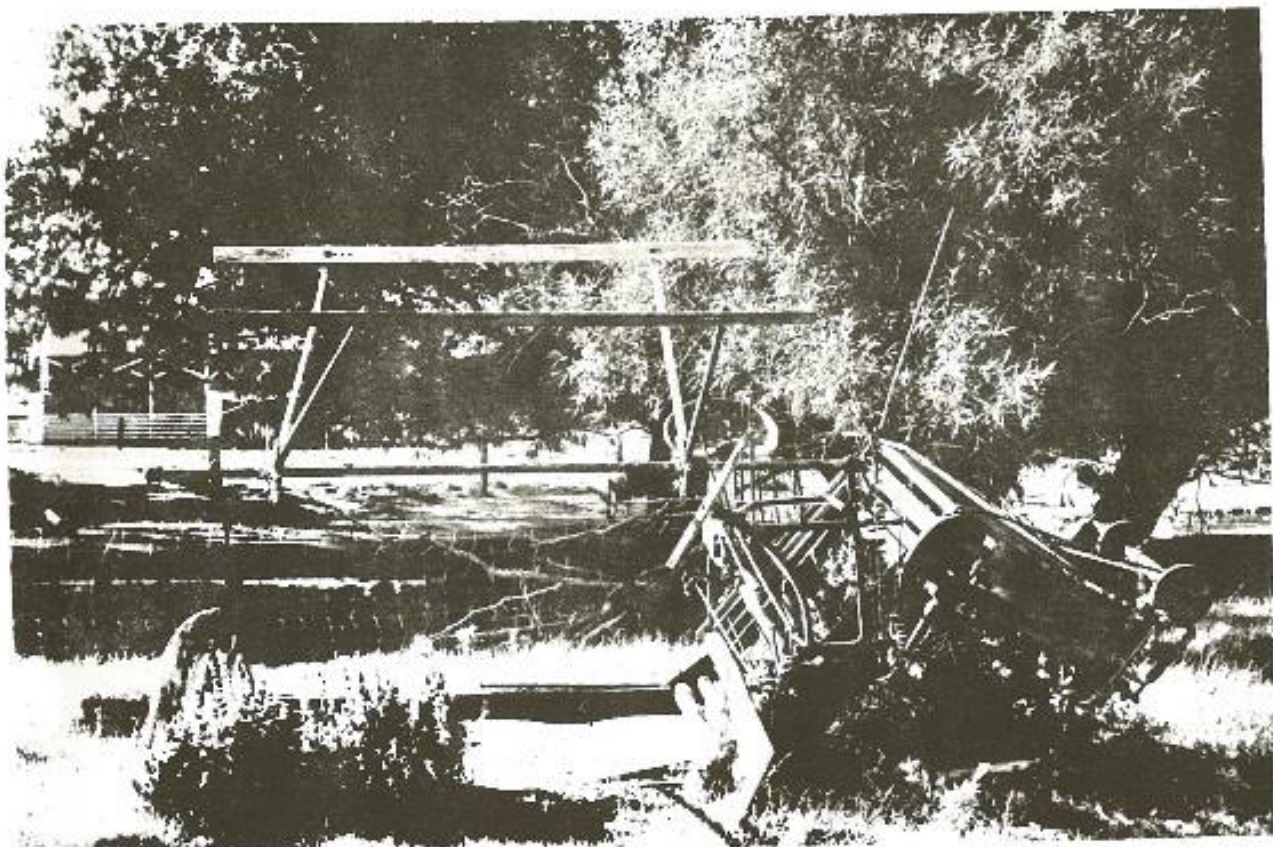


# Retrospect

ELLENSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

SPRING 1977 \$1.50





*Ron Swedberg*

**"Isn't an artist in a sense like a god?  
"I'm not claiming to be divine or  
anything. It's just that, like a god, an artist  
can take an idea and give it substance. An  
artist can create a world and control its weather  
and its inhabitants."**

**—Malcolm McClinton, "In the Beginning"**

# Retrospect

Ellensburg High School Literary Magazine Spring 1978 Volume IV

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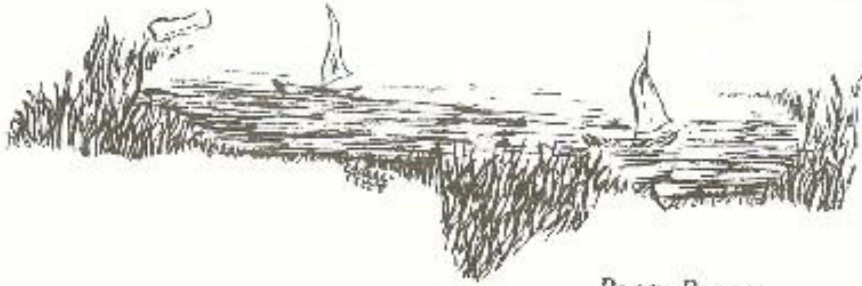
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*The Retrospect staff would like to thank the following people: Mrs. Naomi Denhart, Mr. Frank Johnson, Mrs. Avis Ross, Mrs. Debbie Rowden, and Mrs. Jean Smith for prose solicitations; Mr. Lynn Weissenfels for his assistance with photography; Mr. David Gaer and Mr. Bob Rock for their help with art work; Duncan McClinton for his work with advertising; and Mr. Steve Rogers for his advice and the use of the high school publications facilities. In addition, we would like to thank every student at EHS who submitted writing, photography, or artwork to this year's Retrospect.*

*Cover photo by Ron Swedberg*



*Peggy Brown*

*Doug Keith*



I walked  
And the rain washed the gravel  
And the windows  
And the feet.  
The moisture  
Pulled veils over faces  
Damp fingers  
Touched  
Umbrellas dripped  
Dripped, dripped  
Small  
Glistening pendants

Kathie Smith

---

# In The Beginning

By Malcolm McClinton

There was only darkness—I switched on the desk lamp and the light cut away all shadow except for that which was able to hide behind furniture.

I was sitting at a straight-backed desk chair. On the desk before me there was a large sheet of coarse water-color paper. There was nothing drawn on the sheet, no marks to mar its perfect whiteness.

I gazed into the blank surface of the paper. It was like looking through a window into an empty universe. It was pure white, absent of all color and seemingly of all dimensions; width, length, depth, and even time did not seem to touch the void.

I picked up my pencil and made a soft stroke. The pencil left a light trail of graphite, like a single black hair on the page. I continued to sketch, not really concentrating on what it was I was creating.

It was that word, *creating*, that gave me the idea: isn't an artist in a sense like a god?

I'm not claiming to be divine or anything. It's just that, like a god, an artist can take an idea and give it substance. An artist can create a world and control its weather and its inhabitants.

I leaned back in the chair and looked at the sketches strewn about my bedroom. In them I had created both rich and poor. I had

blessed kings and queens with eternal happiness and given others nothing but sorrow.

I looked at the sketch I had been drawing. It was a picture of an old washwoman. Her gnarled hands were scrubbing a cracked stone floor, and tears were stopped in motion on her leathery cheeks.

I thought of the legend of Prometheus and how he was to be chained to a stone where an eagle would rip out his liver which would grow back only to be torn out again and again day after day for what Zeus said would be an eternity.

I had damned the old woman to forever be scrubbing a floor she couldn't clean, never to be happy.

Not only that, but I had made her proportions wrong. Her torso was too long, her eyes unnaturally wide. In fact, the more I studied her the more mistakes I found in the drawing.

I grabbed my gum eraser and scrubbed her from the page, then blew the eraser dust over the floor. Once again the page was empty—void of all dimensions.

I stood up from the desk thinking that my hobby wasn't just putting random lines on paper. "No," I chuckled, "my hobby is creating worlds."

I switched off the desk lamp, giving the room back to shadow. And there was only darkness. □



*Ron Swedberg*

A lone star--  
So simple, yet so beautiful.  
But while gazing at  
Multitudes upon multitudes  
Of those glowing orbs  
That one star goes unnoticed.  
As a group they are  
beautifully awesome.  
As individuals they are  
awesomely beautiful.

Cathy Squire

On the foggy night  
over the solid granite

c  
l  
i  
f  
f

I hung  
like a spider over the valley

In a green  
powdery opalescent glass smoke

My cell  
contained  
only a chair  
for meditation

But I wrote  
on the non-  
existent walls  
my will to  
terminate  
my only Life

And here  
I sit

To meditate  
of deaths a many  
in my green  
powder opalescent  
glass  
cage over  
the sheer granite  
cliff

Vince Kraemer

# One Man's Victory

From 'top the hill so high, he looked  
Upon the field below.

For him they had been looking long  
For he was not the same.  
For him they tortured, all his life  
And tried to put to shame.

With guns and blades, they came at him,  
And hatred in the eye.  
With murder written on the face,  
To kill him they would try.

And then he rode down silently,  
To face his doom below.  
He would not hide and run again,  
From death by hand of foe.

His death, he knew, was coming soon.  
He wondered if not best  
To take his own life, 'stead of wait,  
'Til bullet pierce his chest.

Beside the path, he found the herb  
And swallowed 'til was done.  
Some said by suicide he showed  
His battle he had won.

Meg Gamon



*Peggy Brown*

# Inner Conflict

The Sun breathed a sigh of relief when night came,  
I walked down the avenue and watched as it transferred  
its rays toward the Moon.  
The Moon, with its blackness returning to light, was an  
almost orange color.  
I watched and soon I understood their friendship,  
They were the friends of night and day.  
But why the eclipse, did the Moon become angry that  
certain day of the year? Did its hostile forces  
shut out the Sun for a tiny moment?  
I wondered as I stood on the avenue in darkness with  
only the light of the Moon to guide me through  
a *dream* . . . .

Janice Dillard

# A Journey into My Past

By Marilyn Poulsen

Although I like nothing better than living in a spotless room, getting it to that state can be quite a chore. The time I need is never present and many other desirable activities hover in the back of my mind. But, on a few rare occasions, when my homework is finished and I'm not in the mood to socialize, I take a couple of energetic but relaxing hours vacuuming, dusting, arranging, and, most delightful of all, sorting through my letters.

Never throwing away old letters has long been a bad habit of mine, which is apparent just by

viewing the top of my desk. I get depressed when looking at that devastated corner of my room until I pull out my chair, sit down, and attack.

The pile which lays on my desk contains the most recent, freshly opened letters, mingling with bank statements and newspaper clippings. I quickly organize these into piles of friends at college, my sister, and vacationing high school chums. Then I pull out my top right-hand drawer, and reach in and remove the blue-gray cardboard box whose contents unleash the

past.

These brightly colored, flowered, plain and air mail envelopes are less familiar than those I have just arranged. With each I pause for a few moments to reminisce. It isn't necessary for me to slide the contents out of their concealing houses; a look at the return address or even a glance at the handwriting floods my mind with memories, some enchanting, others desolate.

The first bundle, the most wildly colored of all, is a collection of letters symbolic of a broken friendship in Tacoma. Her big-city lifestyle, once I had firsthand experience with it, had been too fast for my small town naivete. Therefore, we hadn't written in nearly four years.

The next bunch digs back furthest into my childhood; the days of Camp Fire camp at Illahee. These letters are from my sisters, threatening to ride my bike while I was away, and from my parents, fishing through the fog at the ocean. Camp memories, especially those of having to write that first letter before I could eat, are recreated in panoramic color.

