

RED CEDAR REVIEW



RED CEDAR REVIEW

Vol. XIII No. 2

Contents

<i>Nancy Nowak</i>	
Augeries	1
<i>John Lehman</i>	
Autobiography.....	2
<i>Margaret Kaminski</i>	
#3709 Postcard Poem.....	4
<i>Bob Brooks</i>	
Turtles Move Slowly.....	5
<i>Judith McCombs</i>	
Untitled Stone Poem.....	20
<i>Hollis M. Ryder</i>	
My Mother's China.....	22
<i>Leonora Smith</i>	
The Morning News.....	24
<i>Janet Samuelson</i>	
Michigan in Winter.....	35
<i>Janet Samuelson</i>	
A Morning of Divers.....	37
<i>Janet Samuelson</i>	
Letter to Binx Bolling.....	39
<i>Carolyn Cigan</i>	
david, who always liked cats	
for their independence.....	40
<i>Deborah Route</i>	
Name Dropping.....	41
<i>Paul Shuttleworth</i>	
Nine: Anonymous/Amnesia.....	42
<i>James G. Dawson</i>	
Nancy and Sluggo Go to Easter Island.....	46
<i>Paul Witherington</i>	
Whores, Fours, and One-Eyed Jacks.....	48
<i>Michael Lauchlin</i>	
Boundaries.....	57
<i>William D. Elliott</i>	
Ahna Andersen.....	58
<i>Dan Lawless</i>	
arrival of evening.....	72

Deborah Pye
 Fiesta de Santa Catarina.73

Richard Thomas
 Review of *One Summer*.74

Contributor's Notes.77



Pete Jones

AUGURIES

Nancy Nowak

Like a child who freezes
at the shadow
of a truck parked by the curb,
or points at the mealy claws of a pigeon
and screams as the bird struts
anxiously, both of them anxious,
I know anything can be twice-
seen. Of course ridged clouds
are a sign of our meeting again,
and the man selling turquoise rings
on a blanket outside the bank
is telling me what we will tell one another.
Watching two women
cross the street against traffic I see
what you meant, then; what we'll mean.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

John Lehman

On the wall at my brother's after dinner
I uncover myself in a daguerrotype
of my grandfather with his first grade class
before a painted backdrop of a railroad bridge
and recall that as an old man
he always wore a hat when photographed.

I remember Union Station as my father waited
to step to the platform from a pullman car
after the trip up north when grandfather died
and screeches and the clap of coupler clash
that echoed like a crack of polar ice
and how the locomotive starting up again
sighed--
and now, and now, and now

...and the numbness of the Christmas
the year my sister's baby died.
You curl between your mother and me.
When I was in first grade and my sister in
eighth

I divided our room with a string
and now I was in eighth and how vacant she sat
and asked about a model train station as I
peeled a scab of glue from the side of a thumbnail
specked with yellow paint groping over the roof
for a foothold

...and the night ride in a coach from Frankfort
to Paris when your mother was pregnant with you
and couldn't sleep, and then as we waited outside
at a table in a neighborhood cafe for our room
to be made,
splashed in morning sun, how we ate croissants
that melted like snowflakes on our tongues.

Today your mother and you give me an Irish
fisherman's hat.

One morning years from now
your daughter or your son will see it in a picture
on a bureau
with wonder.

#3709 POSTCARD POEM

Margaret Kaminski

Still haven't seen this *bust of Queen Nefertiti* and must go back to Cairo Museum to again see the young Pharaoh's treasures, the most beautiful art objects on earth, I think.

Problems are far away as I walk in a haze of incense and essence of lotus and jasmine in Bazaar. Tomorrow perhaps will get some kohl and amber paint for eyes. Today bought some brass and copper (mosque lamp and water pipes) from a man with 2 wives. He said his father has 4. Also obligatory camel ride which I enjoyed to no end. I can't begin to say what has been most extraordinary here!

TURTLES MOVE SLOWLY

Ben Brooks

but they move. What I saw knotted at the base of the oak tree where the creek takes its westward turn was not moving at all. It was as still as the big tree itself.

I was below the tree, washing dishes in the creek. I was belly-down over the bank. I looked up and noticed the hump beneath the tree. I watched while my hands scrubbed. I watched while I dried. It seems thicker than a turtle, I thought, rising from the ground up the base of the tree. I was looking along the ridge of the bank, my eyes down over the edge. There were roots, ragged leaves, stones and acorns. My armpits ached high in the hollows, though I had my elbows wedged into the bank for support. It could be resting on a mound, I thought. It could even be propped against the tree, blown there by an insistent wind. It was covered with brown leaves, whatever it was. Spots of green showed through the leaves.

I fit my dishes one inside the next and closed the mess-kit. I stuck the kit into my pack, left it at the top--handy. I will investigate, I thought, on my leisurely way out of camp.

The hump was still still. I shouldered my pack, smoothed over my bed of leaves, breathed deep into the wind. This was my first time out of the city in eight months. I keep a calendar at home, recording events as they happen. Eight months, since a hike in the mountains to the east. That time I thought I saw a wolf. Now a leaf blew off the hump, peeling up like old paint curled with moisture. Another patch of green was exposed. It shone like the back of a fly in sunlight.

I touched the buckles of my pack. This was my first time ever camping alone. I ripped eight pages from my calendar before I left. I left the city for adventure. There, I set type, bind books. Real adventure scared me, the thought of it. But I wanted to expose myself to the possibility of it, the aura. There, you get nothing. I remembered the yellow-eyed wolf I had seen once, watching me. I had my

arms bound in straps. I hoisted my shoulders to get the pack in place. I lifted the stick I used for walking, tapped it to my shoe. The stick was thin and weak--it looked like a long broken finger, knotted like gnarled knuckles, crooked like mangled bone--but it felt right in my hand. But if I chance upon Little John in the forest, I thought, I will do best to go for his eye with the sharp end. Or let him cross the bridge first.

I approached the tree. I walked along the bank of the creek, where stones were laid in rows, set into the dirt as if by an ancient civilization determined to leave a heritage--two long rows with space between. Or maybe animals nudged them into line, I thought. Now it seemed much too large to be a turtle. Besides, it still did not move. Won't a turtle, even the worst, walk off when approached by strangers in the woods? Rise up in your shell and drift away on liquid legs, turtle, on cold padded feet. What else is humped? I wondered.

I let my stick pick at dead leaves, impale them, whisk them away. I looked about me. My head beat. Ahead there was a humped something, greenish. I sat on the bank of the creek. I let my feet dangle over the water.

Across the way strong patches of sun broke through the cover of red- and- yellow- leaved trees. They formed bright patterns on the ground that danced as the wind blew. It was late morning. A few birds flew from one tree to another. They called to each other as they swept through the air. They came sudden from roosts hidden among leaves, then disappeared into similar roosts, scudding across my vision like slowed, fat bullets. I imagined one, plump, brown-bellied, in a pan in the fire, beak down, eyes closed. It was surrounded by onions, and a runny sauce that sizzled when I poked the bird with my stick.

The days are beautiful, I thought. The sun is well on its way across the sky. I am in no hurry. The first night a spider'd crawled up my side, from my ankle to my armpit. It left a ragged string of raised red bites that itched the next day. It ate all night, that spider--taking its time. I would be that spider.

Then too, one morning I woke to a trapped gnat skit-

tering in my ear. My dream was of machines, saws, whining through wood. My mouth was sticky and hot. And the wolf too, I remembered. A small, thread-legged animal walks leisurely along my skin, I thought. It picks spots and nips my flesh to live. But I have no such way of being--and then I am sad.

In the city I dream of adventure. I dream of sunlight and the wind, wild animals lazy but ready, who look at me with hard bright eyes and flex their legs. There are rocks, large and sharp-cornered, cold, and there are low bushes with branches that snap back and prickly leaves that scratch. In the city it is all a dream. I set tiny letters in rows, catching them sometimes in my fingers when I am impatient, beneath my fingernails. I ride a bus littered with gray advertisements, work in a large room gray with soot, spotted black with spilled ink. In the woods I am alone, finally, there is no hurry.

It could easily have rained every day, I thought. Some falls it does. I could have been spending my days searching for caves, my nights in puddles black with mud. It is careless to have brought no tent. There are trees, of course--tall and short, red and orange and yellow. But I might have been rained on, or frozen even, the way I came. I brought no sleeping bag. I sought reduction to the merest, most basic, most minimum of necessities. Then I lay down to sleep, and there were no walls suddenly, no roof, no bed, no thermostat. The sun was bright that first day but weak. The wind was clean, but the night was cold.

I brought only cooking utensils, food, matches, a few changes of clothing. I slept in my coat. I considered omitting the matches but I did not. The slightest drizzle and I was miserable, and if the wind gusted my coat flapped on my thigh all night. At home my walls were so tight that the air in my apartment seemed to beat. It screamed with wanting to get out, and it rang in my ears.

I looked up at the hump under the tree. It seemed larger than when I had been washing my dishes. But of course, I was closer. Green spots shone up from the shadow of the oak, leaves around it were dead and sodden. It cannot be a rock, I thought. No rock outside China is so green.

It is not moss, it is too solid. I was below it still, and could see only the mass. Occasionally a leaf flaked off in the wind, showing more green. I had my hands together in my lap, and my feet kicked out and back over the water. I had said to them two weeks, I will be gone two weeks. And now time had loosened, it was as loose as air, and it seemed I could sit all morning to guess about a green thing humped under a tree. My heels dug holes in the yielding dirt. I imagined: An enormous green slug. A fat, squat snake. A truncated crocodile, lying exhausted hundreds of miles north of its swamp. Anything green, I thought. A suitcase full of money. A plastic wheel-hub, a green-painted mound of metal. What might I tell them when I returned? The sun winked at me between leaves of a tree, an eye bright and strong as fire, sly as a child. It would be nice if it were something there, I thought, and not just a mound of slime.

I stood up. I walked toward the hump. I kept my eyes to the ground, so as not to see too soon what this was. I kicked brown moist leaves over the edge of the creek's bank. They settled gently in the water, then swirled away. I kicked at small stones laid out in rows. And I stabbed a long dark worm with my stick. I winced at the pop of death, the spurt of its insides. I thought, anyway I will get some nature. I will get some nature in the grandest way. I shed all my city things--except the matches, the tins of food, the changes of clothing. And drove to the hills. I will clean out my whole system, I thought. You get tired of inky letters, sharp and metallic, of damp papers, machines with buttons that need oil. I will walk through the woods, hike in the hills, and even climb the mountains. Two weeks ought to do it, I thought, remembering my yellow-eyed wolf: ears curled inward, legs tensed and I could see its chest bump as its warm little heart beat inside, watching me. Two weeks alone ought to do it.

I stopped near the tree. You cannot will adventure, I thought. I looked around. I raised my head and looked at the sky through the leaves above me. The sun was high. I touched the mess-kit in my pack. Adventure is an event, I thought, a circumstance. It will happen to me only if it does.

Then I looked down. Immediately I knew. Something in my stomach stung, bled, ran to my heart. It had legs. There were pants. It had shoes. My mouth began to open but I shut it. I looked away again. I felt with my stick for the ground. I took a few small steps back, then stopped. I returned, I looked. No, it did not move.

I tried to turn it with my stick. But my stick could not raise it. It got caught in the coat. I touched it with my toe but pulled back. The green was the coat. Wool. Might I leave? I wondered. Of course I will miss the ending, I thought, if I leave. Leaves climbed up the side of the face past the ears. The shoes were half buried in dirt. I once had First-Aid, at the Y. I was curious, I was nosy and neat. If I left, I would miss the ending. I would never know.

Gingerly I removed my stick from the coat. Only the tips of two fingers touched it. I wiped them on my pants. The body was curled around the tree, face down. The feet pointed uphill. The first step was to flip the body. I poked at it again with my stick, but my stick only bent. It wilted. It folded.

I will have to touch it, I thought. I am not afraid to touch dead bodies, but I do not especially like to. My fingers itch then. I once touched a friend in his coffin, dead from blood trouble. My legs wobbled that time. But afraid? No.

I bent down and sunk my hands under an arm. Moist dirt clung in the webbing of my fingers. Quickly I rolled it; it was heavy. I sprang away. But first, or already as I jumped, I had a smell of dead clam--it came slamming into my face. An old smell from town--a bad meal once from a fish market.

I turned my face and sought a fresh wind. My eyes teared. I turned back but the body was rolling, slowly toward the bank. I'd flipped too hard. I reached for it, I saw the face for one moment as it made its last turn. The eyes were open, wild. The mouth was open--teeth showed. Flies swarmed up from where the body had been resting, from one hot knot they buzzed away--some through the tree, others over the creek. The body rolled over the edge. I heard it splat in the water. It might have broken 10 bones

twisting first on the bank. I looked. A line was stretched very tight between my ears, and I shook my head on it. It lay in the stream, face down. It was too heavy for the slow current, the shallow water, but an arm floated to the side. The body wavered, then settled. I leaned against the oak. Is this adventure? I thought.

Water swirled gently around the body, accomodating, as if it had always been there. Hair streamed back from the head on the surface. I knelt and filled my hands with dirt, scrubbed the fingers that had touched the arm. My eyes teared. I'd had one dumb look at a wild anxious face, then it was gone. I picked up my stick and threw it in. That green back. The stick flew, glided, then settled in the water--and slowly made its way downstream, rotating in gentle currents.

