

The Piper

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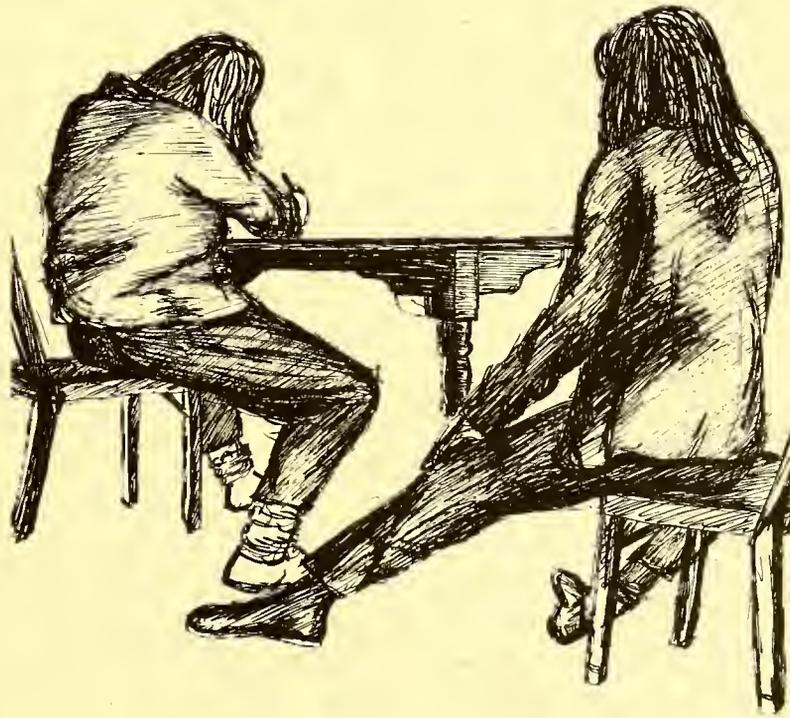
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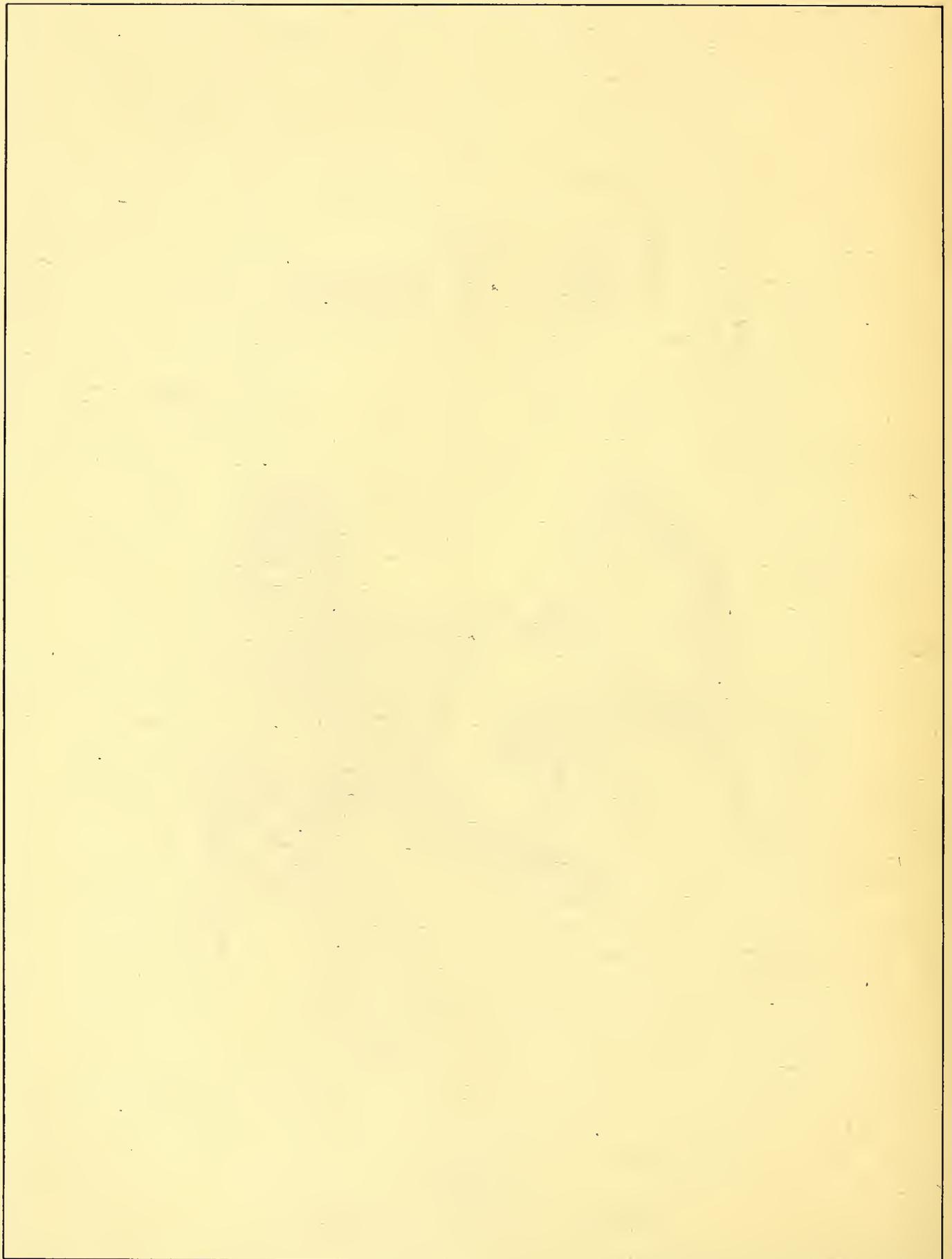
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effort, and spirit behind the typewriter

