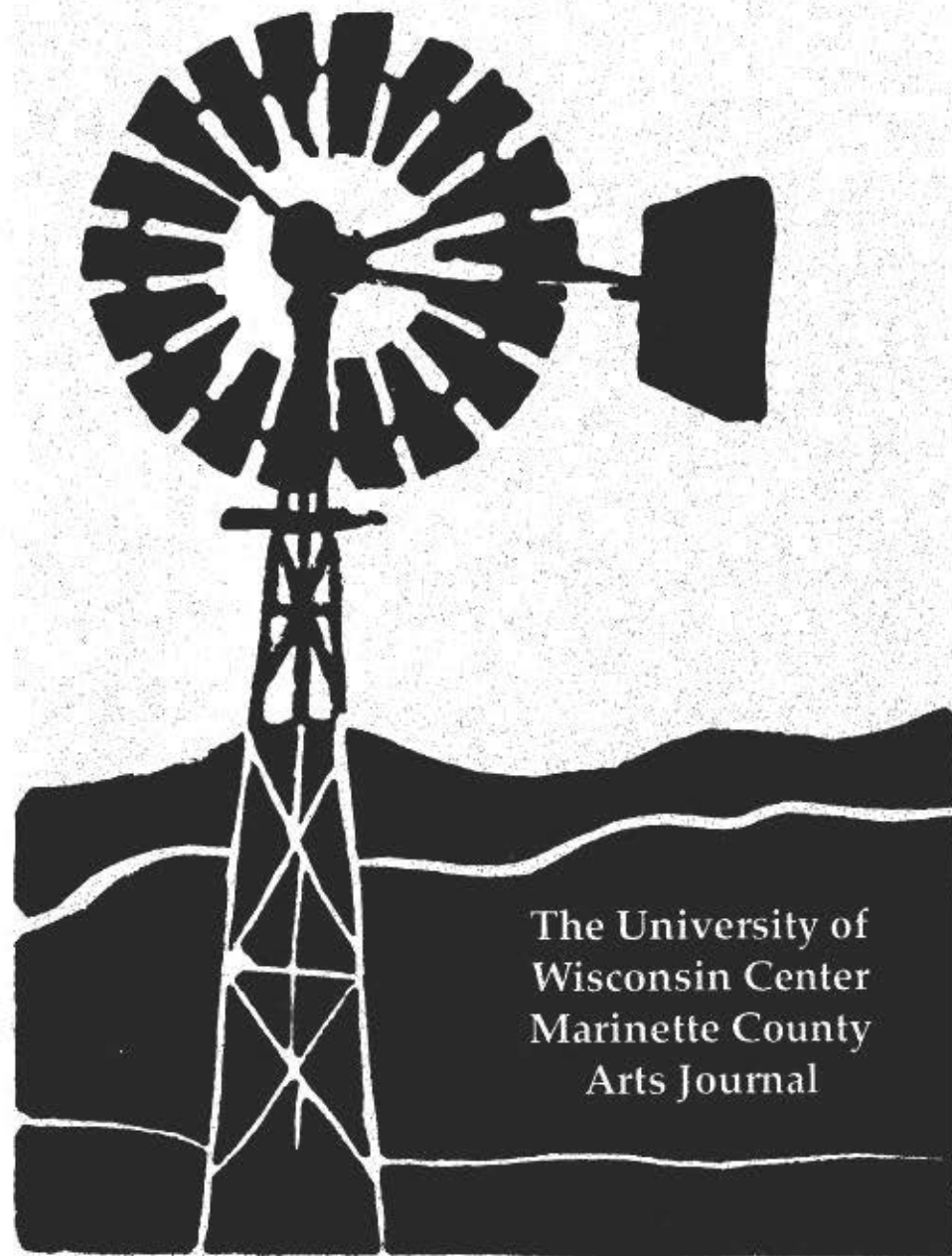


NORTHERN LIGHTS '94



The University of
Wisconsin Center
Marinette County
Arts Journal

Northern Lights

1994

Arts Journal

University of Wisconsin Center
Marinette County



Tulip by Katie Harpt

Volume 14

Spring, 1994

University of Wisconsin Center
Marinette County
750 W. Bay Shore St.
Marinette, Wisconsin 54143

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This publication is printed on recycled paper

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Cover art: **Windmill** by Virginia Schaal

Acknowledgements

We were not able to publish all the entries submitted this year, but we wish to thank everyone who contributed. Thanks also to the Print Shop for their printing assistance.

