

Before the valley had a name,
before the white man came,
the natives wandered far and wide
where prairie wildlife flourished.
They wove their trails through streams and vales,
in nature they were nourished.

TROUSOUT
CENTENNIAL
1831-2006

Our river's name was taken from
a man of mystery
who fished and trapped along its banks
before he entered history.
The county also bears his name
and still contributes to his fame.

We love our prairie legacy
and cherish ties that bind.
Our people are the caring kind
and friendship is contagious.
We take pride in our heritage,
our pioneers courageous.

Our city honors early names,
those first compatriots.
Still with us as we work and play--
the Hobsons, Martins and Scotts.
And don't forget those noble friends,
Waubonsie and Half Day.

If old Joe Naper could return
to see his namesake town,
he'd be amazed at his own reknown
and how this place has grown.
He'd surely find it beautiful,
and see how we've been dutiful.

The DuPage flows through time and change,
past farms and industry.
Its branches still embrace our home,
our Riverwalk invites us
to stroll through lovely vistas where
there's music, art and flowered air.

Of all our unique residents
Les Shrader stands apart.
He shared his fondness for Naperville,
preserved its past in his art.
He captured scenes for all to see
in paintings for posterity.

He studied everything he could
about the settlers' ways
of clearing land and hauling wood,
their ox teams traveling for days
with wagon loads of scarce supplies
as homes and crops began to rise.

More trails were blazed, more people came
and stayed to stake a claim.

A fort, a mill, a trading post
and cabins deep in the woods--
had neighbors willing to be host
to those who needed help the most.

The life was hard on untamed land
when Blackhawk went to war.
Then fear and worry made a stand
each night and early morn.
Alone, forlorn, the small brave band
fled miles and miles to Fort Dearborn.

The settlers' prayers, they were answered soon.
The Indians withdrew.
The pioneers worked their claims anew
and friendship bonds grew stronger.
The spirit of community
was sewn, its roots grown longer.

The wilderness is cleared away,
the wolves and swamps are gone.
Now churches, schools, museums and parks
provide for everyone's needs.
Where patriarchs have left their marks,
our city still succeeds.

Through seven quarter centuries
our citizens have shared
the triumphs and the tragedies.
They've labored and prepared
so future generations here
will hold this spot forever dear.

Chorus

Oh Naperville we love you!
You're such a blue sky place. (or) You're such a gracious place.
In rain or snow above you,
You are our special space.

work on chorus

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A fort, a mill, a trading post
and cabins deep in the woods--
And neighbors willing to be host
to those who needed help the most.

The life was hard on untamed land
then Blackhawk went to war.
And fear began to make a stand
each night and early morn.
No aid would come from Fort Dearborn
The settlers were alone. Forlorn.

STAR SALESMAN

He's native to this territory, skilled
in local idiom and dialect,
politically correct, at ease on stage
with pagers, flow charts, wine lists, limousines.

He sprawls across the king-size hotel bed,
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Repeatedly he's played this vital lead.
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And when the scene plays out, the wound-up mime
propels the props to yesterday's airport
where soon the custom-made attire, almost
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His seatmate gripes about approaching winter.
He wonders how he'll pay for warmer clothes
before the iceman cometh, credit gone.

At last, unfolded in home's terminal,
he counts out cash enough to catch a cab,

report to his exec, director of
these high-camp, one-act flops-- and maybe learn
that henceforth he no longer heads the cast.
Or worse-- that he has played his final part.

THE POTTERS OF THE RED HILLS

Our hands are ancient:
Older than the painter's-- that stick-figure
who left his best dimension in a cave.
Older than the lightning god's gift,
older than the hands of the wood carver
and the stone chipper who made man a hunter.

Man was born a gatherer. He was born thirsty.
Mud leaks slower than woven leaves and grass.
Our hands shaped damp dirt. Sun dried it.
Unlasting as a meal. We found a better way,
a special kind of earth.

It wasn't an accident. Don't believe tales
about forgetful old women trying to heat
water in clay clumps in newly-mastered embers
and finding precious substance in cold ashes.

Too thick or thin, too wet, too coarse,
exploded, fractured-- our work miscarried often
but had no careless birth. And we taught others
how to mold and hold the future.

