

**SUMMER'S CHILDREN**

We do not know who chose us  
but we are the chosen  
we were chosen not to be you

we enter your cities like fog  
with our bedrolls and our portable lives  
our ragged coats always too big  
the better for sleeping in

we follow summer  
and we all look alike to you  
with our uncombed hair  
we look like winter

when we are young we look older  
when we are older we begin to look young  
you do not want to look at us  
and since we are invisible to you  
we can urinate anywhere

we are not lost we know where we are  
but our itinerary is chance and weather  
we do not believe in destinations  
and we are in no hurry  
we have learned patience  
from statues in a thousand parks  
and joy from dogs without collars

we envy you nothing you want  
we can live on what you throw away  
we envy only birds of passage  
their ability to fly

sometimes we ask for your spare change  
but never your credit cards  
otherwise we keep our distance  
avoiding the germs of your misery

the wolf does not come to our doors  
we have no doors  
we have lost our names somewhere  
and are required to sign nothing  
we do not pay taxes we feed the birds  
we do not vote why should we vote for you

we do not join the army  
we are an army  
and we will not fight in your wars

we have lost our return addresses  
our forwarding addresses  
our social security numbers  
and are secure in our own society

we leave messages to one another  
on the undersides of bridges  
in a code you cannot decipher

but we plot to overthrow nothing  
we escape we are summer's children  
born into your winter  
we are not  
a problem we are a solution  
to a problem you are the problem