I abandoned my itinerary and set up camp under the oak tree. I would wait to see if anyone chanced along. If not, I thought, I will report this on my way out of the woods.

I found it expedient to have a permanent camp. One campfire for every meal, one spot of ground for each night. I dug a pit under the tree and cooked breakfast, lunch, and dinner on fires built in it. I left my pack in the crook of the tree when I went for walks. I slept and rested on one spot, which I covered with pine needles, and laid over with fallen leaves.

There were long hours spent sitting with my back to the tree, considering this event. I listened for the sound of tramping feet, but I heard only birds and crickets, and the occasional scuttling of a small ground animal. I drew figures in the dirt with my fingers, and rearranged the stones laid out along the creek's bank. I looked at the body in the water. Could the features of its face be washed away in the stream? I wondered. The bark of the tree, rough as barren ground tracked by old rains, imprinted itself on my back. I had already lost the face.

I tried to recall its look, its wild eyes, its brow, but already was not sure. Could the body be filled by water, the flow continuous through its open mouth? What do those

teeth do to the soft river bed? And will skin, which must by then, I thought, be quite wrinkled, rot and dissolve, or might the body bloat?

My weather was cooling. One day it rained. The first drops fell and I did not move, but when I was wet, and all my things were, I looked for cover. I ran a wide arc about my tree. I found no shelter at all.

I huddled under the oak, most of its leaves gone, and I pulled the collar of my coat over the top of my head. The coat smelled from rain. It pulled tight along my shoulders and back; it tugged at my arms. I sat constricted, hunched, stupid. The creek rose and the body wavered in the water. Only the back, the green jacket, bulged out.

The brown scum that joined water to wool rose with the creek's tide. It ringed the patch of exposed cloth. I sat above it, smelled nothing. The open belly was lost to me.

Rain dripped down my face, soaked through my coat, through my pants and shoes. I could hear worms, I thought, sliding through mud, and bugs digging through the wet bark of the tree. Nothing else though. I could hear nothing else but the rain.

I began to shiver and could not stop. My feet slid like fish inside my shoes. There was nowhere to go. Rain dropped like waterfalls. I remained under the tree waiting for it to stop. When I go camping again, I thought, I must bring a poncho and galoshes. It seemed the body would rise with the water and float, but it did not. Days, and there had been no progress since I'd rolled it into the creek. How could I ever have omitted my galoshes? I thought. There was nothing for it but to sit in the mud and watch.

All about the body rain entered the creek. Ripples and counter-ripples mingled and spread. The creek was shaking like jelly. The tiny island of wool absorbed rain without splashing it. Beneath the surface of the creek the side of the head, the brown pants encasing the legs, the hands at the very bottom, all wavered and swayed. Maybe the rain penetrates, I thought, slicing through secretly to skin, or beneath, preserving like an Egyptian unguent.

The water rose. Even less wool lay uncovered. Some of the brown scum washed downstream, catching in ripples,

swirling. I was soaked, shivering. But before me was only beauty. The ripples, the current, the form submerged and distorted, the little island of green, the white hands at the bottom that seemed to teeter back and forth like delicate shells under the wash of waves. No sound but the rain. Here is death, its ugly smell trapped, now purged and serene. Clouds lay low over trees, whose branches poked into them like fingers into full bags.

Rain stopped before nightfall. I ate cold hash from a can, because wet leaves and sticks, in a puddled pit, would not burn. I drank water gathered upstream from the body. The last of my cookies was dessert. I changed into clothes damp in my pack. I slung my coat, everything, over the oak's branches to dry. The ground was spotted with puddles. My bed of leaves and pine needles was floating. I spread underclothes, worn and dirty, wet, along the bed as sponges. Then I slept—in my dreams I shivered.

For food there were acorns, shells cracking in teeth. I ground juice from leaves, pulling them through sticks that lay attached like a clothes wringer, my foot holding them tight. The juice was for vitamins. I saved a tin of meat, a few grounds of coffee, some shreds of tea. No one had come.

One morning I gathered worms and insect larvae and threw them into my pan. I turned my head. The bugs fried to charcoal. I remembered pretzels, beef jerky, eating eyes shut.

I began to tire of watching that body in the creek. It did not move. The rain left a ring of glistening, exposed green around the island. Below that the scum formed again—a kind of beach. My mind strayed. I remembered my job. When were two weeks past? The weather was cold. I must have lost my job. Had my apartment been forcibly vacated, too?

Here is death: beautiful but it stinks in its first move, impersonal but I am caught, mysterious. The other side of the body, the face, the look—what were they now, through time and water and change?

I passed out once. Momentarily. Another time I fell. My interest began to dwindle, like an ebbing tide. Then it

flowed back. I resolved to stir. To take action. Action was the problem. I stood up. I hailed the body, called good-bye, said I would return with help. I tried to leave. But. What if it suddenly began to flow downstream, swollen, ripping chunks of dirt from the sides of the creek? I would miss it. Or its decomposition--what if that reached the surface, and the hair on the back of its head, the green jacket, the white hands deep down on the bottom, turned gray from the inside, began to flake? I would miss that. And what if I retrieved help, but lost my way returning? What might happen might happen at any time. I could miss it. The finale. Or what if someone came while I was gone, strode boldly to my tree, did something--prodded the body loose? I resolved to stay.

I ate the last tin of meat. Still I did not go. Cold was with me, and I sat huddled under the tree, swathed in layers of clothing, my eyes fixed to the creek. I sucked my fingers to stay alive. Upstream I dipped my cup into the creek, lying on the hardening ground. I licked the salt of occasional sweat from my lips, and the palms of my hands.

The ground began to freeze. Snow came. I dug out the frozen ground with a spoon from my mess-kit, and my fingers. A big hole. It was deep enough to sit in, it was long enough to lie in and wide enough to turn in.

I covered the hole with sticks. I covered the sticks with wet, decaying leaves. I moved from the spot under the tree to the hole. I was careful not to let any snow spill in. I laid a fresh bed of leaves and pine needles in the hole. If I stood, raising to my toes, I could see over the edge of the bank and to the body in the water. That is, until the water froze and the body was covered with snow. Then I could only see the hump of snow that signified the body. A hump again, I thought. Like the initial, behumped stage of this adventure, of seeing.

In my hole there was time to think. My brain, cold as ice, became sharp and alert. I rarely moved. There were the seasons, the woods and the city, the event that did not want to transpire. But I could resolve no issues. I could not even answer the question, what shall I have for breakfast this

fine morning? Or, did it really snow again last night, or am I only seeing yesterday's snow--fresh, bottomless, glittery in the morning and so new-looking. My brain prickled like dry ice, and sat.

Then the weather warmed again. The snow in the creek melted, the level of the water rose. It seemed at first the body would be swept away. For a few days it was completely submerged. When the wind blew, and parted the water, the tiniest tip of green poked above the surface. The body seemed to tremble in the spring current. It seemed to sway. I climbed out of my hole daily to watch. Interest was renewed. I stood at the edge of the bank peering over.

But the body would not be dislodged. Gradually the water subsided. I went back to grinding old acorns and picking buds. It trembled and swayed with winds, the tip of green poked out again, scum formed in descending rings. I brought my bed out of my hole, handful by handful. Under water the sun iced to the bottom, there was movement in the pants, the shoes, the fingers. I fetched my pack and my clothes. I placed them under the oak tree. I sat, drew my knees to my chin. My spine pressed into the cool, rough bark. I watched. The water had crested, the big spring flood. I stood up and stretched my limbs. I touched my toes, I shook my fingers like short whips. Nothing. The level of the water in the creek was receding--I could see it--as if somewhere now was an opened drain.

I walked about the camp. Small bushes, shots and tangles of undergrowth had re-emerged. I heard the cries of a few birds. The last spots of snow were glistening wetly, ready to give. I counted off another season.

Summer. The green coat ringed like the cross-section of a tree, different shades, than dead and fermenting sections of scum. The current was slowed; the body was still.

The tip of an ear emerged, dried and wrinkled like a bleached prune. The white hands at the bottom of the creek were the underbellies of fish turned up, dead and unmoving. Perhaps they had even dug in. The hair was knotted and dry. Summer, more waiting.

I knew summer would not move the body. It does not rain much in summer. The current was slowed. Maybe

even, by now, the fingers of the hands were clutching the bed of the creek. I could not see. Perhaps summer would lower the level of the water more, exposing the body. Perhaps summer would heat it up, and cause it to finally stink to my nose. Perhaps summer would hasten its decomposition. But I knew summer would not move the body. It would not finally swirl it down the creek like a bloated, rotting battering ram--into a bank where it would stick head first, or to the sea miles away.

So I relaxed my vigil. I brought my thoughts back from the hole. Spring is the time to watch. I got to know the placement of every loose stick on the ground in my camp, the angle of each tree's shadow as the sun passed. I found berries and ate them. I watched the creek for minnows, and caught succulent water spiders with quick scoops of an outstretched arm, my hand closing on them like a trap. I exercised. I chased squirrels, swatting at them with a new stick. I even stood on my head several times a day, resting my spine and my legs along the trunk of my tree.

No, summer did not dislodge the body. I was free to relax. A patch of hair glistened above the surface, an ear, the heel of a shoe. The water swirled around instead of over. There are some possibilities, I thought. An autumn rainstorm. A cold winter, and the body will freeze, rise, float off as a block of ice when the creek begins to melt. Or next spring's thaw. I thought of my station, the city, seasons. But thoughts do not force action. Patience is not always rewarded. An event will occur, perhaps unexpected, and only then will a series progress. It cannot be predicted when this will happen. I imagined the body loosening, turning up to me with its eyes opened and sad, its rubbery lips struggling to move. I imagined the creek arching, rising into a powerful river, running madly off with its loot. I imagined courage, strength, wading into the creek, hooking an arm and a fattened leg, pulling it to the bank. I sat, now I stood, now patient, now impatient, watching, waiting. It did not seem to me at all that I had aged a year.

They thought I was sick. They. They came with their tents, their long staffs and bug-spray, their hiking boots, their hats to keep away the sun, their radios and bag lunches. They came as the squirrel spiralled up the side of the tree, its tiny claws forcing openings in the bark, its brown eyes bulging, heavenward.

I did not see them. I beat at the tree with my stick, as the squirrel jumped from limb to limb. I pushed at the tree with both hands. I saw the squirrel in my pan, fur greased down in sauce, mouth open, little sharp teeth charred black. I did not hear them. I did not hear them until one of them said, my first voice in a year, dry scraping voice sugar-coated with mucous, "What the hell is he doing? Jesus Christ, what the hell is he doing?"

They drew toward me and circled me. I watched. Four, five, six. They might have sprouted from the ground. I held my stick slack at my side, a fresh ripe branch from the oak, peeled at the tip by my fingers. It was slack, tapping my ankle, but I was quite ready to jam it in an eye, thrust it up a nose. They closed. "Are you from the city?" I said.

One laughed. "From the city," he mimicked. He had long arms that swung like willow branches, a face whose mouth stuck out like a horse's, whose eyes were cold like hard candy. "From the city." The tip of my stick opened a sudden slit along his brow that issued blood like a new-struck well spills water. Only because he moved his head at the last moment did it not impale an eye. Only because he moved his head.

They thought I killed the body. They held me. Four, five, six. They stood on my bed. They kicked it apart, ripping my leaves, scattering my pine needles. They all bled from the head. Maybe they thought I stuck it with my stick. Maybe they thought I beat it out of a tree.

They led me away. "God damn you," the one with the horse mouth said. I left my acorns. I left my clothes, my pack. I went with them, without choice. I left my place, my body, my hole, my oak tree, even my creek. I felt like I was being sucked away from my insides, or my insides from me.

Leaves of trees glistened above me, green, moist. Little purple flowers grew close to the ground. We walked along a hidden path spread with sticks. Birds, squirrels, insects watched me. I felt the body back in the drying creek pull. Don't leave, it said. It turned in the water, rolled over and over, wrapped itself like a mummy in the thick rope that connected us, but I did not come back to it. I stayed on the path.

The path widened, then ended. We'd come to an asphalt lot for cars. I had not seen a car for a long time. One of them, bright orange, stung my eyes like direct sunlight. Another was green, with great brown gashes in its side. I turned my head.

We got into the orange car. Inside it was cool and dark. It did not tear my eyes, as its shell had. The plastic of the seat was like wet bark, the floor a coating of pine needles. The engine was the wind through leaves, and our movement was steady like the current of a stream.

They drove me to the city. They took me to a tall building with wide steps leading to a columned entranceway. A woman with a yellow pencil behind her ear greeted me. She told me to talk. The others, and more, stood around me in a circle. Talk. Talk. As if the world were words, and death, time, a body in a creek or a hole in the ground, could be explained.

