

1981

Expressions 1981

Dan Allen

Ann Bobrowicz

Denny Comer

Berta Daugherty

Raye Eddleman

See next page for additional authors

Follow this and additional works at: <https://openspace.dmac.edu/expressions>

Recommended Citation

Allen, Dan; Bobrowicz, Ann; Comer, Denny; Daugherty, Berta; Eddleman, Raye; Edwards, Bruce; Gregory, Brian; Head, Marcia; Hooten, Heidi; Hovland, Jeri-Ann; Humphry, Amy; Keller, Leslie; Lack, Timothy; Michka, Penny; Murphy, Scott; Osgood, Ron; Pilkington, Brian; Reilley, Brenda; Ring, Mark; Roush, Dottie; Siever, Karen; Schneider, Ann; Tate, Valerie Jo; Troutner, Lynn Marie; Wheeler, Mike; Willis, Alice; Wolski, Diana M.; and Zelle, Pamela S., "Expressions 1981" (1981). *Expressions*. 3.
<https://openspace.dmac.edu/expressions/3>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Work at Open SPACE @ DMACC. It has been accepted for inclusion in Expressions by an authorized administrator of Open SPACE @ DMACC. For more information, please contact rsfunke@dmac.edu.

Authors

Dan Allen, Ann Bobrowicz, Denny Comer, Berta Daugherty, Raye Eddleman, Bruce Edwards, Brian Gregory, Marcia Head, Heidi Hooten, Jeri-Ann Hovland, Amy Humphry, Leslie Keller, Timothy Lack, Penny Michka, Scott Murphy, Ron Osgood, Brian Pilkington, Brenda Reilley, Mark Ring, Dottie Roush, Karen Siever, Ann Schneider, Valerie Jo Tate, Lynn Marie Troutner, Mike Wheeler, Alice Willis, Diana M. Wolski, and Pamela S. Zelle



EXPRESSIONS 1981
VOLUME 4

A sculptor in search of the perfect piece of clay.

Expressions contains selected work from the 1981 Creative Writing Contest entrants, Campus Chronicle Photography Contest entrants, and Commercial Art students at Des Moines Area Community College. Design, typography and the layout was done by Journalism students.

Staff members include: Lance Coles, editor; Randy Marchant, assistant editor; Jody Berrie, Alan Cross, Patti Lippold, Lisa Menter, Patti Reed and Gene Zimmerman.

Advisors to the publication were Rick Chapman, English Department; Jack Mastrofski, Commercial Art; and Tom Nelson, Journalism Department.

Expressions was made possible by funds provided by the Student Government Association.

Allen, Dan F, 11,32
Bobrowicz, Ann E, 2,11
Comer, Denny 7,28
Daugherty, Berta, 29
Eddleman, Raye, 8,12,26
Edwards, Bruce, 27
Gregory, Brian, 24
Head, Marcia, 5,28
Hooten, Heidi, 7,17
Hovland, Jeri-Ann, 22
Humphry, Amy, 10
Keller, Leslie, 18,19
Lack, Timothy, 17
Michka, Penny, 20
Murphy, Scott, 4
Osgood, Ron, 3
Pilkington, Brian, 15
Reilley, Brenda, 14
Ring, Mark, 21,23
Roush, Dottie, 7,14,20,24,32
Siever, Karen G, 4,15
Schneider, Ann, 27
Tate, Valerie Jo, 7,19
Troutner, Lynn Marie, 4,6,10,15,23,28
Wheeler, Mike, 12
Willis, Alice, 8
Wolski, Diana M, 16,25
Zelle, Pamela S, 5

Pavane for a Dead Princess

Ann E. Bobrowicz

Autumn had come, the house becoming clearly visible from below, a solid brick, projecting that aura of financial stability that belongs to a certain segment of Chicago's Gold Coast. The shores of Lake Michigan backing into the property, eating into the investment of those within the house; people who moved as shadows, against a backdrop of mist and skeleton trees, to become framed. in window vignettes.

A square of color on the ground below, leading on a trail of swirling light, upward, to a window in which a young girl stood staring, sightless, lost in inner visions of narcissistic delight. To have discovered the power of bod/desire, the power of manipulation, so young, seemingly without the core of compassion that should accompany it...her slight smile changed into a gurgeling laugh, ohh, she wasn't going to waste opportunities. They had taught her her worth, really, how lucky they were to have her.

An elderly man ventured out the back door and peered into the early morning mist. He cursed the need to drive into the treacherous fog. Behind him, the lady, his wife, heard, but didn't listen, being concerned with the business of breakfast for the family-The Family-her sole involvement, the happenings of their days feeding her spare frame with life's blood.

Glimpses of a man moving purposely thru rooms only to

pause before the dining room, a split second grimace of distaste lending humanity to his face, then thrusting the door open, presenting polished features to his first audience of the day, his wife. Mouthing pleasantries carefully calculated to whip-flick the unspoken demands of the woman. Blessedly soon their/his daughter sweeps into the room, pacing herself thru morning rites. Smiling conspiratorily with her father, both flow out of the room and the house and into other lives.

There she sits, very straight. Almost imperceptively a certain excitement animates her and the tension builds in her rigid muscles, clenching hands. Everything was done from top to bottom. Everything had been attended to, not a closet or a drawer had been left untouched. The house was ready for the most intimate scrutiny; truly all that was left was the breakfast cleaning and, smiling at her small joke, she rises from the table, walks to the french windows, opens them and steps into autumn and toward the water.

Stumbling down the path, thru the moraine, the smell of the water mixing with acrid odor of the leaves, she becomes conscious of her heart beat matching the pulse of the waves, echoing thru her body-filling her. One foot in front of the other, inexorably drawn to the edge of the water-to her dream lover. Whispering in her tentative well bred voice that she has come.

A small bundle of clothes and footprints leading to a body slim as a girl's, standing in the swirl of water, soft as silk, hot as fire, ecstasy flowing in waves of inner heat leading her forward in shuddering orgasm; liquid dreams flowing into orifices and she sinks into her lover's embrace.

At the top of the hill, a light shines thru open french doors.‡



Ron Osgood, artist



The Quiet After the Storm

Lynn Marie Troutner

I woke last night during the STORM
wanting You to hold me,
but You laid still
and were the q-u-i-e-t
that comes after the STORM.
so I touched You gently -
like a r

a

i

n turning to mmiisst
touches a flower's petals.
Then I, too, layed back
and became the q-u-i-e-t
that comes after the storm.

ONE MOMENT PLEASE

Karen G. Siever

One moment please, just a minute, hang on, or I'll put you on hold for moment are all words I've heard when trying to call a business or office. This occurs most frequently with utility companies or doctors' offices. Some even have computers that put you on hold to wait in line for a human being to talk to.

Most irritating of all phone inconveniences are when you call somewhere and a pre-programmed electric recording device makes obscene noises and asks you to speak to it so someone might listen to it another day.

I'm a reasonable person,

usually, and don't mind waiting a bit, but you know they've all gone home when they say, one moment please, and switch on Muzak. Muzak has bland and repetitive music. And it is boring.

Another phone situation is when you call (government offices have the record for this one) and whoever answers doesn't know anything, but can switch you to another department - one moment please! If you are lucky, you'll only have to repeat your story three or four times before you find a human being who can solve the problem, but who tells you the

office closed five minutes ago and since it's a holiday week-end, suggests you call back three days later!

