

1987

# UA68/6/1 Zephyrus

Western Kentucky University

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Zephyrus 1987

Contributors:

Laurie Brantley – Camp Joy’s Chapel

Chris Bratton – High Beam Invitation

Rebecca Carter – Miss Cary

Joe Dragoo – Two Mockingbirds Disturbed by the First Signs of Winter: A Song With Two Voices

Tom Foster – cover

Lisa Frye – It’s No Real Pleasure

Delivery

The Corner of Woodford and Jones

Free Choices

David Goguen – The Illusory Crossing Game

Susan Hollis – Moses

Tim Holsen – Ground Zero

Daniel MacVeigh – Driving East

C.W. Mayes – On Fishing

Alicia Neat – Heart Break

The Grass is Always Greener Over a Corpse

Terri Pullen – Waiting for the Phone

LaNita Stinson –The Last Stand-Off

Balcony

Laura Sullivan – Humming Playground Songs in Flight

Amy Wallace – Another October

Same Oceans, Separate Shores

Windows as Illusions

Martha Zettlemoyer – Vision

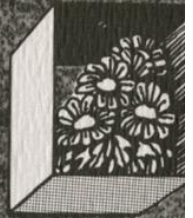
Perils of the Dark Woman: A Poem for Men

Original publication available in University Archives UA68/6/1.

Scanned by University Archives student Todd Wilson, March 2010.

# ZEPHYRUS<sup>1987</sup>

A Student Literary Publication of  
Western Kentucky University





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# ZEPHYRUS

SPRING 1987

A publication of the English Department  
of Western Kentucky University  
at Bowling Green



**Editors**

Laurie Brantley  
Lisa Frye  
Susan Bingham Hollis  
C.W. Mayes  
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Western Kentucky University

**AWARD WINNERS**

Geoffrey McCelvey Memorial Award  
Amy Wallace

Browning Literary Club Poetry Award  
Martha Zettlemoyer

Ladies Club Prose Award  
Rebecca J. Carter

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Amy Wallace

ANOTHER OCTOBER

All your shelves are coming down, taped handles  
are unmending. The red and gold October you scattered  
with your new leaf blower is falling back into place.  
Your clothes in garbage bags have the weight of dead animals.  
Maybe it's like a door I saw propped up against a tree.  
You opened it and walked in and now we can't find your house.  
Once I dreamed we could drive there.  
You were working in overalls, fixing something  
on the balcony. We were looking up at you.  
We had wanted to stay.  
Another time you were in the chapel, held up  
by a thin rafter. The flowers were getting old because  
it was a symbol of something, because it was August.  
The next dream was a funeral. We ate.  
A black woman danced in her wedding dress.  
If wives tales are true this was your daughter's wedding,  
and you were dancing again, bald, Jewish-looking, with your wife  
in pumps, the one you drove crazy with the radio  
the one you led to dark-haired children and Malta  
and paintings with illusions of sunsets.  
You used to visit on holidays, now you come  
in the rain as I conduct Paganini in the car and my hands  
sing with violin whatever dream this is.  
Covered with tape the armrest you tried to fix hangs  
like a broken wing, like your open heart  
bent on its own stem, blooming.



Amy Wallace

### SAME OCEAN, SEPARATE SHORES

I taught you etiquette, you taught me  
how to love dogs, flowers, dirty babies

moths you carried away by the wings to save me  
squirrels you fed, plants you watered

post cards, souvenirs  
morning, songs without words.

I think of the neighbors with the red-eyed baby,  
how they tore at the walls, grilling out

in the same way mice come in for winter  
and roaches live in ice cubes.

On another channel you telephone from Florida.  
You can hear the waves you say in a voice so tremulous

I think if I had looked outside  
there would have been a small bird on the wire.

Amy Wallace

### WINDOWS AS ILLUSIONS

That Sunday a fat robin hit the window  
and you went outside to tell it to fly  
I wanted to be your daughter. I wanted  
to put on your sweater and ask you  
about the war. I wanted to find a straw  
hat and help you bring in tomatoes,  
go to Sunday school, erase the touch of men.  
We stood there watching and you opened  
the door with hands that have become  
bent forks. You coaxed it with your  
worn shoe and said you're not hurt you're  
O.K. you just got the wind knocked out.  
Later we found a white spot on the sidewalk  
and I drove in the rain to another  
city, scared but nothing broken.



Rebecca J. Carter

## MISS CARY

South Water Street began at the square and for two blocks became "Nigger-town" where the black barbershops, pool halls, and laundries could safely exist. Then it passed by a few doctors' offices and over a stream. There you can take a right onto a little street that winds past unpainted wooden houses and cracker-box brick ones. A lot of things have changed in town, but Cemetery Street just got older and more run down.

The tall iron gates and limestone pillars at the entrance to the cemetery have not changed. There's still plenty of space for new residents alongside the old, although management is now determined to be modern so all new "everlasting monuments" must be flush with the ground so that the riding mower can pass over them easily. Only the older section can boast original markers with lambs and angels for children, ostentatious and showy Cleopatra's Needles for families who were or who thought they were more important even in death than the others, and the aged, thin ones, their names and dates almost smooth. The new section boasts some flowers for selected holidays. (Nowadays they last longer since they're artificial.) And, of course, there's the burst of color and embarrassment of riches for new arrivals. But even the new arrivals' splendor fades to holidays and trickles off to the simplicity of gray stone and green grass like all the rest. Only the dandelions were faithful, until a few summers ago, when a new superintendent got hold of a sprayer and some herbicides.

For many years a fixture of this street and the cemetery was an old woman who called them both home. Miss Cary ended on Cemetery Street, but she did not begin there. She was drawn there year by year, grave by grave, until she, along with the rest, made it her permanent home.

Miss Cary Elizabeth Carson was the eldest child in a large family. She grew up like much of the rest of her generation—working hard and ignorant of her poverty. She shouldered the responsibility of the younger ones and worked as hard as any of the boys when an extra hand was needed. She attended school until she married at fifteen. At sixteen she had a son and at seventeen a daughter.

The little girl, Roxie, died when she was five of bone cancer and Cary insisted that she be buried in the town cemetery. She told her

husband, "It's not that I'm too proud or ashamed of where I come from or where I live, but James Henry, I'll not have the creek rising over our baby's grave or some cow scratching its head against the tombstone and knocking it over." So they gathered together the money and buried Roxie in the town cemetery, returning with only themselves and their son, James.

The Depression had been hard. But since most were accustomed to counting wealth in hams and brewing their own entertainment, it had been less of a shock to them than to the town people. But one December morning President Roosevelt's voice came over the radio and the outside world came into Cary's home. Boys left—many never to return and Cary's James was among them. His name was put on a bronze list on one side of the court house, but that was the only marker that she ever got to see. What remained of Jimmy was buried on some island in the Pacific. It had been a consolation to have Roxie's grave to visit every so often when she went to town, but a medal kept in a box in a drawer wasn't the same.

James Henry got a job on a TVA project and suddenly they were more prosperous than they'd ever dared hope. After a few years they moved to town and bought a little house with bedrooms upstairs and a full basement. It wasn't in the most fashionable part of town, but as James said with a wink, "We'll never have to worry about the neighbors in front making too much racket." He planted fruit trees and they kept a small vegetable garden. Occasionally, when Cary was alone, she'd cross the street and go tidy up Roxie's grave and ornament it with flowers and memories.

Their lives went on and James and Cary counted the years together. Though it was never spoken of, each wondered in quiet private moments what Roxie would have looked like had she grown up or who might Jimmy have married if he'd come back from the war.

A few years after retiring, James began to feel poorly and finally went to the doctor. The town doctor sent him to a city doctor and the city doctor told him he had cancer. He died at home in his own bed with Cary holding his hand. She had him buried alongside Roxie and had a fine headstone erected. The funeral was a source of pride for her always. "Why, just think," she'd say, "James was just a farmer and a carpenter all his life, nothing else, but there must have been thirty wreaths of flowers around his grave. He knew everyone and everyone liked him. He was a good man, my James was."

She grieved, but kept on. She gathered the wide bows and



ribbons from the wreaths after the flowers had faded—for she had never wasted anything in her life. From them she made little wreaths for Roxie's grave and even tiny doll quilts and parlor pillows in a fine needle stitch. She kept her house spotless, her yard neat, and rented the bedrooms to men who worked for TVA-- some had even known James. At times she even rented out her own room and she slept in the basement.

But as endless as her energies seemed, she gradually began to wind down like James's old pocket watch that couldn't be fixed. There were the slow little events that one doesn't notice because they gather silently like dust and are then reinforced by habit. Every day she cleaned the house, but every day she saw less dirt. She began taking long naps in the afternoons. Slowly she moved down into the basement, no longer just spending a few nights there. She told herself that it was "temporary" until "temporary" had become weeks and then months and finally years.

It seemed that so many of her friends were dead or dying. She went to more and more funerals to tell them goodbye. On one wall of the basement she taped up the obituary notices of her friends and beside them hung flowers or a bit of ribbon from a wreath until it parodied a teenage girl's collection of prom programs and dried corsages. She took to attending even the funerals of people she only vaguely knew and then those of total strangers. She became a sort of critic on funerals, noting and evaluating all the details such as the number of mourners and how much grief they displayed, the number and quality of wreaths, and if the casket were tasteful or gaudy. If, in her estimation, things had been done properly then she pronounced it, "They put him away good." It was sad how soon the graves were forgotten. She took to clipping away the grass around the edge of the headstones that the groundskeeper didn't bother with. She even liked walking among the oldest graves and tracing the faded dates with her finger, wondering what the person's life had been. Had they been happy or sad, honest or cheats? Did the husband and wife lying side by side enjoy the first peace since they had married or had they always been compatible? What secrets had they taken with them: buried miser's money, little lies, untold sacrifices made for others, unrequited loves? Their lives had been different from hers and yet they had been much the same. Some stories she pieced together. Some families lay side by side, little babies, parents, grandparents, all in a chain with room besides, waiting for the next generation. But some graves were solitary with no shared surnames or endearments on their stones, just a name and the date. She paid special attention to these. She developed

favorites and brought flowers when she had them.

