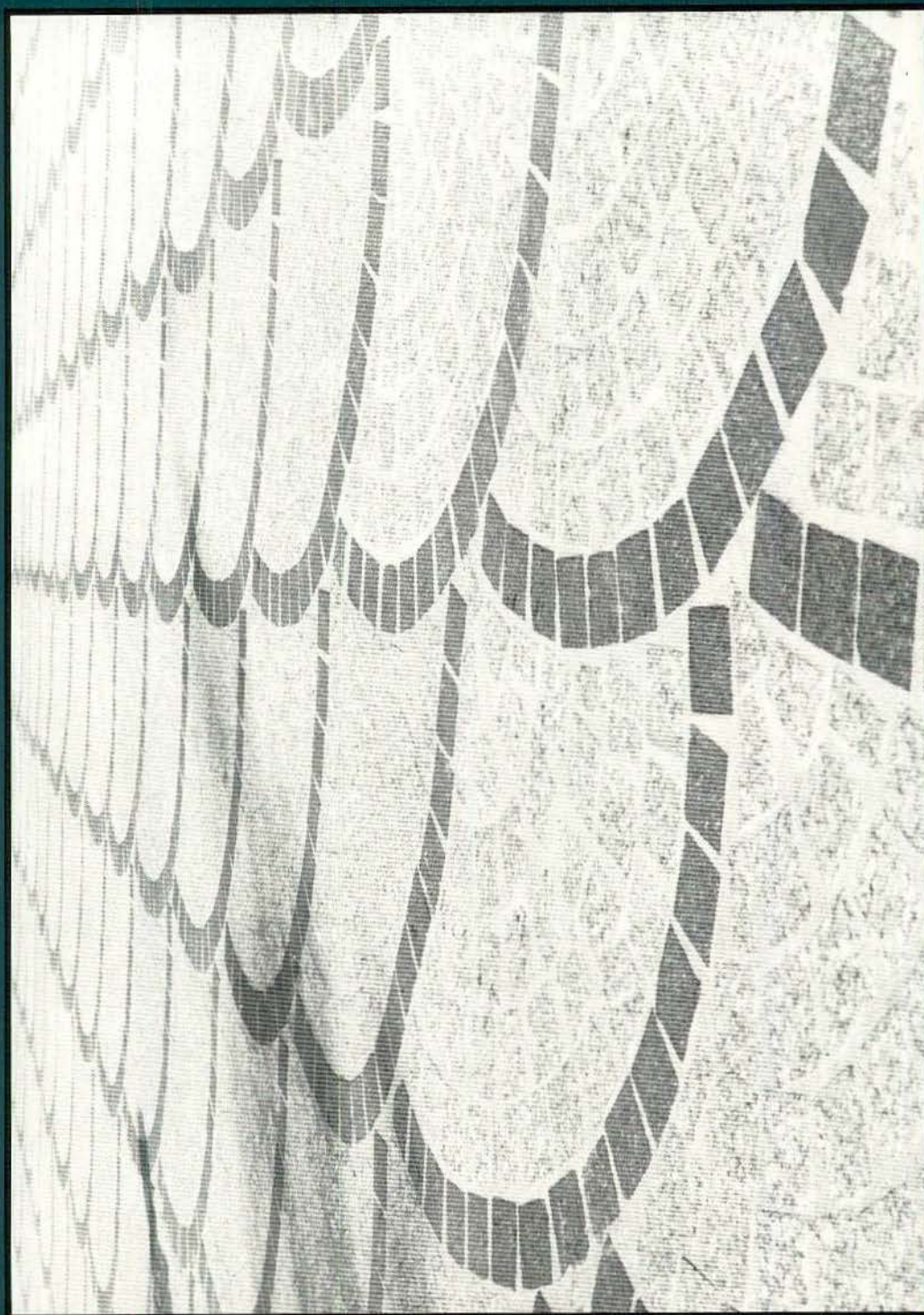


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The IUPUI Columbus Magazine of the Arts

L I T E R A L I N E S

Volume I

Spring 1994

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Sacred Tree

Jon Eric Johnson

Baccalaureate
(To all those *in for the long haul*)

This journey, so aged,
yet never old,
claims no point of origination
the scholarly mind can track
still, we often wonder at its birth.
Where did it begin?
When did we embark?
Or have we always been traveling
this never-ending path?
This journey, so familiar,
yet ever new,
offers no end in easy view.
Though we struggle ceaselessly to glimpse its reward
our destination merely dangles elusively ahead of us
the carrot before our cart,
forcing us upward and onward
over the next rise.
"You can do it, try harder,"
the dialogue is constant
"Push," "Keep the pace," "Don't let up."
A diamond in the rough
a treasured gem we nurture
polish.....tighten.....clarify
define.....refine.....redefine
the seemingly endless pursuit
brings us
another step closer.

Sonda Marie Schmidt

Pathos, Katharsis, Apathia

*When I am in my painting,
I am not aware of
what I'm doing...because
the painting has a life of its own.*

—Jackson Pollock

In the depth of dreams
Disturbed, lies
Misery entangled
Among thin streams
Of black and white
And a thousand shades
Of gray
I am lost
Upon a chaos-covered canvas.

Helpless
Eyes strain and jerk
Search for pattern,
structure,
order in a writhing mass
Of expression.
Abstractions secrete reality's blood,
Held within tenuous veins,
Reach past self-imposed borders,
Pull my soul
Inside infinite pain.

For this, Pollock
Drooled and vomited,
Hunched over unfilled frames,
Cut himself open wide,
Ripped out arteries
And threw them at the void,
Squeezed the blood from others
—and let fall upon his new creation
The milk of Impassioned Sadness.

The result of this labor
Screams my name,
Begs forgiveness,
And leaves me, asking: "Why
Do the blood and vomit
Of others
Comfort me so?"

Jon Eric Johnson

Sunset

Behind tree silhouettes
the sun sinks

Brighter
than bush fires
near the earth.

Its dying hues
fan over the sky

like multi-
colored
roses.

An artistic sight,
A grand finale
closing the day.

Performance
man can
only copy.

Amy Lykins

THE MIRROR

As Elise reached for the doorknob, she couldn't help thinking how small and distant her hand looked. Almost as though it were detached from her body, as if she were watching someone else opening the door. The thought that she somehow existed on the outside of life, like a shadow cast on a wall in the moonlight, made her tremble. Damn, she thought for the millionth time, it wasn't fair.

"Good morning, Miss Adams," the nurse at the desk greeted her as she entered the office. "It will be just a while. The doctor is running a little behind this morning."

Typical! A little behind, on what was the single most important day of her life.

The surgery was long past; the chemotherapy was finished, and all the tests had been run. Today, after a final examination, she would find out if it had worked, if the cancer — what an ugly word — was finally in remission.

Finding a chair in the overcrowded room was not easy. She finally spotted a place in the corner next to an old man.

"Good morning," the old man said as she sat down. "My name is Pete Jackson."

"Hello, I'm Elise Adams," she replied.

"I've been coming here for just about nine months. How about you?" he asked.

"Eleven months."

"I have colon cancer. You?"

He was direct and to the point. Elise wriggled in her seat, uncomfortable with this old man who asked such forthright questions. She answered softly, "Breast cancer."

"I'm sorry," he said. "Tell me about it."

Just like that. No *Do you mind? Would you like to talk? Just Tell me about it.*

"I beg your pardon?" she responded. Then she turned in her seat and really looked at him for the first time. He was about seventy, and from his pallor she realized that he was very ill. Yet, she sensed it wasn't the idle curiosity of some people that made him ask about her, but an innate kindness that was greater than the illness that threatened to consume him.

She began to talk. Slowly at first, then faster, until the words rushed out like the waters of a dam finally broken from stress. It was like talking to her grandfather — comfortable, natural. She told him about the horror of first hearing the words, "I'm sorry to inform you..." and the changes she'd undergone as a result of that phrase.

"I remember as I got ready to leave Oncology after my first chemo treatment, the nurse had

said, 'You may have a little nausea, dear.' 'A little nausea' translated into heaving my guts out for weeks on end.

"Since then I've heard all their insipid phrases. 'You may feel a little disoriented, dear, but don't worry, it will pass.' That meant I'd be out of it for the rest of the day."

"Or a week," Pete declared as his hands clenched as though he were remembering his own experience with chemotherapy.

"Right," she answered. "But you know I think my favorite was the nurse who said to me, 'You might notice a little hair loss, but it will soon grow back in. Why, I even know a gray-haired lady whose hair fell out and then grew back in perfectly brown.' I can tell you that's not much comfort when you're twenty-six."

"Or when they would say over and over again, 'It may take a little longer, honey, the cancer isn't responding the way we'd like.' It was always the same, always uttered with a rehearsed smile and a pat on the arm. I thought in my nicer, saner moments that they were trying to encourage me and bolster my spirits as the chemo stretched from two months to almost a year."

Elise sensed the old man's sympathy as he spread his hands in a gesture of frustration. What wonderful hands, she thought as she paused to catch her breath. Smooth, tanned, without a trace of the ravages of age. Powerful hands, as though they had supported many others over his lifetime.

