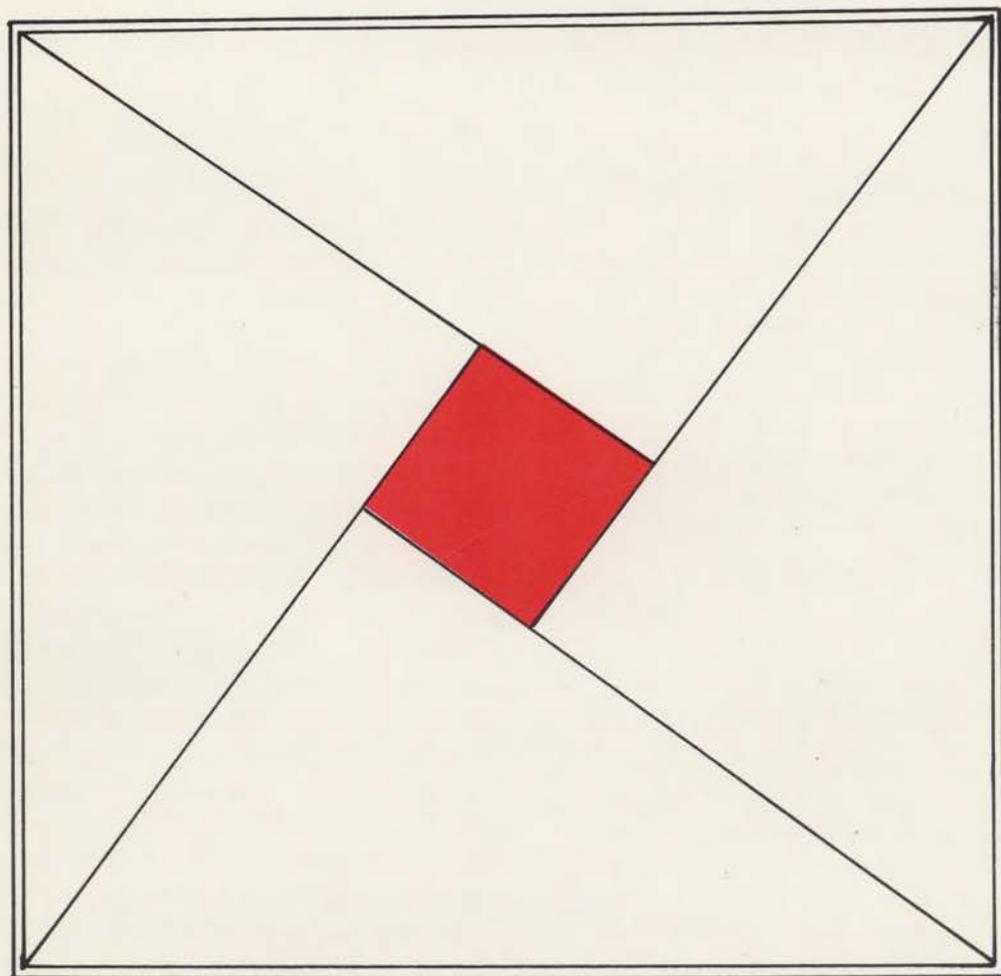


AuVerso·AuVerso·AuVerso  
Spring 1985



BEHOLD!

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# Au Verso

## Au Verso Literary Board, Spring 1985

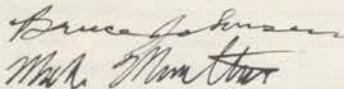
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Mark Moulton (Chairman)  
Liza Hyatt

Dear Reader,

The Present Board of *Au Verso* wishes to continue to increase the range of each issue. To that end we would like to thank our contributors and to implore the St. John's community to submit anything printable of a creative nature. We are particularly pleased with the quantity and quality of photography submissions which we received, but we would like to see more of other types of visual art as well. Concerning written submissions, we have resolved to increase our communication with all authors next semester in an endeavor to improve our own understanding of the work we receive and to make submitting more profitable and enjoyable for the authors. Anyone is encouraged to submit anything they deem appropriate. We look forward to reading and seeing your work and talking with you about it next semester.

Also, anyone is welcome to attend our meetings; simply let us know beforehand so that we may provide you with a copy of the work we will be discussing. No author's name will appear on such a copy, however, all work being discussed anonymously until such time as it is accepted. Please feel free to avail yourself of our services.

Sincerely,



Bruce Johnsen, Editor  
Mark Moulton, Chairman  
and The Board of *Au Verso*.

### Acknowledgements:

We wish to thank Mort at Copygraphics for his very patient efforts on our behalf, as well as the people at Alphagraphics who printed the magazine in such a short time. Thanks also goes to the Type Room which produced the half-tones for the art work. Bill and Kathy Christison have our sincerest gratitude for their expert typing and unfailing companionship. We are deeply indebted to Cindy Hobgood, whose unpaid craftsmanship with her calligraphy, and boundless enthusiasm, have made the covers of *Au Verso* a joy to anticipate.

### Concerning the cover:

The front cover is a one word proof of the Pythagorean Theorem by the 12th century Indian mathematician, Bhāskara. The back cover is, of course, Euclid's proof of the Pythagorean Theorem. The two together constitute the paradox with which all critics of artistic and literary works must ultimately contend.

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## PARASELENIC ILLUSION

*by Bruce Johnsen*

The autumn airs alight, beclouded, past my pane;  
and shorter days return to spread the hues of dusk about my view,  
descrying distant mountain vales, where waning pastel veins imbue  
august solitude and wistful reflection.

Beyond the coming twilight, spectra,  
coalesced, beset the night,  
illusive mythical forms who rise  
to haunt the hallowed sight  
of tremulous poets;

And about my shaded garret spectral glows,  
aroused to shimmer in the haze,  
are borne on notes,  
then softly shift, then fade, upon the last receding rays,  
that here within the murky shadow knows no longer  
light nor life.

The embers crackle dimly,  
the fire dead, the darkness growing cold.  
I stare beyond my vacant window,  
the glass, and the bottle which I hold,  
emptied.

Suddenly a silhouette stands, framed in moonlight,  
in my window, in my memory alone.  
It bears a sad face beaming sweetly  
with a love so shortly known  
but never lost.

Its sad smile weeping laughter  
softly echoes in my mind or in my ears,  
slipping deftly through my fingers  
as I reach beyond those tears  
wept in dust upon this floor.

As the stars now, so they shone  
with a light but ghost of ages past.  
Amidst my sighs again I wonder  
just how long the night will last.

---

## BALLOONS

by Warren Buss

Perpetual twilight. Filth and foul air. Still, though, he remembered parts of the song. Fragments of it passed through his mind occasionally as he worked, sweeping the paper up off the cracked park pavements, encased by the heightless gray buildings.

In the park, Kitty played alone in the old sandbox. She was building a castle. It rose with surprising dignity from the dirty sand. It was *her* castle.

The man with the song built different castles. His rose out of the wire trash baskets spaced about the park and were removed every Tuesday at 10:00 a.m. sharp. In their way, they were *his* castles.

"You know, little girl, someone's gonna come along and knock that castle over, they will," he told Kitty as his sweepings carried him past the sandbox and its occupant.

"No they won't. It's my castle," she replied stubbornly.

When Kitty came back the next day, her castle was dust. "No fair," she thought, and sat down to build another.

"It'll happen again, little girl. Why'r ya buildin' another one?" the sweeperman asked Kitty as he passed her in the late morning.

"Why do you keep building your trash piles again and again," she replied, a pert grin on her small face.

"I dunno." He paused. "But at least no one knocks mine over!" he finished.

The ancient woman turned the corner. A brisk wind charging down the narrow street challenged her to persist in her almost futile forward motion.

She turned slowly into the dim park and struggled against the wind with her antique muscles. Deliberately she crept on down the pavement towards the castle builders, who watched with wide eyes.

As she passed the sandbox, in agonizing slowness, the wind blew around the trio with an ages-tempered force. Kitty's bonnet flew off and the sweeperman's hair tossed wildly. The old lady's composure, however, remained oddly untouched by the tempest, save for her slowed pace. Kitty's new castle, which had only moments before regained its former majesty, became dust once again, and swirled in the air around her. The neat piles of paper in the trash bins blew all over the park. The old woman just passed constantly onward, as did her wind.

That afternoon, the man with the song in his head realized he had forgotten it. But it didn't matter; he had heard a new one, which he now hummed as he swish-swished across the park building his paper castles.

Kitty built a bigger and better castle, her previous

creation again only a memory.

