

sine cera

a

DiverseCity Writing Series Anthology

Wasatch Love Song

Volume 3 Number 2
December 2005

sine cera is published by the SLCC Community Writing Center. All inquiries should be directed to: DiverseCity Writing Series Coordinator, Community Writing Center, Library Square 210 East 400 South Salt Lake City, Utah 84111.

Salt Lake Community College and the Community Writing Center are not responsible for the opinions expressed in *sine cera*, nor do the pieces represent any official position at SLCC or the CWC. Individual authors are solely responsible for the opinions expressed herein.

Reprinting any part of this publication is permitted only with prior consultation and approval from the Community Writing Center.



This edition of **sine cera** was compiled and edited by the DWS Coordinator Elizabeth Coleman.
Cover art created by Adam Bowles.
Copyright December 2005. All rights reserved.



Introduction

“We, at the Community Writing Center, believe that writing has the power to unite communities and build bridges over social chasms such as economic disparity and racial intolerance. Because of this belief, we have created the DiverseCity Writing Series, which provides a way to develop writing communities, and to disperse the thoughts and emotions of people whose stories may otherwise remain untold.”

This is the mission statement of the DiverseCity Writing Series (DWS)—the SLCC Community Writing Center’s writing group program. Our efforts to start this program began in August 2000, when we worked with writers from local organizations in two-month writing workshops, each culminating in a publication and a public reading. During the first two years, we worked with four groups: Justice, Economic Independence and Dignity for Women; the Liberty Senior Center; The Road Home shelter; and Cancer Wellness House.

In the Summer of 2002, we decided to expand the DWS into a multi-group, year-round writing program. In March 2003, we began training volunteer mentors in collaborative writing group strategies. In April of that year, the first writing groups met. Six months later, we published *sine cera: People Are Strange*, the first anthology of DWS writing; and hosted a public reading to celebrate the participants’ work and the publication. Over the past three years, the DiverseCity Writing Series has grown into a program with multiple writing groups, dedicated volunteer writing group mentors, and over 30 community writers who write and share their work within the series.

Currently, the DWS has six writing groups that meet bi-weekly: the Community Writing Center group; the Salt Lake City Public Library group; the Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual, Transgender Community Center of Utah group; the Literacy Action Center group; the Pathways to Recovery group; and the environmental writing group. Additional groups are being developed; throughout the city, people are writing and sharing their words with others.

This December, we celebrate the fifth DiverseCity Writing Series publication, *sine cera: Wasatch Love Song*, which illustrates the efforts and inspirations of DWS mentors and writers over the past six months.

We are pleased with our series and with the work of our writers and volunteers. We hope that, over time, the DWS will continue to grow and that our writers will continue to write. And as long as people keep writing, we will keep publishing their work because the Salt Lake community needs to hear these stories.

If you are interested in becoming a part of the DiverseCity Writing Series, either as a writer, a mentor, or a writer/mentor, contact the Community Writing Center at (801) 957-4992 or cwc@slcc.edu.

Preface

Often, the most important words remain unsaid. It seems that the place, the time, the words don't seem to fit—sometimes there is no outlet. What feels as thought too intimate to be spoken is often a reflection of ourselves, our love, fear—our lives. How liberating the opportunity is to finally say what had been silenced and present our words as an ode to our experience—movements of a love song.

The fifth DiverseCity Writing Series (DWS) anthology is titled **sincera: *Wasatch Love Song***. The works presented here are, in a sense, the elemental movements in a love song—all of the pieces build upon each other to create a final, complete love song to life and the beauty of resilience. Ultimately, we are left with the understanding of triumph and expression.

The anthology features poetry, prose, short story and personal essay. We explore the moments, memories, histories, transitions, loved ones, actualizations and imaginations which have shaped the lives of many unspoken voices in our community. The writers escort us to a plain where writing meets reality and bridges us to freedom.

I present ***Wasatch Love Song*** as a way to understand our community through often overlooked perspectives.

Elizabeth Coleman
DiverseCity Writing Series Coordinator
SLCC Community Writing Center

Acknowledgements

A sincere thank you is extended to the volunteer mentors of the DiverseCity Writing Series: **Dave Bastian, Carolyn Birch, David Gravelle, Amanda Heiner, Melissa Helquist, Carolyn Moore, Amy Veach, Betsy Ward, John Wilkes**. Thank you for attending the trainings, the meetings, and (of course) your writing groups. Your dedication to this program is inspiring!

Also thanks to Melissa Helquist, Adam Bowles, Rachel Jardine and Adam Walden for their support, advice and editing.

A special thanks to Tiffany Rousculp whose dedication allows for all of this.

Thank you to Jennifer Nuttall (Gay Lesbian Bisexual Transgender Community Center of Utah), Naomi Spencer (Pathways to Recovery Program), and Deb Young (Literacy Action Center) for encouraging their writers and collaborating with us on this project.

Thanks to the Salt Lake City Library for the use of their facilities and for their support.

Thanks to Salt Lake Community College for making this all possible.

And of course, a big thanks to the writers.

Table of Contents

Lunch	Arlene K.	11
Writer’s Block	H. Rachelle Graham	12
Storms In My Life	David R.	13
Big Belly Hard Hat	David Gravelle	14
Field Trips	Arlene K.	15
A Halloween Tale	LaRayne R.	16
Beast	John Patrick Schultz	17
A Grandma Clark Patchwork	Dan Christensen	18
The Bill of Forgiveness	Linda Freeman	22
Poems	Jon Drake	23
The Sun Rises	Kristine Wright	24
An Angel Flies	Michael Newton	25
Where Do You Put The Spuds?	Ray Briscoe	26
My Granddaughter Cloey	Joseph Jimenez	29
Love’s Unbroken Heart	H. Rachelle Graham	30
The International Symbol For Enthusiasm	Christine R. Wink	33
Little Road That Wasn’t Meant to Be	Shirley Draper	36
“Puppy” Brown Eyes	H. Rachelle Graham	37
Sophie	Ross Hammons	38
Where did I go wrong?	Julia S.	40

Crayons	Mike Newton	41
The Old Road	Dexter McNeil	42
The View of Nature's Lifetime...	Virlee Baker	45
My Daddy's Family History	Martha Carter	46
Pronioa	John Hicks	48
His Butterfly Kisses	Tiffany Ann Carver	49
Wasatch Love Song	Ray Briscoe	50
World Can't End	John P. Wilkes	52
Charity Always Succeeds	Edwin Moth-Iverson	54
Valentine	Marylee C. Clarke	55
The Day the Clouds Broke Loose	LaRayne R.	56
A Question of Nature	Julie Zych	57
Open Thoughts	Jon Drake	59
Humorous Verse	Dave Roestenburg	60
A Simple Question	France Izur	61
A Woman Called Mama	Earnest Walton	63
David's Lyre	Virlee Baker	67
The Finding of a Child	Linda Freeman	68
Stuck In Fear	Julia S.	69
Wrong, Wrong	Linda Winona Catmull	70
I Laid Down that Verve Pipe	David Gravelle	71
Author Bios		75

Lunch

by Arlene K.

Lunch was like usual. The food, lasagna, was so hot it burned my tongue. This happens a lot on the hot food they serve. They served iceberg lettuce. I don't like the taste of any of their salad dressings so I just eat the lettuce plain. They had cookies which I usually take home to my 20-year-old daughter, but today I ate them. They had ice cream—fat free and no sugar added. I guess they make it out of skim milk to make it fat free. It is either strawberry, chocolate or vanilla. I have tasted all three kinds at lunch other days at Pathways so today I chose chocolate. It was good and made my tongue quit hurting plus the cranberry juice I got here. If I can't get cranberry juice once in a while, I get Raspberry Lemon or Apple but I don't really like the apple or orange juice very well. I eat apples and oranges that I get from Deseret Industries and Pathways.