Editorial Committee: Jane Oitzinger, chair; Maureen Molle, Jane Eberly, Katherine Holman, James LaMalfa, Kathi Pollard and Herbert Williams.

Northern Lights is funded by the UWC-Marinette County

Cindy's

by Gary Karman

smoke and coffee,
guitars and the hum
of friendly conversation
an artist's haven,
the poet's home

a quiet afternoon in November
cool wind and warm sun
all in one

soothing chords and rippling scales
blend with bitter-sweet tastes—
the clinking of coffee cups
accenting them all

Scenario

by Sandy Olson

Sunlight's peeking,
wind's whispering,
raindrops dancing,
birds singing,
bodies meeting,
lips seeking,
hearts beating,
moments fleeting.



acting

by Gary Karman

your ignorance does not amuse me
you actor
puppet
fool

you think it's funny to act dumb
amusing to be bewildered
and confused
like a lost puppy

you're afraid of competence
knowledge intimidates
you're afraid that upon trying,
you'll fail

but failure can be noble—
an honest mistake is much
preferable
to a thousand contrived ones.



Untitled

by Saara Raappana

the concise click-clack of power shoes
measures her gait,
announces her presence before she clears the corner;
Conair-swept woman
with Bell Jar eyes,
staring narrowly
at nothing,
implying purpose,
while the clutch of her bag,
the mechanism in her movement
belies the
striking, saddening,
Cover Girl
compact fear she carries....this
protection from the cunning men who have conned
seeps over onto the man
who smiles at her,
not because she has a cunt,
but because he has compassion.
he smiles,
she sees,
she scowls,
he slackens,
afraid of her feminism.

My Love

by Jan Ross Deetjen

My love is like
a red, red, Red.
It flows in petal shapes
scraped and swept
from knife and brush;
upon the merging stream it spills
over the frigid river bed of rag.

With a splash of orange-red, red, Red,
a blush of violet-blue,
the rushing of color swarms.
Amorphic, translucent
forms catch and capture
smaller petal shapes
clinging round
a rock hard bud.

Settling into the womb-bed,
Red thought germinates.
But then the whirlpool plays
'Crack the whip' it
flings the newborn—spread-winged—
through wet spiraling canal:
my love,
my love like a red red Rose.



My Love is Like a Red Red Red
by Jan Ross Deetjen



In Loving Memory of My Son Jeffrey M. Frost 1979-1990

by Carol Frost

The intensity of disinfectant
rebounded off the white walls
with a slap in the face like the hand of reality.

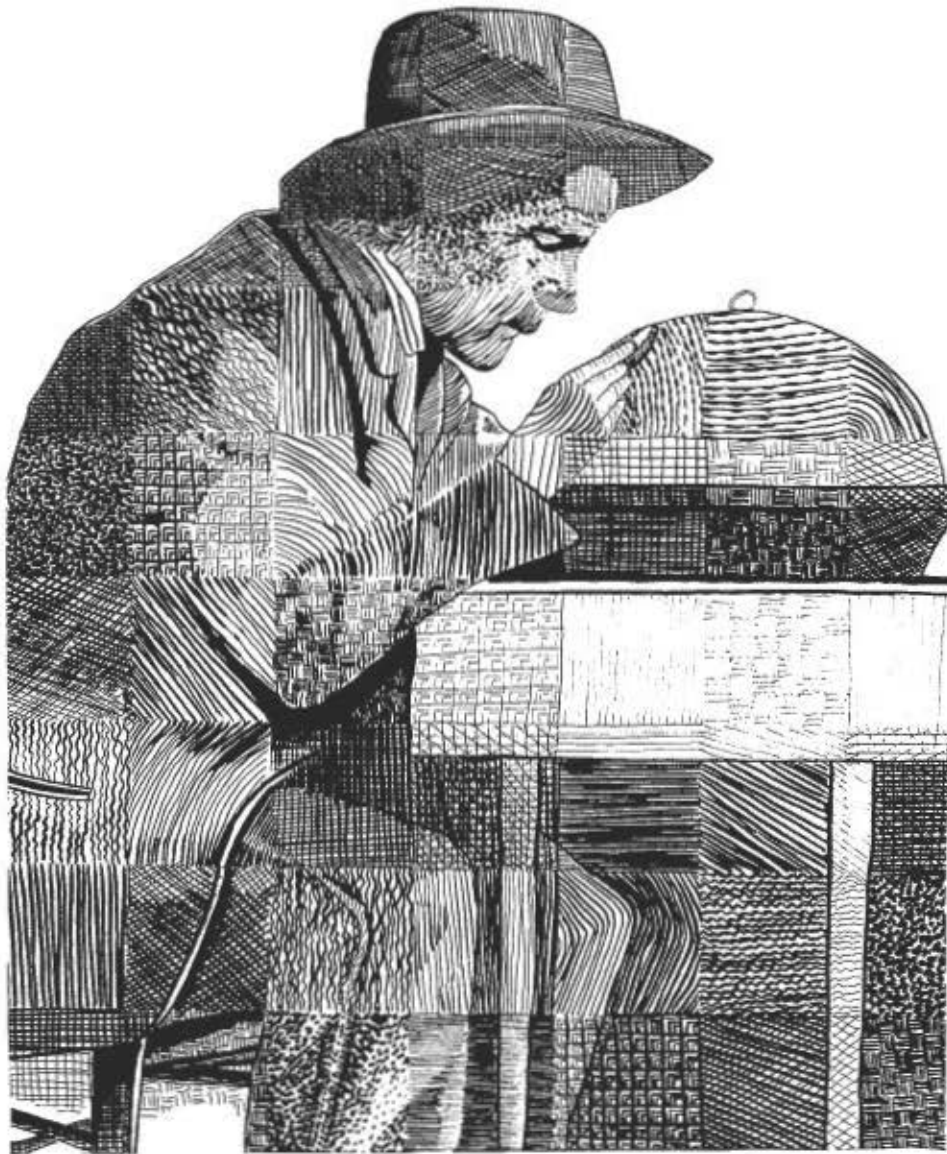
The elevator inched along;
The third floor seemed an eternity away.
I approached the room ahead of me.
Fear ravaged my body
in anticipation of what I might see.