Somewhere over the city, a fresh breeze bore a thousand and one balloons of every size and color upward into a dazzling burst of sunlight, taunting the somber and taciturn buildings they left below with their snapping and twisting joy.

## OUT OF FOCUS

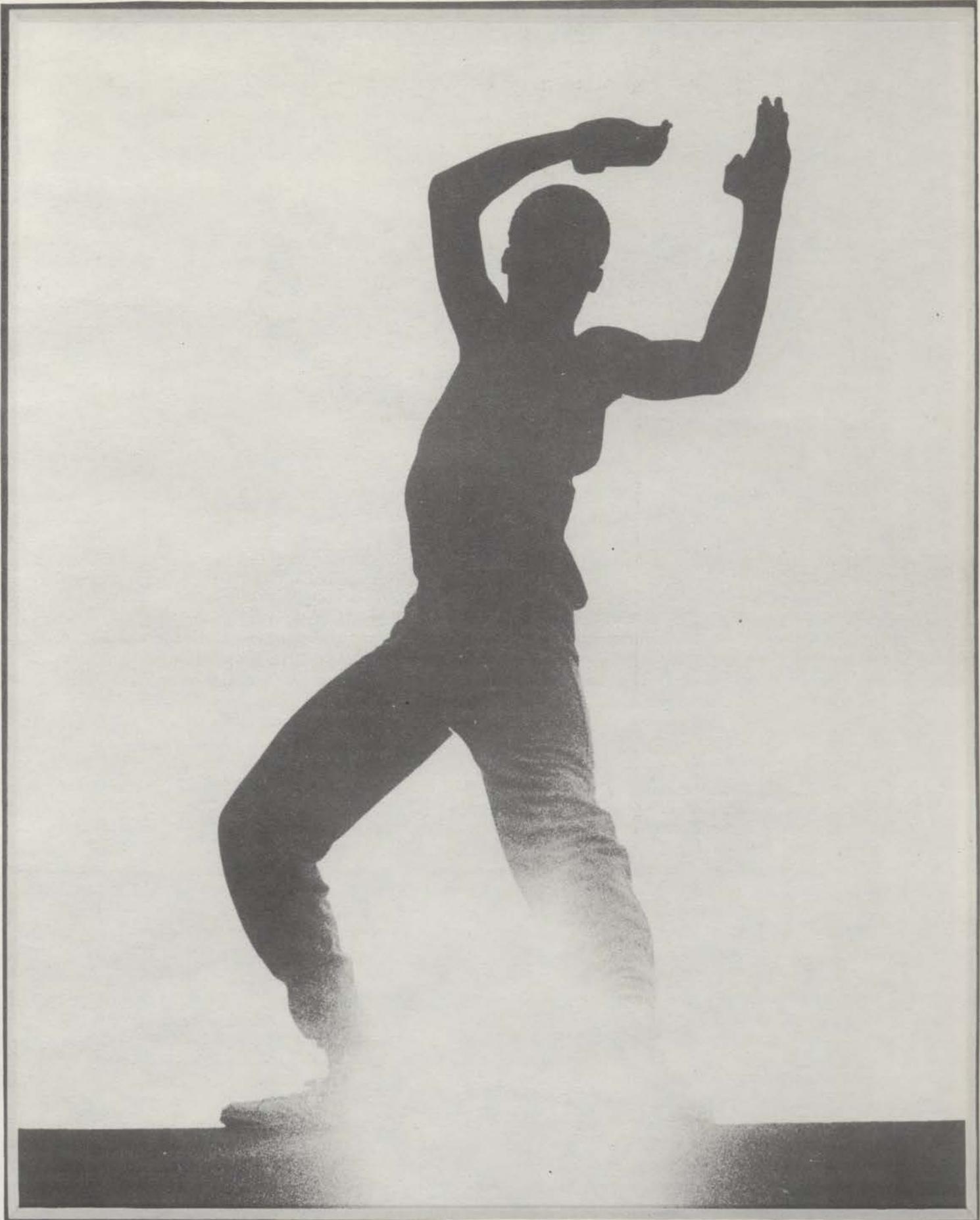
by Aimée Barry

Only in slow motion,  
does a face reveal its story;  
pain etches wrinkles  
tragedy invades eyes.

Graceful bodies dancing  
when in a slower tempo,  
seem as heavy muscles  
wearily trudging on.

Let everyone move quickly,  
run past emotion's truth;  
In fuzziness of fast-forward  
Nothing need be known.





# LION

by Warren Buss

2Samuel 23:20: "Benaiah son of Jehoida, from Kabzeel, was a hero of many exploits. It was he who smote the two champions of Moab, and who went down into a pit and killed a lion on a snowy day."

The pit was high upon a deeply wooded hill. Ben climbed slowly through the thick trees towards the summit with a determined yet sadly hesitant expression fixed upon his face. He remembered the lion's eyes.

It was spring now. The leaves had returned to the trees. The sun that had turned the sheer white snow into a relentless, blinding mirror that day last winter now shone harmlessly upon their new canopy of eager green. The detail of the forest floor which had been lost beneath the snow now gently filled Ben's eyes. The dark earth had returned with its arthritic tree roots twisting and turning underneath, small scrubby patches of grass and bushes clinging to the scarce sunlight, and half-hidden animal holes. All around the still, warm air hung between trees as tall as towers.

Ben had now nearly reached the pit. He remembered the last time he had approached it, eyes and head filled with white light, spear held carefully in front of him, his excited breathing making erratic clouds in the cold air—and the ringing in his ears.

He had left the village early that winter morning just as the sun had been rising. It was the village where he had stayed after defeating the two champions of Moab the day before. He was full of pride and had set out with a swift step through the high snow to tell King David of his triumph. He had been moving so quickly and holding his head so high that he had nearly fallen into the pit himself, except that he had been following a set of lion tracks which he had come upon at the bottom of the hill. These had ended so abruptly on the top of the hill that he had stopped in surprise to have a closer look. It was then that he had seen the pit.

As he stood at the edge of the pit that chill snowy morning the brilliant light had not permitted him to see into it, to see the lion at bottom. He knew it was down there because he saw its tracks leading up to where it had fallen through the loose bramble that had been piled over the top of the pit. The bottom of the pit was silent, however. Nothing was moving. With hardly a second thought, he jumped in, swollen with brave thoughts.

He landed nimbly in the middle of the pit, spear poised and ready. He forgot, however, that his eyes would need several moments to adjust to the relative blackness at the bottom. If the lion were uninjured he would most certainly attack him now, and he would be unable to defend himself until too late.

But nothing happened. His sight cleared and he spun around, looking for the lion.

The lion was sitting in a corner gazing at him with quietly questioning eyes, head tilted gently to one side. It was lying perfectly still, apparently uninjured.

It was the eyes that slowed Ben's momentum as he was about to run the lion through. In their depths he found a moment's respite from the glaring, ringing, heroic world he had left above. The momentum of his momentary panic was too great to completely stop within the confines of the pit, however, and as his spear pierced the lion's neck, Ben watched the peaceful light of the lion's eyes flicker out, to be replaced by a more deadly peace. But their question remained, etched indelibly in Ben's memory.

Once again Ben stood looking into the pit. The empty silent forest echoed the sadness in his eyes, the question. This time he could clearly see the bottom, the dark earth walls. The bramble that had hidden the top had either blown away or fallen to the bottom to lie amongst the pile of clean white bones there, which was all that hungry winter animals had left behind of the lion. Ben walked slowly around the pit several times, staring down.

Then he climbed carefully down into the pit and started to carry the bones out, gathering them in a new pile on the forest floor. Then he searched the ground until he found a large, stout tree branch which he used to dig a hole large enough to bury the lion's bones in. He carefully set them in the ground and covered them with the dirt, firmly packing it back into place. He stood for a moment looking at the darker patch of earth which marked the hole, praying the lion's eyes would leave him in peace now. Then he turned and started down the hill, a solitary chill wind waking the still forest at his heels.

A lion roared in the distance.

# TWO ATTEND HIS DEATH

by Chris Eavenson

## I

T: What kind of spite is this, my husband?  
What manner of ill fortune befalls us?  
Are the gods indeed so jealous  
Of all we mortals call beloved,  
Of all we perishing creatures know as joy,  
That they must tear away every solace?  
O, my life, do you remember  
The golden meadow-grasses where  
We played at courting?  
Your flesh is warm; your flesh is hot.  
Your flaming blood destroys you.  
O, my life, you fall, a wounded hawk;  
Fierce and gentle lion, you tumble,  
Brought down by a heartless archer.  
O, my light, my whirling star,  
Darkness covers your face;  
I shall sing through my tears a lullaby,  
I shall surrender you quietly,  
With Death in my heart,  
Time holds no regard for promises  
Such as we mortals make—  
It is time, now,  
And you pass, a melting shadow,  
In a brilliant star's fiery demise.  
Remember the meadow, slain lover,  
Fallen star.