The last, but probably most universally annoying situation, occurs when calling a (1) doctor, (2) dentist, (3) pediatrician, (4) veterinarian, (5) minister-priest-rabbi and ask for a (1) morning, (2) afternoon or (3) evening appointment and have the receptionist place you on hold, one moment please, then come on the line and say they don't have anything till after your next birthday!

Maybe visual phones would work better.....‡

LONELY

Pamela S. Zelle

The clock on the wall ticks with the passing
of time. Silence is surrounding me.
I'm alone. There's nobody here.
Loneliness.

My heart and mind long for the days that
were. Can I turn you back, clock?
Security and faces, yes, faces and
familiar smiles in my life. Where
did they all go?

I pick up my guitar. My friend — music.
Maybe my music will fill the void.
No, this song is lonely.
Who can I sing for? There's no one here.

The song is sung —
Silence.
I'm still lonely.

Will the feeling go away? Tell me, somebody,
what shall I do?
Silence.

The clock on the wall ticks with the passing
of time. Time — it will pass.
Patience.

Time
knows
the
answer.

FREE

Marcia Head

R Sometimes I feel like running off,
Without a backward glance.
E How nice to leave your worries there,
And start a new romance.
E A life of love and fun and dreams
Of taking every chance.
E No more drudge or tedium,
Or accepting circumstance.
Sometimes my fancy flies me there
To this Oh so mythical place,
Where you're free from worries—free from cares.
Then I awake, and there's dishes to face!

Slang Twang

Lynn Marie Troutner

"Hello, BraawFlrPrt and Fgrave."

The caller hung up and pushed the buttons on their touch tone receiver again.

"Hello, BraawFowlPrct and Fgrave."

"Excuse me?" the caller asked in total confusion. "Could you repeat that again—slowly?"

"Who were you calling?" the voice asked rudely.

"Well, I thought the Bradshaw, Fowler, Proctor and Fairgrave law firm, but from the way you answered the phone I thought maybe this was a speech impediment research center! Do you always sound like that, or did you have three-quarters of you quarter-pounder between your teeth?"

"I'm sorry, Ma'am, if you are unable to understand my English. I've never had a complaint before," she snapped defensively.

"If I didn't know better, I'd think this must be your first day on the job then!"

"I've been with BrashFlrPrct and Fairg for 10 years."

"Listen, I'm not trying to be rude, and after talking with you so many times it's obvious that you only have a problem with your employer; names. The rest of what you say is very well spoken, easily heard, and pronounced clearly. But listen, you really do jumble those names together. It should be a crime!" the caller laughed alone at the pun. "I'd like to offer this suggestion; try slowing it down a few beats. It's a long name, I know, but no one is going to hang up on you or interrupt you until you've finished. Besides, if people are calling this firm it's for assistance. The common layman doesn't trust most lawyers to start with; don't add to their frustration by confusing them as soon as you speak your first words."

"Well! I'll certainly take all your advice into consideration," the worker remarked sarcastically. "Now is there something I can help you with, or someone I can transfer your call to?"

"Not really," was the casual reply. "This is Ms. Proctor, I just wanted to call in and tell you I'm ill and won't be in the office today. Please inform my colleagues and reschedule any appointments I have for today—sometime next week will be fine."

"Oh yes Ms. Proctor. I certainly hope you'll be feeling better tomorrow."

"I'm sure I will. I hope you'll be in a better mood too. Have a good day, Roberta."

The phone line went dead, and the receptionist wished she was to.



Denny Comer, photographer

MR. RIGHT

Heidi Hooten

I fashioned his soul from romance novels—
All the moodiness and passion
That thrilled my heroines to the
Marrow of their governess bones.

His body was a series of ads
Charles Atlas claimed his torso
Cigarette companies vied for his
Cleft chin and pearly teeth.

Everytime I gazed at him
I basked in his perfection,
Gloating, I had created
A man just right for me.

But still...Something was missing
My mind began to wander
I allowed Mr. Right to slip away
A sculptor in search of the perfect piece of clay.

Gazing

Valerie Jo Tate

*Gazing among another world
See the beauty among me.
So far away, yet so close.
Sitting among the rocks.
The rushing waters speak again.
Nothing more can I do
but to gaze with excitement
God gave this all to us.
But we pass away.
Another time, I'll come again.
To be touched by the sun.
Kissed by the waves.
Sung to by the birds.
One love of my life
Beauty God gave us
Loving touch, God's touch.*

I never ask
When I'll see you again
I can't.
Wishing it would be today,
Knowing it won't.
Hoping it will be soon,
Knowing it will.
No commitments.
Keep it light.
You're using me
and I know it.
Yet I go on
letting you use me.
Perhaps,
Using you.

*Using
me*

Dottie Roush



Alice Willis, photographer

COUNTY HOSPITAL

Raye Eddleman

September 26, 1979 had to be the laziest eight-hour shift I'd ever worked at Greene County Hospital. My shift started at 3 p.m. and dragged on until 11:30 p.m. I couldn't wait to get out of that dump.

Total Patient Occupancy was only 27 percent; it was mortifying. Nobody ever used the county hospital because the doctors were considered incompetent, the nurses were real bitches, and administration stank.

Most of the Emergency Room cases were snotty-nosed kids with the flu. Sometimes we actually got a cut or broken bone. We usually made a big deal out of those, "scrubbing up", donning sterile gloves and the whole bit.

I had worked as an Emergency Medical Technician (EMT) with the ambulance service at the hospital for about a year. Seems like all we ever did was wash bedpans and barf basins. We did have a few other chores; washing the ambulances, cleaning out the supply room, you know, diddly stuff. I suppose we were given the crap to do because the nurses refused to do it.

Half of the ambulance service was female. I heard once that our ambulance service had the largest ratio of women to men in the entire state of Iowa; probably the whole country. Needless to say, the pay was lousy, hours were long, and the guys on the crew got all the breaks. Do I sound bitchy? Right you are.

Ambulance calls were down that month. We had about one a day. That's 30 calls a month for two ambulances, pretty pathetic.

My partner, Anne, and I were gorging ourselves in the dinning room. The meal was one of the high points of the shift. As I recall, we had chicken and

dumplings with mashed potatoes. It was more like pigeon pullets and fluffy sand.

We both heard the loudspeaker click at the same time. Usually, that idiot telephone operator pushed the button down, popped her gum a couple of times and then twanged the message out with a repulsive wet sound.

"EMT'S, report to the ER, STAT" (sniff, slobber).

I nudged Anne and griped "ER Nurse probably has another two-year old she needs help lifting. Let's take our time." Anne grunted approval and continued eating.

The loudspeaker didn't even click the next time. "EMT'S, EMERGENCY!!! GO TO THE EMERGENCY ROOM!"

The Pepsi I was drinking choked me and fizzed out my nose. I half ran to the elevator, dragging Anne along beside me. My eyes were watering from the effects of the pop, so I almost fell over a puddle of urine near a patient room. Miraculously, we made it to the hallway leading to the ER without a major disaster.

The nurse was standing in the middle of the ER floor with her fist in her mouth. The pungent odor of blood mingled with the sickening stench of vomit. Glancing down, I spied what looked like chicken and dumplings with a little mashed potatoes.

