



GAYLE STARR

HOLLYHOCKS

They blossom in April,
a pastel green prepared for life,
purple and white flowers
like kites or vivid compasses
pointing out bees.

Toward the end of August
the bloom begins to fade,
petals fall away revealing stems
curved like arms that pour
dew into the cups of leaves.

Late September,
the changing face of the sky
bends close over the magnetic pole
as the Great Whales swim
into the spiral of their feed.

The spears of hollyhock
sink to their knees.

~JOHN BUCKLEY (D.1999)

AUTUMN SONG

After summer's scorching sun
After bitter burning
After
Comes
The
Rain

Soft mist, enfolding, wrapping
A weary world in
Warm fire lit rooms
Watching sun worn woods
Drink life from drifting air

When mist drips from the eaves
When evening lights the world
from dawn to dusk
When fire flickers on the turning page
When steam warms the heart and nose
When warmth of home makes hostages of us all

Then, sing the songs of
Autumn

~PHILLIP RANDOLPH

The facts
Although interesting
Are irrelevant
~TRACY ANN McCUSKER
(Who is 18 August 7, 2001)



EILEEN WATTERSON RABERN HANNEMAN JOHENNING ('E.JOH')

BARN SWALLOWS FEEDING

Overcast sky, light drizzle;
a tractor mows swaths
in the tall green mix of grass and weeds.
A flock of barn swallows careens in
snatching unseen insects scattered skyward
from their leveled home.

Black heads, blue-black backs,
the deep forked "swallow-tails"
with their thin white streaks,
the rusty throats and cinnamon-buff undermeaths.

A quick dive and sideways slide,
lean, then spread and lift left wing,
bank right, slight flutter and pull,
pull up sharp,
stop short there in hover then
swing wide and dip
to catch the tiny prey.
Flare tail and coast; flap,
then flap again, wing tips
tipped back at end of stroke.
Under, over, calling out short chirps
between themselves,
wheeling off, away,
then back.

The tractor passes east and west
across the field,
and the mower's long steel blades
cut low, lay flat
flower head, stem, and leaf
in straight and even rows.

~JIM DOTT

TO A SKID ROW WAITRESS

Give us your bravest a.m. smile,
wipe the fogged counter of our minds.
Towel up the crumbs of our flaky poems,
ignore the deep-fried disorder of thought.
Dismiss the weak coffee paleness of wit,
forgive the dishwasher muck of our words.
But really you season the soup of the day,
you butter both sides of our bread.
Out to the street for whatever spare change,
this day we shall drink to your eyes only.

~BILL BERTIN

TILLAMOOK AIR MUSEUM

The behemoth beckoned
for eons
dwarfing cows
in pacific pastures
until I came
to pay for a neck-craning
view of the vault.
Zeppelins extinct,
the hangar is home now
to scores of
war birds gaily arrayed
in rows with legends.
Winter chill invades
when I encounter
a companion of old,
Angst
of enemy air raids.

First words
of the child of war:
Multi, Tata, Bombalarm.
No sleep is safe
from the wailing
of sirens,
struggles with buttons
and shoelaces,
staccato
of running feet.
From my blanket cocoon
I mark the migration
by tunnel lights
overhead.
Heavy tread
wears down the stone steps
to the Bunker where
my mother pitches her songs
against the rumble and roar
of planes
waxing and waning
in black-out skies.
I learn my lullabies
to rocking walls
and a basso continuo
of fear.

There is no nostalgia
in war
if you have ever
been bombed.

~KARIN TEMPLE

POETRY

AGE

A full stomach says:
A ripe guava has worms.
An empty stomach says:
Let me see.
~CREOLE PROVERB

What is this funny bunch of hell we do to each other
speaking with uncontained smiles
we communicate the powers of the soul
whilst gods and demons fight within
attacking friends while tearing out
at benign nature

it can take a long time to find heaven's door
even if we feel allowed to knock
thou givest me growing pains my lord
and humors rife bright and raging
oh pass us down from the gate of hell for a bit
and let our stomachs ride the grassy clouds
for the dear morning seems too near
from eldritch suffer complaining

alert alert I've just made you mad
for myself the vicious ego
from blackwood dragons I've come so far
the fire still remaining
this hardened blue crystal
watch the lights within me and learn history's price
barnyard roosters with hens aplenty
crowing and cackling at passers by
I laugh to myself but not for long as life's pain sets in

don't we think we're smart enough
Martian teeth and wary stragglers
struggling for resolve themselves are voicing in the dark
wishing for no hell in their bellies
and blindly striking out at shadows in their minds
unforsworn but don't come again in here for a while
we're all dancing gypsies laughing at roly poly bears
starting the day anew we joke at devils and bite cars
we're not afraid of death just patient.
~CHRIS KRAMER

BIPOLAR DOGMATA
AN OLD STORY IN A NEW LIGHT

There was a Tree of Life in the Garden of Eden
as well as a Tree of Good & Evil.

Little has been heard of the Tree of Life which
became obscure and forgotten due to the effects of
the powerfully magnetic fruit of the Tree of Good & Evil.

The irresistible fruit from the Tree of Good & Evil
was a terribly deadly and invisible-to-science poison.

The poison from the fruit of the Tree of Good & Evil
divided the human mind from itself, causing a condition
known as *Bipolar Dogmata*.

Bipolar Dogmata was not then, nor has it been since,
acknowledged and named as the toxic, parasitic and
killing mind-force that it is.

On the contrary, commonly referred to as "partisan
politics," "divine right of kings," "Prosecution and
defense," "love and hate," etc., the systems created
by the effects of *Bipolar Dogmata* have been welcomed,
utilized and counted as major and virtually infallible
tools for dealing with all human affairs.

Q.E.D.

~VALERIE LINDHOUT