## II

M: She comes out to me. 'It's time.'  
A ripple of terror, first too painful,  
Then all unreal, all unreal.  
This is all my own fault.  
In the privacy of my unspoken mind,  
How few were those aspects  
Through which I had not seen myself:  
The duality of man/woman,  
The duality of life/death,  
The realization born of loss  
—Loss of another reality—  
Of my own persistent continuance.  
Now the terror has reminded me,  
And now again, all is without substance.

He is there, still living,  
The fluid momentary present siphoning  
His last hour away into emptiness.  
Is this the young unbridled hill-colt  
With many a summer ahead who rejoiced  
Mere weeks ago in fields of cereal-grain?  
Still a sun-darkened skin he wears;  
How bitter a shroud to his dying spirit.

Perhaps he shall pull himself aloft  
From that abyss. Perhaps  
For years to come a familiar laugh shall ring  
—No? His eyes close already—No?  
—She sings a lullaby to ease him—No?  
He shall not remain?  
And once again, most terrible, the world is real.

## III

W: After a final watchful moment  
I close my eyes, knowing they will never  
Again be opened to the world's light,  
Never shine forth crystal-blue hence,  
Never again be filled to glitter with delight.

Your faces, my wife and my friend,  
Remain a long time indeed.

The pressure of your flesh pressing warm farewell  
Upon my soon-cold skin begins to vanish,  
Slowly, degree by degree.  
No longer, now, can I feel your hands,  
Gentle in mourning, brushing me.

Could I shake off this spell?  
Perhaps, were I inclined to try.

We are quiet. All my senses fail, but for sound.  
Even my fear is gone now. The song you sing  
To ease this passage, it is a cherished gesture.  
Yes, I remember those times in sun-sweetened meadows.

No, I am not too young. You have aged me well, you both.

I listen more carefully to my blood, settling, breath, released;  
One final perception to embrace with solemn satisfaction:

Your declaration of love.





---

# PYGMALION & GALATEA

by Marlenè Stutzman

"Women—ha!  
Silly things, always fretting about one thing  
or another.  
And never a silent minute with them,  
they never shut up.  
Casting those glances at you—they think  
They're sly and coy, they'll snare your heart.  
Well, not minel I'll never marry one of those  
silly things! HA!"

Pygmalion would stride around his studio,  
muttering or shouting, his grey eyes  
flashing indignant fire.  
And then he'd settle down to the woman  
he was sculpting.  
His creations brought fabulous prices, and  
all alike marvelled at them, slender graceful  
nymphs with waterfalling hair cascading  
down their lovely necks and backs.  
But he never named them—they were  
only women, after all.

Why, if he hated them so,  
did he sculpt them so?  
He claimed, if asked, "No mother  
ever brought a perfect one into the world.  
I've beaten them at their own game."  
Perhaps, Pygmalion,  
you could not still youth's ardor,  
perhaps you were afraid of them,  
perhaps,  
perhaps.

His dainty daughters of the earth danced  
an airy dance or  
stood, shadowed,  
while he tapped and chipped,  
bringing one more beautiful than the last  
from his skillful stone.  
He worked on and on, driven like a racing chariot  
by his young artist's passion.  
His heart burned and writhed and  
strove for that one taste of perfection.  
One day, he saw he had it.

He picked the stone himself,  
the ideal block. He littered the floor  
with sketches,  
and sharpened his tools.  
He chiselled cautiously for weeks on end,  
watching  
watching as the form emerged.  
She was finished  
—but not quite. He took a tiny  
chip out  
here and there  
with infinite care.  
Galatea he named her, his  
incredible creation.  
He was a man inflamed, Pygmalion, and shushed  
the laud of visitors as he fixed one more  
infinitesimal flaw.

But she was a thing of awe.  
Every vein and fold of skin  
were there, and every hair,  
it seemed. Her smooth brow  
was crowned with Athena's wisdom,  
but the mirthful smile of a Maenad  
played upon her lips.  
Her limbs were smooth and clean, and strong  
with a womanly strength. Her eyes glanced  
with arrows of  
—of what? None could describe them.  
She seemed about to sing or speak or dance or  
weep, as if Pygmalion had frozen a living  
woman momentarily  
into stone. →

But she did none of these things  
—alas, Pygmalion.  
For his Galatea had ensnared  
his heart; against all his oaths,  
a woman had charmed him.  
He draped her in silk and linen, twined  
flowers around her head, and pretended she was pleased.  
He brought her tiny birds that twittered,  
trinkets that glittered—oh, his weeping heart,  
for he could almost hear her delighted laugh.  
He kissed her cold lips, caressed  
her marble shoulders, but she did not see,  
or speak,  
or soften to his touch.

Venus watched him from ambrosial halls, pitying  
his thwarted love, resolving to help him.  
He, meanwhile, had resolved to ask the goddess  
for a woman who was his Galatea in form and spirit.  
She knew what he wanted, though.  
He brought his gift to the altar, and the flame  
flared thrice, leaping high above him.

He dashed home, impossible hope rising in his heart,  
catching  
in his throat

—there she stood, cold and lovely as  
before.

He reached his hand forth,  
pulled it back,  
turned away.  
“Nothing’s changed,” he told himself,  
“you childish fool dreamer of silly dreams...  
nothing’s changed.?”  
But the impulse grabbed him— he touched her marble  
cheek—“Could it be I’ve dreamed her flesh grew warm?”  
Her lips melted and blushed at his kiss. He took her  
in his arms, embraced her, and the stony eyes,  
now blue as Ocean, looked into his  
and loved him.

## AFTER SHAKESPEARE'S CXVI

*by Jay Powers*

Let me not to that motion of true hearts  
deny love's name. It altered upon finding  
alteration: deferred to inconvenience  
when it came to consummation;  
savored the balance of our separate lives  
like finished puzzles we'd've briefly rearranged.  
It bent with circumstance to be removed,  
as though a splinter were painfully plucked  
which gave such sweet discomfort while it lodged.  
Still, let me call that love which thrived  
beneath the weight of schedule and consideration  
like some subtly skeletoned arch of glass.  
For how else can we name that gentle tug  
between two souls of wish with wish but love?



by Deborah Fleig

it streams throughout me  
as in the rainpipes  
it catches,  
for a moment,  
on a stone step  
trickling  
tickling  
until a shudder  
and the clouds  
pass.

## HALF-FULL

by N. Jürgen Reinzuch

roll of zigs  
laying on an only table  
along side an asstray  
jammed with butts.

Magazines featuring women  
legs spread  
spewed across the stall room.

Jimmy Bean dancing thru his skull  
recollecting scattered dreams  
which time shattered.

Waiting for dawn to catch the horizon  
acting out the dreams of night past  
of gluing together the broken bottles.

by Deborah Fleig

der Rauch von eine  
ausgeblasende  
Kerze—  
die Befreiung  
meiner Träne.

Smoke from a blown out  
candle—  
the emancipation  
from my tears.



*Bug in Grass*

---

## **GOD'S LITTLE COMPOST PILE**

*by John Gibson*

Good luck in heaven, Jennifer.  
I hope your wings are nice  
And I hope St. Peter knows your name  
And I hope you don't fall through a cloud  
And I hope God doesn't mind the stench of  
    your body while it rots  
And I hope you remember me,  
Your friend John  
Rotting down on earth so as not to offend some nice old  
man  
Like God.

