUR HONEYMAN

MY NAME IS ANDRÉS

I am a murderer
Defender of human rights
A rapist
Protector of women
Child abuser
Compassionate toward the weak
Mastermind of the Inquisition
Liberator of the persecuted
I detonated the Hiroshima bomb
Tortured the Holocaust Jews
Died with Christ on the cross

~ANDRÉS BERGER-KISS

we are
all in waiting
to see if something
will take
us and melt the past
which is only
a reminder to a
place where we
listened and
decided our
futures...

now we are seeing
ourselves
carry pieces
of blood held
decisions
and pity for
goodbyes...
the breathing
is silenced
to a whisper...

...time in small curtain years
waiting far to weather...
and singing soft seclusion
songs, tomorrow's hours
yearning...
i sought the children's laughter,
there pushing through the
lavenders...
crying people's hung up
fears and burned them into
fusion...

lining letters
by a forest in
a field, lilac stained
paper
for you...
by the city
in a room,
computer voices
dictate loveless
rumble
for me...

we are dead and ready
to kill another...

...the nature runs
in a further silence
than you could feel...
the world embraced
and tore to pain,
in a hand we watched
in waiting...
children, you stand in
trial...

reflections passing
through the window
suns...
scenes grasp in eyes
that watch for
lasting days to wander
in...
running to hold onto
battles which lose
themselves behind
pouring concrete...
show upon bone dust
lying between the
rocks rotting harshly
aged in losing sand storms...
hand touched papers freeing
themselves to
melting waters, blackened
letters flowing
within unknown likeness...
hands joined for
firing brick rooms
and grass buried
boxes...
one decade waits lamenting
serenity for
another...

...you who
listen the
plea, stop
and see we
are of one...
we try,
hell is near
but we raise
the downbeaten
eyes in sunrise...
cut our
sanity wide
open,
and lay it out
in heat drenched
fields...
cruelty could
rob us blind,
and gentleness
leave uncertainties...
in hearing children's
crying,
let us change
fearless rage to
compassion...

...call timeless child,
no one will hear you,
no one shall want you,
for sadness could always
be touching your mind...

~SHARE ZANERA

POETRY

DREAM

Up at this gleaming beach,
This vast fantasy of yours,
Worship the moon.
A dream wants music...
All we have is beautiful paradise.
Together, we embrace the evening...
But sadly, she does die.

~JESSI DUNKIN

TREES

On that endless boundary
Where horizon
meets
sky
an eternity is lost there
framed
yet
held captive
by the upheld branches of
the trees
painted by God himself
trees like clouds
"delicating"
the hillside
with patient beauty
from the heavens
some
with heavy
moss-laden branches
some with
leaves
of spring
some tall
thoughtful-knowing evergreen
like a memoir to
Mother Nature —
allstanding
side by side
showing us that
we
yes
are not all
alike
but yet
we are not
all
that
different
either.

~MARGIT LIA BOWLER

'IF NOT DAMS, WHAT?'

"There is...a price to be paid for fabricating around
us a society which is as artificial and as mechanized
as our own, and that is that we can exist in it only on
condition that we adapt ourselves to it. That is our
punishment."

~PHILLIP SHERRARD

A deep sense of mourning
is pushed to the edge,
as life processes are obfuscated
by the rhetoric of debate
in the tribunals of the arrogant
where each increment of delay
renders the dysfunctional
one step closer to demise.

Suppose that this is the ultimate ethic
of species dominance:

Do unto others as we would have them
do unto us.

How acceptable then are
"processes" and "prescriptions"
when the tables are turned?

(And does not the essence of life
beg a deeper meaning
than the economy of the moment?)

~LLOYD K. MARBET

REFRESHMENTS

First she feels legs pressed to each other
in the warm rumpled covers.
Then the awakened body displaces
her glimmering dream traces.
Rising, she sits at the edge of her bed.
Basks in the light on her back and her head.
She livens her taste
with toast and jam.
Listens to a boiling egg
bounce against the pan.
Carefully she cleaves it after it's done.
The syrupy yoke spreads over her tongue.
She hums behind the curtain
when her shower is through,
immersed in a mist
of steam and shampoo.
She turns her radio on.
Music by Schumann
interwoven
with the caress of the dress
she has chosen.
Graces of morning
given at her adorning —
she hears whispers as she stirs
cinnamon into her coffee
and fingers the flesh of her fine soft knee.

~MIKE McCAULEY

SILVER MEMORIES

He's slowly fading from my memory...
Like the gold coating on my necklace.
He gave it to me that one day...
The last one before Christmas break.
So as I watch the angel turn silver,
I'm reminded of the day I waved at him...
And he slid my angel across the floor to me.
And I smiled...blew him a kiss...and went back to class.
Every time I thought of the angel in my pocket for the rest of the day,
I smiled. Inside and out.
And now, two years later, I look at my angel and smile...
Sort of.
Angel was wrapped in a complex web of lies.
But as time went on, I grew past it...healed...forgot...and moved on.
The gold is fading, the memories are fading, I'm at peace with it...
I'll be happier when my angel is completely silver...
But for now, I'll look at the bright side:
At least the gold is coming off...

~JESSI DUNKIN

WILL YOU CATCH ME?

I am a glass you can never break.
What you drink, others will refill.
I will keep my balance when I shake.
You can add a crack, but I will never chip.
You can't destroy me, only I can smash myself.
And I'm standing very close to the edge.

~ADDY RUTTER

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