Now the letters, as I rummage deeper, regenerate events that are more difficult to pass off than a broken relationship or carefree days at summer camp. Although they are just pieces of paper, this personal stack of letters paints faces, feelings, and regrets. Some of the writers I have tried to forget, and keeping their letters around doesn't help. Somehow I can't seem to take this final and decisive step in abandoning these people I once felt so much for.

Hours pass by, and I will still be seated at my desk. Maybe a phone call from downstairs or someone pulling into the driveway will snap me out of my daydream world where I have journeyed back into my past. I didn't get my room cleaned, but the trip was well worth it. Now I wait, to receive more letters to pile on my desk, and for another relaxing afternoon when I can once again delight in remembering so many people, places, and sentiments of my relatively short past. □



Leroy Cruse



As they lift up from the ground  
they bow their heads  
stretching out across the sky  
they float over the clouds  
and drift across the trees.  
Above the hills they soar,  
passing up the smaller things  
in life.  
If I could only drift among  
the clouds with them  
soaring ever higher to the sky.  
The steady beat of their wings  
fills the quiet air.  
It makes me sad to hear them cry.

Mikki Hart



*Sally Gordon*

# KERRY

By Pat Locke

My cousin Kerry and I walked up to the Chevrolet pickup. It was almost new; the light blue body had hardly a scratch. In the front corners of the wide bed were large steel toolboxes. "Triple K Sales," the tops read boldly.

I opened the door and stepped up into the cab. Kerry jerked his door open and climbed into the driver's seat. He shoved the key into the ignition. The pickup roared to life, quieting to a purr as Kerry eased off the accelerator.

"Not bad, huh?" he grinned as the truck roared down the dirt road that led from my grandparents' house to the county highway. "Ken just bought it this year, for the business, really. And I mean, it runs."

He took an eight-track tape out of a brown vinyl carrying case wedged between the bucket seats with one hand, while steering somewhat with the other. He pushed it into the center-mounted tape player. Olivia Newton John blared into the cab, making conversation difficult.

I looked out at the flat Kansas countryside. We were passing by wheat fields colored dull brown by winter. The wheat was long harvested, remaining now only in the occasional grain elevators and the price-conscious minds of farmers. The monotony of the bare fields

stretches to the understated blue sky at the horizon. I wondered how anyone could live in such a featureless environment.

Kerry yanked out the eight-track with a look of dissatisfaction. He fished around in the case for something more to his liking. "Gees, what a bunch of crap. Country," he said, making the word an expletive.

"Are those your dad's?" I asked.

"Ya. I don't know why Ken goes for country. He thinks he's a cowboy, I guess, you know." He grinned again. "You seen him with his cowboy hat? What a laugh."

"Ya, I know. He didn't use to do that, did he?"

"Nah." Kerry returned his attention to the tapes. "I wish I would've brought my eight-tracks that I had at Mamou's. I got my best ones back there. Kiss, Styx, all three of my Breads..."

What a loss, I commented sarcastically to myself. Back at my grandparents' house, Kerry had played his eight-tracks incessantly. It wasn't that I didn't like his kind of music; rather, I hated it. Mamou, my grandmother, hadn't seemed to mind. In fact, she had given him a portable tape player for Christmas, just two days ago. Perhaps she was hipper than I. Then again, maybe she was simply hard of hearing.

The pitch of the engine lowered

abruptly as Kerry flipped on his turn signal. We were still ten miles from Hutchinson, and I was confused.

"Hey, don't you guys live in Hutchinson any more?"

"What? Oh. Well, there's a bridge out, so you can't go around on Twenty-second. Anyway, this way's quicker, almost."

We turned onto an intersecting road: Highway 101, according to the yellow sunflower road sign on the shoulder. Our speed picked up as Kerry shifted the automatic transmission from low to second, and finally up to drive. He gripped the shift lever firmly, as if it were something extremely powerful.

He glanced at me, noticing my curiosity. "Shifting with an automatic can come in handy some times." He fingered the shifter. "Once I was going to this concert in Wichita, you know? I think it was Steve Miller, but anyway, I was cruising down the road about seventy, you know?"

"Ya?"

"So up ahead I see this cop right on the shoulder, speed trap like, you know? So I slam it into low, and, man, did it ever slow me down! I passed the guy going right at fifty-five, and he didn't do nothing, just gave me a funny look. They can get you if you brake, you know. If they see your brakelights,

it's resisting arrest or something. But, man, if I'da got a ticket... one more and my license gets suspended."

"Really?"

"Ya, the cops are on my case. I've got two tickets on Main Street for excessive acceleration. Excessive acceleration! Can you believe that?"

We were entering a residential area now. It looked like an average middle-class American suburb.

"There's the high school," Kerry said, pointing to a complex of one-story brick buildings. "Actually, this is Nickerson High, but Mom didn't want me to go to South Hutch because they have about two thousand kids, you know? Nickerson is better anyway. Everybody's got hot cars. Last Friday everybody took off their headers in the parking lot, you know? You shoulda heard it. But then Mr. Metz—he's the principal—he called the cops."

Kerry whipped the pickup into the driveway of a green single-story house. "This is it."

We got out and, after Kerry raised the door, walked into the two-car garage. One side was cluttered with greasy components of an odd-looking vehicle. Kerry waved vaguely at the parts. "Ken's trying to rebuild a three-wheeler, that's a go-cart thing, you know? He got it for the business, it's really fun to ride."

"Now, what did he want? Oh, ya, the tool kit for installing Mamou's car speakers." He turned to the garage wall. Hoes, rakes, and shovels of various ages hung from the unfinished walls. To the rear were shelves piled high with dusty cans and boxes. Kerry took a small metal case from here and, blowing off the dust, set it on the concrete floor. He opened it and examined the contents. Then he closed it. "It's all here, let's go."

We moved into the dull winter sunlight, Kerry pulling down the garage door behind us. He indicated a car in the driveway of the house next door as we backed out. "That's the hottest car at Nickerson. Jeff Markham's. He can get it up to a hundred twenty when he drags."

"How about your car?" I asked, referring to the red Mustang he had driven to Mamou's.

"Oh, it's okay, but it's nowhere near Jeff's. My car's mostly show, really. It's gonna be cool, though. I took out the back seat and I'm building a bed in it, you know? Another thing, I'm going to put in a tach, even though it is automatic transmission. It looks good, you know."

"I don't like draggin' all that much anyway. I just can't see risking your life like that. About a month ago, these six guys from Nickerson were riding around, you know? Like they were going about ninety, and then they had



Lynda Burk

their lights out, you know? So they turn their lights back on and right in front of them was this bridge railing post thing. I mean, they were like on the side of the road. So they swerved off the road to not hit the post. The car went right over the river—that's what the bridge was for, you know?—and landed on the other side. So then it rolled over and blew up. The only way they know what happened is that this one kid was thrown clear. But the other five were killed. The kid said he tried to pull one guy out while the car was burning, but the guy's arm came off, just like melted

cheese." Kerry shuddered. "Can you believe it? Getting wasted like that? I mean, burned alive. Wasted, man." He looked at the speedometer and slowed down a little.

The sky was beginning to darken to evening as we pulled into my grandparents' driveway. My grandparents lived on a farm, where they raised wheat and bred show horses. Their house was in the center of a small wood. Our arrival made four vehicles there. In addition to the pickup, there was our family's Ford Galaxy 500, which we had driven in from Washington to be with our relatives for Christmas, and two more representatives of my cousin's family: his Mustang and Aunt Kaye's Buick. The Bakers were a mobile lot.

As we entered the house, I could hear my mother, Aunt Kaye, and Mamou talking in the kitchen.

"And I guess she still can't do everything she could before the stroke, but I hear she is coming along," Mamou was saying as we walked in the room.

"Hi, boys," Aunt Kaye greeted. "Did you get it, Kerry?"

"Ya, it's in the pickup."

"Well, Ken and Lewis Alvin went with Uncle Gene to see the new horses. They should be back any time now," she explained. "How'd you like our new house, Pat?"

"I just got to see the garage," I said.

"Oh. Well, you'll see it tonight. Your folks are coming over to play bridge. How about that?"

"Fine with me," I mumbled. I always got the feeling I was being subtly patronized by Aunt Kaye.

I say down at the dining table in one of the high-backed wooden chairs and practiced being seen and not heard.

I had never been able to pin down the exact way in which Aunt Kaye resembled Kerry, but there was a distinct similarity. Both had blond hair that was darkening with age. Their featureless environment had not affected them; both showed a certain sharpness of features, mainly in the nose and chin. And they shared the manner of a singular artificial elite, the

suburban jet set of Hutchinson, Kansas.

Kerry in his center-parted page boy and blue-beaded neck choker embodied pure avant-garde cool. His mother did the same with pseudo-sophisticated gestures of her everpresent cigarettes and an eternal air of impending name-dropping. They seemed almost fatalists, always concerned with the present: Kerry planned to forgo college and work with a landscaping business when he graduated in June.

A pickup pulled up in front of the house. Through the wooden shutters of the dining room windows, I saw my dad and Uncle Ken get out and wave goodbye to Uncle Gene, who then swung the truck around and drove off.

"Looks like they're back," Mamou announced. "Guess I'd better put the casserole in the oven now; it's almost five thirty and Lewis Alvin always did like his supper early."

The front door wheezed open and closed, and my dad and Uncle Ken came into the kitchen. Ken was a tall man, made taller by his cowboy boots and hat. He took the hat off, revealing his short black hair.

"Ja get the tool kit, Kerry?" he asked.

"Ya."

"Where is it?"

"Back of the pickup."

"Well, what's it doing there? I told you to get it, now you bring it here." Uncle Ken's words were menacing, but his tone and the look in his eyes said he was just kidding.

"Go get it yourself. What am I, a slave?" Kerry went along with the joke.

"Listen here, boy." Ken punched Kerry playfully. "Don't you talk to me like that."

Kerry got out of his chair. "Any time you're ready, why, I'll take you on, Ken. Huh, how about it?" He shadowboxed at his father.

"Aw, go get the tool kit. I want to put in your Mamou's speakers before supper."

"All right," said Kerry, retreating out of the kitchen. "But you just better watch out . . ."

After supper, two inventories of

my Christmas presents, and an unenthusiastic review of my vacation homework, it was time to go to the Bakers'.

The minute their door opened, I saw that the house fit in with my suburban avant-garde classification of their lifestyle. The living room was dominated by a low russet sofa and the blockish jet black coffee table in front of it. Two large pillows lying on the scarlet carpet were apparently modern chairs. One corner of the room was taken up by a two-foot sculpture of a black Buddha smiling widely and rubbing his substantial stomach.

Kerry led me into his room. One whole wall consisted of shelves upon shelves of beer cans. "These are my beer cans," he revealed. "I've got one of almost every manufacturer in the United States."

I sat down on his bed. "How many have you got?"

"Oh, about seven hundred. I've got most all the current ones; they were easy to find. The old ones are hard to find. You see any I haven't got?"

I briefly scanned the rows and stacks. "Huh-uh."