"Sometimes," Elise began again, "I felt an overwhelming desire to lash out. I wanted to scream, 'How would you like to throw up most of the day, watch while your hair falls out in big hunks, and be scared out of your mind that you're going to die!' I never did scream, of course, but I must admit it gave me a sort of twisted pleasure imagining their shocked faces."

Pete patted her arm with a gentle touch, encouraging her to continue.

"But the doctors and nurses are only part of my aversion," she went on. "My own special abhorrence is mirrors, all mirrors in general, and one mirror in particular. I know it's completely irrational, but I hate the mirror in my bathroom. I dash by it every morning while it hangs there mocking me. I almost feel if I say, 'Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the fairest of them all?' it will answer me with a laugh."

"Stupid as it seems, after a time I couldn't face it any longer and I began to avoid that mirror, and finally all mirrors." She sighed. "I

don't need any reminders of how emaciated I've become. You know, I once thought of draping that thing in black crepe, the way they used to drape the doors a hundred years ago when someone died, but I figured my family would think I'd flipped out totally. And after all, as they've told me hundreds of times, I must consider their feelings. Always so many people to consider.

"It amazes me that people say some of the things they do — things like when my mother told me, 'Don't talk about it around your grandmother, dear, it upsets her.' Upsets *her*! What did she think it was doing to me?

"Or when she called me and said that my sister Annie was having the hardest time with the baby, and wasn't I lucky that I didn't have any children."

"Such cruel, ugly statements," Pete remarked sadly. "I remember once a perfect stranger I'd just met at a party said to me that she was sorry I had cancer but at least I'd lived a full life. As if anyone would willingly say, 'Well, I've lived enough, now I think I'll die a horrible, painful death.'"

The heads of the other patients, crammed together sardine-like in the waiting room, turned their way as they laughed together at the absurdity of that remark.

As they continued to talk, Elise wondered what had possessed her to spill everything to this stranger, but, despite her feelings, she kept talking. They had talked for almost an hour when Pete said, "I like you, Elise, and I know you won't believe this, but you know what I see? I see a vital, attractive, intelligent young woman — and I see a beautiful, loving spirit. Someday, when you're ready, you'll face the mirrors of your world and see that the image you

once had of yourself has changed and what you thought was there is now gone."

"Oh, you don't —" She was interrupted when the nurse called her to see the doctor.

She said goodbye to Pete and quickly followed the nurse down the hall to the examining room, her mind distracted by the conversation with the old man.

"The doctor will be with you in a moment," the nurse said. "Please remove your clothes and put on this gown, and then hop up on the table." The nurse left the room, closing the door behind her.

Elise gazed without seeing through the sheer-curtained window then began to change into the gown. She pulled her sweater over her head and removed her skirt and slip. She jerked at her underwear in agitation. Vital, attractive, he'd said. Not likely.

Finally freeing herself of her clothes, she turned to take the gown from the chair on which the nurse had placed it. As she did so, she came face to face with herself in a long mirror that had been hidden behind the door.

She spun around and clasped the gown to her body. The old man's words floated back to her. No, she thought, he's wrong. He's kind, but he doesn't understand.

But what if he's right? a small voice inside her whispered. What if he's right? There's only one way to know for sure, the voice persisted. Only one way . . . one way. . . .

Slowly, Elise turned and faced the mirror, letting the gown drop to the floor . . . and if the nurse passing in the hallway thought it was strange to hear laughter coming from examining room three, she never said a word.

Dianne Wiemers Wyman

The Stolen Future

Boarded up windows
And grown up streets
Silence lingers like dust.
The echoes of the past
Are dead in unmarked graves.
The small stores
Of Mom and Pop
Have been raped
By the wrecking ball.

Now
Only the lost stumble
Upon these ghosts.
They are mere dots
Upon the crowded map.

Progress kidnapped
The small town.
Beat and molested it
Its brain-dead spirit
Hooked up to a respirator.
Its heart
Beats
No longer.

Susan Brand



(Untitled)

Tom Kotowski

Antigua is Closed on Sunday

We wait, and
the palms are still,
for the sea breeze is gone.
The air enfolds us, and
though ceiling fans make lazy circuits,
frozen drinks leave rings on the bar.
The schooner rides easily at the dock,
barely strains its tethers,
slight movements of the sea.
Its four masts take wavering aim,
as though to execute
the blinking noonday sun.
Sweat trickles down my back,
stains slowly spreading,
giving life to a small oasis.
Yesterday we shivered,
our breath frosty plumes in the air.
Today we hide from the searing sun.
Dock hands cart baggage down the wharf,
ebony skin glistens,
scenes from another age.
Boarding is at five,
it may be cooler then,
forever from now.
But the rum is sweet,
And
we wait.

Steve Mitchell

The Study

Colors climbing over countless
Clusters of hardwoods

Crisp, cool breeze caresses my nose
with sweet smells of Autumn

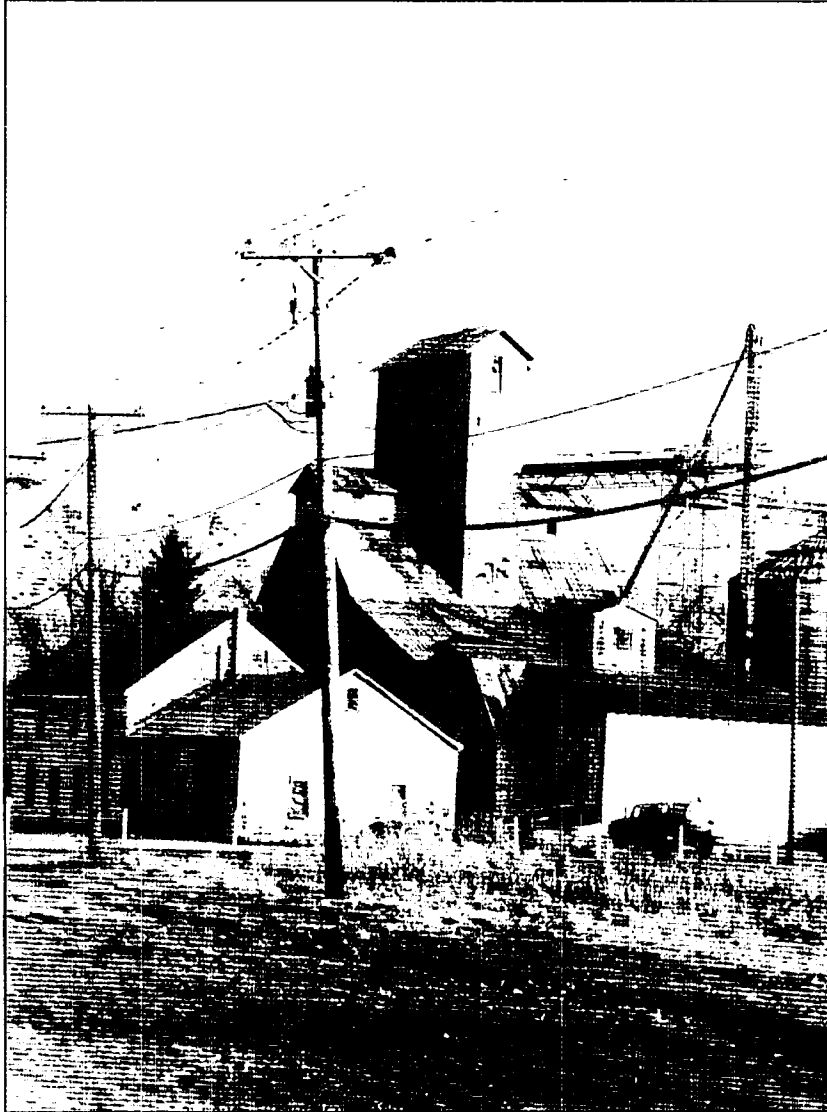
Tempting me to study stories of
Nature, instead of nonsense
Studies for Students

Melinda Matlock

One Night In The Fall

*Look!
Animation in the dark.
Conspicuous diamonds
LARGE ones and small,
Seeing maybe twenty in all.
Full of play, leaping around
Not a care in the world
Run up hill, then down.
As light shines upon them
In haste they flee,
How I wish I could join them,
Join in on their glee.
Diamonds shining
LARGE ones and small,
Run so nobly--
One night in the fall.*

Cindy Odom



Echoes of the Heartland

Dianne Wiemers Wyman

Meditation
(To Gretchen Wagner, 1954-1990)

Liebchen,
we all miss you.

It will be
a long time
before I know enough
to understand the abundance
of your legacy.

I love its
labyrinthine richness
and to be lost within remembrance
(and sadness).

I make great efforts
to gather all elements
of you

and

I search for signs
of you
within myself.

I hope that slowly,
gradually,
my theme will emerge
in harmony
with your own—
or with
what it would have been.

We all miss you,
Liebchen.

Laura Mershon



(Untitled)

John Shepard

Morning Path

The path I walk
is one-way,
asphalt-paved,
and almost round.

