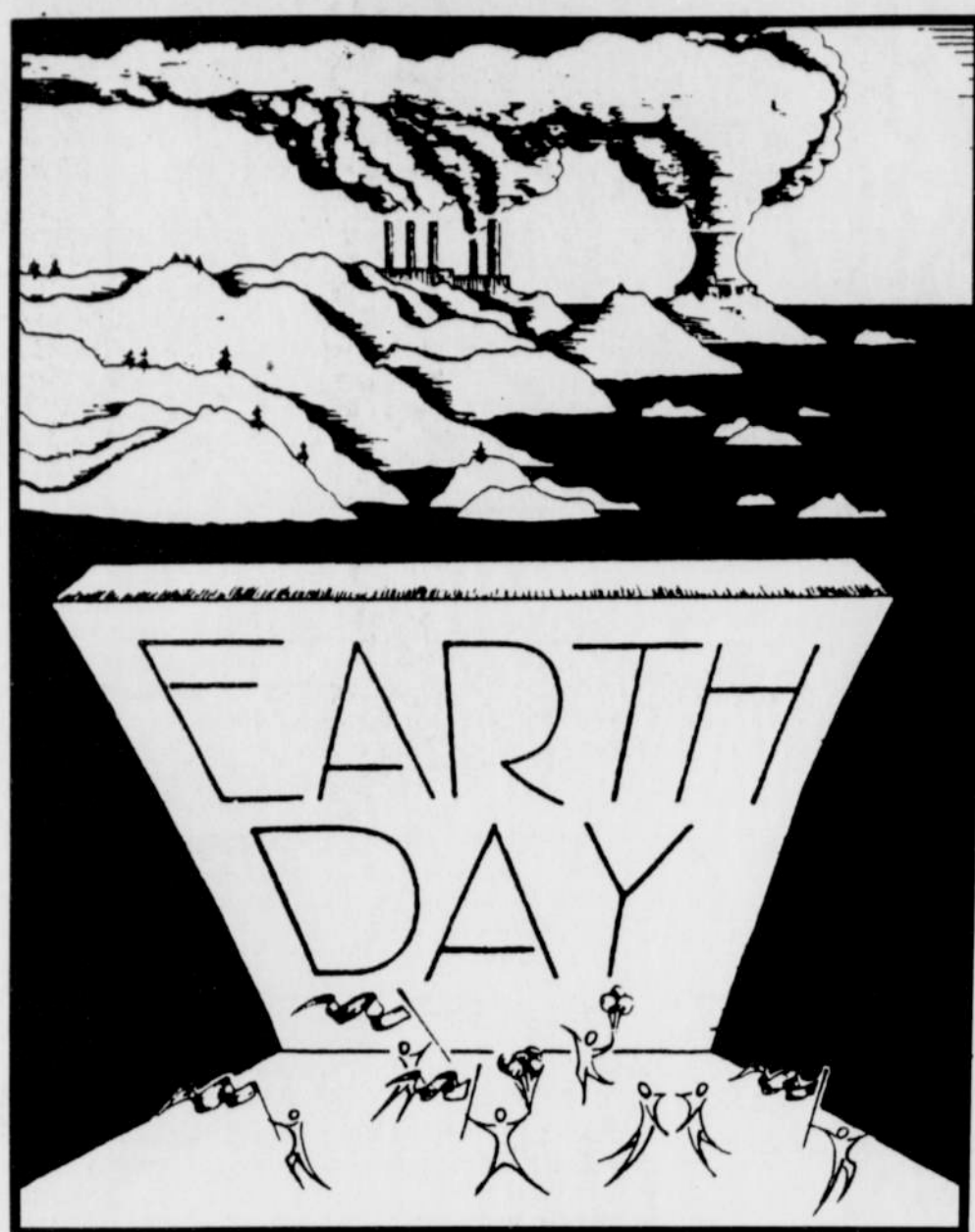




EARTH'S CHECKLIST (AN EARTH DAY POEM)

Say what you think
Think what you say
For what would Mother Nature do
If she saw her Earth this way?

If she saw all the pollution
All the smog, all the waste
All the careless forest fires
All the killings just from taste

All the rainforest destruction
The acid pouring from the sky
The shooting, the logging
Killing species by and by

All the deadly fertilizer
Being sprayed upon the ground
The oil clogging up the beaches —
Yet the world is going 'round....

What would Mother Nature do?
WHAT WOULD MOTHER NATURE
DO?
First....

She would put a stop to the pollution
Clear the acid from the sky
Prevent the careless forest fires
Save each species by and by

Stop the rainforest destruction
And the smog, and the waste
Halt the shooting and most logging
And the killings just from taste

Ban the deadly fertilizer
Start to clean up the ground
Make our home a better place
The whole world around

But Mother Nature softly speaks
Her voice is hard to hear
Yet when she is listened to
She can be heard from far and near

And listen to her closely
For we've got some things to do
Come on, come here, and pull up a seat —
For you can help on Earth Day too

Come, go get a move on
Stop the pollution and the waste
After all, we are the future
Make our Earth a better place

Happy Earth Day, everyone!