All her interests and activities had developed slowly and seemed natural to her since she had more friends below the ground than above it. But it all seemed quite strange to others who didn't know her. Some unkind tongues who should have been talking to her, instead of about her, nicknamed her "Miss Scary." Sometimes they asked her to "review" a certain funeral so that they could laugh about it later. But Miss Cary went on, her world narrowing step by step as she neared her own funeral.

They found her dead one morning seemingly asleep in her bed, a peaceful expression on her face. There was quite a sum squirreled away in her bank account. Cary had been like the ant of the fable who stored up for the winter; yet she had failed to realize when winter had come. She had left a note to the funeral home director not to waste a lot of money, but to "do it proper." The remainder was to go to the Methodist Church.

Somehow the funeral was a stingy affair and the Methodist Church was only paid for the minister's presence. A short obituary appeared in the paper and it ended, "No survivors." It had stated that the remains would be ready for viewing from ten to two. Only a handful of curious neighbors appeared briefly. Miss Cary looked "real natural" with her hair styled, rouged cheeks, and glasses over closed eyes. The pale blue liner of the coffin only accentuated its cheapness and one wreath of mums was propped up beside it.

The next day the Cowley Funeral Home hearse pulled up on a gray afternoon to the cemetery gates with one car following. Three gravediggers stood by in respectful boredom as the funeral director and his nephew-assistant emerged from the hearse and the Methodist preacher left his car.

"Excuse me, were either of you acquainted with the deceased?" asked the minister. "You see, I'm new to the church here and I have not yet met all my congregation."

The funeral director stifled a smile, "Uh, yes, in a way, I saw her often . . . at funerals." He tapped his temple with a manicured forefinger and continued, "Reverend Lambath, without being disrespectful, could you please make this quick? It's already 3:15 and we have the Appleton funeral at 4:30. There are a lot of details I must personally supervise, if you understand me." And he gestured to a newer section of the cemetery where a large tent had been set up and workers were busily arranging rows of folding chairs stenciled "Cowley's F. H."

"Oh, I understand, Mr. Cowley, but we must wait for the mourners and family to arrive."



"Reverend Lambath, we are the mourners and there is no family, so if you please. . . ." replied Cowley through professionally pursed lips.

Reverend Lambath, taken aback, blinked and then not knowing what else to do followed Cowley to the graveside where the closed black coffin had been set up. The gravediggers, who had been pressed into service as pall bearers, stepped back a bit and one elbowed the other who had forgotten that his cap was still on.

The minister cleared his throat, opened his Bible and read a verse of scripture. Then he launched into a short general eulogy that was his stock answer to the problem of deceased members of the congregation unknown to him. He said everything about "our departed sister" and nothing about Cary. But his brevity was not brief enough for Mr. Cowley who restlessly glanced at his watch and the sky that seemed to be growing darker by the minute.

Finally, Reverend Lambath asked them to bow their heads to close with the Lord's Prayer. Sure enough, after the opening phrase, the L and N railroad made its scheduled run and drowned out everything with rhythmic thunder. Mr. Cowley rocked on his heels, "Good, right on time, so there won't be any interference for the Appleton ceremony."

A cold strong wind seemed to accompany the train. "Some day," he thought glumly, "it's going to pour any minute." He carefully examined the toes of his shoes when out of the corner of his eye he saw another pair of shoes—a small brown pair of boy's shoes. And then beside them were another pair; these peeking out from beneath a long skirt.

The reverend was droning on, undaunted, as the noise from the train abated.

"On Earth as it is in Heaven . . ."

Cowley raised his eyes a little and realized that they were in the middle of a crowd of people. "Where did all these people come from? Who are they?" he thought.

Suddenly, the Reverend Lambath realized that others were praying aloud with him; men's, women's and children's voices all in unison gradually rising from a whisper.

". . . and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who . . ."

Cold fear settled in Cowley's stomach and though he tried to keep his eyes straight down, it was impossible. Slowly he raised his head to see an odd assortment of skirts, boy's knee socks, and men's trousers. His terror crescendoed with their voices.

". . . for Thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory forever."

And with the "amen" a great thunderclap exploded and lightning

illuminated the scene in a light clearer than the brightest sunshine. In an instant Cowley saw them all, heads bowed. The thunder died away and they were left as before: six men, a closed coffin, and an open grave.

Martha Zettlemoyer

VISION

Years later Mother tells her version  
of what happened the day everything changed.  
It was as if she'd accidentally put on  
someone else's glasses, she says.

Father blustered in after work  
wearing a pig's head and a party hat.

He peeled off his trenchcoat, tossed it  
aside, and scooped up her children, who had  
spent most of the day defying her.

Through the heat haze of potatoes boiling,  
she watched them wrestle. All that  
sucking and squealing while she cut biscuits.

Through his trousers she could see  
the workings of his long, dense thighs.  
They were still salmon-colored  
with the mouthwatering cold he'd brought  
in from outside.

Martha Zettlemoyer

PERILS OF THE DARK WOMAN: A POEM FOR MEN

Making love to her is like . . .  
Finish the sentence with something  
that takes you through a dark tunnel.

Inside her is pink, waiting for you.  
Her breasts are all sizes and shapes at once  
and peak in every direction simultaneously  
like a trick, film laid over film.

Hey, mine would do that, too,  
if you'd bother to teach them.  
No. Learn them.

Where is this dark woman, anyway?  
Nearly impaling herself, you hope,  
on some far border guard's bayonet,  
running wild to get to you?

More likely she's in the dark tunnel  
you make yourself, lining your palm  
to make it bearable.

Here's the truth that will end it:  
Even if she makes it into your open arms  
she'll fly straight through you and  
out your back, because anything she wants—  
could possibly want—is beyond you.

But I'm right here, damn it, here.  
And I'm every bit the virgin she is and pink,  
and fierce, and peeling inside-out  
before your very eyes  
Wild! to show you.



## MOSES

It was so bizarre. All I wanted was a Dilly Bar, and I ended up with a baby. That was the last thing I needed during finals week. I didn't ask for it, but I guess it was my fault. I'm going to have to learn to say "no." I needed a quick burst of energy to keep my knees from buckling under the pressure of all-night cramming. So what if it was the middle of the afternoon? One excuse for ice cream is as good as another.

See, what happened was, I was walking from my car across the Dairy Queen parking lot when these people stopped me. And I had to be too polite to ignore them. From now on, I'm going to pretend I can't speak English if anyone strange approaches me.

They were in a homemade camper that was welded onto the back of a rusted-out pickup truck. These two really odd women hailed me as I passed their truck. Each was holding a filthy baby who looked as if it had just been salvaged from a trash can. One woman dangled a cigarette from a corner of her mouth and squinted from the smoke that rose into her eyes. Her hair was a mass of dull brown tangles and her clothes were torn and dirty. The other woman was in about the same shape, but with the added attraction of curlers in her peroxided hair. The rollers pulled her dark roots out at straight angles around her head. The womens' stained and clashing double-knit outfits barely stretched far enough around them. The first one, the smoker, had on pants that stretched the plaid pattern way out of shape, and a blouse with a huge green-and-white gardenia print with what looked like a dollop of mustard on it. The one with rollers in her hair wore red-and-white dotted slacks topped with a navy-and-red checked blouse. Those two made me dizzy.

I wondered what these women wanted with me. I peered into the darkened camper for a clue, but I couldn't see past the women and the haze of smoke surrounding their heads. No telling what was in there. I started getting mental images of their companions, who must be in the front of the truck. I pictured two gaunt men in their late forties; they were skinny because the women ate everything before they had a chance to dig in. One of the men would be wearing faded blue work clothes, and the other would have on Dee Cee overalls with one strap undone. Of course, I couldn't see them

from where I stood. I kept leaning sideways to see if I could catch a glimpse of one of them in the side-view mirror. My glance slid down to the license plate. It was rusted, too. I couldn't even tell what state they were from. It looked like they'd backed over something and bent half the plate up under the truck.

Suddenly, it dawned on me that they were black-market slavers in disguise. I was about to become one of those people you read about once every couple of weeks or so, the ones who don't come home for supper one day and are never heard from again. I didn't want to become a statistic. I edged toward the restaurant door. Draped over it was a banner proclaiming, "Grand Opening Celebration."

"Hey, you! C'mere," Smokey called out, one eye shut against her cigarette fumes.

"I beg your pardon?" I should have kept on walking, should have pretended I was an Armenian tourist or something.

"Hold this." She poked her dirty baby in my face.

I looked at her in disbelief. Did she really want me to take her baby?

"What for?"

"'Cause I been holding it long enough."

Oh. That explained everything.

"Why me?" I kept my hands clasped behind my back and looked for someone else in the parking lot to pawn these people off on.

She insisted. "Take it."