The man on the table was about 26 years old, muscular, nice tan. My eyes traveled across the broad chest and the little tufts of hair sticking out of his T-shirt, and the nice, full biceps, and Christ! The man's right leg was barely recognizable. His jeans hung in tatters around his upper thigh, near the crotch. The leg didn't have any skin on it until

you got to the ankle, then appeared in strips and sort of blended into a red chunk that used to be a foot. The toes were ivory white, but untouched.

I knew we had to get ice on that leg or he'd lose it for sure. All those stories about amputated fingers and legs flashed through my mind. This injury would require hours of intensive, major surgery.

You could bet he wouldn't get the care he needed at this hospital. I yelled at Anne, "Get the ambulance up to the door, call Bloomfield General, tell them we're bringing what looks like a corn-auger accident."

I steeled myself to appear calm and unconcerned, "Hey buddy, how ya doin? Looks like you've had a little accident. Never you fret, the doctor's on his way and we're taking you to the big hospital in Bloomfield as soon as he takes a look."

He smiled, unbelievably, and whispered "Thank you." His eyes fluttered once and he let out a grateful sigh. His breathing slowed and he tried to relax on the table.

Dr. Black arrived and babbled a little. We hurried him through his exam with promises that everything was taken care of. After the leg had been wrapped in sterile bandages, we packed it in ice and hit the road.

The ambulance skipped over the bumps in the road like a little girl playing hopscotch. It felt like we were jumping speed bumps. Thankfully, he laid on the stretcher quietly. I suppose the morphine shot had done its job. I noticed a crimson flash of color under the edge of the ragged jeans - Fruit of the Looms. Nice. I bet his mom always told him to wear good underwear too, just in case.

We pulled into Bloomfield General in 15 minutes, lights flashing, sirens screaming. All the paramedics in the place hit the door at the same time we did. We had the guy out of the ambulance, through the ER door and on their table in two minutes flat.

Sweat was streaming down my sides and ran in rivers between my breasts. God, I think the whole situation lasted about 30 minutes, but it seemed like hours.

Anne and I really felt great about the professional way we handled the whole mess. We sang all the way back to the home base. We didn't even mind cleaning up the clotted blood on the inside of the ambulance. The vomit was waiting for us in the ER too, but we just grinned and dug in.

News came the following day that Edward Jacobson died from extreme loss of blood and total systemic shock at Bloomfield General Hospital. He had lain in the ER for two hours awaiting the arrival of one of the "competent physicians" in the big city hospital. Seems the nurses forgot he was there and anyway, one of the new administrative policies was that no patient could be treated without first being seen by the doctor. ‡



Amy Humphrey, artist

ESCAPE

Lynn Marie Troutner

She's become so fragile so quickly; she's holding on to reality with her nails, and they've been chewed to the quick. While we talked, I thought of her as the clown in my childhood jack-in-the-box. It's as if the people who come in contact with her can't stop themselves from turning her red-knobbed crank around and around until **POP!** her beauty is released from the trap she's chained to but only for a few seconds. Then they push her down, forcing her back into her little cubicle until they want or need her again.

Her clown suit has become torn and worn-out. The beautiful painted face has faded, and the smile is gone. Her turned-up lips have become cracked, and a speck of paint that was once part of her smile lies on her cheek--resembling a permanent, everlasting tear--one of the million she's shed, a tear from her heart.

One more crank of the handle and I fear the once happy, new, friendly clown will jump out at the world with all her might, trying to free herself forever. Her escape will result with her coiled springs popping through her polka-dotted, rainbow-colored suit. Her head will become dislodged, the lively body will dangle over the edges of the box with arms outspread, as if an attempt to hug freedom was made before her last second. Her soul will finally be her own, and the loss will be ours, only ours.



a twitch was developing in the left side of her face, but nothing would show in the mirror except a reflection of herself. Even he began to notice how pale and distraught she had become and there was nothing for it but for him to treat her to a small vacation. He took time off — first a few odd jobs around the house, a matter of a day or so, and then he would devote himself fully to her; obviously what she needed was a change of pace, a few laughs.

Together they set the ladder up against the side of the house. "Please be careful, you'll be so high up, wait until I get ready inside..." she cautioned and, laughing, he scoffed at her fear, nothing would happen. As she was reaching the upstairs bedroom, a scream pierced the air, dying as abruptly as it started. Freezing in place, torn by indecision lasting seconds, repeating, "...it was only a joke, it was only a joke." But what if it wasn't? Rushing to throw open the window, leaning out, his twisted form filling her view.

It was a lovely funeral and she did have to admit that black was flattering. There had been a moment of worry when the police noticed a small amount of oil on the rungs of the ladder, but it was a matter easily explained by the spilled can of oil in the garage. Not perhaps the most subtle touch but, after all, it had only been a joke! †



Ann E. Bobrowicz

ONLY

When first they met his unique sense of humor had attracted, made her own tentative laughter seem brighter. They married and she smiled when the plastic snake fell out of her luggage. And, of course, it was only a joke when the steam iron sprizzled red all over the laundry. How the other wives envied her; imagine living with such a "wild and crazy guy," why the story of his gluing down all the office ashtrays was a classic.

Months turned into the first year and she found herself hesitating before opening drawers, peering around corners...the house took on the aspect of an enemy conspiring against her. The winter they got mice she diligently set traps, all the while hoping that none would be sprung. The guilt of killing a furry little creature warring with the dislike of sharing her home with the same furry little beast. The doctor was laughing as he was listening to her husband explain that about the rubber mouse that had momentarily joined her in the shower. And after all it was only a sprained knee.

Her eyes took on a haunted look. She was sure



The Afternoon Stroll

Raye Eddleman

Squatting in a low-lying area at the edge of a small Iowa town is a three-story brick hospital, circa 1920, federally constructed for "our boys who have given their minds for the protection of our country."

Towering 12-foot ceilings loom over narrow linoleum-tiled corridors. Every three feet a single strand of ancient cable supports a plain, porcelain lamp glimmering dustily in the drab hallway.

Each ward specializes in some type of madness. Forgotten veterans of the nations past wars fit in well in this atmosphere, just as one would expect flies to buzz around decomposed carcasses of cattle.

My tour through the rooms grinningly reveals each specialty. I see that A Ward houses a pathetic collection of unsuccessful

suicides. Drooling men slump listlessly in battered vinyl chairs. Urine runs in an occasional stream out of wrinkled pant legs. Misshapen skulls, scarred wrists and mutilated bodies mark past futile attempts to escape from reality.

The patients say B Ward is the friendliest on the station. Thirty-two victims of the rare Huntington's Chorea disease reside there. When you walk into the Dayroom, they wave-whether they want to or not.

The patients look mushy-like furry little mindless fuzzballs. Apathy scars their unwashed faces. Beard stubble adorns each sweaty jaw. Saliva runs in mucousy blobs down trembling chins. They smell. Walking, walking, from the cafeteria to Rehabilitation Therapy, from O.T. to P.T. arms hanging limply from rounded shoulders, bumping into

each hip and jerking with each mechanical step—the bump and grind of a marionette.

The brick building yawns like a huge mouth and swallows patients up to be jumbled and swished around and spit back out, all chewed and gnarled.

The bricks melt together, turning redder and redder until they are almost crimson, and the heat of the day reflects off them toward the sidewalk where I am walking.