Our hands made man a storer, trader, preserver--
foundations of peace. My fingers fashioned
beads strung on willow to mark a woman mine.
My palms made the first wheel,
then a pair with center holes for a stick.
A rolling plaything, a lost exclamation point
in time defined by stone.

You now blessed with supplies and knowing hands,
oh, don't forget the source: The searched-for clay
seasoned with digger's sweat, sometimes a dance,
praise-words and promise-words exchanged
for earth's gift and placed inside her wound.
Today's sterile blocks, measured, packaged,
paid for with common currency are not the same.
Creation breathes within the raw dough of eternity
waiting to be baked like bread.

You now entrusted with the modern treasure,
willing to your touch, remember the beginnings.
Remember all the hands that formed before.
Each time you design another miracle
and yield it to the fire.

GIFT HORSE

It's not as if you roll melty brown eyes
at me and nuzzle my arm, not as if I've had
years of pleasure from you. You even bit me.

On a family visit I happened to comment
on your regal bearing. And Uncle Jess said,
"Take him, he's yours, saddle and all."
Uncle Jess, the family autocrat, insisted.
Good breeding (mine) dictated that I not
look you in the mouth. Caught flatfooted
in the adage, all I could do was say thanks,
and wonder how I got so lucky.

Once you were here, each day revealed
worse things than wayward teeth.
You're an equine misanthrope
with the disposition of a gum boil. The once
I tried to ride, you waited until we reached
the Pendletons' pasture in full view
of their porch party. You scraped my thigh
on a fence then pitched me
in the county's only patch of poison sumac.

You've been a daily blight on my calendar
since April. Now here I am, watching
the vet frown as he cleans his thermometer.

Sun plays the sheen of your flank. You look
like a fallen bronze monument. The doctor
says your future is unsure.
There's not a single reason I should care.

I kneel to rub your blaze, expecting even now
a recalcitrant snort. As the long needle pierces
your rump, I feel no equalizing of scores.

Your eye on mine, you cozy my hand. Suddenly
I hear myself saying,
"Doc, is there anything else you can do?"

SOLAR VOYAGER

Come space quester, you never learned
Earth's answers, never assayed the runes
of your native place out on the cusp of blue.
Be rid of recycled air and weighted shoes,
though you'll still need a heat shield by day,
a star chart by night. Come out on this curve
blown bare and beige. Let sandshine burn old scales
from your eyes, lend you light enough to cross
the fourth dimension's dim foyer.

Desert. Deserted. Time's outback. Sun's hour glass:
Read the coded map left by the night walkers.
Study the sidewinder's graven intaglio
like memos from a spiral galaxy. Leave footprints
on granulated layers of always
where ocotillos comet their color across noon.
Find a flowering century plant rising like Venus,
riding a vertebra of the planet's arched chine,
lifting a chalice to catch smelted gold.

Climb the apogee sculpted of itself, milled spines
from ancient seas. Grain by grain each dune
abandons the goal to touch the reign of fire,
content to bask in candescence.

Follow Hogarth's curve to the perigee valley
clinging to possibility's rim. Wade the ocean of light
till the trespassed moon steals its corals, its mauves,
before blossoming cosmos withdraw fuchsia rays,
and the skink surrenders its hoarded warmth
to the pygmy owl. Let the weightless part of you lead
through orbiting obsidian, keeping tethered
to rhythms your blood remembers.

Stand silent while the life star docks at last
at heaven's vaults to unload its bright tonnage
at sapphire's faceted edge. And if you want it
enough, want it all, you can swap your old lore
for truth's seminal sands
on the lambent rim of the possible.

THE CLUMSY CONSUMER REPORT

I'm a gentle soul, relaxed and mild;
I've even been called meek.
But here's the thing that drives me wild
And makes me wanna shriek.

Each time I crave some tasty snackage--
That's when my trials begin.
Getting the goodies outa the package
Thoroughly does me in.

My finger's cut as I open a can,
A plastic bag claims a tooth.
The crimped-closed edge of a frozen pan
Learns I can be uncouth.

The canopy that covers the ham
Might yield to a bayonet.
Designers closely studied the clam
But they aren't happy yet.