Smokey shoved the poor kid at me again. I believe she would have dropped it on the asphalt if I hadn't taken it from her. So I stood there holding it a couple of minutes. Nobody said anything. I guess I expected her to do something that would have been impossible while holding the baby, but all she did was dig between the mounds under her blouse and haul out a crumpled pack of cigarettes. She lit a broken cigarette and sat there on the tailgate, looking out at the parked cars and blowing lopsided smoke rings in my direction. The woman in curlers had a bovine expression on her face as she gazed off into the distance. Her toothless mouth hung open a little. She reminded me of Elsie the Cow, except Elsie always looks so cheerful.

I leaned first on one foot, then on the other. After a few minutes of shifting my weight back and forth, I said, "Well, here," and held the baby out to her.

She ignored me.

"I was about to go inside—"

"You kin take him in with you. It's all right."



"But I—"

"He won't hurt nothing."

I looked at the kid. He was only wearing a ripped T-shirt, and dirt clung to the sticky smears on his face.

"Hey, I don't like babies. And I don't like to hold them. I don't even like to hold my cousins' babies."

"Take him on in with you," she said, slow and deliberate, like she was speaking to somebody who had to read lips.

The tone in her voice propelled me obediently toward the glass door. I looked over my shoulder. The truck had FARM TRUCK scrawled in white along one side. I could see where the paint had dribbled down the blue door. I didn't see the two haggard men I had expected to see in the truck's cab. I didn't see anyone. Smokey made a movement with her hand as if to shoo me onward. I made it to the door before I turned back to the truck. Smokey said something to make Elsie guffaw, probably something like, "Lookit this mo-ron." Boy, nothing could get past these two.

"If I have to take him inside, could you at least give me a diaper?"

Smokey just looked at me.

"But they serve food in there. What if he has to—do something?"

I could tell she thought it was an unreasonable demand by the loud way she sighed as she, rummaged through the contents of the camper. She produced a rectangle of white padded material and wedged it between the baby and me. She didn't even fasten it, and I sure didn't know how to. The kid lay there like a hot dog on a bun. Hold the mustard.

"Now, git on outa here." She shoved my arm, trying to aim me at the door. "I said I done held that baby as long as I'm going to today." I couldn't figure out why she didn't just lay it down in the back of the camper. On second thought, it would probably roll up under something and they'd never see it again.

So I slunk on into the Dairy Queen. Some fool had hung metal wind chimes over the door and they clanged against the glass as I entered. That got everyone's attention. Some DQ streamers slapped me in the face and a big red balloon bounced off my head. People stared at me as I stood in front of the vanilla-colored counter and all those gleaming chrome machines. When I saw the crowd, I should have recognized it as a bad sign and walked right back out again. I tried to become invisible. Was a Dilly Bar worth this humiliation? I was beginning to think not. I knew what the people were saying about me: "Look at that unfit mother. She could at least wipe that baby's face off. It's all right to keep herself nice and clean, though. Bet she puts the kid in the yard and hoses him off

every morning. Look, she don't even have his diaper fastened."

Unplanned parenthood was tiresome. And embarrassing. All the customers moved away from me. And there were lots of them, too. Why did I have to pick Grand Opening Day to crave a Dilly Bar? This could ruin Dilly Bars for me from now on. With an albatross hanging around my neck, I was floundering in a sea of rubber tile floor and holier-than-thou faces. At least the kid wasn't howling like most babies do the minute you take them out in public.

There was a buzz of voices that was louder than most you hear in a restaurant. I guess everyone was excited about the celebration, and the balloons and streamers got people giddy. I noticed out of the corner of my eye that people were bunched up in a corner near the street side of the building. When I turned to see what was interesting enough to compete with me and the kid, I saw a four-piece band.

A band? In a Dairy Queen? Sure enough, wedged back there in the corner with streamers billowing about their faces were four men who appeared to be in their fifties. The man carrying the guitar had hair so white and fluffy it looked like it had been blown from a cotton candy machine. The drummer had a semicircle of grey hair spreading around the back of his head from ear to ear. The man behind the upright bass had nice salt-and-pepper hair. The other one had to be different. He was definitely not Mr. Natural. He had what must have been black shoe polish on his hair. He was strapped to a saxophone. The men were conservatively dressed in black pants with white shirts, but had added a racy touch with red bow ties.

A girl decided to wait on me at last. There was really no excuse for her not to; she had already waited on everyone else in the place. She seemed to want someone else to come in so she could take their order first and snub me again. Her name tag read "Jeannie."

"What do you want?"

Was a dirty baby any reason to be rude to a person?

"I'll have a Dilly Bar."

"Just one?" she asked in an accusing voice.

"Yes, one."

I bet she thought I starved and abused the kid, made him watch me eat Dilly Bar after Dilly Bar and then beat him with the sticks after I licked them clean. It probably never occurred to her that I might be buying it for the kid. What kind of mother did I look like, anyway?

Jeannie glared at me and huffed off to the freezer in the back. Her co-workers whispered to each other and peeked at me through the opening in the rear counter where they shove orders out. I could



almost hear them clucking their tongues. Boy, was my arm getting tired. The dirt probably made the kid weigh five or ten pounds more than usual.

The band was tuning up. I could hardly wait. They blared out with "Mack the Knife" so suddenly that I thought the kid's eyes would pop out. He never said a word, though. He just looked like he had gas. The saxophonist must have thought he was Boots Randolph by the way he was going at it. Only in your dreams, Bud, I thought. All four of them were off-beat, off-key, or out-of-tune, but the sax player was so much better at it than his friends.

Jeannie reappeared with my Dilly Bar. She slammed it down onto the counter and jabbed at the cash register.

"Thirty-five," she demanded.

I dug around in my pockets for change and pushed the correct amount across the counter. The way Jeannie picked up my money was like she was insulted or something.

I went outside, clanging the chimes again. I blinked a couple of times. It wasn't just the sun in my eyes. I should have known. The camper was gone. Vanished. I wandered around the parking lot to make sure it was really gone. It was. It was such a shock to find out that the truck could run at all. It had seemed like such a permanent fixture. So there I was, stuck with this baby while my Dilly Bar dripped down my arm.

It was really too bad Dairy Queen didn't make their Banana Boats any bigger. Then I could stick Moses here in one of them and float him off down the river. But I could see it wasn't going to be easy to get rid of him. There would be cops, social workers, you name it. What a mess.

Jeannie and the rest of them were annoyed to see me coming back inside. I put Moses on the counter and unwrapped my Dilly Bar. The chocolate coating was sliding off.

Jeannie rushed over as the band began "Yakety Sax."

"Get your dirty child off our counter." She looked like she wanted a can of Lysol to spray around us. "Can't you see we're having an important party here? What will people think?"

"May I use your telephone?"

"There's a pay phone outside, around to the right." She jerked her thumb toward the door.

"I don't have any more change." I felt around and patted my pockets to demonstrate to Jeannie that I really didn't.

Moses walled his eyes around. I don't think he cared for those lights over the counter glaring down in his eyes any more than he cared for the music. He looked like he might be about to let out a yell, or something.

"I'm sorry, but—"

"Look, um, Jeannie, I know this may sound strange to you, but this isn't my baby. I don't even know who he belongs to."

Jeannie's eyebrows shot up under her perfectly straight bangs. Her jaw relaxed.

"See, these people were out in your parking lot and they made me hold this baby and when I got back outside, they were gone."

Jeannie leaned over the counter and frowned out into the paved lot. She probably thought I'd been out in the sun too long.

"Can I just use your phone?"

"Well, we're not supposed to let anyone behind the counter."

"How about if you call the police for me? I don't know what else to do about—" I nodded down at Moses.

Moses cranked it up then and let out a howl. Tears poured down his cheeks, making clean streaks through the dirt. The tears went on through the peach fuzz on his near-bald baby head, and rolled onto the countertop. The band bleated "St. James Infirmary" in the background. I think they were upset at Moses for upstaging them.

"Do something," Jeannie whined. She smiled apologies out at the customers who were leaning out of their booths to stare at us.

"What can I do?"

A crowd began to gather around us while Jeannie wrung her hands. I guess Moses squalled so loud over the band's noise that it sounded like we were torturing him with the ice cream machines, and everyone wanted to see.

"About that phone call..?"

"Oh!" Jeannie plucked the telephone receiver from the wall and punched 911. I don't know if Moses was a legitimate emergency, but he sure felt like one.

"Why don't you at least put his little diaper on him?" some woman asked over my shoulder. She looked like she might know all there was to know about kids. She no doubt had a dozen of her own, all well-fed and bathed daily.

"Be my guest." I stepped aside and licked what was left of my gooey ice cream.

The woman gave me a look that on any other day would make me want to crawl under a rock. I just smiled. At this point, I wasn't about to let anything get to me. She twirled old Moses around on the counter and started folding him up like a letter she was fixing to stuff in an envelope and send somewhere. I wished she would.

Jeannie produced a damp paper towel and swabbed at Moses' face while the woman diapered him. I kind of had the feeling that Jeannie had been itching to wipe those smears off ever since we



came through that door.

"Do you think we should give him some milk or something?" I asked Jeannie. I didn't know what else to say. Milk is the first thing you give a stray cat isn't it? Same thing.

Jeannie seemed to think it was a good idea. She opened a refrigerator and brought out a pint carton. We opened it and puzzled over how to give it to the baby since he didn't look old enough to drink from a cup. We turned to the woman for help.

"You can't give it to him cold like that," she said. "Heat it in a pan until it's lukewarm, then pour it back into this carton. And get me a clean towel."

Jeannie disappeared into the back. When she came out, she had a pressed white towel with a green stripe, the kind that the linen truck brings once a week.

Jeannie thought a few minutes, then poured the milk into one of those glass coffee carafes and sat it on the coffeemaker. While the milk warmed, more customers clanged through the door and the streamers and the balloons, and gathered around us to see what was going on. Nobody was paying much attention to the band any more. They started to get louder. The more frantic they became, the more out-of-tune they got.

