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To Dream Upon a Crown

Philip A. Williamson
On We

Bored
Nothing to do
Bored ... bored ... bored ... Hey!
If I had some money I could ... 
No money,
Unless ...
Hurry, hurry, hurry!
Look through pockets, all of them!
I found
Some string, a rock,
Two rubber bands, an old kleenex, some gum
Three bottle caps, a lipstick, pens, and a quarter.
Oh, well.

Now wait—
Let's look the situation over
I found quite a treasure I did!
Take the pens and tie them with string
Stretch the rubber bands just so
Pick up the rock and
Crack!
Now I have a hole in my window.
Bored.
The hole is the size of a fist.
Bored.
Will the bottle caps fit through?
Snap! Snap! Snap! Miss
The lipstick is quite red
Should I put it on?
Yes!
Oh my!
I remember why I lost it in a pocket
It is not lipstick, it is blush
And now it is all over my mouth.
Where's that tissue?
Bother.
I might as well chew the gum.
Not bad!
So now I have a quarter.
It is neither old nor shiny
But it is a quarter.

On come shoes
And out the door
I follow my nose
Sticky from gum, my bubble popped.
I find a machine and put it in.
Canadian.
Won't work
So I pick it out.
On my way home
I see a lady working for charity
In goes the quarter
Out comes a smile.
Sometimes,
That makes all the difference.

Me, Myself and I

I have an answer to nothing.
No opinions;
I always use a pencil now
With a six pack of footlong erasers.

— Cheryl Cotter

— Bronwynne
confessional poem

Thirty-six minutes to class and my pen just died.
Pen, pen, pen, no pen, papers, pear, pamphlets, pipe, paperbacks, no pen.
This desk is almost as messy as my life.
Maybe under here.
Fshhsprap . . . dup. Whoops, an avalanche.
Papers, pear, pamphlets, pipe, paperbacks, all over the floor.
The dup was the pear and, wow, there's a pen on the floor.
Twenty-eight minutes.
I don't put things off till the last minute, just the last half hour.
I take time like an escalator, riding it till the last second.
So far I haven't gotten my untied shoelaces caught.
Twenty-three minutes.
My life is almost as messy as this poem.
Two and a half years till graduation.
I wonder if I'm going to start getting my life together a half hour before graduation or if I'll get a big two week jump on it.
Nineteen minutes.
Wow, this poem is almost as messy as my desk.
But it's done.

— Martin Steinberg
Strangers

by Michele Clyne

When I was five my mother told me never to talk to strangers; when I was twenty, living in a city where I knew no one, I found this advice difficult to follow — especially when I needed a roommate.

I had found this quaint, well small actually, two bedroom apartment on the east side. It had everything I needed, a bathroom and a kitchen and a few fringe benefits — cockroaches and a couple downstairs who felt the need to express their marital difficulties loudly. I bought some furniture at the Salvation Army, hung up some posters and called it home. The rent went up so I put an ad in the Voice for a roommate.

Sandy was the first. She came from a small town located somewhere in upstate New York. She would get very teary eyed as she reminisced about parties in the cornfield, her high school sweetheart whom she hoped to marry, and her sheepdog, Rex. Upon getting home from her job in Stein Brothers she would eat dinner, call her mother, make some tea and write in her diary before going to bed. She lasted two months. I imagine she went home to marry her high school sweetheart in a cornfield, Rex serving as her maid of honor.

Nikki was a welcome change — or so I thought at the time. Nikki was a city girl and wanted to become a broadway actress. She thought the Beatles were a fad, homosexuals suffered from a need to be close to their fathers and that Elvis Presley was alive and well and living next door.

The man next door calls himself Raimundo Riverez. (I say calls himself because who knows, Nikki could have been right.) Mr. Riverez is an extremely friendly man who only speaks Spanish. “So he says,” said Nikki. I never cared enough to discover whether or not he is Elvis; I did discover that he’s a great plumber. Mr. Riverez still lives next door; Nikki left to discover her true aura with a talent agent she met outside her palm reader’s office.

The environmentalist came next. Jill believed the world would meet its total destruction in five years. She only flushed the toilet once a day, read by candlelight and ate soybeans at every meal. She left claiming that she couldn’t bear living with someone who insisted on using aerosol cans.

Now I’m with Jack. At first the thought of living with a man never crossed my mind, but after Sandy, Nikki, and Jill, I figured, “What have I got to lose?”

