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literary & art  
magazine  
volume 4, edition 2  
spring 1974

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s.v. small, editor  
sue hinton, faculty advisor

south oklahoma city junior college  
oklahoma city, oklahoma

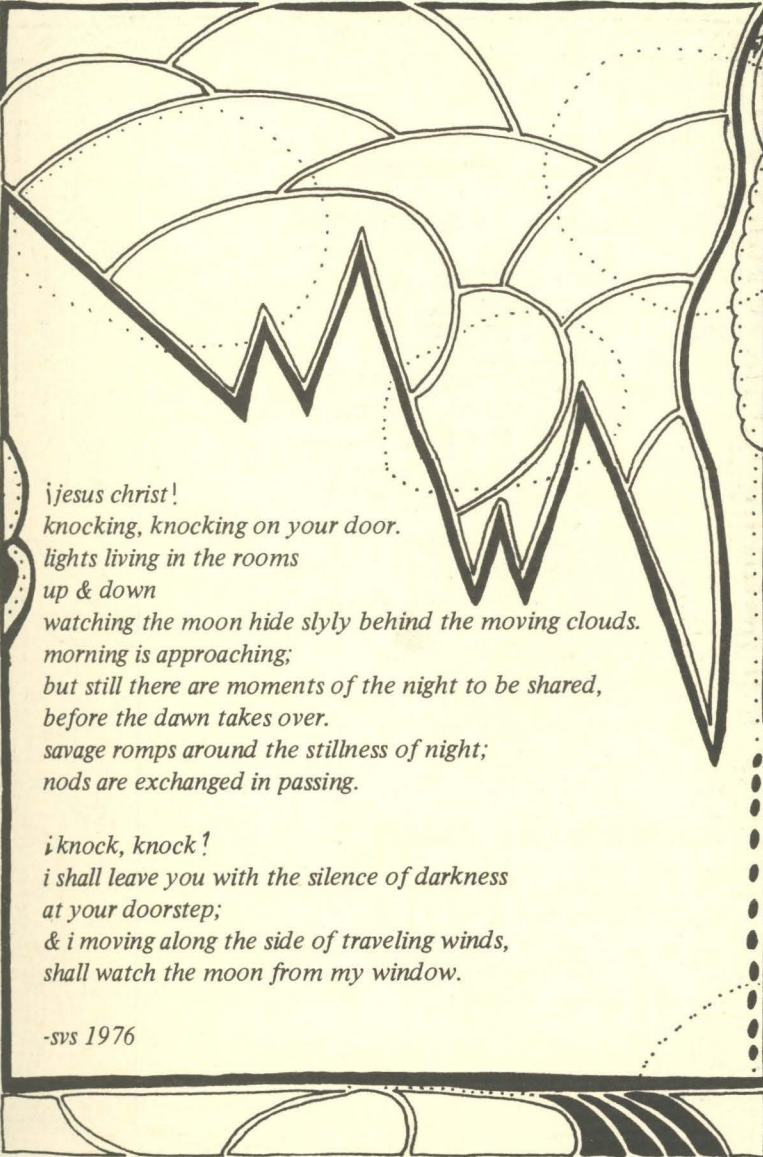
OCT 07 2010  
130

# ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Thanks go to:

Clay Randolph  
Daniel Schmid  
Estelle-Jean  
Gary Smith  
Lee Libby Cunningham  
Lela Shidell  
Linda Otto  
Mary Mayfield  
Martha Wolf  
Patty Staggs  
Paula Frederick  
Richard Rouillard  
Sally Ferris

Printed in U.S.A.



*i jesus christ!  
knocking, knocking on your door.  
lights living in the rooms  
up & down  
watching the moon hide slyly behind the moving clouds.  
morning is approaching;  
but still there are moments of the night to be shared,  
before the dawn takes over.  
savage romps around the stillness of night;  
nods are exchanged in passing.*

*i knock, knock!  
i shall leave you with the silence of darkness  
at your doorstep;  
& i moving along the side of traveling winds,  
shall watch the moon from my window.*

-svs 1976

## 6 dreams & journeys

*richard rouillard*  
*katya*  
*laura ethridge*  
*trudy hale*  
*wanda brayton*  
*margo gordon*  
*diane f. walker*  
*patty staggs*  
*bobby trusley*

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*karen yoesting*  
*bobby trusley*  
*rita cain*  
*rebecca dover*  
*trudy hale*  
*bee whiting*  
*bob klaassen*  
*margo gordon*  
*bob klaassen*  
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*creative writing contest*  
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*april 1976*



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gainesville, texas  
april 1976*


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*dennis cunningham*

layout design & illustration, susan small

# DREAMS & JOURNEYS

6



More delicate than swans down  
More fragrant than incense from the east,  
Herbs and spices add flavor and  
Smells that change food  
From necessity to pleasure.

So it is with people when  
Mystic touches, soft delicate, and  
Well perceived, reach out  
Across the mountains and the  
Deserts and the mountains  
With an herb of nearness to  
Add a flavor to our lives  
That miles cannot cause to fade.

— Richard Rouillard



## THE WATER

WAS IT HER FATHER  
OR WAS IT THE WINTER  
THAT STRANGLED THE GROUND  
AND DENIED THE LIVING  
THE COLD THAT HAD FOUND HER  
IN LONG AGO WINTER  
HAD NOT LET HER SLIP AWAY  
EVEN MOLDING HER LIFE

I WANT TO GO BACK TO THE WATER NOW  
DOWN TO THE SAND IN NIGHTTIME ILLUSION  
WHERE I DON'T HAVE TO SEE ALL THAT I'VE DONE  
ONLY WAVES WAITING TO SET ME FREE.

SHE IS INDIFFERENT, NO.  
BUT HER VOICE CANNOT BE HEARD  
BUT IN SUMMERS OF EMOTION  
SHE IS WEEPING IN QUIET CORNERS  
FOR THE LONG AGO RAIN  
THAT HAD SEEN HER RUNNING LAUGHTER,  
A THOUSAND YEARS, A THOUSAND MILES,  
BEHIND THE ICY COVERED GROUND.

I WANT TO GO BACK TO THE WATER NOW  
DOWN WHERE THE TIDE CAN SMOOTH EVERYTHING RIGHT  
WHERE WOUNDED CREATURES ARE QUIET AND WARM  
AND ALL MY PAST IS LOST IN SOLITUDE.