The woman asked Jeannie to bring the milk over so she could test it. She sprinkled some on the inside of her wrist. I knew it. She was an old pro after all. I had a feeling she knew what she was doing. They always do it just like that on TV commercials. The woman nodded her approval, so Jeannie poured the milk back into its carton and handed it to the woman. She ripped one end off the towel, wadded it up, and pushed it part way inside the carton. The linen soaked up the milk and when it started dripping, she put the outside end of the towel in the baby's mouth. Moses stopped bawling then. He kind of hiccupped a few times and started to suck on the towel. Moses was real easy to please. He even seemed to like the band's imitation of "Little Brown Jug."

The woman was smiling and Jeannie seemed relieved. Now that they knew I wasn't the cause of the kid's predicament, they seemed to think I was OK.

"So why do you have the band in here?" I asked Jeannie. "This place isn't exactly the right size for a shindig."

Jeannie threw up her hands.

"They were supposed to play out front where we're not finished landscaping yet. They brought a little stage they were going to set up on the wood chips between the rose bushes and the azaleas. Then somebody got the bright idea that it might rain, so they packed

it all in here." Jeannie motioned toward the windows. "Does it look like it's going to rain?" She shook her head and looked at me. "And then, to make matters worse, you show up in the middle of it all."

I shrugged, "All I wanted was a Dilly Bar. The rest was not my fault."

Pretty soon a patrol car squealed up and two uniformed officers, a big one and a little one, strutted through the door. The big one started right in. I never knew any one person could ask so many questions. The little one jotted down in a red notebook everything I could think of about Smokey, Elsie, and their blue Farm Truck. I even remembered about the bent license plate. The officers really liked that part, except that the two numbers I'd been able to make out that weren't rusted or bent under didn't give them much to go on.

I was almost through describing my ordeal when a welfare case worker arrived. She listened to the tail end of my story as I told it to the cops and then I had to start in all over again for her.

Luckily for Moses, this welfare woman must have been a girl scout in her younger years. I mean, she was prepared. She toted in a box of Pampers, a baby bottle, a can of Enfamil, a blanket, disposable baby wipes, and a supply of those liners for the bottle. Before she had left her office, she had made arrangements to take the baby to a temporary foster home. While she fussed over Moses, the mother of twelve related how helpful she had been, how she'd burped him and everything. They whisked Moses off to the ladies' room to do him up right.

I untied a red balloon from a booth as a parting gift for Moses while I was waiting for him and the women to emerge from the restroom. When they brought him out, he didn't look half bad, all decked out like a regular kid. I could feel friendly toward Moses now that I was no longer saddled with him. He was all shiny and red, like his whole top layer of skin had been scrubbed off.

I helped the case worker haul the baby equipment out to her station wagon where she snapped Moses into one of those baby seats. It was yellow. I smiled over at Moses, tied the balloon to his car seat, and told him it looked like he got his banana boat after all. He drooled down his belly onto his new blanket. He sure didn't say much. I waved as the welfare lady carried Moses off toward his new life. His balloon flapped out the window.

As I drove out of the parking lot, someone opened the DQ door and I heard the band wailing "St. Louis Woman." What a hassle that was, just to get a Dilly Bar. Next time, I'm going to the Drive-Through window.



Tim Holsen

**GROUND ZERO**

candles melt-down into old beer bottles  
empty whiskey sour cooling towers radio  
active waitress  
paper napkins slowly soak up spills  
the locals, bombed, safe  
in their shelter  
bartender with his t.v. on  
is cool in all this static  
in the glow of this place  
I sit soaking in  
the atmosphere  
unable to leave  
sipping my poison  
at ground zero

Laurie Brantley

**CAMP JOY'S CHAPEL**

—for J.C.

Mahogany gospel in pine walls.

Black and yellow teeth strike

Metal bones of a tone-deaf piano.

Dust hears sermons

From a pulpit laid barren,

Like Sarah

Awaiting God's promise.

TWO MOCKINGBIRDS DISTURBED  
BY THE FIRST SIGNS OF WINTER:  
A SONG WITH TWO VOICES

December 5, 1984

I

Two mockingbirds disturbed  
By the first sleet  
Fluttered up from the ground  
Toward a ledge to meet.  
The male flashed his whites,  
Spark-like amidst his gray,  
He cocked his head to look  
And then began to say,  
In a borrowed voice  
Of the purple martin,  
"There's winter on the world.  
The ice is on the magnolia;  
Its leaves are shapely curled."  
The female in a sparrow-voice  
Answered with a twit,  
"What a frosty place to sit.  
I thought Kentucky pleasant  
Until January at least.  
We're not a nye of pheasant  
To go proggle for a feast."  
And her words lent him song.

His chorus:

*Tasty eggs!  
Tasty eggs!  
Done for good  
My gath'ring days.  
The only fowl  
I know who lays  
In winter  
Is the too  
Protected hen.*

II

Sleet turns to snow  
In sticky flakes.  
The first signs of winter  
Are always this way.  
The icicles splinter  
From their high places;  
Tree limbs glisten  
In their icy cases.  
"I remember one spring,"  
Sang he, "when I was  
Down in Tennessee  
Near the shore of a forest-lake.  
I saw a wedge of swan  
Come in on the water.  
Their leader was a black pen,  
Swift as night.  
Her cry spooked a siege  
Of herons in the shoals.  
Across the dark, her eyes  
Were two glowing coals."  
But she is lost  
In his previous song.

Her Chorus:

*Speckled eggs!  
Spotted eggs!  
Gone are my  
Swiping days  
The only bird  
I know who lays  
In winter  
Is the farmer's  
Guarded hen.*

III

"Maudlin are my memories.  
A waste of song to sing these things."  
She fanned a wing  
And settled down,  
The winter heavy on the town  
"I recall it was spring—  
Indiana poplars bloomed.  
Night came; I heard a pule  
Too tropical for the Ohio vale:  
It was the peahen's  
Mournful wail.  
Poor lass, she had not  
Much of a tail herself,  
But her master had a cock,  
For sure the glory  
Of the flock,  
Who was ultramarine eyed.  
I spied him from a sparrow's host.  
'Tis cold,' she trilled,  
'I'd like a bit of toast,' "  
And held in reverie,

Again he sings:

*Spatsie eggs!  
Brown motes on white  
I steals by night;  
I slurp all day.  
But how could I hope  
To whisk away  
A chicken's  
Succulent prize?*

IV

"Snow has a habit," said he,  
"Of filling up the world.  
It starts slowly enough,  
Takes all fall brewing.  
Before it's finished doing  
(What a billion pigeons  
Could never accomplish)  
The world is washed in white.  
Beautiful sight  
Though chilling  
To the fledges' very barbs."  
He moved closer to her,  
Familiar as the years,  
Swift as spring wind, although  
A trifle bitchy about snow.  
To say he loved her  
Would be too much,  
Too human,  
Better to say  
They imitated creation.  
And theirs, if any was,  
Was *agape*, was god-love.

She longs for spring:

*The robin's egg!  
Aquamarine!  
For juiciness  
It is supreme.  
When winter comes  
The redbreasts go  
Where the warmer  
Breezes blow.*



## V

"Summer too I do not mind,  
 Though there is the iracund jay  
 And the hognose in the hay."  
 She moved her neck in just  
 Such a manner as she did  
 In their first year. And though  
 It was not the season,  
 Not the time for madness  
 In the hassock,  
 He was aroused.  
 "Tomorrow to the south we fly.  
 Tuscaloosa's caught my eye.  
 The fields will bloom  
 When summerstars embark  
 To bring an exaltation  
 Of lark."

Which reminded him:

*The meadowlark's  
 Mottled egg!  
 Yellow and brown,  
 I eat them warm  
 Right on the ground.  
 In winter though,  
 They've flown away.  
 My feasting waits  
 Some other day.*

## VI

Two mockingbirds disturbed  
 By the first signs of winter,  
 Perched on a branch  
 Ready to fly  
 Should the wind die.  
 They kept the time not as a watch  
 Of nightingales (who sing  
 Their own tunes  
 Near the desert dunes  
 Of Libya or while migrant near  
 The Rhine, making love in pines,  
*Alderliefest*, that thrush called  
 His life-long mate)  
 But by drawing near to share  
 Warmth the one the other made.  
 Winter collared them in shade.  
 As they touched, hot the pair,  
 In the cold, they joined their eyes,  
 And all they saw was paradise.

So together they sang:

*Tasty eggs!  
 How men have paid!  
 We get them free  
 And freshly laid.  
 But we dream of  
 That white canteen  
 We'd pilfer from  
 The barnyard queen.*

Lisa Frye

## IT'S NO REAL PLEASURE

The old woman woke when the bright sunlight came through the thin, brown window shade. She used to rise with the rooster, if not before. Now she got up when the sun was high enough in the sky to be a nuisance.

She clutched the heavy white chenille bedspread with arthritic fingers. She tried to throw the covers back. Once, twice, three times, four times, finally making it the fifth time.

She slowly sat up, patting her gauzy blue head covering as she did. Her granddaughter, Kalie always said it looked like "Mammy had a blue lampshade on her head." She always laughed and said, "I don't want to wake up looking a fright. If nothing else looks good in the morning, my old gray hair will."