There you lay, peaceful
as if the angels were already inside of you.
I recalled the Christmases and Easters,
the sorrow and the joy,
the hugs and the spankings,
the first steps and the last.

I watched the monitor keep track of the feeling
leaving my body.
The final tone sounded.
There was none left.

The flood gates in my heart opened,
releasing all emotion that was contained inside.
The shell of myself left the room.
I turned briefly to see what once was me
in a heap on the floor.

I barely noticed the speed of the elevator,
or the smell of the hall.
I walked through the doors
of the large institution
Leaving us both inside.



Man with Magnifying Glass
by Michelle Janowski

A Sentimental Poem.....

by Saara Raappana

I will keep a vigil to protect the footprints we left today.
The sand we kissed with the naked soles of our feet
is ancient.

It dwarfs the mountain above us
in experience,
in serenity.

The mountain is unyielding.

It remains rigid in spite of the harsh spells mother nature
casts around it.

The mountain is stoically proud
and defiant.

We would have to work,
sweat,
bleed to overcome it,
and we could, quite possibly,
plummet to our deaths in the process.

The sand will gladly swim into the sea's belly
when it is tugged off the shore to be swallowed.
It will fly in any direction the wind chooses to blow it.
It will yield to us when our toes gently nudge it aside,
leaving the shallow impression of a footprint.
It will support our bodies, as it did today
when we lounged in its tranquility.

The sand is strong,
so the sand changes.

Our footprints could be washed away while we slept tonight,
but i will keep a vigil
to ensure that what will be invisible to other eyes
remains intact,
concrete
for us

as reminders of the maple leaf memories
the sand allowed us to weave into its skin.

Dear 5831490023888231513

by Frederick Carlson

It knows my name and number,
has an expiration date,
magnetic stripes, my signature.
Gee! Isn't science great?