To greater, rarer heights they aspire--
Impregnable wraps for cheese,
And seals for nuts and cakes that require
Three engineering degrees.

The chips wear armor like chain mail;
I rip the flap with a thud.
The dip contains my fingernail--
And look-- is that ketchup or blood?

Inventors should get deserved acclaim.
Would all of these masters stand
And bow to the clapping due their fame?
And then-- would they give me a hand?

(The Cheyenne and Arapahoe Reservation, just opened to settlement,
was called C & A Country or the C & A. Cloud Chief was the county
seat of "H" county, Oklahoma.)

1892 DIARY, SETTLING SOUTH OF CLOUD CHIEF

I read it every winter: How the family stowed it all
in a Studebaker wagon: plow, seed, books, kettles,
Haviland china, piano, rocker and handmade quilts.
Horse team weaned on grass, a suckling colt, sixteen head
of cattle, milk cow tied to the end gate. They joined
nine other creaking hooded mobile homes trailing
rooster tails of dust. On good days they churned up
fifteen miles moving west to C & A Country.

Cowboys hired on to drive the herds across Red River.
Wagons went by barge at Byer's Crossing, pulled by horses
and cables from the other side.

Camp nights, men watched for rustlers, Indians, anything
that moved in prairie dark beyond the cookfires, the smell
of jackrabbit steak and kaffircorn br

Once home, I thought the heights would dissipate

But sand that dared each foot to hesitate
and turn again toward sprays of perfumed potion,
imprinted wavering sales with practiced skill,
conspired with seams and souvenirs until
my house was full of missives from the ocean.

III

Beyond the touch of tidal certainty,
the highlands held me close another year.
They grappled with the rival in my mind
with cedar lances, granite fists, a spree
of berries, mushrooms, icy springs, mule deer:
like offerings for a queen, delights designed
to levitate my senses, leave me blind
to other views, a wool-dyed mountaineer.

It might have worked if not for what I dreamed.
One dawn I watched exploring sun-shafts veer
from finial to spire and quickly flee
as I did. Without warning, all unschemed,
I slipped from long-familiar ties that seemed

to have wrapped around me like a cloak.
I lunged, snarled, and, as the sun's rays beat
down, I dropped to the floor, shouting.
The walls were closing in, closing down.
I tried to move, to break free, to break free,
but my body was frozen, locked in memory, charred
by a fire that had been lit, a fire that had been lit
in my heart, a fire that had been lit, a fire that had been lit.

... and a faint, pulsing sound of crowd noise

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"The old man, can't catch up, he's not fast enough,"
she said, "he's not fast enough, or the G.A.Y. group, they're not fast enough,
they're not fast enough, we respect you, the group, but, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

BODY LANGUAGE

You're still asleep, an arm's reach away.
Winter light seeps under the shades,
analyzing yesterday's cold verbs. I inhale
this a.m. differently, altering chemistry,
alternating electrical currents, changing
the magnetic field of the sheets.
The new day's dynamics meddle
with my circuitry, with the semantics
that overnighted in our pores.

I concave against your back, a compress
of blood, bone, forgiveness: sending
and intercepting red, blue, orange--
shop talk in cells, semaphores blossoming,
nodding like neon begonias, skin through skin.

Language is a body of inventions, diverse
around the globe, tensed with misunderstanding.
This is conversation, pure and simple,
the same for both bodies.

You turn, exclamatory-- ankle, belly,
mouth underlining the fluent exchange,
spelling out all of yesterday's missing words.

COMMUTER TRAIN REGULARS

Let all the passengers know
in the dark of their heads
that the 6:15 will pile jackknifed and jagged
in a ditch tomorrow. Leave Gabriel feathers
on their doorsteps so they're sure.
Some will ride it anyway,
ratcheted to their private reels, racked
on indelible rails in sweat-fitted hides.

Knowing now, knowing nothing else,
they rattle their loose change, dash
chattering from center to corner,
make deep fingernail tracks
on the sides of their thoughts.
One reads a certain book,
one cleans the attic, fondling trophies.
One prowls sleep with pills.

