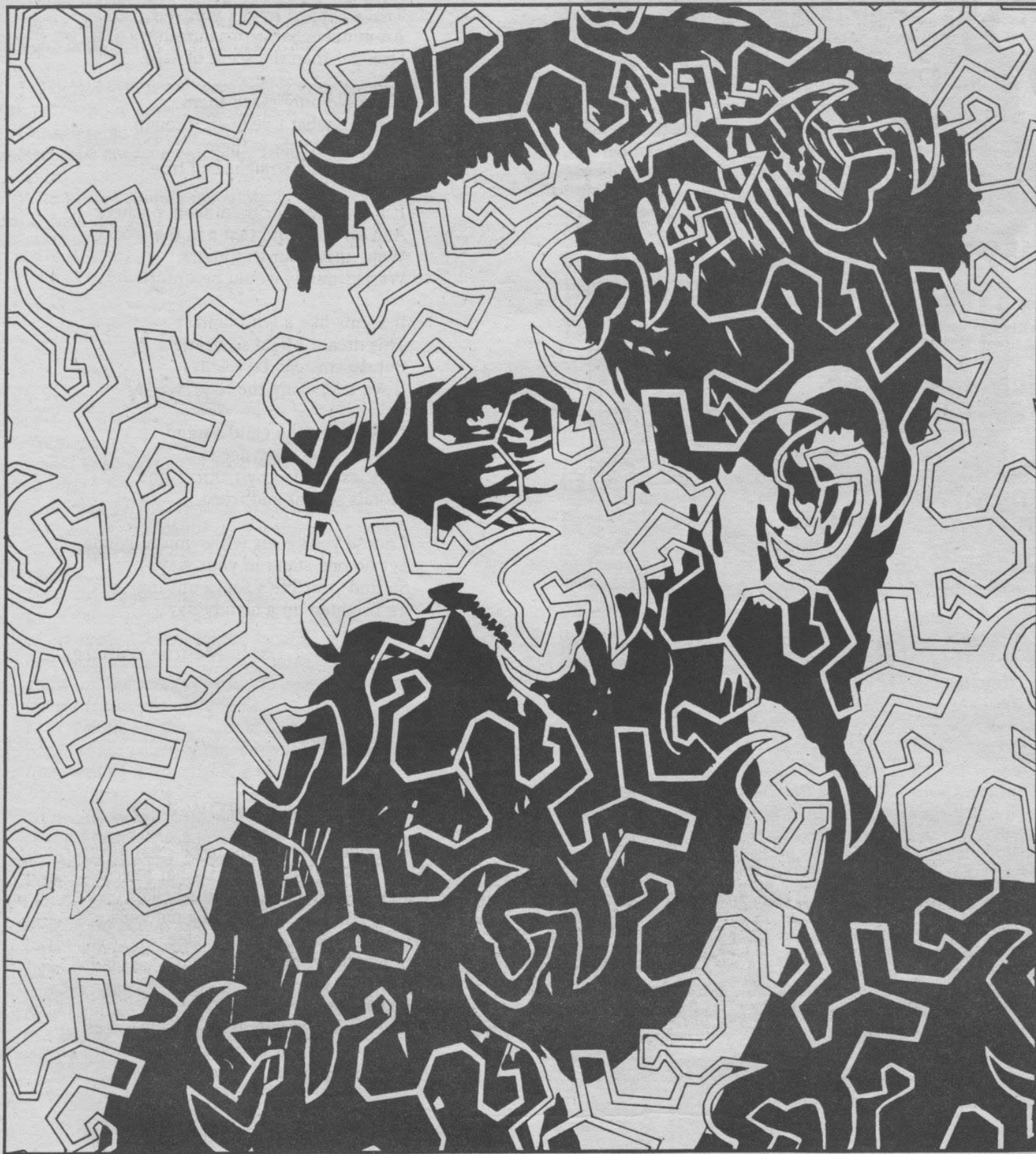


Tableau



Artwork by Christine Storm-Dodson

winter 1984



Photo by Rachel Rollin

You'll See

"Jason, time for bed."

"Aw, Mom!"

*You'll see
When I'm grown up I'll be the President of the United States.
I'll out law bed times & spinach & baths.
You'll See*

*When I'm grown up
I'll be a race car driver & win all the races.
You'll See.*

*When I'm grown up
I'll be a CHiP's officer like Ponch &
I'll ride my motorcycle & catch all the bad guys.
You'll See*

*When I'm grown up
I'll be a scientist & discover a cure for the cold.
You'll See*

*When I'm grown up
I'll be an astronaut & I'll go out in space
And find E.T.'s home.
You'll See*

*Yawn. . . Just wait until next year
Yawn. . . You'll See.*

Karlyne Waytenick

Innocent Child

I stare into the eyes
Of the common child,
Troubles hidden in disguise .
By innocence so mild.

They hold a youthful yearning
That's slipped by me with age,
An unquenchable fire burning
Stronger than the scent of sage.

If I could only reach them
to teach what I've been through,
Alas I could show them
A path that's straight and true.

