

2 deals: May 1 - June 20 <sup>1986</sup>  
Unity Mag. Aug. 19 -

DRAB A WANT SHOW

political policies  
which are more or less  
what I want this year to  
also benefit me and others  
in our community in helping  
them to participate in  
the process. And the policies  
which I want to implement  
and help others to implement  
and help others.

Glenna Holloway  
913 E. Bailey Rd.  
Naperville IL 60565

9. Miniature Poem  
More Than a Haiku

3RD PLACE

MORE THAN A HAIKU

Defying isolation  
from its seamless frame  
of sea and sky, a lone tern  
plies the fog-primed canvas  
with no beginning, no end.  
A composition of one breath  
meaning nothing, meaning all.  
Everything in time and context  
rises from here.

(6)

(9)

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1. FREE VERSE  
ANNIVERSARY, DRIVING, et

2ND HM

**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.  
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 trumpeting in the fir forest,  
aspens learning green.  
Input the deep green of my irises,  
the russet of my hair.

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

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5. LYRIC POEM  
MISSIVE FROM A KNIGHT

2ND PLACE

MISSIVE FROM A KNIGHT

Afar from wintry wills and goading gales  
of home, remembrance conjures nothing warm  
among those sleety isles but your small hand.

I crave a dreamless sleep from dusk to dawn,  
bone-weary as my mount. He carried me  
too long today, caparisoned in silk  
and silver, rider fully armored, armed  
with sword and blazoned shield, escutcheoned boasts  
to mean-eyed peasants idling by the road.

My love, your token prods my flagging heart  
beneath this vest of mail, else it would stop.  
Despair invades our camp. The men are faint  
from lack of proper food. This quest may be  
as holy as the Grail but hope has fled.  
Disease has claimed another friend, my squire,  
and three more horses. Visors hide our fear

the Lord has turned His back. The king grows old.  
And what of noble visions? Dreams that lacked  
the substance to sustain them? Faithless queen  
and bannered halls no warriors have won,  
now slowly coated in heraldic rust?

My dreams are not of Avalon but you.  
My last chimera lurks between my vow  
and you. With that, truth's champion am I.  
Yes, I will keep my oath-- but you are why.

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RETRO: OGGIE CONVINCES  
the EGGLIE

1ST HM

RETRO: OGGIE CONVINCES THE EGGLIE

Sadly learned she was a hiker.  
Yet he couldn't help but like 'er.

Disinclined to prolonged walking,  
He relied on lengthy talking.

Sent her sonnets, roses, books,  
Wrote an essay on her looks.

Unimpressed, she took her leave,  
Left his heart stuck to his sleeve.

She preferred the trail-shod jocks,  
Not square scholars in black socks.

Certain they had mated psyches,  
He went out and bought some Nikes.

Then he chanced to overhear it:  
"She likes after-dinner spirits."

So he pled for one more date,  
Found the means to celebrate.

Changed his modus operandi,  
Served his pitches topped with brandy.

She agreed to end his strife,  
Run life's gamut as his wife.

Ogden Nash would have his snicker--  
Now the nerd knows liquor's quicker.

*Aged Shrew*

BIOGRAPHER FOR THE BELDAM

Like sanctified relics  
of old despots who sold  
their bottled bathwater and tears  
to their subjects, and enshrined  
their shed hairs in gold casks,

her words are preserved  
in their own resinous venom.  
Some strange chemistry keeps them  
firm and precise as delivered  
while the mouth that mints them  
shrivels like a drawstring purse.

His famous pen bides its time.  
His sleep is no longer troubled.  
Knowing there are rich collectors  
of such bibelots, he waits,  
covertly smiling, watching  
*for* - the fossil wasp  
*to* enhance the price of amber.

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) nice

I like the  
implication of  
color - amber  
gold, resin

feeb

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1 = Break

Really horrific!  
Love is lots!

"bibelots" Queen!

To take own  
"Resist" Catches  
Greatness

X "ASY POPULARITY  
Personality"

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--Glenna Holloway

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BELDAM!

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amazing  
image

beautiful pair  
Gaines

flop  
bibelots

*Aging Shrew*

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*Noo / Just the tip?.*

Lunching With Jane/Nancy Jean Carrigan  
A Question of Direction

### A QUESTION OF DIRECTION

"How was your trip to Milwaukee?" I asked Jane as we tucked into our bagels and cream cheese at the Foxy Lox. "Did you find that nifty restaurant I told you about?"

"Well, not exactly," said Jane. "Hal and I went round and round about it?"

"Why did you fight about *The Flying Dutchman*? I thought he liked German food."

"I didn't say we fought about it," Jane corrected primly. "I said we went round and round about it....round and round and round...." her voice faded off, "but we never found it."

"But didn't you have my map?"

"We had the map. We had broad daylight. But we just didn't have the restaurant. We did pass Sally's Antique Barn three or four times though."

"Than why didn't you get directions from Sally? Her brother owns the *Dutchman*. It's only about half a mile from her place."

"Hal was driving."

I nodded as it all became clear.

"I wrote this in the car on the way home," she said and tossed me the blue paisley notebook marked with a greasy napkin from MacDonalds.