Writer's Block

by H. Rachelle Graham

My mom tells me
I knew how to run
Before I could walk.
I add
I wrote before I could speak
Today
I spend fifty hours a week
Writing, editing,
And the rest of my time
Listening to lectures
On the art of writing.
I have thirty journals
Thus far in my life.
But, the year I had no journal
Is this year
I wish to forget.
This year
I never grabbed my favorite pen
Or rose-colored paper.
Thoughts of evil spirits
Flooded me visually
Never able to
Bathe
Or get out of my tweetie slippers.
My life dark, black.
Void of meaning.
Yet, my writers block
Makes no difference.
Since my journal
That year
Never would have made any sense.
Because
My brain
Had no sense.

Storms In My Life

by David R.

The biggest storm in my life that I can remember was the tornado that hit the Delta Center. I don't remember what year it happened. Unfortunately for what reason I don't know, but it made me think about how safe we really are in Salt Lake from hurricanes, tornadoes, earthquakes and any other type of natural disaster that might occur in Salt Lake. We do have mountains that surround the Salt Lake Valley which protect us but is that enough?

Big Belly Hard Hat

by David Gravelle

It is a prominent belly, not an orb
which presents itself forward.

It is a belly which hangs, just a bit,
over unbelted jeans.

Maybe a heavy belt could press
it into forward presentation,
but not today.

It is visible with the baroque
of a belly button. It is impressive
against the thin, light cotton
of a t-shirt which has been washed
many, many times.

This means he is cared for;
some one does his wash.

A giant wrench rests on a shoulder.
He walks with his head down slightly.
And his sunglasses, beard and hard hat
do not let emotion pass into view.
From the tilt of his head,
we can see he is listening.
His mouth is not moving but forms

a visual note of dusty displeasure.
The morning has not gone so well.
He will work through lunch.
And there is plenty of pipe to install.

No time for lunch today.
The hard hat's belly gets attention,
at least a scratch; but there is nothing,

just cold water, until
quitting time.

Field Trips

by Arlene K.

Field trips are a hassle because I am a paraplegic. Paralyzed from the waist down and have been for 27 years. 27 years ago I did not want to live anymore I jumped out of a window and paralyzed myself. Since then I got married and gave birth to two children a boy who is now 24 years old and a girl who is 20 years old now. My husband and I raised our children the best we could. But transportation has been a problem for my husband and I. My husband is paralyzed also he was born with spina bifida. Well, it takes us too long to get in and out of transportation and finding a place to park but most of the time after we get there we have a wonderful time because we learn so much. It is fun to learn if you are able to use what you learn.

A Halloween Tale

by LaRayne R.

This story starts a long time ago in an ancient land where fairies, gnomes, elves, witches and warlocks practice their wares by casting spells—evil and good. There lived a mediocre immature warlock named, as you suspect, Merlin. Sometimes his spells would work and turn out right but when they didn't—watch out! Anything could appear. It could be a cute little rabbit or a huge ugly horny toad, an elephant or a mouse. One day while walking in the wood gathering his many supplies—like frogs, toads, lizards and snakes—he came upon a homely princess crying, “Woe is me. My beautiful sister gets everything and I get crap. Oh how I wish I could trade places with her.” Being the good warlock, he decided to cast a spell to grant her wish for a day. But, alas, as always, something went wrong and the spell backfired and instead of changing places with her sister, she was turned into a scaly obnoxious drab olive green toad with a distaste for getting wet and a hatred for flies or any other bug. The spell was only to last one day but went on and on. The only honest lad with an undying faith in true love to sweep the toad upon his mighty steed and whisk her away to his castle high in the sparkling white winter land of snow. He was to keep her safe for 30 days and 30 nights.

In the end, everything worked out right for you see she found her Prince Charming.

Beast

by John Patrick Schultz

Long ago before Moses baby was born to pharaoh and queen Reemaza and so baby was born and was a girl. And her name was Genger and she was getting older by she was 13 years old, she got to feel strange and every time she got mad she would turn into a beast and beast look like a half dog and half cat. So I will tell the story of the beast the last time of a world.

A Grandma Clark Patchwork

by Dan Christensen

Circa 1960, six houses were situated on our side of a half-city/half-country block in Logan, Utah. By 2005, all those neighbors with whom we lived mid-twentieth century have long since moved away or died. And now my father, age 90, is leaving our home on 2nd East between 10th and 11th North. While sorting and packing, I discover a forty-year-old quilt made by Grandma Clark.

We knew her legal name. “ETHEL CLARK” was boldly painted on the large mailbox that stood on a square post up by the street. For various reasons, however, what to call her was unclear. In those days, children did not call a woman in her eighties by her first name. Our parents followed Church rules for addressing elders. To them she was “Sister Clark.” But her grandchildren were our playmates, the Croshaws who lived next door. Out of respect for them—and convenience—our new neighbor soon became “Grandma Clark.”

Not that she seemed a cuddly neighborhood grandma of whom a child would ask a cookie (although her baking was fine—I sometimes sampled it at the Croshaws’). It was our proximity on the street, Mother’s friendship with Rosa Croshaw and the coincidence of the Croshaw children’s ages with ours, the sharing of farm produce, membership in the same LDS ward and participation in music that all meant, with these neighbors, we were practically family. Besides, her name was a local landmark. With no park nearby, if you wanted to play ball, the best place to meet was Grandma Clark’s.

Unlike the newer houses on the block that sat next to the street with backyards sloped against high foundations, Grandma Clark’s house sat farther back on lower, flatter land. Previous tenants had used the deep setback as a large garden but now it had a new purpose. Howard Croshaw smoothed the furrows with his Ford tractor. A rainbird was soon watering driveway-to-wall, neighbor-to-neighbor lawn!

This new playing field drew every kid from our end of town. We staged noisy games mostly ignoring the possibility that, because rough action sometimes spilled into a small front yard reserved for Grandma Clark, we might be an imposition on her. My brother Roger recently remembered, with chagrin, how he thought Grandma Clark was really

grouchy when she stormed out of her house to scold us for trampling her flowers! Now, as a property owner himself, he marvels how she tolerated having home plate positioned a few feet from her front door.

We played—all hours of the day and into the night—softball and kickball (using the street as outfield), football, Red Rover, Charlie Charlie Butcher Boy, Steal the Flag, and, of course, Hide and Go Seek. During the warmest part of the summer, we unrolled sleeping bags under the stars or danced around sprinklers in the sun. In winter, we carefully plowed through knee-deep snow to lay out the course for Fox and Geese. Snow also inspired the imaginations of those less passionate about sports. Using body prints as art, we sprawled into the winter blanket that spread before us repeating our pattern across the field. I guess it was then—within the frame of an icy sky—that we came closest to comprehending what kept Grandma Clark so busy in her house.

Apparently Grandma Clark had always been busy. We knew Rosa was the youngest of a large family Grandma Clark raised as a single mother during the early part of the twentieth century. Time and materials had not been her luxuries. Their conservation and no-nonsense use had become essential to her survival. That's why she didn't wear those new dresses her adult children had given her. She was saving them. That's why she often walked (in an old black dress) to town or to the temple or to church—with her quick, purposeful gait—instead of asking for a ride. She didn't have time to wait. That's why, in these later years, she had taken up serious quilt-making.

Grandma Clark made patchwork quilts from real patches. Her children sent fabrics and she collected scraps. (I remember being with her and my mother at Logan Knitting Mills where we hauled out the uniformly-incised leftovers of commercial dress-making.) She used these to work quilt tops on her sewing machine—the pattern always roughly the same. She alternated small, rectangular patches cut from two contrasting fabrics. Quilting frames, stretched with a current project, usually filled her small front room. Around the perimeter, more scraps were stacked with finished quilts.

Because Mother was Rosa's friend, she knew Grandma Clark's children held some concern about this compulsion for quilting. Little space remained in the house for their mother. She had even stopped

using the shower because it was another place to stash her growing inventory!