## **MANTRA #5**

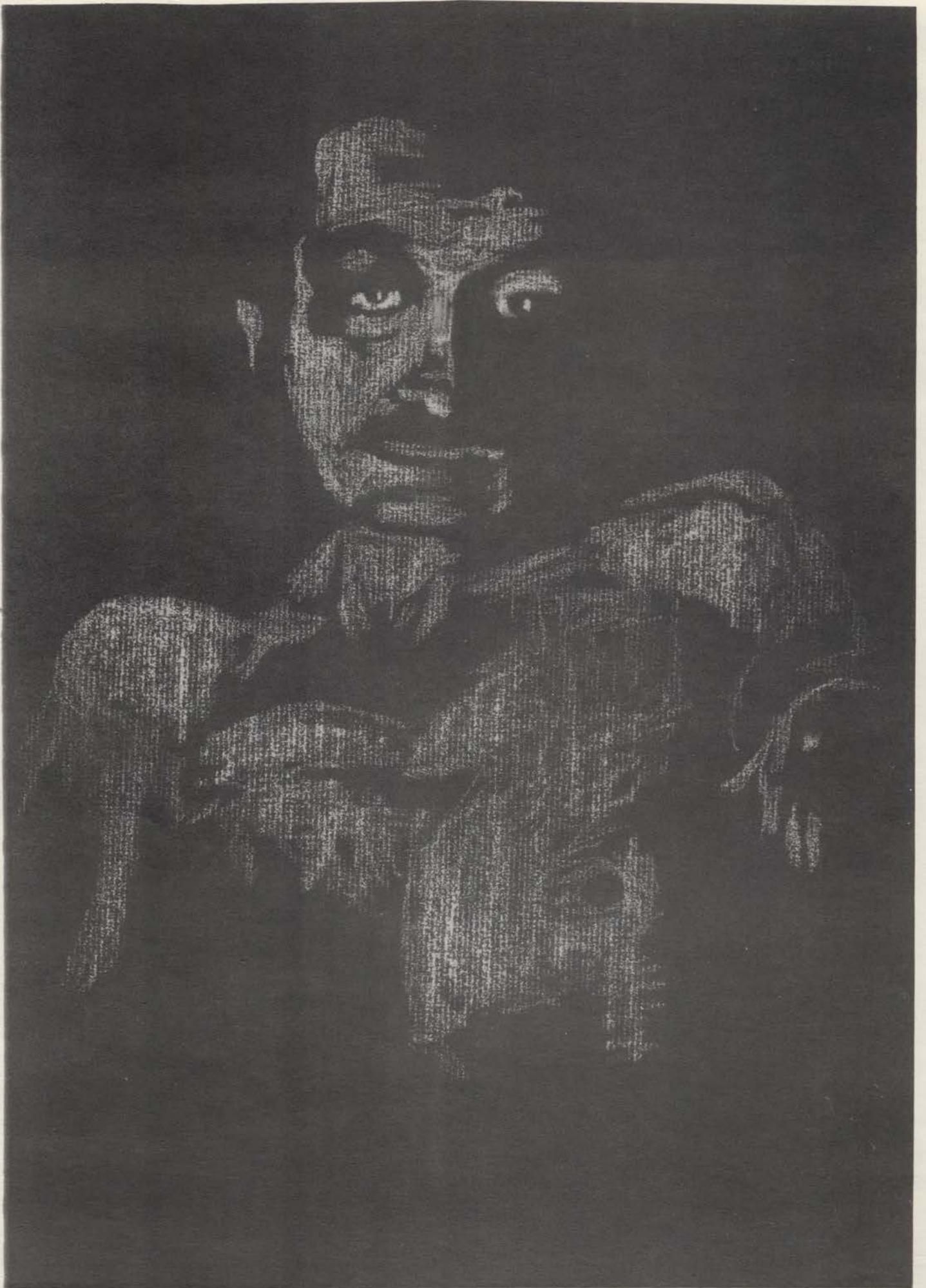
*by John Gibson*

Dadadodododadododododadadadodadobatman

## **PRETTY BAD THINGS WITH BLACK AND WHITE**

*by John Gibson*

On my way home from school  
I pretended to be a milkman and milktruck  
All in one.  
"Vroom!" I said.  
My friends said, "John, where is my cottage cheese?"

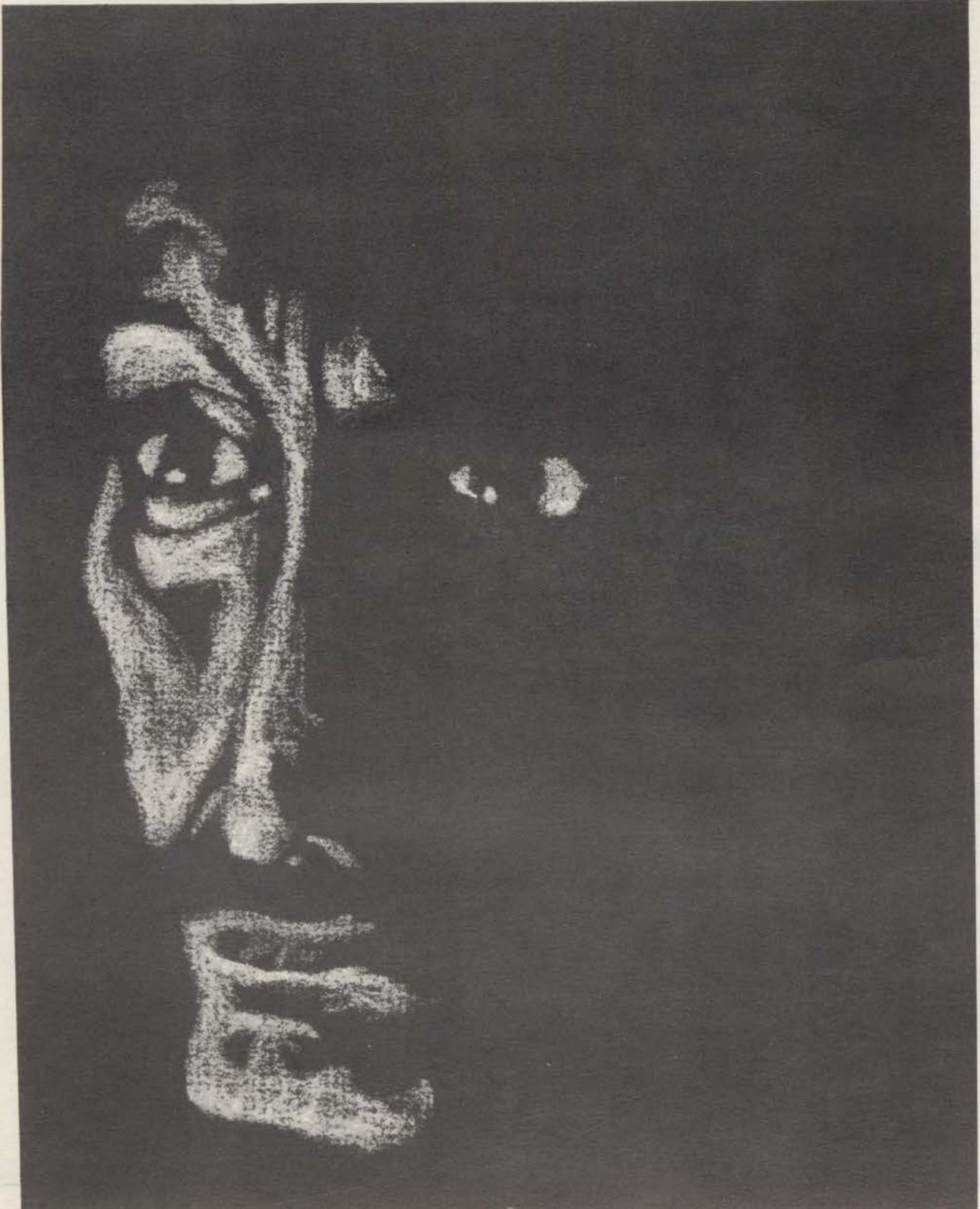


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## POEM 3

*by Bernadette Meade*

What is darkness?  
The blindness of our actions?  
The emptiness in our hearts?  
The void in our knowledge?  
Or the obscurity of our love.



---

## SOMETIMES I WONDER

*by Jimmy McConnell*

With the clear night calling to me from the hushed, dark tumblings of the little creek, I sometimes lie on the bed—not in it but on it—and listen, for what I do not know. I look out the window.

The stars are strewn about the royal dark blue like the fog of many dandelions after a gust of wind has swept a field. There is a feeling in the night, a kind of comforting realization that we will cease long before the sunsets do, that the tiny earth is so big and grand it heightens our minuscule transience, that all we can do is live our lives and hope the earth accepts us even though we couldn't change it for very long. The stars are out there, in all reality beyond our reach, the tapestries which the sun weaves with every setting are no more ephemeral than we, and the soothing rains are not a baptism.

There's something so timeless about a quiet night, the only sound the lullaby of nature, that makes us feel timeless, not much different than our father's father's father, whom we never knew for the good man he surely was.

The clear night calls, but it doesn't call our bodies. Our bodies belong on the quilts, above the pine floors, removed from the brooks and creeks. No, the night leaves our bodies where they belong, calling instead something more subtle, more elusive than even our souls. The night calls its own, its feeling, its being that transcends peace and time and desire.