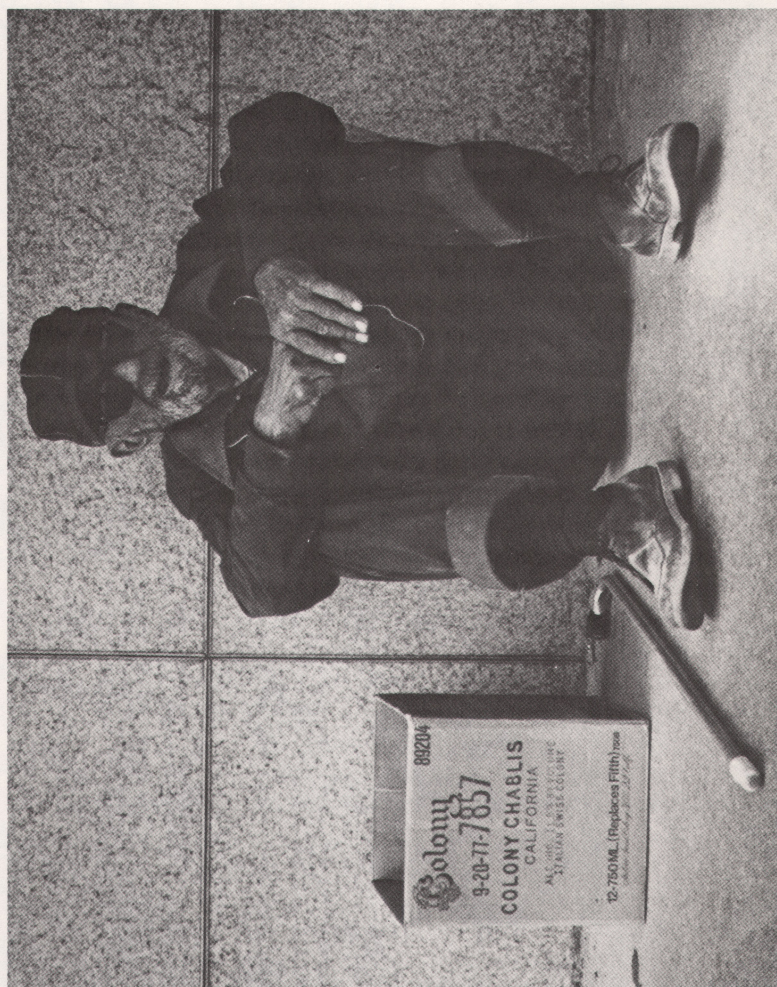
I sat alone in a room. I slapped my hand on a table. I slapped it again and again, until I could no longer feel the slaps. The body in the creek lay face up, wrapped in rope, one loop loose about its throat. Its belly was hollow, eaten out. Its mouth was open, twisted, silent. An arm, greensleeved, was being tugged by water, stretching. It made as if to go, surge downstream. The eyes were all white. The mouth, twisted, called to me. Deep in its throat it was black. An arm made as if to stretch away from a shoulder. I kept hitting the table.

I never saw the face—just that one rolling glimpse. It was wild, impossible to recall. I thought of acorn meats, curved and intricate like the inside of my head. I thought of a worm I could twist around my finger. An oak leaf wrung into a tin of melted snow.

I would not see how it turned out. I would not see the decomposition, the washing away of the features, the battering ram ride down the swollen current. Would the white fingers have mud from the creek bottom thick under their nails? Would there be nails? I would not see the face.

I thought: the adventure is probably already over; how did it end? It was supposed to have been my adventure, wasn't it? I got up from the table. My feet no longer took to linoleum floors. I did not like walls. The air I breathed was old. It beat against the walls, crying. Once in my lungs it beat harder. I circled the room. I sat down. My legs ached and I felt empty. Like a balloon, I was all skin and stale air.

Now the face. Its eyes were wild, but what color? Blue? Red? Purple? What shape? An open mouth—but what of the teeth? the lips? It must have looked like something. I remembered the hump I had first seen, green and distant, covered with leaves. I imagined a face with thick green eyelids, large black eyes blinking slowly. No. A curved beak. There were fingerless reptilian paws bleached white. I imagined the wool jacket a hard protective shell. I got up from the table. The slick floor felt to my feet like the slippery deck of a tipping ship. I made it to the door, but I could not go past. I beat on it. The door was locked.



Tim Keefe

UNTITLED STONE POEM

Judith McCombs

I

There are places where the earth's cliffs stumble & break,
where the boulders have gathered & the sea waves abide,
places where stone clammers on stone,
skull-shape & slab, tumbling & mauling

There the animals retreat & go inland for water
There the humans retreat, no harbor, no paths
The grasses retreat, unable to seed
in the moving grey stones There cedar roots grope,
feeding on stone, cramped & retreating

What light inhabits these barrens of stone
older than humans, borne across waters
no human beholds What silence inhabits
these slow-heaving stones, & under that silence
what murmuring, learned from the ridges of water
falling into the land, mounting & falling

II

If you had the patience of God you could wait
for the fossils hidden in stone to awaken
for the scoured hollows of boulders to rise
for the fractures veining the granite to open
as thistle & flower, creeper & wing

Or, with the lesser patience of death you could wait
for the breath to subside & the flesh settle back
in the thickening mantle, mould among mould,
unspecified shards where the soft bones broke

Or, while the light on the water wavers
& the grey gelid sea drifts towards winter,
if you wait without speaking, without hours or maps,

the stones will begin to forget you are there
The cedars will rouse & turn to each other,
frond among frond, gravely embracing

& the light on the water will gather in fullness,
long barrows of light sliding into your eyes
as the sea slides into the stones & garners
slimecell & bubble, bright furrows of life

& the stones will speak, stone among stone
& stone among water, in a tongue that is known
to the skin of your eyes, a breath remembered
in the pit of your breath, a hymn of grey stone
that will enter the shining furrows of brain

& never translate into words for the humans

MY MOTHER'S CHINA

Hollis M. Ryder

My mother's china
resided quite properly
displayed
in a hutch
that was made
by hand.

The plates, upheld
by small silver stands,
set stoically
in a somber space
known only to royalty
and jesus christ
himself erect

but shoulders leaning
like sunday
in a pew:

brown-hard and
back-to-back.

Across the room
a window played
and danced the day
away like a lover
caught in color settling
gently as dust collecting
in the cups. Caught

captured lost
ghost of a prism
lurking rainbow hue
in a glass pane prison.

A small boy wondering
approaches silently;
divides the light,
disintegrates the space
by reaching for a plate . . .

He caresses the heavy-held
like a thousand loves and
cries oh!
if life could be as cool
and smooth
as mother's china.

THE MORNING NEWS: THE EVENING NEWS

Leonora Smith

Ralph circled through the Rollo-Rama parking lot three times before he got a place right in front of the door. "Cripes, Dad, we can walk a little way. We're not helpless," Will muttered from the back seat. Monica just squirmed.

There were crowds of kids in front of the rink—some older. They didn't seem to be kids at all. They had on silky jackets in red and yellow. The back of one boy's jacket—the boy looked very tall and thin, even taller than Ralph himself—had a dragon that breathed fire on it. Huge red flames. Maybe these were Viet Nam vets. But what were they doing hanging around a place for children like Will, fourteen, and Monica, only twelve.

"These people are older. Are you sure it's the right place?"

"God, Dad, I've been skating here for years. My teacher's even here. Stop being so *weird*." Will pushed open the back door and Monica opened the front, pulling down her bright pink blouse to cover the roll of baby fat around her middle. "We'll call you," Will went on.

"No, don't call. Nine. I'll be here right at nine. And wait inside the door." They got out of the car and Monica stopped to talk to some girls who were standing there, sleazy looking girls with hair that separated in strands, girls wearing boys' jackets. Were these the people that his children saw everyday at school? He was noticing all these things now, things he had never really thought about or seen before his wife died.

When Monica, who still looked like a child, almost a baby, turned with the others and went in the square door, which looked like the opening to a bar, the boy with dragon on his jacket turned and stared at her. And she stopped and stood there for a moment and stared back at him. Ralph couldn't see the expression on her face but he wanted to get out of the car and grab her and shake her and take her home. Will, too, but especially Monica. Before he could

move, though, she shook her head a little, like a twitch or a shrug, and went inside. Ralph could hear the organ music playing as he drove away.

When he got home, he sat down to read the newspaper. *Girl 10, Raped Murdered*. Jesus. Was the news getting worse all the time, or was it true what Will said, that he was getting weird? Before Mary sickened, at first slowly and then faster and faster, he would have read the headline and made a comment about Detroit going to hell in a handcart. Good thing they lived in the suburbs. You wouldn't catch him going down on the Cass Corridor to see the second coming. Now his hand shook at the sight of the headline, and he pushed his weight, which seemed these days so heavy he could barely move himself from place to place, back from the table. Where were the car keys? He'd just had them a minute ago. He pushed his hand into his jacket pockets, but they were empty.

There were murderers out there, sick people, crazy people. He tried to block what the paper had said out of his mind. *Girl missing two days, found naked*....even worse was what they hadn't said, like flimsy pieces of gauze over the pictures of naked women in magazines, so the distended flesh and bristling hair became much more vivid than it could possibly be uncovered. Where were those keys? Not on the kitchen table. Not on the mantle. He rushed out to the car to look for them. Not there.

What about the girl, some strange man doing things to her that could not be imagined by a sane person...his huge hands? He put his hands over his ears to block out what seemed to him to be the sound of his daughter's voice. He had to find the keys.

There they were, in his pant's pocket. But he'd already looked there. He ran back to the car and got in, the ripped place on the upholstery catching his knit pants, and drove back to the skating rink.

A few people were still standing outside, smoking cigarettes or marijuana, he couldn't tell from this distance. He parked as close as he could and as he pushed past the people at the door, he could tell it was marijuana. Why had he let his children come here?

The noise of the organ music and the loud hum of the skates of so many people over the wood floor was deafening. The music was rock and roll—disco, and people were skating in pairs. The black kids, more than the white ones, were doing amazing dips and then moving away from each other, and then back together again, in some complicated and physically improbable dance. Ralph first just looked through the crowd for white faces. He saw Will over in the corner with some other boys—the Johnson boy and some others he didn't recognize, but he didn't see Monica.

At the door of the skate booth, a fat man in a tee-shirt, who seemed to be about Ralph's age or older, was leaning on the shelf of the divided door, looking at the skaters. "I'm looking for my daughter," Ralph said. The man looked at him, turning up his eyes and shaking his head. "She's..." The man rolled his eyes and shrugged. Ralph wanted to grab the front of his dirty t-shirt and twist it until the man's eyes popped.

Just then, Monica skated by him, on the inside of the oval, staring straight ahead of her. There were so many other faces that Ralph was not at first certain it was Monica. Yes, he could see now that it was. She was alright. There she was. She was alright.

He watched her go around several times, persistantly, her arms stiff as if holding her up from falling, an intent, almost sullen look on her round face. As if she were waiting, *asking*, for something to happen.

Ralph went out to the car and sat there, hands on the wheel, staring at the open door of the rink, at the square patch of light and noise his children would walk through. Papers and old popcorn boxes littered the broken cement outside, shifting slightly in the mild wind. He could not stop his children's lives but he could be there to watch them. To save them, if he paid attention to the signs that he had missed before. *Poison in the air, tainted bacon, insecticides*, the very air and soil and food in his wife's mouth rotting away at her. They had told him. He read it in the papers every day, more and more warnings. But he had done nothing.

At the end, he almost had. He used to lie on the couch at night, which was made up with the army blankets his

mother had sent to college with him. His mother—he couldn't even remember her face now—what was her maiden name? And he would imagine taking those blankets and folding them up into a kind of pad and putting them over his wife's face, over the zombie's face, cutting off the explosions of sick dead breath into the air of the house where he and his children were trying to live. He would imagine this every night but he knew he could never do it, even though he was sure that once it was done he could reestablish the connection in his mind between his wife and the girl he had taken, fifteen or so years before, to the Ten Eyck hotel in Albany, with whom he had sunk into a haze of the senses.

The papers had told him that if he didn't take care of her, protect her from these vile poisons, these putrid but hidden dangers all around them every day, this horrible transformation would happen. But he hadn't paid attention. He hadn't believed.

As soon as he saw other cars pulling into the Rollo-Rama lot, he pulled right in front of the door, so that he could see Monica and Will before they came out. By nine, there were crowds outside, people pushing each other and one girl screaming out in a high thin voice and then lunging at a boy who had taken her purse. He was so tall he just held it over her head, and when she tried to grab it, he pushed her away.

Then Monica came out. He could see her pink top in the headlights. They should have more lights in a place like this, he thought. Then he saw her stop just outside the door. There was the tall thin boy, the one with his hair pushed back behind his ears, in the silk jacket, and he had his hand on Monica's arm. Before Ralph could move, the boy—he looked old enough to be a man—reached in his pocket and took something out. Was it a knife? Then Monica ran over to the car, and Will, too.

"Who was that guy? What was he doing?"

"What guy?" asked Will.

"Monica. The guy who gave something to Monica. What was he giving you?"

"Nothing. Just a joke," said Monica, leaning against

the car window.

"Tell me. Who he is and what did he give to you?" Ralph had both hands tight on the steering wheel and people behind were beginning to honk.

"Come on, Dad. We're holding up traffic," said Will.

"It was just a joke." Monica opened up her hand, which was dirty as if she'd been eating something pink and sticky. In it were two dimes. "That's Betty's brother Chuck." She looked out the window, her words reflected off the glass. "He gave me these dimes and told me...to call him in a couple years."