Jack is a gofer for an advertising firm. Cleaning is one of his hobbies; he pays bills on time and has no obvious hangups about anything. Living with Jack has had two major advantages. The first is that we get samples of everything from spaghetti sauce to deodorant. The second is that it saves us from relationships we don’t want to be into. If there is someone we don’t want to date we bring them home and tell them about our “open relationship.” It’s worked with everyone except this dancer Jack brought home who wanted to make it a threesome.

Right now Jack is out jogging. I used to jog when I first got here but then I got mugged. Now I do aerobics at the Y.W.C.A. Occasionally I’ll jog with Jack but the truth is he’s just too good.

I was very ambitious, a young rebel without much of a cause, when I first got here. I went to interviews with my hair teased to the moon and eyeliner out to
my ears. I stuffed my portfolio with the most creative designs I could find. My first interview went like this:

“Well, Ms. Jacobs, you’ve shown me some interesting stage designs,” said a big bald headed man who sat in a huge leather chair. He had a view of Times Square and autographs from the most famous stars on his walls. “I especially liked the Romeo and Juliet design from the penthouse apartment.”

In my naivete I replied, “I think the theatre needs something new in order to draw more people.”

“I’ll call you soon,” he said. We shook hands and that was the last I saw of the bald-headed man.

I went to another and another until two months had passed and the realization fell upon me that maybe the theatre didn’t need my creative designs. I borrowed a business suit from Mr. Riverz, rearranged my portfolio and threw away my teasing comb. Three interviews later I found myself working on an off-broadway production of “Return of the Blob.” The money wasn’t great but it was something to add to my resume. The play bombed and closed after a month but the stage manager loved me, so Larry and I started seeing each other.

Larry’s thirty-six. The sixteen year age difference really didn’t matter, except when I forgot to bring my i.d. and couldn’t get served wine with dinner.

Our first date was at Haliente Cab, a Mexican bar and restaurant. It was the usual first date conversation. Over burritos he learned that I went to college for two years and all about Sandy, Nikki, and Jill. I also told him about Jack, but not everything, because I wasn’t sure if Larry was a candidate for the open relationship routine. Over nachos and cheese I learned that Larry started out as a hairdresser and was living with three guys — two homosexuals and one who claimed to be asexual. Our first date went like this:

“Where does that leave you?” I asked as strawberry daiquiri dripped down my chin.

“Safe,” he answered, looking at the menu, pretending not to notice the pink ice now on my neck.

I wiped my chin. “From what?”

“From worrying about bringing home a beautiful girl to three guys who are better looking than me.”

I met Larry’s housemates about two weeks later. I had somehow found myself jogging with Jack. After fifteen minutes with Superman I made the excuse that I’d told Larry I’d jog over there. Jack rounded the corner; I hailed a cab.

Larry was in the shower when I arrived. His housemate, Tom, answered the door.

“You must be Cheryl,” he said, “we’ve heard so much about you.”

The apartment was immaculate and smelled of Carpet Fresh. I later learned this was because Frank, the other housemate was a neurotic when it came to housecleaning. In the living room there was a huge stereo system and two couches. One of the couches had a dark-headed body on it. The body didn’t seem to be alive.

“I’ve heard you’re a hairdresser and was living with three guys — two homosexuals and one who claimed to be asexual.”

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“Make yourself comfortable and I’ll go tell Larry you’re here.” said Tom. I headed for the couch.

“Oh, don’t sit next to Nick,” he said, pointing to the dark-headed body. “He’s listening to Bauhaus and hates to be disturbed.”

Tom came back and started ironing some buttondowns. He asked about where I lived, my job, and how did I like it. My answers were awkward. I felt that just being in the same room with Nick was invading his spacebubble. He didn’t move; he just stared at the stereo. I prayed for Larry to hurry.

“Doesn’t someone else live here?” I asked as I flipped through the latest Rolling Stone.

“Yes, there’s Frank, but he’s hibernating today so it’s unlikely you’ll meet him,” Tom answered, spraying starch on his collars.

“Hibernating?” I wondered, but didn’t ask out of fear of what the answer might be. Luckily Larry came out a few minutes later.

I never did talk much to Nick, though I have the feeling that it wouldn’t have made a huge impact on my life if I had. Tom cooked dinner for me a few times and eventually I even met Frank. Larry and I went out with Frank and his friend once. I guess you could call it a double date.

