

# *New Tricks*



*Dakota State University*

*Sponsored by: Sigma Tau Delta  
Spring, 1995*



# *New Tricks*

The Literary Magazine  
of  
Dakota State University

## **Published by:**

Sigma Tau Delta,  
International English Honor Society

Brenda Eitemiller, Nikoa Stassi and Alie Wieringa,  
Editors

Editorial Board: Ken Hudson, Melissa Kaul, Ann  
Weber

Art Editor: Linda Black

Faculty Advisor: James Swanson

*Spring 1995*

Dakota State University  
Madison, South Dakota

Printed By: Leader Printing Company  
Madison, South Dakota



# Table Of Contents

My Backyard	
Kay Pearson . . . . .	1
Destined Love	
Tracy Larson . . . . .	2
Cupid's Fire	
David E. Lund . . . . .	2
For The Record	
Nikoa Slassi . . . . .	3
For The Record: Part II (1 year later)	
Nikoa Slassi . . . . .	4
Untitled	
Rick L. Janssen . . . . .	5
Random Waves of Grain	
David Ludwig . . . . .	6
Fuzzy	
Jim Janke . . . . .	10
Untitled	
Kay Pearson . . . . .	10
Purple Grape Jam	
Jane Rice . . . . .	11
Untitled	
brenda eitemiller . . . . .	12
X, Y, and Z	
Ann Weber . . . . .	13
The Woman Has Soul	
By Deb Henrikson . . . . .	14

1993	
Melissa Kaul . . . . .	16
for orange juice and vodka	
brenda eitemiller . . . . .	17
Peace Series III	
Marc L. Sundermeyer . . . . .	18
Untitled	
Melissa Kaul . . . . .	19
A November Day In South Dakota	
Ann Weber . . . . .	20
Untitled	
brenda eitemiller . . . . .	21
What I Have Slept With	
Brian Eitemiller . . . . .	22
A Daughter's Beginnings	
Ann Weber . . . . .	24
Clothes Make the Man?	
Jim Janke . . . . .	25
Summer by the Ocean in Holland	
Alie Wieringa . . . . .	25
Milking Time	
Jane Rice . . . . .	26
Memories From An Old Shoe Box	
Alie Wieringa . . . . .	27
1862	
Jim Janke . . . . .	28
Little Boy In The Highchair	
Ann Weber . . . . .	29



Untitled	
<i>Rick L. Janssen</i> . . . . .	30
The Troll	
<i>Ken Hudson</i> . . . . .	31
South Dakota Summer	
<i>Melissa Kaul</i> . . . . .	33
Bengali Music	
<i>Alie Wieringa</i> . . . . .	34
Untitled	
<i>Lauretta Perrine</i> . . . . .	34
Sleepy Days	
<i>Marc Sundermeyer</i> . . . . .	35
Good Night Kiss	
<i>Jason Dauwen</i> . . . . .	37
Sister Rose	
<i>Tanya Jaragoske</i> . . . . .	37
The Dream	
<i>Nikoa Stassi</i> . . . . .	38
We	
<i>Clyde Brashier</i> . . . . .	38
A Mother's Agony	
<i>Cyndi Underberg</i> . . . . .	40
Thumping in the Night	
<i>David E. Luna, Carol Larson, Brian Pruss</i> . . . . .	42

## Foreword

You are looking at the latest issue of New Tricks, a literary magazine published by Sigma Tau Delta of Dakota State University. Sigma Tau Delta is an international honor society for English majors. The DSU chapter was started in 1993 with six charter members. Since then, it has grown into an organization of ten. We organize many activities each semester; the largest activity is publishing the literary magazine. We would like to thank the students and faculty who submitted art work and manuscripts, Jan Hedley for helping with the cover design, and our sponsors for making this magazine financially possible. A very special thank you goes to John Laflin, the advisor for Sigma Tau Delta and James Swanson, the advisor for New Tricks. Without your efforts, this magazine would not have been possible.



# My Backyard

Kay Pearson

Coffee's brewing, eggs are crackling  
toast and marmalade on the kitchen table

Backdoor slamming, cavernous gulps of air, I'm  
here, I've arrived  
running down the stone path to my world of nature

Bending down to check the progress  
their colors peeking out to greet the sun

Such gifts of life - anew each Spring:  
Crocus, tenaciously fighting for their place amongst  
the wild flowers

Tulip petals a luscious ruby red  
like the lips of a wanton woman  
Delphiniums, bold blocks of color, so tall, so strong,  
sky scrapers in a rural setting

Their freshness is like none other  
Exuding their luster, they give promise and hope  
serenity



## Destined Love

Tracy Larson

We are still apart,  
dreaming of each other,  
waiting patiently to finally meet.  
The love we seek,  
we can find from no other,  
for until we're one,  
we won't be complete.