The old woman, Lena to herself, Lener to her neighbors and friends, Lena Rosa or Rosie to past suitors and Mammy to her family, looked at the glowing, spiraling Coca-Cola clock. 1:00. The clock clashed with the bouquets of violets and daisies on the stained, faded wallpaper. It glowed green and silver against the darkness of the night, but spiraled garishly during the day. Lena didn't particularly care for it, but her son, Alfred Neal had given it to her for Mother's Day. He worked at the Coca-Cola plant in Smyrna, so he got the clock at a discount price.

Lena sat on the edge of the bed, her size four feet dangling inches from the threadbare carpet. She sat in her white slip, safety-pinned at each strap, and contemplated the day. "Listen, listen, listen. The cat's a pissin' and that ain't all he's done today," Lena said as she scooted off the bed.

Lena bent over and pulled her stockings up over her swollen knees. She reached to the bedside table for two black garters, then slipped them over the stockings. "Now, I won't walk around like a droopy drawers. And I won't have elephant legs."

Lena picked up a printed housedress her daughter, Annis Ruth had made her and slid it over her plump arms. She smoothed the cotton material over her sagging breasts and soft stomach, then shuffled on short, thin legs to the television set. She flipped the control button to ON, then turned the channel to Saturday morning wrestling.

"Hope the Fabulous Ones are on today. Don't care much about



seeing that old Junk Yard Dog though," Lena said, walking to the kitchen.

The green formica table was covered with half-eaten loaves of bread, dishes filled with leftovers and a few assorted packages of food. Lena rummaged through white metal cabinets until she found a box of Kellogg's cornflakes. She carried the box to the livingroom, where she sat in the orange padded chair. She sat directly in front of the T.V., ringside.

Her son, Alfred Neal had become disillusioned with life at the Coca-Cola plant and had decided to go into professional wrestling. The trainers at Ted's Gym said he had the perfect wrestling build. After being thrown around the ring a couple of times, Alfred Neal decided life at the Coca-Cola plant suited him better.

He came back and told his mother it was all fake. "Chicken blood, Mama. They use chicken blood. It's all fake. Sure you have to know how to fall, but you don't really bleed." Lena refused to believe him then and she refused to believe him now. He was just mad because they made him look like a fool.

"Get him in a sleeper hold, get him! Give him a suflex or an atomic drop," Lena called to Jerry Lawler. "Don't let him do that to you, Jerry! You lose, you leave town. Remember that!"

Alfred Neal said the losers really didn't leave town and if they did, it was to go on vacation. Lena just brushed him off. He had always been a spoilsport. He'd quit believing in Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny when he was four or five. He spoiled the holidays for all the other kids without a thought. He was like that.

Lena woke up when Bill Dance Outdoors came on. She shifted her cramped body to a more comfortable position in preparation for an hour of fishing. She was looking forward to a good day of cat fishing or maybe bass fishing. The Mister Twister bait commercials weren't too bad, but she had a hard time believing you could catch a fish with that doughy goop. \$19.95 for a little bity jar of goop. She'd just as soon dig up some fishing worms in the back yard near the septic tank.

She'd just gotten situated, cornflakes positioned on one side, snuff on the other, when Bill Dance and his guest fishing partner, Jerry Clower popped on the screen.

"Good God Almighty! Jerry Clower. I wish that man would fall out of the boat and get that poofy hair wet. He'd probably drown from the weight of it. That jewelry would probably make him sink even faster. Sorry, Bill, but you've got to go. I can't stand an hour with Jerry Clower hawwwwing and cackling about those Led-betters."

Lena slowly rose from the chair and changed the channel to Saturday at the Westerns. She hoped it would be a John Wayne, Gary Cooper, or Clint Eastwood. Those were real men. Real cowboys. She couldn't stand that sissy Roy Rogers. His wife Dale Evans couldn't sing a lick. And anybody who'd stuff a dead horse and keep it in their house just didn't have all of his crackers in his soup.

Lena sat back down in her chair and propped her feet on a round padded stool. "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre" flashed across the screen.

"This is a good one. It don't have any singing cowboys or men like Jerry Clower with raccoons on their suitcoats."

A knock sounded at the kitchen door just as the movie began.

"Shoot!" Lena said. "Hope it's not Janice Faye. That girl comes over here and tries to eat the house down. She weighs three hundred pounds if she weighs two. And she's getting bigger everyday."

Janice Faye had worked at the paper plate factory in Goodletsville, but was fired when they found out she had stuffed stacks of plates in the garbage can. She told them the conveyor belt went faster than she could. When the plates piled up, she threw them away. Now all she did was eat and work Scramblets from the Sunday supplement.

Lena dropped her feet from the stool, then pushed herself out of the chair. She scanned the contents of the table, picked up a package of Oreos and hid them in the cabinet just in case. Lena went to the door and peeked through the pink gingham curtains. Her youngest daughter, Bonnie stood on the porch clutching a bag of groceries. Grimacing with pain, Lena turned the dead bolt lock. It was a nuisance, but old women like her were killed in their sleep everyday.

"Afternoon, Mammy. Brought you a few things from the store. Some eggs, flour, soup, vegetables and coffee. Also brought you a few can goods."

"Did you bring me a box of cornflakes?" Lena asked as she helped Bonnie put away the groceries.

"No, I most certainly did not. You eat too much of that stuff as it is. No wonder you have trouble with your bowels," Bonnie said, folding the empty grocery bag.

"You say you go to the grocery store for me, but you won't buy me what I want," Lena said, heading back toward the living room.

"Well, if you'd come shopping with me, we wouldn't have this problem," Bonnie said, putting a can of applesauce on the shelf



next to the Oreos.

"I told you I'm not going back to that store. Last time I was there, some old man tried to buy me a bottle of Geritol. I told him I had my own money and I didn't need some old man buying me anything."

"He was just trying to be friendly. I guess he thought it would be a nice gesture," Bonnie said.

"Flowers might've been a nice gesture, but not Geritol. Believe me, Bonnie, it's no real pleasure being old."

Lena went to the T.V., turned up the volume, then plopped her plump body into the chair.

Bonnie stuck her head through the doorway and said, "I'm going down to the mailbox. I'll bring the garbage cans up as I come."

"Good, good. Maybe now I can watch my movie," Lena said, picking up her box of cornflakes. She gummed a few handfuls, then hid the box on the other side of the chair before Bonnie returned.

The cowboys trudged through miles of sand and were almost to their destination when Bonnie walked into the livingroom with a handful of mail.

"Mammy, will you turn that T.V. down? Anybody else would think you were deaf. You got the electricity bill, the garbage pickup bill, your social security check, a couple of circulars, and a letter from Raymond and Carolyn."

"Pay the bills, cash the check, but first read me the letter."

"Well, Carolyn says all the kids are doing okay. Hmmm, let's see, the grandbabies are growing. Justin is four months old and Nikki lost her first tooth. Amanda, April and Gina made it through second grade. Says Bobby had an accident with a cow at the stockyard a couple of weeks ago. But he's fine now. A dairy cow stepped on his foot and broke it in four places," Bonnie read, before turning the page over.

"That family has never had good luck with animals. Anne was bit by that dog. Sue was kicked by a horse and I think Buddy was gored by a bull one time. Seems like the whole bunch of them would learn to stay away from animals before one of 'em gets killed. What else does it say?"

Bonnie scanned the lines, then said, "They put the garden out. They're raising tomatoes, corn, squash and your favorite, green-beans. Anne finally has a boyfriend and it looks kind of serious."

"Well, it's about time. That girl's so picky it's a wonder she found anybody to suit her. Does Carolyn say anything about him?" Lena asked. She leaned back in the chair and closed her eyes.

"Carolyn says he's twenty-eight. He works as a research assistant at the college. He works in the biology lab and teaches a

few classes—he does a lot of experiments or something. That's about it. Carolyn and Raymond send their love. They'll be down next Sunday. Carolyn says don't fix lunch because she's bringing a ham."

Bonnie folded the letter, then slipped it back in the envelope. "Sounds like everybody's doing fine. Mammy? Mammy?"

Bonnie's only answer was a soft snore that resembled a purr. Bonnie stuck the letter in Mammy's sweater pocket, then slipped out the door.

Lena woke up when the phone rang. A Chuckwagon dog food commercial blared from the T.V. Lena checked the spiraling, glowing clock. 5:25.

"Wonder who this could be? Hope it's not Racine; I'm not up to hearing about her latest sickness. I don't need to hear about those kids either. They're nothing but a bunch of spoiled rotten kids, anyway."

The phone continued to ring as Lena moved her aching joints slowly across the floor. "Hello," Lena said. "Fine, Racine. No, no I don't need anything. Bonnie went to the store for me. But she forgot to get me some cornflakes. Yeah, tomorrow will be fine. She did? That's good. Graduated from high school, huh? Tell her I'm proud of her. I got a letter from Raymond and Carolyn today. They're all fine. Anne is engaged. To a doctor. He's into gene splicing and test tube babies. Makes real good money. Okay, goodbye. See you tomorrow."

That should give her something to chew on for a while. She'll be out trying to rustle up a husband for Melissa. She can't stand the thought of any other grandkids outdoing her own.

Lena gently placed the receiver back on the hook, then walked to the T.V. set. She flipped the channel control until she hit Channel 8. She turned the volume up again, then went back to her chair. She nestled herself into her embroidered cushion like a roosting hen and tucked a pinchful of snuff between her lower lip and gum. She smiled contentedly as "This is Your Life" came on.

Lisa Frye

DELIVERY

I camouflaged my adolescence  
in a Green Bay Packer sweatshirt  
and oversized bib overalls.

Truth of life  
and ability to form it scared me  
into obscurity.

You came and dug me out  
and pushed me into  
womanhood.

No one told me it would hurt.