If I could shelter them from pushers
And all the scum that's in the world,
We'd have a lot less losers,
Wasted minds would be unfurled.

It seems like a wild fantasy,
This dream I hold so near,
But dreams can be reality
If we take away the fear.

I appeal for the child's mind,
Unscared by dirty deeds,
Lessons learned by truths I find,
Morals sought and freed.

Choose your goals while you're young,
Let no one stand in your way,
So find your life's songs unsung
To brighten up a cloudy day.

David Manroe Walters

When I Grow Up

When I grow up I want to be
A big fat lady with scabs on her knees.
I want to know how bad it smells
Washing toilets and cleaning out cells.
Won't everyone hoot with glee,
No one will even recognize me.

When I grow up I want to be
A lonely old bag lady with prickly knees.
I'll carry all I own in two huge sacks
And I'll keep going. I won't look back.

They'll never find me, I'll hide so well,
In a big, busy city where no one will tell
Who I am or who I was
It's something I'll do just because.

Bonnie Crossley

Mom's Sonnet to Linda

You arrived with the new day
A tiny bundle of uncertainty.
You slept so soundly, to wake
You for feeding I tickled your feet.

Holding you snugly I was content. Too soon
You wiggled free to sit, scoot, crawl.
Hands locked firmly for a step, loosened
For your bold, here-I-come-world walk.

I watched you leave, supporting your ambition
With an encouragement that hurt.
Considerable apprehension
Greeted your engagement. Now I love him, too.

With pride swelling my soul,
I am letting you go.

Velma Lemco

Waiting

Waiting....

*I used to be waiting to grow up....
waiting for my grades at school....
waiting in LINES, running out of patience....
it seems like all what I do is waiting....
Now, that I grew up...I am still
waiting....*

*I am waiting for time to go slower...
for distance to be shorter, for humans
to get closer... I am waiting for the
day when we destroy our aggression,
and plant the seeds of peace all over
the gardens of the universe....*

*I am waiting for the power of love to
win over the power of the nuclear bomb....
I am waiting for the fighting masters of
wars all over earth, to come together,
drop their killing machines, and try to
create a peaceful solution for all....
a solution that guarantees a life....*

*I am waiting for the time when young
and old respect each other, when the
color of the skin is not important....*

*I am waiting for racism to vanish....
I am waiting for so many miracles to
happen... but not for long....*

*Now I am not waiting... I am praying
and hoping, and working towards creating
these miracles!!*

Maamoun Faqesh

The Rebellious Young Artist

Just stretched a canvas, borrowed some paints.
I'm off to the lilypond to visit the saints.
It's such a thrill to paint with these guys
Men like Monet, Renior and the rest.
I'm learning so much, I think they're the best.
We're giving the Art World some much needed zest!
I hated the academy, those long lectures, the pits.
The models were fat and had big ugly zits.
My old home room instructor, he's stuck in the past
I'll never forget his odd whine.
As he rips up my art work, "No, Draw it like Mine!"
Since I've quit school my parents have dis-owned me.
But I'm not one to complain, I'll never be lonely.
I've been on my own for a whole week now.
Surviving on bisquits and curds.
That old cliché "Poor starving artist", to me is lifestyle not words.