All these lost souls in one place, rank and file toward death. My pace quickens. My car is only a block away. Didn't I park it over behind that building?

The heel of my slipper catches the curb and I tumble violently into the gutter. Feces floats feebly past my cheek in a stream of urine. An inmate crouches nearby, up-stream. He stands slowly and pulls up his trousers, grinning.

I stagger to my feet. Shouldn't I be somewhere? Confused and disoriented, I clutch my throbbing temples. Something is wrong! I need to go home. Home My god, help me, help...

Them - They're watching me! I can feel their eyes devouring me, huge gnashing teeth ripping chunks of flesh off my inert body. I lurch forward, running, hair fuzzed, eyes glazed. They won't catch me this time! RUN-RUN-RUN. I sprint toward the parking lot. There it is! There it is! I see the car..

Thank god, I'm saved. Where are the keys? I searched my pockets frantically.

Where the hell are the keys? Someone has stolen them. Damn! Those filthy, thieving pigs have stolen them. Slowly, with the slightest nudge, realization dawns. Of course, they're probably in the car, in the ignition. I relax. Almost there...

From the darkness, "Sorry buddy," (who is it? Who's there?). "You'll have to come back to your ward now." His white uniform sparkled, dazzled before me in the darkness, like neon.

Yes, the keys, there they were dangling from his belt. Naturally, he's come to give me back my keys.

"Your on-grounds pass was over at 4 p.m. If you don't get back to your ward right now, you're AWOL. You know what that means."

Recognition-yes- I remember now. I feel my body slump, something warm is running down my legs. The sidewalk rushed toward my face, blackness beginning. Beginning once again. Sweet, tender blackness.

"Hey Johnson, give me a hand will ya? I found Loeffler over here by the parking lot again. Yeah, he's out cold."†



Brenda Reilley, photographer

REBUILT

Dottie Roush

Your words go blowing through me
great gusts of love
looking for a place to lodge.

The walls I built to hold them in
worn smooth
by words' erosion.
Rebuilt.
Rebuilt

All have turned to powder
nothing's left
to build them up again.

CRUSIN'

Karen G. Siever

When I was eighteen my father bought a 1947 Ford for forty dollars. This car was to be freedom for me. It would enable me to come and go pretty much as I wanted.

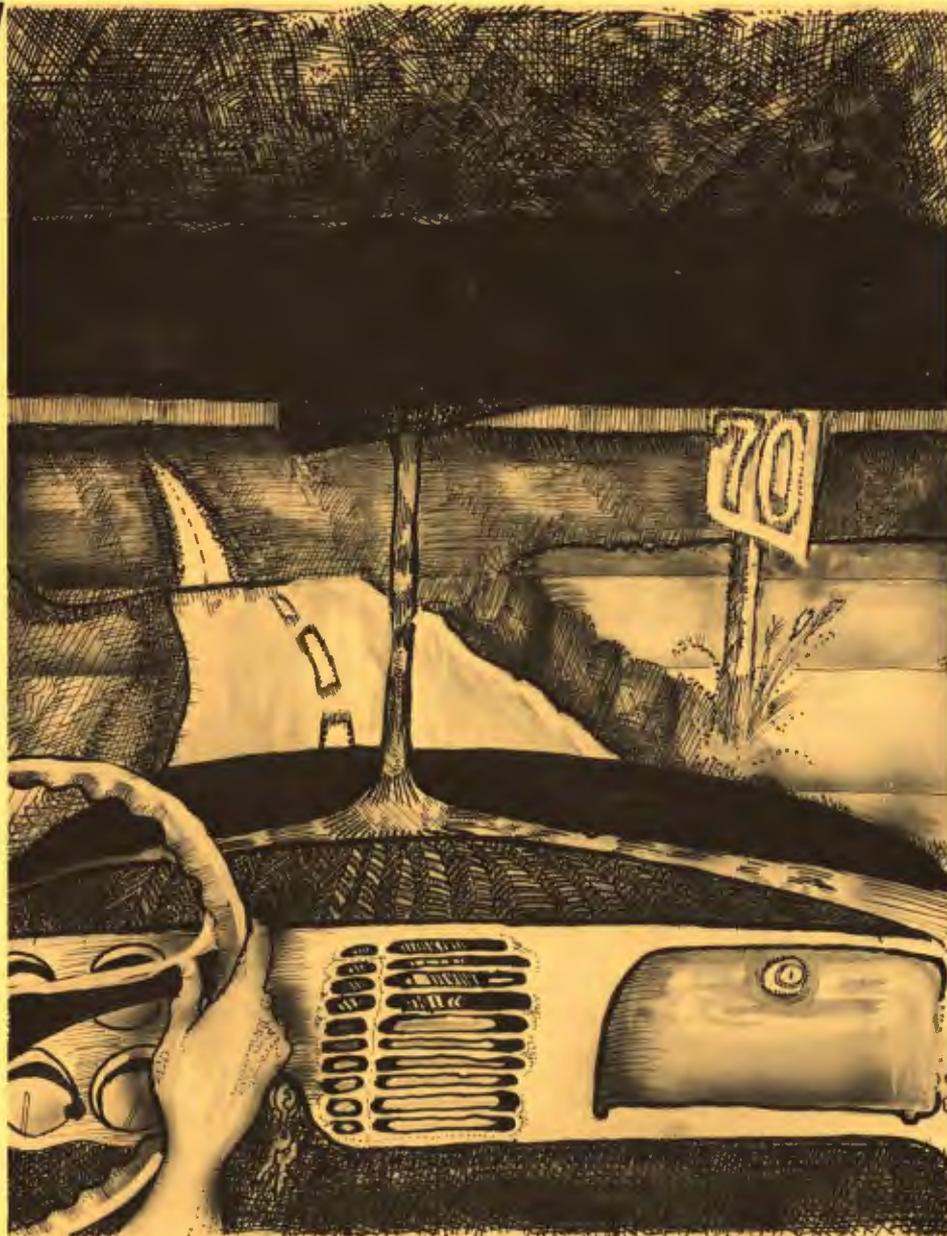
The body of this car was so badly rusted that I could look down and see the road as I was driving on it. However, the car was in good mechanical condition and always got me where I wanted to go, usually at a high rate of speed.

My car made several illicit trips to the Missouri border for fire crackers, always performing as it should, and not eating a lot of gas.

My car had four fenders, necessary for performance and adding to the looks of the car. I point this out because my car lost one, one day. I remember this as one of the low spots of my driving career.

As I was going on I-235 at approximately eighty mph (In those days the speed limit was seventy-five mph, and no one thought of conserving fuel), the left rear fender just fell off. It had rattled some over the past few weeks, but I did not think it was anything major.

When the fender parted company with the rest of the car, I kept driving, maybe a little faster. I looked in my rear view mirror just as a truck swerved to avoid hitting the fender. I don't know if that errant fender ever caused an accident, but I did feel guilty about not going back to pick it up. I never saw that fender again, and I suppose that a garbage or highway department truck picked it up, eventually.‡



Brian Pilkington, artist

VERBALIZATION

Lynn Marie Troutner

She said her son was inseminated, and could we please bail him out. I told her "No" we just didn't have the clout.

So she tried to explain how he'd been a victim of circumcision. I answered her sincerely that it wasn't our decision.

She screamed she'd file suit for disintegration. I replied that the real problem was her verbalization.