I do not understand this feeling, have myself merely glimpsed it in a vague sympathy that the night summons. But the feeling is there, like the dandelion stars beyond our reach, our grasp, even our omnipotent minds' eyes. The feeling is there in every dawn, every twilight, every heartfelt pang which these things induce, the feeling so clear that you only know it when you feel it, yet so powerful that words can't describe it, or capture it, or aspire to it.

Cliches come to mind, puffs of language designed for ridicule: reflections, passings, meditations, peace, tranquility, eternity; sadness. And yet, these very cliches are the most precise cameras we have for the feeling. The faded twilight grey commingles with the airbrushed pink of dusk, creating colors which the eye can never see, but colors which the heart can hear.

And with which it can answer back when the night calls and the body stays where it belongs. But sometimes I wonder, what purpose do such feelings serve, what realizations do they evoke, and why?

And when I ask these questions, my only answer is the silence of the stars which will not have made one trip around their galaxy when I am beyond the dust of death.

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## **FRAGMENT**

*by Theresa Sullivan*

Sometimes in my sunny impression of a room  
(Millions of dots of apricot light)  
I take my memory of you  
Roll it between my fingers, hold it  
Up to the slice of sun;  
And all I can sense  
Is a translucent smudge of laughter  
A luminous blur  
Of white cotton and sky-eyes  
And then, focus:  
I close my eyes into a long-ago twilight  
Of warm wheat yellow laughter  
And sweet smiles.

## **THE PRISON**

*by Marlenè Stutzman*

my room is long and lean and blue, the  
color of twilight. it smells like dead  
leaves. and empty. my room is  
empty except for me scrunched in my corner  
staring through the skinny skylight at  
sullen clouds sliding across the sky from day  
to night and back again.  
i Have Been Here For GOD  
ONLY KNOWS HOW LONG AND SEEN NOTHING  
BUT CLOUDS. I WILL NEVER  
See Anything But Clouds Scudding  
across the sky.  
why.

in the screaming silent twilight,  
my hand is holding your  
lonely heart.

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## REMEMBRANCE

by Warren Buss

"It's a damnable shame is what it is. To know what that man was like and to see him as he is now is heart breaking. It makes you wonder if there really is any justice any more."

The talk was about Gramp, Gramp who was sitting at the head of the table, eating slowly and steadily, practically oblivious of all that was going on around him.

"Please pass the cranberry sauce, mother!"

"...and how it's incurable, the way it wastes the last years of his life. He stays perfectly healthy but his mind is no good. His vocabulary can't be any more than sixty words now."

"It's a hardening of the arteries in his brain, dear. His brain is slowly dying, leaving him much like a very large infant."

"Kathryn! Aren't you going to eat any more? You've left almost half your supper there, including that delicious turkey. Are you ill?"

"No, Aunt Ellen. I'm just not hungry."

"It's all that candy you were eating earlier. I saw you! What will become of you children?"

"Nothing at all, Ellen, now please stop worrying about them."

"Yes, Sally, but it's still a shame to see all that food wasted."

"Dwight? If you want some more you'll have to go out in the kitchen and get it."

"Good-good," he replied in a sort of chuckle, a wide grin on his face. It was very characteristic of how he answered all questions now. He made no motion towards getting up and going, or even of understanding.

"It's out in the kitchen if you want more," Grandma repeated in the sort of shout she used to talk to him. "Do you?"

"Good-good," Gramp said again. "Oh boy oh boy."

Later, after Thanksgiving dinner was over, everyone who wasn't washing dishes moved into the TV. room to talk and permit supper to digest.

The quiet drone of conversation soon filled the air, punctuated by an occasional scream from one of the younger children.

"No, we didn't get that issue I don't think. What was on the cover?"

"A man on a yacht in the middle of the Caribbean."

A few discordant piano notes jarred the peaceful atmosphere.

"Dorothy, would you please stop pounding on the piano before you break it!"

Gramp used to play the piano.

"No, I don't remember that. Do you, Allan?"

"No, not offhand, Dad."

"Wait a minute, I'll go get it and show it to you."

Uncle John got up and left the room to return several minutes later with a stack of magazines. "Here it is."

"No, we didn't get that one. The post office must've made a mistake somewhere."

"It's really too bad they can't do anything for him."

"It really is."

"When's the Bugs Bunny special gonna be on?"

Monica asked from the floor, whining.

"Not till tomorrow night, dear," Aunt Ellen told her.

"Can we go, Mom? I wanna get home and work on my room."

"Yes, we'll go soon. Don't worry."

In the next room, the living room, Gramp sat in a large red sofa all alone next to the fireplace. The drone from the TV. room filtered through only faintly, lost in the living room's carpeting, in its paintings and plants. A small pendulum clock on the mantelpiece tocked into the silence, but the passage of time went unmarked. He sat with his hands clasped close together between his knees, staring with a confused sort of sorrow into the dancing flames. His face was oddly saddened from its usual complacent grin, as if he was desperately trying to understand something.

It's such a shame."

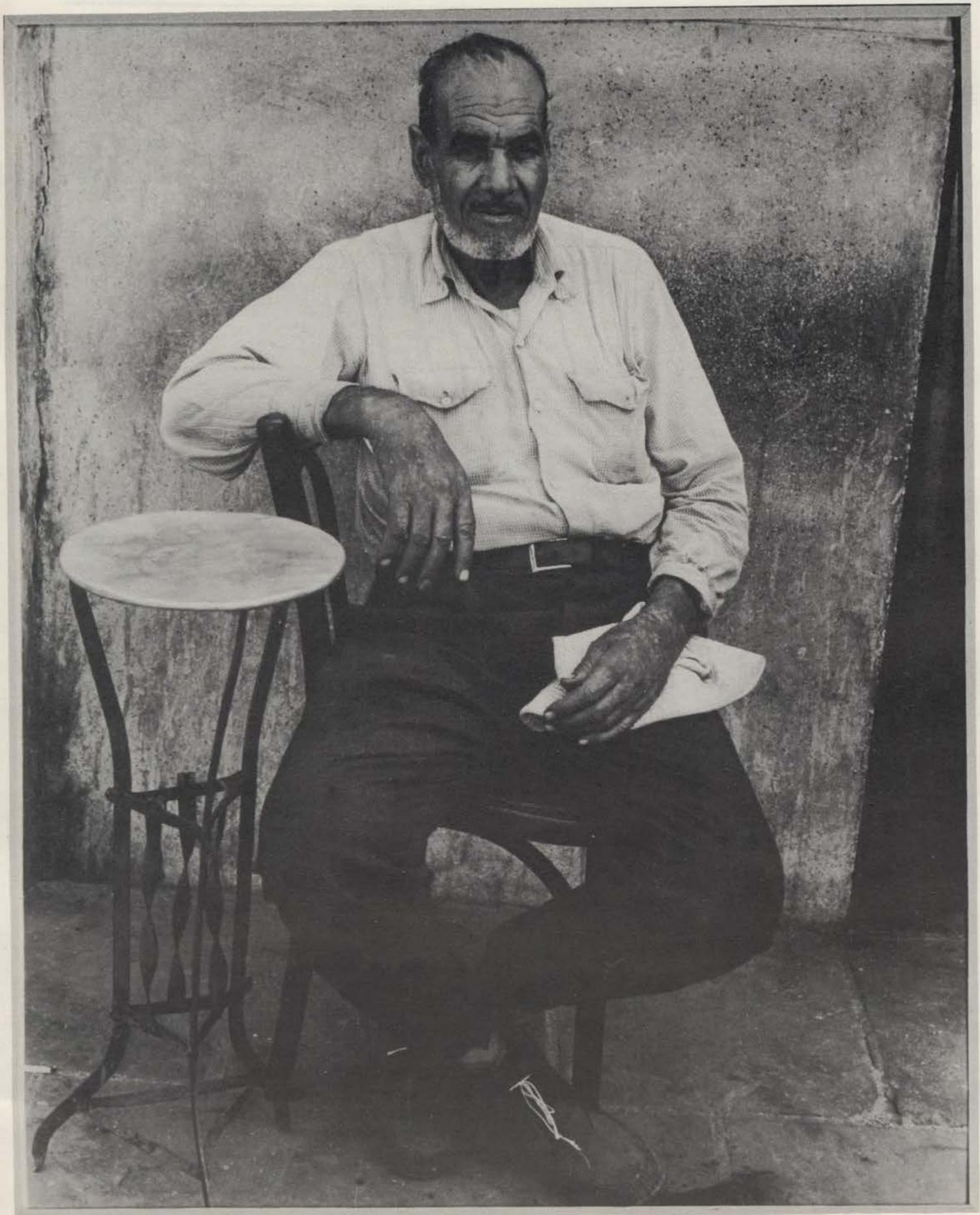
"Dorothy, would you please stop pounding on that piano!"