John Conrad

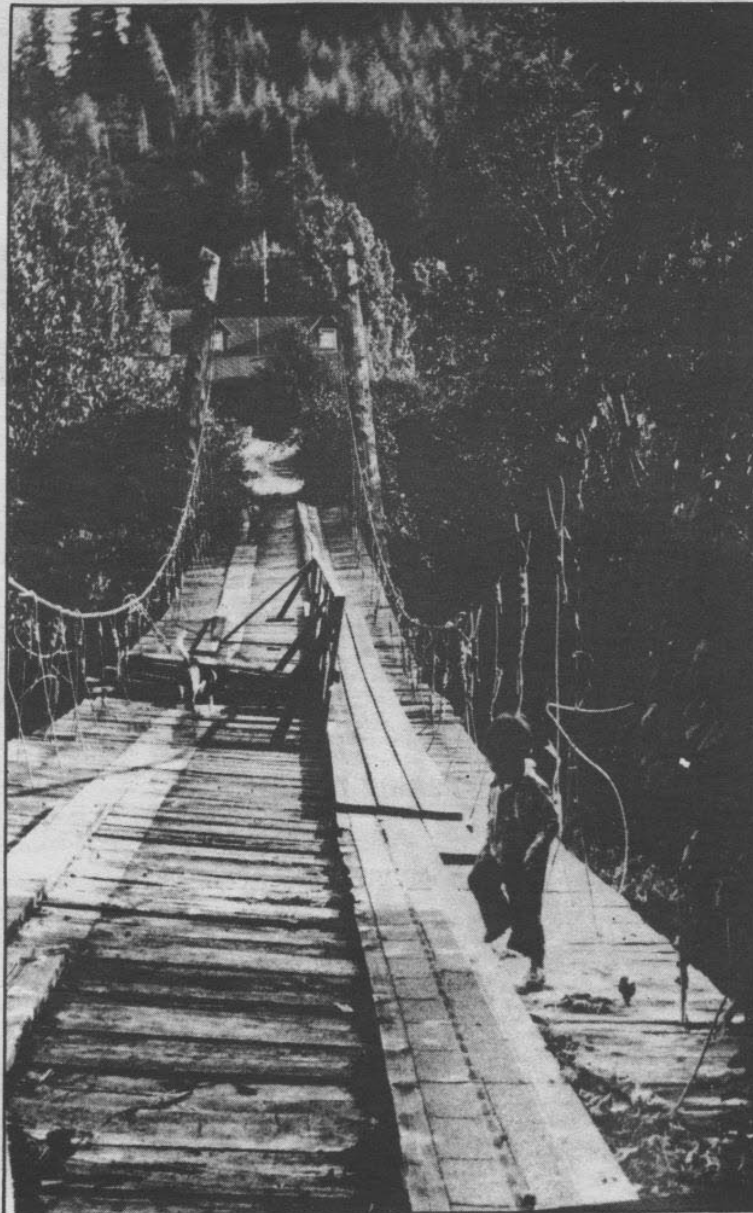
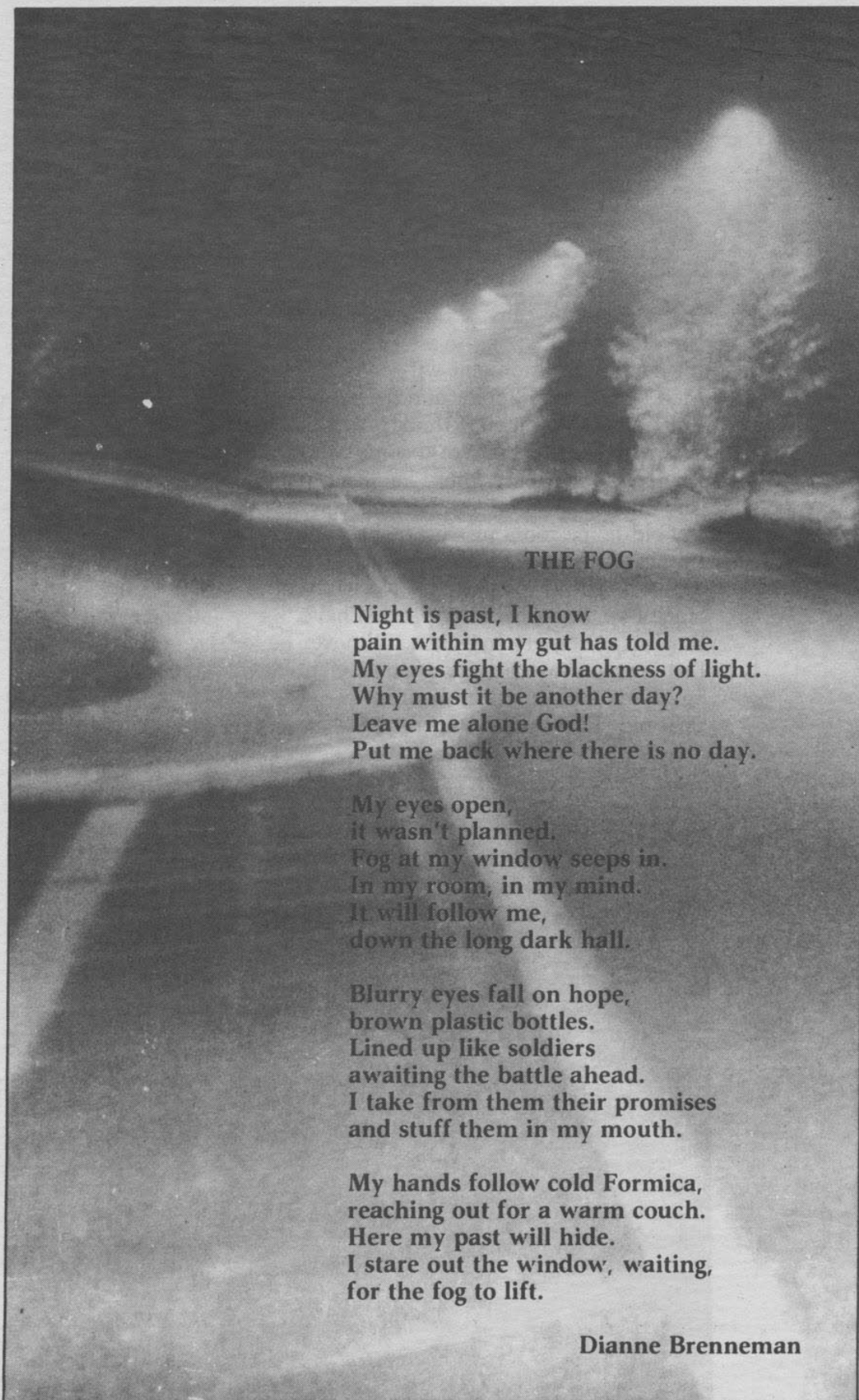


Photo by Sharon Seabrook



THE FOG

Night is past, I know
 pain within my gut has told me.
 My eyes fight the blackness of light.
 Why must it be another day?
 Leave me alone God!
 Put me back where there is no day.