-more-

*Sing those romantic songs you once were so fond of to your new love. Sing in  
memory of me. Goodbye.*

After he hung up, Jason played the message over and over in his mind as he waited on the westbound platform to make his fatal dash onto track.

Was his message too much? Had he been too maudlin? But weren't all suicide notes, by nature, maudlin? He was satisfied. The tone was just right then, not too much blame, not too much apology for leaving her with young Jason's problems and the mountain of debt that would cost her the house.

*Where the hell is the train? If I have to listen to Rudolf, the Red-nosed Reindeer  
one more time on that damn loudspeaker, I'm going to kill my... But then he was going to  
do that anyway, wasn't he?*

Flakes of wet snow started drifting down from a dreary overcast that turned the struggling sun into an odd orange ball. Across the tracks, the waiting crowd was getting restless. Parents held the littlest ones in their arms while the older siblings chased each other up and down the platform. Young professionals watched the chaos with the superior disdain of the childless. Silver-haired retirees in handsome overcoats checked on their tickets to *A Christmas Carol* at the Goodman or the Apollo Chorus' annual *Messiah* at Symphony Hall. A wanderer in tattered jeans and a back pack carrying a cherished guitar sat down on one of the outside benches and strummed lazily, looking back up the tracks, unaware of the drama about to unfold in front of him.

Jason noticed two insouciant teen-agers, wearing the chains and black leather of the Goths, clinging to each other on his more deserted end of the platform. They were on the other side of the crossing where he stood waiting to put his suicide plan in motion.

Lunching with Jane  
A Question of Direction

GOING HIS WAY

The object of all of my fondest affections  
Has one tiny flaw midst his many perfections.  
On the roads he has driven our marital car,  
And he's not really sure where exactly we are,  
He never, but never, will ask for directions.

And oddly, my brother and son are the same.  
Is not asking directions a male sort of a game  
Where the rules are to wander the byways of life,  
And drive to distraction one's sister or wife,  
As they circle the way they just came?

Sometimes when we're having a nice Sunday ride,  
And my darling's in touch with his gentler side,  
When we're stopping for gas, quite often he'll say,  
"Go see if that fellow can tell us the way."  
(If I ask, it won't injure his pride.)

I've asked round the world and it's as I suspected.  
This "don't ask" phenomenon's gender-connected.  
Men trust to their hormonal compass testicular  
To find where they're going on travels vehicular.  
And they get there much more than expected.

## Night Shift Mao Was Right.

Yesterday, the Party chanted Mao until it became first nature.

Naturally, I longed to cross the street.

History helps if you use it for its intended uses, the way the street people do.

Over in mind. Over in mind. Over in

Mind how you put which foot where, this street can be dangerous, you know.

"Turn on your lights!" I yell.

Someone watches me in my mind however they do.

This isn't what I want.

Naturally I concoct intricate excuses and go over relics on this side of the street.

Icons of Mao with his Mona Lisa.

Nothing is forever.

On the diagonal corner, hidden tenants look out, smile.

They train to kill one day while their windows shine.

"Where's Dali when you need him?" I ask.

The answer is obvious, so I start over.

I think about it endlessly, going young, but they would rather parade and fight national  
solitary shadows against the wall.

And the heroes of the revolution sweep empty luxury streets clean while vendors  
hawk... hawk... hawk...

The afternoon cannot kill the young forever.

The train pulls in late, we give back.

Across the street the leaders clearly know we have received dog wanders.

You wonder if the warehouse collects from them confusedly.

The old can kill the words to the wise subway riders.

"Have I forgotten anything?" I wonder.

Come right, arrive, take your place in the next row as a lone dog sniffing garbage.

Easy to believe nothing will ever be the way of the movie Cold War.

Women sweep empty streets and across the street a lone dog sniffs the second day of  
eight garbage cans.

Across the street gray slums rot and it is a holiday for the only heroes.

It rains acid, according to the newspaper.

"I know who you are," I lie for reasons I don't understand.

Mao was right.

You revolt.

## Labor Day

Visit the city, its skyline adorned with temples of trade.  
See men bolstered against the factory gates,  
gray flesh pressing steel in the ripening dawn,  
hands hanging empty, ~~their~~ fingers curled around imaginary tools  
itching to get back to work.

~~Pass empty lots and~~ see them rush forth when a passing car slows,  
each smile engaging and eager like an aspiring actor or a gigolo  
hustling for a job lasting days, hours or weeks,  
just to send something, anything home.

Walk along thickets coppered in peaches and pears,  
their harvest belching forth in abundance.  
See workers strung along roads or crunching gravel paths  
with a résumé of desire plus experience down home,  
all for a pittance and a bed at the end of the long day's picking.

Learn about others, their backs tattooed from wire barricades,  
and hands, knees and bellies striated when heaving the walls  
as they race for a chance in the lottery of scale  
toward an honest day's labor, the sweat of the brow.

Travel the sea, fecundate with salmon and kelp  
where boats are cradled in the lapping waves,  
crooning a false promise to desperate workers  
before a rising surf's majesty rumbles  
into a crashing commandment to bail  
while their horizon fades to nothing.