Light falls in
certain places, but mostly
I like the dark, quiet spaces where
shadows seem the single sight,
silence the solitary sound.

Distant dawn
begins, pristine reflections
sparkle—crystalline. Reach
to touch these as I pass to find
but broken shards of glass which

Cut clean, deep, and
to the bone, for
on this path I
walk alone.

Jon Eric Johnson

A Little Light on The Dark Side

It was five o'clock on Christmas Eve, and the sun was just starting to go down, but the shade of gray made it seem like night. Gray is the color of winter, at least it is in Indiana. The clouds roll in about October, and it seems as if they stay till March. Occasionally the sky will open up for a day or so, letting the sun shine down on us, but then it closes back up, and then it will drop a load of snow on us. I think it's some form of payment for the treat of a little sun. Worse yet, the snow will turn dingy gray in a day or two and just add to the dreariness of the typical Indiana winter.

These wonderful thoughts danced through my head as I pointed my truck north on a nearly empty interstate. The evening was one of those filled with the joy of counting, you know, counting the mile markers, counting the miles and counting the minutes. I was also counting the times the song on the radio was obscured by static. Of course, it was Christmas time, so every radio station in the state was doing its best to wear out all its Christmas records. In the past week alone, I had heard "Little Drummer Boy" a dozen times. I had no real urge to hear it again, but the radio was the only company I had to break the monotony of the miles. So, I desperately tried to find a station that would come in, but they were all suffering from a terminal attack of static. It seemed as though the static was chasing me across the dial. Oh, well, I was in desperate need of entertainment, and at the time this was the best thing available.

I continued to drive on into the twilight, guiding my truck with my left hand as I leaned over and kept pushing buttons with my right. Normally, such inconveniences would drive me insane, but that night the diversion was a blessing. I came to enjoy it so much that I named my little game "Tune Tag," a never-ending challenge to find the station that was static free. I became so engrossed in the game that I almost forgot I was driving. I didn't

realize I was drifting off the road till I heard the whine of the tires on the rumble strip. Naturally I overreacted and nearly put the truck in the median, but somehow I managed to hold on to it. After I got back in between the lines, I glanced into the mirror to see who I had upset with my little maneuver. The road was clear, but I saw a red light flash. I quickly did the "where's-the-cop" scan by looking out every window and checking every mirror, but there was none to be found.

I was about to write the whole thing off to lack of sleep, when the red light flashed again. This time I was looking out the windshield and I saw the entire sky light up. I immediately pulled off onto the shoulder and stopped the truck. As I sat there, looking out the window, I watched a dance of light jump and prance across the evening sky. Sometime during my drive the sky had cleared, and the stars stared down through a rainbow of color. Each movement of the light and shift in color brought a new howl of static out of the radio. Nature's symphony was being broadcast across the airwaves while it was being choreographed above. I sat for a couple of minutes watching in perfect solitude as both my visual and auditory senses were overwhelmed.

Eventually, I made my way back on to the interstate, no longer playing Tune Tag, just cruising along watching the sky more than the road, listening to the static more than the song. Unfortunately, I did finally reach my destination, and I parked my truck in front of my apartment. I slid out of the truck and walked up the sidewalk to the front door. The wind blew cold around the corner, which quickened my pace, but I stopped just for a moment and looked up. The city street lights obscured the aura, but I knew it was there — I don't know how, but I knew it was there.

Brian Shaffer

SETH

MIRACLE
BEAUTIFUL
PRECIOUS

SLEEPLESS
NIGHTS
COLIC

SMILE
COO
CRY

LOVE
UNCONDITIONAL
PRIDE

FOREVER
BLESSED
SON

Angela Reeves



A Solstice Pattern

Sonda Marie Schmidt

Sun Rise

Just before Morning
The first Light
Silhouettes the darkness.
The unseen Sun approaches,
Waits patiently, politely,
For the Moon to relinquish the Sky.

Newly revealed before
Navy-Blue Thickness,
The Moon sits in quiet apposition,
Cautiously watching,
Unwilling to leave.

Subtle shades of purple and red
Send out signals,
Cast soft shadows,
Set the scene
For one Ephemeral Moment—
Screaming Stillness—
Sun and Moon are juxtaposed,
And share the Light in a Play-Pool of Sky.

The purple-red Ecstasy slowly
Fades to Blue
—A new Day born.

Drowned and dimmed by the Light,
Out-shone by the Sun
In languid depths of Sky-Seas,
The Moon withdraws,
Then disappears.

Submerged out of sight,
She waits,
To shine alone in Darkness,
Or share the Sky
When the Sun allows.

Jon Eric Johnson

To Eat A Peach

Do I dare to eat a peach?
— T. S. Eliot

First, selection.
Find one for you—
Not too soft or firm,
Round or hard—
A ripe one (just ripe, that is
—not green or wrinkled).
Feel the velveteen softness,
On the tongue,
Then the lips—

BITE DOWN HARD—

Sweetness fills our mouths,
Runs down our chins (Politeness
Longs for shirtsleeves or kerchiefs
in vain)
—One cannot eat peaches and be polite.

Flesh abounds inside
Shapes formed
Of minds collective—
A forced perception
Leaves us lonely
And starving.

Careful—
When tender flesh is gone,
And succulent juices leave
Sticky sweetness,
Lick your lips and
Remember: From peach pits
Come cyanide,
And from seeds of death—
More peaches.

Jon Eric Johnson

(Winners of the 1993 IUPUI Columbus Writing Contest)

Di's Epiphany

She finally understands
what made her go
into that pawnshop.

All of her friends were there.

And she just had to reach
the same level of poverty,
of objects denied.

She wanted to descend
with them into the
ordeal of parting
from loved objects,
losing everything.

She had never felt so moved
as when she sat on that bench,
that hard bench,
and waited,

watching the beautiful
faces tell stories
and grieve,
in that atmosphere of
sacrifice.

Laura Mershon

The Laundromat

The garbled hum of discount music
Suffocates
My senses
Engulfed by hot, detergent-bathed air
The hypnotic tumble of
Ordinary lives and blue-collar faces
Colorful rags
Tossed
To gather
In society's basket.

Susan Brand

Photograph

Memories
Confined to life in a wooden cell
Paper face
Stained by time's tale
Lips
That speak maternal words
Mute, frozen
Eyes
Behind glass bars
Imprisoned
Forever.

Susan Brand

Before the Fire

The frozen, white sun stood still in the winter sky above the empty fields and farms near Sarajevo, and cast an icy glow on the treeless, monochromatic landscape, which was infected everywhere with the festering wounds of war. Professor Konrad Milosz was glad to finally see the sun after spending the last two days in his neighbor's unbearably dark cellar, which had been the only nearby refuge from the most recent series of bombing attacks. He held back the heavy weathered wood door against the wind while his neighbor, Teodor Tomislav, pulled his wife from the depths of the cellar. This procedure had become routine ever since they had cut up the stairs for firewood in a desperate effort to stay warm a week ago.

"God damn Serbs!" Milosz muttered as his eyes carefully scanned the surrounding area, assessing the newest damage.

"You would think they'd grow tired of bombing us . . . What is left to bomb?" Mrs. Tomislav said and then covered her open mouth with her hand. She looked to her husband as if her question might be easily answered.

"We are still here, aren't we?" Teodor reminded her as they began to walk toward the house that he and Analise had built and lived in comfortably for more than twenty years, which was just below the second of two small, rolling hills. He and Konrad had dug the cellar a year earlier and intentionally located it some distance away from the house and the barn and any other potential target.

"Besides," he called back to Analise, who walked hesitantly behind, "we still have the house and barn, at least."

A hard gust of wind blew as they reached the top of the first hill, forcing their eyes to draw tight and their shoulders to lean forward simultaneously. Milosz strengthened his grip on his book, the only provision other than a meager supply of salt pork and bread that he had hastily brought two days earlier when the distant thunder of exploding bombs had sent them underground. He began to think about his life before the war and how much things had changed. Just a year earlier he had been appointed a Professor of Literature at the University of Sarajevo, a career he had spent his entire life dreaming about and preparing for. Yet, it all seemed so useless now . . . all those years of classes, countless hours of study, the continual struggle to perfect his writing, and

his tireless hobby of collecting books. He had devoted a lifetime to collecting every book he could, and they were by far his most prized possessions. But Professor Milosz's thoughts were quickly turned back to the present by the panicked words of his neighbor: "Do you smell something?"

"Smoke!" Analise cried.

They darted frantically toward the peak of the second hill, which overlooked the Tomislav farm.

"Oh my God, the books!" Konrad shouted, as he ran past the others and reached the top of the hill. The Tomislavs caught up with him, and all three stood and stared in amazement at the still smoking, scorched farmland surrounding the house, which had, by some miracle, been spared. The nearby barn was not so lucky. It had been reduced to an unrecognizable pile of ashes and charred and crumbled wood, a new reminder of their tenuous and fragile existence. Relieved for the moment, at least, Konrad's face relaxed somewhat, and his breathing slowed. "They were closer than I thought," Professor Milosz said and then wondered how he must either be losing his hearing, or growing immune to the violence as a consequence of the regularity and longevity of this seemingly endless disease of war.