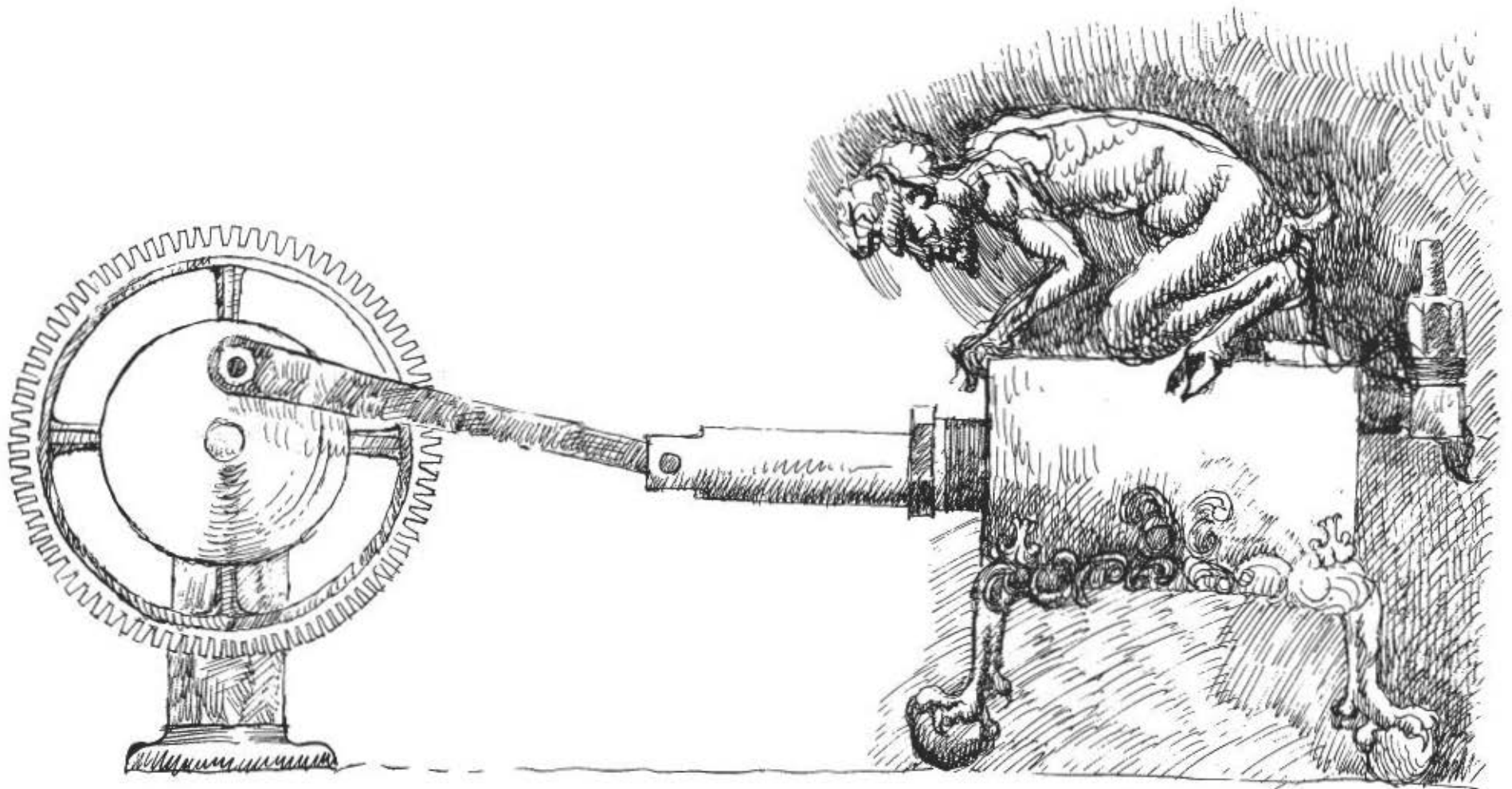
This little piece of plastic,
rectangular in shape,
represents my inelastic,
unforgiving, fiscal state.

I go to work, I earn my pay.
It's deposited directly.
It was done the proper way.
(Three-part forms were filed correctly).

So tell me why, I beg of you,
the ATMs all over town
keep telling me (in green and blue)
"Transaction Not Allowed?"

"I NEED my cash, I need it NOW!"
I pleaded, begged, and groaned.
They don't take checks, so tell me how
to get my groceries home?





Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs

by Camilla Bedrosian

In a secluded area, far into the wooded hills, stood an estate with its castle-like home, occupied by royalty: the Queen, herself. Though the villagers who resided in the valley below gazed up at that beautiful site with respect (be it mingled with envy), little was known of the activities that took place behind the protective walls surrounding the estate. For Snow White, the orphaned princess who lived there with her royal stepmother, this stately place she knew as "home" was no paradise. If anything, it was more like a prison where she was treated as a slave might be; she labored all of her waking hours with no remuneration or appreciation. This shabby treatment made Snow White more determined than ever to escape her emotionally-painful existence.

The Queen, who placed great emphasis on physical beauty, daily consulted her incredible talking-mirror. When asked, "Who is the fairest of them all?", the glass consistently answered, "You are the fairest in the Hall, but Snow White is the fairest of them all." This so enraged this vain and haughty woman that she plotted to have her stepdaughter murdered by one of the servants.