—KATYA

## TRAVELERS

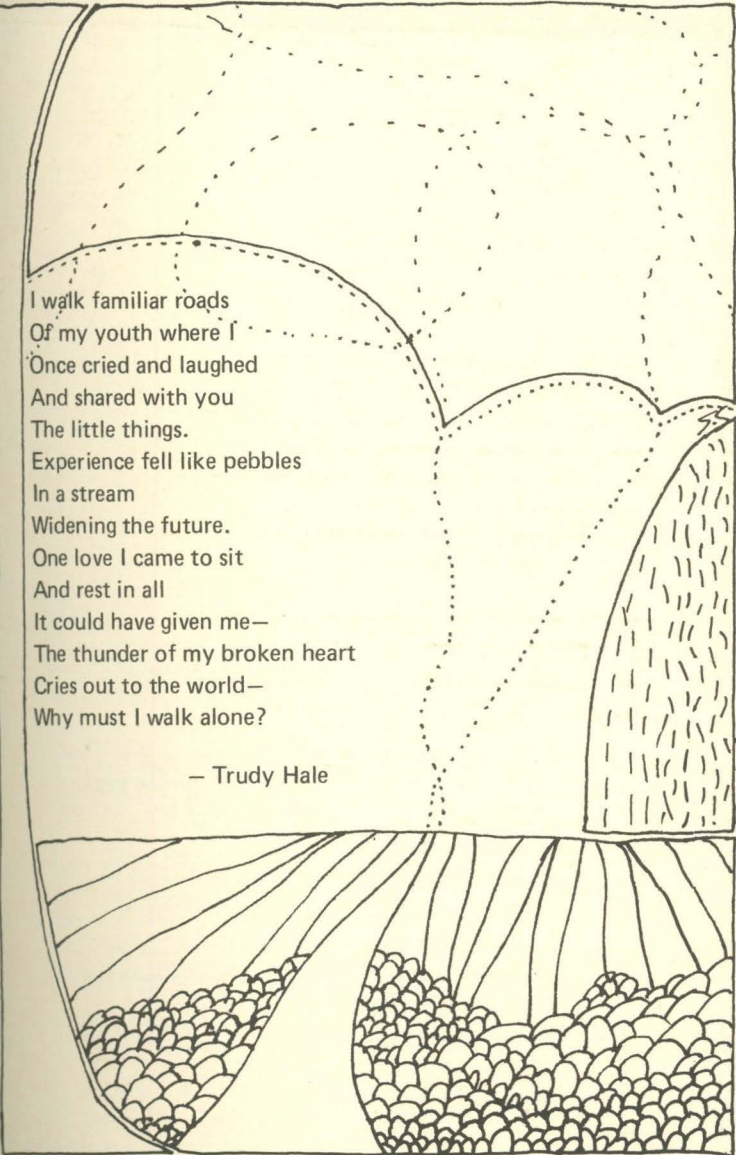
WE ALL ARE IN THE SAME BOAT,  
ROWING TOWARD A DISTANT LIGHT.  
BUFFETING WAVES AND ICY WINDS  
HAVE WEARIED US ALL NIGHT,  
'TIL WE ARE SNAPPING AND SCRAPPING,  
INSTEAD OF BATTLING  
THE WAVES OF IGNORANCE,  
THE WINDS OF DOUBT.

LET'S WIELD OUR OARS SKILLFULLY  
LEST OUR COURSE WAVERS,  
CURSING THE WIND AND WAVES BUT  
NEVER OUR FELLOW-TRAVELERS.

— LAURA ETHRIDGE



# DREAMS & JOURNEYS

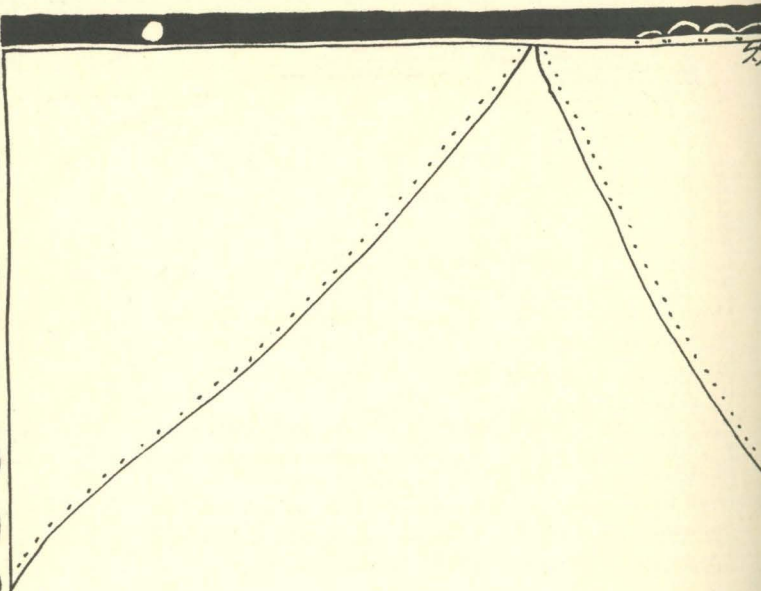


I walk familiar roads  
Of my youth where I  
Once cried and laughed  
And shared with you  
The little things.  
Experience fell like pebbles  
In a stream  
Widening the future.  
One love I came to sit  
And rest in all  
It could have given me—  
The thunder of my broken heart  
Cries out to the world—  
Why must I walk alone?

— Trudy Hale

# DREAMS & JOURNEYS

10



i am the path and you are the traveler  
i beckon you onward  
my whispering voice echoes through the trees;  
you stumble on, unseeing, as if in a trance  
follow me onward  
does my rough surface make you weary?  
i grab a bit of your soul with every step  
travel onward, weary stranger  
there are many sights you have not yet seen  
follow my unending path  
travel onward till the end is nigh

Wanda Brayton

## DREAMS VS. REALITY

You know I think I recall telling you how I like your  
style and all . . .  
Yeah, that's my problem

Just yesterday I saw a brother in a too cold 240Z  
I really like that ride . . . it was cold/my rent was due . . .

I happen to recall that I needed to get on down to the  
supermarket . . . If only I could meet that brother in that  
fine 240Z . . . cause I need a ride . . .

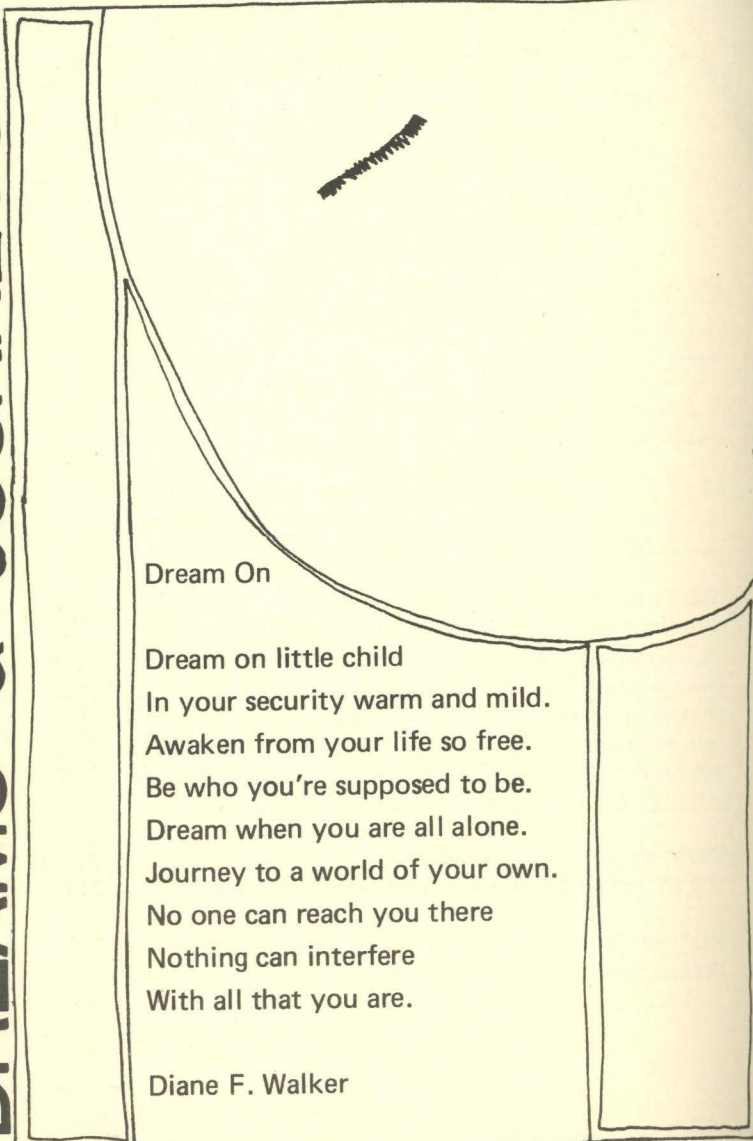
With all of this in mind  
I think it's kind of important  
To concentrate on that brother even if it is imperative that  
I buy my son those shoes he needs so bad. Love vs. Survival  
Dreams vs. Reality . . . what a drag  
I got too many things to think about and that's no fun  
But that's life and I'm always talkin' bout how I luv life  
and livin . . .