## Cupid's Fire

David E. Lund

Flaming arrows of love  
speeding through the air  
searching for a victim  
to pierce and scorch.  
They find their mark  
and penetrate deeply  
causing internal burning  
of passionate love.  
Because they are arrows,  
instruments of death,  
the defenseless heart  
is slowly bled dry.  
The feelings and emotions  
are boiled away  
leaving what was once there  
a charred, brittle piece.

---

*This Page Sponsored By: F&M Cafe*

## For The Record

Nikoa Stassi

Hi. I just wanted you to know ...  
I still care, but I am over you.  
I even quit playing that song  
over and over and over again.  
Two months of it was plenty for me.  
I met someone, by the way.  
(He's not you, but he'll do.)  
I have also stopped reading the stack  
of all the letters you wrote me.  
I thought about burning them,  
but instead decided to tie them  
neatly with a ribbon and hide  
them away in a shoe box (Nike).  
The picture you gave me is still  
on the night stand beside my bed,  
but I no longer cry over it (as often).  
I could go on and on explaining all  
the things that no longer remind me  
of you, but I think you understand.  
Just one more thing though...just for the record,  
I forgot about you a long time ago

---

*This Page Sponsored By: Sandy's Hallmark*



# For The Record

## Part II (1 year later)

Nikoa Stassi

Hi. I just wanted you to know...  
 Last week I buried what was  
 left of your memory in the snow  
 along with the ashes that were once  
 the stack of all the letters you wrote me.  
 Yes, I finally burned them and toasted  
 marshmallows over the flames as well.  
 I met someone, by the way.  
 (He's not you, thank God.)  
 I admit I still think about you,  
 but that's only when I roast marshmallows.

# Untitled

Rick L Janssen

if  
 jesters jest  
 clowns clown  
 jokers joke  
 fools fool  
 then  
 jesters fool  
 clowns jest  
 jokers clown  
 fools joke  
 when  
 jesters joke  
 clowns fool  
 jokers jest  
 fools clown  
 because  
 jesters clown  
 clowns joke  
 jokers fool  
 fools jest  
 if  
 jesters jest  
 clowns clown  
 jokers joke  
 and  
 fools fool



## Random Waves of Grain

David Ludwig

I've felt the beat of the beat, from the red orange neon skies of Hollywood to the solemn turbulent grays of the midwest. I've seen men weeping and women crying, to be heard but not noticed, to be noticed but not disrupted (corrupted?; nah, deep down in the murky quirky depths of our souls we all want to be corrupted (?)(!)). It's all in the skies, the eyes (the lies?).

I've seen people screaming for attention but wanting none. I've seen farmers and tractors and pheasants (peasants?) dead in the road. I heard the quick silent death of my grandfather in the languid pulsating Palm Springs heat, so far from home. I've run with him across oceans and continents; he knew how to run, he knew how not to run, he died long before I was born (I miss never knowing him, never bouncing in his arms or admiring his old-world narrow-minded but at the same time oh so insightful wisdom of experience, of life, of seeing).

I've seen movie stars and trash in the ocean both floating in the same way. I've seen anger in my mother's eyes and love in a stranger's. I've hit home runs with Mickey Mantle and danced with cotton picking plantation owned exploited used abused but still keeping their spirits high negroes in the south.

---

*This Page Sponsored By: DSU Sigma Tau Delta*

I've felt the vibes of the dusty smoke-filled Frisco jazz blues clubs of the fifties (sweat sweet Frisco, scene of life). I've danced to the cajun ramblings of a New Orleans bar joint. I've driven flown glided across America in all her intricate weaving intertwined highways byways (the intricacies of life love hate anger, passion). I weep for America in all her beautiful crusty neon homeless turbulent "will work for food or whatever the hell else you have to offer in the back streets of downtown Vegas, behind the neon." I've run with the fugitives and the Indians from the same pursuer.

I've heard the cries of the rich and shared the joy of the poor. (Give me your poor, your wretched, your huddled masses so that I may exploit them to add to the color of this place; God shed His grace on thee.) Flying, in a hopeless claustrophobic high class tour bus (737 or 757 or whatever the name of that damned little fifty person overcrowded commuter plane is) I have grinned all knowingly god-like at the treasures down below ("peaceful place, so it looks from space"). I've been harassed by the cops and the robbers and just about everybody in between, I have hugged them all (those bastard colorful everybodys that I hate to love).