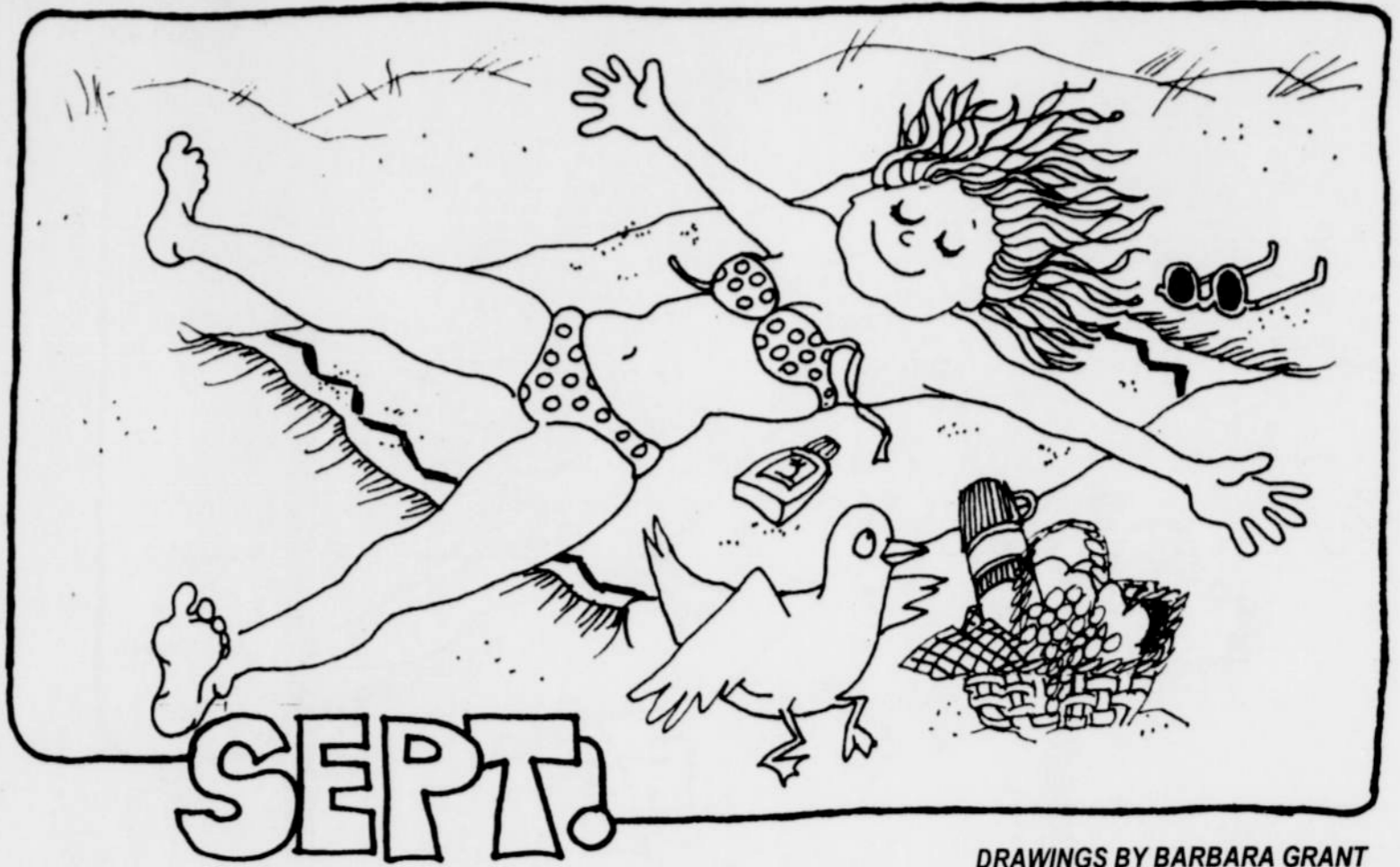
~RICHARD SHELTON

**THE AMERICAN WAY**

These gray days  
there aren't shadows enough  
for ghosts to hide in  
we're so susceptible here  
out of our element  
away from the diversions  
that help us forget  
the bloody hand  
that feeds us  
is our own  
Come on, Sun, shine!  
We have plenty enough  
of regrets today  
the phantom jets ripping  
through the clouds  
along the shore  
must remind us the exact substance  
this easy life is made of:  
force  
simple brutal force  
we just turn to ash  
what we can't win  
the love of  
It's the American Way  
Come on, Sun, shine!  
Today we need to get out  
on the beach  
and forget who we are

~J. D. WELLS

*we saw into the redness, like running waters...  
in stopping asked to look ourselves over, again*  
~SHARE ZANERA



DRAWINGS BY BARBARA GRANT

**WHEN I WAS CONCEIVED**

It was a humid summer night  
our sixth week without rain,  
only those with air-conditioners were at peace.  
Mother in a skimpy blue swimsuit and modest wrap-around  
leant across the banister  
to catch whatever breeze should happen by.  
Father beckoned to her from down the street,  
she arrived short of breath,  
her long red hair plastered with sweat.  
It was the sudden gush of cool air from the open door  
that lured her inside and upstairs.

~KIM ROBINSON

**DIGGING UP THE STARS**

We could hear them humming  
as the moon came out, and  
with hoes and shovels we gathered  
at the edge of the wheatfield.

The grain rocked in the night breezes,  
hugging, then letting go. We trampled  
and uprooted countless stalks,  
stalking the places the stars lay  
buried, tracking their hum.

They were spongy and trembled  
at our touch. The first broke,  
and we felt its dying song  
with a sorrow we did not know we had.

After that we grew more careful  
and the children among us brushed  
the last of earth away  
with small fingers.

One by one we freed them,  
and when the last lay uncovered,  
they ceased their throaty sound  
and began slowly to rise above us.

Standing in our broken field,  
we tasted our own deathsongs  
like a hunger. Dawn spread  
its thinness across the sky  
and we gave it the voice of something  
soft, and alone.

~JOSEPH MATUZAK

**"I'm all bone, just solid pure bone. I'm good  
natured, but hideous as an old horn toad."**

~MARIANNE MOORE  
(POET, D.2/5/1972)

**JUPITER EVENING STAR**

They weren't there anymore, the high clouds  
we watched out our window at dusk.  
From the airport in the distance the airplanes came  
into view, starting as thin needles in air  
then flaming out over the bright egg moon  
and the flat still blue sky. The city lay before us  
under a blackberry sunset. You're my mother,  
he said suddenly. Who the cap fits, let her  
toss it, I thought in my little-girl voice.  
And then the brightest thing in the sky rose.

~JUDITH BAUMEL

**SUMMER SHE**

Gravity nails your flesh to earth  
and spins your blood for balance  
through the spheres of your mind  
which intends freedom.  
You surge like thread through cloth  
and we whom you outdistance say  
Goodbye.

~MICHAEL McCUSKER

**WIFE'S TALE**

On the night  
that my grandfather did not come home  
Grandmother  
felt the airy lift of the mattress  
that was missing a body,  
a roll away from her.  
That night the ocean rolled over him searching  
his pockets  
curled him down  
with his small boat and  
a keg of beer.

"We don't know if he screamed"  
I tell the callers next week  
watching her in the corner.  
She who doesn't think I see her  
fingers tracing sea shells  
on her placemat.

~MONICA KOSKEY

**FOR BILL**

There once was a curmudgeon incorrigible  
Whose opinion of most was "Deplorable!"  
Two percent of mankind  
he thought might be fine  
but as for the rest,

"Shockin' horrible!"

~COLLEEN VIOLETTE

(Bill Bertin died last Dec.3. His ashes were scattered  
on his 74th birthday, May 17.)

i am here  
you are there  
and confusion  
links closely  
through our  
minds...  
she yells  
standing in  
the kitchen  
thinking of  
the piety she  
never knew...  
sitting in a  
chair of cruel  
meanings i stride  
to procreate the  
intaglio pains  
which point to  
laugh in my  
direction...  
my harpy mind  
seeking whatever  
can destroy me...  
with haste i  
search for reasons  
one can find

in caring for my  
life which flies  
from the deepened  
closures to the  
sorrow paved dead  
lands where lamenting  
bodies are thrown...  
she now sits near  
sewing laces for  
reasons we neither  
ever knew... our hatred  
grows in petty arguments  
which are laying lifeless  
on fires of insanity...  
they proclaim my crazy  
being is of no purpose.  
i am finding great  
truths in such accusations...  
i in returning my outcast  
illusions within, remain  
in trying  
hallucinations for  
what is proving a  
time abstracted  
word, love...  
with it questioned.

~SHARE ZANERA