~MARGIT LEA BOWLER

YOU'RE DAMN RIGHT WE WILL

We'll show them anyhow
You're damn right we will
We'll roll down the street
We'll hobble we'll crawl
We'll struggle blindly
With dog or cane
We'll shake we'll drool
We'll be disgusting spectacle
We'll show them our heritage
And our lack of heritage
We'll show them they can't ignore
Our screams of "Cripple Power"
"We want more"
We'll break down the walls to boxes
That they've stuck us in for years
And placated us with paternalistic help
We'll show them how realistic we can be
By living our fantasies
We'll show them in living color
What it means to drool while you laugh
To grope while you walk to roll over a curb
To have a thousand people stare at you
And to have a thousand people look away from you

We'll show them with love that Jesus Christ
Only suffered a little while on a cross
With thorns in his crown and nails in his
bloody hands
but
not
for years at a time
and not without hope

~ARTHUR HONEYMAN

INDIAN EDUCATION BLUES

I sit in your crowded classrooms
and learn to read about
Dick

Jane
& Spot

But
I remember
how to get a deer

I remember
how to beadwork

I remember
how to fish

I remember
the stories told by the old

But Spot
keeps showing up
&
my report card is bad

~ED EDMO

POETRY

SUNFLOWERS AT HANFORD

wisdom in planting these seeds
greatness of smallness encoded
seed corn of new generation's
sunflowered birth of the mystery
renewing each death into life

hearts in the planting of flesh
caressing its emissions of wonder
cells newly split for unraveling
in a landscape of poisonous pitfalls

transgressions becoming redressed
messages tilled into soil
hope in the covering of prayers
gentleness of spiritual seeking
closing these wounds of our war

recast these wastes of destruction
transform this nightmare of horror
mixed in the fabric of being
reclaimed by our ancestors' ghosts
freed from the shackles of fear

praying this message be found
from which we can cure ourselves

~LLOYD K. MARBET

RAIN

I can hear it on my roof,
Pounding in my ears.
Spreading calmness everywhere,
Washing away all fears.

I love to hear it rain,
Especially like this.
It sounds like a baby's first laugh,
It sounds like a lover's first kiss.

I will miss it so much
When the rain goes away.
Or if I leave this place.
But I know in my heart, always sweet,
Always true, the rain will forever stay.

~JESSI DUNKIN

LOVE'S CARPET ECHO

I saw her the other day
she left creepy footprints
across my carpet.
She brought trouble, death and despair
by the truckload
then she walked off into October
and I saw her no more.

~JOE SAWYER

THE RIVER AT DUSK

The short day passes, like water through fingers.
And now, at slack tide, the river is flat,
gray between the dark fir hills.
The last squall has blown far upriver, soaked into the rising night.

All the ships have weighed anchor and gone out across the bar.
All the gulls are roosting on rain-black pilings.
All the cormorants are trying to dry their wings, one last time before dark.
And now the incoming fog engulfs the empty bridge,
bellies down, snuffing out the lights of town.
No hiss of traffic, no human voice, only the muffled river,
whispering around pilings, softly slapping at the shore.

It is too cold for baptism, too swift for swimming,
but whether you're washed in worry
or your mind eddies in a pool of the past,
drink it in.
Immerse in its enduring birth. It will not let you drown.
Drink it in.
Don't resist its relentless coming, let it float you and flow on.
Drink it in, without ceasing.

On the far bank of night is dawn.

~JIM DOTT

SORROW & RAGE

from whence comes this bit of gruel
the masses of human beings pass me by
their tempers seething at easy words from within
despising control a little while wondrous questions
call to me from inside my mind
switching elements with solemn candor

sorrow is numbing, rage is a blister breaking through blacktop
sorrow is helpless wonder, colliding worlds cracking through my nerves
sorrow is the early stages of death...gathering courage
is death renewal or is rage the cowardly tangent
or is life a raging scream aimed at the gods
at Pan at Odin and his innocent henchlies
looking for something good to have and hold

courtesans competing...grasping at power
their bellies black with marching souls
counting upon the lowlands I cry for a dream
whirlpools of fright slowly swimming like old salmon
like a harpoon I dove into the water of life
grappling with lights I bow to the sun of man

Sergeant Pepper bites me in the groin
raising his ax but not striking
rip down alone to hated molded squirming bowels
lolling at the sun for a bit of grace
big bitter bloated spider folk cry at the fates
and scramble to the highschool track...
not at me anymore I rage peering within myself
leaping outwardbound my memory rich

sorrow is breeding rage oblivion grinning
I like lightfooting through these hells
wise folk keeping their grip on life laughing at themselves
my mind packed with titan smelt and smoked temper
I am taunted to suicide with Big Brother leading on
I would rather ride the trolley car; edifying souls

~CHRIS KRAEMER