Lisa Frye

THE CORNER OF WOODFORD AND JONES

Desperadoes of dark  
slouch barechested  
on a peeling porch  
to smoke generic cigarettes  
and sip Iron City Beer

They move their feet,  
heavy in gravel scuffed gut-stompers  
and lift their muscle-colored arms  
to play air guitar for Twisted Sister

The toughest one,  
an Evil Roy or Butcher Bill,  
stops his noiseless strumming  
to flick the ashes from his dream



## FREE CHOICES

The lime green Toyota rolled to a stop. Clutch in, turn off the engine, emergency brake up. There, done. God, how her friends had laughed when she'd told them about buying a five-speed. Unbelievable! She had once been termed the Cruising Crash because she had banged up or banged into half a dozen cars or more. She'd even hit a parked construction truck and a moving UPS truck. Well, she had made it this far without any major accidents.

Maggie unsnapped the seat belt, making sure not to chip her raspberry red manicure, then checked her appearance in the rearview mirror. Why she bothered, she didn't know. The best of them in there looked as though they had run through a windstorm backwards. The worst of them, and there were a few of them, looked as if they had died and missed the morgue.

Maggie grabbed her oversized purse, smoothed her blue linen skirt then stepped out to the cracked, spray painted pavement. I must be brave, Maggie thought. Make them think I belong here. Well, maybe not belong, just on their level . . . or a little above. That's it Maggie, be friendly, on their level. Don't be condescending, be friendly.

Maggie smoothed the nonexistent wrinkles once more before entering the Overstreet Clinic. Maggie smiled sardonically, imagining a sign (graffiti covered, of course) over the door which said, "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to get free help."

She brushed a stray auburn curl from her forehead, took a deep breath, then opened the heavy glass door. The noise was incredible! Kids of every size, color, shape and smell were running through and around and over plasti-chrome chairs. Maggie thought of the hotdog commercial "Fat kids, skinny kids, kids who climb on rocks, tough kids, sissy kids even kids with chicken pox" as she scanned the crowd. Mostly young, black, poor, unkempt, tired girls trying to be women. They sat huddled in packs of fake fur jackets. Cigarettes dangled from their mouths as they yelled, "Get off that chair!" or "Leave that little girl alone. You don't know what she's got and you sure as hell don't need nothing else."

Thank God she didn't see anyone she knew. It was bad enough being there, much less having anyone she knew know it.

Maggie's thoughts were stopped in midstream when a small boy dressed in plaid pants careened into her, knocking her purse from her hands to the dirty tile floor.

"I sorry, I really sorry. Didn't mean to hit you," he said, wiping a grubby hand across his runny nose.

Maggie said, "It's okay, just a spill." She went to ruffle the boy's dirty blond hair, but he reflexively shrank from her touch.

"I sorry, lady. I really, really sorry."

Maggie smiled, picked up a pack of Dentyne from the floor, then offered the boy a piece. "Here, have a stick. Better yet, take the whole package. You can share it with the others if you want. Go on, you can have it."

The boy bit his lower lip, grabbed the gum, then ran to join the clamor of the screaming children.

Poor kid, probably doesn't know how to accept kindness. I don't understand these people who have kids and don't take care of them.

Maggie bent down, trying to keep her Bill Blass hose from touching the floor. She picked up her scattered necessities: a blue vent brush, a lighted mirror, a Mary Kay make-up case, her ostrich skin billfold, credit card case, contact lens case and a bottle of Youthdew. She stuffed everything back into her purse, then walked to the back of the waiting area. She chose a chair near a "Don't Smoke if You're Pregnant" poster, then pulled out a copy of Dreiser's *SISTER CARRIE* which hadn't fallen from her purse. She turned to Chapter 42, her eyes wandering over the words.

Blend in with the faces. Hopefully, no one I know will be here. I guess I could always lie. Say I'm anemic or I'm here to pick up health records for my new job. I've got to have my health records in order to . . .

"Maggie? Maggie Cartwright, is that you?" someone asked over the wail of a just-injected child.

Oh God, I knew it. Someone would have to see me here.

Maggie looked up to see Virginia Blankenship, an acquaintance from high school. Not a friend, just an acquaintance. She'd had drama class with her, and maybe French.

"Oh, hi, Virginia! It's been a long time since I've seen you," Maggie said, feigning enthusiasm.

"I can't believe it's been three years since graduation. I feel almost old! What are you doing now?" Virginia said, taking a seat next to Maggie.

Great! Now she has to sit down next to me. Can't she see I'm trying to read. It's hard enough to concentrate on Dreiser without



being bothered by this gossipmonger. Can't she see I'm trying to blend in, become liquid.

"I'm a junior at Westlake. I'm majoring in English. What are you doing?" Maggie asked.

"Oh, I'm going to Bratton for a sociology degree. I'm here on a class assignment to observe the relationships between parents and children of lower economic households. I also have to look at the general environment of the health care setting and so on. What a way to spend my spring break. So, what are you doing here?"

Maggie stuck her finger in the book she was reading, then said, "I'm here to pick up some health records. I'm trying to get a job this summer and I have to turn in some medical information. You know how it is. They have to have records and proof of every disease I've ever had."

"I know how it is. Especially since the AIDS scare. I can't say that I blame them. Speaking of AIDS, did you know that Tim Harding is gay? I found out from Kathy Murphy. She saw him come out of a gay bar with T.J. Cullen. Everybody knows he's gay," Virginia said.

No, you big idiot. Of course I know he's gay. He was only one of my best friends and confidants in high school. He told me about it one day in the library, during study hall I think. It was no big deal. Hell, we even went to prom together.

"Tim Harding. He is Louise Harding's cousin, isn't he?" Maggie asked.

"Yes, but not first cousins. Did you know Louise is married to Buddy Gentry? Remember he was THE all time highest scorer in basketball. They live in a little house out in Lost River. It's miles away from anything, but Louise likes the privacy."

It figures, Maggie thought. Marry a dumb jock, live in the country and have ten zillion dumb jock kids. Carrie was the living epitome of "ignorance is bliss."

"I can imagine the privacy is nice," Maggie said as she opened her book again.

Maybe Virginia will get the hint, but I doubt it. Subtlety doesn't seem to figure in her limited vocabulary.

"Renee Kingsley got married, didn't she? You two used to be best friends, didn't you?" Virginia asked.

Yes, we were more than friends. We were Siamese twins connected at the heart. We were inseparable, until she had to get married to a guy we actually fought over. The only fight we ever had was over a guy. And damn if she didn't marry him! When I think about it I'm glad I lost the fight. From what she says, the battle has just begun. Two months and she calls me long distance to tell me

she is absolutely miserable. Two glorious months. Well, newlyweds, looks like no one wins a Tappan radar range chosen just for you.

"Yes, we were friends. She got married in October, then moved to Evansville. Her husband, Garth, works as a computer analyst in a bank. She is working in a boutique."

"And Karen? What ever happened to Karen. I'm sure she is at Harvard or Yale. Ivy League, I'm sure," Virginia said, jotting down notes on a legal pad.

"No, Dayton. She's at the University of Dayton, majoring in English and Journalism."

"But, isn't that a Catholic college?" Virginia whispered.

Yes it's a Catholic College... and Karen was a Baptist. She was a true-blue, dyed in the wool, footwashing Baptist until she became disillusioned with organized religion. She did attend the Universal Church and Sanctified Brotherhood, but she quit that when Communism kept popping up. Now I think she attends Our Lady of Perpetual Nothingness. Whoever happens to be in her bed on Sunday morning is the guest speaker.

"And is Karen still so... so, feministic?" Virginia continued.

"Oh, yes. She is still going strong," Maggie said.

She has proclaimed herself defender of the faith. To prove it, she calls or writes scathing letters to companies when she finds their ad campaigns chauvinistic. Her last call was to the cocaine hotline after she saw an ad calling cocaine "the lady of the eighties." She found that VERY demeaning. She couldn't stand the thought of women being compared to something "that ruins lives and wrecks relationships".

"It's a wonder Karen ever had a date, much less a boyfriend," Virginia said.

You jealous bitch! I know you wanted Denny Pritchard for yourself. You hated the thought of her being with Denny. Karen, although she is a feminist, is a borderline nymphomaniac. I know when she isn't screwing over guys, she's doing her best to screw them.

"Karen is doing well for herself. She is dating a thirty-five year old psychoanalyst she met in Dayton," Maggie said with a slight smile.

She sat her book on the orange plastic chair next to the one she occupied. She gave Virginia a curt "excuse me," then walked to the bathroom door marked WOM N. Maggie entered the dimly lit bathroom and checked her appearance in a cracked mirror. Her eyeliner was a bit blurred. She wiped the smooth skin beneath her eye, making sure to smooth from outer eye to inner eye. She tried



her best to avoid anything that could cause wrinkles later in life. She checked her appearance again as the fluorescent lights flickered overhead.

So this is where my tax dollars go. Somehow this just doesn't comfort me much.

Maggie checked the cubicles. At the first, a rusted, dull tan door hung from one hinge. The second had water leaking from the base of the toilet. Neither had any toilet paper.

Boy, this place doesn't do much to prevent diseases. This bathroom looks and smells like a haven for a thousand and one diseases. I better be sure not to touch anything.

She took out her vinyl vent brush, ran it through her hair once. Not enough fluff--needs more body. Maggie bent over, her hair hanging almost to the floor. She was brushing her hair in quick, short strokes when someone entered the bathroom. Maggie raised her head to find herself face to face with a large black girl.

The girl stood leaning against the sink, watching Maggie. A cigarette dangled between two scarlet lips. "Girl, what are you doing? Standing on your head?"