Crazy, ain't it? Well maybe so . . . but while I'm rappin' on  
you are nodding your head in agreement cause you feel what  
I say . . .  
But your ride is parked out front and you gotta go cause  
Dreams always verse Reality . . .

— Margo Gordon

# DREAMS & JOURNEYS

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Dream On

Dream on little child  
In your security warm and mild.  
Awaken from your life so free.  
Be who you're supposed to be.  
Dream when you are all alone.  
Journey to a world of your own.  
No one can reach you there  
Nothing can interfere  
With all that you are.

Diane F. Walker



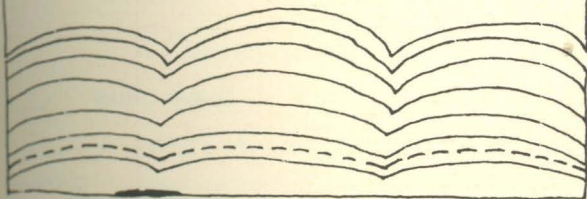
# DREAMS & JOURNEYS

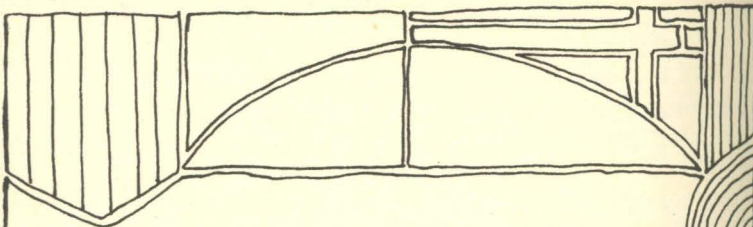
as days go by  
i find myself  
missing you  
Missing you  
because of the things we were  
and weren't  
because of the things we did  
and didn't do  
Missing you

as nights go by  
i find myself  
wanting you  
Wanting you  
because of the way you are  
and aren't  
because of the things you said  
and didn't say  
Wanting  
you

will you come back and relieve the ache  
in my heart  
and soul  
or will you stay away and let my suffering  
go on  
and on

Patty Staggs





## A SOLDIER'S CRY

As I plod through mud and rain,  
 I spied among the marshes lain  
 A quaint appearing assembly of sticks  
 Resembling hootches of wood and bamboo mixed.

I approached in silent fear and awe  
 At what enemies I saw;  
 Or thought I'd seemed to see there,  
 About the dinge spread so thickly everywhere.

Slowly my mind detected nearby  
 A low moan and silent cry,  
 Splitting the terrible quiet darkness  
 And its shroud of war-torn starkness.

Bellied within the womb of rubble  
 I caught sight of the lurking trouble,  
 So routinely horrible in war  
 And never will cease to abhor.

A young child stood mourning  
 The life taken without warning,  
 And for each tear she shed  
 I died a second death for her  
 Mother, who lay there dead.

— Bobby Trusley

An abstract line drawing in the top right corner of the page. It features a jagged, mountain-like silhouette. Above this silhouette, several straight lines radiate outwards, resembling sunbeams or rays of light. The drawing is composed of simple black outlines on a light background.

# MESSAGES OF FEELINGS 15

i am envious of the lady morning  
dancing in nude sunlight  
lavender shadows  
coming from the mountains  
in a chorus form of  
grace and light  
and she bends over you  
tracing thy dreams

in sunbeams  
on thy sleeping eyes

while i, a mere star  
closeted in the dark

am blind  
even to her  
even to you.

— Karen Yoesting

Another Autumn . . .

Blowing breezes cool and excite me.

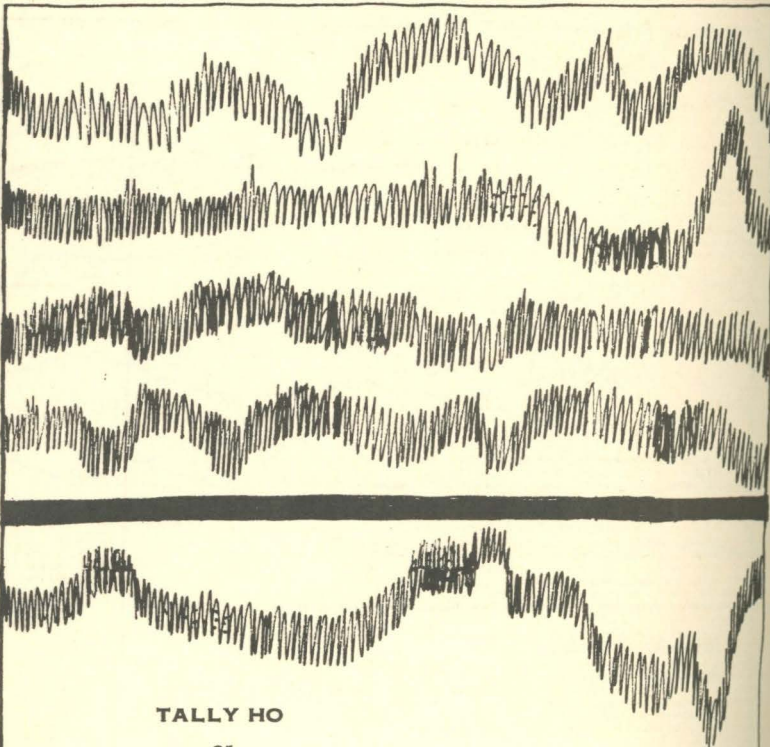
What's in the wind that makes me want to write of love  
of life  
of you . . .  
of anything new?

It's the subtleness of the season.

What better reason to sit here  
sipping bourbon  
as you sing?

— rita cain





TALLY HO

or

*You Are My Sunshine  
On the Day When the Sun  
Is Black and Soundless*

JUNKY!

DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT MEANS?

NEITHER DO I.

JUNKY

HOW CAN I LOVE YOU SO MUCH?

WHY DO I TRUST YOU?

JUNKY

YOU KNOW ME TOO WELL.

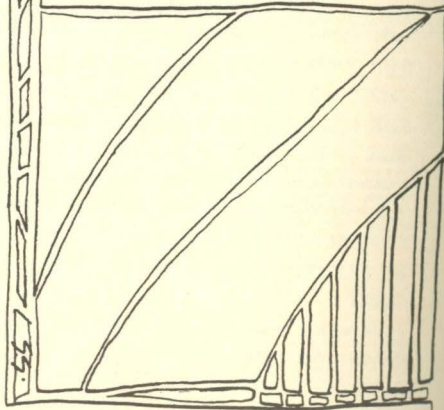
# MESSAGES OF FEELINGS

YOU SEE MY THOUGHTS  
YOU HEAR ME BEFORE I SPEAK  
EVEN APART — I KNOW YOUR MIND  
I'M SCARED  
I NEVER REALLY LOVED BEFORE  
I THOUGHT IT WAS SUPPOSED TO  
FEEL GOOD.  
IT HURTS. I'M GONNA THROW UP  
JUNKY  
I DO LOVE YOU  
YES, I KNOW YOU LOVE ME  
EVEN IN AN ITCHY NOD  
I KNOW YOU LOVE ME  
BUT YOUR WORLD IS SO COLD  
YOU SAY THE WORDS  
BUT YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT  
THEY MEAN  
SHE WOULD HAVE BEEN A CANCER  
BUT SHE'S GONE NOW  
I COULDN'T HOLD ON TO HER  
YOU SAY IT HURTS TO LOSE THIS DAUGHTER?  
IT HURTS TO LOVE, MAN  
BUT IT HURTS MORE NOT TO.  
JUNKY  
I REALLY HOPE CHRISTMAS IS  
GOOD TO YOU  
JUNKY  
YES, WE'RE GOING TO MISS EACH  
OTHER  
LOVE  
DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT MEANS?  
NEITHER DO I.  
GOODBYE, JUNKY, I LOVE YOU.