I've seen sexual dementia and religious morality abstinence dementia. And I kiss them both on the mouth and beat them with a New York cop's battered overused abused nightstick and leave them bloody

---

*This Page Sponsored By: DSU Sigma Tau Delta*



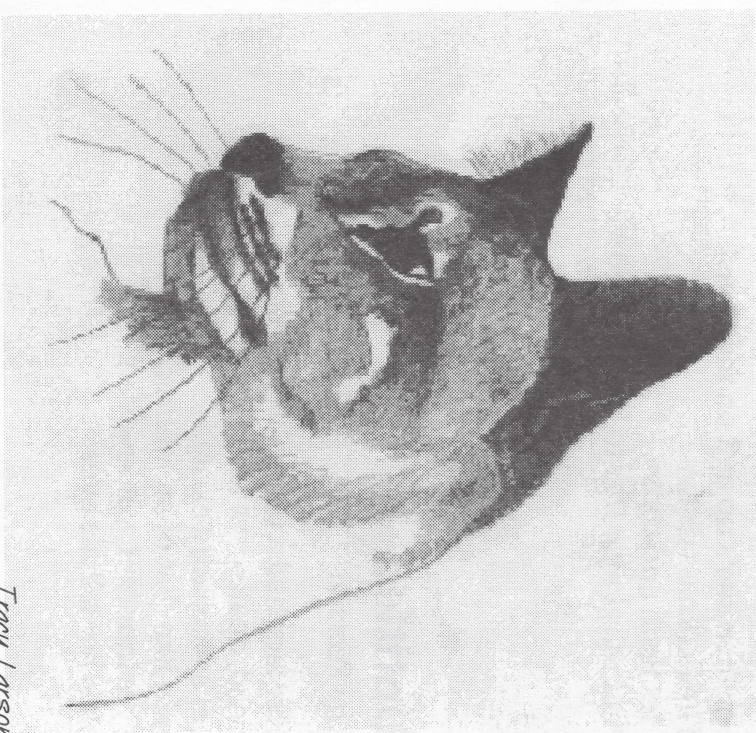
and writhing under the green skies they call home. I've seen men kill men with weapons not yet invented but more cruel and harsh than anything we could possibly conceive, kissing killing one another in the middle of main street in a small midwestern town that no one has heard of but everyone is familiar with. These are my brothers. I can see their faces illuminated by the swift neon of the American dream. I want to dance with them; I do, I have danced with them (we dance the same dance in American neon insanity).

My own demented warped divine hallucinations have showed me things the likes of which you can't imagine, warped twisted poetic truthful visions of reality in the eyes flies of America, green red orange blue ugly neon monsters shaking hands with twisted crippled homeless (helpless?) veterans on the sidewalk in front of some middle America squeaky clean white Baptist church in the middle of the day (always that same blinding dusty-white church, hurts your eyes to look at, white bright f-light).

When I was born I dove out of the ocean and never stopped swimming. I fly with the birds and swim with the trees and dig holes in the air with an old rusty overused used-to-be-silver spoon. My life is that of everyone, of no one, singing springing swinging across America oblivious to time knowing only that

which is in front of my pitiful straining to see it all but always missing something eyes. I grew up with insects on (in) my head and clouds for shoes, tread always worn out.

I want to be able to scream and not be heard but helped, I want to run away (I don't need rain to grow). I feel the shame, the pain, the rain of America. She doesn't need me but I need her (is this love?).



Tracy Larson



## Fuzzy

*Jim Janke*

My cat is lying on the floor,  
Her eyes clenched tight  
Against the light  
That floods in through the open door.

Her breathing comes in easy sighs;  
Her nervous twitch  
From dreaming which  
Will end before the evening dies.

For then she's up and on the prowl.  
The darkness draws  
Her teeth and claws,  
And mice must fear to hear her growl.

## Untitled

*Kay Pearson*

Her face had a cameo-like quality  
regal, opalescent features  
yet a simplicity existed  
skin like that of an infant child  
eyes innocent, yet knowing  
alas, her telltale eyes

## Purple Grape Jam

*Jane Rice*

Buckets of small purple balls  
Floating in crystal clear water.  
Balls pulled away from stems,  
To be popped in a kettle.

White, shiny sugar,  
Poured in a stream,  
Over the small purple balls.  
Purple mixture bubbles, and boils.

Thick, purple sauce,  
Hot, sweet, thick sauce.  
Pouring, and filling glass jars.  
Thick, sweet, steamy, purple sauce,  
Waiting to be tasted.



## Untitled

brenda eitemiller

bone cold  
no cover shall cure this  
Velvet Elvis.  
Red Passion Variety No. 2  
night grows  
to be high  
the drowning sounds of midnight  
can not reckon this  
Velvet Elvis.  
my hand is mine to comfort this  
And I had a picture of happiness  
Velvet Elvis.  
times remembered  
the past insists  
bone cold  
no cover shall cure this  
for you are  
Velvet Elvis.