# The Piper



FALL  
1985



**\* Norske Fjord**

turn a heel into stolid earth  
catch a breath short of a wandering mind  
another lonely calm wintering sets upon a placid blue eyed lake.  
if cold autumn rain  
can stifle the fledgling pulse, if  
this flat earth has a beginning or an end  
as snow begins to fall from window's edge  
under a sky kaliedescoped in disbelief and violent flame.  
if a dream is ever lost  
in the suddenness of a waking moment  
look deep into the pristine waters  
reflecting ancient echoes of silence.

Steve Rubinstein

\*Best Original Poem



Sue Freyberg

The Cyprus tree waits endlessly without fear of the sand.  
Ten thousand years of tyranny, a desert made by man.  
Where might it find forests divine to live as it was planned?  
There is no place; the human race has taken all it can.  
Unconscious to the hungry winds that feed upon the earth,  
The single tree does not relent its sovereignty of birth.  
But as the water round it dries to mud and then to stone,  
This hearty tree then petrifies a million years too soon.

Robey Callahan

### Coffee Houses

The bacon singed odors  
Turn sombre corners  
And cloy the noses  
Of stressed sullen pedestrians;  
Players of the urban stage.

A crafty redolence  
From coffeehouses; The small  
Ashtray stores and the unjudging church of our time.  
The street's best lighted building,  
The paved footpath  
The unrelenting guide to home—  
Home where we belong.  
With our nestled failures  
And cornered cribs of sadness.

Like this we go to the coffeehouses, liking them  
Like the fair, to savor the scene  
To feel a city mean  
And once again the present;  
Of the individual  
The derelict of conformity  
The only prisoner of stupidity  
A jailbird of the eventide surrendered  
The rabid tramp in search of gender,  
A show of frantic nonesense  
Is all human  
A mural of decline  
The fall of novelty and mind  
The only fall we find.

Carlos Mijares

### A Note to Myself

I leave you behind to join a friend  
I leave my search for solitude  
I join hands and leave you  
Join me again  
    you want to live free  
    you want to write of isolation  
In union comes loneliness  
Join us—make us one  
    for without you  
    we are lost

Michael Ronco

## CONVERSATION PEECE

LAST Night I Was sitting IN front  
of the fire Place, staring down flames  
thinking...

And I wasn't Even thinking about Poetry, or Chemistry  
Violence, Reagan or the Klan

there was No tobacco, or Hatred in  
this old Southern town

I was just thinking

of you.

Tim Luridge



Elizabeth McDowell

### **The Baby**

There are three now  
you, I and it.  
You should be proud  
to help father  
such a fine healthy hate.  
The seed laid long  
and then grew,  
not in the womb  
but in the heart.  
Months matured,  
as it did.  
A fester that kicked  
and hurt, inside.  
Like its father -  
knew not when to quit  
but goaded and  
with evil appetite  
took my life's juice  
for its own.  
The time has come  
for this hate to be birthed.  
Before its time I abort  
this unnatural embryo  
from myself.  
Relief at the miscarriage  
of bloody wrong  
sired by your  
desires.

Kelly Clark

### **I Eat Fresh Cherries**

I eat fresh cherries-  
you have sucked  
their pits and  
left me only  
meat-  
Even cherries are  
too easy now  
I shall break my  
brushes and rip my  
poems to grass  
Tomorrow I will  
not eat  
The next day  
I will let  
you breathe  
for me till  
I am a trick-  
everyone will believe  
I live

Demetra E. Gates

I don't want a man; I want a cat.  
To come to me and lie quietly with me,  
Sharing a common understanding  
Total relaxation; nothing need be said.  
Eyes closed, only touch and sound  
Bodies purring together  
Softness

Strong arms and hands, hungry mouth,  
Empty words - all are semiprecious  
Compared with the cat's jewel eyes

Nancy Fletcher

I watched the sun set tonight.  
It was the soft, watery color  
of artificially flavored cranberry juice.  
If I were poetic, I might say  
it was the fiery color of  
your hair . . . even though it wasn't

Gayle L. Sokol



Trey Vinson



**Donna Coleman**

**Bibo Dialio**

Vita che bibo nino  
A che cor ili amoras  
Pou la vespa nostra  
Bibo nino e mi

Vita che mala nina  
A che cor ili amoras  
Pou la vespa nostra  
Sen pou la vespa nostra  
Bibo nino e mi