The rest of his room was a bit more conventional. Next to the bed was a gray desk covered with a jumble of papers. On the other side of the desk were shelves holding books, record albums, a spherical Panasonic radio, and his new portable eight-track tape player. The fourth wall supported a stereo system, a chest of drawers with a mirror above, and a closet. In the corner above the bed was a lamp hanging from an antiqued brass chain. Above the stereo was what looked like a fish net, attached to the wall and weighted down by softball-sized green glass spheres.

Kerry turned from his desk with a small white squeeze tube. He squirted some clear, viscous liquid onto my thumb. "There. Now put your finger on your thumb."

I was suspicious. "Why?"

"Oh, come on, just do it."

"No, what's it gonna do?"

"Nothing, just do it," he repeated.

"Huh-uh," I said stubbornly.

"Oh, well, it's probably dry by now anyway."

I eyed my thumb warily. "What was it?"

"Superglue." He brought up his hand. "You shoulda done it; I did." His thumb and forefinger were locked together in an okay sign.

"How you gonna get it off?" I asked.

"I don't know," he admitted, a trifle sheepishly. He pondered for a moment. "I know!" He left the room and came back with a razor blade. Then he proceeded to painstakingly cut his finger and thumb apart.

I got up and walked to his dresser. Tucked inside the frame of his mirror were pictures: Uncle Ken, Aunt Kaye, and a half dozen girls I had never seen before. "Who're these girls?"

"Oh, just girls." He pointed with his razor blade. "This one is my girlfriend, Joanne. That one's my old girlfriend, Linda. The rest are girlfriends before that."

"Oh," I was rather impressed.

There was a meow at the door. Kerry opened it to let his Siamese cat in. "Hi, Yang," he said softly, picking it up to scratch it under its chin. It growled. "Don't growl, Yang. Be nice, now." It growled louder.

"Kerry, let her go!" Aunt Kaye ordered from the bridge table.

"I'm not holding her," he lied easily.

"Then why is she growling?"

"I don't know," said Kerry, grinning at me. "I'm not even near her." He let her go and she sprang out of the room.

"Come on," he motioned to me, apparently not realizing that all this was quite entertainment enough. "Let's go play bumper pool." □

# Jungle in a Jar

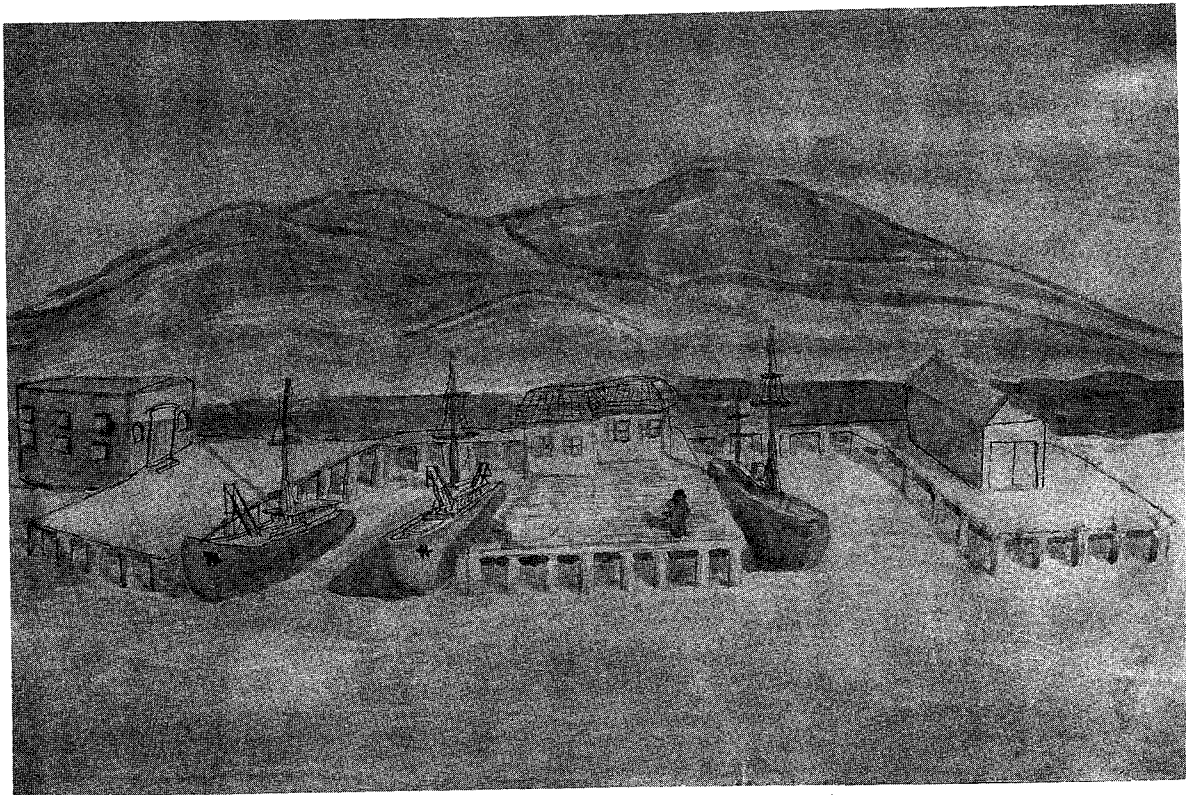
apricot orangutans wildly fling  
crisp mint leaves  
moist with lemon  
on cinnamon cats  
and sour grape parrots

around the peppermint trees  
curl licorice snakes  
hunting for chubby  
watermelon wombats  
and plump grapefruit toads

full of vanilla fish  
the almond crocodiles snooze  
in the boysenberry mud  
snapping lazily  
at pepper gnats

the coconut elephants peel  
their onion tusks  
while mustard giraffes  
watch a flock of bamboo herons  
fly out of the jar

by jeff osborn



*Craig Robinson*



# A Nest Of Chestnut

By Mark Jaehnig



*Laurie Edwards*

As the summer sun sets, the long yellow rays play among the tree-tops. Softness pervades. The din of traffic dims. Children's shrieks become kitten's purrs. It is a time of intrigue and delight. Little voices float up from children tussling for treasures in the grass. Giggles come from the golden maple boughs. Parents take time after a long day of work to be with their children—there is Mr. Rogers helping his son ride a shiny new trike. After spending all day baby-sitting twenty high school kids, it must be a relief to contend with two gradeschoolers. The sunlight intermixes with contentment to encompass them. Complacent smiles invade the shadow.

Smiling comes easier at this time of day. Everyone I meet smiles or gives me a pleasant greeting. I have a nodding acquaintance with an old gent on Ninth Avenue. With a creased tweed hat set on his balding head, and a tweed sports jacket draped over slightly bent shoulders, he, as I, meanders about on sunny evenings. After supper, we pass under the chestnut trees. Sometimes on opposite sides of the street, sometimes on the same side, we pass looking at the shadow and feeling the sun. We never speak as we meet, but we nod, each on his way, seeing the other as a fixture, a shiny chestnut gleaming in a nest of leaves.

In the evening, shadow is as intriguing as light. As the clouds change from white to orange to pink to grey, the shadows become deeper, more entrancing. Delight and joy well up, balm for the soul. The evening ends like a Beethoven adagio; the last robin asleep, shadow in the leaves.

Jaymie lay on the cot in the small room pretending she was still unconscious, concentrating on lying very still and breathing very steadily, in case anyone was watching her. Occasionally she would slit her eyes in order to see the window in the door across the

now they knew she was conscious. The door was silently pushed open as she lay motionless, muscles tensed. She wanted to open her eyes but a light footfall stopped her in the process. Jaymie turned cold. Another footfall, then two more, and whoever it was stood right next

herself up straight and said, "A watch." The tone of her own voice surprised her. It was proud and resounding.

"Follow me." He sounded curt now, and somewhat bored.

"Tell me where I am and where the others are first."

Squinting one round eye slightly, he said coldly again, "Follow me."

She could do nothing but follow him. If she refused guards would be called and they would very likely drag her to wherever she originally would have been lead. Grimly, Jaymie sighed and started out the door after him.

She began taking in the details of the brightly lighted corridor as she had been trained to do. The I. P. O., International Protection Organization, for which she was a lieutenant, trained its officers well.

# The Red Button

room. It was a dark thick window of an amber colored glass. Or maybe it was plastic—she couldn't be sure. A little light coming through the window was all there was in the room. She saw distorted shaped sometimes flicker across the square of light, and she dared not move. They were probably guards watching her. Her head and back hurt dreadfully in remembrance of the explosion which had thrown her into a wall hours earlier. It seemed like hours anyway, although she had no way of knowing for sure how long she had been in this cell. Without thinking she reached into her pocket where she kept a watch, took it out, and looked at it. The red digital numbers said nine o'clock. She pushed the button again and it said one. It was broken, and she shoved it back into her pocket.

Jumping at the sound of a key being turned in the lock, Jaymie assumed her original position on the cot, realizing at the same time that she had done exactly what they wanted her to do. She had been caught moving about, and

By Shelley Envick

to her. Her breath came in long gasps as she concentrated on opening her eyes. When she had mustered the courage, her eyes popped open in a wide terrified stare as though she hadn't done it herself. They just opened. Her vision was blurred, but she focused finally on the image before her, shadowy in the dim light. She raised up on one elbow, then stood. It was a man, almost human. He was human actually, just different. The hands had only four fingers each, with wide ends much like a frogs but not so pronounced. His eyes were large, almost round, and she couldn't quite name. Brown, she guessed, or maybe dark green. The skin was of an eerily sallow Oriental shade. He was a mutant. That's what they proudly called themselves anyway, and his voice was cold and quiet as he spoke.

"What's in the pocket?" They had been watching her. She drew

She know she would remember this corridor for a long time.

"Where are we going?" she demanded, noticing at the same time a door just like the one behind which she had been locked. Someone was in that room. How she could come to that conclusion she didn't know, but someone was in that room. She was certain of it.

"To see Gabriele," he answered, and they turned a corner. Gabriele. She recognized the name. For months there had been talk of a mutant leader named Gabriele, but no one could find out anything about him. Then a note came the morning of the explosion in downtown Meridian City. It foretold the explosion as "a small demonstration of our power." It was signed *Gabriele*, of course, as numerous other notes and threats had been. He was the leading member of a mutant organization attempting to overthrow the International Government. Jaymie began to wonder how many people had been killed in the explosion, when a sudden, horrifying thought sent pangs of fear through her



stomach and up her spine. Martin had been standing just to her left when the building across the street from them blew up. He could easily be dead or taken prisoner as she was.

A door opening and a hand on her arm forced the thought from her mind. The mutant guard led her into an office with a small telescreen sitting on the desk. She was directed to sit in one of the chairs facing the telescreen, and soon found herself gazing at her own image in its dark glossy surface. The bewildered angry-looking woman she saw appeared only slightly familiar in the distorting convex glass. The short dark hair was tossed wildly, and the blue eyes beneath frowning brows glittered and darted suspiciously. One high cheekbone was smudged, her wide mouth was set in a defiant, determined line, and, although she stood nearly six feet in height, she seemed very small. Jaymie pulled her eyes away from the screen, abandoning all thoughts of her appearance for something more worthy of her worry. Where was Martin and what would she do when Gabriele showed up? As she thought, she studied the room.

The stark white walls, she noticed, held no decoration of any sort. The room's four chairs were of a transparent grey plastic, and the desk, like the walls, was white metal. Only the grey top broke the white monotony. The room held nothing more, save the guard who had brought her here, and the desk held only the telescreen.