They do what they can with their morning faces,
staring at the huge WHY that palls
their reflections. Slowly, though not enough
to be late, they go out and board the 6:15.

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And nothing but heroically blank verse
suffices to recount the episodes,
he tells himself in mocking dialogue
in rhythm as he buffs his manicure.
He duly notes the comic undertones
that permeate this neo-classic farce.

Provider of expected locomotion,
the style and polish to complete the plot,
to make the entrance and escort the client
to lunch, silk lining iridescent wit,
lapels well-tailored with sincerity,
pants creased with confidence. His mended shorts
don't show as shiny anecdotes emerge
from pockets filled with practiced protocol
and uptown jokes, a little charge card magic.
Instead of hotdogs, he eats haute cuisine.

Despite the talent and the presentation,
the bottom line is (how he hates that line!)
the customers aren't clapping for the number.
However bourbon-coated and benign
they make it sound, their script says NO, a word
of lead and ice that lodges in soft spots
beneath his belt, attacking gourmet spoils.
And when the scene plays out, the wound-up mime
propels the props to yesterday's airport
where soon the custom-made attire, almost
adept enough to fill the role alone,
goes slack, inanimate back on the plane.

His seatmate gripes about approaching winter.
He wonders how he'll pay for warmer clothes
before the iceman cometh, credit gone.

At last, unfolded in home's terminal,
he counts out cash enough to catch a cab,
report to his exec, director of
these high-camp, one-act flops-- and maybe learn
that henceforth he no longer heads the cast.
Or worse-- that he has played his final part.

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DRIIVING THE MIDNIGHT LOOP

The end of Sunday city is as vacant as I am.
Blisters of light sting bare streets and sidewalks.
Michigan Avenue voltage shivers through me.

My wires cross and short out. The Chevy's worn tires
make a heatless sizzle. The engine tenors its monotone
to the sibilance of sudden lakefront rain. I turn off

radio arias of alienation and hum my usual obbligato--
no flatted fifths, just aniline-dyed sharps. Same tune
as last year when you left me in the dark.

Night is a long leech. I feel it fattening on me.
Millions of rounds of electric ammo fire at it,
bounce off. Brilliant white shrapnel pelts me.

I try to stuff some in my jacket but it goes black.
And I'm riddled with shallow concavities
bleeding faint shades of light I've been hoarding.

Way back I passed something I need, maybe
on the verge of the Magnificent Mile or in the gorge
between highrises. Nothing I ever bought was it,

pricey or cheap. In reflections, sometimes I think
you're still out there on an angle of shine,
on the bright bias of the possible.

Light drifts away. Warmth escapes me. Maybe
I'll recharge in the a.m. like a lizard on a log.
Somewhere are people I forgot, people I promised,

people I owe. They roll up in winter potholes
and old shadows with broken names. The moon comes out,
sheds a pale legend all over the roof-scraped sky;

it rides the leech's back, irisless eyeball sporting
a cold wet halo. The road ahead's closed for repairs.
No right turn. I shake my head at two leftover tourists

who hope my roaming headlights are a cab's. I scoop up
each shard of loose illumination, rub it in my wounds.
And the leech is still hungry.

Glenna Holloway
913 E. Bailey Rd.
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7/11

THE BOTTOM LINE AT THE SESTINA STAR STUDIO

Today we're talent scouting for six words,
Each one elite enough to pose six times
Spot-lit in unremitting bas-relief.
(Well, three get buried in the last scene's core.)
What verve they need, what icy windshield nerve!
Why, Dun & Bradstreet ought to list such worth.

See, once we hire 'em, we pay market worth--
Less agency percent, of course. Some words
Hit big then burn out way too fast; the nerve
Of one renown pronoun is frizzed at times.
All adjectives get raveled to the core.
Sometimes we have to splint 'em for relief.

At Central Casting, understand, relief
And benefits depend on proven worth.
We look for natural pith, a solid core
Of muscled guts when we audition words.
It takes incisive grit and New York Times
Know-how to rabbit punch or tweak a nerve.

Forget soft female endings lacking nerve.
We want raw drama. Comedy relief.
So even if you're rockin' with the times,
You're still obliged to make a sentence worth
The cost of space, and TOP all other words.
Such heights expose cliches of hollow core.