We went to the Waverly to catch an old John Waters film, “Pink Flamingo.” It wasn’t an extremely exciting time. Frank seemed to be sulking the whole time and his friend Dave seemed smug, in fact he reminded me of an old boyfriend I once had. When I questioned Larry about this later I discovered that Frank felt very insecure in the relationship. That’s the reason Frank hibernates. It appears that every time Frank goes out with Dave he spends the whole next day reflecting on their relationship.

I liked Tom best of all out of Larry’s housemates, even better than Larry as I later discovered. Larry proposed to me after about five months. I actually considered his proposal until I learned that he wanted a house in the suburbs and at least six children. The thought of being called “mother” was enough to cause me to stop dating for two months.

Right now I’m seeing an actuary named Greg. He’s making over forty thousand and sends me flowers after each date. Jack thinks I should run for cover, but I don’t think I want to. I like being showered with monetary signs of affection.

I met Larry the other day. He was buying some fruit from a little old Italian man on the corner. I watched as he compared the Macintosh to the Grannys and wondered if I should say “hello.” I did; after all we had something once.

“Cheryl, you look great,” he said out of politeness. I had just finished shopping at the Y and was wearing a pair of Jack’s boxer shorts, my hair in a ponytail and mismatched socks.

Out of politeness I said the same to him.

“I wish I felt that way,” he said, handing a five to the Italian man.

“Why, what’s wrong?” I asked, not really wanting to know — I felt like we were strangers.
The innocent babe suckling at mother's breast cannot grasp the terror of reality. His world is warm . . ., serene . . ., and secure . . ., not pierced with the darkness that invades after the loss of innocence. He cannot harm, but instead is an open target for corruption by society. They put a gun in his hands, telling him to kill, so he does, not knowing any better. He does not see, or hear, or think. He kills. Like a machine built by Them.

It is when he pauses and thinks for himself that he sees what he is doing as what it is — murder. It is upon this realization that he puts the gun to his own head.

— Kristen L. McKeown
This is not Some Riddle

You are looking wonderful in that blue sweatshirt of my mind, but the rain is eating delicate holes in the tin garbage can and different things are happening in homes and supermarkets all over the world.

Eggs are hatching! Eggs are hatching in our eyes and throats but who knows if our children ever return.
Do they, one day find bits of shells in their hair?

This is not some riddle that you are supposed to unravel. This is what is happening tonight.

— Laura molinelli
The Temptress

The temptress has come to visit me tonite.  
She throws the door open,  
she is a silhouette in the darkness.  
Her fiery red hair falls about her shoulders,  
she is clad in the simplest of negligees.  
She steps into the room,  
a smooth, tanned leg kicks the door shut behind her.  
She moves across the tiny space  
towards my bed.  
Avoiding her eyes, I shake my head.  
A soft hand on my arm questions my judgement,  
I turn away.  
Come morning, the mirror awaits.  

The temptress called on me again tonite.  
We sit opposite each other on the floor,  
her body is moving in time to the music.  
She is moving closer and closer to me,  
and now her hand rests upon my knee.  
Her eyes are black like her hair,  
and they lock mine in a stare  
that leaves nothing to doubt.  
Her painted lips part.  
tongue darts out and slips back in.  
Moving her hand away, I say no.  
Her eyes speak again,  
"I'll do anything you want."  
She puts her hand on the back of my neck,  
pulls me toward her.  
I push away, spitting out my words in a fit of anger.  
I storm out of the room.  
Come morning, the mirror awaits.  

The temptress has come to me once again.  
She takes me into the nite,  
we walk along a country path.  
The wind whips her blonde hair back,  
her fair skin glows in the moonlite.  
She pulls her wrap tighter about her,  
her petite body shivering in the cold.  
She laughs, though, and her blue eyes laugh, too.  
Giggling, she suggests how we both might be warmer.  
Invites me.  
We stop walking, look at each other.  
She stomps her feet against the cold,  
waiting for my answer.  
I gently take my hand from hers,  
take my jacket and put it about her shoulders.  
Walk away.  
Come morning, the mirror awaits.  

— Davey

Jogging In New England

The night was dark.  
The sky was blue.  
Across the field  
The manure spreader flew.  

The driver was thinking  
About his date.  
What a beautiful young blonde.  
He wouldn't be late.  

The jogger ran  
Along the dirt road.  
What he was thinking  
No one could know.  

The spreader was going  
About its spreading deed.  
But the jogger through the hedgerow  
Paid it no heed.  

The driver was thinking  
He was getting close to the road.  
But he just wanted to  
Be rid of the smelly load.  

The jogger could smell  
The manure on the breeze.  
He could now hear manure  
Crashing through the trees.  