As she stared at it, the wall behind the desk silently slid open, exposing a towering man in a black coverall. He stood still a moment, then stepped into the light, more clearly revealing aquiline features. He would have been a handsome man if it weren't for the dark, unfathomable round eyes that he and all the others of his mutated race possessed. Dark hair waved back from his narrow face accentuated a low forehead with protruding brow bones. Phrenologists called them thought bumps, a sign of extreme intelligence. Beneath these heavy brow bones lay alert round eyes, an almost

straight nose, thin lips, and hollow cheeks. Jaymie could almost feel herself shrinking as he stared down at her from his imposing height. He sat down at the desk facing her, and in a quiet baritone asked if she had been hurt during his demonstration.

"No," she replied with a surge of confidence, "but enough people have."

"Perhaps now the people will listen to me." He paused, blinking and gazing thoughtfully at her. "This government is corrupt. My ways are better. Better! The world needs a new beginning. Will your people ever listen to me?"

"Blowing people up isn't going to do you any good." Gabriele's face tensed angrily as he turned the telescreen toward him. He punched out a code number and moved it to face a blank wall when it began to buzz.

"May I help you?" a polite woman's voice asked.

"Yes, if you would. My name is Gabriele. I would appreciate knowing the extent of the damages and the aftereffects of my demonstration this morning."

"Uh—one moment please," the woman faltered, and her footsteps were heard clattering across

the floor. After the brief silence, more footsteps were heard, obviously a man's. A gruff voice said, "Yes. Hello. Who is this?"

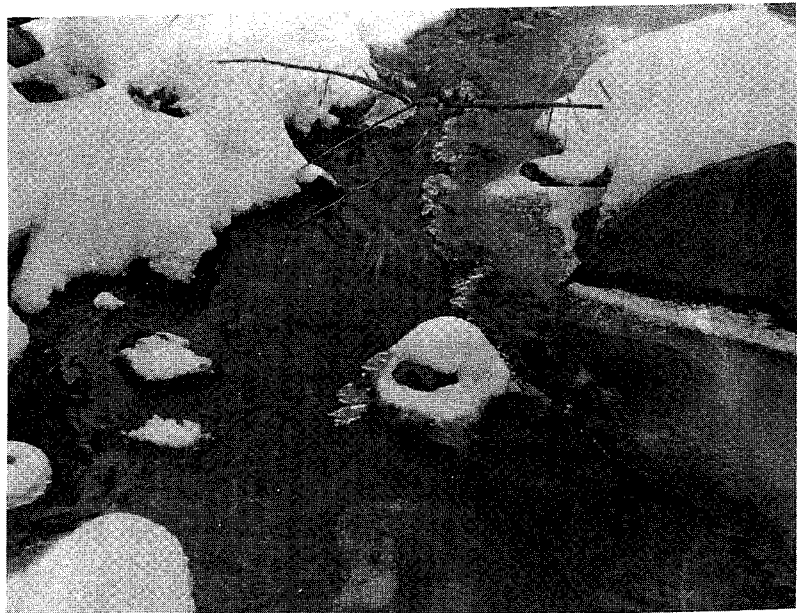
"As your secretary undoubtedly told you, my name is Gabriele. I'm sure you have heard of me. Tell me the extent of the damages and the aftereffects of my demonstration or I shall be forced to supply your hospitals with more patients." His jaws twitched.

There was a slight hesitation on the other end, then:

"Thirty-nine dead, two missing, seven dying of radiation. Structural damage is extensive, but some will be repairable. Precautions are being taken because of severe radiation in the surrounding atmosphere . . ." He was cut off then with the click of a black switch pushed by Gabriele's large four-fingered hand. He was arrogant, confident, and people did what he told them to do. It was no wonder he was a leader.

"He said two people are missing. Me and who else?" Jaymie questioned.

"Martin, I believe is the name. Very temperamental." Martin had been caught and they had spoken with him already. Martin was in the other cell she had seen, but at



Doug Keith

least he was alive.

"I've got something to show you, if you'll follow me, please." He suddenly sounded quite pleased with himself, and she hurried after him, wondering at his temperamentality.

After walking down a seemingly endless hallway, they came to a set of doors which Gabriele unlocked and swung open. In the center of the large laboratory stood a long, bullet-shaped bomb, slightly taller than Gabriele himself. *Radiation*, she thought. *The explosion was only a sample . . .* She stared fearfully at him. "What sort of bomb is this?"

"Only a model. The two real ones are planted at the north and south poles. I can set them off any time I wish. Eighteen minutes after I push this red button the bombs will explode simultaneously. Every city in this world will be flattened and every person dead, if not from buildings collapsing on them, then by radiation. Only we will survive.

We have nothing to lose, but you have everything." His voice had grown steadily louder and more frenzied, and at the end of his speech he gasped for breath.

"Do you think your people will listen now?"

"Why will you survive?" She shivered imagining what a bomb like this could do.

"I have taken the necessary precautions: underground bomb shelters that open automatically when the radiation is cleared. This should be in about five years." He was evidently crazy or a fanatic or both.

"They won't believe you," Jaymie sighed. "They'll never believe you."

"But they will believe you, won't they?"

"They might." She felt defeated, knowing no one would ever believe Gabriele was serious.

"Then you will speak to the Governing Council now." Shuddering, she followed him back to the office where he once more switched on the telescreen. Facing it toward her, he punched out a number,

then stood to the side, waiting.

"May I help you?" It was the same secretary's voice, connected now with the round plain face of a middle-aged woman.

Jaymie took a halting breath. "My name is Lieutenant Jaymie Delton, and I am being held by Gabriele and his people." She spat the words out, as though she hardly believed them, and continued. "The Governing Council must be called immediately—sooner. They must listen to me now." The urgency in her voice was almost frantic. The woman merely said, "Hold one moment please," and walked away.

She returned with a man Jaymie had never seen before. She was asked to repeat her plea. "Where are you?" he asked. She snapped at him, "I don't know where I am and couldn't tell you even if I did. I am being held by Gabriele and his people. Please just listen to me! *Do what I tell you!*"

---

**"Eighteen minutes after I push this red button the bombs will explode simultaneously. Every city in this world will be flattened and every person dead . . . Only we will survive."**

---

"The Council cannot meet now. It's impossible; they are in separate parts of the world. At the end of the week perhaps—

"They've got to meet now. Please listen. Gabriele has a bomb—"

In a fit of rage only a madman is capable of, Gabriele slapped the black switch to cut off communication, and then hit the detonator box he held in his hand, depressing the square red button. He froze for an instant, then raised his eyebrows and in a voice tinged with wonder

and panic, said, "I never thought I'd push it." In a husky impatient tone, he ordered the guard to return Jaymie to her cell and sound the alarm. Then he dashed down the long hallway. The guard took Jaymie by the arm and led her into the corridor where he removed a large ring of keys from his pocket and opened a box on the wall outside the office. There were a number of buttons and three levers, all labeled. He selected a lever and pulled it downward as far as it would go. A loud clanging filled the halls, and doors began to open, spilling out mutants like cider from a keg. The guard, in terror, fled down the hall along with the rest of his people, leaving Jaymie and his keys behind.

Pulling the keys from the keyhole, and running through herds of mutants swarming the opposite direction down the corridor, Jaymie reached the locked cell where Martin was. She called to him and he answered back, banging on the door. She tried first one key and then another and another. There were so many keys! One fit but refused to turn; another fit and even turned, but the door remained fast. Finally, one turned and the door unlocked without a sound. She grabbed Martin's hand. "Run! Hurry."

"He's crazy, you know," he said as they ran down the corridor through the thinning mob of mutants.

Before either of them realized it, they were outside. It was dusk, and they noticed people hurriedly disappearing into black rectangular holes in the ground. Following suit, they entered the first one available, leaping to the concrete floor just as the doors slid shut above them.

"Ah Jaymie," said a deep voice from somewhere in the darkness. Jaymie looked about her, finally focusing on Gabriele's dim image to her left. He was holding a small dehydrating gun.

She faced him squarely. He had thought of everything: a complex filter system for air from outside, underground water reservoirs, enough food to supply three people for five years,

chemical waste disposal—everything.

Outside, a tremendous roar was heard. Buildings fell like dominoes and card castles. People were spewed into the streets screaming. Two enormous white clouds spread, met, and combined, enshrouding the earth. Then—nothing but an echoing silence, broken only by an occasional wall tumbling down.

Five years later the doors on a bomb shelter clicked and creaked open. Jaymie looked up slowly to see a grey mist swirling down through the cracked opening.

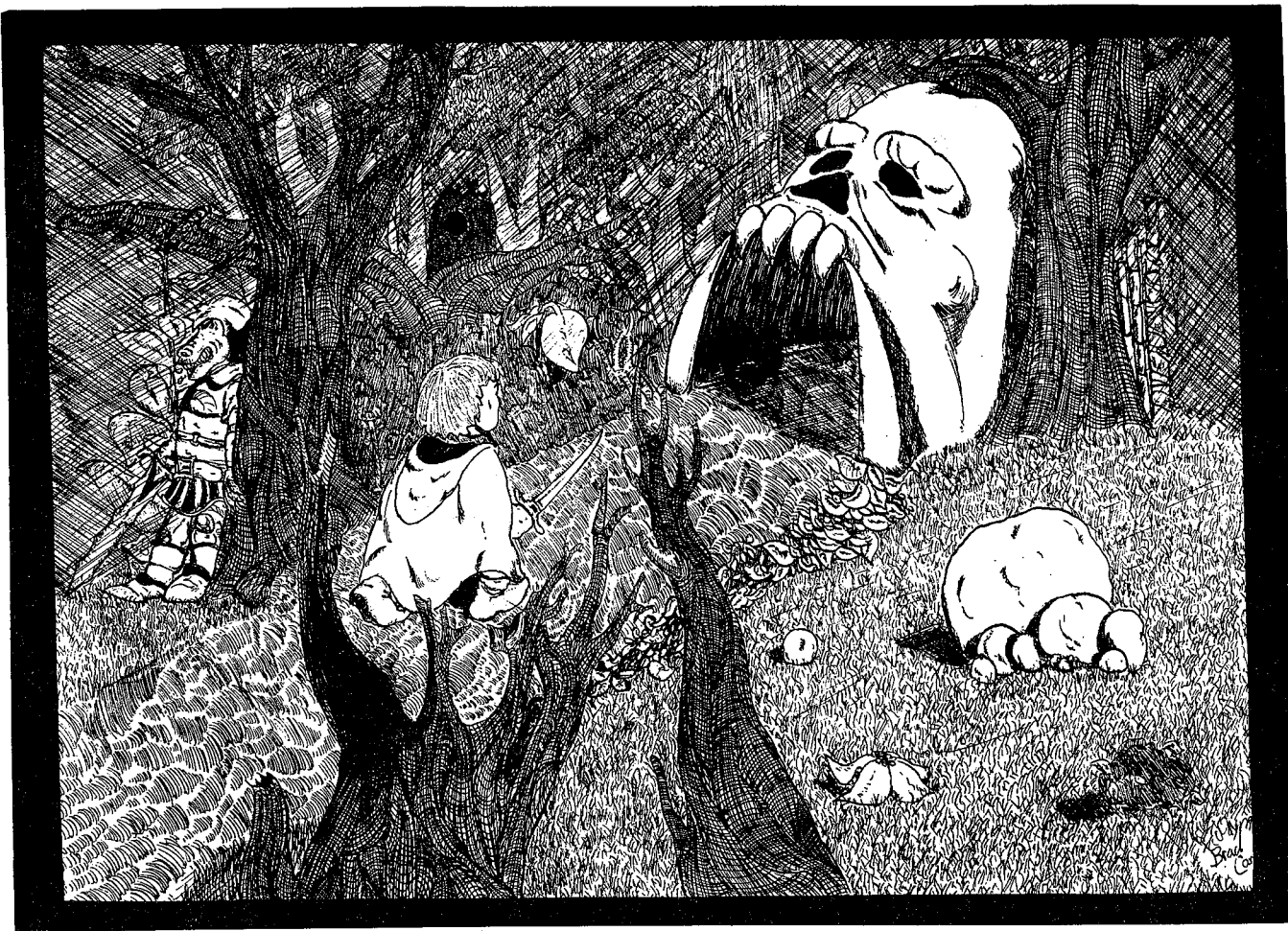
*Fog?* she thought. *It's supposed to be sunlight.* She climbed the ladder up to the door just as she had done each day for the past five years. This time though, instead of checking it, she pushed it open. Squinting painfully in the brightness of outside, she gazed about, watching as the fog