"No, no, I'm just brushing my hair," Maggie said with a semi-friendly smile.

"Well, honey, I brush my hair and I sure don't have to stand on my head to do it," the girl said, pulling a steel pick from her jeans pocket.

"This gives my hair more body. It's kind of flat since my last perm. I have to do something to give it a little more body," Maggie explained.

"I just don't understand you white girls. I do everything I can to keep my hair straight and oiled. You do everything you can to keep yours curled and dry," the girl said, digging the pick through rows of braids and bows.

Maggie shook her head in what looked like agreement. Sure, whatever you say. I won't disagree with you. You look as if you could kill me outright with that pick. Not that I think you will. I just don't want to take chances.

Maggie grabbed her purse from the sink edge, then said, "It's been nice talking to you," as she made a quick getaway.

The lobby noise hit Maggie the second she opened the door. Foreign sounds trebled through her ears. A sprinkle of Spanish, some Chinese and a lot of Black English.

What a menagerie of people. Everyone is so different, yet so alike. God, Maggie, that sounds corny. Don't get philosophical. We are all here to get free help. At the free clinic for free help. That's

the bottomline.

"Oh, Maggie! Maggie! I saved your seat. Come on over and sit down," Virginia called over the lobby hum and the intercom voices.

Maggie took a deep breath, shifted her shoulders, then prepared herself for another verbal onslaught.

Why was she going back to sit by the gossiping bitch? She could put Gladys Kravits, the world's worst gossip, to the test. I guess I'm just a martyr, just a Christian martyr, Maggie thought.

"Come on and sit down," Virginia said, patting the empty seat next to her.

What in the hell does she want to know now? Probably wants to know about Ricky. Or Rick E now, since he's changed his name. Wouldn't it shock her speechless if she knew what our super-prep Rick was doing now. I should tell her about his body painting sessions. Or maybe I should tell her about his recent experiments with psychedelic drugs. But I refuse to stoop to her level. Remember, Maggie, maintain. Stay on even keel. Don't push it and go overboard.

"So, Maggie, who are you dating these days? Are you still the independent kind? I remember in high school you didn't date anyone. You know, I really envied your ability to rely on yourself. You never seemed to need a . . . what is it? A significant other, I guess. I just have to be around a crowd," Virginia said.

"I was pretty much a loner. I don't mind being by myself. If I can't be comfortable with myself, who can I be comfortable with? Besides, who could ask for better company?" Maggie said as she twisted the small diamond ring on her finger.

She hit a sore spot, right Maggie. Well, that's it, Maggie. Never let on that you couldn't get a date in high school—except with Tim, who's gay. Dear Tim, told me I was too practical to fall in love. He promised me it would happen. Declared me a late bloomer. I didn't fall in love—I plunged head first, heart in throat, in love.

"Are you seeing anybody at all? I mean, I heard there are tons of good looking guys at Westlake," Virginia said.

"No, I was seeing someone but that is pretty much over," Maggie said, crossing her legs so she could check her hose for runners.

No, I'm not seeing anyone now. He passed me up and over for someone he loved. He said I was too "nice." God, next time I'll carry around a Poulan chainsaw. Niceness seems to be off limits in a relationship.

"Oh, that's too bad. I'm sure you'll find someone else," Virginia said, glancing at her watch. "Well, it's been good talking to you again. I have to go to the park and observe the street people. Maybe



I can get a few interviews. Well, good luck. Don't give up, Mr. Right will come along soon."

"Nice seeing you again, too. Good luck on your project. And I will keep an eye out for Mr. Right," Maggie said.

Find Mr. Right! What a joke! She thought she'd found him. At first, it didn't matter that he was dating someone else. He had dated Tina for two years. And me for eight months, two weeks and three days. Just knew he would chose me over her. He dropped me for her. She had rank, seniority and gorgeous legs.

"Excuse me, Miss. Would you like a copy of our newest pamphlet? It's called "Health and the Young Woman." It's free," said a young woman in a white lab jacket.

"Uh, thanks," Maggie said as the woman moved on to her next victim.

Seems like everything is free. Free. Free love, free sex. But God, forbid we talk about it! Here for health records. I couldn't tell that witch, Virginia Blankenship, my real reason for being here. I couldn't even tell him. That's it Maggie, buckle up. Be brave. Don't think cold metal. Don't think hurt.

Maggie looked up to see a girl of maybe fifteen or sixteen enter the doors. The girl looked as out of place in the dirty lobby as Maggie did. Maggie saw the petrified, fixed look on the girl's face when the receptionist told her the usual, "Fill out this chart and be sure to return the clipboard. Wait until your name is called."

"They call out my name? Out loud?" the girl asked.

Yes, dear, they do. They call out your name so everyone here can hear. Poor girl. Yes, it is frightening. Cold metal, slipping tightly into too small places, where it has no right to be. Well, better to have that small hurt temporarily, than to be pregnant. No that would be a real hurt. A real burden.

Don't Maggie. Stop it. You're not going to do this. Read, Maggie. Read. *SISTER CARRIE*. Page 369. "As when Drouet took her; she had thought: 'Now I am lifted into that which is best;' as when Hurstwood seemingly offered her the better way: 'Now am I happy.' But since the world goes its way past all who will not partake of its folly, she now found herself alone."

Maggie read until the nurse bellowed from the fringes of the waiting crowd, "Maggie Cartwright. Maggie Cartwright."

LaNita Stinson

### THE LAST STAND-OFF

Here we go, again.  
our paths cross  
like skull and bones, flesh  
picked off by barbs of our own doing.

It's graduation day all over  
and that one vignette—the last time  
I fawned up to you—  
throbs blood in memory:

while I'm lyric with my honors  
a nimbus sky purples and knots  
when I reach for you in embrace  
your voice rumbles,  
"You haven't accomplished a thing."

And today, like then, the air gets thick,  
melts a path down my cheek,  
soars my heart  
until it matches yours, weathered and crumbling,  
like your father's, like his, like his, like . . .



LaNita Stinson

BALCONY

For canons I couldn't and can't make work  
for me this wooden choir chanting perfect union  
splinters off a wound so loud  
it stains the glass.

Underfoot  
one poplar board, nap-startled and growling,  
bristles his tail then whimpers  
like I'm somebody  
he understands.

Lingering in the foyer,  
mahogany timbres gnaw back the solitude  
only an old dust ball could know,  
and from the lower pews, a breeze, flat, sneaking,  
nestles its back against these panes to paw echos—  
sharps cracking like leather off the bare floor.

OK, I'm leaving.  
All the way by naturals  
I've made the progression.  
Now I'm doing it a cappella,  
stagger-breathing my way out

before the house gets its second wind.

C.W. Mayes

ON FISHING

My grandfather was a man of ritual when it came to fishing. For him, only two things were important: how the fishing was done, and whether there was sufficient coffee to see him through the night. He treated both religiously. To him there was only one true way to fish, and there was only one coffee worth drinking.

While other members of the clan experimented with their new casting rods, my grandfather clung faithfully to the bundle of cane poles which he always brought. Each would be cut to the proper length of eight or nine feet. To these, he would attach a line about six inches shorter than the pole's length. He would sharpen the broad end of the pole to a point which he would stick into the moist bank of the creek. One by one he would bait the lines and lower them into the water until the tip of the pole hung suspended about six inches above the water's surface. He would then make his way in the soft glow of his carbide lamp back to the campfire where he would set about preparing the night's first pot of Maxwell House.

Now, the creek flows buried beneath the waters of Lake Malone, but fishing will always be a part of my life, for it is an art which I learned from my grandfather. I love the time I spend sitting on the bank waiting for that first gentle tug. Today, as the sunlight reflects off the mist rising from the lake's surface, I sit submerged in thought. Near the water's edge a bullfrog stirs. Its steady croak pulls me gently back to the surface. Nothing has changed. My line still hangs suspended in the graceful arc. One line in the water. Still more in my mind.

Alicia Neat

#### HEART BREAK

I am tired of being held responsible  
for breaking someone's heart  
who begs me to unravel it and floss my teeth upon it  
who sticks it far back on my tongue so that  
I either have to swallow it or throw it up  
and wonders why the taste is bitter to me.  
My mother says that I encourage them—how?  
by keeping my weight down and using deodorant  
and not sawing off my breasts to be "one of the guys?"  
Friendly becomes a condemnation  
and talking becomes flirting  
and joking becomes teasing  
as though my laughter is a feather  
that tickles their erogenous zones past control.  
Trapped in a large pool of honey because I care too much  
to want to kill the bee who stings me  
with the yellow guilt of my existence  
in a game of charades where he pretends to be my friend  
but all he really wants to play is  
Pin the Tail on the Donkey with blindfolded gropings.  
I slide the agate dagger in the throbbing red boa  
he has wrapped around my neck,  
and the yellow roses I once held tenderly in my hands  
are smeared with crimson and trampled  
under his indignant feet.

Alicia Neat

#### THE GRASS IS ALWAYS GREENER OVER A CORPSE

She saves her old housecoat for home  
where no one will see her. Though her husband  
gave her money for a new one, she bought  
a Sunday dress instead to make all of the ladies jealous  
and all of the men try to part the enticing,  
shapely slit through their bowed lashes  
wishing she were theirs and not the women  
in beehive hairdos, painted eyebrows that ask "Why"  
and girdlebarricades.