Snow White was an intelligent and clever child. Through networking with the Queen's servants, she learned of her stepmother's plan and foiled the attempt by running away to a shelter for victims of abuse. Upon reaching the house, she discovered that it was run by seven very short men. These unusual men welcomed her and suggested she stay as long as she liked. She pulled her own weight as far as household duties were concerned, and still had ample leisure time to pursue her own interests.

On three different occasions when Snow White was alone in the house, a vaguely familiar-looking woman came by, either selling trinkets or offering her food. She

sensed it might be her stepmother, the Queen, and each time refused her entry. In frustration, the Queen threw herself off a cliff and the girl was never bothered by her stepmother again.

As Snow White matured into a young woman empowered by her successful risk-taking, she found employment in a local diamond mine and eventually became self-sufficient. Many men sought her attentions and some wished to marry her. At last word, she was still single, still working (but now as CEO of the mine), selectively dating, and enjoying her freedom and the privacy of her own attractively-appointed apartment.

No apple, no coffin, no Prince. Period.

The End



Journey of the Dragon Tamer

by Charles M. Clark, Jr.

As a boy, he dreamed of shining gilded armor
diamond studded glistening steel
a shimmering inlaid heavy shield
five foot broadsword, double edged – razor sharp
and a lance – ten feet tall.
And a ten foot tall horse –
white with a tan tail
big, beautiful, brave mount.

He practiced combat – make believe
in the woods behind daddy's castle
with the wooden sword daddy made him
and a big long stick for a lance
he charged the dragon tree
on his imagined horse.

Again and again he attacked the dragon tree
until he killed all the dragons in the kingdom
they were all dead, he was sure
because it was getting dark – time to go home.

And momma fussed about his sweaty flushed cheeks
as he settled in his chair at the kitchen table
to gobble his chicken soup
and peanut-butter sandwiches.

But, in his imagination –
the great queen was fussing
about his claw slashed flesh
and dragon breath burned hair
and it was a great chair he sat upon –
at a round table spread with a great feast.

As a teen, he dreamed of combat fatigues
air-mobile wings on his chest
and the expert infantryman's badge
twelve inch survival knife, balanced – razor sharp

and a machine gun – seven point six two millimeter.
And a sixty-six millimeter rocket launcher –
flame throwing, armor piercing, death from above
America's ultimate weapon.

As a young man – now the ultimate weapon –
he began to dream the nightmares
of past bloody battles
The dragons of the world were too many
and swift and deadly as he had not imagined
The commendations weighed heavily on his chest
they crushed the truth of his soul
and crusted his heart with hatred
and the dragons gained access to his mind

As a broken man in mid-thirties
he dreamed the nightmares of a hopeless life
helpless against the dragons in his head
shattered and near dead from years of self-destruction
he came upon the wisdom of a chance and a hope
The dragons in his mind could not be slain,
but he learned that they could be tamed.

Persevering through the pain of recovery
standing fast in the face of terrible memories
one by one, he sought out, befriended, and tamed
the deadly dragons in his mind
and with each dragon came
a silent gift for humanity
until the day his dragons stood at his side –
no longer dragons to be slain
but friends and allies he had gained.

For Daughters Who Dance with their Mothers

by Kathi Pollard

Lovingly dedicated to my mom who "fought the good fight"
and went to her eternal reward on January 10, 1994.

