



Night Song

Photograph by Yoichi Aoki

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
time.

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...

Suzanne Peterson

Lament for My People

Red and dully glowing
The sun behind the mountain was going
slowly, draping down
As time; since the beginning dawn
Past layers of misty fog
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.

PTK
CONTEST
WINNER

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

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Somewhere Beyond Reality

Dry Point Etching by Nancy Kroes