My eyes open,
 it wasn't planned.
 Fog at my window seeps in.
 In my room, in my mind.
 It will follow me,
 down the long dark hall.

Blurry eyes fall on hope,
 brown plastic bottles.
 Lined up like soldiers
 awaiting the battle ahead.
 I take from them their promises
 and stuff them in my mouth.

My hands follow cold Formica,
 reaching out for a warm couch.
 Here my past will hide.
 I stare out the window, waiting,
 for the fog to lift.

Dianne Brenneman

Photo by Diane Eubank

Taking my Life

I see my daily life
 A drudgery
 Of pain and strife;
 A useless time
 Of confusion and rhyme,
 No, don't even—
 There's no help to send
 The helpless,
 Only waiting for the end.

E. McConnell

Men in the Fog

Damp, cold air, blizzards-thick,
 Fog, worms and whistles
 Through cracked, brittle window seals.
 Driving is a battle.
 Wipers on,
 Two wipes,
 Wipers off.
 Vision, limited to nothing,
 White line down the side,
 Salvation ribbon,
 Cling to that brilliant strip
 Measuring security in feet and inches.

Where's the cars, the traffic?
 Fog-mother of loneliness,
 Chilled chillings
 Every Chilblain soul-felt.
 Solid wall, white line.
 Somewhere behind
 Mankind.
 Ahead, too, I hope.
 Workday, typewriters, phones,
 The real versus this fairyland
 Of grim.

Slowness distorted,
 Reality runs off leftward,
 Moving fast.
 Dark shape,
 He, too, hugging the line.
 Oh! God! Where did he
 Come from?

Brake, yes, brake,
 That's it...'
 Too late.
 Dull
 Thud.
 Fender to hip.

Too much time passes while I stop.
 Drops of fog shined on his coat,
 Drops that fill my sight.
 Green, dark wool-fuzz,
 His ill-fitting coat, rubbed smooth.
 Plaid lines
 Slide down
 Slowly
 Left,
 I've hit a man.

How quick I am
 To mutter those impulsive,
 Promissory oaths to God.
 Those if-lys....I-wills.
 I wills....

Noises, I hear too much...
 Out my door, turning,
 Crazy clown eyes, staring sideways
 The truck careening at the median.
 Gray dull thuds, bouncing.
 Hit again! God why?

A moment in time,
 Frozen, iced air, breath chilled,
 Lung-ache.
 On the road,
 Truck in the center.
 Door swings wide, a large man,
 Older, a trucker.
 "little lady, I'll bet you
 There's fifty feet
 Of that hitchhiker
 Spread there."

I can't forget either one of them.

Bonnie Crossley

Blind Anger

I stand here confused, bewildered, and
angry watching the stream go by

My feelings are so bottled up inside of me
that these feelings have taken over
I want to scream or strike out in anger
and this is not me
I have lost my sense of reason
I can't touch reality.

Oh why does this burden weigh me down
I am so tired of carrying the load
I just want to take hold of it
and throw it as far as I can
To get rid of it or to face it
or maybe understand it.

So I grab the nearest rock and throw it as far and as hard
as I can.

Then I look for another, then another.

I act so irrationally that I continue as if I were insane.
Not thinking at all about what I am doing just reacting
to the feelings that are controlling me—doing as they
seem fit.

I just don't seem able to throw them as far or quick as I
need to relieve my pain or to satisfy the anger within
me. I almost want to hurt myself to really feel what
pain is all about.

Or maybe I am trying to hurt the rock, or maybe the water.
I pound one rock after another as the water gives in to the
powerful rock, never really seeming phased or changed
at all by the intrusion of the rock, the water just
opens up and takes in the rock.

I seem to be the only one being affected as my arm grows
tired, and the water has not given up.

So I skip the next few rocks and watch them beat the water's
power for a time than disappear within the mighty water.
How steadfast the water is and how bold of me to try and
change it.

Even skipping I could delay the water's power but the water
still didn't give in.

The water was not made to hold the rocks I threw, the rocks
have their place too, why do I seem to be trying to
change the balance that was here.

Each rock, each wave, each existing element has it's purpose,
has it's meaning, and each works together to exist.

What a mess if the balance unraveled, how chaotic it would be.
Yes, how bold of me to believe I could influence my wishes
with the rock on to the water.

How dare I let my anger try to upset the balance and blind
me from my reason to see where all the proper places
were meant to be.

I must try and live in this balance and accept what has to be
to survive, exist, and continue.

Explain:

I am blinded by my anger towards a person (the water) always wan-
ting them to see my side. I would throw my points of views (the
rocks) and not understand why I wasn't getting through, my view
seem so clear to me. But my views are mine just as other have
their views and neither are really right we all just exist in a balance
to survive.

