

COLUMBIA

The Columbia River runs just beside my door.
Swift, and strong, I grew up with it,
As family —
As friend.
Gray on stormy days — the color of steel —
Thoughtful blue on shining, sunny times
Silvery turquoise-hued on those laughing
Summer
Astoria days.
A home for fish — sturgeon, salmon —
And a home for the fishermen as well.
A river of tradition
For the Regatta celebration,
A river of hope, of dreams
For Scandinavian immigrants —
A river of home
Of family
Of spirits
For me
Now
Our river runs.
Roll on, Columbia, roll

~MARGIT LIA BOWLER

POETRY

TEARS

Dedicated to T.C. & the memories of
Nancy Dunkin and Doug Schlieski

It strikes without warning.
And takes those you love.
Young & old alike, you lose them all.
Your mother,
Your crush,
Your neighbor.
They're gone.
They only exist in your heart
And in your memories.
But I want to thank you.
You've given me the best days of my life.
And while I know that as each
Day goes by I come closer to
Losing each one for good,
I treasure each moment
And each memory.
And I cherish their love.
I am glad to have made a difference
In their lives, glad to have known them.
And so, while you're here for now,
I bid you a fond farewell.
You will die, too.
Just knowing you has changed me forever.
And I don't know how I'll live...
Without you.
I love you.

~JESSI DUNKIN

ODE TO A
FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER

She was a fisherman's daughter
and daddy's girl.
And any time he went fishing
She would often follow.
Any time they would bait a hook
those fish were sure to swallow.
She learned the skill from one of the best,
a statement in that part of the country
that anyone could attest.
She later in life made rods for *South Bend Tackle*,
some of the finest in the land.
Built to the highest standards,
because they were all made by hand.
No finer fisherperson could you ever find.
You could say by all rational,
that She was one of a kind.
When She would come to the Pacific coast,
it was a common occurrence
that She would catch more than most.
Those silvers didn't seem to stand a chance
once that jig began to dance.
Always willing to take the bait
and wait in line
with much to anticipate.
If there is a stocked lake in heaven
where the fish abound,
then I'm sure that you'll find
Her and that trusty rod & reel around.
You might ask yourself why I know this person so well.
There is one thing that you should foresee.
This person is my Mother and I'm a Fisherwoman's Son,
a momma's boy and She is dear to me.
I fish, it's in my blood
and I have been fishing all my life.
Learned the skill from one of the best.
That's a statement that I can attest.
Any questions; Love You Mom! Your Son

~ROBERT C. WILSON



PAINTING BY CEDAR St. ONGE (AGE 8)

MORE ALL

They found
200 miles from shore
an ancient Greek
cargo ship
at the bottom
of the sea.
Taking care
of business.

Ports
from Georgia
to Oregon
want deeper rivers
dredged for
ever bigger ships.
More amphorae of wine,
more cars,
more bolts of cloth,
more plastic, tin, zinc,
fuzzy toys, strawberries,
hardware parts, shoes,
more, more.

We still go down
on our seas.
We still don't know
whether it was
collision, bad weather,
poor shipbuilding or
unfortunate decisions.

The channels aren't
deep enough
to hold our ignorance.

But more
always wins
the day.
Dig deeper into the mud
of all we do not know
and all we scarcely fathom.
We want it all
exactly
as we wanted it then.

~CAROLYN DUNN

2 FOUND POEMS

1.
One must be seen to exist,
For now there is no other proof.
There is no identity in craft,
Only in self-promotion.
There are no acts,
Only scenes.

2.
You'll go crazy.
You'll be paralyzed.
You won't be able to have babies.
It will drop right off.
God will punish you.

~JOHN BUCKLEY (d.1999)

RIVER

Poor old river,
sandbarred flat of
deadly water from which
fish flee.
Dumped on by this myopic
breed dug in at your shores.
Your banks and bars
the cupboard of
poisons.
Your water
unsafe for any living use.
Your hills
shorn.
The sky's reflection
your brave beauty.
We talk endlessly
about the way
your rape has made you
a little useless to us.

Time,
the cleansing rainbow,
your own benediction and
recourse.

~CAROLYN DUNN

DREAM WEDDING

three bridesmaids in chiffon the color of sun
pose by an outhouse beneath a bare tree

bright light
shadow box

on the hard ground
a woman

dances with her ancestors
yellow leaves crackling at her feet.

~GLORIA OLCHOWY

CELILO FISHERMAN

*you made your nets
& tested the knots
seeing they held.*

*little did you know
what was to hold you
after the sound of
water falling
over what
used to be.*

~ED EDMO

JUNE FINALE

*spring came to oregon
early this year
and seasonal verdure nears
maturity
at the beginning of june
instead of july
and i hope i am very very wrong
but
i have a hunch that lush green
and floral grandeur
will soon face the onslaught
of summer sun and heat
and turn from verdant majesty
to crisp unsightly brown
and deliver to us the sad reality
that this is the year that
glorious spring is a june finale*

~ARTHUR HONEYMAN

LA COLOMBE

When tears want to emerge from the pits where
your eyes used to be
When your face is mutilated by the wounds
of explosions,
When your hair is singed by the fire of
other men's hate,
When consciousness gyrates with blackness
and dust,
Won't I still be true?
Affirmed, we'll stay alive (or dead) cornily
together
And I will stay alive (or dead) trying to
Keep you alive —
You, Peace
You white dove
You rusty ideal
You impossible rainbow
You and I are the children of war.

~JULIE GIBSON (AGE 14)