"You, heh," said Will. "You're just a kid."

"I am not."

"That's enough. You two have to stop this. You just have to help. Without your mother..." He started the car, not saying any more, not wanting to say any more, knowing it was hopeless. How could just one person, a man, protect his children?

When the children were in bed, he got his rifle out of the cupboard on the back porch where it hung with the skates he had had in high school and his old hunting jacket. He hadn't been hunting in three--four years. His mother had given it to him for his sixteenth birthday, so he could go up North with his Uncle Jack for deer season, but he had only gone two years before he went away to college, and after that he had hunted only four or five times. He took the gun and laid it out on its oily cloth on the table, and poured himself a glass of Jack Daniels. At first, he couldn't remember what to do with the gun, but drinking the bourbon seemed to remind him. He picked it up off the table and rubbed the barrel down with the cloth, and by the time he poured his second drink, he had the gun taken entirely apart. And by the time he finished his third, he had it oiled and put back together. And then he loaded it. He had to be prepared to take care of his children.

He looked in at Monica, having to step over piles of old clothes, underwear, books, that she left lying on the floor. Will was the neat one. Ralph had never noticed how messy Monica was until Mary got sick. Got cancer. She must have hidden it, cleaning up before he could notice.

Monica's face was pale, her nose stubbed, the freckles showing more in the dark than they did in the light. She was solid, heavy, with a lower lip which made her look as if she were pouting, even in her sleep. Ralph could see what that boy at the roller rink had been looking at--the pouting mouth, the smudged eyes. The boy in the silk jacket with the dragon on it and the flames looked, Ralph remembered, more like a knife than a human being, tall, thin, dark, like a blade. And he had been watching Monica, the blank expression on her face, the bottom lip sticking out too far, the almost roll of fat around her middle between the short top she wore and her jeans just noticable. What he could see was what, in her, was attracting this knife-person. There was something about her softness, the flatness of her eyelids, her soft, enveloping voice that attracted him and others like him, as if he were a fox or wild dog and she a stunned fat summer rabbit, eyes fixed, body still with invitation.

Ralph looked at her short hair, not washed often enough, and wanted to crawl into bed with her, to hold on to the roll of fat around her middle, to put his face against his daughter's small separated breasts, but he just shut the bedroom door and watched an old Humphery Bogart movie until he fell asleep under his old army blanket on the couch. Everything would work out alright, he thought as he fell asleep, the familiar sound of the movie reassuring. He was learning how to read the signs, to interpret them, and he would *make* everything work out.

In the morning, he woke late, just in time to watch Will and Monica finish breakfast. Will had a rip in the leg of his pants, and as he put on his levi jacket, he looked like a stranger to Ralph. Monica was silly this morning, like a little child, reading the jokes off the cereal box and banging on the table with laughter.

"Shut up," Will told her. "Shut up, you loud mouth. You sound like a pig."

Will, who now played baseball, had left the paper open to the sports page. The Tigers had won their third straight game. Ralph waited until he no longer heard the children's steps, and then went out and watched them walk

down the street, Will ahead and Monica behind, and continued to watch even after they were out of sight. Then he went back to the newspaper. The sports page looked alright. And then the business page. The economy was in an upswing. More new housing starts. Maybe he was just imagining. Maybe he was just going off the deep end with work, the house, everything getting lost and not being where it was supposed to be, not knowing what to do next. That was the worst of it.

Maybe the sickening fear he felt last night was just his imagination, overwork, too much to worry about. All these things that seemed to be happening, maybe they were an accident. Or maybe...maybe these things were not really happening. People in the newsrooms could be making them up, just to sell papers to people who liked to read about things like that. There were people who really liked to be frightened. Look at *Jaws*. Ralph couldn't imagine it, but he did know there were people who liked to be frightened.

He remembered that when the astronauts landed on the moon, some old country fellow said that it was all make believe, staged like a movie; nobody could really go to the moon. He had laughed a lot at that, but maybe the old guy was right. Not about landing on the moon—that must have happened, but maybe other things—maybe they were just exaggerated, so that a person would think they were much worse, much more amazing, than they really were. After all, he had never seen or known anyone whose children had been murdered. And the earthquakes, and the accidents—sometimes he saw accidents, but he never saw anyone killed or even seriously hurt. It would seem as if he would have actually seen or heard some of these things himself, if they were really happening. And his wife, well, maybe it was something else, not the air or water or food, but something she was born with that no one could help.

He looked at the second front page, the local news. Burglaries. Robberies. But he had his gun, and he knew the locks on the house were good. But when he saw the rest of the story about the *girl killed*, the same one he read last night, he knew that the stories *must* be real. They couldn't be making it up. It was too crazy. People couldn't,

shouldn't, think about things like that. Three girls now had disappeared. One's name was Janet. She was only eight and they had found parts of her body...she was on the way home from school. Another one was going to the store to buy butter for her mother. *Butter*.

Hands shaking, Ralph dialed the number of Central school. It was written in the book in his wife's handwriting. Even after a year, she was everywhere in the house; her pain was everywhere and the moaning sound of her voice seemed to rise around him from the floor and walls of the house. When the secretary answered, Ralph said he thought his daughter, Monica Conklin, had left her lunch money. Would they check and call him back? He was concerned, call him one way or the other. He would have to leave for work soon.

He stood by the phone, waiting, the paper still in his hand. Of course she would be alright. She had to be. It was the paper, scaring him, making him do strange things like this. It had to stop.

Just as the phone rang, he looked down at the paper, which he had folded now so that he could see the front page. *Father Kills*, it said. *Father Kills Self, Children*. Stunned, he picked up the phone. At first he was unable to remember who it was calling, but the school secretary said, "Mr. Conklin, Mr. Conklin," until he said, "Yes."

Still staring at the paper, *Father Kills*, he listened to the secretary tell him that Monica had her lunch money. She had already said good-bye when Ralph told her to wait. "Tell the children," he said, "tell Monica and Will that they are not to come home after school. Tell them to go to their aunt's house and wait until I call. Unexpected business trip." Then he hung up the phone, still staring at the newspaper.

All of this was too much. It had to be stopped. *Father Kills Self, Children. Father Kills*. All this time, when they were having children, when he went from sales to management, when he went to college, he thought that he was planning things and carrying them out, that what happened to him was a result of the choices he made, but it was clear now that these signs were warnings, explanations, of what

he was being *made* to do.

He lit the edge of the newspaper with his lighter and held it up so the flames rose toward his hand. It lit quickly, the *Father* dissolving first in the flames. Then he threw the burning paper in the fireplace. It had to be stopped. He was going to stop it.

He went to the kitchen and got the bottle of Jack Daniels, a box of Ritz crackers and a quart jar he filled with water. Then he went into the living room and turned the arm chair so that it faced out the front window. He stood and looked around the living room for a few minutes, at the couch, at the TV, then picked the blanket off the couch and hung it over the back of the chair. When the paper in the fireplace had gone out, he went over and kicked the ashes and then went out on the back porch and got his rifle and his hunting jacket, which he put on.

He opened the front window, and even though the cold was blowing on him, he sat down to wait, the muzzle of the gun on the window sill pointing out to the place where the sidewalk met his front walk. The familiar feeling of the gun in his hand—for it had become, suddenly, very familiar—gave him a sense of control. For the first time since his wife got so sick, he felt alive. He felt as if he were in control of things again. He felt like a man.

He sat there most of the day, watching out the front window, the muzzle of the gun on the sill, waiting for the evening news. Twice, the phone rang while he sat there, but he just listened as it rang, the urgency of phone calls gone. He drank most of the rest of the Jack Daniels and ate a few of the crackers. Sometimes he sat up straighter as he heard footsteps coming up the walk, but he had his pocket-watch on the sill beside the muzzle of the gun, and he would check it and then lean back in the chair.

Then, about four, he pushed the chair back out of the way and crouched down on the floor by the window. He heard footsteps on the walk. He put his finger on the trigger, waiting for the steps to turn up the walk but they didn't. It was a high school boy and girl, both wearing shiny clothes—jogging clothes. It was time. He knew it was time for the paper to come.

He closed his eyes and rested his head against the window sill, but in a minute steps came again, clunking steps like someone in boots. He lifted the gun and took the safety off and aimed at the space someone would fill when they stopped to throw a paper on the steps, the space between the two maples at the end of the walk. And as the boots came into view, first, the body hidden by the leaves, he began to pull back the excess in the trigger, his mind blank and automatic. But it was not the paper boy standing there, staring at his house. It was a tall thin man with long stringy hair, wearing a sport coat. Someone he had never seen before. The man turned up the walk.

Ralph's hand on the gun began to shake. This was not how he had planned it. What was this man doing here? Was he someone else trying to make Ralph do things, trying to frighten him? He aimed the gun again, just as the man stepped on the porch, carrying a black book in his hand and some papers.

He aimed at the place on the sport coat, threadbare tweed, where the too narrow lapels buttoned together in front. The collar of the jacket was turned up, against the wind. As he saw the man's arm lift toward the door bell, his finger tightened on the trigger.

Then he looked up toward the man's face, beige, his almost colorless hair and pale eyes and he stared for a moment, his finger feeling the resistance of the trigger, just a push away from giving. He realized that the man was looking right at him, as the door bell's echo reverberated over his head. He could feel it in his elbows against the sill vibrating through the wood of the house. The man was looking him right in the eye, smiling faintly, looking puzzled to see a man crouched down on the floor by the livingroom window. Could he see the gun? Ralph couldn't tell, but the man just stood there, shifting his weight to the left, looking at Ralph, waiting for him to open the door. This was not what Ralph had expected. He didn't know what to do.

"Hello," said the man through the window. "Good afternoon."

Ralph just crouched there, the gun in his hands.

"Can I talk to you a moment?" asked the man through

the window, coming closer. "Can I tell you about the news? The good news?"

Just as Ralph pulled the trigger, there was a thunk on the porch at the feet of the man's boots. It was the newsboy who called the police, but by then the pamphlets the man had been offering, which began, "Hear my prayer, Oh Lord/Let me cry unto thee," were mingled with the loose pages of newspaper, all covered in blood red as flames.

MICHIGAN IN WINTER

Janet Samuelson

I am bad at winter:
these sweaters & hats
& mittens are skins
I do not need.
I am forced to whisper to friends,
"Does the scarf go
on the inside or the out?"

Back home in Texas
Jim is baking coconut cakes
while Lynn sleeps
in a room of mimosa
or trims the rose bushes,
the scent still sweet
on her fingertips
as she helps slice the avocados
and tomatoes for dinner.
Lauren is dreaming
and dreaming her way
to Santa Cruz
as the last notes of some
country and western song
hang in the evening air.

Here in Michigan
my Basque coloring
is bleached into old snow.
I look softly at the landscape,
and the world spits back
the bleak cliché
of winter.

This perpetual excuse
cloys at me
like a room full of unwanted cats,
fits too conveniently

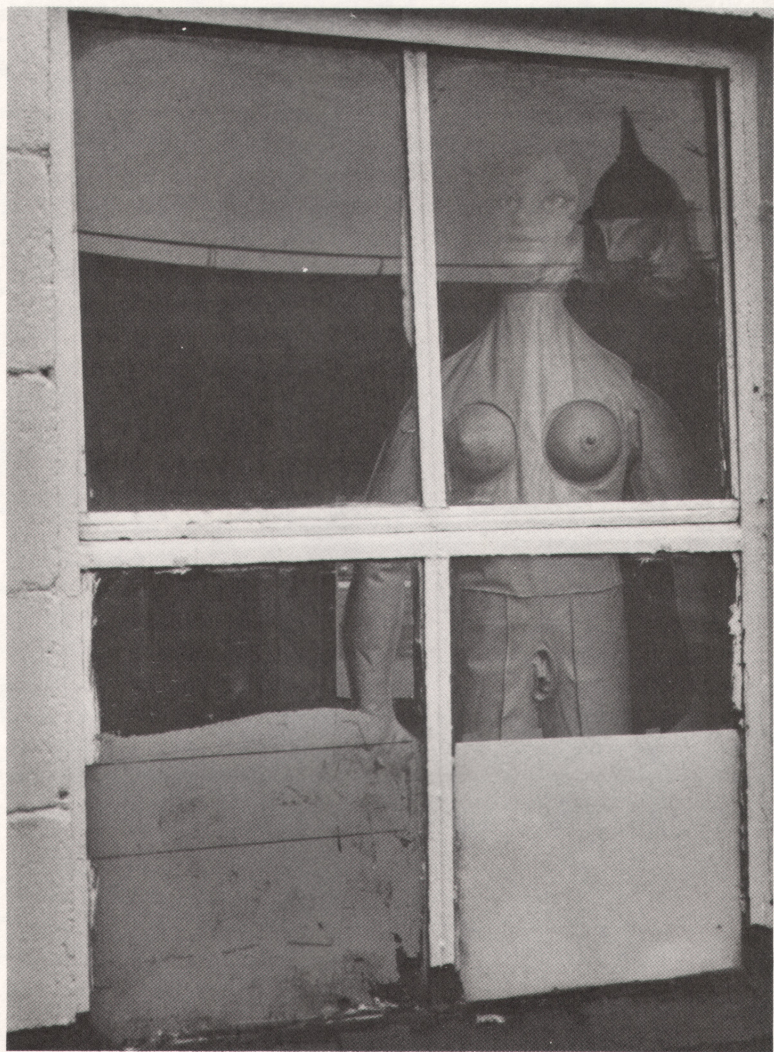
into conversations that should
mean more, follows me
eagerly to bed.