Gramp used to play the piano.

## HOLIDAY

by Bruce Johnsen

All celebrate what was—and isn't,  
singing songs of mirth so merry,  
and taking photos of the present  
which future ages fondly bury.

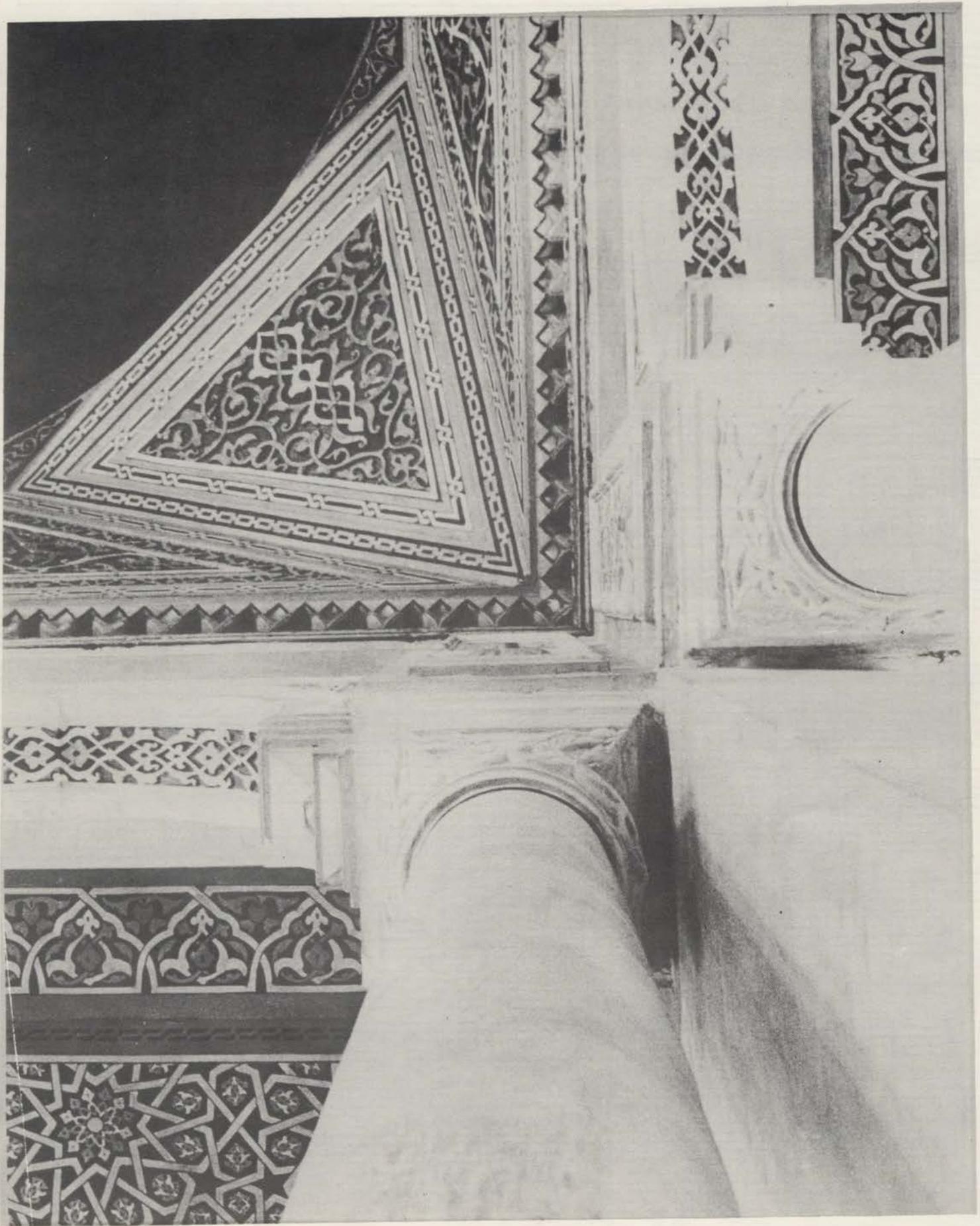


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## THE POET

*by Donald Case*

Only on me, the lonely one  
The unending stars of the night shine,  
The stone fountain whispers its magic song,  
To me alone, to me the lonely one  
The colorful shadows of the wandering clouds  
Move like dreams over the open countryside.  
Neither house nor farmland,  
Neither forest nor hunting privilege is given to me,  
What is mine belongs to no one,  
The plunging brook behind the veil of the woods,  
The frightening sea,  
The bird whirl of children at play,  
The weeping and singing, lonely in the evening, of  
a man secretly in love.  
The temples of the gods are mine also, and mine  
The aristocratic groves of the past.  
And no less, the luminous  
Vault of heaven in the future is my home:  
Often in full flight of longing my soul storms upward,  
To gaze on the future of blessed men,  
Love, overcoming the law, love from people to people.  
I find them all again, nobly transformed:  
Farmer, king, tradesman, busy sailors,  
Shepherd and gardener, all of them  
Gratefully celebrate the festival of the future world.  
Only the poet is missing,  
The lonely one who looks on,  
The bearer of human longing, the pale image  
Of whom the future, the fulfillment of the world  
Has no further need. Many garlands  
Wilt on his grave,  
But no one remembers him.











## ARROYO

by Melissa White

It was clear when the moment presented itself to me. The sky was an undeveloped blank of grey, the wind iced up from the west, and I felt tired, drawn, pushed about by the moment's unenthusiasm.

It has been over two weeks since a friend told me that the arroyo up from school had been ploughed over. Trucks are hauling material along it to build a new water tank on Luna. I hadn't planned the time to see it for myself, believing perhaps that the knowledge could be postponed as well. But today the afternoon stretches unimportantly forward, and so I recognize that it is time.

As the footpath out toward the meadow gently rides the hills, so my mind rides wave after wave of ideas. At each crest lies a single repetitive cry: What are we doing?

Implicit in this question is my perception that we as human beings are not truly understanding the consequences of our actions. We do not exercise the necessary imaginative visionary power to see where our actions will lead. But pervading that same question subtly is the fear that we believe the question itself is unnecessary.

As I cross the ridge and look down, it is as though I were sixteen again and am looking across a long room at a shiny, black coffin. For a moment the room stretches and yawns, but then it is still. There is no feeling, no crying. Not even the emptiness has taken hold yet. Most surprising to me, there is also no anger or feelings of being wronged in any way. Only a grey daily reality persists in which I am expected to mumble correct words, wear appropriate clothes, and not think too much. The only

thoughts from those days that have survived in my memory are those my younger brother quietly spoke to us all. He found it so strange that all our lives we strive to discover the essence of living. How odd that once dead, we have the knowledge, but no longer possess the life of action.

Heading down the slope, I feel this detached objectivity in my life, dulling the pain, taking the swift, sharp edge off raw reality. But I know that once my feet touch the arroyo bed, this softness will be lost. As soon as I allow myself to experience what the arroyo has experienced, the grief begins to permeate the soles of my shoes and crawls into my marrow. Like the clutch of a falling child, it lunges for my heart, my breasts, my throat.

I walk for a bit, bones to earth, along this "new road." I am amazed that I can alter the angles of my perception to make myself believe that this road is no different than any other dirt road through ordinary southwestern hills. Herein lies the deceit: there is nothing wrong here, nothing unnatural in a road, or the building of fences, or the growth of a city. Nothing wrong except that these eyes can see the arroyo before it was ploughed. I can remember the natural randomness and know that the present shape is a lie.

It seems, when inflation rises, budgets don't balance, or a business venture is birthed, questions like mine are considered superfluous. Questions like, "How far will I have to walk out now to camp beyond the sounds of domesticity?"

The hills that immediately surround Santa Fe are

not the most hospitable beings. Anyone who's ever checked it out will tell you of the time he/she felt strangely unwelcome. The wildness of this land is deep and the voice often inaudible. As I walk this straight, sandy freeway, I finally recognize that the grief I feel is my own. The arroyo and her walls have no grief. They stand silent and, I fear, will probably give no overt signs of dying. Proud rock, they will be ploughed, sectioned off, trashed without ever reaching out to us in need.