SAMANTHA AND HER STEPSISTERS

Diana M. Wolski

Once upon a time, there was a devilish young girl named Samantha who lived with her elderly mother and twin stepsisters, Debbie and Denise. The twins were good-looking girls with matching brown eyes and short, curly hair. They were cheerful, honest, friendly, and loving individuals. They were also obedient and possessed good morals.

Samantha was a natural beauty. Her large bewitching eyes were like sapphires and went well with her long, silky blonde hair that clung to her tiny waist. Samantha was always dating and receiving compliments for her external beauty. However, Samantha's popularity with the boys was not a mystery, for her reputation of being a pothead and very loose was common knowledge. She was a selfish, spoiled child lacking moral character. Sad as it was, Samantha's own mother could not control her.

Debbie and Denise worked extremely hard at sharing the chores of cooking and cleaning the gigantic, old house. All Samantha did was prance around the house in expensive, fancy levis and silk blouses. She was constantly admiring her fortunate good-looks in a mirror. Samantha could also be very cruel. Often she teased the twins because their clothes were old and plain, and because their faces were free of make-up.

One sunny afternoon, in the heat of the summer, the mailman delivered a letter to the house.

"Children!" cried the excited, old stepmother. "Listen to this."

She proceeded to read the letter outloud to the three girls.

"The President is giving a ball tonight at the White House. His youngest son will choose a mistress. Every girl in the D.C. area is invited. Hopefully, all will attend.

Debbie was ecstatic and said to Denise, "We can go too!"

Samantha just laughed and laughed.

"But it says every girl in the D.C. area is welcomed!" insisted Denise.

The stepmother slyly smiled and said, "Of course you girls may go but only if you do all your work and if you find a dress to wear."

With these final words, Debbie and Denise ran up to their rooms and urgently searched their closets for an appropriate dress. To their dismay they found two very old dresses in dire need of mending.

"Debbie! Denise," called their stepmother.

Obediently, the girls ran swiftly down the stairs.

"I want the carpet vacuumed, the

kitchen floor scrubbed and waxed, all the windows washed, and the drapes dusted!" ordered the stepmother.

"But we did all those things yesterday!" cried Debbie defiantly.

"Do them again!" insisted their angry stepmother.

Debbie and Denise worked as fast as they could but there was just too much to be done.

In her room Samantha was busy dressing for the ball. She hollered for the twins.

"Debbie...Denise! Come help me at once!"

The twins obeyed.

"Tie my sash! Zip my dress! Fix the curls on top of my head!" Samantha commanded.

When Samantha was completely ready, her mother announced, "It is time to go to the ball...are you girls ready?"

"No," said Denise sadly, "We haven't had time to fix our old dresses."

"Well that's too bad!" snapped their mean stepmother. "You must both learn to work faster."

Off to the White House they went, leaving Debbie and Denise behind.

Denise expressed disappointment, saying, "I wish we could go to the ball! I don't particularly want to be any man's mistress. I just wanted to dance and meet some charming young men!"

Debbie wiped away her tears with a kleenex and added, "I know exactly what you mean. We work so hard in the big, old house and never get out to enjoy ourselves. It's not fair at all!"

As they walked solemnly into the garden they heard a voice. When they looked up they saw a little old woman with a wand in her hand.

"I am here to give you your wishes since you've proven to be responsible, kind girls. I'm your fairy godmother!" she exclaimed.

The fairy godmother whispered some magic words as she waved her magic wand.

Suddenly, to the twins surprise, there was a black Corvette Stingray parked in the driveway. Then, before their eyes could blink, the rags on their overworked bodies turned to satin and silk.

"Look at my beautiful, white satin dress!" cried Debbie. "The beads really glow."

"My pink dress is made of pure silk, and the rhinestones sparkle like real diamonds!" exclaimed Denise.

The twins turned to the fairy godmother and gratefully said, "Thank-you so very much!"

"But remember," began the fairy godmother, "All the magic ends when the clock strikes twelve!"

She then disappeared into thin air as fast and silently as she came.

The twins ran into Samantha's room where they borrowed some lipstick and rouge. Soon, they jumped into the Corvette. Debbie drove them immediately and swiftly to the White House.

When the twins arrived and entered the ballroom as "striking beauties," all the guests were in awe.

"Who are they? What are their names? They are such beautiful creatures!" Everyone whispered to each other.

Two single senators approached the girls asking them, "Please, may we have the next dance with you?"

"We'd be delighted," said Denise.

"Of course," added Debbie.

While they danced, they noticed that smashing Samantha seemed to have made a head start. She was dancing with the President's son, totally oblivious to their presence.

Before midnight the girls abruptly said to their friends, "We must leave right away! thank you for a lovely evening."

Before the senators could object, the twins ran to their Corvette. Of all things, it had a flat tire. Debbie began to cry as their clothes turned into rags (old, worn-out, holey blue jeans). It was midnight and the magic had ended.

Before Denise could console Debbie, a young man, one of their senator friends, interrupted her.

"So what have we here?" he asked politely.

The girls proceeded to tell him about their mean stepmother and stepsister. After they finished explaining their predicament and experience with the magic of the fairy godmother, the senator said to them, "Let's go grab a pizza. You two have been through quite an ordeal."

Soon the other young man came by and the four of them jumped into a Camero.

In the car, Debbie and Denise rationalized and agreed that this was the true magic involved, and that being any man's mistress was not for them.

And so the following years had been kind to Debbie and Denise. They quit envying Samantha and each became a senator's wife. Consequently, they lived very well and were very content with their new lives.

As for Samantha, she got only what she deserved. Lacking class and morals she lived her remaining years as an unhappy porno-queen!

Only Now

Timothy Lack

Only now can I rise to the morning sounds when only half the space was used and still feel that special touch.

Only now does the rustle of a bird tree bring back the sense of that summer like bare feet on a hot black street.

Only now after I've come and gone can I hold the sensation in my arms.

Longer than that of a stretched out freeway.

I taste the freshness in every new day. Only now like never before and never again.

Only now does the situation make me want to stay. Always before it's the urge to get alone, down to the street and away.

Only now when it's gold from the sun do I realize what we've begun. Soft hue from the dusk till the colors of the dawn.

Only now like nothing before can I finger the strings and the notes come one after one in simple melody. I get that tune only from what I see.

Only before, but never again, was I dormant from the reason, not from the rhyme, like a bird that can't hear its call until another of its kind.

Only now like never again have I found a lover and the deepest friend.

Only now — no — it won't come again. This love is true like the words from this pen. †

The Hunt Heidi Hooten

Twenty-two years
I've spent, planning my expedition
sharpening my whiles.

The Hunter
I comb jungles of cities
Selecting prospects with keen eyes.

Camouflaged
You lie silent
Hoping the search will pass you by.

The Hunted
Ensnared
Bound to me by vows

I slide the bounty on my finger
Victorious.



Valerie Jo Tate

*Something we share with each other
Special gifts given
The stories we shared, of lessons we'd learned
And most of all, the care
Times of such sweet memories.
They all went away
Bringing us closer each day we live.
Together as friends*



LESLIE KEI

CREATIVITY

Dottie Roush

A few years ago while reading a *Readers Digest*, I came across one of those little tests they always have. You know the type, "Is Your Marriage Working?" or "What's Your Stress Level?" This one happened to be titled, "How Creative Are You?"