Mother became a customer. To fit our tall father, Mother ordered an extra-large quilt pieced from floral prints of blues, greens, and pinks. Mom and Dad were pleased with the result which Mother often described admiringly as “serviceable” or “practical.” True, Grandma Clark’s quilts weren’t fancy, but they were extremely comfortable. They represented efficiency in their use of materials, in the labor they took to produce (Grandma Clark never fussed over tiny hand stitching; at Relief Society, where it was expected, she kept herself busy with some other homemaking activity), and in fulfilling the purpose for which quilts were invented: to keep you warm in bed. They were easy to fold, to pull around you. In all this, she achieved beauty. But frugality (and/or the dimensions of her living room) may have contributed to their one design flaw: They often fell a little too short to be securely tucked under the mattress.

The quilt I find today—youth-sized with floral and pink patches—may have been made-to-order also. I believe Mother presented it to my little sister, Susan, as a Christmas present about the time Susan graduated to a twin bed. In later years (to correct the above-mentioned “flaw”), Mother cut a worn-out bedspread and added what she called a “tail.”

Less than a year before we lost our own maternal grandmother, Grandma Clark awoke early one morning in cardiac arrest. Howard answered the phone to hear her calmly say, “I have an unbearable pain in my chest.” Our phone rang. Rosa shared tears with Mom before following the ambulance to the hospital. By late evening, we got the news Grandma Clark had died.

Rosa’s sister Bertha took charge of finding homes for all the quilts. Mother bought several (which have been in service during two more generations of Christensens). While Mom chose from a selection Bertha had brought to our house, I admired an especially pretty bright-patched baby quilt backed with red/white flannel. Later, when Mom was picking up the quilts she had bought, Bertha told her she had decided to give the little quilt to me. Paula and I used it with all our babies. My children also slept under one of the quilts Grandma Clark pieced from the knit I helped carry—blue and maroon. It conforms to your body and is warm without being too heavy. Two years ago, my

oldest son, Brad, chose that particular quilt (well-worn and stained in one place with a magic marker) for his own apartment.

Though perhaps misunderstood or even alarming, Grandma Clark's obsession to have more than enough, to save for the future, and be personally useful has, for years, helped keep us warm. Quite like this urge to assemble memories of her and of playing on that patch of ground where she did her stitching.

The Bill of Forgiveness

by Linda Freeman

We should all write a Bill of Forgiveness sometime in our lifetime. You say, “What is a Bill of Forgiveness?” Well, it’s a letter asking someone to give you forgiveness for whatever you have done or said in time. If the person doesn’t want to do so, oh well. Too bad for them, cause they lost out themselves.

Forgiveness within the heart of all people and their souls.

To forgive and forget is a blessing we all need to show to everyone around us daily ’cause when people do so, it feels so great and helps keep the inner soul feeling great.

But when you don’t forgive, it can eat at you in many ways. So keep a clear mind by forgiving everyone around you every day and night.

Poems

by Jon Drake

No. 1

Flyin' in over an airplane one day
At a time
Bein' hard to think your way into acting
Not act your way
Into
Thinking

We expect it inspector

By Phil of Sleepy Hollow

No. 2

Thank you as an encore
Now is a time of beginning
If always if we stand in the same spot.
We can't begin—tomorrow
As
We can't begin—yesterday
Act is a word—not to shun

No. 3

She is pretty and sure can sing
And this, that and other thing
She's now fat and ugly and can no more sing
This, that and the other thing.
Love gone because of that.

No. 4

Hand in hand—why can't it be
To be as one
Working together easily
Side by side
Together
Hand within a hand

The Sun Rises

by Kristine Wright

I see the sun shines through the snowfall through the gray and black shadow of the icying white and black crystal in the snow time through could see at Valentine's Day on the box for the holiday. It also look like tattoo on a person body white gray and shadow with the sun rises bringing new happiness of springtime or new birth: a warm night coming up in morning rise in the body of the person.

An Angel Flies

by Michael Newton

An Angel flies, Every night
I love you, I don't know why
I love you, each and every night
Thinking of things I should have did right
I don't know why, Why I even tried
You took me in and spit me out
You're so cold, What's love all about
But I love you, Love you the same
Love you so much, Drove me insane
A piece of Earth, A bit of sky
I love you, I don't know why

Where Do You Put The Spuds?

by Ray Briscoe

My brother's long distance phone voice asked, "Can I park my car at your place for a week?"

"Whatz'up?" I wanted to know.

The well-to-do farmer could have been retired but his heart was in the farm. He was well fixed for life and bought a timeshare package in Hawaii where he envisioned an opportunity to enjoy the Pacific Islands. He did not want to pay the \$25.00 to park his car at the airport!

"Gee, I don't know," I replied, "It is against the law here in the winter to park on the street overnight. I am not sure we can fit my cars and your car in my parking space." While we were talking I thought: "Let me call Aunt Edna. She's got a lot of room, she shouldn't mind at all."

The plans were made. I would drive his family to the airport and then deliver the car to Aunt Edna's place. When he was through soaking up sunshine I would meet his family at the airport with his big car.

That is the way it was supposed to work, so let's not get negative.

The day before they were to get on the plane my brother called again and asked, "Would you like a sack of spuds?" As an Idaho farmer, it was his way of saying thank you.

"Sure, I'd like spuds! I could use some Idaho bakers."

The next day the portly family of four arrived in his big four door Chrysler, his wife and two adult daughters. When I saw the luggage I wasn't sure they were going to Hawaii or crossing the Sahara Desert. Suffice it to say they did not travel light. At the airport we met their daughter's friend who brought more luggage, delivered there by her Daddy. He was supposed to have brought me a sack of potatoes and my brother was not happy he had forgotten. Now, don't forget the luggage. It made for a carload all by itself! We piled massive numbers of bags onto the sidewalk and I was so relieved to know they had remembered their tickets. It was their first trip to the islands and were they excited. I was sure they were in for a real treat. I got the car to Aunt Edna's place and waited for the call which came just a week later.

I drove the big Chrysler to the airport and arrived early to make sure we connected. I stood back and waited for the colorful Hawaiian passengers to empty from the plane's bowels.

The first family member off the plane was my brother. He wasn't dressed "Hawaiian," with his bib overalls, high top shoes laced up around his ankles and a winter hat with flaps to cover his ears if the weather warranted.

I never said a word. He came towards me, put both hands high into the air and in a voice loud enough for many to hear, "I'm never going to Hawaii again with three women!" No one said anything, but I observed muffled smiles from others who were debarking and close enough to observe the scene. I ducked my head and hid my eyes! I begged in my mind that no one who saw the display knew me. I hurried my brother away from the crowd and waited with him for his family.

Shortly came my two nieces and their girlfriend. You had to be blind to think they were not coming from Hawaii. They had Hawaiian Mu Mus, palm hats, leis in abundance and much much more. I could not believe what I saw them carrying!

"Didn't you check your baggage?" I asked.

"Sure," was the answer, as though I was asking an obvious and stupid question.

They shared their tales of adventure as we made our way to wait for the baggage. I was already worried about getting all the stuff into the car as it was loaded to the hilt when I brought them to the airport, and it seemed like they were bringing half of Hawaii home with them. I wondered, and was afraid to ask, if their guest was going to try to get in the car with the rest of us? I was relieved when my brother asked her if she was expecting her father and got a positive reply.

I started early to plead my case for a two-trip effort to get their treasures home as their bags flopped onto the turnstile. The family wasn't listening. They were absolutely sure we could get it all in. I was shocked when he also began to pull cardboard boxes from the rounding conveyor belt.

"Those aren't yours?" I hopefully asked. "You'll never get all this in the car!"

"Oh yes," he abruptly answered. "Have you ever eaten a fresh pineapple in Hawaii?"

I assured him that indeed they were delicious.

"I brought some home for my friends!"

He had eight boxes of pineapples!

“Go get the car,” instructed my brother, “We’ll get it all in.”

I voiced my doubts to my unyielding brother and went for the car. I prayed in my heart that no one I knew would see me. I pulled up to the curb and reluctantly turned off the key. I fought off the desire to gun the engine and leave town. Just as I parked another car pulled up right behind me. It was the father of their vacationing guest.