Later in the day, the pale sun sat on the smoldering horizon near Sarajevo, throwing down a long, fuzzy shadow from the Tomislav house onto the broken earth where the families of two nearby farms, which had been destroyed in the attack, had gathered with Konrad and the Tomislavs, in what was, as far as they knew, the last habitable structure for miles around.

"Well, this is the last of what was left of the barn. We saved everything that we could." Teodor carefully placed the misshapen, black wood on the fire, and the light from the fireplace glowed a soft yellow tone that radiated throughout the room, illuminating the despondent, expressionless faces floating around it like moths encircling a flame. He looked at Milosz with sharp and serious eyes that could not be ignored, and Konrad knew why. They had discussed the possibility of this moment many times, but now it had arrived, and a final decision was necessary and most difficult.

"These books are all I have left. You must allow me to keep them."

Lovers

I say his name
(he says my name)
over and over again
and we
don't even
move
our
lips

Laura Mershon



Winter Solitude

Jon Johnson

"When the war is over, you can buy more books, Konrad."

"But these books mean much more to me. They are my life, a part of who I am. Each book, every page, reminds me of my purpose."

By now the others began to listen in and even participate in the debate over the fate of the books.

"They are all we have left to burn," said one man. "I had to chop up the last of my furniture last week and burn it for fuel to keep us warm and cook. We must do whatever we can to survive."

"Yes, and staying alive is a whole lot more important than any stupid books," an adolescent boy added.

"They are my books, and I will do with them what I wish. I will continue this discussion no longer." Professor Milosz moved closer to the boxes of books stacked in the corner, positioning himself between them and the increasingly hostile crowd. The fire's light had dulled, and the faces around it grew dim and stared at Konrad.

Silence filled the room and the space between them and stayed there. The last efforts of the day's sun disappeared behind the window sill. The fire and the tip of Teodor's cigarette were the only lighted things left in the room, and neither provided much heat or comfort.

"If he won't let us burn the books to keep warm, we'll just have to take them!" shouted the boy. He quickly rose and leapt at Professor Milosz and the books.

"No! Please!" Konrad resisted. The boy shoved Milosz aside, angrily tore open the nearest box, pulled out two thick, leather-bound books and lunged toward the fireplace. The professor desperately reached out and grabbed the boy's arm, causing the books to fall to the floor, and in the same instant the boy's other arm swung violently around and struck Konrad on the side of this startled face, slamming him to the floor.

Teodor jumped between them and pushed the boy away. "Are you all right, Konrad?"

"I'll be fine," he said softly as he knelt down to retrieve his bent eyeglasses.

"Let's all calm down," Teodor cautioned. "The last thing we need to do is fight among ourselves. We have to work together if we are to survive our true enemies."

Konrad picked up his books and began to place them back into the box, and then paused. "Shakespeare . . ." he whispered to himself. "How could anyone burn Shakespeare?"

The fireplace let out a loud crackling sound as the last solid piece of blackened wood caved in upon itself. Milosz carried a book over

to the fireplace and began to read to himself, and again the room fell cold and silent except for the noise of the fire struggling to keep alive.

"What's so great about those books, anyway? You waste all your time reading while the rest of us freeze."

"He's right, you know," Teodor said as he turned toward Konrad. "Not about the books, I mean, but about thinking of others. Our lives may depend on burning these books to keep from freezing to death."

Professor Milosz's eyes fell back to the book. He could not look at his friend at that moment. He felt alone. "Would you kill and eat your children because you are hungry—even if you are starving? Well then, how can you expect me to burn my books because I am cold?"

Everyone looked away and gradually returned to speaking softly among themselves. Konrad continued to read. The smaller children began to cry to their mothers about being hungry and cold. Teodor lit his last cigarette and stared out the window into the frigid darkness. Analise concentrated on her needle and thread, mending her dress.

Without warning, Professor Milosz straightened himself and cleared his throat. "Listen," he said, and then he began to read:

"That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
Which by and by the black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
As the deathbed whereon it must expire,
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong
To love that well which thou must leave ere long."

As he read, his voice became stronger and more confident. The glowing faces around the dying fire grew calm and peaceful once again. The children gently curled up alongside the security of their mothers. Teodor Tomislav turned from the window and sat down beside Milosz at the foot of the hearth. Analise looked up at her husband, softly nodded her head, and almost smiled. In the room, nothing moved or made a sound except Professor Milosz and his book before the fire.

Jon Eric Johnson

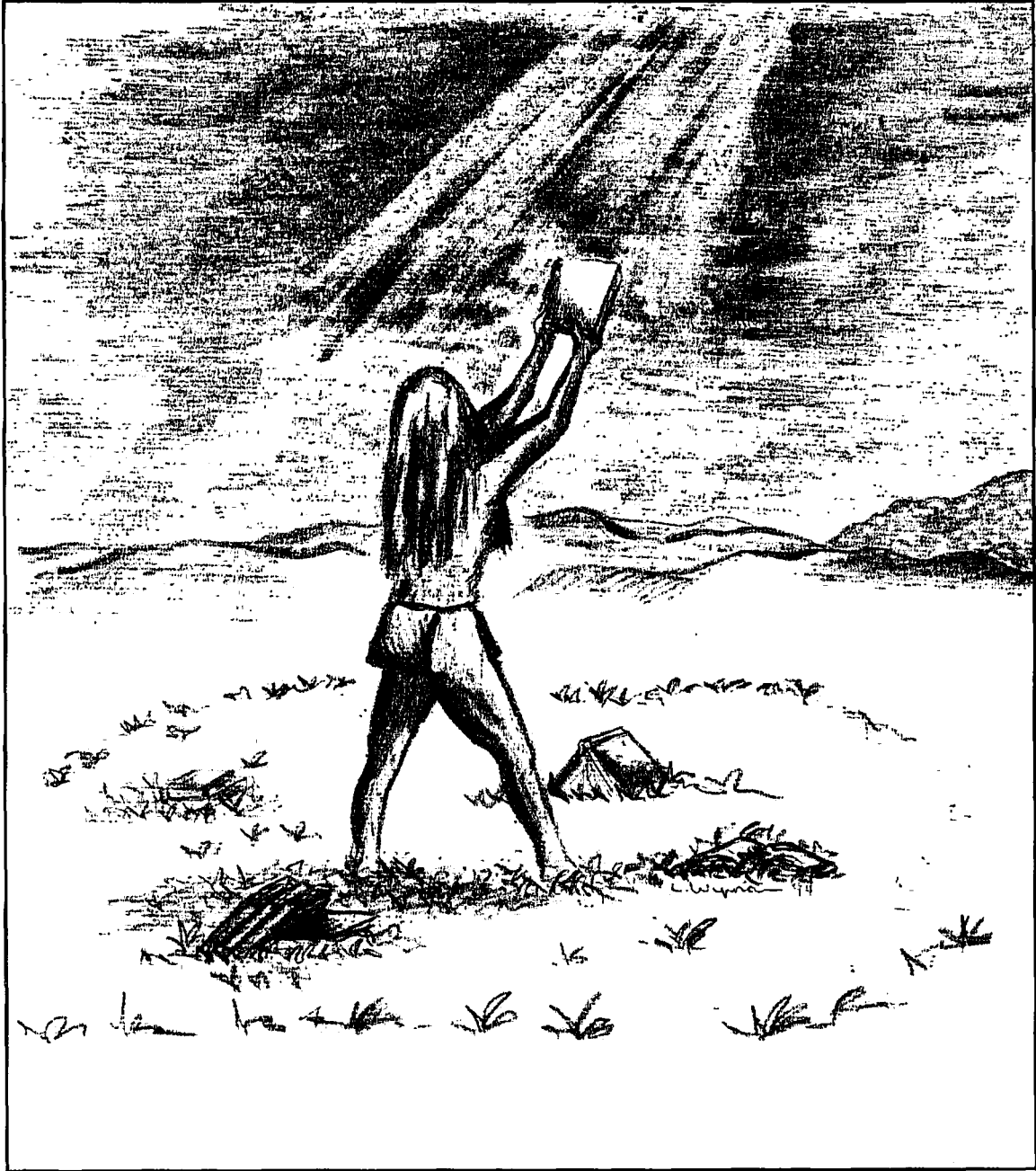
Sisters

*When we were five and three
we believed we could fly.
With branches pulled from stately elm
we climbed so high — and
jumped and flapped our make-believe wings,
sure we would rise up to meet the heavens,
and sail along the clouds.*

*When we were five and three
we baked mud pies and cakes and breads.
With flowers, leaves, and sticks and stones
we graced our offerings to fairies unseen — but believed.
And at the break of dawn, arose, ran forth to see
if they were borne away as breakfast for a queen.
And finding not, undaunted, swept them clean to start anew.*

*When we were five and three
we lived in a world peopled with dolls.
We journeyed far and wide, from ocean to mountaintop,
our families in tow, acting out our futures — unknown.
For we believed that time went on forever,
and that we would always be, the same tomorrow, as yesterday,
when we were five and three.*

Dianne Wiemers Wyman



Oasis of Knowledge

Laura K. Wyman

The Watchman

Before the winter snow had melted, the Indian brave secreted himself on the side of the mountain that was named for the trees that bordered the meadows and rushing streams at this high altitude. He watched the four strangers enter his valley in the late afternoon. Their packhorses were loaded with tools and supplies. Chief Ouray had told all of his scouts to watch for the intruders coming over the mountains. The leader had cautioned them not to be seen by these hairy men, for they would certainly kill any lone Indian unfortunate enough to encounter them. These pillagers, whose mission was to violate Mother Earth with their sharp tools, were to be feared. This the chief knew from his travels to the other side of the great mountains where the sun shines first in the morning. On that trip, three years earlier, the Ute chief had given permission for the Great White Father's man to enter the Valley of the Roaring Fork and put the Ute land on paper. Now, the chief, with regret, understood that, with this paper, the palefaces from the sunrise and the yellow and brown faces from the sunset would be able to divide the Indian land on paper and in fact.