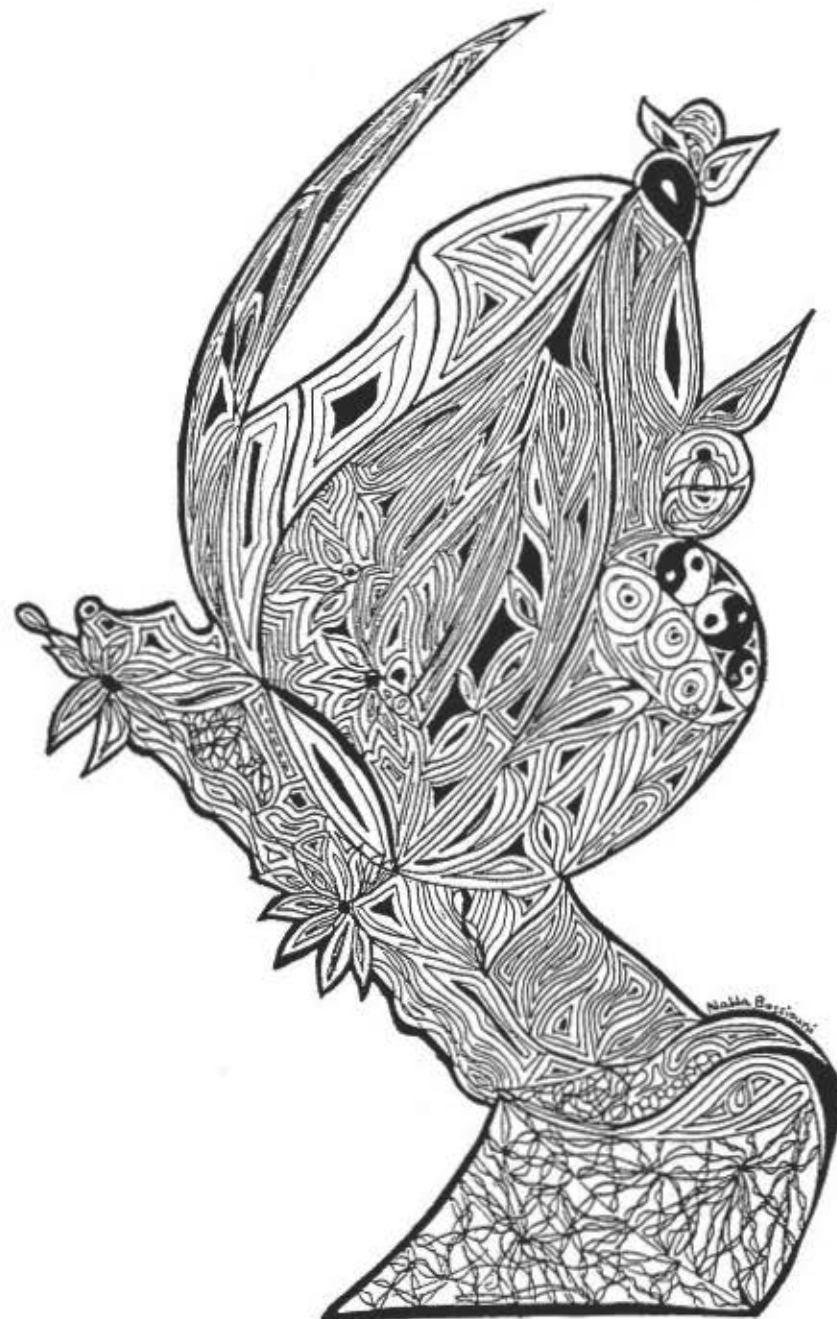
If I could have robbed from the vastness of eternity
Just one more season of future for us,
I would have tenaciously spent myself
Pursuing a new kind of relationship with her.

We each persisted in our understood roles
Tenuously performing the mother-daughter minuet,
Voraciously searching for the timing and tempo needed
To waltz to the unfamiliar steps of friendship.

No sooner did we discover the glorious dance
Than the viper who inhabited her body
Ravaged her strength, depriving us of the time
We needed to become the perfect partners.

As the music faded, we circled the floor one last time.
Encompassed by my arms, I led and she followed.
Her strength and courage waning, she drew upon mine,
And the rhythm of love and life become complete.

The melodies of our song are enveloped in my heart.
The patterns of dance are engraved upon my soul,
Her legacy to me and my daughters
As we begin where she and I left off.



What You Meant

by Frederick Carlson

Did you ever know a person who had something to say? Something climbing, clawing, scrambling to get up, out and across but just had no way to show itself? Every kind of person – every last one I have known – admits to this. It's on the tip of your tongue, there's a feeling percolating just under the skin, it's SO CLOSE – the person you're trying to tell says 'crunchy snow' and THAT'S IT! Not exactly, but you know that they know What You Meant. Which is what you really wanted – for them to know What You Meant, rather than just saying it.

Is it a language problem? Is it just not knowing the right word or grammar? Is it finding a common experience? No. Even before you try to get What You Meant across, I have a question for you. How are you thinking of something you have no words for? What form is it in your mind? This is your true first language. This is the underlying form. This is why every form of art has been called the universal language, because it's the only one you didn't have to learn.

You have had the What You Meant experience, likely more than once. Tell me, or yourself rather, what those experiences shared. They were terribly important, yes? You NEEDED to share it. It was bright, vivid in your mind. You gestured, made faces, got frustrated, impatient that something SO SIMPLE could be so difficult. There should be a three letter word for it. Why? Why does every last culture on Earth have that same problem? Where did we go wrong? Did we?