The shimmering stillness of a lake, the bright colors of flowering fields, the chattering of a mossy creek—far you will have to travel from Santa Fe to indulge in these more amiable phenomena. My first hike behind the stables shattered my midwestern paradigm of what a meadow could be. One must instead spend time here studying the habits and species of ant life, the hundred shadings of blue in the chamisa, the path of the arroyo. The lesson this land gives is one of strong, quiet, continuity. From needle to trunk to earth to sky, the passionate process of being reflects only itself and is far from assimilating human life. But once you are finally accepted the learning begins, and never forgotten is the power of a spirit here that you must always acquiesce to, a spirit that is not human.

How, I wonder, do those palaces creeping farther and farther back towards Attalai maintain supplication with the wildness? No boiling lava sifts through their living room, no tumultuous winds threaten their roof, the earth is quiet beneath their floors. Quiet is the sky, but not serene. Looking up in Santa Fe is like looking down into the ocean; a whole other world exists in the depth of the sky and the caverns of the clouds. What holiness do you feel looking out your kitchen window on a vast expanse of ocean-sky? Does the life outside become merely a "view," something to look at but livable only under skylights and within thick walls?

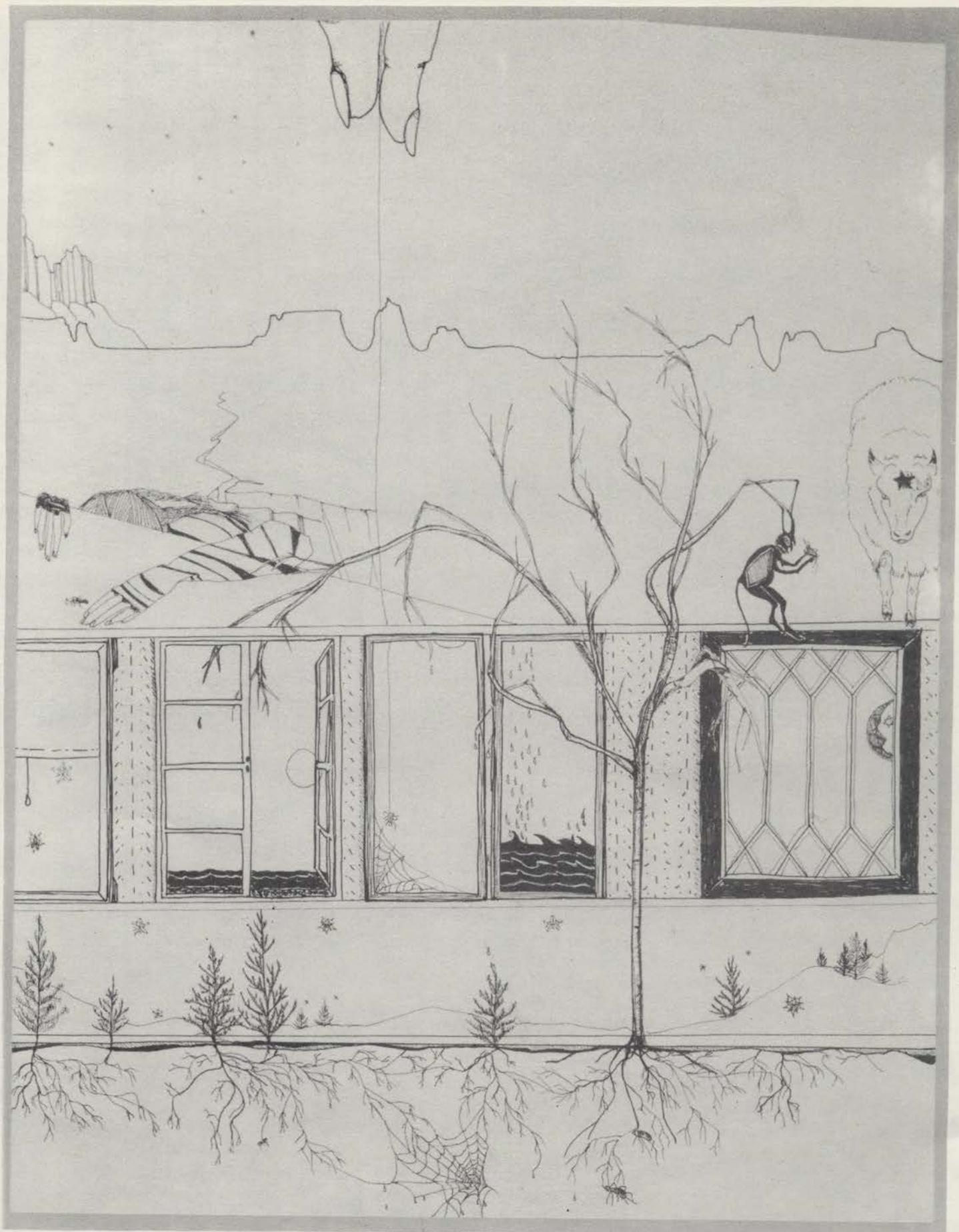
I stop in the midst of these thoughts at the sound of a truck heading up behind me. Two trucks. They are as surprised to see me as I them. I want to direct my unanswerable queries at them, but I know they will not stop to discuss such things with a young woman who looks to have something to say. I move to the side and let them pass after the radical thoughts of blocking their way subside. But I catch their eye without expectation or blame. What are we doing?

The wanderings of my mind end abruptly with the gouging of tire tracks in the sand. I turn towards home with the one consoling thought that no matter how neatly it is ploughed, the arroyo will always run in the spring.

by *Eric Rasmussen*

What is the soul?  
A sparkle at the bottom of a stream?  
Perhaps a turning point of light  
Whose shimmering edges slowly expand as we grow,  
Finally to encompass the soft and mossy banks  
Of our needs.  
It should be flawless, suspended and impregnable,  
All our own, and shining.  
Yet we see those iridescent colors  
That have become the heart's rainbow  
Fade with age  
As our private nobility, our vulnerable dignity  
Is stressed and twisted,  
As our values are questioned,  
Our efforts mocked,  
Our dedication portrayed as empty air.  
We're fragile.  
I'm fragile.  
What chance has the essence of a man,  
What chance the spirit of a man  
When kept so close to the edge?





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**AFTERNOON:  
THE FINE ARTS  
STUDIO BALCONY**

*by Theresa Sullivan*

Balancing on the edge of the roof  
Feet dangling into giddy spacelessness  
I threw back my head and basked

In a brassy February sun;  
Exhaling a flush of warmth  
Into grateful bones,  
It mellowed smoothly into tarnish.

I leaned over the edge, down down,  
Perched on a buffet of wind.  
One gentle gust  
And I'd be nudged across the soccer field  
Or suspended  
Above the root like dandelion fluff.

Inside, in dim underground coolness  
Someone butchered a minuet  
And laughed  
Bright disjointed notes  
In jaunty neglect of harmony,  
A ghost melody of mistakes and repetition.

An understanding friend  
Danced anyway,  
Arms a fluid shadow,  
Long hair slicing through a shaft of sun.

**SATED**

*by David Williamson*

*The crack growsever wider, in me*  
*enough*  
*to cause pain enough*  
*pain enough to cause me to weep?*  
*to weep enough*  
*enough to fill another*  
*night*  
*enough to fill*  
*too much of another Great Salt Lake.*

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## **SPRING**

*by Michael Mason*

As the night rises, images dance through the fog  
of my head, ringing bells, digging holes for corpses  
and bringing back the dead, seeing moonlight and dew  
on thighs. They sound alarms like children screaming  
for the summer of their mother's arms.

The sun sets slowly, a ship leaving  
port under sail without a breeze,  
without the freshness of wind  
softly blowing the grey sails,  
flying laundry like tired flags,  
scratching dead leaves along curbs,  
the spring courtyards, and the feet  
of weary children.

The ruddy ship sets sail today  
without the warm, wet breath that loves  
to embrace the evening's neck.

## **RENAISSANCE**

*by Michael Mason*

The sun vanishes behind  
a veil of looming grey.  
Tears fall in torrents  
of pure water, cleansing slowly,  
washing off the fears of yesterday,  
the dirt that accumulates  
on carpets, on the tops of books,  
on windows, and on empty stairs,  
washing off the hollow color  
of trees and daffodils.