When it hit him  
He emitted a painful cry.  
But the driver  
Didn't stop.  

And the jogger  
Was killed  
By a flying  
Cow pie.  

— Roger Merrill
If I had a Court

I witnessed a crime.
What court to take it to?
Pizza,
how often does a squirrel get pizza?
I could swear she looked happy
on that bushy branch, balancing, bushy herself with that saucy crust
if I had a court to take it to.
A black cloud crept from the sky.
Criminal Crow
lands on the branch behind the squirrel
who seemed to know
to put down the food and run
looking like a bandit
running from Cop Crow.
But NO!
I saw it.
It was the crow who stole.
Afterwards, the squirrels come out to council.
They know too, who stole,
but somewhere, young birds
cheering their hero
eat their first pizza.
They can't know it was stolen
nor can they care.

— Martin Steinberg
Visiting Molly

On red velvet sofas the fanlight glares, and different men with first cigars today watch parading displays of youthful pairs, clattering hopefuls. And then two meet. They move into silence on an overlay embroidered by hands his choice once lived by. The thin blue threads have begun to fray, an unraveling past she can't rectify.

The time she rises to the busy stairs, the same black shoes, sad red dress since last May, each man trailing behind, whispering cares is gone from her mind. She forgets the way these random collisions of bodies decay her memories of a ripe, ornate bouquet, flowers from behind the old house that lie on the breakfast table each holiday, an unraveling past she can't rectify.

When she closes the door on her affairs, solitude takes her hand in evening's grey, and each move she makes, she feels its cool stares. The drifting sound of mumbling women stay within her mind while she learns to obey this long visitor. It won't pacify her familiar longing for former days, an unraveling past she can't rectify.

Now a sleepy trance erases the day. Her fists curl against the sheets, and she'll try to dream, although morning will take away an unraveling past she can't rectify.

— Claire Hofmann
150 I'd Like to Buy a Vowel

Paul Bartow
Roadside Diner

Roadside diner
With the old men drinking coffee
And the country music station playing.
Where frightened couples giggle in booths.
I love your small town aroma
As cars hiss by Silver Creek, N.Y.

You are America.
You are the $.99 eggs, toast and coffee special.
The big rigs surround you at 6:00 a.m.
In Joplin, Missouri.
You are the morning paper.
You hold the roadside poets
— the silent America.

Old men
Housewives
Salesmen
Hippies
Truck-drivers
Junkies and
Alcoholics

We of the morning line
We of continuing generations,
Salute America's most precious institution.
For we are the poets of America —
Free to flirt with the waitresses and smoke our cigarettes.

— Ron Throop
Alex

Alex, from underneath his car,
Is a wild-eyed German with grease on his hands.
He hugs me, and I can barely breathe.
With a will of iron that bends for few,
He shows it, shaking my hand, grinning
He'll forgive you if you cross his path,
He'll forget you if you cross it twice.
But then, he is more loveable because
Alex, from underneath anyone's car,
Is a wild-eyed friend, ready to help.
He hugs you, and you can feel him breathe.
With a grip of iron that works for few,
He'll use it if you ever need repair.
He'll fall to the ground if he drinks too much,
And drag you down there, laughing with him.
Just then, he is more loveable.

— Paul A. Austin

Dina Part Two

Dina gets a job and
A small simple apartment.
She wears a white uniform to work.
Her walls echo at home.
She hopes one day to save
For a
Chair;
She looks forward to the day her company can
Sit.

— Cheryl Cotter
One day, while little Jimmy Lord was out chasing fomsliders* with his shooter, (he liked to pull off their legs which kept moving even after being removed), his mother called him home. He zipped through yellow space until he reached home where all his family's belongings were suspended. He knew his father was coming home today and that he would probably get a gift, so he didn't pretend not to hear his mother. When he got there, his mom, dad, and sister were hanging around the living area in front of a big box. His sister was hugging their dad and Jimmy noticed that she was holding a box of endless chocfun in her hand but he couldn't imagine what was in the huge box. He remembered that he had been told to ask about how a person has been before inquiring about presents so he kissed his mom and hugged his dad and said, "How was your trip, Pop?"

"Busy. Very busy, but interesting."

"What's in the box?"

"We'll get to that one, but first I want to hear about this matter of putting werfels** in girls' hair."

"Aw, I didn't mean it. I won't ever do it again, Pop, I promise."

"Okay. Well, I managed to take time out of my business to stop in at one of the toy stores they have over there. I picked up for you this planet kit."