The brave watched from his seclusion as the four strangers set about this task by laying down long measuring sticks and then setting piles of rock and driving stakes where the sticks took them. After this peculiar ritual, the men then violated Mother Earth just as his chief had predicted. They went to each set of rocks and stakes and dug holes big enough for the Indian to store all of his winter meat. After many days and nights of this activity, the men loaded their pack animals and left the valley in the direction that they had come, but the valley was not to be deserted.

As this first group disappeared, another approached in their footsteps. This second invasion repeated the ritual of the first, but when they were finished, unlike the first, they made their camp more secure and prepared to stay as the snow returned. From that time on the Valley of the Roaring Fork was not to be a solitary place for the red man.

These strangers seemed to multiply like the summer flies as the next seasons passed. The trails that were first footprints became muddy footpaths, and then crude roads that could handle the violators' wagons. These wagons were full of supplies coming into the valley, but, strangest of

all, they were full of Mother Earth as they left. The violators were stealing the Mother Earth!

After much activity and building of dwellings and places where the visitors' music and laughter could be heard, the plunderers then began another strange ritual. A giant sweat lodge was built by the side of their camp, but the only people who seemed to be sweating in this structure did so with their clothes on. This was not at all in the Ute fashion. An Indian would build his sweat lodge with stones in the middle and a fireplace around them. When the stones became hot, he would disrobe and throw water on the hot rocks to create steam and cleanse his mind, body, and spirit. These crazy people seemed to be burning Mother Earth in the great kettles over their fire. Why were they so intent upon destroying Mother Earth in the Ute land? Was this the religion of all white men?

Before the brave's questions could be answered, the wagons began to carry less and less Mother Earth from the valley. Could it be that they had all of this sacred ground they needed, or had they successfully killed the Mother of all Indians, the Earth that gave them everything? It appeared that the fatal damage had been done; the ground that was left had no trees or grass remaining. There were no deer or elk on the hillsides. The streams appeared to be running yellow with Mother Earth's blood, and the fish and fowl were gone. Holes in the ground marked the great wounds that had been inflicted, and the strangers had now dwindled to a few.

As the stragglers were leaving the valley, the Indian prepared to leave for his home village. He felt that Mother Earth had been robbed of all that was valuable. He intended to tell his chief that no more white men would be coming to the Valley of the Roaring Fork. All of the damage they could do had been done.

As the early winter snow began to fall, one of the stragglers still in the camp began to play on long wooden poles that he had strapped to his feet, surely the strangest ritual yet. The Indian shrugged his shoulders, without dwelling on what this new ritual might mean, and left the side of the mountain that was named for the trees that bordered the meadows and rushing streams, this place called Aspen.

L. Keith Loyd

My Window

Clouds, dreary,
damp, and gray
hanging near
coatless trees

as cold
as homeless
living
on the street.

Dead grass lying low
beneath dirty snow
bordering streets
slick with ice.

Cars carry
houses hold
residents
doing daily chores

watching, yearning,
awaiting Spring
to renew
the natural colors

beneath
a warm, sunny,
cloudless
sky.

Amy Lykins

The Garden

A tree stands in the midst,
limbs broken and heavy
with the weight of years,
twisted in arthritic posture,
an aged sentinel.

Consumed by neglect and decay,
paths, once pristine,
are cluttered now with weeds and flowers.
Flowers, which in another time graced perfect beds;
heliotrope, astilbe, cleome, columbine.

Yet, in this chaotic splendor
blooms a rose,

one

white

rose.

For remembrance
Of a man and a woman
who, long ago, walked in the garden,
and loved.

Dianne Wiemers Wyman

The Muse

listening to this music directs my choice of words
directs my rhythms.

My consciousness becomes a many-voiced orchestra.

The music becomes a conductor

penetrates me
bypasses my mind.

It is background and foreground.

Pure sounds create and clarify—

become timeless and absolute.

Humbled, I follow it

and

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Laura Mershon

An Awakening.....

"gather round, gather round" he said
"and i will do a trick for you."
his 'will work for food' sign nearby
from empty hands and surprised ears
came a quarter
"for a small pittance i'll do more" he smiled
but the crowd dwindled to no one
except for the little boy
from which the quarter came
"if there was one aren't there others?"
the old man chuckled and sent him on his way
he sighs and picks up his sign
walks slowly back to the corner
the wind seems even colder today
he knows not why he is here
condemned to the streets
only that he is
his clothes are ragged
his face is weathered
so many memories lost in time
cars fly by, no one stops but to stare
another wasted day and he starts to leave
"mister, mister" the little boy cries
and he hands the old man a dollar
the little boy runs back to his dad
and they smile at him
maybe it was a good day after all

Jerry Glascock

Together in Time (for Cathy)

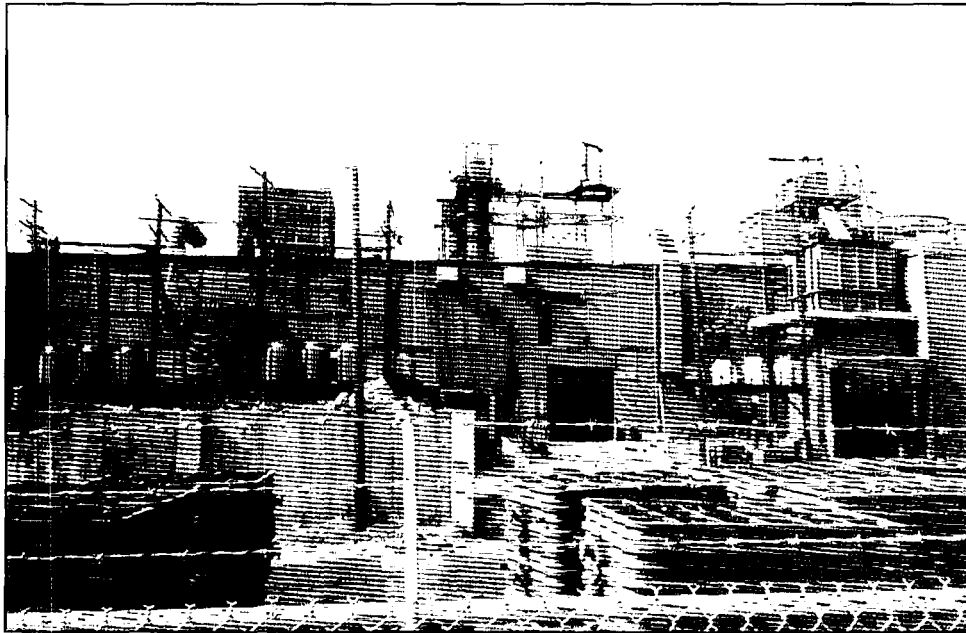
*We stood under quiet, cloudless skies
and shared a kiss as soft and warm
as your hand held in mine.
The moon and stars above paused
and stilled the time while motionless
trees watched not far behind
and calmed the kind caress of wind
as we two smiled inside
and dreamt of innocence, youth,
and the freshly present promise
of love.*

Jon Eric Johnson

After

Small fires scattered across the ground burn slowly;
little pieces of Hell remain as testament to the cursed event.
Crumbled concrete and twisted steel lay victimized in mountains
of waste; massive structures ripped apart like paper bags.
The charred remains of human bodies smolder;
the stench of scorched flesh fills the air.
A loving couple clutches each other; melted together like wax
candles, not even death could part them.
Child-like bodies lie mangled and burned, robbed of the rest
of their years, caught in the crossfire of wicked adult games.
No weapons in sight;
the innocent many sacrificed for the guilty few.
Understand, though, that this is the way it had to be.
After all, there was no other solution.

Gregg Laman



(Untitled)

Tom Kotowski

No Time To Cry

Days capitulate to the pressure of days,

Hastening onward.

No layovers here, the express roars on

Round the curve,

Over the bridge,

Where the hesitant

Lie shattered on the rocks below.

Let no obstacle halt your journey,

Not people, not self.

Grab the golden icon.