“Where do you want the spuds?” he asked. He was making up for his error of forgetting the spuds last week. All their luggage, all their hand held gifts, eight boxes of pineapples, and now two hundred pounds of potatoes. “Where will it all go?” I pleaded.

Together my brother and I got everything in the trunk except the potatoes. There was no way the trunk door was about to shut so he tied it down. I again asked, “Let me take one load out and I’ll get right back and pick up the rest.” The trunk door was already at a 45 degree angle.

“No,” the innovated farmer said, “We’ll make it.” He grabbed one of the sacks of potatoes and placed it between the rear window and the elevated trunk door. If it didn’t slide out sideways it was safe as there was no other way for it to leave the car.

“Well,” I queried, “What about the other sack of spuds?”

He thought for a minute then grabbed the sack and sat it in the middle of the back seat like a flat passenger. I was not about to give up, or perhaps I had such little faith. “Okay, now where are the passengers going to ride?” I inquired. “We can get one person on each side of the sack of spuds, but there is no way to cram three people in the front seat!”

As my brother was surveying the situation his wife promptly acted. She jumped into the back seat of the car, straddled the sack of potatoes like it was a small horse and said, “Get in, let’s go!”

The two girls wedged themselves in the back on each side of the potatoes and their mother and miraculously we got the doors shut. My brother and I got in the front seat. I was amazed! The car started and we slowly scraped our way down the road.

My, the pineapples were delicious. I hope others enjoyed theirs like I did mine.

My Granddaughter Cloey

by Joseph Jimenez

When it was Joey's birthday, Cloey thought it was hers. I told Cloey it was Joey's birthday not Cloey's. Cloey said it was her birthday and she tried to get the cake. We cut the cake in half for her.

Two months later, it was Cloey's 2nd birthday this time. Her mood changed. She started acting like a bawl baby. She wanted to get her way. She didn't want anybody to play with her toys. In a couple of weeks, she was herself again.

Cloey likes helping me cut potatoes and onions. When I was cutting an onion and the onion fell out of my hand onto the plate of diced onions, the onions went everywhere. Cloey said, "Oh, shit." I was surprised by what she said and I told her not to say those words.

My daughter brings Cloey in the morning for us to babysit. When I'm watching TV, Cloey changes the channel to Barney. When I change it, she tells me to change it back to cartoons. She can't say Barney yet.

When I'm driving to pick up her mom and dad, I put her in the back seat. Cloey gets out her cellular phone and acts like she's talking to somebody. She talks for a couple of minutes.

Love's Unbroken Heart

by H. Rachelle Graham

My life flashed before me
The day I died
Actually, I lied
My life flashed before me
At the last funeral
I attended
He was a good man
Chris
Better than me
No one had a bad word to say
About him
As I cried, I wondered if my guests will
Cheer when I die
Throw away my ashes
And leave me to rot in the
Hard, cold ground

Will my guests know about
The time I stole
My best friend's man
And made my search for a soul mate
My own demon to kill

I hope my guests will remember
The hundreds of times
I was spit on
Intentionally hurt
Left to burn
In black fire

All I can hope
Is at my funeral
The guests will see
My overbearing sense
Of right and wrong

My love for others
And my willingness to give into the
Dark sides of my schizophrenic heart

I hope they will see
The many times
I turned the other cheek

And the times I
Lived in great pain
To lessen the pain
Of my family

At my funeral
I want others to see
The thousands of times
I stood back up
And for them to
Realize
My actions
Were misunderstood
To be cold emotion.

I hate to say,
Love was my only excuse
For, outside my home
I had none
Demons
Enemies
No bodyguard
To protect me
No safe man
To embrace

You know what
I don't care
Cause I will still be able to
Look in the mirror

As my ashes are thrown
In the Great Salt Lake
And as the only guest at my funeral
I will realize
I did my best
For love never
Left my heart

The International Symbol For Enthusiasm

by Christine R. Wink

“Would you like some tea?”

“No,” Chelsea said, “It’s against my religion.”

“Really, why?” Joy asked giving her a quizzical glance.

Chelsea looked up as if in deep contemplation then said, “I don’t know.”

“Can I get you something else?”

“Water is fine.” Joy walked back into the room with a mug of water in one hand and a tall thin glass of sherry in the other. Chelsea gazed at her as if somehow captivated by her every movement; the slightest gesture seemed to register now, down to the contour her eyebrows took on with each subtle shift of emotion. Chelsea wanted to tell Joy she looked beautiful, radiant even, but the words wouldn’t come.

Joy’s voice interrupted her thoughts, “It’s hard for me to imagine going a single day without a cup of tea.”

“We live in different cultures, remember the Boston tea party? Besides you really can’t miss a thing you’ve never had.” As soon as the words were out, Chelsea realized she’d unwittingly lied. She had tasted tea before. A childhood friend had offered it to her and seemed bewildered when Chelsea responded, “I can’t.”

“Will you explode?” she asked incredulously.

“Of course not. I just can’t, that’s all.” Chelsea said.

The thought of someone having never tasted ice tea seemed unreal to a Protestant southerner. Under the weight of peer pressure Chelsea gave in, however, an involuntary reaction prevented her from swallowing the liquid. She spit it out, feeling like she’d been poisoned.

“Are you still with me?”

“Yes, go on.” Chelsea said, attempting to shake off former thoughts.

“I wasn’t saying anything, my goodness you are distracted.”

“Nothing important, just ghosts.” Chelsea said, trying to sound cavalier but feeling vulnerable, translucent.

“Would you like a brownie?” Joy asked. Chelsea had been eyeing the plate, willing herself not to think of how good even a morsel would taste.

“Watching my weight,” she replied.

“Please, as if you had anything to worry about.”

“My aunt Matilda died of a heart attack brought on by obesity, it’s in my jeans.”

“Pish posh, I know you want a bite, go on and try one.”

Chelsea reached for a brownie then devoured it, savoring every bite.

“How do you feel?” Joy asked.

“Like I’ve met my daily quota for magnesium.”

Chelsea threw her head back a little, as she laughed.

“You think I’m kidding, that’s why we crave chocolate during PMS.”

“Could we talk?”

“Aren’t we now?”

“I mean really talk, Chelsea.”

“You’ve just called me by name and there’s only two of us in the room, this sounds serious, too serious to tackle on a one brownie diet.” Again, she could understand why alcoholics rely on chocolate to counter cravings, early on in their sobriety.

“These are wonderful,” she exclaimed.

“Chelsea,”

“Yes?”

“I think I’m in love with you.”

Chelsea let out a nervous laugh stopping only when she realized Joy wasn’t laughing with her.

“You’re serious?” she asked.

Joy nodded.

“I love you too.” Hearing the words resonate in her brain Chelsea wondered who’d said them. Certainly not me, she thought, I don’t even tell my dog I love him.

Joy leaned forward, kissing Chelsea’s open mouth. Chelsea didn’t know what it would feel like to be kissed by another female; now she longed for the sensation of Joy’s lips pressed to hers.

For a short moment, silence filled the room, and then Chelsea said, “I may be sick.”

“Thanks a lot!” Joy responded.

“No, I mean I really may be ill, I don’t feel right.”

“Oh shit!”

“What?”

“Karen made those brownies.”

“So?”

“They’re tainted.”

“Tainted?”

“Karen’s a bit of an herbalist.”

“Oh God,” Chelsea stammered; the weight of Joy’s words hitting her like a ton of bricks. I’m definitely going to hell, she told herself, I’ve had lustful thoughts, been kissed by a woman and more importantly—I enjoyed it. Now I’m being told I’ve consumed a controlled, if not harmful, substance.

Sporting a wicked grin Joy said, “There’s only one thing better than getting high and that’s getting high with someone you love.” With that, she finished off the remaining brownies. Turning to Chelsea, she asked, “Would you like to watch a movie?”

In a kind of blissful stupor, Chelsea nodded. She watched Joy get up to retrieve a DVD and this time there was something different about the procedure. This time when Joy looked back at her, she didn’t look away. She just kept looking. She liked looking at her, she always had.