Ricote gueras  
Ricote ricote  
Bibo nino ili no vitas  
Sen ricote  
Gueras ricote

Vita che vilo nino  
No pou bibo nino  
(Mas vilo, o mas vilo)  
Pou la vespa nostra  
Vilo nino, biba nina e mi

di Heath D Hart

I have a buddah in my window  
Who said life is illusion  
twisted pieces which  
fit not  
and can't be seen  
on earth.  
He said I could  
join him in  
this sighting,  
this awareness,  
and I would  
have made it  
had there not been  
construction on the road to enlightenment

Elizabeth McDowell

### Silent Irations

Clasped hands circling dances  
of joy  
as the crickets laugh  
at the man . . .

Tequila and me and you  
weeping silently  
at the passing  
of time . . .

I knew you those moments  
like I will never know you  
again . . .

We were alone  
together,

We grew into  
eachother,

We live different lives now  
and dance in different arms

But we know  
we feel  
we love

Even when we can no longer see

Elizabeth McDowell



Molly McDonald

### Another Holy War

I cannot easily shed my tears for those who fight and die  
defending His word  
to obedience they are true  
yet they no more exist, even before death.  
I cannot smile for those who are happy living the life  
that He requires  
to obedience they are true  
as shadows dance upon a wall directed by the fire.  
I cannot believe only now as it is Christmas time that giving unto others  
is a blessed act  
to obedience it is true  
yet giving of oneself should stand as tribute  
to a love of common origin and end.  
Inside the temple of a savior's grave i watched the broomstick battle  
of two high priests  
fighting for the right to obey His guiding words,  
another war  
to fill the quiet empty space  
which peace has offered to their souls  
another war, call it Holy  
one more murder for the Lord.

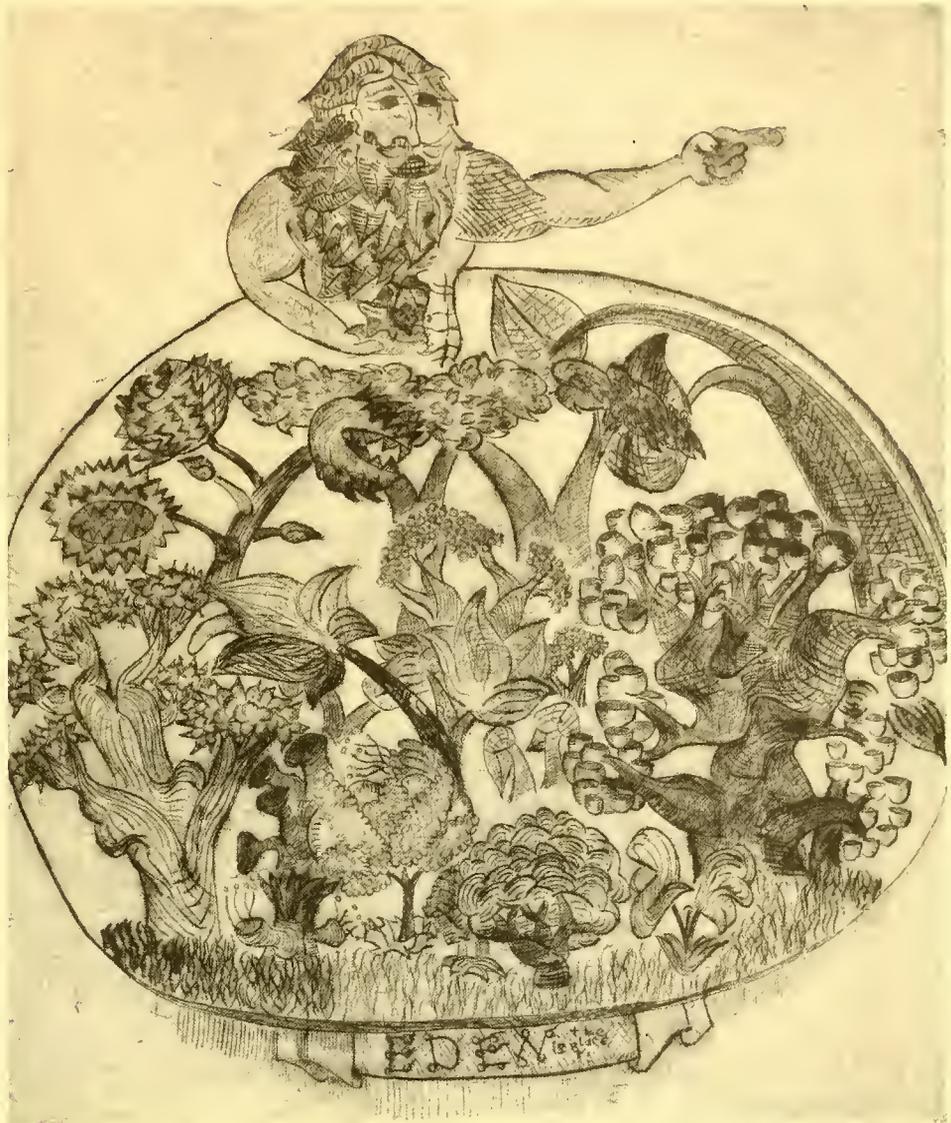
I dream through endless midnight walks  
feeling the struggle between obedience and truth  
realizing hope lies in the children  
who never cease to question.