cleared and listening for other doors to click open. The fog soon lifted, and as her eyes grew accustomed to the sun, she looked out over the land. It was flatter than anything she had ever seen before, flat, and beginning to turn a little bit green. She thought of the day Martin was killed, the same day the red buttoned was pushed; and of Gabriele's passionate words, "We need a new beginning."

A pale, round-eyed child peered over the edge of the ground-level door. Blinking, he climbed out onto the dirt and grasped Jaymie's hand in his small four-fingered one. The child was followed by his father, a tall man with a sad face and heavy brow bone, whose hair was just beginning to turn a little bit grey; and soon, the other doors, one by one, clicked and creaked open. □



*Ron Swedberg*



*Brad Carlton*

## Restlessness

The moon shines glowing gold upon the lawn  
And lights up shadows dancing on the wall.  
I stretch I turn again, but sleep is gone  
The long hand on the clock just seems to crawl.

Such awful things contrive inside my head  
Surpassing Edgar Allen's darkest tomb.  
A shadow moves, a gun, a piece of lead  
The headlights of a car invade the room.

I shut my eyes and will myself to sleep,  
I am running fast and fierce to cries  
But suddenly there is no ground, I leap!  
This stimulated charge opens my eyes.

My sister turns and nudges me, "be still"  
I think upon it long, it's not for real.

Kathie Smith

Sometimes people give me some of the STRANGEST looks. Like the day I was walking down the street and I saw an enormous woman wearing pink & black striped stretch pants, yellow anklets, and brown penny loafers.

Of course, I laughed uproariously. And of course people stared. Don't they always? One human is enjoying one of life's greatest pleasures, laughter, and they try to stifle you. They didn't think it was funny. Do you? Aw, come on, don't you?

Tami Thedens



# Ballad of a Sea Storm

The sky was heavy, dark and gray,  
The ocean spat and foamed.  
The wind-tossed boat was far from shore;  
In deathly seas it roamed.

For 'neath the wicked, boiling waves,  
With fangs as sharp to bite,  
The coral reef was waiting there—  
The ship was soon in sight.

The sails were torn; the deck was bare,  
The wheel freely spun.  
The hold was where the people were,  
Except the captain's son.

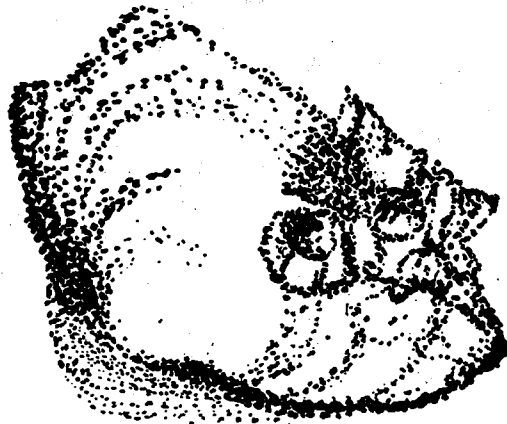
His sturdy frame had worked the sails  
And now he took the wheel.  
The waves were smashing on the reef  
And coral scraped the keel.

He yanked the rudder to the port;  
The ship began to turn.  
The bow swept past the coral reef  
And also did the stern.

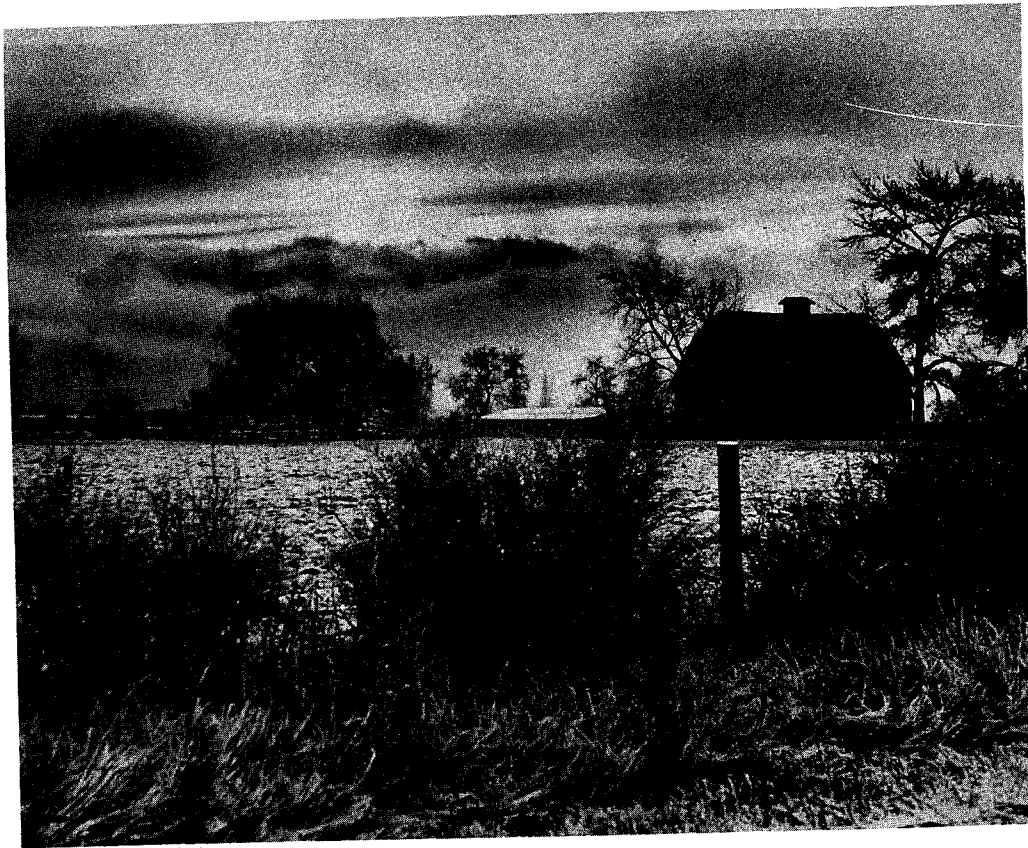
The ship was saved by just one man;  
The captain's son was he,  
But sadness reigned aboard the craft.  
The son had died at sea.

Seashells, by *Lynn Shuman*

Rachel Williams



*Ron Swedberg*



Dedicated to David Condit

Love is something to cherish day after day,  
throughout your life.

Just as a friend should be remembered day after day,  
throughout his life.

No matter how short his life may be.

Cris Standley

# Ode to Hot Fudge

By Eugene Richards

I delight in ice cream. Oh, not just simple ice cream. I insist that my ice cream be something. And to me, a hot fudge sundae is that something.

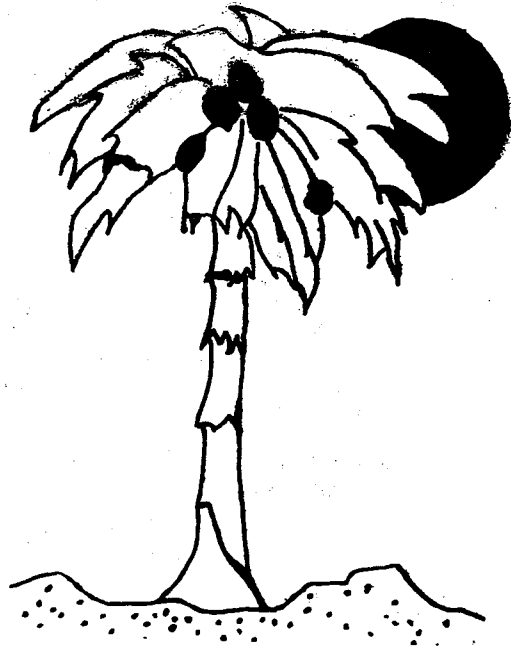
Now, some people are bound to disagree with me. They will preach for hours on the merits of plain ice cream (all flavors, of course), ice cream with topping (in every combination), banana splits, all types of sundaes, floats, shakes, mixtures, peanut buster parfaits, and anything they can think of. But to all of those who have been misled by their tongues, I say phooey!

I challenge any of them to watch the creation of a hot fudge sundae. If they can still say no after witnessing this miracle of birth, then according to all known laws, they're blind.

To see the filling of that crystal dish with clean vanilla ice cream, to experience the ladling of hot fudge and watch it creep down the ice cream, melting as it settles, to drown in the sight of the frothy whipped cream gushing out and down on the dark chocolate, then to feel each individual nut dive into the whipped cream and surface to catch the maraschino cherry as it falls, the last ingredient to complete and fulfill the creation!

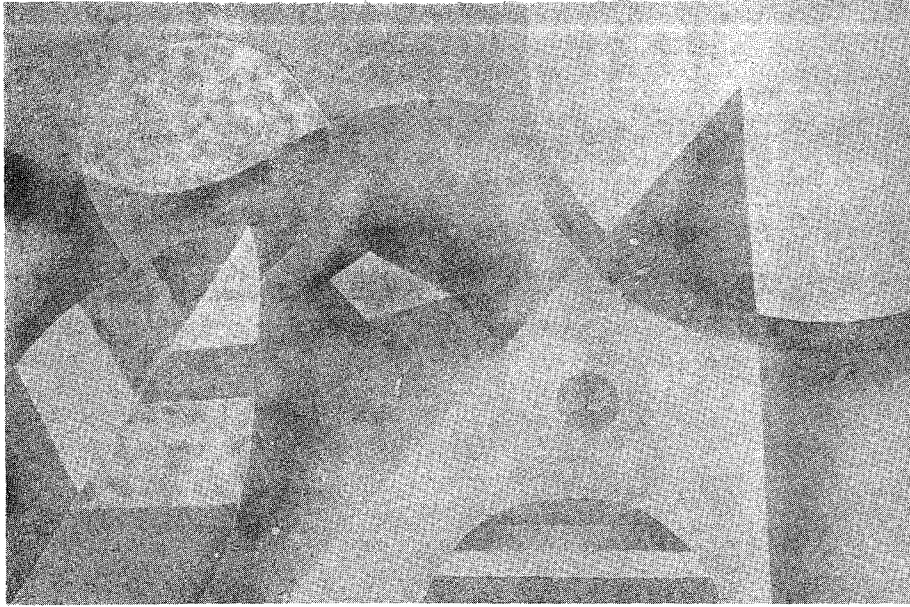
And if this person could only enjoy the feel of the spoon slicing through this mass! Lifting it to his mouth he would sense the very body of the ice cream in perfect harmony with its surroundings, as that first mouthful crawled down his throat and he could then taste that incredible thing.