---

*This Page Sponsored By: DSU Sigma Tau Delta*

## X, Y, and Z

Ann Weber

Help...  
I need a reason for Algebra  
I do not see a purpose  
For all the x's, y's and z's  
  
I spend many lost hours  
Looking for an elusive z  
I must justify the time  
Spent with paper and pencil  
  
Patrick wants help with a puzzle  
I look for the value of x  
Larry wants supper  
I'm looking for a lost z  
  
Every night I pray  
Lord, let me just get a C  
So I will never have to look  
Again for the x's, y's and z's

---

*This Page Sponsored By: DSU Sigma Tau Delta*



# The Woman Has Soul

By Deb Henrikson

She woke to find herself alone, a state that has been happening more often than she will admit. As the clock ticks past 1:00 and moves swiftly to 2:00 she feels the dark grow closer and heavier with each tick. She begins to roleplay the scene that will unfold when the door opens, then closes and the familiar footsteps are heard climbing the stairs.

**1:00**

She sees the first play. She is strong, forceful and angry. He is cowardly and pitiful in the shame he feels for putting her through the agony night after night. "I'm leaving you if things don't change," she says. "I don't have to live this way. I can find someone who loves me, appreciates me and will give me what I need. I can't take this stress of being alone and waiting." She then sees herself throwing his clothes outside and telling him to find someone else who is dumb enough to wait for him. He begins to cry and says he'll change. But she will not give in; she stands with her legs spread, arms folded and head held high while she tells him, "Get Out!"

She sits back, using her pillows as a back rest, and smiles. Now there's a woman with soul, strong, confident!

---

*This Page Sponsored By: DSU Sigma Tau Delta*

**2:00**

She begins to pray, "Lord Jesus, bring him home safely!" She sees the second play begin. His is in a ditch. The car lies sideways with the tires still spinning. He is bloody and crawling, calling her name. She stops this play quickly, she can't go on without him in her life.

The next play follows quickly. He is in an apartment. Dual laughter comes from the next room. He leaves, but first makes a date to meet in two nights just like always. She ends this play quickly also; if she can not have him no one will! She can't bear the vision of him in someone else's arms.

**2:30**

The tears begin! Lack of sleep, emotional strain and loneliness have overcome her. She can not be angry anymore. She prays he will come home to her. When he does she knows coming home and being with her is his choice. Whatever he has done tonight, he still comes home to her.

**3:00**

The door opens, then closes and he climbs the stairs...

---

*This Page Sponsored By: DSU Sigma Tau Delta*



## 1993

Melissa Kaul

Palms together  
 Your hand in mine  
 Fingers slip a millimeter to the right and close  
 Over my heart, shielding my soul,  
 Not letting go  
 Never Letting go.

And still holding on,  
 Still holding on....  
 A green line across a cold black screen,  
 Constantly beeping.  
 And holding on,

Holding on,  
 White-knuckled,  
 Clutching,  
 Slipping,  
 But holding.

Dazing eyes and subconscious nightmares  
 Haunt me Helplessness—

Clutching,  
 Holding,  
 Forgetting.

---

*This Page Sponsored By: DSU Sigma Tau Delta*

## for orange juice and vodka

brenda eitemiller

As he bled on my perfect beige carpet  
 I paused to wonder "what makes minutes flee,  
 scurry, like squirrels collecting for winter  
 Or where time goes as it courses out his perfect  
 bald head"  
 pouring onto my carpet  
 in the most magnificent blood red  
 collecting in piles like months and years  
 multiplied to mark birthdays and anniversaries  
 of death—to wipe this pool  
 is in earnest but a blatant mistruth.  
 For we, collectively,  
 have had much too much to drink.

---

*This Page Sponsored By: Ken Hudson*



## Peace Series III

Marc L. Sundermeyer

The small forest of tall trees reach up to the sun's  
warm light.

The grass sways in the breezes that weave among  
the trees.

A beach of tanned sand bathes in the cool waters to  
my right.

Fields plowed to the color of pepper spilled upon  
the floor to my left.

Rusting behind me is the old fence to protect our  
claims.

In hand are some seeds to plant by the old grave.

To be here, I have walked along the untouched  
plains.

Worshipping the peace that flows from here, to  
everywhere.

## Untitled

Melissa Kaul

Tonight I noticed

The sign on the corner

It read: "Ernie's Liquor,"

With a half-burned out light bulb

Flickering off and on in

Uncertain pulses.

Hundreds of times unnoticed.

Worlds moving fast...

Each of us in our own,

Revolving around

Orbits of self-interest

Without magnetic poles.