Steve Rubinstein

### Evil Arrows

Like a schizophrenic Cupid of Hate  
Satan bows evil, and  
Satan bows man's rebellion toward evil  
It is Bizarre that the same archer who provokes  
the impulsive to sin  
Entices the concrete interpreter to hate those  
who represent such sin  
Yet hatred, being illogical, could only be  
sparked by a battle between two sides of a  
mad mind

Brad Chance



Brad Chance

## Crude Oil

This molten sphere hurled into nothingness,  
only for the sun's gravity to grasp it in her arms  
and call this home.

This flaming testicle slowly cooled and  
developed a large soft skull that was to  
father its inhabitants, and  
I, its sperm ejaculates the past  
through steel girdered penis  
for generations to come.

Tyrannosaurus Rex,

you who lumbered through foliage  
in search for some sort of refuge,  
from the chilling wrath of H<sub>2</sub>O.

Confederates and Union,

you who entertained a cold sphere of lead  
that tensed your body like a 2 by 4  
People of Pompeii,

you who tried to outrun the singeing scream  
of molten flow, only your village remains.

White seal,

you who slipped by but could not evade  
that killer whale whose calcium cage  
clenched your clammy neck like a vice grip.

All of you,

pressed between the layers of time  
become my formless fluid.

Drill bit gauges the upper mantle  
like a dog digging for his bone

to expose Me; black beauty from beneath.

Nymphomatic pumps,

Metallic grunts,

continuously drive in ecstasy.

Pipelines, the veins of our world

shuttle me to and fro

when I gots somewheres to go.

I, an unctuous substance  
black as city slush choked by exhaust fumes.  
I, the filthy juice that swallows our world.  
We're not talkin' bout my by products:  
Torbanite, Kuckersite, and Tasmanite  
no, we're talkin' bout Me  
the original, raw as the breast milk  
that fed your infant mouth.  
OPEC nations, mere addicts  
who can't get enough of me to satisfy their need.  
Mobil, Getty and Exxon; gluttonous fools!  
Who exploits who?  
I swim in your oceans: a lethal cloud spreads  
strangling innocent gills with my shadow.  
I spit on your beaches  
saturating the sand with my coat.  
More efficient than mutton  
that greased the axles of Egyptian chariots,  
My viscous excretions lubricates  
your cars, ships, trains and planes.  
I urinate electricity  
that browns your toast, boils your water,  
blends your milkshake, and beats your batter.  
Without me your nothin',  
but I keeps you alive for awhile  
for a healthy supply.  
Selling Me, your only tangible past,  
for a measly eight bucks a barrel  
Your feeble mind too overwhelmed by dependency  
to perceive my essence.  
You pinheads! Too ignorant to recognize  
the complexities of my historic preservations.  
I am your destiny.