Hold fast to that glittering prize

To fill the void of the night.

For on this track there's no time to feel,

To dream, to be.

Sorry, friend, on this track

There's no time to cry.

Dianne Wiemers Wyman

Radiance

The average mortal person,
transmits private incandescence,
luminaria within.

Nourish the boundless,
limitless
flame.

Kindle my faith.

Laura Mershon

Press Replay

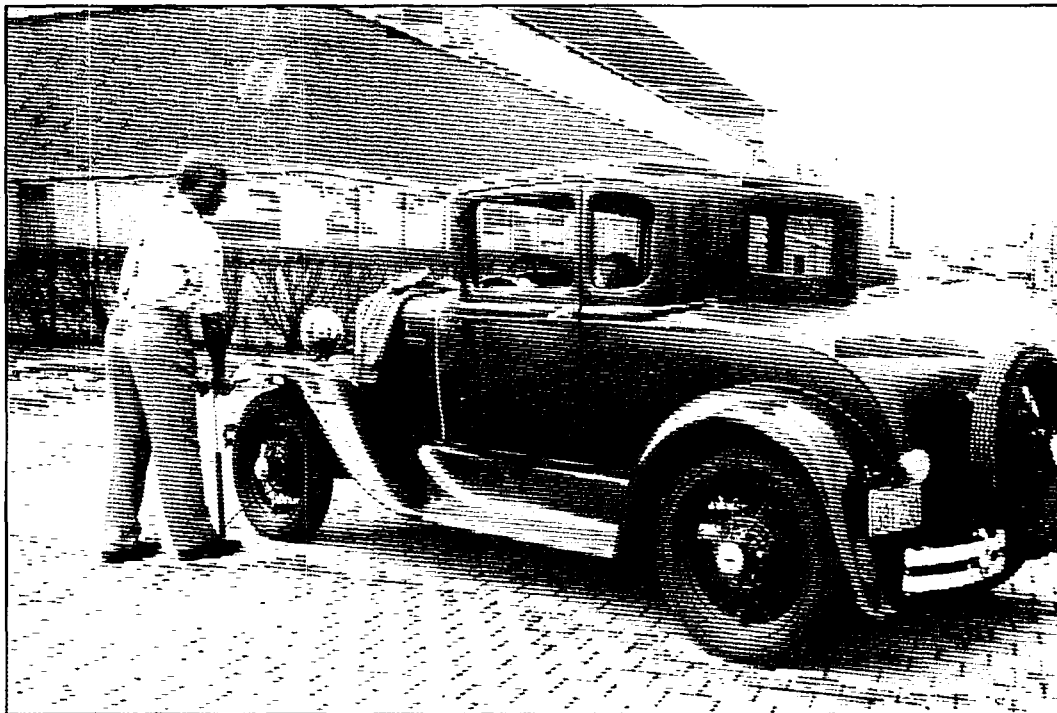
I love to sit on the beach at dusk,
smelling the salty sea breeze,
watching the waves rolling gently towards me
but not threatening to engulf me and break the spell.
The seagulls effortlessly go back and forth in front of my eyes,
while the sun slowly inches its way down
to the other side of the planet,
where a reflection of myself sits on a beach
and watches it slowly emerge from the sea.
It emerges like God, reaching down her hand,
scooping it up, just for our pleasure.
My reflection and I, thinking quite the same.
The dawn of a new day,
A press of replay.

Jeanne Mackey

Washerwoman's Wish

immersed in
affinity
minds and bodies parallel
we comfortably
and slowly
speak of things
profound and not
as they
cascade,
eddy,
swirl
from our separateness
into a warm current
clean, oh!
new

Laura Mershon



Yesterday

Gerry Loyd

On A Cold Winter's Night

On a cold winter's night
the frigid air hangs
still as a frightened animal.
The tree line dances across the horizon,
dipping, jumping, swaying in the wind.
Smoke rises from the distance,
circling spirals detour skyward.
City lights glow through the darkness
casting shadows among the limbs.
Snow-covered vastness separates
civilization from wilderness.
Beauty in nature, a treasure guarded,
never denied to those who explore,
found within the confines
of a simple drive
from here to there
on a cold winter's night.

Teresa Mullins

Pickle Poem

(for Mom)

Mom's zucchini pickles
are wonderful things.
I can't quite describe
the pleasure they bring me
when I eat them, I feel
like I'm home.

Jon Eric Johnson



Sunday on Martin Place

Dianne Wiemers Wyman

Terminal Views

I.

*Strange how everything gets
ugly, viewed close enough,
under a microscope
the smallest flaws become
perverted
--a new importance.*

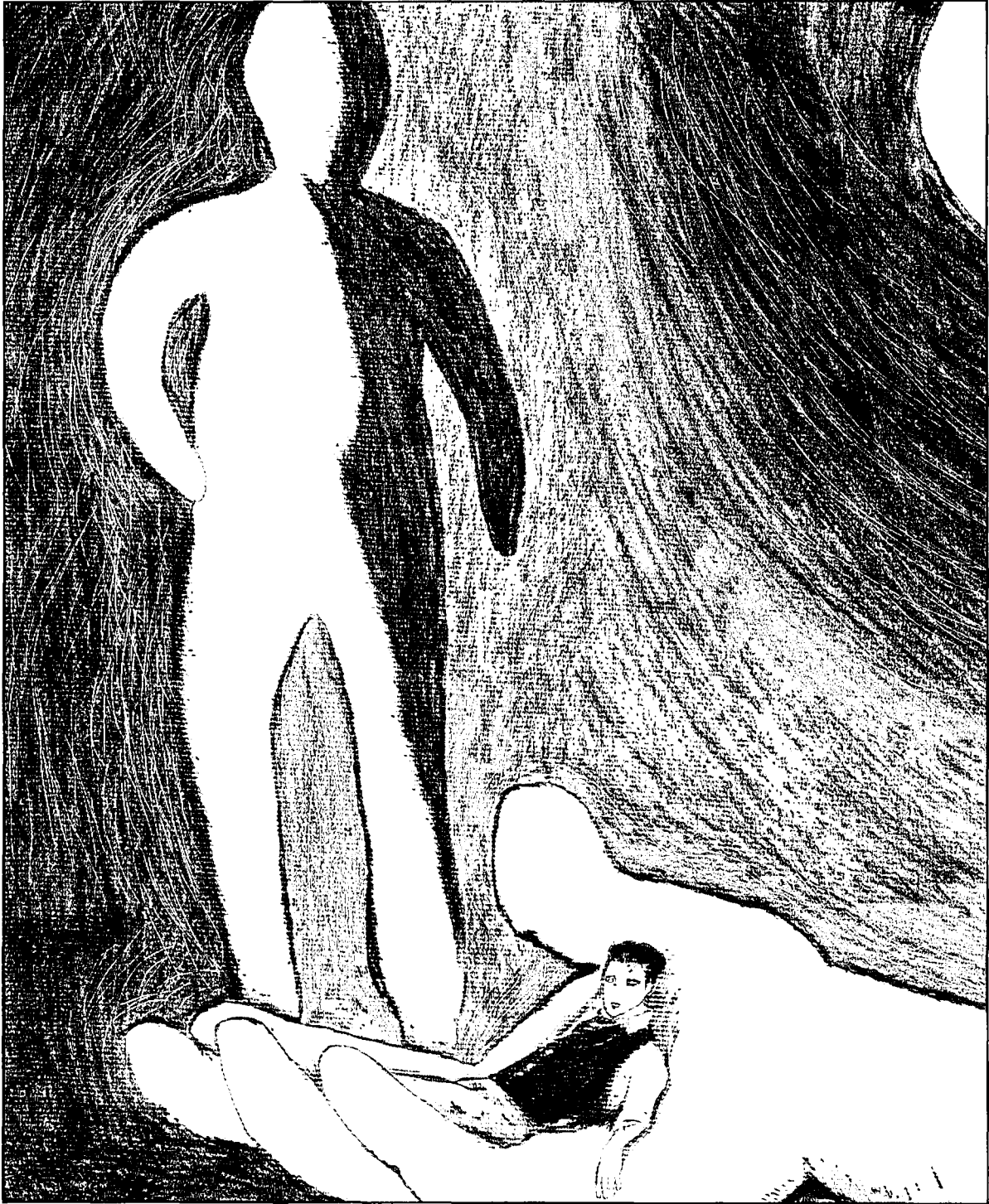
II.

*Blindness offers
new visions
under different light,
another color beyond
the Sun's reach
our minds can see.*

III.