Now I usually avoid these tests like the plague, but one of the questions caught my eye. The problem seemed simple enough-in 5 minutes list 20 things you could do with a paper clip, besides holding papers together.

When my time was up, I had come up with about 15 answers. Not too bad I thought. But when I matched my answers against the list of common responses, I found that only two or three showed any signs of creativity.

What has happened to me? At the age of seven I could think of 30 ways to use a paper sack, at 14, I had a million excuses for getting out of the house, now at 23 I was stumped by a paper clip. Surely I had lost something along the way.

From the time we are born, and even before, we have the importance of being average impressed upon us.



Penny Michka, photographer

"No you can't eat peas with a knife."

"Try to stay in the lines."

"But the grass is always green."

Now I realize that for any society to survive we must have some conformity, but I don't agree that the price for this peaceful society should be the uninspired people we are now producing.

We pass our days wearing clothes as much like everyone else's as we can afford. Going to school, not for knowledge, but to learn only what someone else has decided we should know. Then we look for a job that we usually can do with our minds closed so we can go home at night and watch life poorly copied for us by T.V.

And for what? What greatness ever came from being average? Did you know that scientifically the helicopter won't fly? Or that the helicopter pads used in Vietnam first showed up in Dick Tracy comics? Who would have believed that a man could become a millionaire by selling, of all things, rocks. But we all watched or helped make it happen.

It seems we have done all we can to take creativity out of our lives. Now we have it sold to us in neat little kits. "By following these easy step - by - step instructions, you too can create this beautiful work of art."

Right there is one of our biggest problems, the idea that creativity is used only in connection with the arts. What we've overlooked is that creativity is the basic key to the art of living. Not surviving, but living.

Luckily creativity does not die. It becomes buried or blocked, but never dead. All that is necessary to bring this quality back into our lives is a conscious effort.

The key is to start small. If you're out of an ingredient for a recipe, don't rush off to the store, use something you already have instead. Or make something, no pattern, no directions, just you and whatever materials you have on hand.

Things won't always come out as planned. There will be successes and there will be failures. I remember a corn souffle that the dogs wouldn't eat. But creativity isn't measured by success or failure, its measure is in the effort.

I may never need to use a paper clip for anything but holding papers together; the important thing is that I could.



In this cool weather I put on my warm -up, with my long-john underwear under it about a half hour or so before going to the women's gym to run. I figure that my natural body furnace will elevate my body temperature long before the grueling oval shaped track miles ahead of me.

My greatest fantasy while running is that when I step into the gym my body becomes that of a cheetah. The animal is powerful; inexhaustible; yet graceful, marathon toned in spirit as well as in body. Stretching out muscles, tendons, shaking off any tightness in attire or attitude, I breathe deeply, savoring or perhaps saving any bit of comfort for the journey ahead. One casual, yet concentrated stalk around the oval spotlight, hands on hips proclaiming my territory, clears the mind. Analyzing the rubber-sole trodden trail, divided into a highway for humans in their alternate aerobic state. I search for my slick spots.

Ecstasy of Running

Jeri-Ann Hovland

At the end of my exhibition pace around the track, my body throbs with the adrenaline pulsating through it. My nostrils expand to sweep in the strongly sweat scented air surrounding me to fulfill my eagerly waiting with anticipation lungs.

As my pace quickens my skin glistens with sweat. The initial mile of my conquest I choose to run on the balls of my feet, developing and toning my calf muscles. My arms are allowed to shake off any newly accumulated tensions by my sides. Freed from any inhibitions, they conform to the body rhythm of my running. During these fleeing moments I would rather stick my arms straight out from my body, as if becoming airborne, as I lope effortlessly along my path.

After the conquest of three miles, my skin is salty and slick. My heart and lungs are performing with perfection, in total elevation harmony. My eyes are fixed on the arena ahead of me as my brows shelter them from the sweat streaming down my forehead. I feel myself beginning to climb into my body's aerobic states. The moment; the body and souls highest perch is within reach; the aerobic state is near — here — I can run forever!

Surprise!

Lynn Marie Troutner

It always seemed like fun ambushing young lovers while they were parked in their cars, until it happened to me.

I was a senior in high school and had been dating a particular boy for a couple of years by then. We were normal, healthy, curious teens who, like the majority, enjoyed parking on country roads which were absent of street lights and usually traffic.

One night we were heavily involved with one another's anatomy and nearly stripped to our skin. The car windows were covered with a dense fog created by our heavy breathing, and we had climbed into the back seat, allowing ourselves more freedom to move about. As the aroma of our bodies' natural secretions merged with the pleasurable moans, groans, and kisses, we became oblivious to the outside world. The atmosphere was just right; we were only aware of each others curves and bumps.

Without warning a flood light shone brightly through the windshield of our car. The excitement we had been feeling was immediately transformed into total panic. Arms and legs were crashing into my chin and sides, as my confederate flurried about trying to save himself. A pair of underwear was shoved into my hand, which felt rather strange around my body, but I didn't stop to check them out. As articles of clothing were being thrown at me, I decided it wasn't a time to worry about whether they were right side out, his, mine, or someone else's. I could only imagine the entire Polk County Sheriff's department outside surrounding us.

We had to have broken a record, it couldn't have taken us more than twenty seconds to get ourselves together and in the front seat again.

The car outside gave a honk, we heard a group of familiar sounding voices yelling the usual obscenities from the attacking vehicle, and then they were gone.

Our hearts were beating through our chests, and we laughed at each other as we realized we had each other's underwear on.‡



Mark Ring, artist



Brian Gregory, artist

A SPECIAL PLACE

Dottie Roush

The tombstones stand in infinite ranks, sentinels for an unknown treasure. All radiating a crimson hue, as if the fire burned within them instead of being hung on the horizon which surrounds us.

As we descend the culvert to enter the cemetery, I hurry to greet the quiet spirit of this place. My daughter's hand clings tighter to mine, as we make our way down this precipice, and I slow my steps to her need, remembering.

She runs ahead now. Each step powdering her feet and legs with the talc of the sun-dried path.

The cooling evening breezes carry the fresh green smell of the just manicured lawn, and the heavier aromas of the pines and the surrounding farms. Sticky resins, deep black earth, and the musk of unidentifiable animals.

I walk among the stones that now so generously give off the warmth they have hoarded all day. My hands slide smoothly over the slick marble stones, but are arrested by the crumbling coarseness of the few remaining limestone

markers. The names, the dates, the faces, the lives, all being slowly erased by time.

My reverie is broken by Leah's insistent call. She hurries toward me, proudly displaying the treasures she has found. A pinecone, having lost most of his tenacious hold of life, lies cradled in loving arms. Joined there by a plastic flower, sun bleached shades of rose and yellow still clinging in spots. No one will grieve its leaving here.

The light is fading faster as we reach the pond and our "house". Three pines form its walls. In their ever upward reaching, they have left for us a rich carpet of needles, and we stop to rest on its prickly yielding bulk.

The pond begins to come alive again after the silence of our intrusion on this world. The bullfrogs sing their mighty night songs. Accompanied now by an orchestra of insects, with their varying of pitches and timbres. All trying, it seems, to drown the others out. For me, a soulful sonnet, for Leah, a lullabye.

REASON TO BE

Diana M. Wolski

I have searched many years
For meaning in my life
I have tried to find joy—
In toil, as in strife!

