

Night Song

When a long pink thread on the rim of the western hills edges a blanket of silence and stars, spread broad 'cross the basin a grazing herd fills;

and tired cowboys stretch and scratch some smoke, drinking coffee that's strong as rattlesnake spit — in the air, you may catch the lilt of this old cowboy song:

I am a singin' cowboy and a bushwacker who likes to lose his way, from time to time; I leave the herd up on the mountain pasture, find a valley wet with columbine.

Ride my stallion to the valley's end, where ridges come together, scooping out a high-walled box canyon; there, dismounting, I remove my hat and lift my lips upward in song. I yodel for the love of it: I love to put my heart into it,

love to make the canyon thrash and tremble, either side of me, reacting to the sound I send inside; I don't remember loneliness or sorrow when I spread my voice so wide.

All I know and all I need's how good it feels to fill the air with song so sweet, so fine; standing on the rocks, I yodel 'til I'm tired, and that takes a long,

long

ume.

David L. Drury

Brilliant

- sunshine on dewy leaves.
- the rainbow colors of a silk cloth.
- the movement of a smooth snail. ripples on shallow ponds.
- ..creation...

Photograph by Yoichi Aoki

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Lament for My People

Red and dully glowing The sun behind the mountain was going slowly, draping down As time; since the beginning dawn CONTEST Past layers of misty fog WINNER Orange, red, and purple, all agog Lovely levels of colorful achievement Parting and fading, as if by agreement Melting; flowing and changing The spectrum full, rampant and raging Ever and eternally slowing Stagnation, colorful and corrupt, showing. Quietly sinking and evolving Old replaced by new, the sequence ever revolving Gradually shifting past dusk Odors drifting, faintly semend, cordite verses tusk. Toward the final darkness Moves the ancient shaman warrior.

Scott Farmer

APOCALYPSE (THE SPIRIT OF)

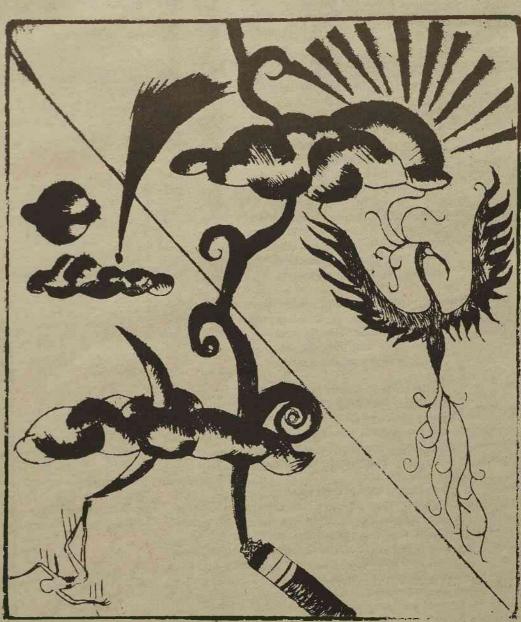
You are the snake that entered the garden I grew from seed, but you, you grew from spite, You wanted to be King. I asked your pardon.

You crassly probed me all night, Making mimicry of my true reason, For, your power of insanity was your might.

Yet your beautiful voice soothed me, Heathen. You slicked my ears with gooey lies and raked My riches into your own; you see sin.

I was blind when the sun rose. My mind ached With falsities, for I was blind in both Dark and Light. And God took pity, and did take Me up from your treacherous tongue, "dear" snake.

Suzanne Peterson



Somewhere Beyond Reality

Dry Point Etching by Nancy Kroes