For \$200 I can leave,
but won't.
The curse of Yankee parentage
is perseverance. But more:
in this mid-February stumbling
of wind and sun-less skies,
in this slow, alabaster land
each sleeper's dream
deepens, sharpens on the edge
of all we hope for
and do not have.

A MORNING OF DIVERS

Janet Samuelson

They break the water in one
brief gesture, as though sinking
is all they care for or know.
From shore we watch them
all morning, pretend they are
our amusement, say nothing
is happening, nothing
but the breath we hold
as they plunge into water,
the sudden turn of our heads
as though we see coral,
the brackish afterthought
of unfamiliar fish. At these,
eyes close, lips mouthe prayers,
the dreams of pearls
light in our lungs.



Michael Shattuck

LETTER TO BINX BOLLING

Janet Samuelson

Dear Binx -- Here I sit in the heart
of oblivion, a land I cannot even call
the South. There's no Lake Pontchartrain,
no catfish to eat or suck heads off of.
Instead, I pine away at life, think of
the family, the Kate I have been.
How do I tell you the search is up?
The sky is as murky as water on the Gulf,
the direction all the same.
I call for your mobility, Binx,
the center that sees you through
land, time, and decay.
Look me in the eye as you would William Holden,
whisper me the truth in some train station
before this search ends wholly in despair.
Last night I dreamed my hometown had burned.
I could not find the city and woke
in an easy sleep. Now I hear voices
of my family talking about how the Almanac
predicts a hard winter, how their youngest child
seven states away thinks she is drowning
in a land of desert and plains.
I smile at this. I am onto something
Binx, New Orleans or not, and will write
when the smoke and tidal waves clear.

david, who always liked cats for their independence

Carolyn Cigan

i have taken in a few stray cats in my time
but never one that was faithful or came
when i called it.
mother said cats were always on their way somewhere else,
but despite her gentle scolding
i lovingly dished out tunafish and chunks of bologna,
thinking perhaps i could make them stay.
i liked their quiet ways,
and waking up with one stretched heavy and warm over my
ankles.
but eventually all the bowls of warm milk
in the kitchen on neat squares of newspaper
were forgotten
they each moved on, or got run over, or went home
and pretty soon i didn't name them anymore
and pretty soon i didn't take them in at all.

when i met david he said he liked cats because they were
independent.
he slips in
and out of my life,
another stray squeezing through a door left carelessly ajar
there is a wedge just wide enough
for his sleek haunches to brush through quietly
i smile in the dark, feigning sleep
as i picture his round eyes surveying the bed unblinkingly
his brown beard ruffled intelligently.

as he circles the room on soft feet
i worry about stray cats that have come and gone
about independence
about doors left carelessly ajar.

NAME DROPPING

Deb Route

Deborah

is not the name
I would have chosen.
It sounds like women's underwear
and the dictionary says it means
Bee.

I know a woman named
Enid C. Bienstock
(Enid C. Bienstock)
Now, there's a name.

Certain names taste good
Taqui Papasian
Tanda Boothby

Others conjure
Mowry Skinkle
Wilbur DePew
Sharky Dooda
(dooda dooda)

There were three Deborahs
in my fourth grade class
but, only one Cassandra.

Cassandra: she who inflames with love

Deborah: Bee.

Bee: one who annoys,
is industrious
and fuzzy.

And some names
are like tags
sewn in collars of garments
inspected;
accepted,
and then forgotten.

NINE: ANONYMOUS / AMNESIA

Paul Shuttleworth

1/

She comes to this room to drink cool water from the blue jug. It is always on the card table that is next to the canvas covered wall. First she removes her white hospital gown. Happiness. She is there now: in front of the wood framed mirror, bare breasted, bare large-bellied, the jug held to her closed mouth, then upturned beyond drink. There is a cavity that absorbs all the icy pain of water. Like a ridge of clay, the scar tissue off to the left side of her nose calls to her fingers. Think of coarse dog hairs, grey and white, embedded in the ribbing of a mustard colored blanket. This is all owned.

2/

Yes, I remember a lake. The photograph you showed me last week. The wind is foggily from the north into the morning shadows. Giant eucalyptus trees. I want to collect the ice cream wrappers on the discarded lawn. But it is too early. The lake is still except for a sailboat. No one looks at the others. The others sit so as to avoid looking at the dogs they have brought with them. One, a black retriever, is sniffing a pizza stain on the lawn beside me. The dog's tail is bowed. There is a bare spot (actually square) on the left of where I am: the blanket inflicted wound. No, I have not gone there before, before the first child ran to the nearby ducks.

3/

From our side, we watch the sailboat rental shop. On the other side, the villagers watch us stroll down the hill, past the muddy field, past the stunted crop of pumpkins, to the shop. The trees above the village appear to be bushes. Rock-bushes rolling to the wooden houses. No one skis here in the winter because there is no snow. Snow is the dark possibility of death. There is a picture of an avalanche in her room across the hall.

4/

The same woman is now in the solarium. Wonderful white walls. The pink linoleum is still cold, so it must be morning.

"Why didn't you dress?"

"I dreamed of snails in a corn field."

Her lustrous tawny hair is sprayed stiff. A writing desk is between them. She sags further into the floral patterned couch as he questions her. Several purple pillows are on the floor below her. Periodically she removes one from underneath the six-legged couch and places it over her exposed sex. After a few moments, she flips the pillow to the floor.

"There's no point in being sullen, is there?"

"Will you bring me a porcelain rabbit?"

"Would you like to dial a random number on the phone?"

"I used to have hair on my nipples? Are you sure?"

5/

She has been brought to the visiting room and directed to a padded straight-backed chair. The blue water jug is on the table beside her and has been filled with red roses. On the other side of the table is a chair containing a guitar. She is dressed in a long white gown. A mannish wrist watch is on her right wrist. It does not have any dials. Behind her, a yellow-painted wooden door is without a knob. Three large gashes are in the upper right panel. The door also has a mail slot in its center. Her forearms have become fleshy.

6/

The doors have curtains across them. The heavy velvet curtains. There are numerous scuff marks on the hardwood

floor. Two young girls, probably ten or eleven, are in their white Easter dresses. They are racing the distance between doors. The taller girl always wins. Say what you will, I hear the fog on the lake. It is late until the parents enter the room out of the shadows. The taller girl accepts her present first. She removes the blue ribbon and ties her wrist to her sister's.

7-8/

She has come to visit you again. Once more she wears a white veil across her face. Above the veil is a grey flat hat with a bluebird feather inserted in the white hatband. She is wearing a navy blue cardigan sweater above her pleated white skirt. In her right hand, she is holding a cowhide brief case.

"Did you bring the weather forecast? If it's nice, you could bring me down to the lake."

"I was told not to ask you any specific questions this time."

But without weather. In the uterus, the sky is orange. The banks of the lake. Keep in mind that the introduction was recent. There is never the instant reaction we pray for. Let's review our progress. It's embarrassing that you've come back.

"Then I won't ask you to remember again. But would you like to look at some pictures, post cards really, from the museum? They're kind of fun."

My small nose. The small shop with pictures of sailboats for sale: the young couples with their wind at their backs. At night, the stars clack-clack out of the sky like dancers leaving the stage. A portion of my arm is getting fat. I keep score with a red plastic ruler. Why is it that I don't have to shave my legs anymore? She won't want to go to the lake with me.

She has come to visit you again. Her hands are covered by the gloves. The gloves were made from the leather left over from the brief case. Ask her for the feather. You want it. The corridor is always kept dark. A man has the room across from yours. He wears a tattered busman's uniform to the dining hall. He gave me this watch.

9/

From my window, I can see a grassy field. A number of pure white boulders litter the tall grass. Two brown calves have come to graze. They meet here everyday like two memories of food. I'm not being clear. They have no way of knowing there is a cow skull just this side of the barbed wire fence that is between us. I am between them and the skull. They are the children of chalk, the smudges on a child-size blackboard.

NANCY AND SLUGGO GO TO EASTER ISLAND

James G. Dawson

Nancy has on the same old
black dress she always does,
and Sluggo's wearing his cap
and little blue sports-coat,

and they're on this red boat, see,
along with Aunt Fritzi for a two-
week vacation to Easter Island.
They're pulling into the port, when

all of a sudden Nancy's
mouth flies open, like
it always does when she
does something dumb, and

she says, "Aunt Fritzi! I
forgot to wear my blessed
crucifix! The idols will
revolt and crush us all!"

And Aunt Fritzi, in her India ink
pumps, slaps Nancy and gives Sluggo
a big, wet kiss. "The idols are
active," Nancy pouts.



Tim Keefe

WHORES FOURS AND ONE-EYED JACKS

Paul Witherington

In the corner of my right eye Plumart the rubber man lets his chips go unstacked on the blue Air Force blanket, pulling them from the center to his side every second or third hand so that over the years the alert shack itself has begun to tilt toward the West.

The rest of us are busting out over the table in our yellow Mae Wests, Philpot or Wheeldrier shuffling for one of those silly games where anything goes. Plumart yawns, slumps down to half his size, and gets ready to call in the cards he'll need from the thatchbacked deck. Say we're playing whores fours and one-eyed jacks wild and Plumart has a deuce, six, nine and king showing, each in a different suit. What will his hole cards be? Whatever, you can bet they'll turn into queens by the end of the hand and his last hole card will be a four or a one-eyed jack and maybe if you don't look too close one of the up cards will change its spots.

Not that we lose much money. Plumart stays with every hand, and sometimes the rubber fails in the stretch. Sometimes he loses track of what's wild and sometimes the game itself. When it's his turn to deal, he passes the deck to me on his left and Philpot, the Radar Observer opposite me, is pissed. But no one challenges Plumart because Plumart doesn't care about that either.

When the jet interceptors are scrambled, I ride in Plumart's back seat. That's to make it easier for him to turn me inside out, I decided almost twenty years ago. We met at navigator training school in Texas in the middle Fifties, roomed together for a while. Then he passed the exams for pilot and I washed out of the belly of B-52's and we came together again at a school for pilots and radar observers in Georgia where I met and married Shirley. Never mind, he assures me when the ride gets rough, the pilot is always the first to die. But I know that when the plane hits he'll step out of the cockpit like a cartoon character and I'll be the only smudge on the ground.

Wheeldrier, who is Philpot's pilot, sits across from Plumart at the blue table. When he loses his fifteen dollar limit he'll go back to reading science fiction in the red vinyl reclining chair with his feet propped up so it'll be all downhill to his brain, and knowing that we all look the other way about every tenth hand and let him win. Wheeldrier flies like he's guiding a tube of Preparation H up his ass. Half the time he aborts before takeoff and the other half it takes him three passes more than anyone else to get lined up to land. Philpot once told Wheeldrier if he didn't get that thing down on the next round he, Philpot, would eject from the back seat and land with at least some dignity left.

Assuming of course that the whole idea of air defense isn't outmoded and we haven't already been replaced with missiles nobody's bothered to tell us about, our alignment makes sense. If we changed teams Plumart and Philpot would be hanging on a horn of the moon while Wheeldrier and I were trying to get our bird out of the alert hanger. Assuming the kind of tricks we used to do with the birds, of course.

Usually this time of year the New England weather deteriorates and the poker gets good. With the field below minimums we're not likely to get scrambled unless it's the real thing or unless one of the controllers out at NO TRUMP, the radar site at the tip of Cape Cod, sets his peanut butter and jelly sandwich on the button that blows the horn. Usually we've got our boots off and our Mae Wests over door knobs, but the last few nights there have been some squawks and everyone's a little on edge.

So I laugh at Philpot when he complains about Plumart passing me the cards, and to rub it in I take the joker out of the deck.

"Stud," I say, beginning the deal. "Plain old everyday stud."

There's a story I tell myself when I get too cocky. In one of the back rooms of a bar in a place called Boy's Town, a suburb of government inspected whorehouses just across the Mexican border from the base where we were

stationed in 1955, the girl who had stepped only partway out of her dress asked me in quite good English if I was clean.

I had slipped away from Plumart at the main drag and walked three different directions through narrow streets lit only by the cigarettes on low porches. I'd drunk a pale drink, carried out the expected under-the-table negotiations, and followed her to the room with a bed, one stiff chair, a child's dresser, and a crucifix on the far wall. Now this three dollar girl was asking if I was clean. I thought of the shower I'd had on the other side of the Rio Grande.

A woman in white appeared at the door and told me to open my fly. She lifted up my piece with a wooden tongue depresser, surveyed it for a few moments while I was surveying the crucifix, and let it drop back in place. Three dollars for the inspection, she indicated. I remembered how many husbands and brothers at the bar I'd have to pass on the way out and gave her the money.

Then while the girl and I were finding each other on the filthy bed, I noticed that an old *cucuracha* had crawled in and sat on the chair. Sat sideways on the chair and made it clear that she was going to watch—unless I paid her (they had worked that until it fit) three dollars.

By the time I had backed across the bed with the money, the old woman's black wig was off and there was guess who in the chair stretching back up to his normal height.