Jon Zimmerman

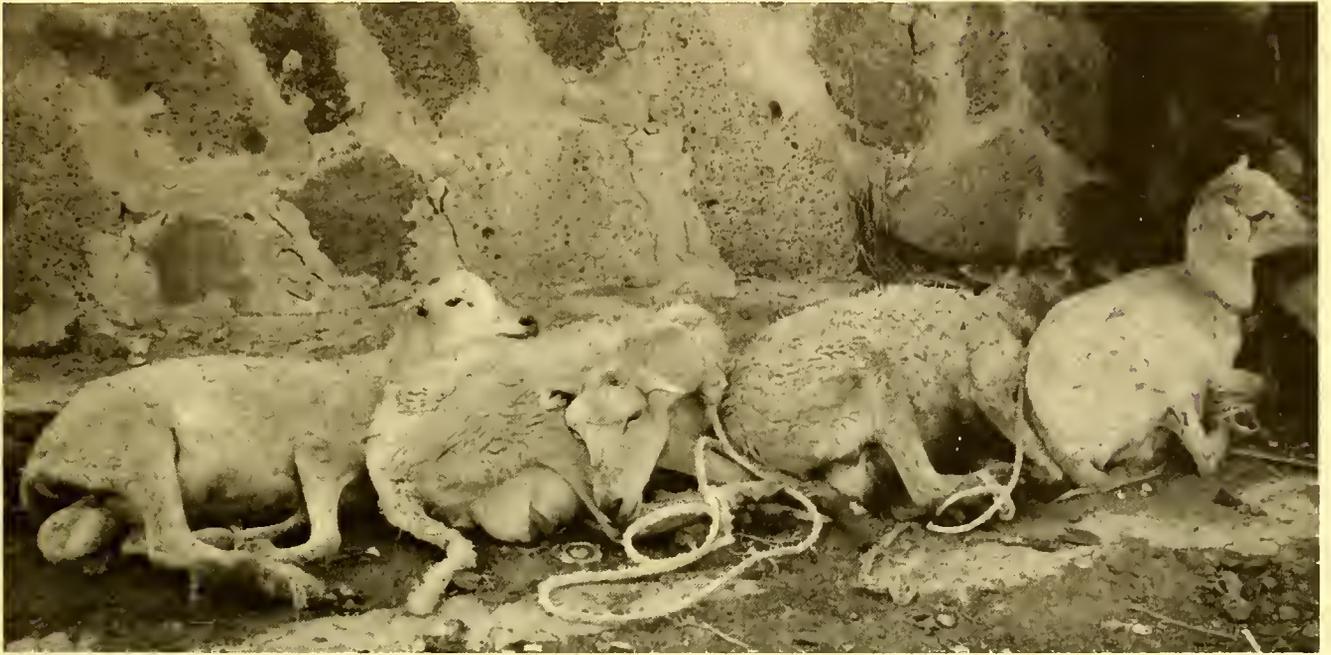
## Conversion

I sat in the sun  
and by and by  
a snake crawled beside me.  
"Lucifer?" I said and  
I knew it to be him  
for his head turned slightly.  
"What of evil?" I asked.  
He laughed, snakes  
laugh like dry leaves on concrete.  
"It is present."  
"The sun is warm." said I  
"On the back," he continued.  
"What of destruction?"  
"Men destroy what they care for."  
"The sky is so blue -"  
"And floating high above us." he said.  
"What of death?"  
"It comes to all men."  
"See the wind in the trees!"  
"How it turns the leaves," observed the snake.  
"What of loneliness?"  
"We have each other-"

Kelly Clark

## I Wash In An Alabaster Bowl

I wash in  
an alabaster bowl  
  
Do you understand-  
  
I love possessions-  
  
Someday we will  
both throw the bowl  
against the wall  
  
Demetra E. Gates



Elizabeth McDowell

**Steady**

I'm finding my own way  
sometimes  
though i feel  
your fingers in my belt-loop;  
i don't want to freeze with you  
like a statue

I'm never the same  
anymore  
& you too  
but when we shake hands i glance  
at us balance our sea-saw  
in the schoolyard

We're both runts but we're still  
in different orbital worlds;  
we achieve in bucks & love  
& your decision is my  
diffusion of what i thought  
my destiny would be

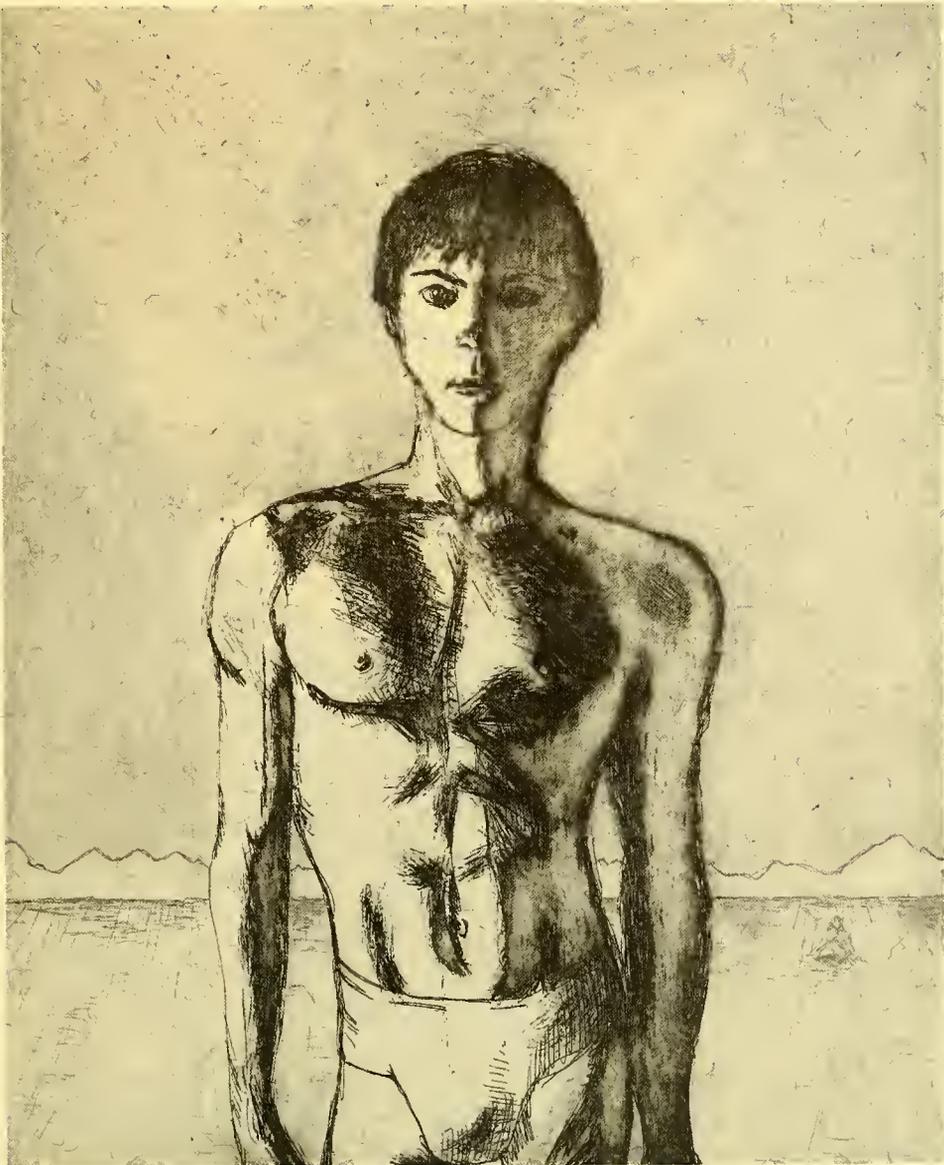
We can separate or  
hug, we  
can shake hands  
or burn love oil, but when I  
step out from your shadow, I  
want to see mine.