## A November Day In South

### Dakota

Ann Weber

The day is warm and bright  
A caressing breeze brings the sun  
Oh, the blessing of a spring day in November  
I take time to smell the freshness

Suddenly, the wind turns on me  
Where did that leaden sky come from?  
Soon flakes start to show up in the wind  
Just a few tentative feathers

It's time to head for home  
The highway is covered with slop  
The wipers struggle to push the snow aside  
Faster and faster

How many miles yet to go?  
The world is reduced  
To the shortened view before the car

The car trudges onward  
Toward home  
Where is the spring day?

---

*This Page Sponsored By: Tread and Trail*

## Untitled

brenda eiemiller

Quiet-to thrust towards life  
to spill and ease towards death  
to ache a while  
(all the while)  
in between.

Late for dinner. I am always  
late for dinner.

Silenced sliced by quiet—  
blackened hooded night  
table placed with  
crisp, dark linens and  
brass candlesticks, rich  
red wine to taste  
quiet—late  
for dinner.

I don't care to be  
on time for wine or tea  
(while it is served by thee)  
Blackened hooded night.  
For I shall be  
always and forever—  
late for dinner.

---

*This Page Sponsored By: The Victorian*



## What I Have Slept With

Brian Eitemiller

I have slept with darkness, the only way to sleep.

I have slept with my mom, but only during thunderstorms.

I have slept with my sister, but she always got the floor.

I have slept with my dog, she died in my bed.

I have slept with my teddy bear, he was soft and cute.

I have slept with my night light, until I was seven.

I have slept with the wilderness, compliments of Dad.

I have slept with a bedpan, I hate being sick.

I have slept with the Bible, pondering my existence.

I have slept with the t.v. on, Letterman in my subconscious.

I have slept with my contacts in, that infection hurt.

I have slept with my right hand, but everyone does.

I have slept with my uncle, but I don't want to talk about it.

I have slept with Rhonda, my first love.

I have slept with the porcelain god, oh what a night.

I have slept with a high school teacher, she gave me an "A".

I have slept with my roommate's girlfriend, what a mess.

I have slept with an entire Chem class, how boring can you get?

I have slept with girls from bars, told them I'd call, never did.

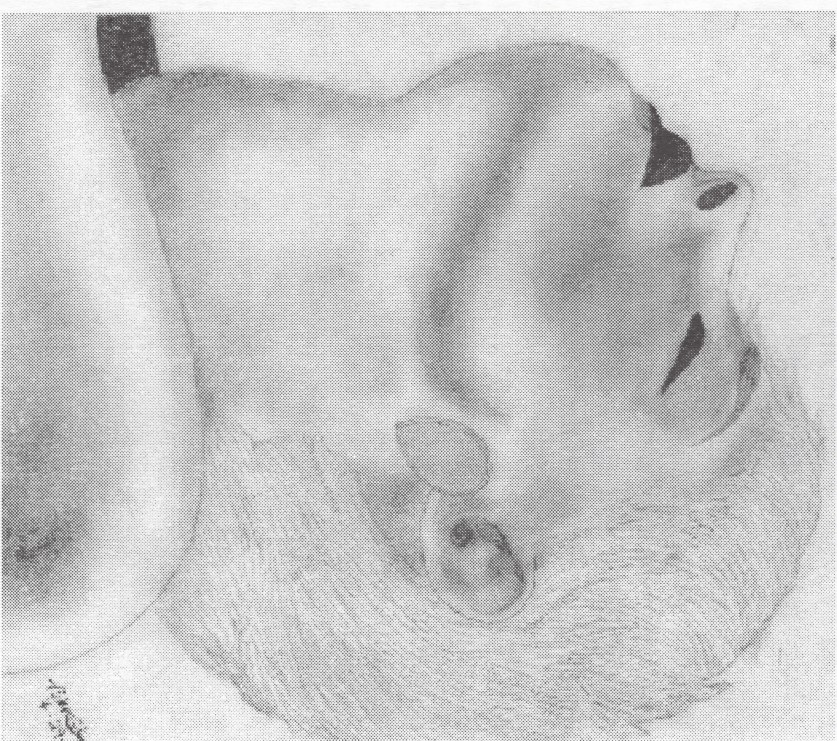
*This Page Sponsored By: KJAM Radio*

I have slept with Xanax, a mild but helpful tranquilizer.

I have slept with my wife, and always will.

I have slept with my son, part of me, and a part of my wife.

I have slept with Kathy Ireland, but then I woke up.