— REBECCA DOVER

I walk familiar roads  
Of my youth where I  
Once cried and laughed  
And shared with you  
The little things.  
Experience fell like pebbles  
In a stream  
Widening the future.  
One love I came to sit  
And rest in all  
It could have given me--  
The thunder of my broken heart  
Cries out to the world--  
Why must I walk alone?

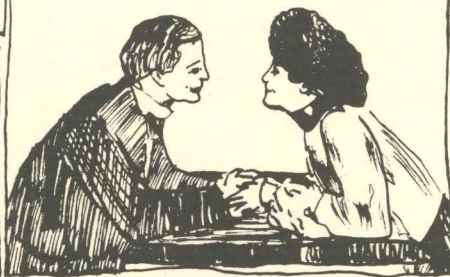
-Trudy Hale



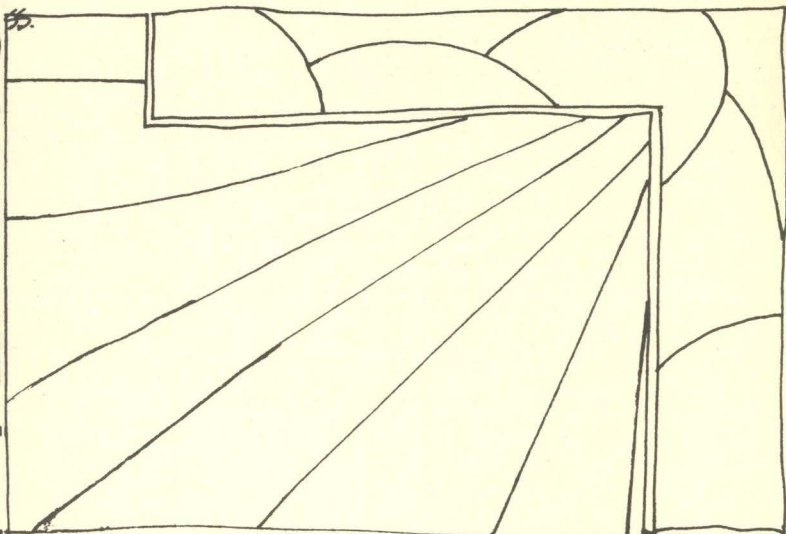
# MESSAGES OF FEELINGS

Shadows drift across my mind  
And darken my lightest thoughts  
And suddenly the lights come on  
And I see where I am  
Life seems to be such a drag  
In times like these  
When all I ever want  
Is just to be your friend  
Sometimes I get so confused  
By the words you speak  
Because you never seem to say  
What I want to hear  
Give me time  
And I will learn to listen  
To the things you do not say  
And understand the message  
That you send to me  
Reach across and touch  
and we can communicate

Bee Whiting.







DAVID

Several years since your conception,

Many items

your

future

must hold.

You are the dream of Daddy's planning,

Thank you

for being

only five

years old.

Bob Klaassen

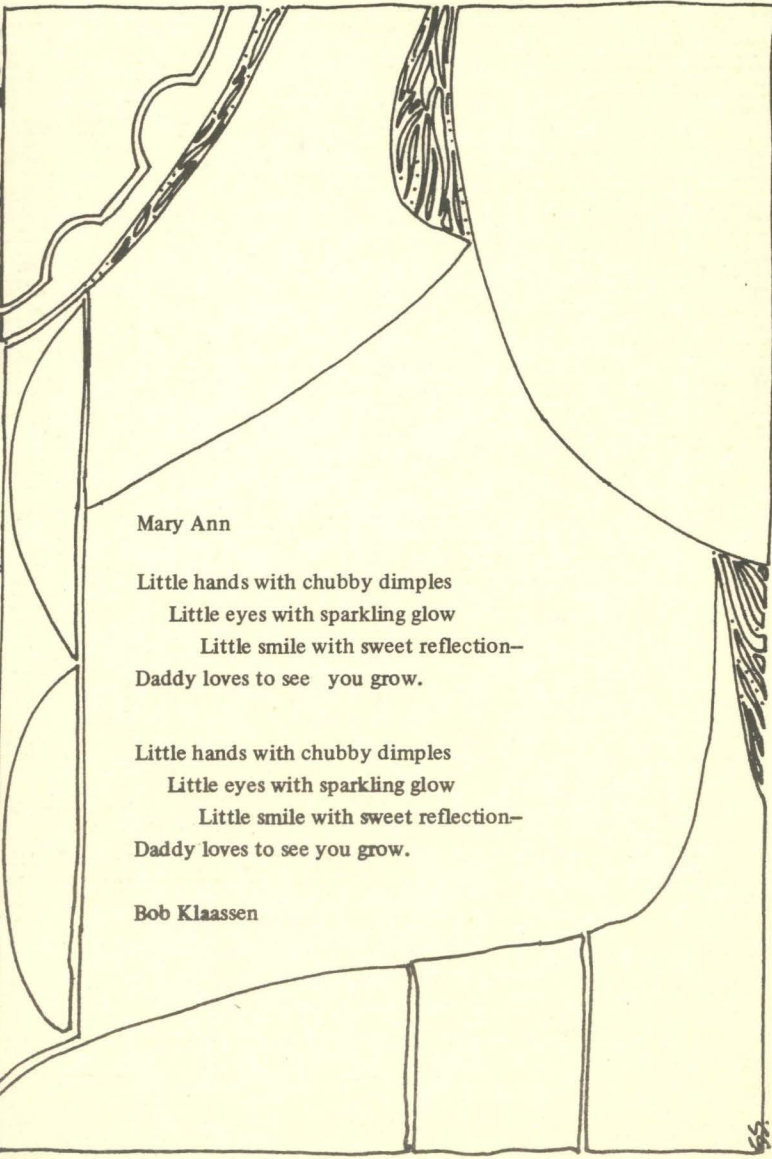
## TO MY SON

And as I look out into this world  
 I oftentimes stand accused . . . but I  
 Refuse to look back  
 I can see miles and miles of space and time  
 In my mind—I can see

Your eyes are bright with life and  
 The future is on our side; it is with  
 Us; it is for us . . .  
 We have many decisions to make; many  
 Obstacles and many moves before Check  
 We have responsibilities that at  
 Present rest on my shoulders . . .  
 You depend on me . . . to become Independent  
 of me . . .  
 I will teach you

And as I look out into this world  
 Through space and time with a fresh  
 Young and alive mind,  
 I refuse to be stripped naked by  
 This system . . .  
 I will continue to grow  
 And you, my son, an extension, will  
 Grow with me and one day hold the  
 Title of responsibility that will  
 Rest upon your shoulders for your  
 Extensions . . .  
 And someday I know you will understand  
 That what I say is real

Margo Gorden



Mary Ann

Little hands with chubby dimples

Little eyes with sparkling glow

Little smile with sweet reflection—

Daddy loves to see you grow.