Yeah, it's a jungle, baby. Sugar-core
Recitals full of candy corn pall nerve-
Ends cyber-wired for gritty mach four words.
If you can't make the cut, go on relief.
We've got to get our modern Webster's worth,
No one can shine with shades of former times.

Who's next? No imitations, please. Prime time's
Decided shock is in, the hardest core
Of all, the unclothed truth has gained in worth
As much as fiction when some well-paid nerve
Grabs center stage. And bored fans want relief
With extra violence voicing over words.

But hey, you has-been words, at certain times
You're pure relief for overloaded core
And ruckled nerve. At last-- you may have worth.

ON ENTERING A STATISTICAL BIAS

Despised by some, the music doesn't stop
despite the numbered days. Fast rhythms move
the blood the same as fifty years ago.
My time of life is not a view I'd swap
for Zeitgeist attitudes that only prove
insouciance is wasted on the slow
to learn, the inexperienced, the young.
I'd rather sing what no one else has sung,
and make a lavish home for what I feel.
It takes decades of practice to stay green.
The pack mentality holds no appeal--
prevailing mores, outre styles, the scene.
Like secret hues in white, the color wheel
keeps spinning all the shades of seventeen.
But I don't have to follow rhyming schemes
unless they tend to fit into my dreams.

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ANNIVERSARY, DRIVING THE OLYMPIC PENINSULA

Laying aside the laptop you insisted I bring,
I home back to your face, gaze at your image,
your hands on the wheel.

The blue of your eyes matches the Pacific;
the blues behind mine
are color-coded like flow charts.

Watching you scan the visuals scrolling
from the road, I long to know
what things you save and what you delete.

Mountain graphs interface with sun. Make us
a copy. Smile me warm, smile us synchrony.
My data banks have space for more
than cryptics and fractions. So do yours.
There's no need for speed. Please
don't make this a hard drive. Savor scenes,
scents, celebrations of the continental rim.
Beauty should never be a lonely route.

Be keyed with whole realities, natural
and animate: waves straining on tiptoe
to rake the tops of seastacks,
yearling elk bugling in the fir forest,
aspens learning green.
Input the deeper green flecks in my eyes,
the russet of my hair.

Memory me again with April verbs,
unstress my shade with lavender,
the sound and taste of fuchsia. Program us
for being and to be. Gentle your touch
and your time. Process all your softest wares
and words through me.

WINTER INHERENT

Splitting September's dark without a moon
the high two-octave cry of a single loon
a blue peak on my spinal graph
summer's final epitaph
Night wraps me colder
Suddenly I'm older

--Glenna Holloway

TRUCK ROUTE, 5 NORTH

The road unwinds me with unreeling black,
pulling coils out of my head
like a magician's endless silk scarves.
Wet tires make a heatless sizzle,
the Diesel tenors its empty highway tone,
the asphalt suffers occasional blisters
of light. Night is a long leech I can feel
fattening on me.

Far back I missed something I need,
maybe beside Willapa Bay
or wrapped in Hoh Rain Forest moss
or deep in Klikitat Gorge.
Nothing I thought I was buying was ever it.

There's not enough of me to make a whole.
I'm riddled with concavities
like a silversmith's wax molds
for amulets wings hands paws a soul--
an emptiness nothing but lost colors
like fire red, orange or yellow could fill.

I'm losing substance, becoming a husk,
stringy as hemlock. Drying papery, pale,
I'm bait for any breeze. My warmth escapes
in gusts of hunger. I see myself stretched out
with lizards on a sun-soaked rock.

The Athabaskan moon sheds old legends,
riding the leech's back, chilling my blood.
Somewhere south are people I forgot,
people I promised, people I owe. They wait
silently in old map wrinkles and folds.

Driving long after midnight there is no sound
or moving light but my own. No true reality
beyond my cab, confining my fragments.
Outside they would dissolve in black sludge
under 18 wheels. Fifty miles, two hundred,
there's no distinction. Destination ceases
to exist. I'm part engine, part road,
roaring to eternity or maybe already there.