If then he could still say he would rather have a dish of plain, old, gunky, vanilla ice cream, and if he could write a paper telling of his delight in vanilla ice cream, I could only say, he should have been born a penguin. □



*Toby Allenbaugh*



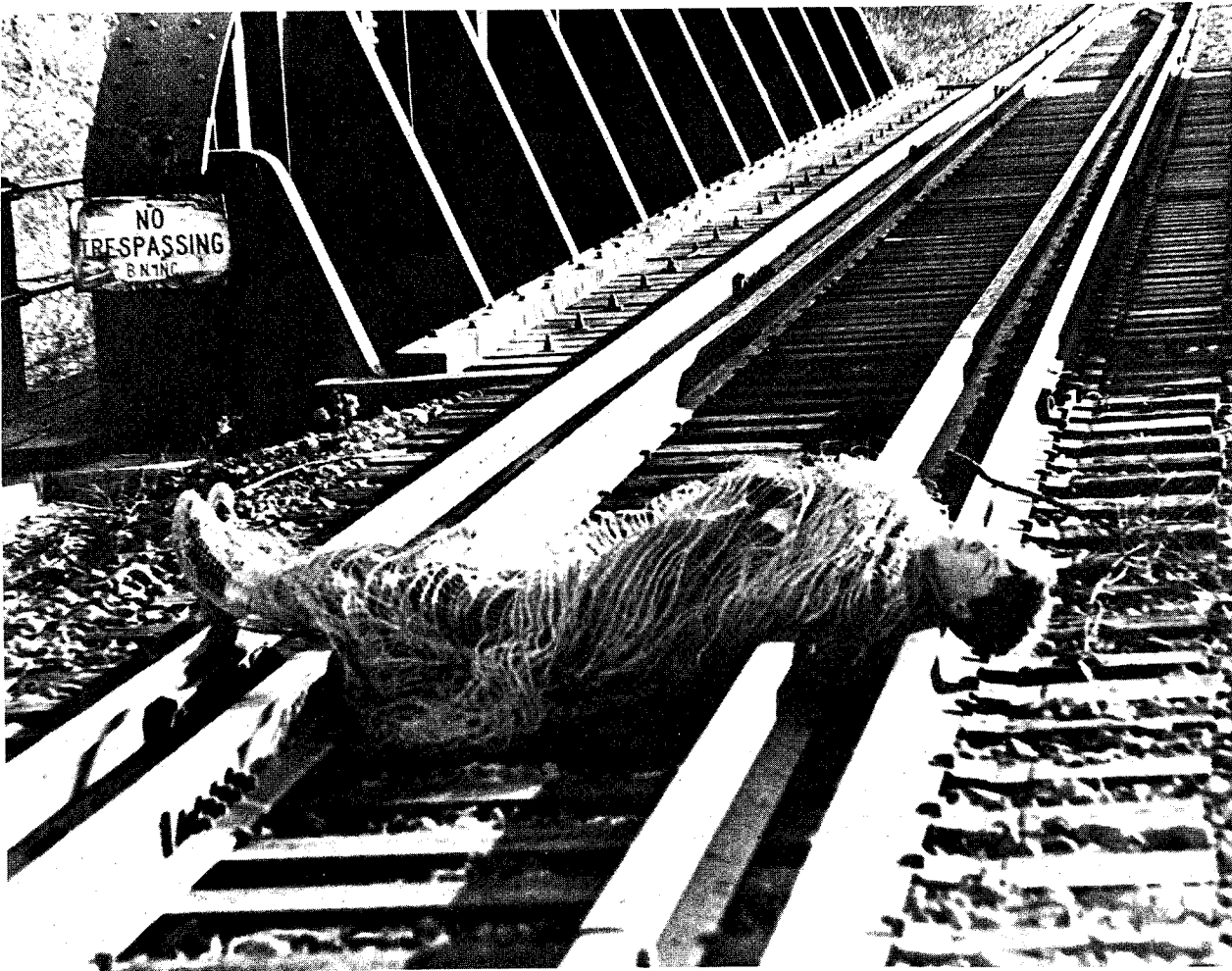


*Suzanne DeBusschere*

*Linda Waddle*



Photography by  
**Jamie Gregory**



With a round stone  
he cast it down,  
striking and shattering  
his image.

He walked back  
to his horse and mounted.

Farther into the shadowed  
mountains he rode,  
through carpets of pink loco  
weed and forested meadows  
colored with bluebells  
and  
Indian Paintbrush flowers.

Theresa Jewett

*Ron Swedberg*



# The Garden

By Melanie Males

I pounce on the sole remaining weed. Doomed, it falls prey to my scratched and twisted trowel, and with one swift slashing movement it vanishes in a cloud of dirt clods. Uniform rows of carrots, lettuce, and beets breathe easier. Removing a satiny black beetle with massive pincers from my leg, I reflect on the tranquility of the garden and my sojourn here today.

Eliminating weeds from a garden made up primarily of weeds is no easy task, but it is one I relish. Our garden in mid-summer is one of the most beautiful and alive places I can think of. A bird in a flash of vibrant color flaps by, squawking indignantly. The late afternoon sun is warm and heavy as I drop to my knees to begin; an intoxicating aroma is released by everything it blazes upon. Mixed in among the vegetables are violets and roses. Their scents are strong and sweet. Leaf mulch, small stones and sticks, and crumbly, rich brown soil greet my hands as I delve in. Whacked, squished, popped, and shook, each weed, tall and spiked or small and wilted, meets its end. The faint fluttering of a butterfly is drowned in the reckless buzz of an angered bee.

As the sun grows hotter, so too do I. Spells of relaxing to munch on a bitter grass or vegetable shoot become longer and more frequent, until I quit completely. Sitting back, I remove the sticks and blades of grass from my puffy, red-blotched knees. I smile contentedly. □



# arabia

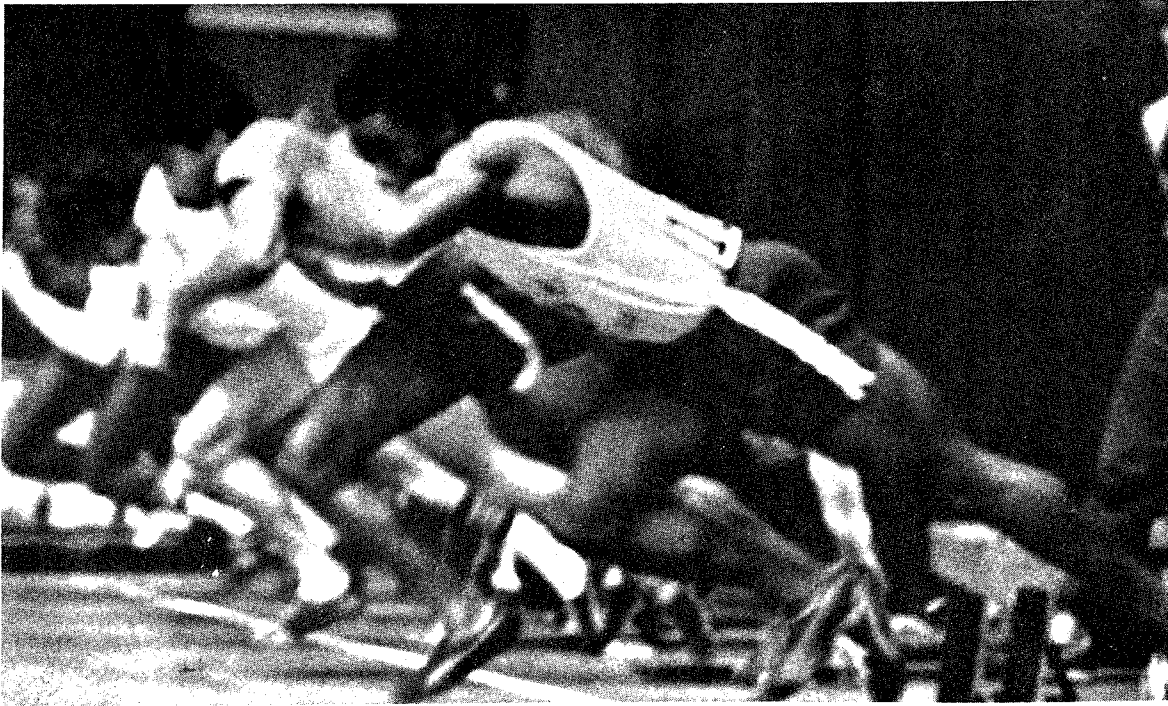
purple robes swirl  
in spicy whispers  
of desert night