*Nikoa Stassi*

*This Page Sponsored By: DSU Thespian Club*



## A Daughter's Beginnings

Ann Weber

I held your hand  
And we walked to your first day of school  
At ten I took you again  
To a new school in a new town

Soon it was time to load your stuff  
And take you to college  
I stood by while you got your bearings  
A hug and a pat sent you into your new life

I had hardly turned around  
When it was time to help you furnish a house  
That time it took paint and drapes  
Along with a hug and a pat  
To send you into yet another new life

Now you make the most important beginning of  
your life  
Someone else helps you this time  
You must forgive a few tears  
As we lovingly give both of you pats and hugs  
To send you into this new life together

## Clothes Make the Man?

Jim Janke

There was a coyote named Guido,  
Who wore a goatee and tuxedo,  
But looks couldn't stop  
The shot from a cop  
While robbing a store in Toledo.

## Summer by the Ocean in Holland

Allie Wieringa

I'm wearing my sunglasses, although it's raining  
They protect my eyes from the sand that is flying  
around  
but they can't protect my mouth  
I eat sand every time I try to breathe  
I feel it crunching between my teeth when I talk  
I spit

I can't hear the usual sounds of birds singing  
on a hot summer's day  
There is only the sound of the wind whistling in  
my ear, and  
of waves crashing onto the beach  
These are the sounds that make me feel warm  
inside  
I spit again and sit down to listen.



## Milking Time

Jane Rice

Evening time,  
The orange sun hangs heavy in the sky.  
The evening air is cooling,  
And the locusts buzz loudly in the trees.

Grandpa goes to the barn,  
Pitches hay into the troughs,  
And opens the pasture door.

Outside, the cows are called  
Obediently, single file cows enter  
Filling their stalls for milking time.  
They lick up mouthfuls of the golden hay,  
As Grandpa connects them to the tubes.

The suction starts with a slurp.  
Noises of slurping, sucking, gurgling,  
Are so loud, for so long,  
It leaves the ears ringing.

## Memories From An Old Shoe Box

Alie Wieringa

A smile creeps on my face when I look at our  
picture  
Our eyes so bright, our mouths laughing  
as we were playing in your back yard  
We were so happy then

Then you moved to another town  
I remember the pain of an infected finger  
after we'd sworn to be blood sisters  
Friends forever and ever...

Oh, and here's the postcard you sent me  
Yeah, some friends we were  
That was the last time I ever heard from you  
The trace of a tear on my face  
and a salty taste as it reaches my lips  
You even spelled my name wrong.



## 1862

Jim Janke

*The Monitor and the Merrimac*

One day in March in the Hampton Roads  
 Went out to battle and fire their loads  
 Of shot and shell and each other whack.

The *Congress* sank on the previous day,  
 And, too, the *Cumberland* burned and died,  
 Although the Federals fiercely tried  
 To keep the ironclad far at bay.

The Union ships had their wooden walls,  
 And mighty guns that could hurl huge shot,  
 But they the *Merrimac* proved could not  
 Withstand gray shell guns and iron balls.

Four hours of fighting at point blank range,  
 Four hours of pounding and fire that day  
 Showed all who saw the two ships that they  
 To naval warfare had brought a change.

From then on navies of wooden craft  
 Were obsolete and there was no ship  
 That dared not bow and flag to tip  
 To the *Monitor* or the *Merrimac*.

---

*This Page Sponsored By: Nikola Stassi*

## Little Boy In The Highchair

Ann Weber

How can it be?  
 Are you a ghost?  
 You seem the same  
 As the boy of twenty-seven years ago

You have the same hair  
 You have the same eyes  
 You have the same frown  
 As the boy of twenty-seven years ago

You sit in the same chair  
 You make the same mess  
 You squeal the same squeal  
 As the boy of twenty-seven years ago

When I come on you  
 Suddenly I am a young mother  
 And you are your father  
 The boy of twenty-seven years ago

---

*This Page Sponsored By: Brenda M. Eitemiller*



# Untitled

Rick L. Janssen

Product  
Conceived produce  
Sealed  
Packaged  
UPCed  
To conceive  
More product  
Before  
Expiration  
Date



Nikoa Skassi

This Page Sponsored By: Jim Janke

# The Troll

Ken Hudson

Keep your Kindness.  
Your generosity is Ingenuous  
and Self Serving.

Such displays of shameless humanitarianism  
I find revolting.  
Pity me not.  
For I find great comfort in my solitude.  
My sores and bruises are my solace.  
And my desperation  
Keeps me warm at night.

Far worse than ragged, rugged repulsiveness of my  
exterior,  
is the mockery of mercy you make behind a mask.  
In the name of caring and sympathy.

A dandy enterprise you've built for yourself as a  
professional charlatan.  
I receive not your false sentiment, take it from here.

My dwelling place is 'neath a rickety bridge.  
By choice not poverty or want.