Phil Polo

*i drink beer  
and i piss  
i eat sometimes when i'm hungry  
or just want to chew  
i write down words  
to see the parts that don't really happen  
and put them aside for tomorrow.*

*R*

*Steve Rubinstein*



Neil Davis

## Happenanced

This sometime love  
of all wants  
and nevermind needs.  
When we can, if  
we can, when one or  
rarer both  
are in people need.  
Closewarmth garnered  
between you and I,  
brief, sometime love.  
Of course there were  
no goodbyes - on the  
departure date we never  
met. Neither myself  
or you took the  
initiative to seek.  
Only accept occasional  
sometime love,  
when distanced evolves  
to sometimes  
remembering love.

Kelly Clark

## Yes I Understand, But... Shit!

... and so again i sit outside my own dreams  
looking in because  
we only ever see things through our own eyes  
in a dream we cannot die within  
or, so they say, we really would be dead.

SR

Steve Rubinstein



White lilacs stay white  
long after they're dead

And roses get richer still  
with Time.

Sadness is only a soft shade of grief.  
Something in the melancholy plumbs  
of the last sunset together.

Grey love for a gentleman  
Blue for a sailor

But white love stays white  
long after it's dead.

Vivian Pemble

Catrina Lankford

### **Big Sur**

Like bugs we flitter on the narrow beach  
dodging waves that crash  
into cliffs, fall and slide away  
generation upon generation, buried in the undertow  
have only scratched the molecules  
in this face of history.

The driftwood of a house destroyed by mudslide  
lies on a ledge, an old iron stove battered  
like the carnage of an overturned Chevy  
shattered by a rapid plummet  
of the heart or an error in judgement  
one cannot tell.

Back at the top, ageless redwoods  
whisper sage advice we cannot hear,  
so barely could we circle our arms  
around the smallest branch.