blood red horses glide  
through black silk  
of sandstorm curtains

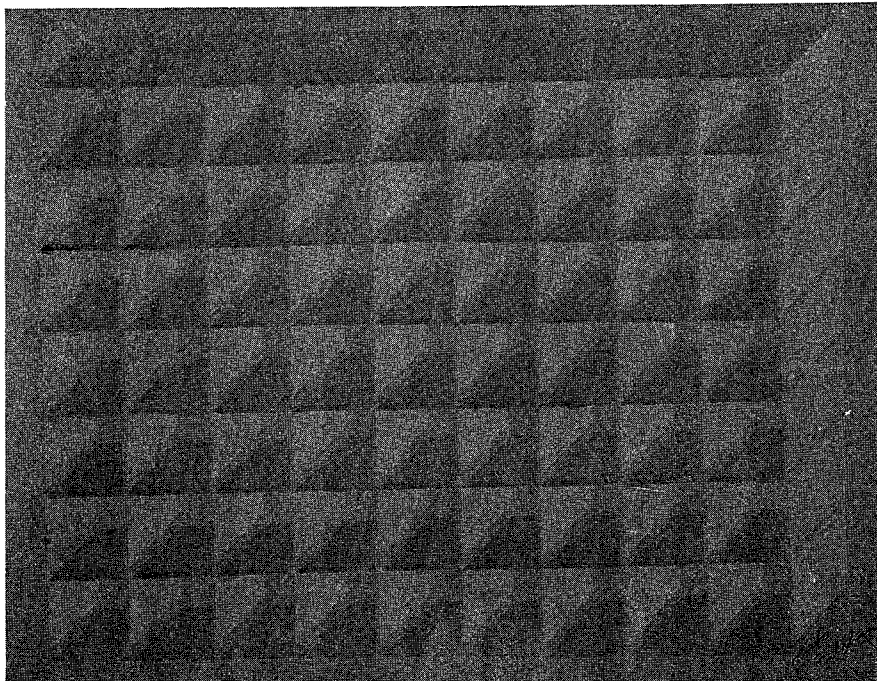
by jeff osborn



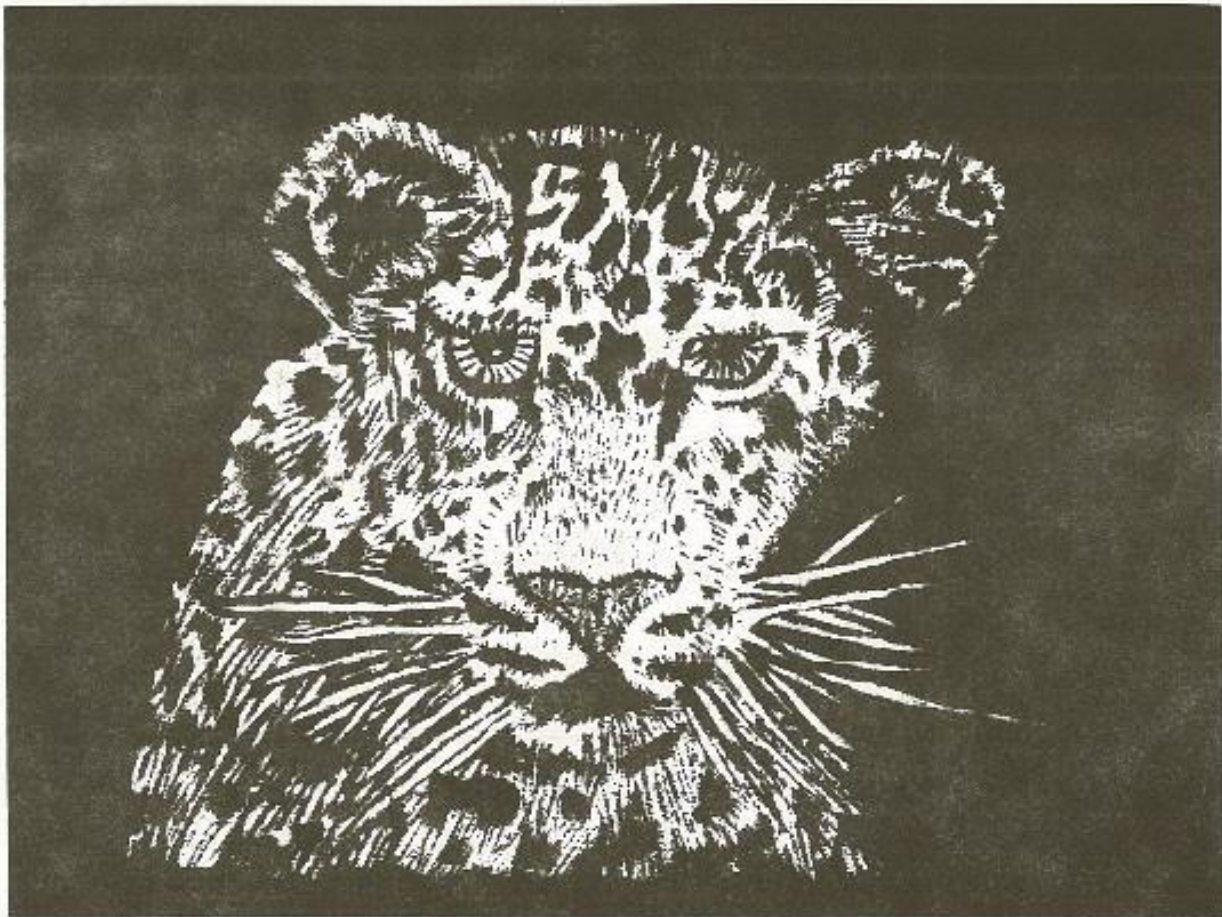
*Yedric Prouve*



*Jamie Gregory*



*Mike Fulghum*



*Theresa Seaton*

## Autumn

A tattered auburn leaf  
dropped to the ground  
at my feet.  
Heavily veined  
and delicate  
like the translucent hand  
of an old woman.

A huge old maple leaf  
pierced with  
ragged pinholes  
flesh torn  
from between veins.  
A stem hanging to the body  
by a few filaments only.  
A hand  
severed from its wrist.

Shelley Envick





## The Car Moves On

The car moves on he sits so still, apart  
There is a chance the doctors all have said  
I cannot cry the tears are in my heart

He used to laugh but now has lost the art  
The raindrops wash the glass, the silence spreads  
The car moves on he sits so still, apart

The man had wit with tools he was so smart  
With hanging jaw he sits just out of bed  
I cannot cry the tears are in my heart

His wife sits close she felt it from the start  
A man of fun and charm, he sits like lead  
The car moves on he sits so still, apart

From in the hospital he did depart  
He had a stroke another severed thread  
I cannot cry the tears are in my heart

Now he is gone, the pills are on the cart  
In the procession we are at the head  
The car moves on he lies so still, apart  
I cannot cry the tears are in my heart

Kathie Smith

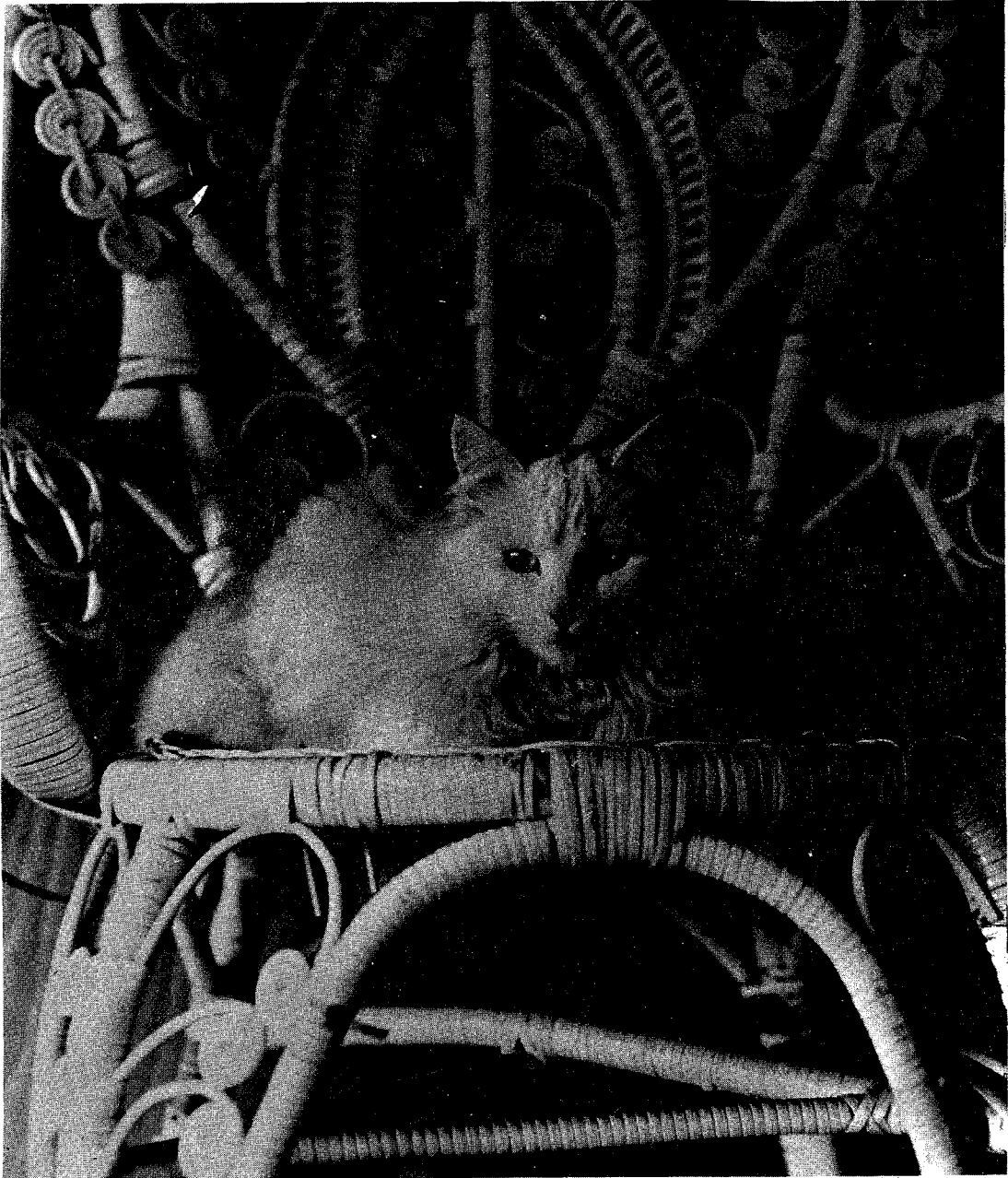




*Jim Bailey*



*Lynn Shuman*



*Ron Swedberg*

## polar existence

forever sky  
infinite ice  
endless sea  
cold & quiet  
sculpture

albino needles  
carve  
frosted blue  
frigid black  
chilled green

icicle towers  
stone roots  
pierce  
frigid black  
chilled green

bitter rimes  
glacial fingers  
crystal nails  
sharpen  
chilled green

siberian winds  
frozen voices  
powder snow  
brittle tears  
reflect platinum light

polar existence

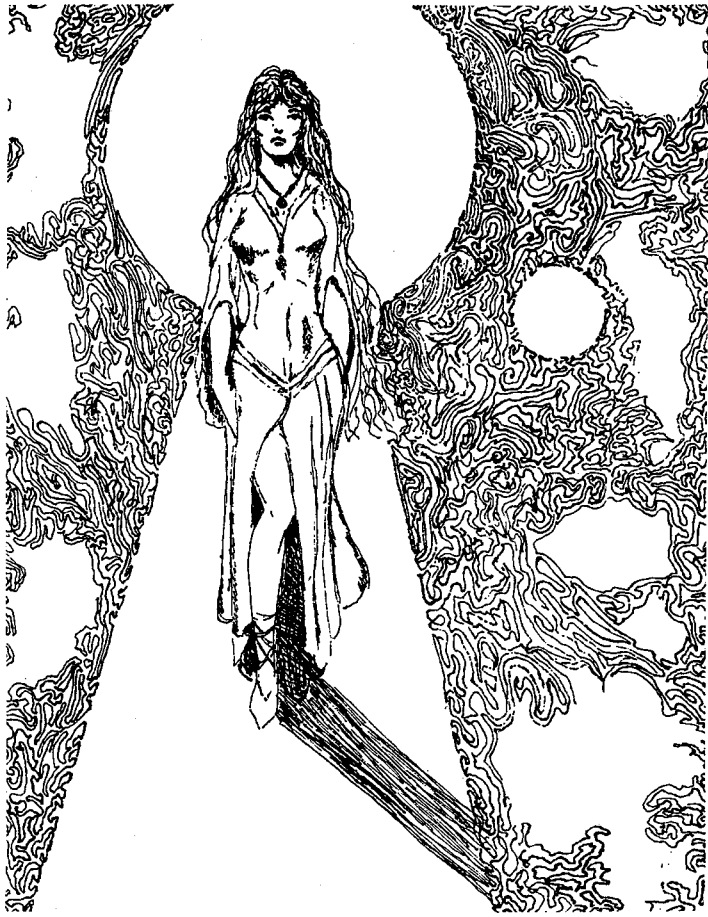
by jeff osborn



*Barb Hawley*



*Leroy Cruse*



*Malcolm McClinton*



*Jamie Gregory*



James Lunstrum

# A Cold Beginning

By Ken Gaer

I like it when it's cold. It seems to make the mind wander a little, the blood blunder along at a quicker rate and the problems of being nervous temporarily escape you.