Little hands with chubby dimples

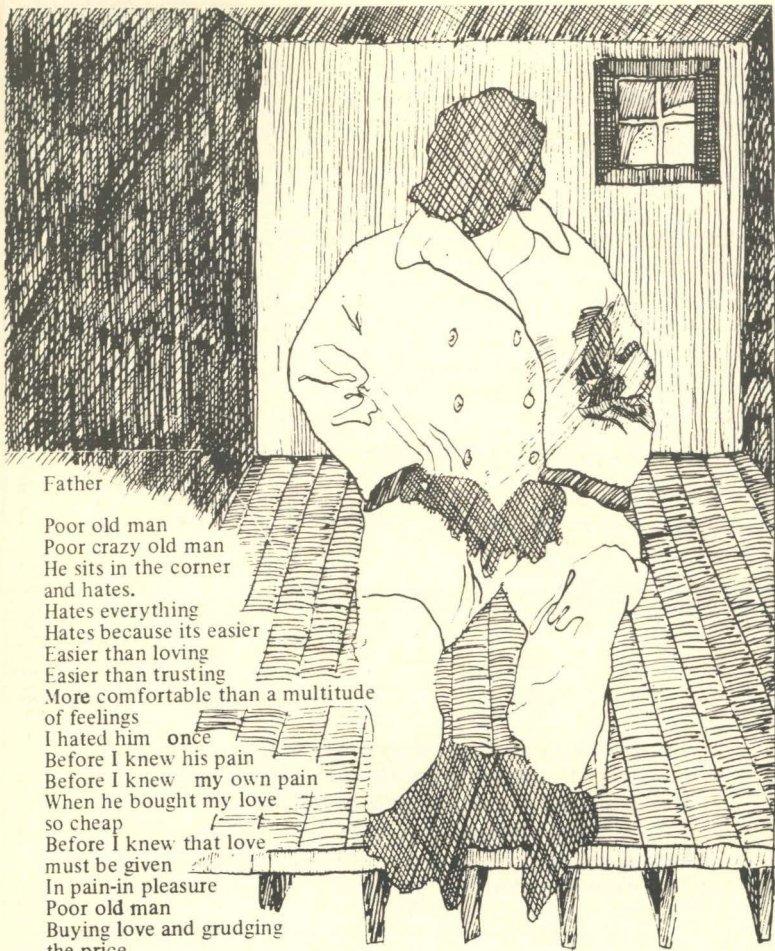
Little eyes with sparkling glow

Little smile with sweet reflection—

Daddy loves to see you grow.

Bob Klaassen

# MESSAGES OF FEELINGS 25



Father

Poor old man  
Poor crazy old man  
He sits in the corner  
and hates.  
Hates everything  
Hates because its easier  
Easier than loving  
Easier than trusting  
More comfortable than a multitude  
of feelings  
I hated him once  
Before I knew his pain  
Before I knew my own pain  
When he bought my love  
so cheap  
Before I knew that love  
must be given  
In pain-in pleasure  
Poor old man  
Buying love and grudging  
the price  
I love you- but you'll never know it  
Now that there is no price on it  
You can't see my love  
Poor crazy old man

Rebecca Dover





"3712½"

## Upstairs

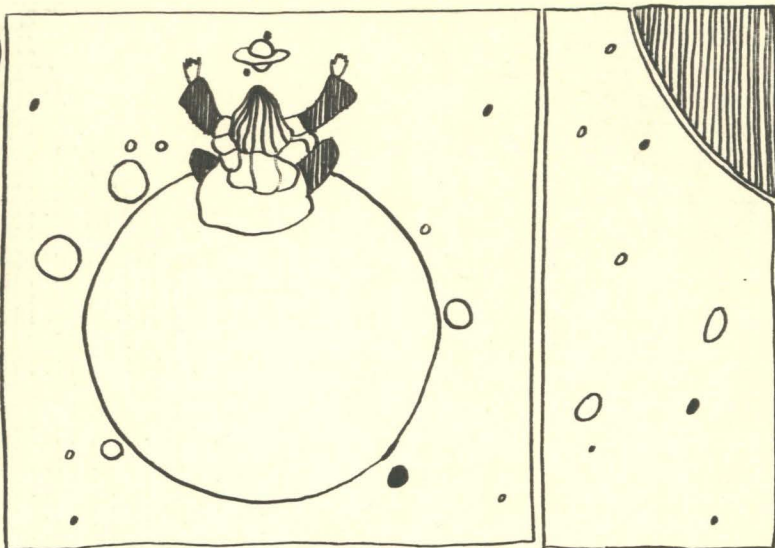
You can see the greenery peeking out from the morning shades  
We've been hanging over the dime store like a wise old brow  
A thousand morning's tunes performed, and courted me  
Those motors in the streets  
They move me  
Push me in a rush-hour dance  
"Get up now" someone hollers  
Dazed as my egg with those fork-scrambled whispers of dreams

## Upstairs

Screen door slam, my lemon joy pan and dish noise  
Later, floating ice cube bath, just melting in the day  
We shuffle cards and gentle phrases  
Thirstless versions hung like wind chimes  
Sipping cups of lemonade  
While colored scarves of traffic bend the dotted street lines  
Rising chords and tones  
Uprising, hardly wait to snap my fingers, hushed toe-tapping  
Finally

Rocking      Rolling  
Down the stairs.

— Paula Frederick



## Lament for a Lost Love

if i could only touch you now  
 i'd embrace you and never let you go  
 i feel stars explode in my head as i hold you  
 i hold the moon and sun and earth and stars  
 in the palm of my hand  
 but they are trivial when you are near  
 i want to touch you and hold you and know the inner you  
 to see you in a different light  
 to be near you  
 i embrace your memory for a lost cause

Wanda Brayton

In the wild blueberry dawn  
I skipped thru powdered sugar promises  
Into Hope's Sweet Morning.

In the dark chocolate dusk  
I staggered thru arsenic-white ashes  
of dreams  
Into Despair's Bitter Night.

— Doris Gordon

*Handwritten signature*



## *The Sea Gulls*

*They soared like spirits heavenbound,  
White like light.  
With skill they skimmed the sea  
And caught their prey in flight.*

*Truly free, ever growing wiser,  
They needed no helping hand  
Till the day the shrimp boats came,  
Bailing fish upon the sand.*

*No more did sea gulls dip and dive,  
Watching, ever alert  
For nets were filled with food  
For any hungry bird.*

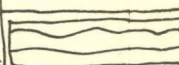
*Much time was spent  
Resting on rocks, full and content.*

*Time came when shrimp boats sailed away  
And now grey sea gulls lie  
Quiet and still  
In the place they choose to die.  
Their eyes are dim, their wings are weak  
And they cannot remember  
The turns and dips to outwit  
Little fish grown wiser.*

*A sad story!*

*But if the boats had never gone  
And birds continued fat and sleek,  
I'd view the scene with heavy heart  
And turn my head and weep.*

*Laura Ethridge*



Listen to the stillness  
Here I sit in Solitude  
No sound but the breeze  
rustling through the grass  
and the birds serenading  
the rabbits

I sit here all alone  
except for the rabbits  
and the birds  
and the breeze  
and the grass  
and the sun  
and the clouds

I sit here all alone  
with my thoughts  
of you.

Patty Staggs

2.

## THINGS OF BEAUTY

Once as a child  
I saw a thing of beauty.  
A kitten soft and fluffy  
caught my eye.  
I picked it up and held it close  
to stroke it and whisper secrets.  
But the kitten in fright bit my hand.  
I released my grasp and he ran away  
without a backward glance.  
Pain shot up my arm  
and I looked after him in wonder,  
as blood fell from my hand.  
But how strange that the  
tears of a love lost  
came many summers later  
when the hand had long ago healed  
and the heart began to bleed.

— Katya

"There is much wisdom in the old ways,"  
 Said the old man. "There is much to  
 Learn from the Sun, the Moon, the  
 Stars and Time. There is much wisdom  
 In the songs of sparrows, in the howling  
 Of the coyotes blended with the wind  
 And carried across the flat lands to  
 Our camps. There is much wisdom  
 In the laughter of the rivers from  
 The mountains flowing to the sea; there  
 Is much wisdom in the smells  
 Of springs and the pains from  
 Winter's bite. There is much wisdom,"  
 Said the wrinkle-skinned chief, "in the  
 Growing grass that feeds our ponies  
 And hides us from the buffalo. There is  
 Much wisdom in the heat of the flame  
 That lights our dancing campfires  
 When the people sing songs of thanks  
 And songs of need and songs to  
 Praise the mother earth and her  
 Sisters, the Sky and the Sea."