"Hey ace," he said, giving me back the other three dollars and an extra five, "This one's on me."

Seven card stud. Plumart waits to peek at his hole cards until the last down card is dealt and the pot is almost full. That pisses Philpot. "You can't bet without looking," he says. Wheeldrier doesn't like it either, but he's spoiling with control. He'll read a 500-page novel without once turning to the last page to see if they get back to earth.

After I've dealt the last card, Plumart picks the three of them up and holds them one thatback behind the other, looking at only the one in front. Say it's a nine. Bit by bit by bit (Philpot mumbling something about having him

arrested for impersonating a corpse) he fans out the other cards until he sees the tip of another nine, and another. We can't tell by his eyes, of course, but we know he's brought it in. What does he do if the last one's a six? He pulls a card wrench from his pocket and twists the six around the way it was supposed to be.

Larry, the telephone operator, sits in the adjacent room facing the runway and reads about missiles and the end of our job. The airmen on the floor below us, mechanics and such, have games with six or seven players, and there's some really good poker according to Plumart who goes down sometimes where the rest of us would feel awkward as hell. Larry won't be our fifth. Games give him a headache. He watches the cars and chips when we get a scramble, though, as soon as he's off the phone to NO TRUMP. The watching is a formality. We might cheat in war or love, but cards are something else.

Back in Georgia where we became crews, Plumart introduced me to jets, the reliable old T-33 which he had already domesticated. On our first flight he tried to black me out in rolls and things I couldn't even name. Then he tried his own version of an outside loop and my eyes went out on stems, but I didn't red out either. That stuff was too dangerous even for Plumart, so during the training course that followed he settled for trying to brown me out in the convulsions of ordinary acrobatics. Browning out is where you lose control of your bowels and fill your pants.

"What's that stink back there Jackson?" he'd say over the speaker in a soft Georgia accent that fooled almost everyone who didn't know he was from Minnesota and had learned rubber during blizzards when it was impractical to be more than three feet tall.

"You must have puked in your mask," I'd say, glaring at the back of his helmet around my scope, but he'd sing about the most God-awful Southern food you could imagine: pickled okra, sweet and sour jowl, dressing with candied mountain oysters, all to the tune of "Camptown Races." Over and under the clouds, the horizon going like a dipstick after water. That summer, I invented the boxes.

I put a part of my body in each one and wrapped it and tied it and watched myself putting it on the shelf in a closet in a strange, empty apartment, then locking the doors. Kidneys in one box, throat in another, stomach, bowels, and so on. Nothing left in the radar operator's seat but a pair of thumbs and a talking head. Someday I might crash, buy the farm as they say, but I was damned if I'd finish out my career wondering when I was going to lose my breakfast.

Back then we all intended to get out early and go into business, but pretty soon we had more career years put away than we had left. Shirley calls it playing war, but the play war is the thing that has happened with computers and electronic boards. Sometimes I think we're the last four left on alert in the Western World, spreading our thatchback cards on a blanket blue enough for even the real kings and queens.

Oh yes, I took the money Plumart offered me that night south of Texas. He always paid for his tricks, he said. I weighed the insult but accepted the cash. That was before I had taken up permanent residence in the back seat. Besides, I had gotten to see through one Plumart disguise, and even then I knew that put me a step ahead of your ordinary fool.

We walked out together, Plumart stooping under the outer door. He was one of those guys who goes through the ceiling when he stands too suddenly. He was really too tall to be a pilot, but he was probably holding himself in when he took his physical.

"I guess I'm lucky you weren't the whore too," I said in the dark of the center of the dirt street that led back to the well lighted bars.

He laughed a rubber laugh. "How do you know I wasn't."

If it is a cosmic principle, Plumart before Jackson, I want to know. If he is fated to be Livingston to my Stanley, Erickson to my Columbus, so be it. At least I got to Shirley first, though I was half expecting Plumart to bounce into

the marriage ceremony that day in Georgia and announce that he was married too, that somewhere in that bachelor apartment, chained, walled in, galvanized, there was every madness I could ever hope to discover or avoid.

Although he stood up with me at our wedding, I never invited him to the house and we never visited him. After we were transferred to Massachusetts we got different schedules, for a while, and nights when I was on alert I began to imagine, purely to imagine, the two of them on my couch halfway across the Cape, his arm wrapped loosely three times around Shirley, not even trying to be intimate and therefore succeeding. Of course he would have given her back before he had even had her, somewhere between knowing he could and her knowing it. Like the little ways he made up for winning at poker: buying rounds of drinks at the club, furnishing the alert shack with cards and *Playboy* magazines he never read himself, making accessories of us all.

One day at the alert shack I told Philpot my secret while Plumart was down flexing lies with the mechanics. Maybe I figured to get at the rubber man that way, now that we were back together. Philpot was complaining as usual about Wheeldrier, how he was so careful he peeled marshmallows.

"You're really lucky," he said. I'd never seen him so candid. "Jesus, you're lucky. That guy could fly the balls off a brass monkey."

"Lucky I'm not a brass monkey."

"How about trading off?"

"Plumart likes to torture me," I said, and then I told him about the boxes.

"Christ, you're a real lover," he said, narrowing. But he added, "Plumart's the one. He won't trade. He says he likes you, of all things."

Now it's Philpot's deal and of course it's his favorite, whores fours and one-eyed jacks wild. This after Wheeldrier's round of spit in the ocean or something equally subtle. I moan.

"Get out, then, that'll improve the odds."

Philpot has dealt the first three cards to each of us, two of them down. Showing are Plumart's usual queen of spades, an ace of hearts for me, ace of diamonds for Wheeldrier, and seven of spades for the dealer.

Wheeldrier folds his cards without even looking. I'm thinking it's just a reflex from the last round but Philpot damns him for going out of turn.

After three rounds of bets the pot is filling up. I have two kings in the hole and two on the board but in this game a natural winner can end up, as Philpot puts it, sucking hind tit. Plumart has two queens up as usual and I've got to allow for two more in the hole, but he's pulled in only a five of hearts and an eight of spades from the deal and he's not raising my bets. Philpot's got nothing showing--seven of spades, six of diamonds, six of hearts, nine of spades--and he's got to be staying just because it's his game. Ordinarily I would be in control, with my kings, but something's missing.

Wheeldrier is over milking the milk machine and unscrewing a large tin of Air Force peanut butter. He always asks if anybody wants anything right in the middle of the game and Philpot grinds his teeth. Larry is reading in the control room, his stocking feet up on the desk. I watch the center of Plumart's eyes and then look away self-consciously as if I have seen reflected his cards. In my mind, I go through the steps of a scramble. It's absurdly simple. Everything's laced, and I need only my hat over on the reclining chair, the gold major's leaf up. With all this preparation, with all our experience and all the rubber up Plumart's sleeve, how can something not happen?

The day ten years ago when I found out that Plumart had found out about the boxes was the first and last time I got sick in a plane.

"That place of yours is like one I had once upon a time," he said through the intercom as we were flying over the Hyannis beaches picking out patterns of sunbathers. "Only I was piss poor. If I'd found any boxes I'd have used them for chairs."

"What the hell are you talking about, I was never in

your place."

"That's quite the trick you've got."

"It works," I said, but I was thinking about Shirley and the kids.

He began a series of turns over the waves just off the beach, faster and tighter and faster. The green of the water turned brown and bathers went through each other like sand and the canopy veined with my breath. He pulled up sharply. I closed my eyes.

What I said had to be quick. "Philpot says you won't fly with him. I think he likes being turned inside out."

"You don't care much for flying, do you?"

"I don't know," I said, imagining I was still being rubbed. "I've never tried it."

He took one more turn, the worst of all, and leveled off while I clawed at the oxygen mask fastened to my helmet and cupped, a little too late, the hat I carried on my knee.

Since then I haven't imagined the boxes and Plumart hasn't made me wish I had. These days the planes don't take to acrobatics. They're too big and too fast, and they make a straight line out of any joke.

The horn doesn't blow. We don't get the scrambles we got in the Sixties, and it's soft duty, no more involved than driving home on the freeway. We're called up mostly to guide in lost aircraft, some Wheeldrier bringing home eggs in his lap and blinded by the moon on the white fog. One of these days I'll be the last one down the steps and then maybe I'll peek at Plumart's cards while Larry is still on the phone—not so I can fold or advance my own hand, but so I'll know if he can really call them in. Fate owes me that.

We get our seventh cards, down, and my seven of clubs is no help. With four natural kings I come in third. Philpot has a one-eyed jack and a four and a six in the hole for five sixes. Plumart has a three and two eights in the hole, five eights in all, and I figure he had them on the sixth round.

"Why the hell didn't you raise me," I ask him. "Can't you bet unless you have all the whores?"

"Someone told me five kings beat five eights."

"You know I don't bluff in wild card games. I don't even get wild cards in wild card games."

"Maybe he was just sucking you in," Philpot says to me. "That's the game. It's called poker. Don't think you're so goddamned unique. I lost as much as you did."

"Oh well," I sigh. "Lucky at cards, unlucky at love."

Philpot shoves the cards at Plumart and then at me over Plumart's new mound of chips.

I ask what the big winner wants to play.

He stands up. "Deal me out." He stands over the table, only ceiling high, and pushes his loose chips across to Wheeldrier, our cashier.

"You can't bust up the game now," Philpot says. "We can't play without four. Come on, one more round."

He says something like he's thinking about taking up something more enjoyable, like bouncing his head against the wall.

No big deal, Plumart quitting. He'll be back Thursday night, winning a little more. I figure we've furnished and refurnished his apartment every two or three years. What I can't understand is why all of us are so eager to fill up a place we've never seen.

A while later Wheeldrier is attacking his newest sci fi syllable by syllable. Larry is sprawled with a magazine over his face. The Mae Wests are off and hanging over the edges of chairs. NO TRUMP has put us to bed for the night. The blue blanket is back on a bunk in the adjoining room and the bare table reflects the glare of the big lights that are never turned off. Philpot and I are playing gin rummy, a penny a point. Sleep is something you can do at home, with your wife.

The rubber man will stretch out eventually, but now he's down telling war stories to the mechanics, or trading card wrenches. I've heard that he does a hell of an imitation of Wheeldrier radioing the tower for someone to send up a basket so he get back on the ground.

"Your turn," Philpot reminds me from across the table, not very gently.

BOUNDARIES

Michael Lauchlan

The herd moves or the mist
clears on the upper slope,
white with white cows
lowing into the silence.
The first red fingers
probe the horizon,
draw the hulking mountains in
like great blue hips.
The first of them,
candle still wavering
in a quart jar,
is hauled off for trespass.

Unwilling, drawn from sleep,
I shift under a jacket
on the unheated train.

"I am tired of the weight,"
you shouted over the steam,
"my body like armor."
And you raised your face,
stretched your open hands,
and leapt and leapt across
the billowing platform.

We have seen the great blue heron
together. Once from a canoe.
A blue wave from water to air-
soundless--what made me look?
Now we approach separate morning.
Our skins part, we breathe together,
a little blood staining the clouds.
Above the black wood
the heron is turning, beating
slowly into obscurity.

AHNA ANDERSEN

William D. Elliott

I cannot describe....feelings which perhaps no other scene could awaken.

In this remote and central wilderness, my heart and mind are filled with the most delightful emotions.

Giacomo Constantiono Beltrami
"Poet in a Pack of Engineers"
1817

i.

Ahna Andersen smiles, her head thrown back in the late afternoon sun that settles against the birches, and says: "Andy, it's a nice day. Let's have some cookies and milk." Since I have written this, she has died and I have forgotten to go to the funeral. I often forget connections at the most important times. I am getting better at it.

I nod at her in what she takes to be a "yes."

I wait as she motions for me to take one of the lawn chairs that split houses, my boyhood house and hers, both still there but like a melting candle, while she goes in for the cookies.

She comes back smiling. She carries a decorative plate of cookies made just that afternoon, with two tall glasses of milk. She has forgotten I am twenty-nine.

"You look hot, dear," she says. "This will cool you off and be just right before supper."

I nod and lift myself off the chair slightly. Each time I change position the chair becomes more uncomfortable. I am quite sure she hasn't seen me as a grown man.

I take the milk first and drink half of it down quickly, gulping so regularly and rapidly I hear the sound of my throat.

She comes over to sit beside me on the lawn chair. "You must be thirsty after such hard playing, but take it down easily. You see, like this."

She demonstrates by drinking the first quarter of her glass in delicate sips. A much better method, I have to admit, but it doesn't seem to matter to me either way. I am getting sick.

"Don't worry, Andy, it's pasteurized. Remember when your father fought the Blue River Dairy Association over unpasteurized milk?"

"No."

She puts her face down close to mine.

Your eyes don't look good, Andy. Have you been getting enough sleep?"

"Yes, Mrs. Andersen. I'm sure I have." I have the impulse to run, simply run back to my house, where unknown to Ahna, I am years older.

Her eyes go up to the sky and she begins to dream aloud. The birches sway behind her hair. The lake glistens blue; the sun cracks between the pines.

"It must be exciting to be a little boy in this beautiful summer," she dreams.

Her hand goes around to the top of my chair and her eyes shift to the trees that sweep down in rows toward the lake.