I grabbed my blocks and doggedly walked over to the start. The freezing hardness of the glittering steel bit my hand, so I rested them in the nook of my elbow, which was thinly covered by the sleeve of my sweats, and blew through my fist. A white vapor came out the other side, mushroomed, and filtered back into my face. Soon the cold steel had seeped through the sleeve to my skin, so I transferred them to my other arm. The ground was hard under my feet. My spikes barely pierced its surface. I could feel the cold through the thin-soled shoes.

The cold seems to quiet things, too. When it's warm, there's a lot of yelling, murmuring, and people bustling around, but when it's cold you're by yourself. Everybody is trying to stay warm, and if they move or talk they will loosen the tightly gathered garments that surround them.

I reached the chalk marks that represented the starting line and placed my blocks so as to give the best start possible. It was cold. When I breathed through my nose, the hairs seemed to suddenly freeze and stiffen. Then when I exhaled, they melted.

A rough-voiced man rumbled out, "Off with the sweats." I gently gripped the tiny zipper in my numb fingers and just managed to unzip my top and slip out of it. I then pulled my bottoms to my ankles. My skin protested with a sudden attack of goosebumps. Hopping on one foot, I pulled one pant leg over my spiked shoe with no problems. But the other one got caught on a spike and I had to dance around awhile before I got it off. I rubbed my arms with my hands and jumped up and down.

"Runners, take your marks!" Several bodies as naked as mine stepped forward. We bent, placing hands on the chalked line. The cold shot through my arms down my back to my legs, and I was attacked by more of those welts. Into the blocks I so placed my feet to give me their best performance.

"Set!" There was a sudden intake of stinging air, and our backsides burst toward the sky and halted.

There is a second when there is total silence . . . . Not a sound. The world has taken one brief moment out of its never-ending cycle of time to watch. Everything is at peace and I am warm.

Then the thunder comes and there's a great exhalation of air; from our mouths the vapors shoot like nine bulls in a line. My body jerks forward, spikes digging into the hard surface, and after four or five strides I reach nearly top speed. □



## The Best Are Gone

The sky was clear and the air was clean,  
who would think people could be so mean?  
The birds were chirping up in the trees  
some of them flying in the breeze.

As I sat there on that hill and thought  
of beautiful things so old and yet not.  
The freedom of animals must be great,  
but all the people were too busy to wait.

They built their cities, bold and bright,  
made them bigger with all their might.  
All they wanted was for them to grow,  
they did not care what had to go.

They were too busy to stop and look  
at all the lovely things they took.  
Now most are gone, it's sad to say,  
They did not know, but come what may.

Diane Martens

I wrote a poem  
I don't know why  
I hadn't a thing to say  
But grass is green  
And life is fine  
I hope it stays that way

Pat Locke

Blazing sun  
brilliant beats,  
Boiling sand  
burning feet,  
Burrow down  
where there is no heat.

Melanie Males



# A Casual Elegance

By Pat Locke

Mr. Vancil leans over the video machine, resting an elbow on the metal top. I am absolutely delighted. I'm not quite sure why. The position is simultaneously elegant and casual, graceful and awkward. His body conforms to the square corners of the set in a way that should be impossible for a man of his age.

Which reminds me—how old is Mr. Vancil? He seems ageless, a stationary force around which time ripples in its flow. Is he old? Is he new? It is hard to tell. His short, silver-grey hair and time-worn, ruddy face attest only to his dignity, not his age.

He pauses in his lecture to underline a point. "Now, I want you to understand one thing about Rhodesia [Rō dē' shə'] . . ." He looks around slowly as if to signal to us that this is important. "Ian Smith knows what he is doing. He's not going to give up his country. And if he thinks he can hold on with this internal agreement of his, you know . . ." He scans the room again. ". . . he will. He doesn't care what we think, or what the British think, or what the UN thinks; he's been around too long for that sort of nonsense. So the next time you hear on the news that Ian Smith is handing over his country to the blacks, just remember, he's not doing this to be nice, you see, he's simply playing the odds to keep his job."

He straightens up from the video machine, unconsciously adjusting his chestnut cardigan. Mr. Vancil dresses with a casual elegance: dark sweaters with an occasional suitcoat, over dark slacks and black shoes. He would fit perfectly into an Ivy League classroom.

Didn't he graduate from Yale? So I've heard, but it's hard

to tell. He has a sort of mysticism about his that only adds to his dignity.

Mr. Vancil lectures as if he were speaking to a few close friends around a cozy fire. The world is compressed into the off-white walls of the history room: Mao, Anwar, and Kublai are casual acquaintances, and the Urals, the Mekong, and the Kalahari are just across the way.

Mr. Vancil works his way around the room, more enjoying an afternoon stroll than giving a lecture. He composes as he speaks, it seems, each day taking a bit of the world as he knows it and sharing it with us.

He walks through Rhodesia and Malawi, dallies for a moment in Zaire, and arrives back at the video machine again. Again he leans over it and props an elbow at his side. Again, I am delighted. □

*Rick Spencer*







*Brad Carlton*

## Fog

Eyes strain for a glimpse  
The car crawls forward  
Fog presses down  
Aching eyes stare into fog  
Suddenly, lights ahead, focusing  
Instant panic  
Touch the brake  
Sliding, again  
Blue lights  
Flashing.

Kathie Smith

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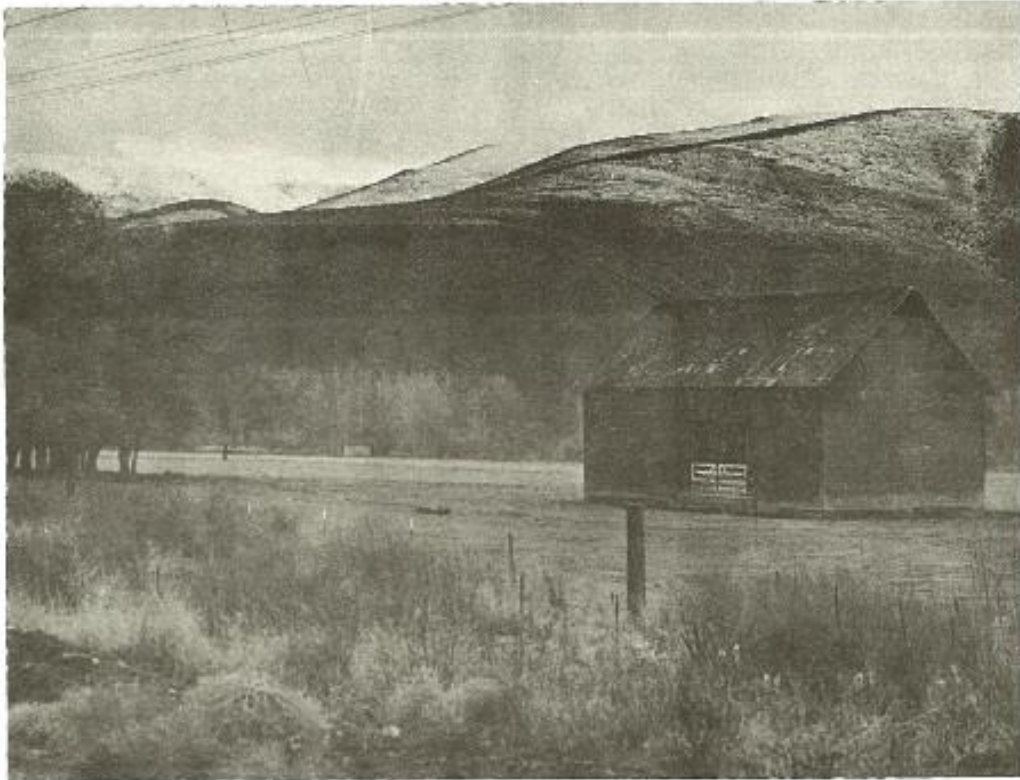
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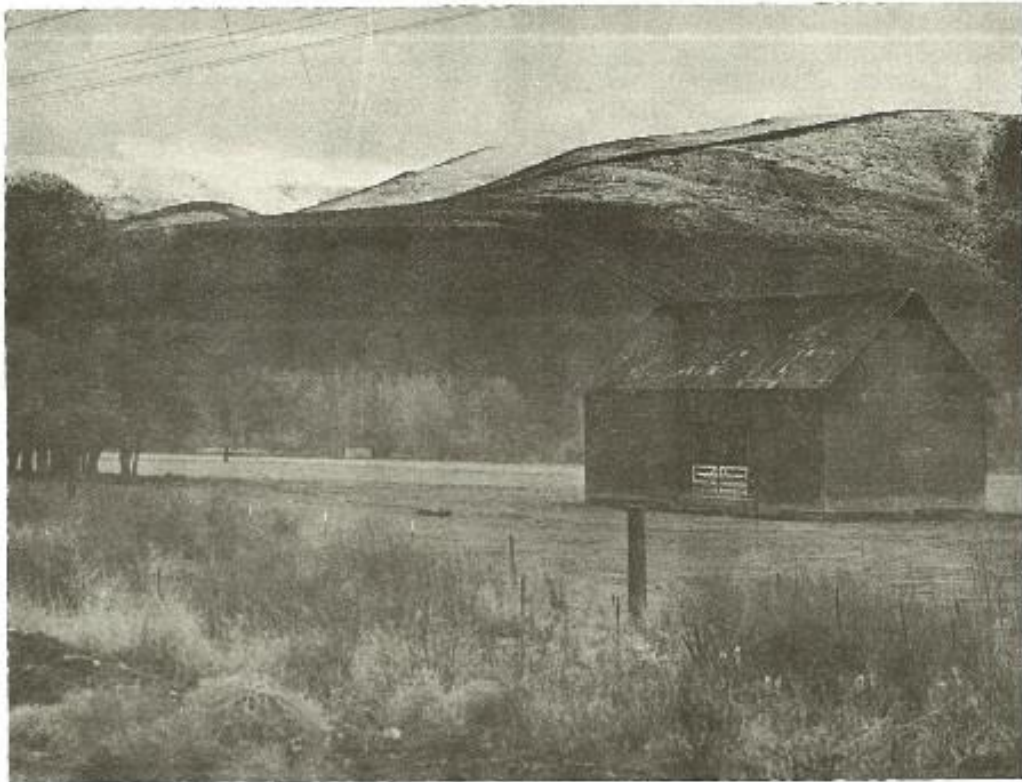
*Gordon Albertson*

#### The Whispered Shout

Loud noises are so beautiful.  
They are bold and definite,  
set in their way.  
Loud noises receive attention,  
astounding whoever hears them.  
Loud noises can decide what  
pitch they want to be;  
low, drawn-out; ear-piercingly high;  
ringing, clattering; blunt and serious.

Quiet noises are beautiful.  
They are soft, mild and calm,  
So tranquil, moderate and gentle.  
Quiet noises receive attention,  
bringing curiosity for what they are.  
Quiet noises can decide what  
they want to be;  
A mouse's squeak, the cat slinking,  
the pitter-patter of rain.

Karen Hruska



*Gordon Albertson*

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