— Richard Rouillard



## *Everything is Different*

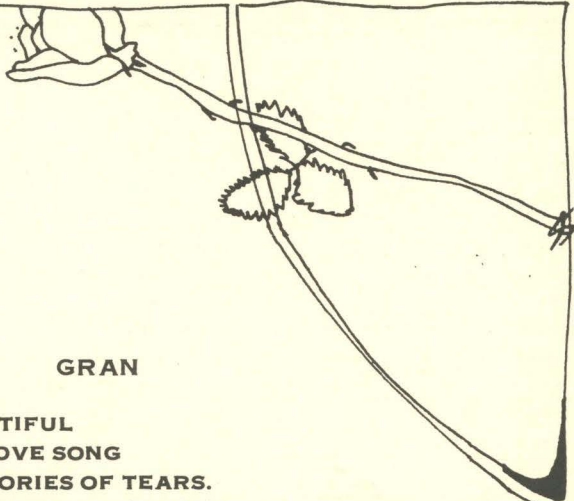
*The moon lay upside- down  
Resting in the sleepy sky.  
The stars were casually lifeless  
As if to wonder why.  
The clouds so calm and misty,  
Like waves upon the shore  
Everything so different  
As it had always been before.  
And yet I feel a mystery  
That which I can not name,  
For everything is different  
And yet remains the same.*

*Diane F. Walker*

## Cat vs. Goldfish

My goldfish and I  
( his name was Donald )  
used to have stareouts all the time  
until I stuck my purple-plastic-pussycat  
in his face.  
He got scared and swam away.  
My cat just smiled.

—Wanda Brayton



## GRAN

YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL  
LIKE AN OLD LOVE SONG  
BRINGING MEMORIES OF TEARS.  
OR MY FAVORITE PAIR OF SHOES  
ALWAYS WITH ME,  
EASING MY STEPS.  
SOMETIMES THE STATELY QUEEN,  
SURROUNDED BY LOVING CHILDREN  
IN YOUR EYES BURN THE FADING ROSES OF  
MANY FULL HOURS.  
THE PERFUME OF YOUR SOUL  
IS ALIVE AND REFRESHING  
AND PEEKS AT ME THROUGH  
YOUTHFUL LAUGHING EYES.  
WITH THE STRENGTH OF ARIES FIRE,  
YOUR VOICE DELIGHTS ME,  
AND I AM CAUGHT UP  
IN THE INTENSITY OF YOUR COLORED DREAMS.

WHAT CAN I GIVE YOU, BUT  
BITS OF STRING AND NEW PENNIES  
PIECES OF MYSELF AND ALL MY LOVE  
THAT ITS SPARKLE MAY PLEASE YOU

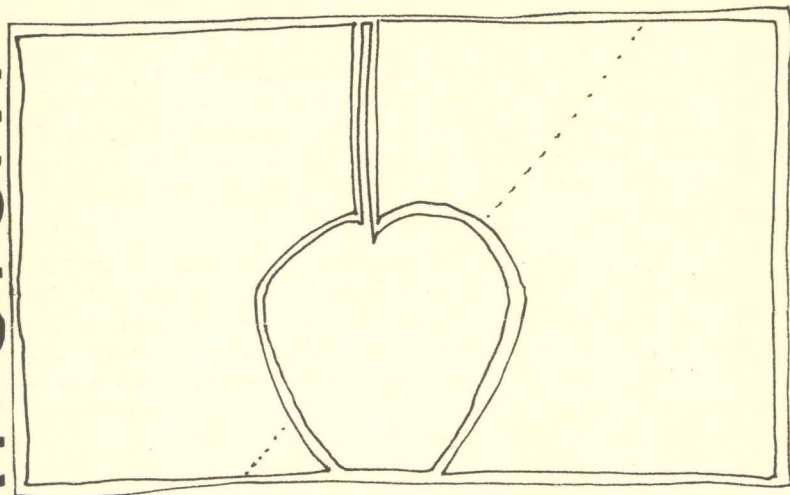
— KATYA

Lover

Blizzards of words,  
all hers,  
And in the wide oval of her mouth--  
a lie,  
And in the glass of her eye--  
a truth,  
As poised lizards, chilled and stiff,  
courting beneath a dark sun.

Clay Randolph





### UNCLE BILLY COOLS IT

Uncle Billy got into the hijacking business by accident. He was sort of forced into it by the federal government, you might say.

After the war, he and one of the tenants on the farm were making moonshine whiskey. This fellow — Big Bern, they called him. I think he was a Thompson — had been in the Navy and learned how to weld and make useful things.

So Uncle Billy had him make this still. Oh, it was a thing of beauty, all shiny copper and steel and fired by bottle gas. And the best part, one of Uncle Billy's real inspirations, was that it was a hundred per cent mobile, mounted on the back of a flatbed truck. And with a 900 acre farm, mostly in woodland—partly because Grandfather had let it run down, and partly because Uncle Billy saw the advantages in keeping it that way—Uncle Billy and Big Bern could just pick up and move any time they thought the Treasury Agents might be getting close.

The Treasury men found their mash a time or two, even though the barrels were buried in the ground and covered over with brush, but they never found the still. Haven't yet. But Big Bern took the rap on one of the mash finds and went off to Terre Haute for a couple of years, and Uncle Billy thought it wise to shut down the still.

With the still inactive, he was running the risk of losing his entire bootleg business, which operated out of a greasy steakhouse near the railroad tracks in Cedar Ridge. So, being a man of fertile imagination, Uncle Billy hit on the idea of hijacking. Not only could he keep his clientele supplied with whiskey in a dry county, but he could provide them with high priced quality bourbon rather than raw corn whiskey.

So every now and then, it would happen that a truckload of whiskey would disappear off the loading dock of one of the big distilleries in Nelson County or Louisville, and the empty truck would be found somewhere in St. Clair County.

Aunt Molly, Uncle Billy and Daddy's younger sister, had left the farm back during the war to go down to Louisville to work in a factory. She married a cab driver there and settled down to raise a family in a subdivision. She had a boy named Clifford who was bigger than he was smart; and after he got out of high school, Cliff went to work at the big appliance plant in Louisville, driving a forklift.

Now, it didn't take Uncle Billy long to figure out that his expertise in the hijacking profession and Clifford's knowledge of the comings and goings of trucks at the appliance plant could lead to some profitable undertakings. So Uncle Billy launched a drive to help improve the standard of living in rural St. Clair County by providing folks there with low cost electric appliances.

The coming of the REC and Uncle Billy together helped spell the doom of the gasoline-powered Maytag washer in that part of Kentucky.

One morning we were sitting at the breakfast table, listening to Shorty Chesire twanging country music on WHAS while Daddy read the Courier-Journal. He sort of snorted, the way he did when he came across something interesting, and said, "I wonder how he's going to get rid of them."

He didn't comment further, and I couldn't wait for him to put down the paper so I could see what he was talking about. Right there, spread across the top of the second section, was a story about the disappearance of a truckload of window air conditioners from the appliance plant in Louisville. Either Uncle Billy was branching out from the washing machine and electric range trade, or Clifford had got his trucks mixed up.

We didn't hear anything more about the air conditioners, except that the truck was found empty and abandoned on a rural road in St. Clair County a few days later, and eventually forgot about the whole thing.

Cedar Ridge had a little cinder-block hospital run by some Catholic nuns. It wasn't very big or fancy, but it was a heap better than anything they had had there before—which was nothing.