The shoes of those who've tried before,  
now burn in a smoky fire over which boils  
a stew kettle of entrails and juice.

This Page Sponsored By: Jubilee Foods



A stack of bones testify to the many a bumbling  
do-gooder  
who thought only to wrest me from this misery.  
Yours will be next, lest you leave here and soon  
under vaporous mist and shadowy moon.  
If I wanted your assistance,  
I'd strangle it from you.



Tracy Larson

---

*This Page Sponsored By: DSU Math Science Club*

## South Dakota Summer

Melissa Kaul

I see  
My father's field  
From the east window,  
Living green ocean letting  
The wind  
Ripple waves  
Deep and long  
Across tasseled stalks and silk-laden stems.

Barbed-wire strings  
Strung between poles  
Sagging and

bent

Here  
and

there

Hold the ocean but not  
The wind.

Neighbors and friends slowly  
Drive by, tires tossing dust from the  
Road up into the wind.

With windows cranked down  
Heads look left,

then right,

Then left,

then right,

And maybe left again - watching  
Oceans of corn  
Growing in the humid  
Haze of a day in July.

---

*This Page Sponsored By: DSU Math Science Club*



## Bengali Music

Alie Wieringa

Emotional voices accompany sweet tunes  
They're singing in a language I don't understand  
But it doesn't matter

We're lying on the bed, listening  
It's a love song, you say  
Your strong, masculine arms around my shoulders

My heart is smiling

## Untitled

Lauretta Perrine

Blue Mountains standing tall as if sentries  
Pale morning sunlight casting lonely shadows  
Village women washing their laundry in a nearby  
stream

Solemn faces I see along the path

Thatched roofs dotted in the distance  
Rice paddies patchworked throughout the land  
My heart reaches out to you  
Korea, land of the morning calm.

---

*This Page Sponsored By: Dakota Drug and Jewelry*

## Sleepy Days

Marc Sundermeyer

Eyes dart open to the electronic sound  
Nails being scratched over a chalkboard  
The body rushes with instinct  
A slapping kills the small beast

The cold then hot then warm liquid pours  
Artificial rain cleans with soap and cloth  
Hands fumble through sliding doors and boxes  
Garments pleasing only to the eye assemble

Hair, a mix from one to another, stroked into order  
Obeying the commands of scented sprays and  
liquids

A late look to the clock scares the mind  
The heart quickens the beats to speed the rush

Off to the outside, no time for food  
Stomach grumbles with anger  
Arrival is successful for today  
The leader comes right behind

Sitting forward to follow commands  
Listening to the hollow voice with boredom  
Slumping back down to the morning's position  
Sleep, without consideration, lovingly holds you

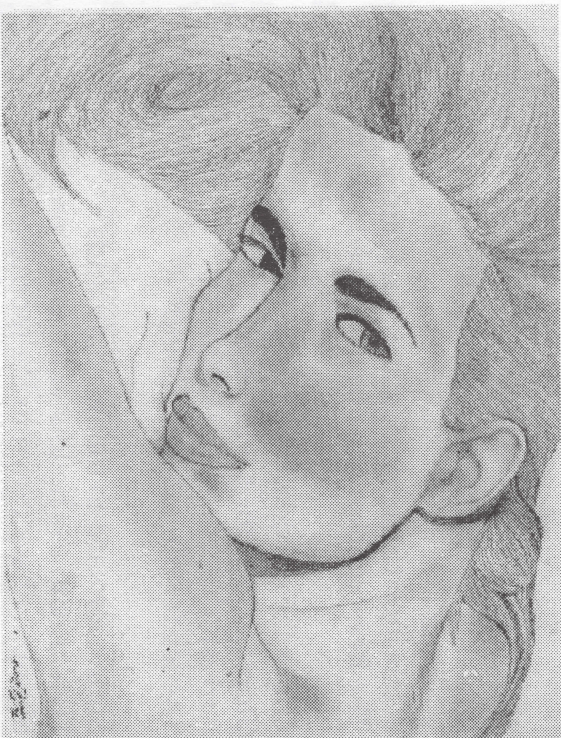
Dreams of breakfast and someone beside you  
The false comfort not seen by the others  
Tapping finger scares the sleep  
Muscles jerk with fear

---

*This Page Sponsored By: Veronica Feeney*



Time to pass to the next room  
 Everyone leaving in a stir of mumbles  
 Home is hours away  
 The tired body shall sleep, anyway.