Fully loaded, 75 mph-- same speed as shapes
of night traveling the periphery on either side.
Along with occasional escaped scraps
of unfinished thoughts churning beneath layers
of dark I can't or shouldn't penetrate.
I pack my inside pot holes
with loose reflections and hitchhiking ghosts
and never ever stop and close my eyes.

April Ossmann, Director
ALICE JAMES BOOKS
University of Maine at Farmington
238 Main St.
Farmington ME 04938

Dear Ms. Ossmann:

My first submission to you and the first time out for this ms. My poetry has been widely published but this would be my first book, a collection on world wildlife. The text is poetry, both formal and free verse. While adhering to high literary standards, the poems are also entertaining, probing and accurate. I want to illustrate the book with some of my best kodachromes, some of which have been published, several have won art awards.

My poetry has appeared in THE PUSHCART PRIZE, 2001, WESTERN HUMANITIES REVIEW; GEORGIA REVIEW; LOUISIANA LITERATURE; THE FORMALIST; MICHIGAN QUARTERLY REVIEW; NOTRE DAME REVIEW; CHICAGO TRIBUNE; THE HOLLINS CRITIC; THE CAPE ROCK; WISCONSIN REVIEW; THE NEW RENAISSANCE; McCALL'S; ORBIS (England); GOOD HOUSEKEEPING; CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR; AMERICA; GRAY'S SPORTING JOURNAL, many others, as well as 26 anthologies.

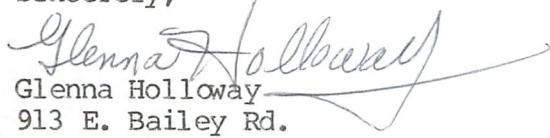
I'm an amateur naturalist and also write human interest and travel features for The Chicago Tribune.

My research indicates there would be a healthy market for this book. I've talked with rangers and personnel in National Parks and Forests and large zoos such as Brookfield and Lincoln Park (Chicago), and San Diego. They believe it would sell well in such places. It would also make a handsome coffee table book. There are many books on wildlife, some cute and fuzzy, some filled with scientific data, but I've found nothing featuring poetry as the sole text for an adult audience.

The poems are composed of insight, imagination, portraiture and zoology/botany. Several are based on native legends based on fact. Scientific classifications are used as subtitles throughout. There are 57 pages of poems. I'm also enclosing acknowledgments and index.

Thank you for considering my work for ALICE JAMES BOOKS.

Sincerely,


Glenna Holloway
913 E. Bailey Rd.
Naperville IL 60565
630/983-5499

July 5, 2002

NEVER FAR FROM WATER

Acknowledgments:

"Moonwatch, Floodwatch," LOUISIANA LITERATURE; "Summer Siege," THE CAPE ROCK; "Pacific Prologue," CHAMINADE; "December Dinner, Manhattan Island," winner, SHORELINES; "The Winter Brute," AMERICAS REVIEW; "Villanelle in Viridescent Grays," THE FORMALIST; "A Place of Gentle Repair," GEORGIA REVIEW; "Sandscape, Soundscape," VOICES INTERNATIONAL; "Winging It," NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW; "Brine Bitch off the Bahamas" won the Milton Dorfman Award, Rome Community Art Center, NY. "Seascope," won the Abbie Copps Award, GARFIELD LAKE REVIEW; "Repertoire," MIDWEST REVIEW; On The Edge," NOTRE DAME REVIEW; "Making Day Break Softer," winner, RAMBUNCTIOUS REVIEW; "Inside Passage, Glacier Bay," KENNESAW; "The Ignis Fatuus," POET LORE; "The Interlopers," THE DIAMOND ANTHOLOGY, PSA; "Narrative in White," winner, GRANDMOTHER EARTH; "Catwalk," THE SILVER WEB; "Snowlight," BLUE UNICORN; "Unmailed Letters From a Young Man Making History," DANA ONLINE; "A Chant Royal for the Swamp Fox," THE LYRIC; "Leaving Home," SOUTH COAST POETRY JOURNAL; "Backbay Brackish," NORTHEAST CORRIDOR; "Watching Charles Vickery Paint the Christian Radich," "Sapphics for a Santorini Sojourn" and "Chicago, First Lady of the Lake," winners, ARIEL; "Wishes, ^{TEN} Twenty Years Apart," SENSATIONS MAGAZINE; "Watercolor Weekends," BUFFALO SPREE; "Yellowknife Outpost, Alaska," SPARROW; "Summer Siege," THE CAPE ROCK.