Both women moved to a large brown cushion resting on the floor in the middle of the room, two congruent figures, lying perpendicular to the television. Looking deeply into Joy’s eyes Chelsea smiled. Joy smiled back. It’s amazing how much feeling can be exchanged with the genuflection we call a smile—the international symbol for enthusiasm.

Little Road That Wasn't Meant to Be

by Shirley Draper

The old part of Magna on 8950 West between 3200-2100 South was a narrow unpaved road. Below 3200 South on 8950 West on one side, on the corner, was a red brick house with a basement owned by the Taylors and a two-story wooden house owned by the Nielsons. On the bottom corner above 3100 South is a white house with two front doors that make it look like apartments. The road was meant to be a shortcut for construction workers. The road was gravel. The children would call it "The Bumpy Road." My mother would get angry when I called it "The Bumpy" and tell me to call it "The Lane." When the construction workers were done working for the day and when they were finished, they would barricade the road. The drivers would get out of their cars, move the barricades, and drive up or down the street. The barricades were on both ends of the street. Drivers did this for several years. Then the construction company decided if the people wanted to use the road *that* bad, let them have it. The people won the battle.

“Puppy” Brown Eyes

by H. Rachelle Graham

Warm Brown Eyes
& meaningful lies.
Hooked am I
By our unbreakable ties.
With his heartfull stare
He puts a spell on me
My love he has stolen
Blown away by his displaced desire.
He gives me fire in my soul
As he leaves
My spark dies.
Unglued I am
As he kisses another.
Jealousy & betrayal
Or sign of warmth.
Will he leave her
Because he feels the same?
Or will I have to leave?
Losing his contagious energy?
I will miss his presence
More than my own.
Where do I turn?
Lost am I
Without him.
What will I do?
Chase another heart
Or leave with him
All the pieces of my heart.

Sophie

by Ross Hammons

Satan's face
Did trick the
Veil of Maya,
Sending armies
Of devils
Amongst the
Men of the good

Armies of angels,
Dragons and heroes
Did come to the
aid of the hopeless
World

Unknowing, the knight
Came to the fight
Of what was illusion
Arm braced against
Veil, instead of force
Against mail

One man in surrender
Found attacks
Unsupported, and
Satan without
Apparent force

Leading men passed
The veil of Maya
Magic and weapon
Did wound and win

Beyond the veil
They found Sophie

and her hundred
knights

Leading men passed
They won her in
Fights

Once Gawain and
Ewaun and Bamgin
And angels of the
Court of the table

All worshipped at
Sophie's altar, becoming
Satan and the damned
Hid behind the
Veil, men came
In advance to
Meet General and
Home castle

Sophie was met
There and surrounded
Her veil

A second time
In lives past
Did Sophie surrender
Herself to the all
A second time
Knights flocked to
Her call—!
Not ninety-nine
Without Galahad,
But forty-two
Became damned, Sophie's veil to
wed

Where did I go wrong?

by Julia S.

My words are written on paper
Deep into the lines
I could make this an incredible caper
Or a romantic intertwine

Instead the feelings just lay
And I feel so uncomfortably alone
The echoes of the clock ticks away
As my stomach shouts an evil groan

I sit silent in the dark
Wondering where my life went wrong
Without any smart remark
I think about the days that are gone

What if *this?*, and What if *that?*
Were all the question that went by
But I can't take them back
As the tears roll down my eye

Crayons

by Mike Newton

Crayons, crayons
red and blue everywhere
crayons in my hair
writing and drawings of a nice, nice place,
blue, blue waters in my face,
singing birds and green green trees,
Green's a new color,
I'll color everything
green green green grass
and green green weeds
I must move on or the picture will be green
Yellow sun and yellow rays
gray's a new color
I'll color things gray
gray, gray clouds and a tint of the sea
I think I'm done
the picture to be

#2

Singing bird, skies of blue
Green, green grass I have no clue
Troubled thoughts, out of place
I don't know why, Why I feel this way
Torture and pain
Sad, mad brain, Why can't I feel real real gay

Singing bird, Skies of blue
Where's the love? I wish...
all through.

The Old Road

by Dexter McNeil

Ann, Amy and Sue are sisters who have not seen their mother for five years. They were in the military service. They came home to stay for good. They were driving down the road when they came to a big tree that had fallen in the road.

The sisters stopped the car and a man walked over to them and said, "We will have the tree off the road in two hours."

Amy said, "We are going into town to see our mother."

The man said, "Are you the Kelly sisters?"

Ann said, "Yes, we are."

The man said, "I am Roy King. I was the one who used to play tricks on you when you were young." He pointed to another road and said, "I think that road will take you into town. It will go by the old graveyard and the big black haunted house. They say that five girls lived there. They were the ones that were killed fifteen years ago by a person who came in at night and put a bag over their heads. They were in their teens."

Ann said, "Hey Roy, we remember you. We have heard spooky tales about the old house. I think your tale is a bad one."

Amy said, "We will go down the road you showed us so we can see the haunted house and the old graveyard again." She told her sisters, "We will stop there on the way back with Mother."

The three women went into town to get their mother. It was dark and the moon was full. They got their mother and were driving on the road. The four were talking about the way they will have to go by the old graveyard and to the haunted house.

When they came to the graveyard, there was a tall tree beside the road with branches hanging over the road. The women were driving under the branches when something white fell down on the car and the women screamed out loud.

Mrs. Kelly said, "What was that? That scared the hell out of me! I want you girls to tell me what is going on. Why are we here?"

Sue said, "We wanted to see the haunted house again. We'd like to check and see if the stories are true."

The women came to the house and stopped the car and walked up the walkway when they saw a light coming from a window on the

third floor. Then they saw a dark shadow of someone in the window. The women were getting scared as they walked to the doorway of the house. When they came to open the front doorway, they saw a light at the top of the stairway, and on the stairs and walls they saw some spider webs.

Mrs. Kelly said, "I don't like the spider webs at all. They are gross and bad looking. So you three go up the stairs and I will stay here and wait for you."

Ann said, "I will wipe the spiderwebs off with my hat and wipe my hat off on something else. I will go up the stairway first and the rest of you can follow me."

When they got to the top, Ann said, "I see a door, and inside the room I see some beds. I will wipe my hat on them."

They all went into the room and were talking when they saw two white things in the hall which went down to the end of the hall and went into the wall and were gone.

Mrs. Kelly said in a shaking voice, "I would like for someone to tell me what I saw in the hall just now."

At that time, they heard someone say in a high voice, "What are you doing here?"

The four women ran down the stairway and out the door and got in their car and were trying to start it. They saw a man coming out of the house walking towards them. Ann got out of the car and went to him and asked, "What the hell are you doing here?"

Roy said, "I see that you saw the dead old man in the chair."

Ann said in an angry voice, "We didn't see a dead man in a chair. We saw things we can't understand in there. There were some white things in the hallway we could see through. What were they? I would like you to tell me what you were doing in there."

Mrs. Kelly said, "I would like to know that, too." She walked up to him, looked into his face, and stared.

Roy said, "I came to the house earlier and saw the dead man in the chair in the living room. I'm guessing he's been dead two or three days. And I wanted to see if you girls would be scared by it when you came in. So I made the loud high voice in the hopes you would go down to the living room, but you ran out the door and never looked in the room. I don't know what you're talking about with the white things. I never saw them."

Mrs. Kelly said, “No way will I go back in there to see a dead man. I am ready to go. Are you girls? I’ve had enough.”

Sue said to Roy, “You are a dog still! Our mother is pretty mad at you, and I think my sisters are, too! Stay away from us!”

They all left and went home.

The End

View of Nature's Lifetime...

by Virlee Baker

Bright and beautiful art thou.

Gentleness casts soft clouds all about.

Stealing bits of the sky, draping the Earth with sweet enchantment of mystery and magic.

Sudden peace becomes depths of diamond raindrops, dropping down to the brooks flow on with purring sounds, giving power and glory and a view so splendor after turning into a colorful rainbow, help us to remember a promise given from the Master of the world.