Doann Hamilton

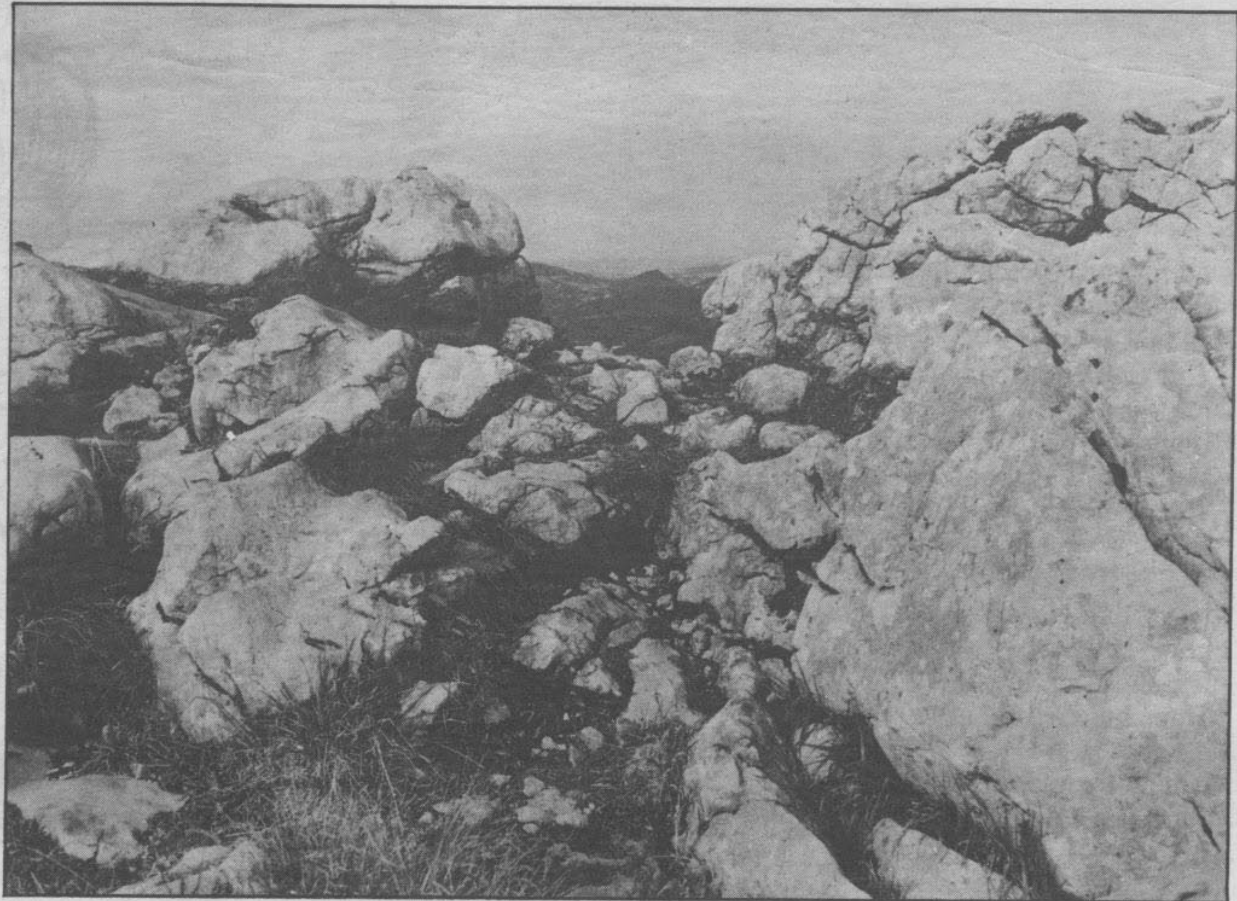


Photo by Eric Finster

My Freedom

I sat down today
in search for a way
to express my point of freedom
A sacred view
known to only few
inside it is my stardom

It breeds a proud and noble man
who reaches out with a steady hand
to help those that have fallen along their road
It builds inside you a piece
of confidence a release
from the chains that bind you to your load

Freedom is to do as you please
see the scenery, the mountains, valleys, and trees
and taste the good of life while we're here on earth
It's doing the work we choose
rejoicing when we win and accepting when we lose
in my heart it gave love birth

So be thankful that you're free
give a prayer for those that can't be
hold it dear and never let it go
Stand away from those that give it scorn
for their hearts are black and they mean you harm
to me it's a cause worthy to fight I know.