"It must be a mystery for you, Andy," she says, "how a summer goes and winter comes."

God, how I have to clean myself up, inside and out. Her head lifts up again and stops and begins to turn.

I remember her now as a lady who always used to keep a bottle of wine filled as she went around, at parties and parties and years and years ago, asking people if they wanted more. The wine is on her breath as she leans down to me now. She drinks wine all times of the day and night. I understand why, living here most of her life.

"Would you like some more, my boy?"

"No." I am squirming uncomfortably on the chair. I take half of my milk, and then don't want any more.

She looks at me for a moment, and then begins smelling the air. "The milk will quench your thirst." She smells

my guilt and frustration again and again, as if it is a rare odor, like a polluted lake.

"I'm sorry, of course it will. I was just thinking now...how thirsty I am."

She leans down again and I smell clear blue water on her breath as a child, out in a yard somewhere.

"Is there something the matter dear?"

"No." My bowels - they move and rumble.

She arranges for my fifth birthday party out on the lawn and I am dressed up in a sailor suit - a blue one that itches because it is pure wool from World War II, but the latest. Her face twists, turns - there is some terror in it. She is aware like a dream the summer has turned into fall.

She disappears inside and returns quickly with another plate. Children gather around, making gurgling laughter -there is Margaret, my love of five years whom I promised to marry on my tenth birthday. "Kiss me here," Marg says. She holds up one cheek. "Now kiss me here." She holds up the other cheek. I kiss her on both cheeks as she wants. She grows, and I am alone again, and there is Ahna. This must be the dream she has been dreaming since I arrived.

The cookie plate renews itself, and is never empty again. Ahna says, her voice sudden and hard and proud - "I was once wonderful in these North Woods, wonderful." She was once beautiful, too. I write two poems to her, in my mind, a little frantically. I love her. I am sorry she will die.

WHAT JACK PINES DO

Pines grow
as branched
poles they
like to cover
roots
and take away
SWOOP WHISH
a sun to
make
browned

grass
look like
it was
dying all the time
it wasn't.

WHAT THE JACK PINES SAY

I

I am a Jack Pine
I can grow anywhere
See the way my roots
clutter up a sky?

II

I am a scavenger
my pollen cuts like wind
the grass
it is even on the blades
of scissors as they open

III

I cry from starvation of the limbs;
my branches are short, far up, thin
I crowd myself.

IV

I am in a country of thin men.
I am a bamboo stalk
Rods among poles, clustered:
a body with a branch, here

Can you see my arm
split the sun?

Canoeing when young, she comes around to a clump of trees that separate two beaches and Dad is there, with the cutter, cleaning the weeds from the sandy spot in front of our beach. She paddles deep into the water. She swings around until the water and the reeds flash. My own oar rows, rows, around in a circle. Tippy, my Spaniel, is in the boat beside me and the warm sun comes out. I hear the echo of someone chopping wood down on the next beach

and the swish swish of birches as my mother leans out over the birches and her weight makes them hit the water.

In the water, warm sand comes up pretty and bright. Far out in the lake, beyond her house, new sailboats go back and forth, back and forth, before the college beach. It is a new generation taking the easy way on her lake. "Sailboats! On the lake! Is this the sea?" she asks.

The Blue River Belle comes with its paddle wheel churning, turning over water and reeds. On my beach is the raft I had built that summer of '43, two sets of small logs holding it up. The plate of cookies comes around again and I see suddenly, as if behind a screen, the silver decanter of wine on the plate.

She is drunk.

"You must have some more dear, you must," she threatens, old and angry. I am aging as she is. I feel drunk.

I cry a little desperately: "I have to leave now for home."

She holds up a jug of milk once more.

"Here - there's plenty of milk for you."

The wind goes down smoothly. I feel younger. There is no clear reason for this.

It is a command and I give her my empty glass and she takes it and fills it again. "You're grown up," she says, and then, "a toast to a man grown up. A Blue River professor soon to be tenured." I laugh. The wine turned from milk makes me think of her thighs.

"Do you swim in the lake after dark?" I ask her.

She laughs and sniffs the air. It is a cold afternoon. Tonight will be cold. It will be too cold to swim.

"When I was little. Bare naked." She giggles, her hair waving. I feel my hands reaching for her breasts, but then stop.

E.J., her husband, nods and then, his hands shaking, goes to light his pipe. He has some president's disease of the hands that never lets them stop their rhythm of shaking. He has been retired from Blue River College. The new society has grasped the stopped time left between us - Ahna, E.J., I. It is the president from Texas. Or Leonard Nordahl. Or something, some new authority.

Ahna bends forward.

"I don't know," she says, "why the wine tastes sour."

It is the bad autumn getting on her, with longer days in bed. If my father were here, had come back as I had come back, he would have known how to put life in her again. My hands lie helpless. She snaps and adjusts her winter face. "The cookies are all gone. Why don't you go now?"

E.J.'s hands shake.

"Andy. ANDY!" I imagine Mother calling from the house next door, the house I was born in. I wonder where I am, where I will go, where I have been.

Ahna's blonde hair flashes in the sun. She smiles again as if laughing at a joke of her own, a joke about nobody, about everybody, about the summer passing by. E.J. stands beside her, his mouth smiling, his head now beginning a shake to equal his hands.

I go down the stone steps past the crumbling house, and to my old house next door, and uncertainly up these stairs and into the bathroom where Mother stands but fails, as Ahna did, to see I am grown up.

"Here - let me wash that milk off your face."

I nod, embarrassed.

"What could possibly be the matter?" Mother laughs, like the cutter on the lake taking down reeds.

"Ahna - what did she die from?" I ask, puzzled.

Mother laughs again, as she finishes washing me.

"Ahna, dear? Ahna isn't dead. She won't die for years!"

From the bathroom window I see Ahna, hair against the Norway pine, head back laughing in music by the lake. Yet a few Jack Pines stand ugly in her yard.

I laugh with Mother.

"Yes," I say. "I've been silly about it."

Ahna's voice lifts through the trees. She is my lover, my mother, my childhood, my coffin.

"What a beautiful, beautiful summer for a boy to be alive!"

I leave. Mother seems content and follows me down the stairway to begin supper. I let the door slam shut and she keeps on fixing supper and sings now, like Ahna sings,

like Anne sings, like Sharon talks, happily. I walk all the way down Birchmont, all the way I walked as a child. I reach the downtown of Blue River. I walk through the town to the carnival. Gradually I grow excited about the ferris wheel. I take a ride. I laugh now, my shirt still sticky with pasteurized milk. It is like the fourth of July is Blue River, years and years ago and remembering, I write a poem:

Cycles rush us down
streets, small
floats, fat girls in blue
dresses, town clowns on
stilts throw candies big
wrappers when I was two, one
root beer drop came
into my hand;
in the end eating it I
crossed those two year hopes in
bad sky rides as I
came down made me fear
simple falling, a spray of a fire
cracker, falling.
The lake came up to meet me
I slipped under a bar
of a ferris wheel and watched
the people, saw the world
falling, falling.

II.

I am visiting Ahna today. She is down by the lake, getting ready for a canoe ride. E.J.'s hands are shaking as he puts the pillows in. He stops to light his pipe, and his whole body shakes, he is concentrating so much. He succeeds in lighting one corner of the bowl, and is satisfied. He throws one paddle in, then the other, commandingly now. He unties the bow rope as if about to take a week's trip. He feels better.

Ahna puts the lunch in. She says to me: "Come along, Andy." Her voice is so light and lyrical, it seems possible. I

have been just downtown, to get some things for Anne I've only stopped by, really, and have to get back.

"If I can bring Anne over to meet you after we come back," I answer.

"We would be delighted," E.J. says.

We get in the canoe. Ahna sits in the bow, and takes up a paddle. E.J. motions for me to sit in the middle, on a cushion, by the lunch. I feel I must help him shove off. No, he wants to do it himself. I sit down. He pushes just once, then slides in as the canoe sails out into the lake. It is almost magic how he can handle the canoe, how he can handle himself when he is out here, away from land. He starts paddling short, neat strokes. I wonder if he goes up to the college, anymore, just to say "hello". I guess he doesn't. It is all behind him. When he paddles, when he concentrates, he doesn't shake at all.

"Ahna, let's go down to the point," he says. Ahna nods and her back to us, paddles even, long strokes. It is a bright sun today and doesn't seem like October. I am sitting, my arms against my knees, the lunch on the right, watching the leaves swirl under the canoe as the curved bow meets them.

"There's your old house, Andy," Ahna says.

I look at it now, for the first time from the lake. The dock is new. It has a wheel at the end, painted white, with a frame underneath the great wheel and the boat with an in-board motor on the frame. When the wheel turns, the frame must go down, and the boat must slip off into the water. When the wheel is up, as it is now, the boat rests out of the water. There is an awning above the wheel to protect the boat when it rains. The seats in the boat are red leather. I am amazed when I think of our little plywood fishing boat, and our oars, and the beach and the sand and the reeds barely cut all the long summers and falls we lived in the house.

"The bank manager owns it, Andy," E.J. says at my back. "Is it the way you remember?"

His voice has turned from a professional, telling tone to the soft lyrics of Ahna.

"No," I say. "Not at all." There is disappointment in

my voice, but the housefront looks different from the road too. Not older; different, like the back.

Beyond the dock there is grass running to a hill of terraced rock and flowers, and up stone steps there is a second terrace, and then the back door of the large walk-out basement rooms. There is my father's study. And the room where my sister practiced her piano. Behind it, the shop runs around the oil tank and the furnace and the wood pile. Last, there is the bedroom where my cousin slept when she took care of us.

"They did a nice job with the back yard," E.J. says.

He is puffing on his pipe now, and the smoke drops down and passes my nose and I smell some kind of walnut. It smells like a mixture of everything.

Yes, I see it now. I remember the backyard grass as wilderness. A swamp; a small duck pond; a narrow path, put down with boards to keep our feet dry, and the frogs croaking all summer and the egg cases Dad showed us and the ferns and the swamp grass. We kept it natural and lived it natural, all the way up to the back door. If I didn't hear the frogs from my bedroom, I couldn't sleep. There were days swinging on trees leaning out over the lake that made me feel I would stay there forever.

Ahna thumps her paddle against the gunnel. Her arms look tired, and form V's down to her sides. Her voice is a little different.

"Your Dad built a nice fireplace on the beach, I remember. I loved the way he could build out of brick."

I can only see her back; and want to see her face. She seems unhappy.

"I remember that," I say. "It must be here somewhere."

We are almost past the house. I turn quickly to look for it on the grassy beach. It was all light brick and very high and had a funneled chimney and a built-in oven and stood by the Indian path knifing past our property. Past the Andersen's and the Axvig's. All around the lake to the sea plane base and the state park and the lumber mill, and the camp where Chief Blue River lived when the town was named after him.

I remember picnics late into the fall. Dad built a wooden picnic table, built with legs from live trees and he hand-hew the top. It was so cold I was allowed to drink coffee on those picnics. When it got cold Ahna or Mother put more hot from the fireplace in my cup. I was secretly glad because my sister didn't have as much and she was older.

"It's gone," E.J. says, in his professional tone again. "Yes, they took it out at least fifteen years ago. It was falling apart."

Ahna's arms are forming V's again.

"No it wasn't E.J. They just didn't take care of it," she protests, in her light, wavering voice.

"No, Ahna, it was shot."

E.J.'s paddle bumps against the gunnel, and then plays a rat-tat-tat on the wood. His hands are shaking.

"No - I'm sure they just didn't give it a chance."

Ahna and E.J. are having an argument they've had before. I remember a picture of Ahna my Dad took in the Fall, almost forty years ago. It was after church, by the college somewhere. Ahna was standing in front of a birch. The leaves spilled out yellow to match the gold of her dress. It was the first roll of colored film Dad ever took. I remember because he still has that picture on his study wall in Michigan. It is by the window wall looking out to the back fence and the row of birches he planted when we moved there from Minnesota. He planted those birches, even though he was glad to be in Michigan. I think I am learning something about my past but I'm not sure what it is. We have passed five more beaches and five more houses. I am getting hungry. I hear guns shooting.

"What's that, E.J.?" Ahna asks. She is breathless, and nervous.

E.J.'s paddle rat-atats against the gunnel again.

"On the other side of the lake. Hunting."

We look over the flat, blue water toward the Mississippi inlet. It is over five miles away. We expect to see the trees shake and two hunters or three or four emerge to the shoreline, and look at us. But it's too far, way too far. All we can hear are the guns going off. We can see two flocks of tiny specks in the sky above the inlet, veering off to the

left and right in a V and disappearing high above the shoreline.

"They shouldn't hunt on the other side of the lake," E.J. says. It is his professional tone again, but shaded with disappointment and hurt. "Let's go eat." He splashes the paddle in the water as he digs it in.

All the houses and beaches and trees we have passed are new to me. They are frame houses, built long after the war, with large docks and wheels and frames for boats and inboard engines and Johnson eighty-five and one-tens. They have grass backyards and three-sectioned picture windows looking out toward the lake like holes in trees. There are brown canoes laying over the ends of the docks or on the mown grass or on racks, built into the sides of boathouses.

"Almost there," Ahna says, her light voice returning.

