



HAYDEN DEUFEL

copper soil

i dug deep into those autumn-colored roots of olive
and burnished chestnut, so
i could find rocks stained with sky (you know that copper soil)
and keep them in my dusty chamber that wind (rain, storm,
ducks on wing, afternoon smooth as cream, white sky, stars on black ice) —
couldn't get to them,
but it found *me*, stained in soil (and 4pm sunset, and aching throat,
fly away now, tangled ivy on pinching bare cold rock, those russet hills,
taste of earth on lips),
tearing root from weed from ground, disconnecting nature's wires,
not pliers but bare hands (cold white pale damp fingers, rims of dirt under slim-
crescent fingernails) to blame
when i was off there, you know, and though some say
i should i can't see the stars in the flag they burned into ash on the streets

~MARGIT LIA BOWLER

Margit Bowler is 14 and a freshman at Astoria High School. Her poem "copper soil" won second place in Category IV (grades 9-12) of the 2004 annual Oregon Student Poetry Contest, which is sponsored by the Oregon State Poetry Association, and is one of ten poems from Oregon to be entered in the Senior Division of the Manningham Student Awards competition sponsored by the National Federation of State Poetry Societies Inc. She is the first student in Oregon to win a fourth award in the annual state contest.

THE ANSWER

Leaving the house,
the house will be
left completely,
from cellar to
attic my absence
entire.

Do I enter the world
the same,
my presence felt
from cloud
to ditch?

Only in departure whole.
Arrival
is always partial.

~BILL KNOTT

**NO VIOLINS
(VIOLENCE IS WRONG)**

You are powerful,
I am powerful too!
You think revolution is change,
I think revolution is acceptance.
For you the revolution is coming,
For me the revolution is here.
Hold firm to what you believe;
For it is the tree that will ground you when
The propaganda comes.
GET READY FOR CLASS WARFARE
But remember violins is wrong!

~BENJAMIN EDWARD JEREMIAH

DEPTH PERCEPTION

Mud shows no character in these waters.
It defies scansion,
but lapis deeps carry
treasure for any kingfisher.
The ready shore bracelets the pressure
slapping against this place,
draws a line around the endangered
as well as the spirits that lift off gray surfaces.
Gravity marks the stares of the skeptic;
pharaoh foundering in the bulrushes must have counted
every bassinet before claiming
the abandoned infant.

~JOAN MAIERS

**the trees long for change
whispering they choose new roles
as goblins or kings**

~TERESA BARNES

JOHNNY POTSEED

PSALM 104:14, "He causeth the grass for
the cattle, and herb for the service of man."

Plant that herb,
Spread that seed
Compassion and sense
Is what we need.

Cultivate cannabis
Far and wide
Out in the private
Countryside.

Not near roads
Or in ditches
Make them spend that money
Those sons of bitches!

The war on drugs
Will be waged with peace
They spend our billions
We plant our seeds.

When the world returns
To happier times
We'll charge them all
With their heinous crimes.

~D. BOUGHAN

GENESIS

Laurel & Hardy at the mouth of a cave,
Abbot & Costello tending the fire,
Marie Dressler picking a raspberry off a nearby bush,
and the Dead End Kids gnawing on bones.

Mae West sampling a bit of wild deer.
Mmm, she is saying, *pas mal*. Now, Arnold Schwarzenegger,
coming home from the hills, is dragging behind him
the carcass of his archenemy, Sylvester Stallone.

A dinosaur or two wandering about in search of
Barnum & Bailey. Maria Ouspenskaya, sitting on a rock,
and remembering, in terror, the Great Ice Age. B-r-r, she is saying,
it was so cold even the Wolf Man died.

Then a ripple of rain in a neon sky,
Peking Man singing "April Showers,"
Java Man scribbling more of "À la Recherche du Temps Perdu,"
and the Mutant Ninja Turtles, deep in the dark of the cave,

painting on the wall of the cave, "The Last Supper."

~ROBERT MAZZOCCO

I was only marginally there.
I hung back hearing words spoken through darkness into darkness and bracing for the break.
Inside still woods, I sing silence knowing, knowing that the skip and miss is a shallow breath away in the reaches of your eyes — a brittle echo breaching sanctuary.

Without compromise and beyond loss, it is my fullest wish to watch you naked past fear in the truth of your first self. Listen. In stillness, a hundred, hundred voices drift away. Remaining is the one pure note in which your life began. Let go the stones of circumstances.

Ah, but if you loved me, in cool glades we could rest. And I would let fall my veil of shards walking freely past the dragging boughs of memory into sunlight, fully new. Let me call you to the strength of morning. With words shaped in the circle of my arms. I hold for you a healing of fresh wonders and clear sight.

Immerse yourself. Come from the river no longer a hunter in hunger. Rise! Your body unbent by anger — your mind gone from regrets — your heart to the sparrow singing, singing of open skies and easy flight.

Ah, and if you loved me...

~ANON

This poem was written in pencil on the back of wallpaper from an Astoria house that was deconstructed. Liam Dunne, who helped take the house apart, found the poem. He read it aloud on KMUN recently and asked if it was familiar to anyone listening and if they might know the poet's identity. Liam believes the poem is an original and that the poet will remain eternally Anon.

MEMORIAL DAY

On the porch nextdoor,
in the traditional vein,
barbecue smoke billows,
and hisses in the rain

Two generations of papa's
in long black raincoats wet,
cook meat and sneak smoke stogies,
till their mamas see, I bet,

like hobos cookin redmeat,
alongside universal tracks,
in soggy, loyal tribute,
to those not coming back...

~THEDA SPRACKLIN

PRAYER TO GRANDFATHER RIVER

Ancient waters, what wonders thou hast seen?
Thou hast watched mountains grow and wither away.
Thou hast helped to carry their memory to the mighty ocean.
Thou hast fought great battles with their molten rock and had to learn new paths.
Thy water has been the blood of a million beasts, the sap of countless plants.
Across the eons thou hast flowed ever strongly from mountain snow to ocean breakers.
Thou hast watched as life came in new forms and returned to the soil.
Thou hast carried them in thy embrace to the sea and watched as their being returned again in the form of rivers of fire.
Carry on mighty river and with the blessings of the Great Spirit may you flow until the Earth itself finally returns to the sky from which it came.

~KYLE HOLGATE