David Manroe Walters

Fat Sonnet

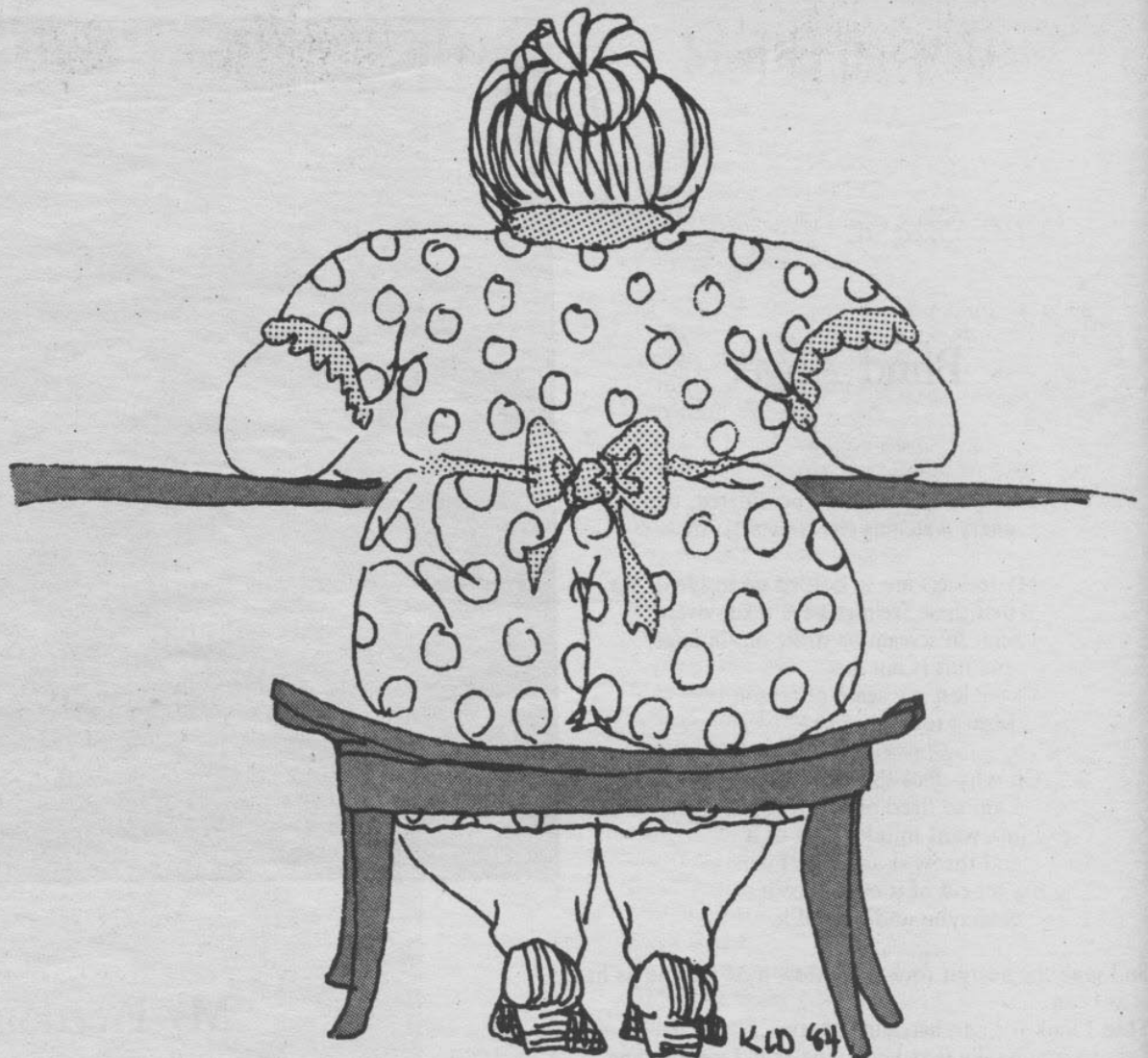
I wish you wouldn't have done that
 Eat all those starches and gain
 all that fat
 Things are not the same

Couldn't you have just stopped with chicken
 and keep your spoon out of the ICE CREAM
 The whole disaster started in the kitchen
 and now your clothes are splittling at the seams

Every time I look at you I wonder
 how you got that way so fast
 It's all such a blunder
 Three hundred lbs at last

If only I could sneak away like silent cat
 but I said I do, I shouldn't have done that

Phil Weisbach



Weight Problem

What is it? A 300 lb. fatso or is it someone like me, 30 lbs above desired weight. Well whatever a weight problem is, I've got one.

I can't believe how frustrating it has become for me to buy clothes to fit. I went up another size and they still don't fit when I try them on, or shrink after they're washed. I swear I can't win.

I've tried the crash dieting and losing. But for some unknown reason the pounds always seem to find their way back and invite a few more along for the ride.

In the last three years I've been on every known diet there is and can honestly say they all work. Altogether I've lost 49 lbs. Funny, huh, since all I wanted to lose in the first place was 10 lbs.

The eating binges I've been on would beat all. Sometimes the food would go in with no place to put it—just plain eating to be eating. Hunger is a thing of the past. I never allow my stomach to growl. The shock of it now would be too much.

Facing the fact that I will have to cut down on

what I eat by putting on a plate, then eating only half, also making sure that it's mostly protein and no more sweets, will be the hard part. Then remember that the old method of from hand to mouth is out! I must eat three meals a day and no snacks.