*Darkness descends
like hungry claws upon
tender prey,
struggling to face
a final enemy,
evanition of sight,
my eyes turn to stars
in praise of the night.*

Jon Eric Johnson



Not a Self Portrait

Robert Boch

A 79¢ Trowel

I didn't feel hate toward my father until later, years later, when I discovered a pattern. I guess I was too frightened at the time to feel anything except fright. But the hate, when it came, went as deep as the fright — maybe deeper — and it stayed longer, much longer. The hate is gone now, or most of it is, replaced instead, I guess, by an acceptance based simply on like; he *was* extremely likeable. He had a childlike wonder and energy — a vigor — toward everything, even himself, even until the end, that always won people over and allowed him to usually have things his way. But I hated him when I came to understand him, or at least *sides* of him. Maybe, in some way, I still do. Maybe, relative to my father, I'm still growing up, still climbing that wobbly ladder to that hot, dark valley. (Maybe he was still growing up, too, when he died, relative to *his* father). I think I would like to tell him what happened that Saturday, what really happened, and not what had seemed to have happened or what he had seemed to need to believe only happened. It would be interesting to see *his* reaction now.

I lay, catching my breath, finishing a prayer, on the two-and-a-half-story-high roof, wedged in the valley, crabbed, between the two expanses of steep unwalkable black-shingled roof with shingles pitted from age and dried and crackling to the touch. I couldn't see anything below me, except the top two rungs of the old wooden ladder which was hanging on hooks along the wall in the barn when we bought this house, and the sharp jagged edges of the rusty gutter that hung from the roof, weakly, from strands of wire also rusted and pitted with age. I remembered his advice: "Don't step in the gutter, it'll come down and then we'll have to fix that too." With one hand, I tugged at a shingle and it pulled out, snapped, and I thought: I'm just a boy. What am I doing here? This is not a boy's job, yet here I am, the youngest, the lightest, the expendable. Something like acid burned the length of the left side of my body. Something wet ran down my forearm and elbow, cooling the burned spots.

I took a long time getting back on the ladder. Everything hurt. I had time to wish Dad had been better prepared for home-owning, for life. I had time to wish he was more honest, or capable of more honesty. I had time, climbing down slowly, one rung at a time, to realize who, already, was the better man. I was nine years old. I don't think I ever forgave him for that — nor could.

Nothing ever seemed impossible at first, to him. If he could imagine a thing, then he also immediately imagined himself doing it — imagining, of course, that imagination is the glue that holds

the events of a life together: not hard work (although he did work hard, but in his limited way, I realized later), not skills, no knowledge and analysis and reasoning before you got yourself in a situation, before you had to rely on your limited knowledge and skills and analytic abilities.

Like when he had decided to buy that beat-up farmhouse in the first place.

Ma had tried to dissuade him, of course. But his enthusiasm for this "project" as he called it and every other "project" he had imagined (remember the two-flat he bought in town and was going to fix up and rent and hang on to for a retirement income?) had again won her over or worn her down, finally. Or maybe it was simply that she, too, needed to believe, needed his dreams and schemes to sustain their feeling (delusion?) of specialness: of being blessed by some divine omniscience that had selected them and them alone for a vague, mystic distinction among (above) their peers and neighbors and in-laws. "A house in the country, who else?" he would walk through our apartment in town, boasting to no one in particular.

What the old man couldn't admit was that he had no mechanical skills or knowledge or really — when actually faced with reality and not the imaginary — courage: it seemed to me, then, at nine. True, he was a stove repairman for the local gas utility. But even his promotion to that job required he go to night school for two years to learn about stove parts and their installation, while he walked around town during the day in his gray uniform petting dogs and gossiping with neighbors and reading meters and turning them on and off. Consequently, he knew how to repair stoves, but stoves were the only things he knew how to repair and could approach confidently. He was, we knew — we could tell — paralyzed by everything else that didn't work: every leaking faucet and shorting receptacle box and every rotting or termite-drilled sagging floor joist or foundation sill. He was paralyzed — we knew — mainly by his own overwhelming and paralyzing fears of what could go wrong if he turned a screw the wrong way or yanked a decaying stud or crossed a wire — if only for a moment. Indeed, his imagination was especially vivid and far-ranging at times like these.

That's when he'd get a can of beer and light a Camel and start scanning the spines of books we kept in the pine-board bookcase (Ma had found it at a yard-sale after we had moved 11 miles into the country from the town — "the city" he called it — after we had moved from there) in the dining room. He'd pull the same old home-repair books out and sit at the dining-room table and roll the can of

beer across his forehead. "Feels good," he would say, "I should remember to do this more often." He'd turn to the tables of contents and review the indexes and mutter, "Well, there's nothing in here," as if *that* was what he really needed to know, for certain, before he could start. Then he'd go to the kitchen and open the refrigerator door and complain, "There's nothing to eat," as he pulled out the left-over rack of ham from dinner yesterday and the white bread and a tomato and an onion and a handful of lettuce he ripped from the leafy head in the vegetable drawer.

After lunch, he'd call us (me and my brother, he was older and bigger and stronger and took after my father in every way except in vivid and far-ranging imagination and enthusiasm) in and announce: "Well, it's 2:30 already. I thought we'd be done by now. Let's get started." He'd assign each of us a list of tools and materials to fetch from the basement, from the garage, from the garden shed, and sometimes from the barn because he never knew for sure what he would need for any particular "project" or even where he had left his stuff after the last "project."

On the TV in the front room, there'd be a ball game on, although nobody was watching it and I would walk past the TV on my way to the garage, or the shed, or the barn, or the basement, and wish we still lived in town, or lived in a city, really, where thousands of kids my age had nothing to do on Saturdays because their dads paid tradesmen to come and fix things around the house during the week so that these kids and dads and mothers, too, would have Saturdays free to head uptown and sit in the sun and eat hot dogs at the ball park — even if you didn't even especially *like* baseball.

That's how this afternoon, too, had started.

After he had his sandwich and his beer (he brought another one outside just in case), he hauled the ladders out of the barn and laid them on the ground next to the house and extended them. And then, while me and my brother stood on the ladder feet so they wouldn't skid backward, he lifted the end of the thirty foot ladder to his chest, got underneath it (he really was strong), and started walking towards us at the feet of the ladder, raising the ladder hand over hand, rung by rung to the height of the gutter and two feet beyond. He pivoted the ladder awkwardly on one leg and leaned it against the gutter below the valley where the roof over our bedroom had leaked, finally, so bad, again, that Ma had demanded, again, that he fix it "at least with some tar at least, at least just for now."

My excitement over watching my dad climb so high (I knew he was afraid of heights — deathly) eclipsed my anger at having to work another Saturday afternoon. "Are you really gonna climb on the roof?" I asked him, looking at the can of beer in his hand that he had retrieved from the plantain that grew next to the house and beyond, past the

tree swing, to the new wire fence that started Adam's beanfield.

"No, you are. Me and your brother will stay down here and hold the ladder. Don't worry, we'll catch you if we have to, if something happens, but you won't have any problems . . . you love to climb," he said, with finality.

I looked at my brother. "Hey, you're the climber, not me. I'm afraid of heights . . ." and he almost said "too" but Dad's look cut him off.

It was true. I loved to climb. But what I loved to climb was the cherry tree next to the back porch. I'd pull a book up from the ground on a string and read to myself and be left alone up high — maybe eight feet up — where I figured no one would look for me. I didn't know anyone had seen me in my cherry tree. I remember thinking, "I've got to find a new place to hide," as Dad handed me the rope that was tied to the wire handle of the paint can that held several pounds of black roof cement and a 79¢ trowel.

"Don't leave the trowel up there when you're done," he said. "I don't want to have to go up and get it," he said and something inside me shifted.

I was too preoccupied with the mechanics of climbing higher than I had ever been up that dried and creaking, splintery ladder and not dropping the end of the rope in my hand to think about the scene I had just left, had just literally climbed out of.

Something had shifted inside, deep, but it was too deep — and too soon — for examination or identification. I had a vague sense, though, that something too deep and too soon had subtly, yet irrevocably, changed between me and my father and even between me and my brother, standing there, gloating, actually, and eating a candy bar.

I got to the top of the ladder, where I could see the diagonal edges of the shingles that lined the black tarpaper valley in front of me and the hole, about six inches across, where the water was surely getting in. The hole was about ten feet up the roof. I would have to get off the ladder and crawl up the valley to reach the leak. Both roofs were way too steep to walk up. By crawling on all fours, I figured, I could increase my points of contact with the roof and increase the friction that I hoped would keep me in place. Even at nine, I was an analyzer, a problem solver, an *embarrassment*, I would realize years later — too many years later — to do much good for any of us and how we got along together before he died and my brother moved away with Ma.

I let my eyes follow the valley up, and saw where the ridges of the two roofs met — and the sky beyond — and immediately felt a wave of vertigo as I stood there, rungs cutting my arches and my small boy's hands clinging to the splintery sides of the old ladder and the end of the rope I tried not to drop.

"How's it look?" a voice hollered from far below

and, it seemed, far away.

"I can see the hole, but I can't reach it. I'll have to climb to it." I tried to look down, to see the worry and concern and appreciation and pride on my dad's face. I *tried* to look down, but I felt a wave of nausea even when I just looked at my bedroom window below me, on the second floor.

"Well, hurry up. Let's get 'er done," was all he said.