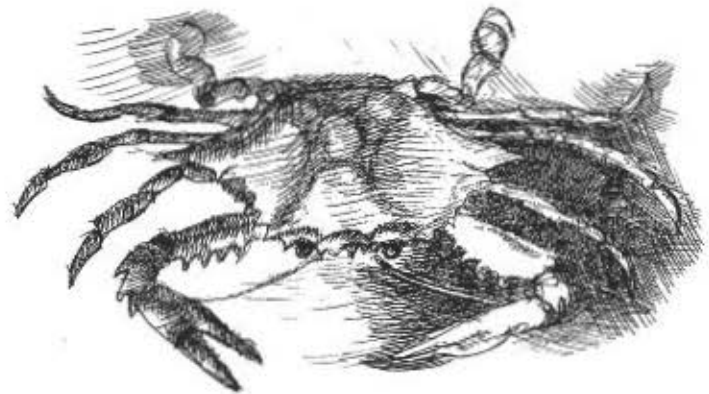
Have you ever heard a song about you, by someone who doesn't know you exist? Something about you that you

don't even whisper to yourself, for fear someone might overhear? You might be in a bar, and look around to find someone else looking around with the same look you have. You just heard a word in your first language.

Music is the closest to first language for me. Now and then I find myself humming along with a new song I've never heard before, not because it's predictable (it's not), but because I know the rest of the Word. I know the shape of it, how it tastes, when it is needful to speak it.

Greatness in the Arts is just accent, how well you speak the language of underlying form. Have you ever heard an artist speak about how they do what they do? Of those that are willing to try, the sculptors will tell you they release the form in the medium, chisel away what doesn't look like a horse. The painters will say they refine the elements of the composition until there is only that which looks familiar. The writers distill the verbiage until it is dense, until there is only truth left. Until there is only the essence of the Word they are saying.

There really is only one language. The powerful play is written in it. Be able to read your verse.



Walking on Water

by Kathi Pollard

Shod with righteous indignation we marched,
Drawn to the Michigan Avenue Bridge.
Like an army of ravenous ants
Craving the first Memorial Day picnic.

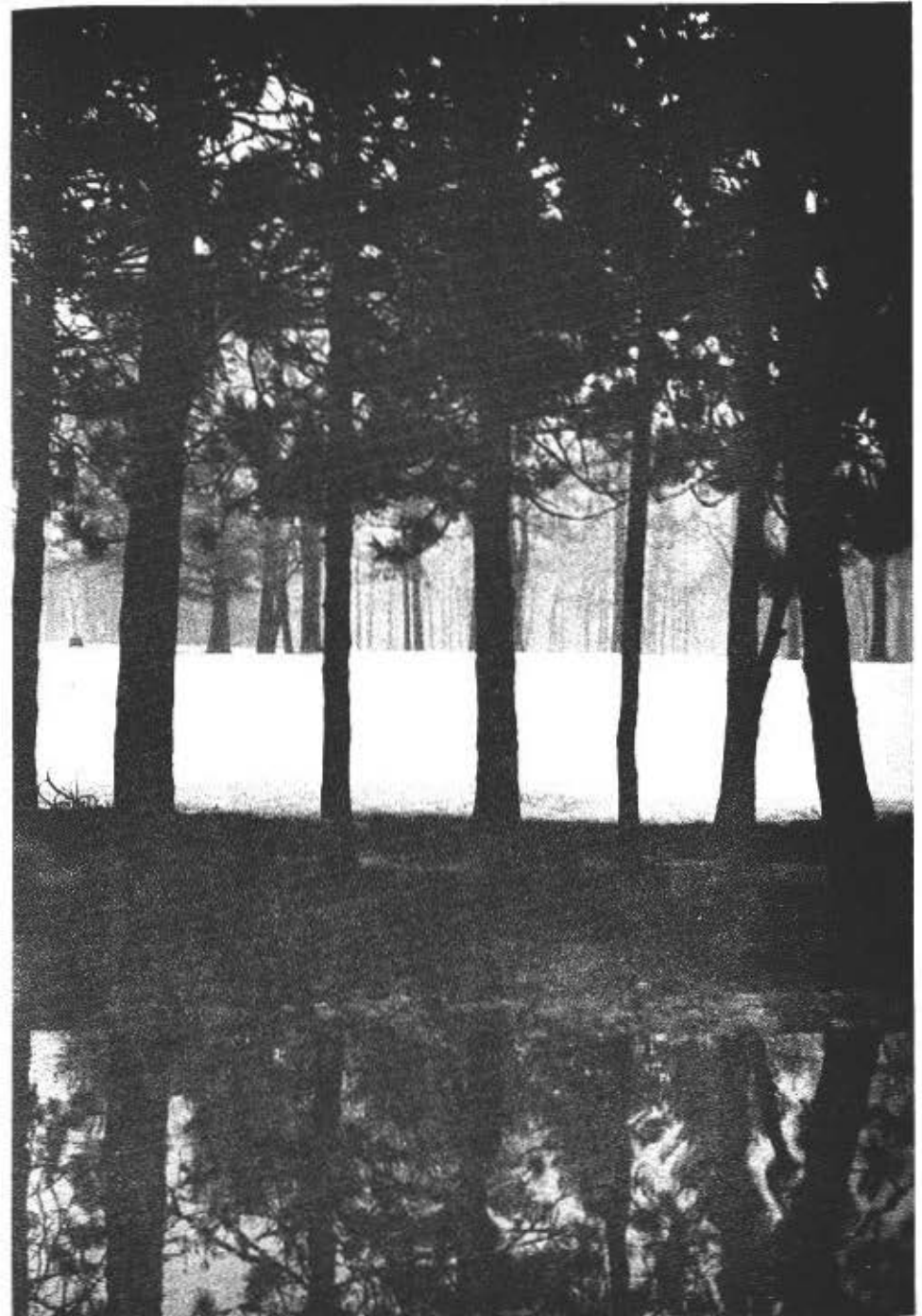
Our numbers swelled, as did our voices,
Raised in exhibition of new-found power.
Wearing breastplates of militancy,
Liberation was ours for the demanding.