Before the valley had a name,
before the white man came,
the natives wandered far and wide
where prairie wildlife flourished.
They wove their trails through streams and vales,
in nature they were nourished.

Our river's name was taken from
a man of mystery
who fished and trapped along its banks
before he entered history.
The county also bears his name
and still contributes to his fame.

We love our prairie legacy
and cherish ties that bind.
Our people are the caring kind
and friendship is contagious.
We take pride in our heritage,
our pioneers courageous.

Our city honors early names,
those first compatriots.
Still with us as we work and play--
the Hobsons, Martins and Scotts.
And don't forget those noble friends,
Waubonsie and Half Day.

If old Joe Naper could return
to see his namesake town,
he'd be amazed at his own reknown
and how this place has grown.
He'd surely find it beautiful,
and see how we've been dutiful.

The DuPage flows through time and change,
past farms and industry.
Its branches still embrace our home,
our Riverwalk invites us
to stroll through lovely vistas where
there's music, art and flowered air.

Of all our unique residents
Les Shrader stands apart.
He shared his fondness for Naperville,
preserved its past in his art.
He captured scenes for all to see
in paintings for posterity.

~~He studied everything he could~~
~~s¹ ways~~

He studied everything he could
about the settlers' ways
of clearing land and hauling wood,
their ox teams traveling for days
with wagon loads of scarce supplies
as homes and crops began to rise.

For Our & Future

Made possible by old & new
Made way for settler's we do
With time's now & future too,
Settlers' old ways both old & new

pioneering
Ventures
accomplishments
undertakings
enterprises

oh N we love you
you're such a precious place
with rain or snow above you
you're still our precious place

base embrace free grace
trust

blue do who true thru too few
setters few
who responded to join the people who

those precious few
were thankful for those early few
the founding few
settlers who
founders

~~laid~~
Made possible the old and new
opened up the roads both old & new
laid

Made way for everything we do

established
they lit the way for old and new
paved

for now & future things we do
for them & now & future too.

their family spirit sees us true
will guides us true
one

men all indebted to them
men all their to

Naperville Woman's Club

Treasurer's Report
May 1 thru May 31, 2006

HARRIS BANK CHECKING ACCT.

BEGINNING BALANCE	5/1/2006	\$7,457.39
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RECEIPTS

Interest	2.09
Eleanor Lyons Memorial Fund	
Rent	
Brown Baggers	100.00
Words of Faith	600.00
7th Day-May	800.00
Nap. Presbyterian	300.00
Dues	845.00
Miscellaneous	
Art Fair '06	640.00
Annual Meeting	50.00
TOTAL RECEIPTS	\$ 3,337.09

FUNDS AVAILABLE	\$10,794.48
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DISBURSEMENTS

Utilities	
Electric	71.81
Gas	52.84
Phone	54.95
	179.60
Other Building Expenses	
Exterior Maintenance	38.00
Interior Maintenance	248.26
Property Tax	5,309.39
Building Expenses Total	5775.25
Copying & Printing	151.23
Federation: Convention	279.00
Miscellaneous	6.30
Postage	39.00

TOTAL DISBURSEMENTS	\$ 6,250.78
CHECKING BALANCE	\$4,543.70
MID AMERICA MARKET FUND	
Building	\$ 9,777.90
Art Fair '06	23,533.14
CERTIFICATE AT REGENCY 1	\$ 5,984.18
CERTIFICATE AT REGENCY 2	\$ 7,160.62
TOTAL SAVINGS ACCOUNT	\$ 46,455.84
TOTAL ALL ACCOUNTS	5/31/2006
	\$50,999.54

Bernice Bagliere, Treasurer

ADVANCES-'06	Annual Meeting '06	\$250.00	Fashion Show '06	\$500.00
ART FAIR '06	-Expenses	\$1,123.10	- Income	\$25,850.50

Sakyanuuk - 30 lines - type lines count by page
~~double space~~ June 15
\$10 3 copies

July 13

Tenn. 40 lines - 2 copies + cover sheet w/ID
\$15 per poem SASE

Gay Queen 3-5 10 pg. M/F \$15 Due 15
cover sheet all consid for pub.

