

DEHYDRATION

*dry words, arid life
 why bother
 him, he's only having fun
 to be here to be
 there's the only chance
 you get what you ask
 for the will, get the
 thrilling to meet you once
 again he does the same old
 things aren't what they
 used to be we'd
 always have a way
 out of the fire into the frying
 pans and pots, dogs and
 cats with curiosity
 dying away, the weather I
 don't know, I don't
 careful now, you'll break
 it seems we always shrivel
 up when we have no more to
 say, friend, can you spare a dime?*

Carolyn Blount

ON THE SHORE OF DEPRESSION

*Pain.
 so much-
 too much.*

*Whirlpool-sucking
 my arms thrashing
 fingers grasp-claw frantically
 the water's lips*

*sucking down
 almost underneath
 It swallows harder
 Dragging-forcing me to-give up.*

*Drowning.
 so tired
 too hard to get to air
 easier to surrender.*

*No!
 Fight!
 Pull!
 Thrash!
 Drag!
 Grasp for weeds
 Pull to shore—sanity
 Shut out the water.*

*Smile.
 Only a second has passed.*

*Friends think-
 "how happy"
 "strong"
 "care-free"
 —she is.*

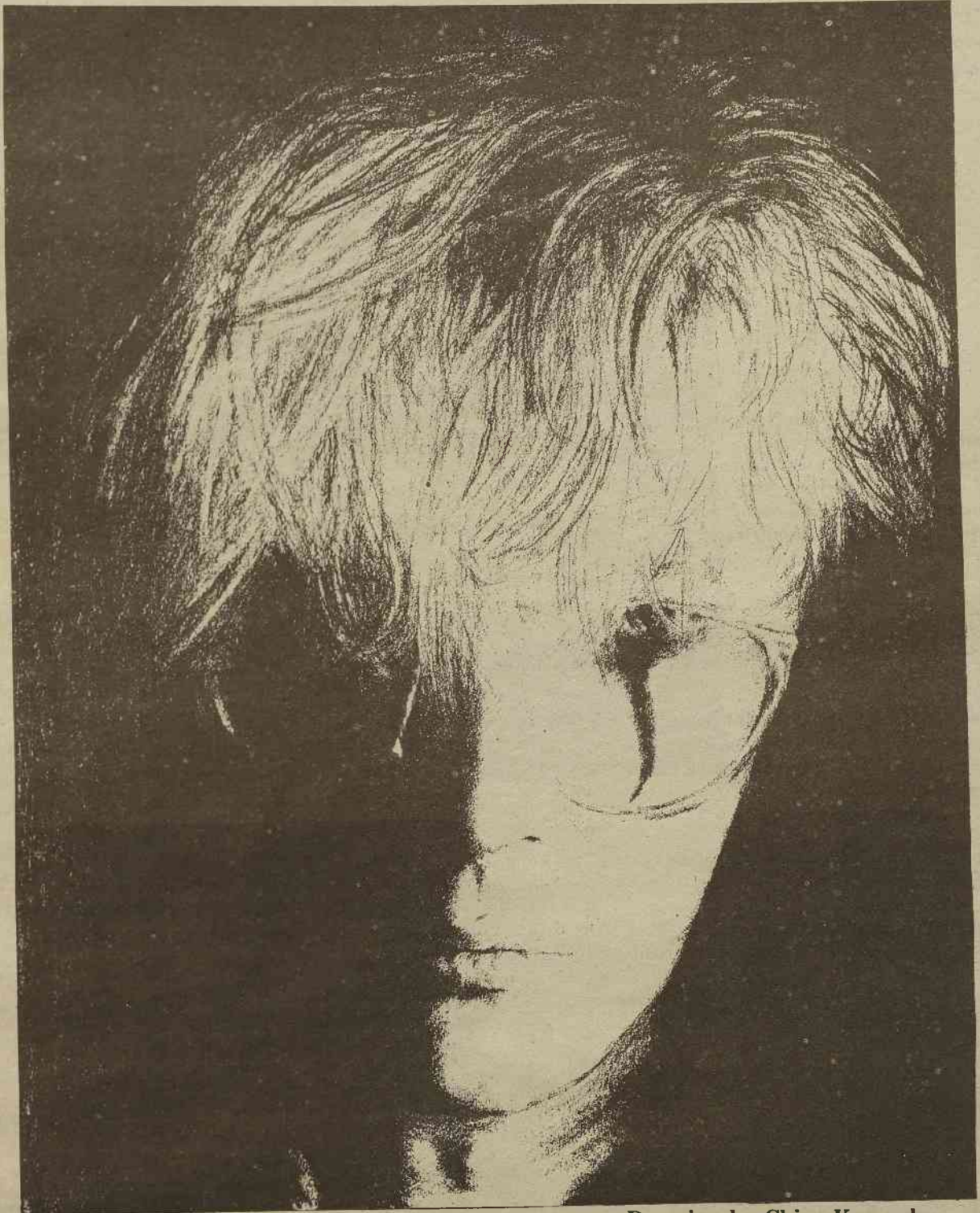
I let them think.

*Meanwhile the water laps steadily
 at the bank.*

Meredith Dobbins

I went to see a show the other day,
 but got distracted by the things I saw.
 the child that cried and whined (was never quiet);
 the man that sat alone, looking so sad;
 the two that kissed so much I thought them joined;
 the girls that sat and giggled endlessly;
 the popcorn crunching under people's toes;
 the smoke of people who ignore the rules...
 And then to my surprise the screen was blank.
 The people got up from their seats to leave,
 and there I was looking bewilderedly.
 The things I saw, I think, saw more than me.

Gay Harshbarger



Drawing by Chico Kawaoka

*An Ode to Our Illustrious Pres
 Ronald Reagan rates high on my list.
 He hatchets the budget, too bad he has missed
 The plight of the poor.
 I suppose he supposes it is sort of silly.
 When World War Three meets, we won't need welfare, will we?*

Kari Howard

*unknowingly,
 you offer me a treasure chest
 of rainy day things to do
 eclectic choices of things to be
 and fantastic images of things to see.
 unknowingly,
 you offer me a lucid picture of myself
 unclothed of the superfluous
 clad in the essentials
 saturated in what moves me.
 unknowingly,
 you offer me the seasons of my soul
 the voice of my silence
 the strength of my ego.
 unknowingly,
 you fill me with poems
 and crystallize my thoughts
 and extend my completeness
 and....I welcome you.*

Michael McCormick