We pass a space of student apartments, build from sections of an old house, and then get a view of the new high rise student dormitory, the highest building in town now. E.J. splashes water again. We hear shots once more. The water from E.J.'s paddle touches my back and neck, and the picnic basket, and dribbles down the side of the basket webbing like it is raining.

We can begin to see bottom. Reeds and weed wave in the water below us and for a minute we pass over a stretch of perfect yellow sand reflected by the sun, as clean as the sand gathered on our beaches when we were children. Then a few rocks show up. Then a Coke can, its sign, COCA COLA, still clear on the aluminum side. Minnows are running in and out of the opened top as if rushing up and down a river channel. E.J. notices and says, "Nobody takes care of anything anymore. People ought to clean up their trash." It is his professional voice, but threaded with anger.

An old snow tire lies half-buried in mud, its tread gone. We pass quickly over a clot of three beer cans, smashed in the middle like a picnicher had hit them with his boot and tossed them out in the same spot, one, then two, then three. E.J. doesn't look anymore. "We'll touch bottom in a minute. Almost there!" Ahna says. She has ignored the trash on the bottom, yet she knows it is there, and there is a waver in her voice as if in another fragile moment we will

either touch sand or our forward thrusting canoe will roll over in a drop-off. E.J. and Ahna and I wait for the bow to hit first sand. I remember the summer we returned to Blue River, just a year after moving out. We talked and talked to Ahna and E.J. the whole evening long.

I was eleven. I stood by their tiny picture window and watched the lake grow dark. I was impatient to get away. I pleaded with my parents to come. I moved from one window to another, all along the water side, like an acrobat looking for the right position, the sure way to see the string of air. E.J.'s hands were just beginning to shake that summer. He had trouble lighting his pipe the whole evening, and tried at least five times. It seemed like twenty, it looked so painful, and then gave it up, and put it away just as Ahna brought out the wine. She returned to the kitchen again and again, refilling the bottle so her abundance and her pain would fill our one last evening back in Blue River before our next twenty years away. I went to the next window. Ahna put two cookies into my hand. I went to the next window. I was frantic to get away, to find the right view. Ahna put a glass of milk into my hand. Dad was talking about how much warmer it was in Michigan. Mother was remembering the trees around the old house and calling in the shops and the new faculty wives group in the large Michigan university until they came into the Andersen living room and blocked out the windows like smoke and suffocation. Dad was talking about his better job, his bigger department, his better laboratory equipment, and in the short, silent minutes between his speaking, E.J. talked about the new president and slow budgets and his shaking hands. I moved to another window. The crashing dark about me spread like waves into the room. I was too hot. It was a long summer. I was cold. It was a long, cold winter to imagine, but we would be away. I finally settled in a chair by the empty fireplace and drank another glass of milk and shoveled down cookie after cookie after cookie. At eleven o'clock, it was time to go. Mother stood by the door holding Ahna's hand and telling her to come South, there was plenty of room, tears in a loud voice to cover up. Dad was almost out the door before saying goodby. Ahna said,

"Can't you stay until tomorrow." We had already said we were leaving tomorrow. E.J. stood by the door in pain. I ran up to Ahna and hugged her, then kissed her; then went away before she could do anything back. I was all negatives and positives. I was all confused. I wanted to get away. I needed to stay, to look at the windows some more, to feel the sure, steady boards of the oak floor. I shook E.J.'s hand. I walked around the room. I left. The bow of the canoe touched sand.

"We're ready now," Ahna said. She stepped lightly from the front, and pulled the canoe on shore. I got up and carried the lunch basket. It was only about a fourth on sand. The bottom was still shaky. I tilted the canoe back and forth as I walked forward, holding the lunch high as if it might drop in the water. The canoe swung from one side to the other. Then I was out. I gave the lunch to Ahna and pulled the canoe up half way, for E.J. to get out. I held out an arm for him. After a struggle, he hit sand. I pulled the canoe all the way up then, and tied it. We walked up the beach to the end of the point. We found a table and gathered around it. There was no need for a fire. We could still hear shots from the inlet. Ahna set out the food.

"We just eat light lunches now, Andy. Do you mind?" Ahna said to me, a little sharp.

"I do too."

She set out small tuna sandwiches with the crusts cut off, neatly sliced in quarters. She set out paper cups, and lifted out a thermos jug and poured us each juice. Elderberry wine.

"Such a lovely day," she said. "Andy, do you remember how you used to come down to this park to swing?"

I nodded.

"This park must have been here for years."

"Forty-five years," E.J. said in his professional voice.

"It looks as if they've put up new swings this year," I said.

"Yes, the Lion's Club did that."

I went over and tried the nearest one. It felt good - sturdy and strong - with the large wood seat and the chairs.

I began to push a little with my feet. It went out wide. There was plenty of leg room. My daughter would love to swing here. Ahna came over and sat down in the one next to mine, and E.J. watched, smiling and shaking. I pushed her, and she laughed and pumped with her legs. She went up just about as far as a person her age could go.

"It's a beautiful Fall, Andy," she said, as she moved by me.

"We haven't had a better one," E.J. said from the picnic table. He cleared his throat.

I got in the swing beside hers. I began to pump.

"How's this?"

We were about even, and looked at each other, and laughed. We went back to the picnic table and finished our lunch. Then we packed up the basket, and walked way out on the point, as far as you could go before the sand fell off to water and a drop off. The wind was blowing. We wrapped ourselves in our arms. Anne will be wondering where I am, I thought. The wind was getting cold. As we turned back to the canoe, we could see the high-rise dormitory across Birchmont Drive.

"You can see the whole lake they say, from the top story," E.J. said.

We reached the canoe, and got in as we had entered it a mile or so back on Andersen's beach.

"They'll be doing some more with this park for the Diamond Jubilee," E.J. said. "After all, it's called Diamond Point Park." He laughed at the coming together of the two words.

Ahna pushed us away from the shoreline. The wind was still blowing hard from the point. It will be a tailwind all the way back. We could almost drift. I heard E.J.'s paddle in the water straightening the stern around. I put my head back against the picnic basket and closed my eyes. Diamond Point. I had played there for years and years when I was a child.

arrival of evening

Dan Lawless

in the square a child's laughter
a delicate glass falling to the floor
in another room
darkness gathers beneath the trees
the dogs are pink
on the steps of the hall
with fire-colored windows
a weary groom retreats
for a moment
from the festivities
raising a cigarette to his lips
one can see
in this last light
his future sons
three fine threads
trailing from the sleeve
of an ancient
a sumptuous
wedding-jacket

FIESTA DE SANTA CATARINA

Deborah Pye

We wove the eve of her burial out,
drinking, picking our stray bits of thread
from the earth,
our bowl of black grief.
Squatting, our bodies made one
with the loom, supporting
the column of color that rose
striped like the day
in our hands.

ONE SUMMER

Albert Drake. *The White Ewe Press, P.O. Box 996, Adelphi, MD 20783.*
\$4.00

by F. Richard Thomas

For the past four or five years, as I begin to acknowledge middle age, I have found myself trying to come to terms with my childhood. Who was I? Who am I now? What did I do, then, to make me who I am now? In the fever of this search, I get anxious, because I can't remember what I need to remember to discover who I am.

Albert Drake's *One Summer* has taken some of the heat off. Reading this novel is like reading about my own transition from childhood to adolescence. The place in his novel is not the same, nor are all of the events that occur, in the summer when Chris (the main character) is thirteen years old. But Chris's *feelings* about his environment are similar. I know now how I perceived the world, how I felt about it; and this has been a revelation to me.

Perhaps it helps to be close to forty years old to appreciate a novel that creates the world of a thirteen year old around 1950. The stack of morning papers bundled with wire, the smell of dust burning on the radio tubes, the special threat of the A-Bomb, electric-eye doors, the steady strokes of a pushmower, the foot X-ray machine, dry ice, phosphates--details like these bring the novel close to my childhood home.

But I think any reader will be caught up in Chris's summer--the summer that marks a radical change in his life--for Drake's writing is captivating. It is not captivating in the way a good novel usually is. It does not have a clear, strong narrative that builds toward a denouement. Rather, the reader is drawn into Chris's world through a series of short, interrelated, but not logically connected, vignettes. The reader comes away knowing Chris, and knowing the necessary, and difficult, decisions he must make under the pressure of various influences from all directions.

The method of this experimental novel is delightful because it works. The "chapters"--or vignettes--vary in length from one paragraph to several pages. I had the sense of reading a series of prose poems. And, indeed, it is not surprising that Drake is also a poet. Each chapter is clean, tight, rich in detail, emotional, and highly suggestive. Unlike the ordinary novel, the effect is not that of watching a motion picture of the high points of a young boy's last summer as a child, but more like the emotion that might be elicited from looking over a family photo album.

Talking of his approach to *One Summer*, Drake says, "Was it possible, I wondered, to write a novel that lacked conflict, cause-effect relationships, and certain unities." I'm not sure if it is ultimately possible. At least I'm not sure that Drake has achieved this here. Chris's place, Chris's environment, *is* his conflict. This is what Drake captures. The re-creation of that environment and Chris's responses to it make it possible for me to quit brooding on my past, for I can learn more about *me* by reading *Drake*. That's what we hope for in the best fiction.

CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

Ben Brooks is writer-in-residence in the Massachusetts schools. He has published in *Epoch*, *Story Quarterly*, and *Shankpainter*.

Carolyn Cigan received her B.A. from MSU in 1979. She won 2nd place in poetry in the annual RCR creative writing contest.

James G. Dawson is an undergraduate in English at MSU.

William D. Elliott edits *Loonfeather: Minnesota North Country Writing*, is director of the Upper Midwest Arts Conference and the University Poets' Exchange of Minnesota. "Ahna Andersen" is taken from his novel, *Blue River*.

Pete Jones is a marketing student at MSU. He is a former editor of *MarketLine*, which has also featured his photography.

Margaret Kaminski is editor of *Moving Out* and is owner/operator of Glass Bell Press. She has published in *University of Windsor Review*, *Waves*, *Off Our Backs*, *Mainline*, and others.

Tim Keefe, totally overwhelmed by the progress of human civilization has spent the last several years in unfunded death research and is a member of the Veterans of Future Wars.

Michael Lauchlan is in the MFA program at Goddard. He has published in *The Beliot Poetry Journal* and *Corridors*.

Dan Lawless is a graduate student in English at the University of Louisville. He has published in *Collage*, *White Mule*, *Encore*, and *Approaches*.

John Lehman is a cartoonist living in Madison, Wisconsin. He has published in *Poet Lore*, *Oyez Review*, *Green's Magazine*, and others.

Judith McCombs has just had *AGAINST NATURE: Wilderness Poems* published by Dustbooks. "Untitled Stone Poem" is part of the collection.

Nancy Nowak attended Thomas Jefferson College and now lives in New York City.

Deborah Pye lives in Duxbury, MA.

Deborah Route received her M.S. in English education at MSU and is now teaching at Lansing Community College. She won 3rd place in poetry in the annual RCR creative writing contest.

Hollis M. Ryder is an English student at MSU. Her work has appeared in *Labyris*, and her first chapbook is *Definitions*.

Michael Shattuck is an East Lansing resident. He says, "Life is a subtle song; one should strain to even hear, lest that subtle song be blotted out by other noise that's near."

Paul Shuttleworth teaches English and physical education and coaches varsity basketball at Southeast Community College at Fairbury, Nebraska. He has published in *Kansas Quarterly*, *Poetry Now*, *Southwest Review*, and others.

Leonora Smith teaches at Lansing Community College and won first prize in fiction in the annual RCR creative writing contest.

Richard Thomas is an associate professor of American Thought and Language at MSU. He is editor of *Centering* and his most recent book is *Frog Praises Night*.

Paul Witherington has been published in *Kansas Quarterly*, *Wisconsin Review*, and *Cimmarron Review*.

RED CEDAR REVIEW EDITORS

Lynn Domina
Rebecca Manery
Steve O’Keefe
Jeana White
Liz Kella
Paul Murphy
Jeanette Opalski

RED CEDAR REVIEW is a biannual magazine of the literary arts published at Michigan State University. Manuscripts may be submitted to 325 Morrill Hall, Michigan State University, East Lansing, MI 48824. Please include return postage.

Our Thanks to MSU College of Arts and Letters, English Department, Student Media Appropriations Board, George Kooistra and University Publications, Albert Drake, Jim Cash, and other friends.

Back Issues of RCR.....	\$1.00
One Issue of RCR.....	\$2.50
One Year Subscription of RCR.....	\$4.00
<i>Postcard Mysteries</i> , fiction by Albert Drake.....	\$2.50
<i>Love at the Egyptian Theatre</i> , poetry by Barbara Drake.....	\$2.50

Enclosed is my check or money order for_____ payable to Red Cedar Review, 325 Morrill Hall, Department of English, Michigan State University, East Lansing, MI 48824

Please mail to:

Name_____

Address_____

In This Issue:

Poems by:

Nowak
Lehman
Kaminski
McCombs
Ryder
Samuelson
Cigan
Route
Dawson
Lauchlin
Lawless
Pye

Fiction by:

Brooks
Smith
Shuttleworth
Witherington
Elliott

Graphics by:

Jones
Keefe
Shattuck

Review:

Thomas on Drake

Vol. XIII No. 2

Pete Jones