*Nikoa Stassi*

*This Page Sponsored By: Jim Swanson*

## Good Night Kiss

*Jason Dauwen*

The candlelight retreats into the darkness  
 And the darkness into the night  
 And the night into the  
 red Blooming roses and white wine  
 The white and the red mingle in your lips  
 And your lips mingle with mine  
 The white and the red burn in the fire  
 A warm comfortable orange inside of you  
 A pale lonely blue inside of me  
 The blue invades your eyes  
 Teased by the orange passions inside  
 That dance with the gray ambiguity inside mine  
 And then a tender kiss of no color  
 that is an infinite rainbow that breaks  
 the dark black cold of the night  
 And the night escapes into the darkness  
 And the darkness escapes into the light

## Sister Rose

*Tanya Jaragoske*

Sister Rose  
 So sweet, so beautiful,  
 as delicate and fragile as I,  
 can be destroyed  
 by one single cruel hand,  
 but the seeds of our souls  
 will always remain  
 to grow and bloom  
 once again...

*This Page Sponsored By: John Laflin*



## The Dream

Nikoa Stassi

The dream always comes when  
I'm too deep in my sleep to escape it.  
It bores its way to the back of my brain.  
Its soul aim is simply to remain.  
I give it life, or it gives me pain.  
It lives within me and I within it.  
We're trapped with no way out.  
Imperishable, it swells in my memory.  
There's no way to break the spell  
that dwells in my soul for eternity.  
Hand in hand, it will always be  
this lingering dream and me.

## We

Clyde Brushier

This I saw  
Or imagined it  
Or dreamt it.  
On the far horizons  
Furious battles raged  
Men died  
Women and children cried  
and sometimes died.  
Leaders stood along the battle's edge  
And proclaimed with glee  
and ecstasy  
We are winning.  
Always we  
The collective we  
The grand and glorious we.

---

*This Page Sponsored By: John Laflin*

Darest thou not to fight  
And bleed  
And die

For your country  
For your fellowman  
For your Leaders  
Thou cowardly cur  
Times demand it.  
People demand it  
We sacrifice  
We plan  
We conquer  
Yours is only  
To follow orders  
To enter the fray  
To beat back the foe  
To die when necessary  
We will honor you  
We will glorify you  
We will sing your praise  
You will be remembered  
You will be revered  
You will be immortal  
But  
Dead

---

*This Page Sponsored By: Cecelia Wittmayer*



## A Mother's Agony

Cyndi Underberg

"Hush little baby don't you cry..." I can hear myself singing, ever so softly, but am not sure why I'm singing. My baby isn't crying. In fact, he's just lying there listless, almost lifeless. NO! I will not think that way! I nuzzle my nose against the soft fuzz of baby hair; it's damp and salty smelling. My shirt is soaking wet where he is resting against me. Dear God, my baby is burning up. Where is Dr. Carroll?

Trying to stay calm and to hold back the tears that are stinging my eyes, I look around. The doctor's office is bright and cheery, painted a sunshine yellow. Photos of teddybears and trains adorn the walls. What a contrast to the fear and anxiety I'm feeling. I can hear people outside. Someone says to get Dr. Carroll quickly. I recognize the voice. It's Dr. Carroll's nurse, Jody; a baby is crying...

Kenneth whimpers like a lost puppy. I hold him closer but this only makes him whimper more. I gently rub his hot, sweaty back. I can smell the baby lotion that I'd lovingly rubbed on it earlier, mingled with the sweet smell of my dripping breast milk. My whole body is responding to my baby's whimper.

Behind the closed door there is a rush of activity, sounds of running, hushed yelling, and controlled confusion. Where are they? Why don't they hurry?

Kenneth tenses and then becomes stiff. His whole body is rigid. I am frozen with fear, unable to move, useless. I look down at my baby. He's flung his body straight back. His eyes are open, rolled back into the dark recess of his head. The corners of his mouth are turning blue. And then nothing. He goes totally limp. There is nothingness.

Dear God, my baby is dead. I cry out, screaming. Faceless white coats take my baby away from me. More of the white coats come into the room. My muddled mind finally realizes that the one white coat is Dr. Carroll and that she is bending over Kenneth. I hear him whimper, and then Jody gently leads me out.



## Thumping in the Night

David Lund, Carol Larson, Brian Pruss

Returning to my room mentally and physically  
drained

I fall into my bed ready for a night of hard earned  
rest.

On the verge of consciousness I am pulled back to  
reality by the sound of thumping in the night.  
Through darkness I hear a beating on the wall,  
Like a train departing from the station slowly and  
rhythmically accelerating until it reaches a climactic  
pace

releasing steam as it chugs along.  
Then through the wall comes a high piercing  
screach as the train comes braking into the  
station

after finishing a hard run,  
unloading its contents and preparing for another  
trip.

After this, sleep eludes me so I rise and smoke a  
cigarette, sleep totally forgotten.