Due 30 New Renaissance \$16.50 - 3-6 1 pg. poems
2-4 two pg. poems or 1 long.
26 Heath Rd. # 11
New Renaissance
Arlington MA 02474-3645

Nov. 30
get online
entry form

New Orleans Rev. book info OK

New ~~one~~ ^{2 issues} Press - Nov. 30 / ORBIS

Pedestal Mag - submit - June ~~29~~ - July 12
no form available

New Criterion

Poesia - Oct 15

LIFE LOVE LOSS LORE: IT'S ALL HISTORY TO CLIO

Acknowledgment of publication:

"Winging It," NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW; "Vitus Jonassen Bering," IAMBS AND TROCHEES; "Unmailed Letters of a Young Man Making History," ANTHOLOGY MAGAZINE and DANA ONLINE; "Pausing at the Old Cowcamp We Used To Cuss," and "A Chant Royal for the Swamp Fox," THE LYRIC; "The Winter Brute," AMERICAN REVIEW; "The Namings," "Journal of a Journey," "American Chronicle" and "Looking For Bimini," SENSATIONS MAGAZINE; "The Potter of the Red Hills," and "A Moon for Osceola," THE INDIAN HERITAGE SOCIETY ANTHOLOGY; "Another Atlantic Crossin

What do we mean by "BLESS"
Is it give me things I want?
Keep me safe? Keep me happy?

What do we mean by "FORGIVE"?
Forget it, it's OK? I won't hold
it against you? I've wiped your
slate clean?

How much
When will we get enough of
real blood, real ^{wounds} mutilation, real
dismembered bodies in piles + pieces
on streets + sidewalks in ~~public~~
in ^{in secret} mass graves, holes in the ground
— before we say no to plays + stories,
music, art, movies + TV depicting
it and offering up as entertainment
which we watch ^{for} pleasure?

Essay: (B)

FIRST PRIZE

GLENNA HOLLOWAY

A DAY OF CHANGE AT THE ART INSTITUTE

Edward Hopper's work was never a favorite of mine. He painted dismal taverns with barflies and hookers, ghetto sidewalk characters, and depressing interiors and exteriors inhabited by equally depressed people. His colors were drab and musty. Not my cup of tea. Had the exhibit not also featured Winslow Homer, I'd have stayed at home.

But my eyes were slowly opened. Each time I passed his framed offerings my peripheral vision picked up something of interest. I began to stop and study, finding things to praise, subjects and styles I never knew he produced. His range amazed me. He was painting portraits of America-- small towns, old homesteads, rural scenes, big city views and tempos. My hat came off to him. Few artists are so versatile, few stylists so ambidextrous.

Before the day was over, I spent more than an hour with Edward Hopper. Later, I asked others if he surprised them too. Some said he did, another said she already knew he was more than a painter of dreary lifestyles. Another said she ignored him entirely.

(cont.)

Clearly, the lesson here is not to make presumptuous assumptions about artists until you have paid them more than casual attention. Of course, we're all free to like or dislike certain approaches to art and the products of any given palette. But I had formed an unfair negative opinion based on very little, certainly not the bulk of Hopper's output.

So my essay ends with compliments to a man I now admire. It takes discipline, a thoughtful, sharp, understanding eye and plenty of talent to paint such a broad spectrum of life in its natural surroundings. A certain way of seeing is a major part of an artist's work. While I always gave him credit for capturing his barstool populace accurately and competently, I failed to properly appreciate his place in the pantheon of greatness because that particular subject doesn't appeal to me. I had never seen the wide array of other work.

Now I know I was guilty of petty judgement. No, I still wouldn't want to hang the aforementioned subjects in my home, or see them repeatedly, but I realize they have a place in a collection of fine work. Everything can't be beautiful. Recognizing that and painting it honestly is commendable. Hopper enjoys a reputation which I'm ready to admit he clearly deserves.