So after lightning flashing, thunder that roared, out from heaven, comes the rainbow. Beauty so reflected by the passing clouds, so quick complaining. We know what comes from heaven is love, contentment and deep beauty, reflects wisp of grace, a mirror of loveliness to nature.

Cool and chilly, but sweet and clear, crisp and fragrant air.

Glowing sun with soft rays.

Gold finches sitting like jewels by the dried hollyhock.

A place to stand on a bridge where the tranquil waters give out peace to the soul.

Waterfalls true gift of life.

Cobwebs sparkling like diamond drops.

Nature's great privileges through hearing and our sights. Where one thirsts for plenty of water.

Then comes midnight, the blue curtain comes down, full of silver.

Stars winking out messages from heaven and earth.

Willow trees blend in quietness with their long green skirts that hang to shade a nest.

Where seasons become nature's way of giving a warm bright smile, before it again steals another away. With each new season, praise will begin with God's new plan for us.

My Daddy's Family History

by Martha Carter

My daddy was married to his first wife whose name is Viola Belt. They have three daughters and one son. The older daughter's name is Elizabeth Ophelia Odom. She was born May 18, 1947. The next older is Virginia Hudson. She was born December 13, 1948. The next older is Lloyd Odom born October 30, 1945. The next older is LaJanna Capps. She was born in July 11, 1952. My brother told me the real reason my daddy left was because his mother told him she was going to call the Law because he would not pay Child Support for the kid. That is the real reason he left Arkansas.

He moved to California. He lived for a while then he met my mother and got married to my mother in 1958. They lived in California for two months. They moved to Flagstaff, Arizona for a month. Then they moved to Gallup, New Mexico for three months. Then they moved to Nashville, Tennessee for four months. Then they moved to Arkansas. Then to Fountain Hill, Arkansas for a year where my sister was born in December 22, 1939 and Mary was born May 27, 1962. They moved to Cross Road, Arkansas for three years where Peggy was born on October 12, 1963. Then they moved to Gurdon, Arkansas where I was born in January 11, 1966 for three years. Then they moved to Wilton, Arkansas for 1970-1977 until they went back to Salt Lake City, Utah. My daddy moved from Arkansas to Arizona to live close to my sister who lived in Arizona at that time. He died on March 2, 1990 from cancer.

Then my sister moved to Arkansas. Then she started doing my daddy's family history. That is when we found out that my daddy was married before the three daughters and had one son and uncle and aunt and Grandmother and Grandfather. My sister Elizabeth is not married. Virginia she is married to her husband who died last year of a heart attack. My brother Lloyd was married two times he and his first wife have two kids their names are Laurie and Marty. He and his second wife Janice do not have any kids together. My sister LaJanna is married to her husband name is Jerry. She has two kids her son's name is Eric and his girlfriend has a baby. Onina's husband is Brad. My sister Nancy is married to Lyn. My sister Mary is married to Bent and they have four kids Damille, Mellieone, Rita, Jack. My sister Peggy is

married to David, they have a daughter Patty. I was married and now divorced and have three kids Stan, Jennifer, Tiffany.

My grandmother's name is Bessie Odom Randolph. My grandfather's name is my J. Odom. My uncle is Bud Askew his wife's name is Merie they have three kids, name are John Askew, Ellen Askew, Martha Askew. My Aunts' names are Mamie and Pat, Sis, Big Mother Gracie. My uncles are named Jack, Sunny Boy, Uncle Great, Jamie. My daddy's half brothers names are David Vick, Jim Vick.

Pronioa

by John Hicks

Dear Attal

Hey, how are you? Good, good. I was just thinking of one Christmas in the pool hall. How can you insist that thought is the epiphenomenon of electrons in the brain when the electron is not epiphenomenal to anything electrons exist as a field of probability and so are not antecedent of mechanistic force. The electron effects or thoughts do not proceed from the past but do, as the Herdegganan system says, emerge from the future.

Thought devices itself temporally form what has yet to happen. All thought therefore is forethought or Pronioa from the Greek Gnostic text on first causes.

His Butterfly Kisses

In Memory of My Father

by Tiffany Ann Carver

As my father walks into heaven, he walks with butterflies around him.

He meets his father for the first time.

His mother greets him with open arms.

He is happy.

I will always remember my father's sense of humor, the way he smiled, his kind eyes and strong hands.

He was very good at golfing and baseball.

He loved hiking in the mountains and going camping.

Now, whenever I see a butterfly I'll always remember my father's butterfly kisses.

I will miss him very much.



Wasatch Love Song

by Ray Briscoe

Fall brings east winds bearing clouds that hover and spill westward
over the craggy peaks

Gale force winds sweep down the rocky slopes

Like frothing cream spilling over the lip of a dark cup

Pelting rains change the mountains' color from deep green to brown
although the towering black and grey rocky castles remain unchanged

Overcast clouds leave a pure snow blanket above an altitude cold
enough to change water white

Above a parallel line cutting across the mountains the glistening bright
morning
sun leaves the look of chocolate ice cream topped with marshmallows

Soon the white veneer expands to a purity that covers our earth from
door steps to mountain tops

Winter has been formally announced

Rolling clouds try to hide beauty during the winter, but storms break
through to allow our glistening view

A new season is coming

When yellow sun bakes soil, and the warming brown oaks bark turns
deep cherry red

Pockets of soil are warmed by the hot rays of the sun and the quick-
ened grasses push through and furnishes a light green carpet that
crawls up the face of enormous mounts

The race between spring green and white topped peaks lasts until the
white slowly surrenders

Summer radiates with purple patches of wild lupines accented with
yellow
pockets of peddled flowers

The final act is always best

The bright reds of fall explode covering first the lower hills to fight
with streaks of
simmering yellow aspens leaves held high atop soft white trunks
pocked with black knots

The change starts low filling the canyons with multi-colored passion

Another color joins the race to the top

Orange mixes with red and yellow and the contrast quickens as it
reaches tall dark evergreens, giving the vision variety and power

Seasons change—A gentle white blanket softly covers the color to
begin the cycle again

Instant beauty—always different—always the same

World Can't End

by John P. Wilkes

We never promised forever when we met,
Never spoke the word eternally, and yet
What we had was good and strong so long.
I can't believe such love could steer us wrong.

I came home last night, the house was dark—
An empty driveway where you always park.
I didn't catch you sleeping with the T.V. on.
Your closet's empty; everything that speaks of you is gone.

Our world can't end—we just can't let it end
Today.

I know the end's not near—it just can't be

Today

We'll both be here

Tomorrow.

Our world won't end

Today.

Weeks pass while I lie still, or drink alone.

Without you I can't find the strength to face the dawn.

I miss you more each night that passes by

But I can't sit here any more and cry.

I can't imagine where you've gone.

I don't know what I've done so wrong

To make you go, just leave without a word.

My world won't end—I've too much to get done

Today

I must be moving on. I won't let my world end

Today

The sun comes up; the whole world rushes on.

Earth turns around; I found some words and wrote this song.

My lonely life drones on just like before.

I'd leave it all if you'd walk through that door.
This world won't end—I just can't let it end
Today.
I've come too far to ever let it end
Today.
Don't ask me how I know
The end's not near.
We'll all be here
To love
Tomorrow.
My world
This world
Our world
Just can't end
Today.

Charity Always Succeeds

by Edwin Moth-Iverson

Infinity matarme ideacio'n

Charity never faileth never never never.

Charity never faileth In mortality longer than we live.

CHARITY never faileth never never never Charity never faileth as long as we live!

The prisoners shall go free free from the prison of Schizophrenia. Free from the prison of Bipolarism free from the prison of Dissociative Identity Disorder or any other ailment or thing we need to be freed from.