Going to bed with the nail polish wet  
Mustn't move, dear, or I'll stain the sheets red  
Green night cream on her face  
preserving her like formaldehyde  
Sex becomes frog-gigging, unbecoming  
Ceasing . . .  
Sad, because now she has less to complain about  
than Mrs. Parsons—whose husband bought her lingerie  
from Fredericks of Hollywood, which she  
made into toilet tissue covers for the church bazaar  
and now he is  
(Thank God, Mrs. Parsons bragged at the Homemakers  
Club meeting last week)  
having an affair.



### THE ILLUSORY CROSSING GAME

The picture my father sent us of him and some buddies on a beach in Vietnam did not blend with any of the other snapshots in our family album. Realizing this, my mother pasted the photograph in the middle of a blank page on the right side of the album and purposely left the facing page empty. Now, whenever I leaf through the book, it is the charcoal-colored, empty page that affects me most.

On the page before the blank sheet, there are pictures of our family at Old Orchard Beach in Maine. The cyan skies and gold sands in the photos look somewhat fake; they seem to have been retouched to enhance the idyllic image of a happy family. Likewise, our expressions in the pictures are deceiving. For me—one who knows—the smiles not only depict happiness, but they show our vulnerability. This is especially evident when one turns to the next page.

Michael Whitney's brother was killed in Vietnam. When it happened, Michael's seat in school was empty for two weeks. Whenever I looked at his chair, an ominous feeling came over me. On the day he returned to class, we all acted as if nothing happened. But Michael could still feel our sympathy. Later, he told me it was the "silent" sympathy that prolonged the grief of his loss.

Whenever I was with Michael, I never mentioned the war. It wasn't until a year after the tragedy that Michael spoke to me about it. The conversation took place in my garage.

"Have you heard from your father, lately?" Michael asked.

"Got a letter last week," I said.

"How's he doing?"

"He's in Saigon at the moment," I said, watching Michael pick up a plastic duck decoy that was sitting next to a bicycle pump on a utility shelf. "Not much fighting going on there."

Michael examined the decoy. His interest in my father waned.

"Is this yours?" Michael asked, looking at the unpainted underside of the plastic bird.

"It's my father's," I said. "I don't think he ever used it. We had it on top of the television for a while—just to look at..."

"Boy, it looks just like the real thing," Michael said. "You can't tell the difference."

"Yeah, it does look real, doesn't it?" I acknowledged.

Michael smiled mischievously. It was the first time since his brother's death that I had seen such a smile.

"Hey, wanna have some fun?" Michael asked.

"Sure," I said, "what do you want to do?"

Michael began fumbling through the cans of nuts and bolts that lined the shelves of the garage. Curious, I asked what he was looking for.

"Got any fishing line?" he asked.

"Sure, what for?"

"We can tie it around the duck's neck and drag it across Route 62 tonight," Michael said. "We'll make the cars stop while we pull it across the road."

I laughed. As far as I knew, the duck decoy had no special value to my father. Nevertheless, I was reluctant to agree.

"Awww, come on," Michael persisted.

Finally, I nodded my approval. "See you tonight," he said, walking from the dark shadows of the garage into the hazy sunlight. I waved goodbye and focused my attention to the smell of roasted chicken coming from the kitchen.

I had a strange feeling at supper that night. The feeling was similar to the way I felt when I would look at Michael's empty chair after his brother was killed. But I wasn't the only one who harbored those ominous feelings. My mother, with swollen, pink eyes was unusually silent.

"What's the matter, Mom?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing...nothing really," came her reply.

"It's Dad, isn't it?"

Composing herself, my mother nodded. "He's been reported missing by his unit. They...they don't know if he's dead or alive..." There was a silence, then she continued: "I got the message this morning..."

Route 62 was a small highway that connected our town to several larger highways that led to the city. It had two lanes and was lined with trees and an occasional farm. When Michael and I made our way down the path to the road with our flashlights, I boldly decided to ask him if he still thought about his brother much.

He was silent for a few moments.

"Sometimes," he said, as we came upon Route 62, "I think about him sometimes."

Michael tied the fishing line around the decoy's neck and anchored the spool with a stick driven into the ground. We emerged from the woods and carried the duck across the street to the sandy



area between the pavement and the trees.

"Does it still bother you?" I asked him.

"Yeah...it bothers me," Michael said, "it bothers me everytime I pass his bedroom. My parents keep it empty. No one goes in it anymore."

We positioned the duck and walked back to our hiding place in the woods. Michael chuckled. "This is going to be funny," he said. "I can't wait to see 'em stop."

An hour passed. Michael and I were talking about the war when the rumble of a car could be heard in the distance. "Here comes one," I said, as we both took our places behind the tree.

The rumble gradually became louder.

"What happens if the guy knows it's fake?" I whispered, looking behind me to plot an escape route.

"Awww, he won't know the difference," Michael said, peering intently at the area where the highway disappeared behind a curve. "It looks just like the real thing. Nobody could tell it's fake."

Michael pulled the line taut.

Suddenly, the car's headlights flashed around the corner and headed toward the duck. Michael slowly tugged on the fishing line until the duck crawled over the pavement and into the path of the oncoming car.

The car slowed down. Michael looked at me and snickered. Then, with a burst of speed, the car deliberately swerved at the decoy, hitting it with the front wheel. The sound of shattering plastic echoed through the woods. The car disappeared into the darkness.

"I can't believe he hit it!" I yelled, running out into the road with Michael to check the damage.

The decoy was destroyed. Pieces of crushed plastic were spread in both lanes of the road and into the sandy side areas. With my foot, I sifted through the wreckage until an object larger than the other pieces caught my attention.

Michael watched me pick up the piece and examine it.

"What is it?" he asked.

"It's the duck's head," I said, solemnly.

Both of us stood quietly in the road looking at the plastic head. The sound of crickets and tree frogs blared from the woods.

"I would have stopped," Michael said, his voice choked with tears.

"I would have too," I said.

Michael and I found the path in the woods. I put the duck's head into my pocket and went home to await the news.

Terri Pullen

#### WAITING FOR THE PHONE

I check the receiver one more time

to make sure it sits snugly in its seat—

that no way could it miss the connection.

My goldfish stare and peck at the glass

wondering why they can see me now.

Why I took the time for a thirty-minute scrub job

to clear things up between us.

Why I waited until I hated myself enough

to soap and rinse and soap and rinse,

scrubbing away the water lines

As if I cared.



Chris Bratton

HIGH BEAM INVITATION

Sucking up highway  
like a greedy vacuum  
I look into those  
two lighted bright eyes  
blinking and oncoming  
as if they are winking at me.

A quiet invitation  
to a warm bed  
dark insulation and rest.

Daniel MacVeigh

DRIVING EAST

My bladder  
jolted my mind.

I needed to stop.

The gas station appeared

w/a sign on the door,

"Purchase required  
to use restrooms"

A long mile  
outside of town

I stopped.

Flat land for miles.

I looked both ways

before pissing

on Texas.



Laura L. Sullivan

HUMMING PLAYGROUND SONGS IN FLIGHT

I taught myself my first physics lesson:

Legs out, then bend  
with the backswing

but I still muse over long division and an open checkbook—  
I learned the things I needed

plus a few others  
like how to let go in mid-air  
when a whistle calls home at dinner  
or dark  
and good excuses for pretending not to hear it

my pink, calloused hands gripped hard the chains  
that made me a pendulum  
(and not a bird)  
sobbing and humming  
in semi-circular flight

that taxis me from classrooms to waterfalls  
back to my checkbook craving equilibrium  
legs bent, I fly backward  
toward  
and away

## NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Laurie Brantley of Hendersonville, TN is a senior English major and writing minor. She has served as an editor of ZEPHYRUS for two years.

Chris Bratton is from Bowling Green. A senior English and Broadcasting major, his work has appeared in ZEPHYRUS before.

Rebecca J. Carter, who writes both fiction and poetry, is the recipient of the 1987 Ladies Club Prose Award. She is a junior majoring in Spanish.

Joe Dragoo is a graduate student from Grandview, Indiana, and a former teaching assistant in the English Department. He has had work published in past issues of ZEPHYRUS, and has also served as an editor of the magazine.

Lisa Frye is a native of Bowling Green and a graduate of Warren East High School. A past contributor to ZEPHYRUS, she is a senior English major. She plans to attend graduate school.

David P. Goguen, a sophomore, has work appearing in ZEPHYRUS for the first time. He also writes poetry and plays. Sterling, Massachusetts is his hometown.

Susan Bingham Hollis is a senior English major with a writing minor. She is a past contributor to ZEPHYRUS and is from Madisonville. She will study writing in graduate school.

Tim Holsen is from Shelbyville. He is an English major who writes both poetry and prose.

Dan McVeigh, a senior English major from Louisville, is a graduate of Male High School.

C.W. Mayes of Bowling Green is a past contributor to ZEPHYRUS and poetry award winner. He also writes essays and fiction. His major is English.

Alicia Neat is a senior English and Allied Language Arts major from Bowling Green. She is an award winning fiction writer and past editor of ZEPHYRUS.

Terri Pullen, an English major and writing minor, is a senior from Hawesville. She had two poems in the last issue of ZEPHYRUS.

LaNita Stinson is from Scottsville. She is an English major and a writing minor. A senior, her fiction appeared in the 1986 ZEPHYRUS. Her plans include graduate school.

Laura L. Sullivan of Frankfort, KY is a junior Journalism major. Her work is appearing in ZEPHYRUS for the first time.

Amy Wallace, a past contributor to ZEPHYRUS and poetry award winner, is a teaching assistant in the English Department. She is from Cadiz.

Martha Zettlemoyer is from Bowling Green. Her major is Economics. For three consecutive years, she has received awards for her work published in ZEPHYRUS. A senior, she plans to pursue her interest in writing in graduate school.