I have longed to see beauty
In the events of each day.
And have yearned for strength
to forget yesterday.

I sought reassurance—
Someone to hold my hand.
I needed a true love
Who would always understand.

I searched for a "Truth";
Seeking peace in this belief.
I needed to know strength—
When faced with pain and grief!

I looked everywhere for laughter—
For sunshine in a cloud;
I needed to find a soul
that cried for love outloud!

And now I do have more meaning!
Just by loving you—
I feel joy with passing sorrow;
Just knowing you love me, too!

Now I can see the beauty
in each passing day;
Strength is my companion
Since your love came my way!

I now have the confidence
There is someone at my side;
A man who needs and wants me—
And asked me to be his bride!

The faith I have found—
I trust because of you.
Happiness now exists—
because our love is true.

Now, I can see sunshine—
A dream that is real.
I know a love inside of me
A union we both can feel!

Now my life, because of you—
Is both rich and whole;
I find fulfillment everyday—
A comfort to my soul.

Now reassurance comes—
With each day's end;
A new hope clings to me—
Since you became my friend.

Yes, I have found everything!
I have my reason to be—
I can love life now—
For love is a part of me!

Bruxism

An Autobiography

Raye Eddleman

I decided that religion was a complex conspiracy to place the average American on a terminal course when I was in 9th grade. Father Kilkenny, the priest in my parish, ran off with a black woman from Chicago. They apparently conceived several multi-colored children before the Bishop in the Archdiocese could catch up with them. He is now in Tucson spreading the communion hosts around and she is in Chicago again with the rainbow kids. You must realize that this was the priest I confessed all my filthy acts to all during my formative years. You can understand my chagrin.

My mother was an Irish Catholic from Melrose; a rose planted in a cesspool. My father, a farmer from Attica, plucked the rose at the tender age of 19 in order to, my father's second wife claims, "get away from the draft." Nasty minded bitch. What does she know?

My older sister, Kay, possessed all the traits a good leader should have. She beat us senseless. Gerry, on the other hand, was the baby of the family, a "blue baby" at that, hence she managed to maintain that pampered childlike attitude throughout childhood. A lady with fire, she was fat as a pig until the age of 25. Whenever we tactfully pointed out her galded thighs from the friction of her walk, she turned on us like a ravenous wolverine. We couldn't understand why she was so upset, she had always been a sow.

I, being the abused middle child, became boy-crazy in Junior High, immediately upon reception of my first menstrual period. I think Gerry was slipping me hormone pills to push me over the brink.

Through some biological miracle, I didn't get pregnant until I reached the 12th grade, whereupon all my close friends shrank away in disgust. I vaguely recall the doctor showing me the results of the urine test, all the while furtively peeking at the 3rd finger of my left hand, which was noticeably unencumbered. I was married within the month.

I managed to finish high school, but was unable to attend graduation exercises because I was so huge preggers and my husband didn't want the whole town to see what he'd done. Besides, it fell on the same night as *North to Alaska* premiered at the drive-in and he had promised his friends we would all see the movie together, he and I arriving

in the car, the friends in the trunk.

By now it has become evident that this guy was a creep and after four years of marital bliss, it became evident to me too. We were divorced in 1975, at which time I was barred from receiving communion at church. That's a sin you know. You're supposed to be a martyr and remain married through thick and thin, drunkenness and poverty, and abuse and adultery. Bullshit.

Despite pleadings from my mother to get the first marriage annulled so I could once again get married in the church, and receive "holy communion," I bullheadedly married my second husband in the courthouse with a few gentle words spoken by the Magistrate, I won't expound upon this marriage as it is currently in effect and I would like for it to remain that way. Suffice to say that he had also been raised a Catholic, and because we are both identically matched, walking guilt trips, we get along famously.

So several years, and alot of disgust later, I emerge at DMACC with a significantly intelligent husband and a quite handsome nine year old son.

I've managed to pull free from the binding trappings of a worthless marriage and get the hell out of the B-O-R-I-N-G, small minded town I lived in. I've never returned to the church; why should I? Although I see my mother cringing as she reads this, I don't feel a person has to publicly display "worship" to the whole world to get through the pearly gates.

As my husband always says (over and over and over) "Life is a shit sandwich, and every day another bite." Maybe not the first to quote this intelligent but repulsive cliché; but certainly he quotes it with gusto. I think he's right. I'll just learn to use Mayonnaise.‡



Bruce Edwards, artist

AFTER NIGHT SHIFT

Ann Schneider

Why does a brave man run in the dark?
He runs not from the shadows behind him.
He runs to the bright light up ahead.
He runs to the warm and waiting bed.
He runs to caress her sleeping head.
He runs not from the chill of the night.



Lynn Marie Troutner

Football
Play-time for boys
Running, jabbing, trompling
Hurt knees, bruised bodies, broken dreams
A game?

Marcia Head

The time is right to stand and fight;
For that which I hold dear.
I think I might; But then, not quite
I feel I'm stopped by fear.
Which way to go? Allow the flow?
The love I deeply feel?
To stop the clock? To hurt, to shock?
Or should I let time heal?
I'll just lean back, allow some slack;
I'll take what he will give.
And should it work, by some kind quirk,
I'll love, and learn and live.

Denny Comer, photographer

Both sides of Fifth Street in West Des Moines, the four to five blocks ending at Railroad Street, at the railroad tracks, are lined with shops. Boutiques, tiny restaurants, needlework shops, frame and print shops, but most of all antique shops occupy the buildings there.

VALLEY JUNCTION

Berta Daugherty

At the turn of the century this area was a bustling railroad center known as Valley Junction where two lines joined on those tracks that run through the lowland near the Raccoon River. Fifth Street was then lined with saloons, a hotel, rooming houses and various other kinds of stores needed to serve that community. But when the railroad gradually died, so did the town and it became West Des Moines.

Today it is alive and bustling with business again, well known as an antique marketplace and again frequently referred to as Valley Junction. The old structures have been brought back to life and filled with treasures and nostalgia.

Snuggled in among those shops on the north side of Fifth Street is the Ye Olde Century Antique Shoppe: its name printed in large English script.

Through the glass window there seems to be a glow produced by the burning lamps as they capture the highlights of the polished brass and copper. The crystal sparkles. Standing there, I feel a warmth that speaks a silent invitation to step inside. There is something here for me. The assortment of bells strung from the top of the door jingle my presence as I enter the high ceilinged room that stretches narrowly ahead, jammed with yesterday's memorabilia. The store is empty of any other customers.

Paintings by Willis St. George, an Iowa artist who makes his home in San Fransisco, are exhibited on both walls. One, a huge somber scene that dominates the collection, intrigues me. The center of the room is filled with furniture and both sides lined with cabinets; some with rare china, crystals and silver locked safely inside. Oriental rugs are piled in a heap and up ahead, I catch a glimpse of some primitives, an assortment of wicker and a rack of patchwork quilts. At the far end, standing silently behind the case of jewelry, the shop

owner nods politely but stiffly in my direction with an aloof and superior manner.

Mindful of the sign, "Please Watch Children and Shoulder Purses, thanx," I clutch my bag tightly to my side and make ready to explore.