Thinking about exercise, I know that I will have to get more of it or take another cut from the plate. Already I can hear the pleas starting. Oh, it's getting close to winter and I will need more insulation. Oh, but there goes the buzzer with the answer, it takes more energy to carry and heat a larger frame which in turn will need more food to provide energy. So that's out. What's next?

Well, Thanksgiving and Christmas are coming up and you know how hard it is to turn down all those goodies. Better wait until after the first of the year to diet. There goes the buzzer. Answer is: but wouldn't it be nice to slink around in a size ten dress?

Irene Sue Sweider

Shop Talk

Mrs. Fat Madam trips into my shop,
 Size 42 bottom, size 32 top.

In my very best dress she rushes
 to peer
 At pendulous front and ponderous
 rear.

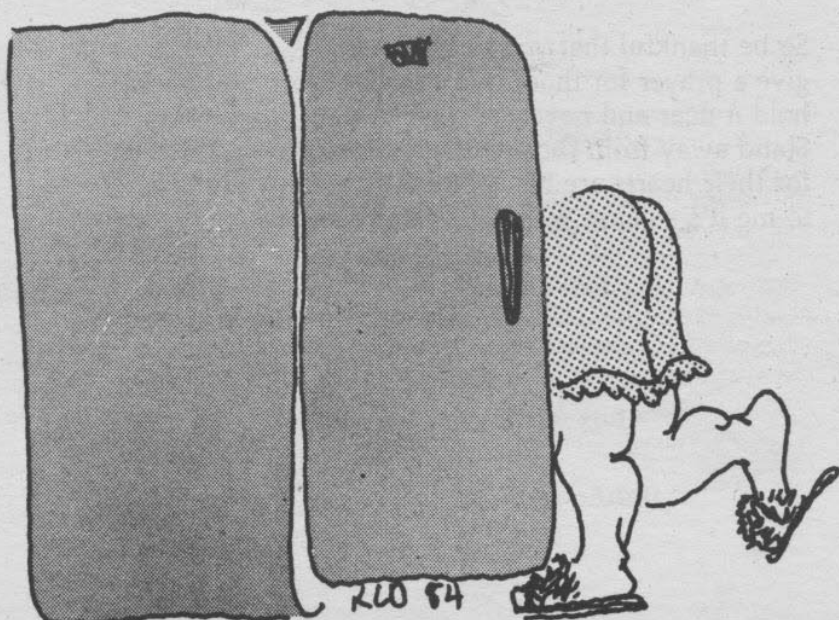
A sweet little dress, she says, but
 my dear,
 It doesn't do anything for me, I fear.

One after another, seams rip and pop
 But they don't do anything for her—
 Oh, stop!

Or I'll tell you, I swear, though you'll
 sue,
 It was really the Lord who did

Nothing for you!

Peg Hatfield



The Shape We're In

Skin, soft like powder, slippery when wet,
elastic, supple, supportive, and yet
it holds all our innards, resilient, and stout
Grows right along with us, correct in amount.

We lose a little each minute,
We can't even tell. Day by day,
on its own,
it just wears away.

Mine's pink. What's yours? Shall we change?
Wouldn't suit you, you say.
Well, I guess I agree
Mine's pink and will stay.

Skin-colored skin, what else would one say,
skin against mine, the warmest there is,
What goes best near my skin, is his.

Little gold hairs on my arm,
How quickly they stand in dread or alarm.
I sweat (through my skin),
Fear, Terror and Stink.
Skin changes with moods
Before you can think.

A sense organ, the skin,
one so many forget.
You can have me, I'm easy,
Just caress, touch or pet.

Pores, every where, individual cells,
A whole world so I'm told
When seen under glass-
Bacteria, Microbes, lice we can't see,
Reproduction, Destruction, Wars,
All happening on me.

The dog licks it, looking for what,
traces of love and who else is there.
Her person, the person, who means life and care.