Valentine

by Marylee C. Clarke

Valentine's Day is one of my favorite days. Did you know there are lots of gifts to do with Valentine's Day? There are very special cards, plaques, flowers, candles, cakes, cookies and even clothes. I can think of one more very special Valentine's gift. It is in your heart. This Valentine's gift is the love you have to share. You give this Valentine to your partner, children, grandparents, grandchildren, and animals, too. You give this Valentine to everyone you come in touch with. It is a special Valentine that God has given to all to share. Giving this special Valentine to someone on Valentine's Day makes you feel so warm inside and a happy feeling you may not have the rest of the year.

The Day the Clouds Broke Loose

by LaRayne R.

This actually happened...

One summer day, the blue sky suddenly turned an ugly violent purple & grey with thunder and lightning all around. Without warning, the clouds began to cry buckets of dollar size drops, faster than a speeding train. The canal behind our house was full to the top and the wall at the theater gave way! It fell into the canal blocking the water from flowing. It's the first time I've ever seen water flowing upstream! There was enough water in the drive-in theater that it didn't even hit the canal—just rampaged into our yard and in the basement. Luckily, we were home and put towels on the windows and door frame to stop most of the water from my brother's room. It did clog the basement drain even with us hauling water out of the window wells like a hive of bees. We did lose a few unimportant things—like games, but at least we were all safe except for all of us getting colds later.

A Question of Nature

by Julie Zych

I recently read an article in the newspaper about the lack of nature experiences available to today's youth. It revealed that children's lack of interaction with nature can have negative long term effects including diminished use of senses, attention difficulties and higher rates of physical and emotional illness. Author Richard Louv's new book, *Last Child in the Woods: Saving Our Children from Nature-Deficit Disorder*, says research shows nature experiences can help kids with their confidence, test scores, critical thinking and decision making. As an outdoor enthusiast on my personal time and a recreation provider by profession the theory disturbs me on both levels. If it is true that children are missing out on learning valuable lessons by not exploring the outside world when and where will those lessons be obtained?

Does this mean fire flies will never again see the inside of a washed out mayonnaise jar and stare up at those crudely punched air holes? And who's going to mix and "bake" mud and grass balls and feed them to the dog? Can an Xbox be better than the sun, a magnifying glass and a sidewalk full of ants? Will the clouds simply float by unnoticed without imaginations casting them as characters or shapes? Are parents happy that they no longer have to worry about effective ways to remove grass stains? Sounds like blisters on Joey's stick thumbs have replaced that inevitable summer bee sting.

Richard Louv also theorizes that society is to blame by the way neighborhoods and cities are designed and that those very designs hinder nature areas or omit them altogether. If this is true will the rope swings hang idle and backyard forts become vacant? What then will happen to all those discarded refrigerator boxes? Are the earth worms now safe from flashlights and quick reflexes after a rain storm? Will the mosquito production levels become dangerously low? Since leg cramps and limbs falling asleep won't require a trip to the ER these youngsters will be spared the hassle of answering "How'd ya get that scar?" for the rest of their lives. Can kids even hear the redundant ice cream truck melodies from their computer desks? Without the kids the trucks and their music will go away, guess everyone catches a break on that one. I'm sure the ice cream guy can find a job when the local car-

nival rolls through town. If too much fresh air no longer quickly puts kids to sleep will staring at a screen until their eyes cross into their skull eventually force their eyelids to close? Is no one left to pluck the heads off dandelions or skip rocks across a pond on a lazy afternoon?

It seems that since the drive-ins have all but vanished it was only a matter of time before we found a new way to combine movies with our vehicles. But is it too much to ask that the movie watching stay in the home and away from the car? Is staring out the window on a road trip asking questions about the landscape, the small towns and possibly learning to read a map so bad? Have the kids run out of questions or are the parents too lazy to answer them? Apparently plugging in is easier than sharing a conversation. Teach the kids to fold the map, if you can find someone who knows themselves, that's a puzzle that will take a lifetime of road trips to master, if at all. Roll down a window at some point and test wind resistance with your hands and forget that the air rushing in means giving up the radio for a few minutes. Without natural areas to explore what will happen to the loser of a game of rock, paper, scissors that doesn't have to venture into the scary neighbors overgrown back yard? Who is jumping on their bikes to sneak off to that intriguing area their parents warned them not to play in? EBay eventually got the baseball cards out of the spokes but does it matter now since the bikes don't even see daylight? But possibly the biggest question of all is that if children do not learn to appreciate nature as children what will inspire them in the future to save and protect it once they become adults?

Open Thoughts

by Jon Drake

Looks kind of funky or is it just junky, who's to say? The judge, of course.

It's much easier the second go round. Shall we make it three? I just don't think so—but if you say so. I'll be okay.

Expectancy of money is always most exuberant when you're about to cash in your chips.

A happy fold isn't named "Bills."

Humorous Verse

by Dave Roestenburg

I was outside hanging my clothes out to dry when something inside my head just didn't feel right. As I turned to one side, I heard my head rattle softly and then, all of the sudden, a huge bolt fell out of my ear and landed on the ground. Reaching down with one hand to pick it up, I was reminded of an old saying that is no longer applicable but I heard the voice in my head say it nevertheless. What it said was, "Oh my gosh, I have a screw loose!"

A Simple Question

by Franco Izur

I see you and you see me!

Yes. I know.

YOU are more than a little smart, but. Who is bright?

Just because I am a brown brain with two eyes.

Yes man.

Despite all who we are? Just a brainy full of thoughts

And feelings

I see you and you see me!

I'm here like Brighamian in this beauty "America"

Our holy land.

I'm alive! Thanks my dear food.

Flying through the sky

Like freedom go and stay and fly...?

I see you and you see me

I can even see a simple piece of hair

That reflects between your eye.

I see the red blood will never dry as a fact. Hail peace give a piece of
bread.

But can you see a wrecked kid without a mom

Wearing a dark camouflage?

I see you and you see me

You have a sleep pen full of ink that is wise

Who I'm.

I have my sword and walk at night, ride a white and quiet horse

What do I want to be. A hero and fight.

I see you and you see me.

You got a got a pen right in me...!

I will point my lips over your hip

Steal your soul and live wearing no fingerprints
To wander and look around and see.

I see you and you see me

I point a pen not on you.
I love you a noble person,
Let's share and live of love and peace.

I love you and I see you
But
Can you see me?

A Woman Called Mama

by Earnest Walton

A long time ago in Indianapolis, Indiana, a woman called Mama was called to go to Salt Lake City to preach the Gospel. She didn't know where Salt Lake was because she had never been to Salt Lake City in her life. She said, "The Lord told me to go and He will make the way."

She didn't have any money but she did have four little kids. She went to her pastor to ask him if it was alright for her to take her four kids with her to Salt Lake City. He said, "Yes."

She started on her journey to Salt Lake City to do what God told her to do. She only had \$46.00. That was just enough to get her and her four kids to Kansas City, Kansas.

Once she got there she only had a dime. Mama and the kids stayed in the women's lounge of the bus station for approximately one week. She knew God told her to go and He would make the way but her kids did not know their mother did not have any money to go on to Salt Lake. Her kids realized that their mother didn't have any money, when the announcement on the loud speaker announced that the bus for Salt Lake City was leaving and Mama did not move. Instead, she prayed. Then she talked to her kids. "You know God told us to go to Salt Lake and He would make the way. So we're going to step out on faith, and we are going to walk to Salt Lake City."

They began walking. As they were walking, they played a guessing game about what kind of car would give them a ride. Everybody said a grey station wagon except one. And he said, "It's going to be a car." He was wrong. It was a station wagon.

The driver took them as far as Topeka, Kansas. Then they walked again. As they walked they came up to a Catholic Church. Mama said, "Let's go into the church and pray." They all agreed because it had been a long day.

They were so tired and cold. The church was so nice and warm. While Mama prayed, they all fell asleep. When Mama got through praying, it was pretty late. They had to leave the nice warm church. Even though they were very hungry, they walked again. As they were walking across the freeway, a man drove up and said something to

Mama. She kept on walking. The man said, “Hey, little boy, here’s two dollars.”

In those days, two dollars was a lot of money. They hadn’t eaten all day. Mama didn’t stop because she thought the man was getting fresh, but she was happy to get the money. They kept walking. Mama and her four kids felt better knowing that they had two dollars in her pocket.