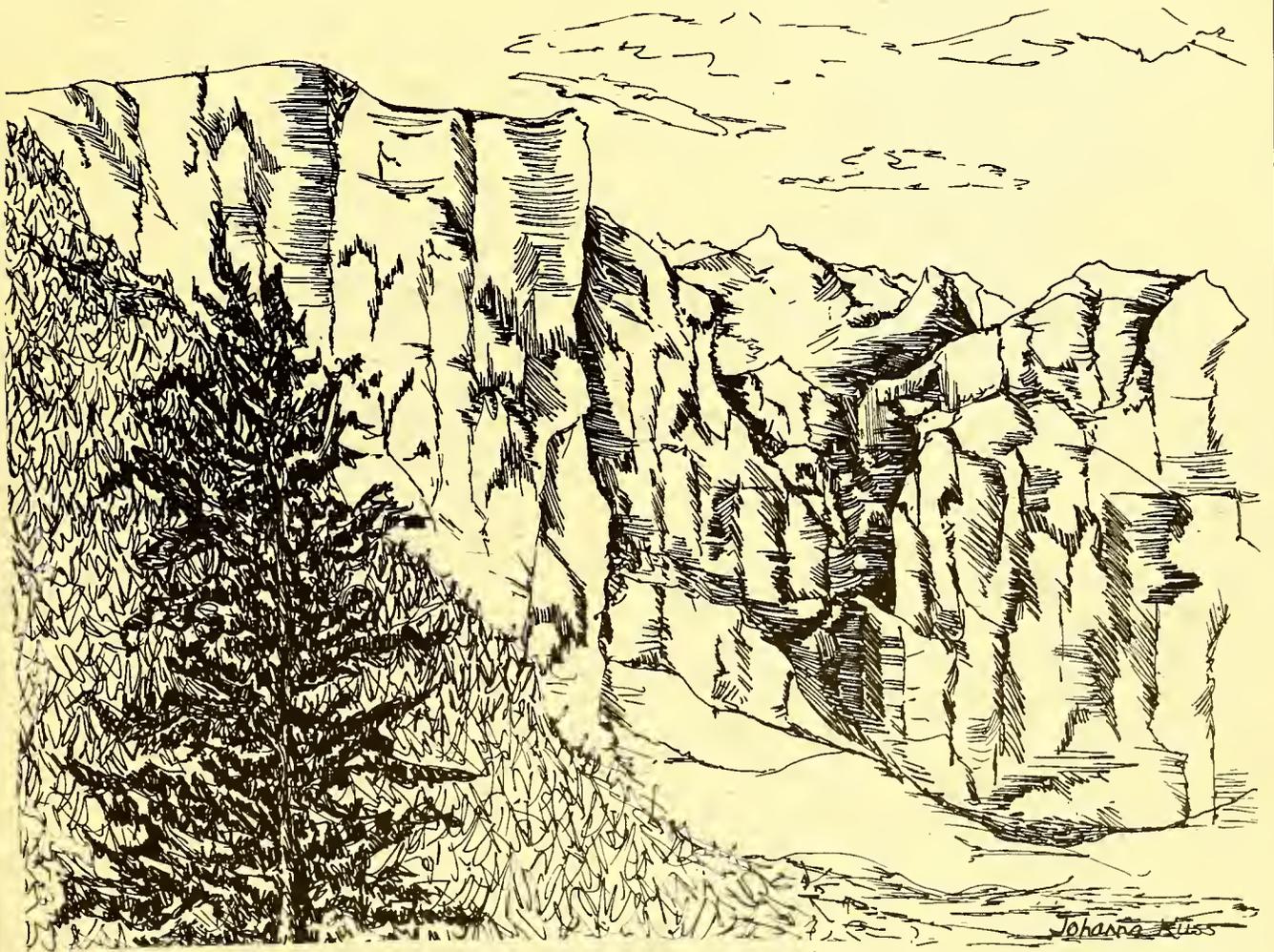
Jack Ghizzoni

### **Falling into Grace**

Sierra blue, the lake  
the sun's jagged teeth  
dart between its waves,  
slash threatening  
to leave the water slain,  
tattered ribbons strewn  
across the valley floor.

Distant on ridges  
where sounds move slowly,  
the ice is dying.  
Fractured masses crack,  
avalanche in tongues,  
roar into the valley,  
and halt gasping, so much fallen  
grace in piles  
by the edge of water.

Jack Ghizzoni



Johanna Kuss

Johanna Kuss

### Chapter Three: Fade to Black

It must have been one month later  
i could tell by the sun i didn't see  
as my wipers slapped down memory:  
    Knoxville County Jail blues are worse,  
    worse than homesick or woman—  
    man, they're death incarnate's equal

The badge always  
slivers my open shaking hands  
chops & dices  
my pride—  
there's only submission & that's no choice,

for in all i haven't felt & won't feel  
i've always known my unloosed soul

    & i hear where it's chained & tortured  
    & smell where the blood stagnates  
    & see where it's rhythm is strangled numb

by some perverted equality

Phil Polo

### The Bus

Five thirty a.m.  
Getting on a crowded bus,  
Mostly black people,  
Painfully aware of my  
Pale skin, and it  
Seems like they're looking  
At me, and i sit down  
And cannot sleep.

Seth Hassett

### You Brought Me Wild Clarissa

You brought me  
wild Clarissa  
a silver plate of  
pomegranate seeds  
How like you to  
entice me with  
so many little  
gifts and after that  
an empty plate

Demetra E. Gates

**To R. Behar**

Part I - "Why so many hate"

"Controversial:"  
That's the first thing I heard;  
I took it to be a compliment.

But is it the way the rebel should be lured?  
If it means he knows about Kent  
But hasn't seen the point  
He might be worse than the ignorant.  
"Know your subject," three times,  
Before you pick up that joint.

But is it a true word?  
"A dangerous man is a knowledgeable one," is what they meant.  
"A knowledgeable sentence is a dangerous one," Orwell said  
And the danger leaves the teaching dead.  
So, why try to alienate,  
Instead reach for the highest and lowest head.

"Aim to the best:"  
That's how he answered my test;  
I took it as a warning.

Part II - "Why so many love"

He walks in the room  
And brings the light.  
Drawing, drawing to him;  
He can't be ignored.

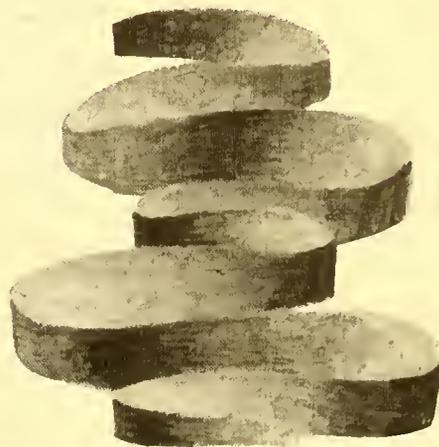
Every word must be heard,  
They all must be remembered;  
They all are. It can't be helped.

Magic. Everything not seen  
Is there. Brought out  
By the voice that crowds  
My ears for an hour.