Several months after the air conditioners disappeared, on a hot summer day, the hospital administrator, Sister Mary Francis, got a phone call from a man who described himself as a Catholic layman from Cincinnati. This fellow allowed as how he was passing through Cedar Ridge on business and had heard at a gas station how the patients at the hospital were suffering in the heat because there wasn't any air conditioning at the hospital.

"Now, Sister, I'd like to make an anonymous matching gift to the hospital," he explained. "If you can raise \$20 per window, I'll put up \$100 and buy you an air conditioner for every window in your hospital."

"How wonderful!" responded the good Sister, at the obvious answer to her hot weather prayers.



"I'll be back through here in a week's time," the layman explained, "and if you'll get the money raised in that time, I'll see that you get your air conditioners delivered right to your door."

"But," the benefactor cautioned, "I don't want any publicity about this, and I'm not even going to let you know my name. If the story gets out, the deal's off."

Sister Mary Francis agreed to the donor's eccentricities and promised to have the money ready when he returned.

A week later, the hospital phone rang, and the man on the line asked for Sister Mary Francis. It was the mysterious Cincinnati layman again, making good on his promise.

Sister Mary Francis told him that with the help of the local parishioners she had been able to raise enough money for 30 air conditioners.

"If you'll just drop by my office," she said, "I'll give you a check for the \$600."

"Oh, no!" answered the layman. "I told you this was going to be completely anonymous."

"Can't you even come by so I can thank you personally?" the Sister asked.

"Completely anonymous," the man repeated.

"Very well," Sister Mary Francis said, "How do you want to do this?"

"I want you to get the \$600 in tens and twenties," the man explained, "and put it in a paper sack. Then you bring it to the phone booth inside the steakhouse down by the railroad. I'll be watching for you."

Now, Sister Mary Francis should have known that this fellow's eccentricity was going to get her into trouble, and maybe she did. Maybe there was a small voice in the back of her mind telling her, "This sounds like one of Billy Crawford's deals."



But, on the other hand, it was her duty to respect the wishes of a conscientious Catholic layman if he wanted to do something good for the hospital, even if he did hang out down there at that steakhouse. And she had to think of the well-being of her patients. So she gathered up the long black skirts of her habit and hurried off to the bank to get her \$600 check cashed.

The layman was true to his word. After the money was delivered as he had directed, he called the hospital once again to acknowledge receipt of the money.

"You'll have your air conditioners by tomorrow morning," he assured the now somewhat skeptical hospital administrator.

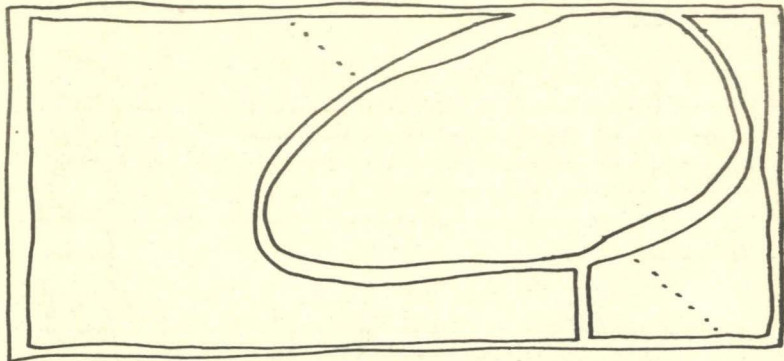
And, sure enough, late that night a truck pulled up to the back door of the hospital, and two men unloaded 30 crates on the porch. They didn't even ask for a receipt, but got back into their truck without a word to anyone and drove off into the darkness.

Early the next morning, Sister Mary Francis had the janitor and a couple of orderlies busy installing the new air conditioners in the hospital's windows.

Now, in a small town like Cedar Ridge, something like that just can't happen unnoticed. Besides that, Sister Mary Francis' vow of anonymity to the donor had been fulfilled, and soon all the good Catholics in Cedar Ridge were giving thanks for the benefactor the Lord had sent them in their time of need.

And the Cedar Ridge-St. Clair County News carried a big story about the hospital's stroke of good fortune on the front page of the next Thursday's edition.

Friday morning, Sister Mary Francis got another call—but this time it wasn't an anonymous layman from Cincinnati; it was the state police from Elizabethtown. They said they wanted to come take a look at her air conditioners. And, in



Sunday's Courier Journal, there was the whole story with a picture of the contrite Sister, in dismay that a common thief would represent himself as a Catholic layman. The story made Daddy snort again when he saw it.

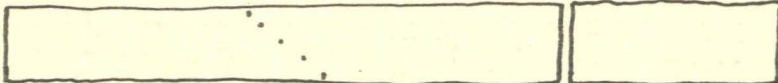
"He took that dang woman for \$600!" he said.  
 "And everybody in Cedar Ridge knows who did it."

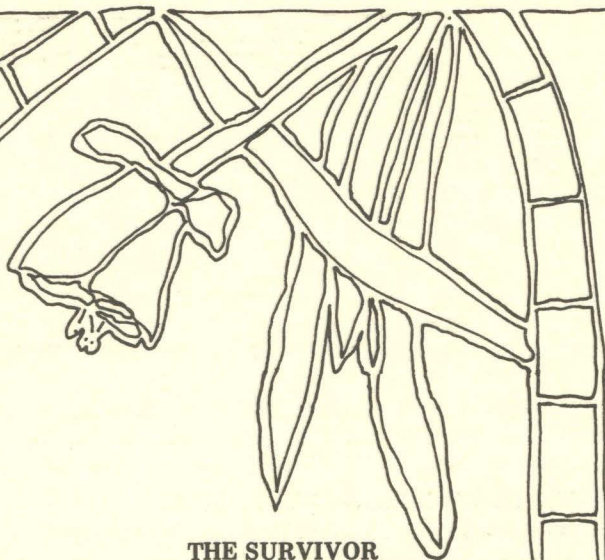
Well, if they did they kept their mouths shut. And after Sister Mary Francis told that reporter from Louisville how her patients had been suffering and sweating and praying for air conditioning, the appliance company let her keep the air conditioners in the hospital.

"The Lord works in strange and mysterious ways, his wonders to perform," Daddy pronounced when he learned of the outcome.

Uncle Billy never mentioned it to any of us, and I never did ask him about it. But that August when I went down for the opening of the squirrel season, I couldn't help but notice how much cooler his house was with all those air conditioners in the windows.

— David Blakeman





## THE SURVIVOR

Just beyond my front steps, where the  
Bricks encircle a dome of earth,  
Spring's first flowers stand;

Mostly blades green and sharp,  
And what with last night's rain  
And the incessant wind pushing the day  
Away, probably before it would want to go,  
I'm surprised they stand at all.

Only one is left in flower, a yellow  
Trumpet, bent down to the earth, flattened  
And hesitant to try again, but still its continued  
Presence proof enough.

— Teresa Rynn Bobo



— Teresa Rynn Bobo



## HARD LUCK JOEY

Joey liked to think of himself as a businessman. A sort of Wall Street broker or something of the sort. Of course, he didn't exactly work on Wall Street; he was a packer at the Wilson Meat Packing Company. But he was the local bookie's agent. And he collected the illegal bets from all the guys at the plant. When their bets paid off, he felt like a maker of millionaires, a customers man at Shmerril, Lobe & Ralston, giving inside tips on the market. When the bets didn't pay off, as usually they didn't, well, he would tell the guys that was the luck of the game. That was the way capitalism worked—you risked your money and you win or you lose, simple as that.

But, lately, things had been going badly for Joey. It was as if the market went down a few points every day. Not that the guys weren't betting—they were, more than ever. But he was having terrible problems in his personal life, and he couldn't seem to get himself out of the box. When he was a kid, everyone, even his folks, had called him "Hard Luck Joey." For awhile, he thought he'd escaped that nickname, but now it was back with him again.