Lofty speeches, rousing slogans preceded
The main event. Vestiges of anatomic bondage
Were flung into the murky river below
Like prisoners into the dungeon of an exiled king.

I was seventeen years young. My euphoria
Was enhanced by the exhilaration from
Unsupported breasts and stockingless legs.
Naively, I did not fear for my unanchored soul.

Mysterious voices of gallant foremothers
Beckoned me from the comfort and security
Of the known, predictable and acceptable.
Caution was thrown to the winds of destiny.

Courageously, I threw my feet and my heart
Over the side of the storm-driven boat
To embrace the challenge of defining my femaleness,
To embark on an odyssey of learning to walk on water.



The Profit Prophet

by Gary Karman

There's nothing worse than a man
who spends his life
spewing out moralisms
in the name of goodness
when his true motivation
is to make
massive
amounts of money

There's nothing worse than a man
who bases his prophecies on their
potential
monetary profitability

I don't like the Profit Prophet
I prefer instead the Proper Pauper

The Crazy Thoughts of a Despondent Young Man

by Gary Karman

staring at the floor
daring it to move

Echoes

by Gabriella Sheldon

Echoes. Echoes. Echoes.
Voices long held silent
Now eager to be heard.
Who will heed the warnings
Of the wisdom of old?
Or will we continue to roar
Into the unknown quickly.
Forgetting the lessons
Of our distant past.
I stand dressed in red, white and blue
Symbolic of a dream for freedom
Some men once had.

Can you hear the drums
Beating in the woods?
White men have come.
They are killing our deer.
Chopping down our forests.
And the struggle
Of man to have and to hold
Pierces the peace.

Red man, red man.
Where have you hid?
This land was your land
And now it is mine.
You're living in houses
Built by a gambler.
How deep are your roots?
Where is the spirit now?

Can you hear the pounding
Of the hammers on the spikes?
Men are crossing the land
With ribbons of progress.
Does the eagle wonder
When he gazes downward sharply
Why there is so much noise
And so much clutter?
Does he know
That he alone is free?

Black man, black man
Where are you from?
Why are you singing
Such a sad song?
Don't you know that freedom
Has come to this land?
Anything that's second
Is yours to be had.

Can you hear the sobbing
Of the woman at the grave?
Her son has fallen victim
To the violence of the streets,
While walking to school
On a sunny fall day.
Does anyone see that
Confusion has come
'Cause the leaders in the land
Have painted the world gray?

Echoes. Echoes. Echoes.
Can anyone hear?
The voices of the brave
Who made our land free?
Does anyone care
That the eagle soars alone,
And alone is free
From the bars of corruption
And the chains of deception.

I wonder what will happen
When the creator comes
To take an account
Of the land that he's made.
What will he think
Of the red, white and blue?



Cabin by Scott Tetzlaff