They walked and walked. It was so cold. It was the month of January and it gets really cold in Kansas in January. The cold did not stop Mama or her four kids.

They came up to this little bus station that was still open. It was about two o’clock in the morning. They all went into the bus station to get warm. It was so cold in the bus station; they must not have had the heat on. There was nobody in there but Mama and her four children.

During that time, the bus station had pews. Mama’s four kids had a pew to themselves. Where they all laid down and wrapped themselves up in their coats to stay warm. They were so tired and sleepy. The cold didn’t seem to bother them. They were so glad just to lay their heads down. They still hadn’t had anything to eat.

While they were sleeping, the boy woke up and saw his mother watching over them. She had to be real tired because she had walked all day long, too. The boy fell back to sleep.

When the boy woke up next, his mother had two little pies in her hand. The kids were still hungry. She said, “While you were sleeping a man came in. He looked down on ya’all while you were sleeping. He told me to give these pies to my kids.” Mama broke the pies into five pieces. She gave each child some. They ate it all. It was like eating steak. It filled them up all day long as they walked again.

They walked and walked. Mama had three daughters and one son. The son thought he was the man of the house.

It was so cold. They stopped at the bus stop. They all had suitcases in one hand. An older daughter sat on her suitcase. She was sleepy. Mama thought if her daughter fell asleep, she would freeze. Remember now, this was in January, the dead of winter.

Mama prayed. She asked God to warm them up. Suddenly, steam began to rise up out of the ground. The sun came out. They began to warm up. They realized God was actually with them. They walked and played another guessing game about what kind of car was going to pick them up next. The girls said, “A van.”

The boy said, “A car.” Sure enough, it was a van.

This man was different. He said, “I’m going as far as Junction City, Kansas. But I know this lady named Miss Campbell. I think she could help you all because she owns a trailer. She might let ya’all stay there, but I have to talk to her first and see what she says. But I know it will be alright.

They were so tired and worn out. They were glad to stop at Miss Campbell’s house. The man got out of the van first and went into Miss Campbell’s house. The man came back saying, “Miss Campbell says you can stay in her trailer for as long as you want to. She’ll bring new sheets and blankets to put over the bed.”

They were so happy and so tired. And so hungry that they all got into the trailer. There was only one bed. There were five of them. All five of them laid across the bed. That was the first time that they had seen a bed in days.

While they were sleeping, a knock came at the door. It was Miss Campbell. She said, “I want you all to go to the store with me.”

Once they got to the store, Miss Campbell said, “Grab a basket. Get what you need.” Miss Campbell started putting stuff into the basket herself. Because they had nothing to eat since the pies, Miss Campbell bought food and pillows, sheets, and blankets. Now remember this was January, the dead of winter.

Then they went back to the trailer. The trailer smelled good with food that Miss Campbell had bought and Mama had cooked. They were so happy that they didn’t want to leave. God had actually told Mama to go to Salt Lake City to preach the gospel, and not stay in Kansas City. They only stayed there in Miss Campbell’s trailer for about two weeks.

Miss Campbell knew a church that they could go to. She said, “I know the pastor at the church. His name is Elder Woodruff. I want you to meet him.” Mama met him. He said to her, “I heard you are going to Salt Lake to do God’s work. I know that you don’t have any money. If you run a revival for me in two weeks, we will pay your way to Salt Lake City.”

Mama said, “I will.”

He said, “Meanwhile, you can live in the house in back of the church.”

They ended up staying there for two months. It was getting so warm and the news people on T.V. wanted to know what was going on with the weather. The trees were blooming in February. While they were so cold walking on the highway, Mama had prayed to God to warm them up. The kids knew what was wrong with the weather.

Mama went on and preached. At the end of the month, it was March. The members of the church took up an offering for the train fare to Salt Lake City for the family. Once they got on the train to Salt Lake City, Mama turned to her four kids and said, "I told you God will make the way."

David's Lyre

by Virlee Baker

The moseying swell,
Its long journey ending,
Indolently gathers itself,
Draws in its underbelly,
Surveys the shore,
Shrugs,
And tumbles over,
Bubbling and purling
Down slope
Into spent waters
From prior waves
Foaming cross sand,
Sliding back under crests
Of the next and the next
All splashing and murmuring
As the swell line dances
North and south,
Choreography and harmonics
Soft shoes and rhapsody
Freeing souls breathing
Sweetly as David's lyre.

The Finding of a Child

by Linda Freeman

It was one cool Summer's night! I was sitting on the porch of my cabin. I was reading my newspaper when I glanced up! There at the edge of the tree was what seemed to be a woman dressed in white. When she noticed me looking her way, she motioned me to follow her. Somewhere along the way I lost her, but picked up a cry of a baby. In a small basket was a beautiful little girl who lost her parents to wild animals. So I picked the child up and took her to safety.

The End

Stuck In Fear

by Julia S.

Where can I go
What can I do
I'm stuck in one place
Like gum on a shoe

I don't have a plan
I don't have a man
I'm stuck inside
With no one to understand

I want to get out
I want to shout
I want to spread knowledge
I want to feel stout
I feel so much fear
It keeps me here

Stuck to my home
Can anyone hear?

Wrong, Wrong

by Linda Winona Catmull

Wrong hour

Wrong time

Wrong place

Wrong day.

Get along Suzy, Suzy,

Get along Suzy, Suzy,

I'm so lonesome I could die

Everything is wrong in my life

Get along Suzy, Suzy,

Get along Suzy, Suzy,

Wrong year

Wrong address

Wrong number

What would be next.

Will there be change and hope

Get along Suzy, Suzy,

Get along Suzy, Suzy,

Get along with your life

I Laid Down that Verve Pipe

by David Gravelle

I laid down that Verve Pipe
like a Fine Young Cannibal
and I took a deep draw from a Pink Martini.

The picture in my mind is of a wild 'fro
crushed precisely in just a few places
by a set of very fine head phones
balanced on my head.

I never liked that old Verve Pipe.
But that Pink Martini is sweet like a
Lovin' Spoonful.

The matte silver of these headphones
and their light weight belie
the great expense, the high fidelity,
the super-acoustical standard they meet.

My dear Pink Martini has become
a cloud no one else can see
that settles in my very Poison brain.

The brain cells are the street performers
I can see only from my rooftop.
They appear, at street level,
to be oddly flapping their hands in some form of unison.

I have become a Pink Martini cloud.
And, higher than a rooftop,
I see that street performers make a Doggie Dog shape.

In this state, my eyes see umbrellas from above,
passing like flowers without roots.
They are cloud-loving, rain shedding plants
which come in just a few sizes but in many, many colors.

Oh, I put down that smoky ol' Verve Pipe
like a good white boy
and I took a another draw from my beloved Pink Martini.

Author Biographies

Martha Carter likes to read books on horses. She was born in Arkansas. She has seven sisters and one brother.

Tiffany Carver loves to write. It brings her peace. When she meets new people they comment on her sweet spirit. She's a very happy person.

Marylee Clarke is proud to be a mother, grandmother, adopted mother, and adopted grandmother. She is very proud to accomplish so many great things in spite of her bad health.

A decade-long resident of Salt Lake City, **David Gravelle** is a professional writer serving technology companies throughout the United States. David is also a Community Writing Center volunteer.

Joseph Jimenez is a very happy Grandpa. His granddaughter keeps him busy and is his life. He is happy going to school and is learning a lot. He enjoys working at the food bank and helping people.

Dexter McNeil is from Weber River and lives by himself. He likes to write stories and poems. He has two adult children and three grandkids.

Earnest Walton is from Indianapolis, Indiana. He has been in Salt Lake City for forty-four years.

John Wilkes writes and lives on Earth. He is convinced that aliens are plotting to ensure none of his socks have mates. The stories and poems attributed to Mr. Wilkes are actually written by his Great Dane, Walt, but as a dog cannot collect and cash checks, or communicate with agents and publishers, John is Walt's liaison to humankind.