He really had no idea, I thought, did he? Was it he didn't really know, or didn't care, or that he cared but just didn't want to know, really. Something acidic rose in my throat, and I swallowed, but the burning wouldn't go away. I looked straight ahead, at the roof, (what else was there to see?) and pulled hand over hand on the splintery rope that raised the paint can that held the tar. I realized, pulling hand over hand and noting the can got heavier with each tug, that I was alone in a way I had never been before, in a different kind of *aloneness* from reading children's stories in a cherry tree or even sitting on the porch waiting for Dad to come home from work. I knew, too, as I fought back tears that only clouded my vision and made the roof in front of me seem to waver and sway, that this was all my father's fault, and my brother's — and my own, for being the youngest and the least clever and the most trusting. I thought of my mother, inside, downstairs, far below me, lying on the couch drinking tea and reading the Saturday Evening Post in front of the very window where the feet of the ladder and my father and brother stood, and realized this was her way of getting even, of getting back at Dad, and my brother, and even me, I guess, all of us — THE MEN, as she called us.

But I couldn't hate her, not then on the roof, not even on the way down (hole patched) when the valley slipped — shot out — beneath me. My heart sank and I swallowed my breath — the sudden noise and chaos, the feeling of vertigo and a prayer that my slide slacken and not pick up speed as shingles snapped and flew from my ankles now on fire beneath the sides of my canvas sneakers. I'm still not sure what had told me to flip over to my side and lie in the valley (was it instinct, if so from where, from what common human experience across the millennia?) on my side so my whole body would make contact with the dried and pitted shingles on the two roofs that nestled me even as they intended to catapult me past the top two feet

of the ladder and towards Adams' beanfield past the tree with the swing. Clouds shot across the sky, and my heart now shot to my throat as fire grabbed the side of my body, burned up the raw side of my leg and thigh, past my belt that cut into my side and higher, burning especially my bare elbow and forearm and palm.

It was over just as suddenly, but not the burning. I realized, with a start, that the valley had stopped moving and I had stopped, somehow, just a foot above the edge of the roof and the gutter I intended to stick my feet in even though it wouldn't hold me anyway. I lay there forever, it seemed — in that dark valley, as clouds suddenly stood still and my stomach dropped to its real spot — shocked at the sudden quiet and stillness, catching my breath and feeling some of the fears slowly pass, though I tasted the sudden acid in my throat. I thought a quick muddled prayer of thanks. I felt something wet already cooling the burned spots, on my forearms and elbow. I was afraid to look. I didn't want to move.

My first coherent thought was, Dad will be glad I saved the gutter, and then a different kind of shock and nausea overtook me, and I could feel anger collect where the fear had been. I realized, bleeding and frightened beyond any experience in my nine years, that I, I, would have been the one who was assigned to climb the ladder again and fix the damn gutter, too, as Dad drank beer, and my brother ate a candy bar, and my mother lay on the couch in front of the window next to the ladder drinking tea and reading a magazine.

I was thinking how I wanted to stay there nestled in that dark black valley, aching and burning but safe. Safe, I realized, for maybe the first time in my life — safe from them and their machinations and their delusions and their cowardices and their deceptions that always kept them safe and unscarred and unthreatened. . . .

I heard a voice. The old man had hollered: "What happened?"

I didn't even hate him, yet, when he hollered back up, before I could answer: "Be careful." (Was there a pause?) "You almost got us with the tarbucket."

Howard Wills

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

Robert Boch is a freshman majoring in music. "Human beings are the only animals on this earth that enjoy building bigger and stronger machines with the ability to destroy their surroundings in a way that was previously unimaginable."

Susan Brand is a junior English major/French minor who hopes to teach and share her enthusiasm for writing; especially poetry. She has been writing poetry since the age of sixteen and hopes to someday publish a collection of her work.

Kester Clarke, a junior psychology student, enjoys playing and recording music, being a world traveler, and playing sports, especially soccer.

Jerry Glascock is a first semester full-time student at IUPUI Columbus. He has been writing poetry for four years.

Jon Eric Johnson, a senior Secondary Education-English major, has a strong interest in the writing process. Jon believes the meaning of life resides in security, freedom, and sensual satisfaction. Accordingly, he is the head tutor of the IUPUI Columbus Writing Center.

Robin Kares, the coordinator of the IUPUI Columbus writing program, did her graduate work in English at Southern Illinois University. This education, plus a few courses in wild animal training allowed her to keep the Literalines staff under smooth control as the deadline pressure built to the point of explosion.

Tom Kotowski is a senior psych major who collects guitars and musical instruments from third world countries.

Gregg Laman is an Elementary Education major.

Gerry Loyd has been a Continuing Education student whose hobbies include landscape and wildlife painting, and stained glass design. She is a professional hairstylist. Gerry is married to Keith.

L. Keith Loyd is the proud grandfather of four and he loves the outdoors. A retired funeral director and petroleum marketer, he now uses most of his writing time exploring the damage done to North American wetlands by agriculture and industry.

Amy Lykins is a resident of Bartholomew County, and a student at IUPUI.

Jeanne Mackey is a junior majoring in psychology. After graduation, she plans to attend Christian Theological Seminary.

Melinda Matlock is in her second semester at IUPUI Columbus and will probably major in English, but is looking forward to "experimenting" with other fields of study. She enjoys higher education and learning.

Laura Mershon is a senior English Ed/psych student. She enjoys learning the craft of writing.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

Steve Mitchell, a part-time IUPUI Columbus student and full-time Cummins employee, spends most of his life in the National Guard. He has a brown belt in Karate, sails, and scuba dives. He is a big fan of Jimmy Buffet.

Teresa L. Mullins is a sophomore majoring in education and is a resident of Columbus. She is the single parent of an 18 year-old son who will be attending IUPUI Columbus in the fall. She is a member of the Alpha Lambda Delta honor society, and volunteers for First Call for Help.

Cindy Odom is working on her Associate Degree in Nursing. She and her husband of 25 years have three children, one grandchild and expect another grandchild right after finals (hopefully!). She and her husband have lived all over the midwest and have settled in Franklin for the past 11 years.

Sonda Marie Schmidt, a senior majoring in psychology, is the wife of Glenn, the mother of Erin, Andrew, and Joseph, *and* a student in for the long haul. She plans to enter graduate school in 1995. Life is rich!

Brian C. Shaffer is a junior psychology major. He is president of the Student Activity Committee and works full time at Irwin Union Bank, and hopes to do graduate work in industrial psychology. Brian has no spare time, so he doesn't have any hobbies.

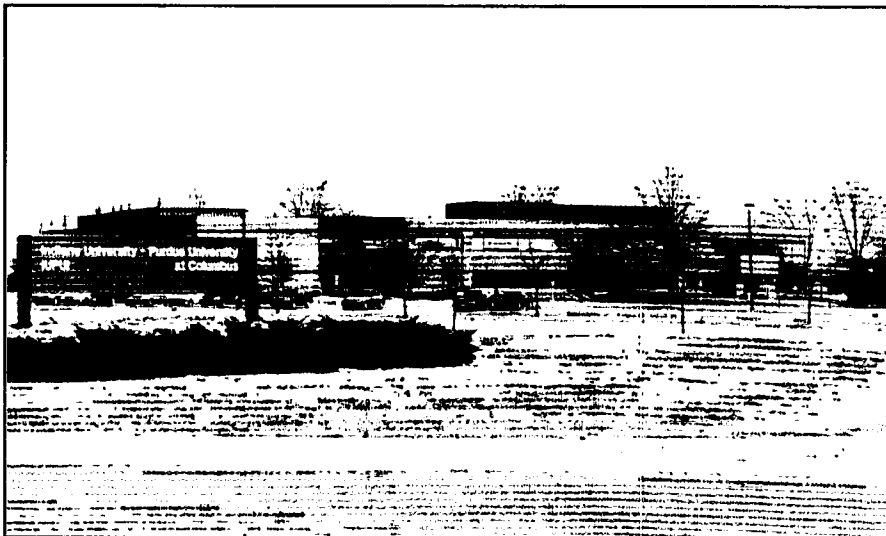
John Shepard is a freshman at IUPUI who says, "I would like to draw pictures and write science fiction for the rest of my life, but the family wants me to get a real job. So here I am, majoring in CIMT and CPT through Purdue Statewide Technology."

Angela Reeves is a senior psychology major who wishes to work with neglected and abused children. She is the mother of Seth Andrew-Ray Reeves, born 12/06/93, and dedicates her poem to him with love. She wrote the poem so that its readers will feel as though they know Seth.

Howard Wills teaches technical report writing and business communications. He is a student at both IUPUI Columbus and IU Bloomington, where he is earning a Master's Degree in Language Education. He thinks IUPUI Columbus is the center of the universe. And he is madly in love with his wife, Kathy, who also teaches at IUPUI Columbus.

Dianne Wiemers Wyman, a senior psychology student, describes her life as being like a giant *Tetris* game. *Most* of the time all the pieces fit. She dedicates her work on this magazine to her mom and dad who taught her to believe that life has no limits so you might as well reach for the stars; and to all the educators on the Columbus campus who have shared with her, and countless others, the meaning of excellence through their teaching.

Laura Wyman is a sophomore pre-vet major. She divides her time between school, work, art, and talking with the animals.



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