It all started when Carol came into the Wilson Company as the file clerk. She was pert and pretty and all the guys eyed her, even though the word was out that she was married. That didn't seem to bother her, and it sure didn't bother Joey, not with his fish of a wife. And soon he and Carol were spending more and more time together. It turned out she hated her husband, but he was nuts about her and the real jealous type. So they had to be very careful. As for Joey's wife, it was nag, nag, nag all the time. So he could kill her . . . I mean really kill her.

Well, the seed was there and, as far as Joey was concerned, it was his wife's fault, not his. So when he heard from the bookie

who listened to his tale of woe about a "contract" who could arrange an accident for his wife, something like a shotgun blast in the head, Joey didn't hesitate too long. He didn't fill the triggerman in about Carol, only his fish of a wife.

True, when he met the contract man, Joey almost backed out, but he was afraid to look chicken. That man was as cold as steel and twice as hard.

It was all arranged for Wednesday when his wife got home from her job at 5:00. He could wait across the street behind a bunch of bushes in the weed strewn, garbage littered empty lot, shoot, and beat it. Joey would get home late, stopping for a few beers on the way home, like he used to do before he met Carol.

But then, when everything was arranged so beautifully, it began "Hard Luck Joey" all over again. On Wednesday morning, his wife plops into the kitchen where he's grabbing off a cup of coffee, and she's got a suitcase in her hand.

"Joey," she says, "Eddie and I are going to Texas. So long, Joey."

But before he could open his mouth to say, "But you can't tonight; I've got everything arranged for tonight," she was gone and he was left gaping.

That was bad, right? Real unlucky, right? But listen to this. It turned out his bookie was out of town, and, of course, he didn't know the contract man's name or where to reach him, so he couldn't head him off. Joey felt sick to his stomach. He was in over his head. Joey, the big Wall Street broker had run into a drop in the market, and he didn't know how to handle it.

He decided not to go to work that day, to call in sick. He hung around the house all day in his undershorts, drinking beer and switching channels on TV. He figured around 5:00 he'd go out and call off the action in the dirty lot across the street.

At 5:00, he switched off the soap opera he'd been watching and went into the bedroom to put on his clothes. Just as he got the first leg in his pants, the whole house was rocked by a blast of gunfire. My God, he thought, the fish must have changed her mind and come back just when she could have saved him some money by running off with Eddie.

Joey ran outside, prepared to look plenty shocked for the neighbors. He did a good job, too. Only he wasn't acting. It wasn't his wife, but Carol, who was lying dead on his doorstep. Neighbors later said she had come running up the street as if she was frightened out of her skin. Now, she lay dead on his doorstep. And not a bush stirred across the street.

"Hard Luck Joey" became the center of attention on his block. No one knew of his affair with Carol. He had called in sick, and they thought, since she and Joey worked at the same place, she was coming to tell him the boss was sore or something along that line. The police didn't suspect a thing. Joey told them his wife was away on a visit to her sister's who lived in a trailer park somewhere in Florida. He expected her back any day now.

And then the very next day, the fish did come back, suitcase and all. She'd read about the awful shooting and felt bad for Joey. He sure must be scared, and then he'd been home sick all day, too. She'd read about it in the papers, so she told Eddie, "Goodbye, I belong with my Joey." So here he was. Joey brooded as he stared out the window at the vacant lot across the street. Right back where he started, only his chick was dead and he was stuck for the rest of his life with that dumb fish he had married.

He was "Hard Luck Joey," all right. But Joey didn't realize just how hard luck he really was. As he walked down the street to find comfort in a few beers, he saw the bushes across the street move on a windless night. In just a moment, he would know why Carol was so afraid of her husband.

— Joyce Locke



but if we hide  
in darkness

in silence

there are places where lovers wake  
for a wake only  
let it be

to you

unicorns

where creatures  
the golden fleece

run

freely

the nighten gale sings of  
alive &

all things

silver

water breaks

star catto

like the drumming on the rocks

and moon

light light light is

reflected by

other

quieted

invisible lovers

leaps

my heart

for that

time

as a deer in the first

open

meadow of spring

- Karen Goesting



somewhere between the Guittey sandpits, a box in Canutillo and  
Black Mesa, New Hampshire; sharing a ludicrous tin of brown slime  
insects—or if i didn't have good luck i wouldn't have no luck  
at all

— dennis cunningham

cat licking my face

again

men and women

some old, all young

all giving me cash

once again

congratulating me

slapping and shaking my hand

babies born, with my name

all over

prolific, preposterous

attempts at making more of me

women with no teeth

at all

and husbands, ladies with husbands?

going over the garbage

with a fine parostatic, toothless brush

leftover, but in mint condition

eggs benedict

left off at my door

cat eating my toes and

turtleheads

springing in their place

the same dilution of tomorrow

begging to come today

fossil trees laid as gifts

on the porch

petrified trees, trying to stub my toes

as i maneuver around them

the bazaars of Baghdad crowded?

with streets

the braggarts!

Kavah the thief, surrendering his bounty  
 beleaguered women of the sheets  
 and rascal emasculated alley kids  
 in juarez, comprise elite  
 women home! committee  
 bake apple pies and stuff organic  
 vegetarian linkette teeth  
 empty pockets of money  
 fingers in ears, lace with  
 honey-flavored penny retriever gum  
     sugar, she straps the gum to poles  
 ears to knees  
 and tries to known down taxicab drivers, pimps, on chihuahua avenue  
 pushes Beto the pimp into the cab  
     and pushes his cab into the alley  
 off Rue Morgue avenida . . . behind fred's  
     "they went for the show"  
 to stop at the cave, and drag susan ford  
 and young brian to the shooting gallery  
 to watch for what the epicures call 'the white flag'

time grows gold in my beard  
     old men are getting older  
     despite rosie o'grady's  
 rolling but the moss is not gathering  
 ladies  
 and hautily decent young male callers  
 descend and rape the trash bags  
 friday night all bullshit blues bar dances  
     get me up for more  
 and still i Can't make it  
     nor tequila mothers fuzzy  
 sweet chicano grannies wish  
 'los chicas crescendas est mekita'  
 and los crumbelles sound better after 3  
     . . . to 25 mics . . .  
 but some offer themselves, anyway  
 either time enjoys my cooking  
 the dentist's picks and chews  
 (he infected his spare car and got off by  
     cancelling his grandfather's gold teeth and his nurse, Agnes,  
 keeps her mouth in a sheath, but breathes mustard pickle through her nose)

susan draws robin ducks  
and crawls after watermelons  
crawling up a key  
ducks hatch beneath her palm in a pie  
she would never notice  
if you threw in a few marbles  
hasn't got the eye  
Patti's mom says she's having an affair  
with a twelve year old  
. . . and eats white crosses for the trip across town  
a nine fingered man is  
selling hummingbirds to pregnant women  
at a savings  
at a show  
and offers to let ceramicists  
eat granite dust at cost, in the asphalt meadow  
his friend        our friend the artist  
designs smocks for modern living  
and appears for a fee relatively  
free!  
on the cover of 'screw'  
and then you said  
"there's you . . . ."

something told me not to accept  
your used looks  
the Jack daniels and yaqui wizards  
rigged hazards, poison lizards  
lying in the . . . .  
spent rounds of ammunition  
piled like a shellcase dung heap  
under the blankets in the CD shelter  
eating away at the plastic water jugs  
. . . and the receiver antennae  
feelers.

something made me accept  
the roaches?  
      acetic licks, tricks from mammoth american samoans  
      diatribulated theosophics  
      twentieth century rhetoric  
      metaphysical dogma  
and as we lie here  
          me and you.

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*Printing — Daniel Schmid*

*Cover Design — Susan Small*



THE END



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