These tears evoke the fragrances  
(fragrances thought lost to time.)  
of childhood, soft skin on a pillow,  
of subtle perfume, and summer,  
of hyacinths and tulips,  
and a rising crescent moon.  
With the pure water comes cool wind,  
blowing: leaves on branches, curtains;  
filling rooms with soft humidity  
that lingers like the night's.

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by *Carrie Kroeck*

Later,  
My child,  
The thunder arms the nights  
In satin grey.  
So, since the reign of the ringing,  
Iron sword can pierce the blanket sky  
With light.

In branches, hail, veins  
Liquid flash trails the pure heart of heaven.  
Hark, the clash sings into endless growth—  
The hearth of root to patience' depths of earth.  
In tendrils do those sweet words vision in sound  
The anthem  
And the quiet simple bloom of tune.

Again  
Summer cries to burst so slowly  
Dying, in virgin breath  
To stay the wept.

In dirge the stilet night reappears  
To merge in stars the omni-dark refrain.



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## WAVELINEAR OTION

by Chris Eavenson

Clap one hand in greeting, toothless one,  
Redcheeked, plumpcheeked, hungry-eyed child.  
Greet this, thy reality or chimera  
—the choice, this life, the world is yours;  
Laugh, laugh! The tomb is always dark, but you are just beginning.

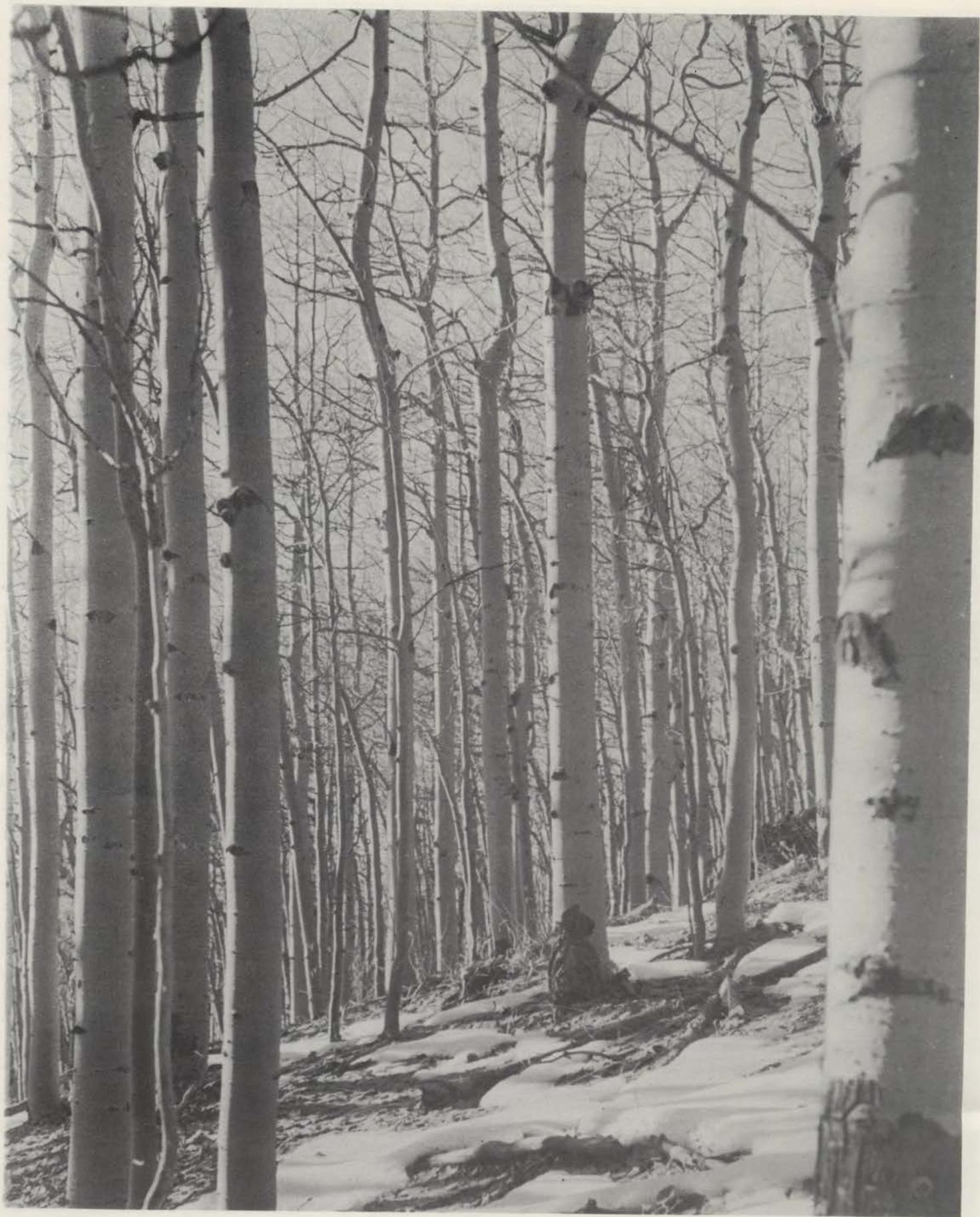
Goeth thineself there to parks and fields?  
goeth thineself down to mossy forests?  
goeth thineself along cold-rushing rivers?  
goeth thineself trusting 'cross ice  
upon-a-pond-in-winter?  
goeth thineself, twain-decade-aged boy,  
to have selection of thine armour  
'gainst this battlefield life? Life?  
How wasteth thineself thy youth?

Car-keys---wedding-rings---drinking-songs---bank-account---own-home---  
New-God---New God---Old-Style---children-as-they-groweth, young year after  
year, young even as your age accrue upon thy forehead greying now.

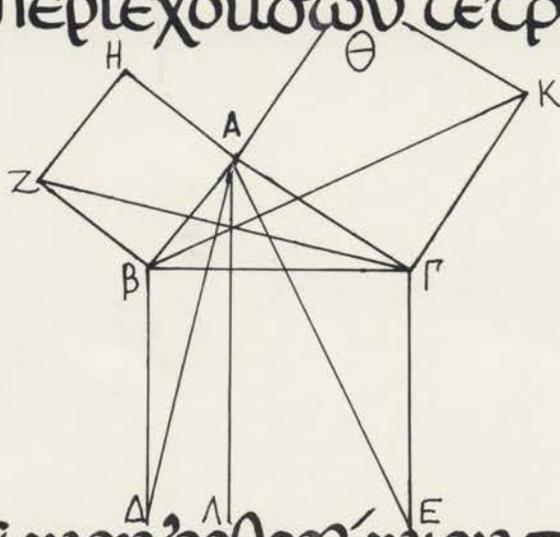
What have you done, wealthy one? What have you thought, mathmaking magician?  
What have you felt, mine artist? What has become of your strength, your lusting  
new blood, your energy? O mine child tired, mine little fellow...let me embrace  
you as your helpless tears rebuke you.

Wave slowly, slowly departing, toothless one,  
Leancheeked, crumplecheeked, weary-eyed infant.  
The sun, he too grows old, dancing on the ocean,  
But so much more slowly, with no sadness at all;  
Don't weep. The womb is always dark, and you are but beginning.





Ἐν τοῖς ὀρθογώνιοις τρίγωνοις το  
 ἀπο τῆς τῆν ὀρθὴν γωνίαν  
 ὑποτεινούσης πλευρᾶς τετραγώνον  
 ἴσον ἐστὶ τοῖς ἀπὸ τῶν τῆν ὀρθὴν  
 γωνίαν περιχομισῶν τετραγώνοις.



Ἐστω τρίγωνον ὀρθογώνιον το  $AB\Gamma$  ὀρθὴν ἔχον  
 τὴν ὑπὸ  $B\Gamma$  γωνίαν. λέγω ὅτι τὸ ἀπὸ τῆς  $B\Gamma$   
 τετράγωνον ἴσον ἐστὶ τοῖς ἀπὸ τῶν  $BA, A\Gamma$   
 τετραγώνοις.

Ἄναγεγράφθω γὰρ ἀπὸ μὲν τῆς  $B\Gamma$  τετράγωνον  
 τὸ  $BDE\Gamma$ , ἀπὸ δὲ τῶν  $BA, A\Gamma$  τὰ  $HB, \Theta\Gamma$ , καὶ διὰ τοῦ  
 $A$  ὁποτέρου τῶν  $B\Delta, \Gamma E$  παράλληλος ἤχθω ἡ  $AL$ .  
 καὶ ἐπεξεύχθωσαν αἱ  $AD, Z\Gamma$ . καὶ ἐπεὶ ὀρθὴ ἐστὼν