"Oh boy, you mean the kind where you can make your own creatures and stuff?"

"Yes, son."

"Wow!" he said and then he moved above the box and went to open it.

"Isn't there something you're forgetting to say?" reminded his mother.

"Oh, yeah. Thanks, Dad."

"You're welcome, son. Just remember to follow the directions carefully."

"Sure. Dad."

As soon as they had moved the kit next to Jimmy’s own area of the home, he tore the box which he sent drifting off into yellow space. What was left, suspended in his space, was a booklet, five bottles, a long tube and a group of ten spheres swiftly moving in circles around a large glowing yellow sphere. The first four were small, the second five were large and the last one was very small. The three largest ones had rings around them and some of them had tiny spheres moving in circles around them. Some were colorful. Jimmy liked the biggest one best. It was crystal clear with a pattern of red swirls that drifted on the surface. He touched it and it went flying out of the system and out of his home and he wasn't able to catch it. He then decided that he should read the booklet. It said:

**WONDER WORLD PLANET KIT**

_Wonder-Full Products Inc._

(for kids ages 800 - 1,200)

IMPORTANT:

1. Never touch the planets. They will drift away and will not fit back into their orbits.
2. Use the tubescope to observe planets.
3. For life, mix together the ingredients of the five bottles using the recipes found later in this booklet. **NOTE: Only the third planet will support life.**

*Closest English equivalent to "fomsliders" is spiders.

**Closest English equivalent to "werfels" is worms.*
beings without any duplication power powder. They were just like the first ones, except that they didn't make more of themselves so when they all eventually died, they were all gone. Then he tried to make beings without any photosynthesis sauce. This was something interesting. The new beings weren't green and they soon started chasing after the old ones so they could catch them and stuff them down their own breathing tubes. He watched this with amusement, until he noticed that so many of the old green and even the new beings were getting eaten up that soon nothing much would be going on the planet at all. He decided that he should mix up a batch of green ones quickly, with lots of extra reproductive power powder so they could make enough of themselves to keep things hopping. In his rush, he knocked into the bottles of wing, fin and leg formula and they went sailing into the bright central sphere of the system where they burned up in a flash. He mixed up the batch with just the photosynthesis sauce and lots of reproductive power powder and sent the new ones down. They couldn't move but they reproduced like mad and they grew right out of the ground and the water. Soon the whole planet was covered with these stationary green beings and the eating beings stopped running around because they could stuff these stationary energy sources down their breathing holes. Little Jimmy Lord got bored again and left the system in frustration to go tease his sister.

The next day, after school, Jimmy went to see his friend Butch, who was 13,000 cycles old and knew a lot about these kinds of things. Butch took Jimmy to a store where he thought that Jimmy could find some exiting additions to his planet kit. The man at the store had all kinds of things and was happy to help Jimmy.

"Sure, I've got something for you," he said as he placed three tiny bottles on the counter, "Just a couple of drops of these things in a batch will spice up your critters considerably."

The man handed the bottles to Jimmy. They had plain white labels with the companies' name, "Sci-Co Industries," written at the top. Beneath the name, one bottle said "pain," another said "sex" and another said "greed."

"I'll take 'em," said Jimmy, "and I need some more wing, fin and leg formula.

When Jimmy got back home, he went right to his planet kit and mixed up batch upon batch of ingredients, adding more and more of the new drops as he went along. Before long the beings were chasing and dying and fighting and playing with each other so much that Jimmy just watched them until bedtime. He watched them again before school the next morning and after school he went back to the store where he had gotten the "pain," "sex," and "greed." He explained to the man at the store that he really liked the stuff he got yesterday.

"But have you got anything else?" Jimmy asked.

"As a matter of fact," the man said as he took out a small tree with a single red apple on it, "I do. It's called 'knowledge'."

When Jimmy got home, he again went straight to his planet kit. He watched the busy beings running around and he blew, heated and sprayed them for a little while before placing the tree into the tubescope. He watched as a being who walked on only two legs picked the apple and bit it and then gave it to another of its kind who bit it also. The first thing Jimmy Lord saw these two beings do was break off sticks from the tree, sharpen the ends, kill two other beings of a different kind with the sticks, take the skin off the dead beings and put it on themselves. Jimmy was amazed.