I want to talk, but I can't think of anything to say;  
I want to answer, but I don't know.

I leave, wondering how I can ever equal;  
But he says equality is unnecessary.  
So, I'll come tomorrow  
To find where else I can't see.

James Lynch





Liz Humes

### **Minor Nostalgia**

Waxen fair rooms  
And windows that hail turquoise Jays  
Are the places to breathe  
The evergrowing gusto, of family ties.

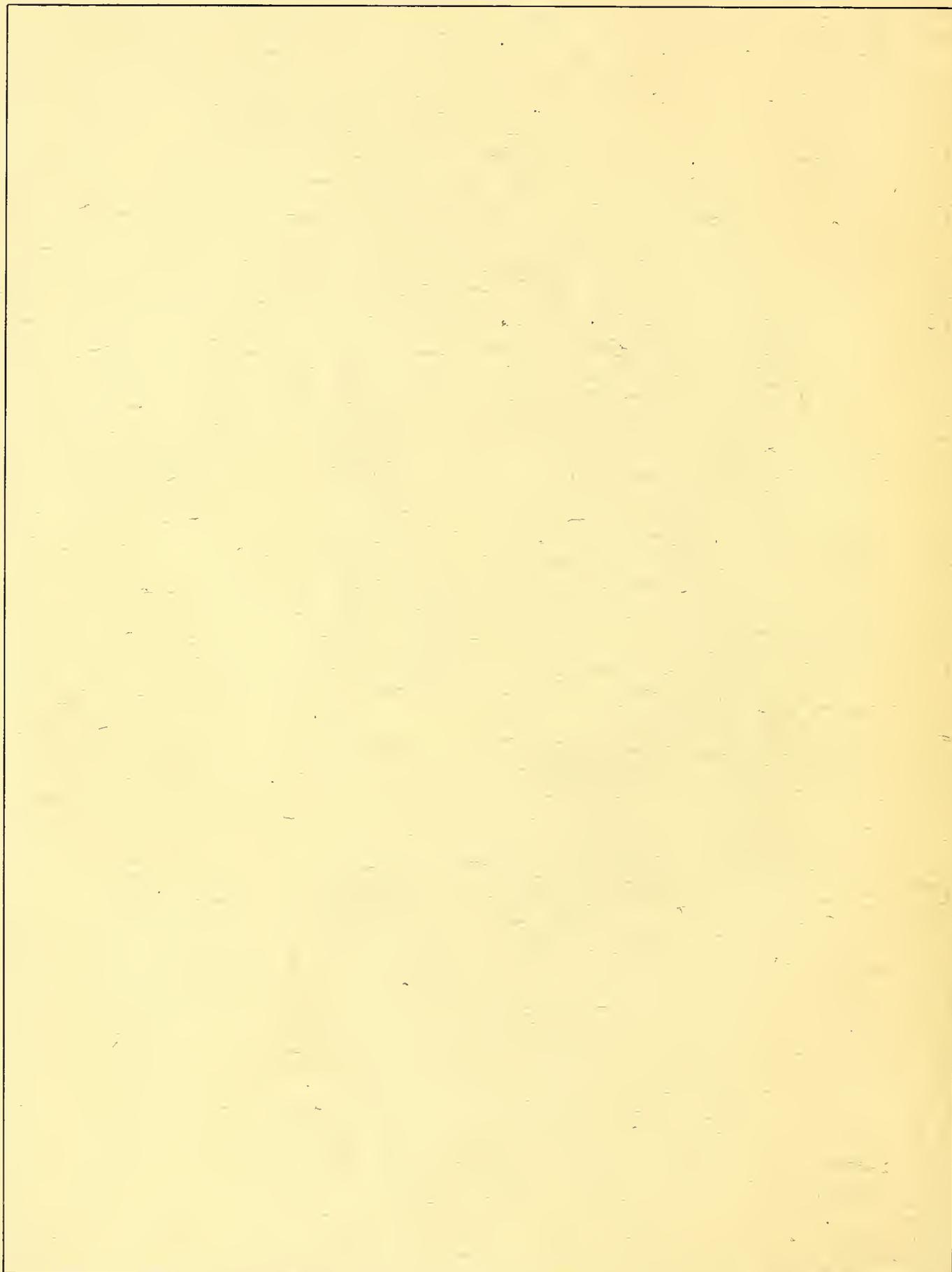
The mind frames of love  
Linked and lightly welded  
To the heart  
and to nowhere else.

While remaining links  
Dangle in front of you  
Wanting to be noticed.  
Still the mind frames  
walk to your side, slightly behind.

These are the solo ciphers  
And rainbow melodies, that came.  
The blue sparks from the rubbing links  
Souvenirs of them and I.

The unexpectedly expected  
Fancied and dejected  
Stutters, of our wants.  
That some-  
Like this way  
They want this way  
To miss this way  
And remember.

Carlos Mijares



# INTRODUCTION

She shamed her virtue,  
humbled her aches...

Aw. Fuckit!!  
what do you care?

These Are ONLY words.