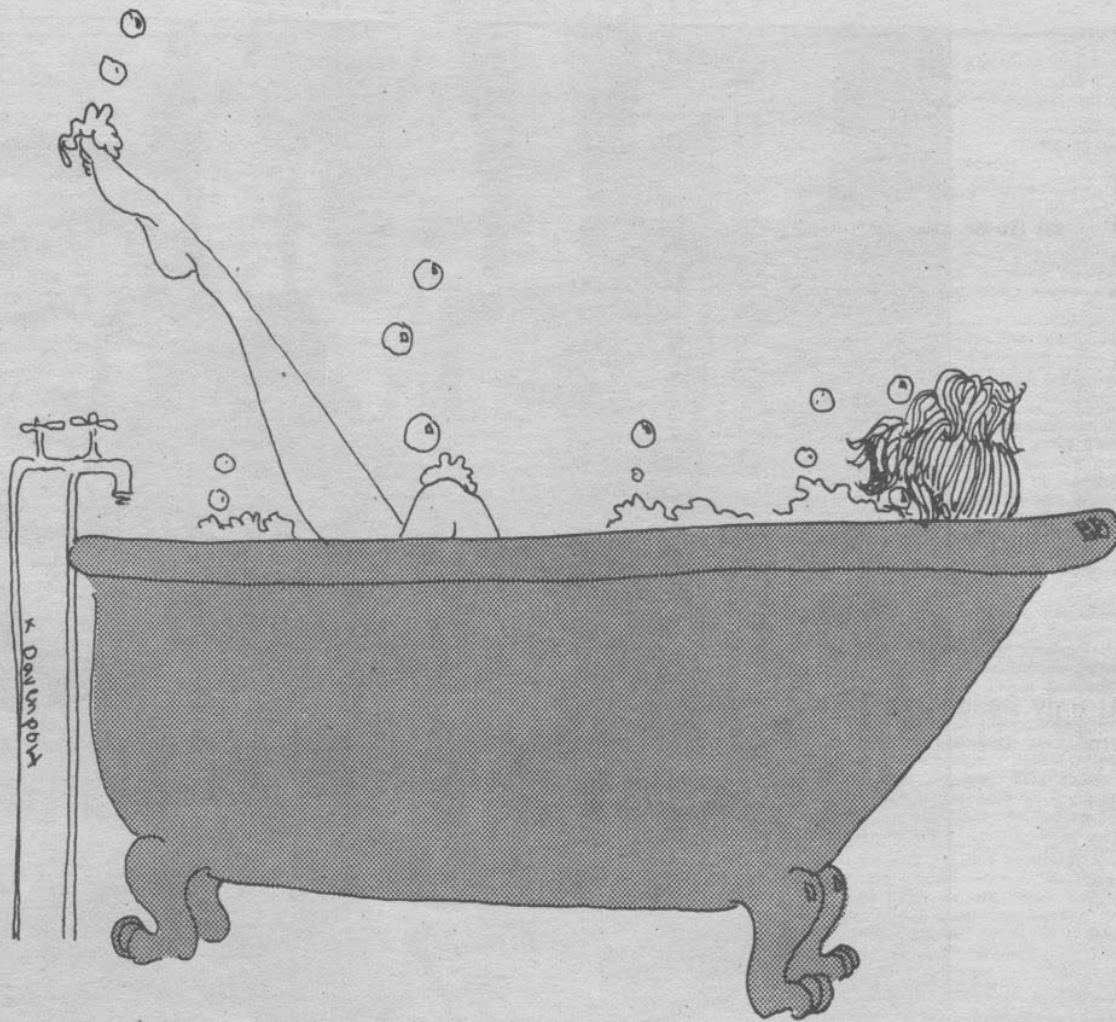
Babies—Ah! Yes! There's some wondrous skin,
so chubby, so fleshy, such jolly fun skin.
Touch, touch, at first, it's all they know.
When they grow more, touch starts to go.

Where does it go, you ask, How do I know?
It happened to me, on starting to grow.
Somewhere there's skin that hardly gets used.
Places there's even skin that's . . . Abused.

Skin-tight
Thick-skinned
Skinney-dip
Skin flint
Skinned knees
Skin-dive
Skin deep

Tight little words, the shape we are in
Shape—that's what it does.
Keeps our shape, keeps us firm,
Keeps us warm, safe from harm,
And, lest we lose sight,
Skin keeps it all in,
All safe and tight

Bonnie Crossley



The Toilet-Bathroom

Who designated that room as woman's work and where was I to voice an opinion?

You'll find the man of the house carrying out the garbage, mowing the lawn, or in front of the TV and occasionally doing the dishes. But cleaning the bathroom seems to fall in the same category as childbirth. "Women's work!" It's not a pleasant task or satisfying one, only necessary in order to keep the place livable. After you have cleaned the bathroom throughout, it doesn't take long for a few slob (loved ones) to have it back the same way again. Then you can give them a lecture and note that the door will be locked and opened only for guests, but while you are building your back yard shanty one of your nosey neighbors will ask what it is and finding out will be sure to turn you into the environmental control office where upon you will be fined. So the battle goes on and you are back to your weekly task of cleaning the bathroom and trying to keep it that way.

Looking at all the home decorating books of the nice bathrooms it never seems to take long before the true picture comes to mind. All those shiny fixtures hard water spotted along with the bathrub ring no bone ever claims to have left—it always was there before they took a bath.

The fluffy rugs matted down with water and the toothpaste capless on the counter.

Plants would be nice in the bathroom but bent over from towels hanging on them if the towels are lucky to be hung at all. But I think the clencher to it all came when I read somewhere that Mom should turn on a hot shower to help a headcold while cleaning the bathroom.

One other nice last thing is that no matter how long you are gone or what type of work you are involved in, it is always there waiting to be cleaned when you get back.

Irene Sweider



Photo by Eric Finster



Photo by Jan Bateman

Experienced

*Here - take my heart but leave
My both hands free
To firmly grasp propriety.*

*I'll gladly take the rushing
Thrill-packed ride,
With one eye on the tide.*

*I'll meet the challenge, answer
Quick the call,
And I will love you well
But trust you not at all!*

Peg Hatfield



photo by Jan Bateman