He kept watching. Soon, these beings that walked on only two legs were all wearing skins and killing lots of other beings with sticks. After that they started cutting down stationary beings to clear land, and building structures with the remains of the stationary beings. Then they built things that moved along the ground that were pulled by bigger, four-legged beings. Then the things that they rode in started moving without any beings pulling them and they moved even faster. Pretty soon some of these things started moving in the sky and more and bigger structures were built out of stuff they dug out of the land. One thing even flew off of the planet, landed on the sphere that orbited it and flew back again. Just then, explosions started happening all over the planet and everything on it became dead and burnt to black.

Little Jimmy Lord stared through the tubescope in amazement. He then looked at the black sphere without the tubescope and then with it again. He dropped the tubescope and as it floated away he dashed towards the living area screaming "Mommeeeeeeeee!!!!!!"
Cain Was Perfectly Able

and he knew it. A bouncing baby brat from the minute his mother pushed him into the world. He was the kind of baby who “wanted the oompa loompa and wanted it now.”

But when it was time for the Goose to lay the golden egg and he didn’t because of hemorrhoidal complications, the poor quack had constipation for two weeks straight, Cain at the ripe age of six lifted an eyebrow and smirked. That goose was cooked and when no one had seen hair nor tail of him they all looked at Cain. Cain was perfectly able and they all knew it. He spit spit-wads out of McDonald straws at women with feather hats in church, he hung cats by their tails from trees and pretended they were piñatas. He tied Abel to a street lamp and pulled out his nose hairs, one by one. He made Abel drink six cans of prune juice in one sitting. And Abel was perfectly petrified.

It was no wonder that one day while eating an apple from the tree he sat beneath he heard a, “Pssst, Cain baby, is that you . . .”

— Chris R. Motto
Symbol

She is taking something from him.
It is a Symbol.

She has always received symbols. Everything has connected in her life.

Even in dreams.

He is walking away into nothing, not knowing he has given her a Symbol.

He has given her a moldy sandwich.

She is taking something from him.
It is a moldy sandwich.

— Laura molinelli
Senryu

When I look in the water, why do the ripples blur the stars above?

— June Griffith

Road Dreams

Paradise
Are you runnin' again?
Rapin' the land
And madly walking
Down the track.
Isn't life so beautiful when
Sunset comes creeping off the
Edge of the American Spring?

— Ron Throop
Smoke

it works its way up
from this cigarette
into a wad of
disjointed fingers
penetrating these
old olive curtains.

in ominous shapes
of restless spirits,
it climbs through the room,
into streaks of light
above a naked
one-hundred watt bulb.

from my mouth it moves,
a suffocating
and massive figure,
that painfully looms
then escapes through the
crack beneath the door.

— Claire Hofmann

Untitled

The party was great.
They tippled champagne,
fell to the Toberlone,
flipped through the Voice and
flopped to Joe Jackson.
Each one dressed casually formal,
finding comfort
in their slim selection of cool friends.
Conversations revolved around
tawdry furnishings
in the living room
and hip housewares
in the kitchen.
Later, at the bar,
they lapped the drafts,
fed on beer nuts,
trudged through domestic muck,
and dragged on Winstons.
What a chic existence.

— Claire Hofmann
The Age of Flight

The kite is youth, beginning to struggle,
Caught between a push and a pull
it is held precariously by a slender
string while winds that it wishes to ride
threaten to tear it apart. Half
the blame of either force it dives
to the ground and crashes; gravity resolves
the strife it must weather and learn.

— Paul A. Austin
The Same Blue Shadow

shit,
and it sounds like a parking lot full of
cars all
honking their horns.
Honking, I
said.
These kids are exactly where they want to
be.
Exactly, he
said, on television news,
on Vietnam war.
But, there are ten thousand dances in just
one
of my shoes
and there are only about twenty ways to
kill someone.
My sister spread shit over her vegetable
garden last summer.
The tomatoes were
so
Red, they
swallowed you like
sun
before you could
swallow them, they
were so
red.
It's not dead and
it's not alive
and it doesn't live
anywhere.
It is not even
nothing.
The television has the
same dream for you as the computer
game has for you.
They wear the same
shadow. They wear the
same blue shadow after
the national anthem
is sung.
I used to love walking
barefoot through the
horseshit across
the road.
It smelled like oats and pebbles.
— Laura molinelli
The Creation

In the beginning the clock stopped
the sun stung,
even trees perspired.
And the Lord made
a bubble of black tar burst
as a fog of heat crept up through the ground.
And it was so.
He had cattle and creeping things that creep
upon the earth, look for shade.
And it was so.
The Lord created one black fly that
flew in circles,
stopped,
and fell into the hole
of the black tar bubble.
And it was so.

— Chris R. Motto