Carefully stepping and twisting through the group of Victorian furniture with its faded red velvet cushions, I make my way to the large oil painting--St. George's prize-winning "Amish Buggies." For some unknown reason I am drawn to this scene on canvas with its two black carriages perched on their oversized spoked wheels, parked and waiting in the snow at dusk. Done in shades of greys, black and white, the only vibrant color comes from the tiny burning lanterns hung from the cabs. There is a strong quality of stillness about it--it speaks loneliness.

Turning away, I spot an interesting piece of oak furniture, very plain in style, tagged and identified, "Prie Diue." Quick assessment of the design and logical interpretation of the French sounding name helps me to conclude that this is, very simply, a prayer bench.

Now the piles of junk begin to emerge from the more impressive pieces. To one side of the massive mahogany four poster is an array of drab, shabby furs lying pitifully like too long dead and undisposed of animals. There in the corner is a collection of dusty, damaged wicker next to threadbare, stained patchwork quilts. Atop a dilapidated chicken brooder an old wagon seat.

My thoughts and eyes keep going back to the Amish painting. Is it meant to be mine? Will it be going home with me?

Next to the jewelry case stands the rickety sideboard stashed with a bizarre collection of dated canning jars and empty bottles; some with labels still attached, once filled with liquid remedies--there is rose water and glycerol to soften skin and "kicapoo Indian Tape Worm Secret--Sure to Get Head, Body and All." Tin boxes, all shapes and sizes, used for storing anything from tobacco to crackers, are crammed inside. Next to the James Bryce High Grade 5 cent Cigars and Prince Albert Tobacco tins stands a Smoke or Chew Nigger Hair Tobacco cannister. This demeaning display expresses your true brand of superiority, Mr Proprietor! The irony is almost too much when my attention focuses on a framed and yellowed original frontpage from the New York Herald Newspaper announcing the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, priced at \$125, hanging high above the sideboard.

The haughty store owner breaks his silence to ask if I need help with anything. He listens to my praise and answers my question concerning

the buggy painting, making certain that I understand the price of \$400 stands firm. A lesson well learned--always keep your interest concealed when antique shopping. Any enthusiasm shown by the buyer makes an attempt at bargaining a lost game. No, the painting will not be leaving with me.

Close by, there is a display which captures memories for me in the tiny porcelain tea sets exactly like those I played with so long ago.

Anchored on a post, a brightly polished brass oil lamp illuminates a collection of dull brass odds and ends. One in particular grabs my attention. It is definitely oriental

with two delicately designed Chinese dragons that form an ornamental arch, approximately eight inches high, from which an ancient bell is suspended. The bell has no clapper but rings a beautiful clear chime when it sways, striking the sides of the arch. Truly Special! This is it--I've found my treasure. The price tag reads \$15, far from the \$45 which I expected. And what a delightful accessory for my chippendale desk.

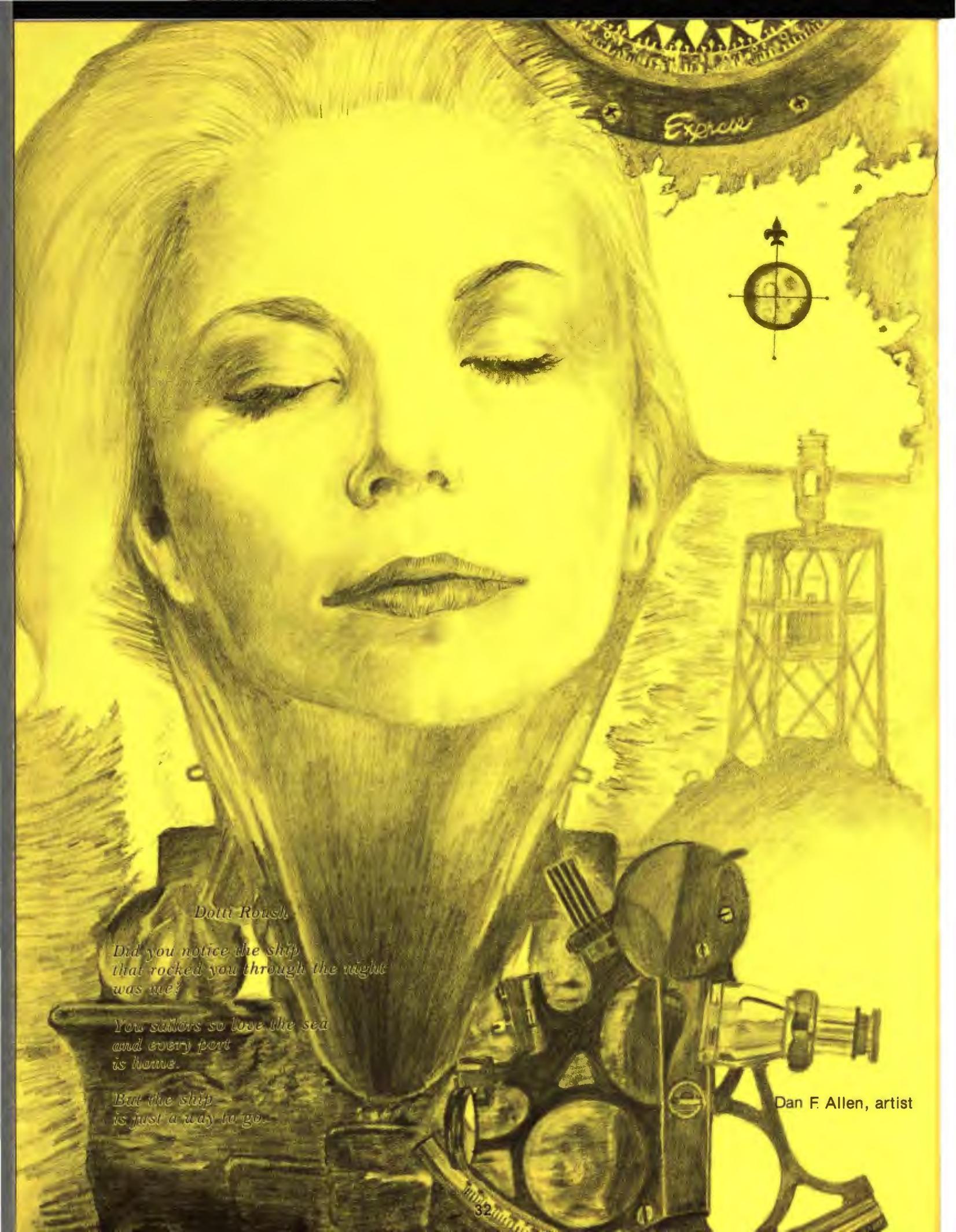
The pompous shop owner gives me an impatient look when I ask for information about the small bell. Grabbing the ledger to check the listing, his caustic manner slowly melts into a sagging, disappointed

posture. The bell is cataloged as, "Solid brass, very old Chinese, acquired at St. Louis auction; used to summon household servants."

His face is tense, his jaws grind away as he writes the sale; he's obviously upset with his assistant for the error in pricing the bell. His royal attitude is totally absent now and I can't help but feel smug about my good fortune.

The shop bells ring behind me as I step back into the hustle and bustle of Valley Junction with even more appreciation for the tiny town that is revived and has found its salvation by living, in a real sense, on the past‡





Dotti Roush

*Did you notice the ship
that rocked you through the night
was me?*

*You sailors so love the sea
and every port
is home.*

*But the ship
is just a way to go.*

Dan F. Allen, artist

