

PIECEWORK

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A MAGAZINE OF POETRY BY WOMEN

SUMMER 1988



FEATURED ARTIST MARY MENGES MYERS

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Red Dirt Press, Inc., is the result of the vision of eight women who wanted to provide more publication opportunities for women. The publication of this magazine of women's poetry, aptly named **PIECEWORK**, which draws on all the images of women's work that is done "by the piece," is dedicated to all the women who write poetry, sometimes in spite of their lives and families.

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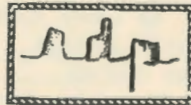
PIECEWORK

A MAGAZINE OF POETRY BY WOMEN

SUMMER 1988

VOLUME 2, NUMBER 4

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The Editors of Piecework wish to thank the women who judged our poetry competition this spring.

(Cover photo by Marian Hulsey)

-FEATURED ARTIST-
MARY MENGES MYERS

Mary Menges Myers was published in the first issue of *PIECEWORK* and we are pleased to present her as the featured poet of the Summer 1988 issue. She represents the consistently good producer of poetry, a writer who takes her art seriously and shares her work freely with other lovers of poetry. She has had poetry published in *THE SCARAB*, *ACCENT*, and *TERRITORY OF OKLAHOMA, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS*. She has also published three chapbooks of poetry: *JOURNEY*, *TOUCHING* and *RECEIVING*. Myers graduated from Oklahoma City University in 1985, "after seeing one husband and three children through college," she says.

"I began writing poetry at mid-life, shortly after entering therapy," Mary explains, in speaking of her art. "Not used to verbalizing, I used my pen to express myself. I felt I had been storing material for years. With the encouragement and support of Professor Ann Carlton and Dr. Siavash Nael, I continued to write and eventually to publish. Now poetry is one of the necessities of my life."

Mary's sensitivity to her past, her environment and to the daily events of life has endeared her to her readers and to her audiences at the many poetry readings she is asked to do. We are proud of her contributions to *PIECEWORK* and grateful to her for her support of poetry.

DREAMS

Hold fast to dreams, the poet says.
But how--
when dreams become entangled
in billowing laundry on the line,
snarled in strands of baby hair,
washed away in beads of sweat,
diffused in clouds of steam
rising from the boiling pot.
Dreams are made of fragile stuff.
They die for want of nourishment.

--Mary Menges Myers

(from TOUCHING)

DREAM I I

I am struggling up a rocky
hillside--I stumble.
I am heavy with child.
You are disappearing
into the blackness.
Come back, come back, I shout.
How can this be?
You are in my womb--
you are in the blackness.
I reach out to grasp you
and collide with myself--
myself a child.
Crying, I awaken--
to an empty room,
to an empty womb.

--Mary Menges Myers

(from BECOMING)

CHILDHOOD II

every childhood summer
we waited eagerly
for the parish priest
(that feared ruler
with the wrath-of-god voice)
to leave on summer vacation
as soon as he was gone
the parish grounds
became our playground
seven brothers and sisters
plus nine cousins
by day we held processions
with mock incense and flowers
sometimes we staged a festive wedding
or buried a stray dead mouse or bird
in a mournful funeral service
the moonlit nights we spent
playing hide and seek
'round the red brick church
with its various entries
and shadowed stairways
where anything might lurk
back of the church
lay the cemetery
its gravestones casting
eerie shadows on the grass
one solitary pine tree
stood in their midst
the breeze sighing through the branches
none were brave enough
to venture there
to hide among the sleeping dead
in two weeks our frolicking was done
three seasons more would pass
before those innocent days
of summer would return.

--Mary Menges Myers

(from JOURNEY)

MUSIC BOX

Golden swans evoke
a Maeterlinck mood.
Round and round
the graceful creatures turn,
in tune with the melody
the music box plays.

How I longed
for a gift such as this
when I was a child.
But such luxuries
were unthinkable.

Now, with even
my children's childhoods
behind them,
I am given this gift
by my daughter.

I carefully wind
the box once more
and gently set it down.
The music plays.
I am a child again.

--Mary Menges Myers

RECLAMATION

Fatigue flowing out of every pore,
I sink gratefully into the tub.
Waves of foam wash over me.
Silken strands sift through my fingers.
I sigh and slide deeper into the foam.

Scars from the surgeons' knives now hidden,
stretch marks disappear too.
Deep in the water I reclaim my body,
aware of its ebb and flow.
In tune with myself, I hear its singing.

--Mary Menges Myers

V E S P E R S

We wound our way
over the tree-covered Kentucky hills,
looking for the monastery.
When at last we reached it,
evening had settled upon the land.
A young monk greeted us--
shy, spectacled, with shaven head.

We were invited to enter the chapel
where vespers were just concluding.
Iron gates separated us
from the ceremony taking place.
In the hushed evening air
rows of monks bowed in silent prayer.

In this holy atmosphere,
I wondered why the sign said
women were not allowed
beyond the iron gates.

--Mary Menges Myers

BAROMETER

There is rain in the offing.
The barometer is a mass of scars
from wounds that healed
only on the outside.
All day long the scars,
mottled and dark as thunderclouds,
have been itching.
Nothing is clean anymore,
neither scars nor rain.

When I was a child
I played in the rain,
caught tadpoles in a ditch
beside a gravel road.
There were no scars then--
at least on the body.
The mind's another thing.

I massage the scars
to soothe the itch.
The first raindrops spatter
against the window,
wet as kisses.

--Mary Menges Myers

MUSIC MAN

Music man, dark and brooding,
pouring out your pain
on six singing strings
in a smoke filled room.

Slender fingers strumming
melancholy measures--
memories of dreams gone wrong,
of dark despair.

Your music reaches
through my own despair,
to touch some deeper chord,
transcending pain,
connecting on a higher plane
where words have lost their meaning,
and the music is all.

--Mary Menges Myers

(Ed. Note: Last issue, there was an error in a line of Mary Menges Myers' poem "Spirit Sister." We apologize and reprint the poem in its correct version.)

S P I R I T S I S T E R

You are at one
with the wind and the rain,
with the hills and
the flowing rivers.
All growing things
respond to your touch.

I have felt the power
of your healing hands
hands that create
glazed earthen vessels
from which you pour libations
to the mother earth.

Though miles now
separate us,
I feel your presence.
Your spirit and mine
connecting with the universe.

--Mary Menges Myers

CYCLE OF SEASONS

Trees bud,
But it's not Spring,
Doesn't matter in Oklahoma,
Only one snow in December,
And 75 degrees in February,

Storms come,
Heat lightening
Adorns the black night,
Like the strobe light
In the hippy pad,

I sit sweltering
On the dark porch,
A fan in my hand,
Too hot for sleep,

Firecrackers could
Go off in July
Without the match.

Leaves filter down
In the cool breeze,
Red, Yellow, Brown,
A kaleidoscope of
Design on my lawn,

North winds blow,
And only one snow.

--Marjorie A. Hall
Tahlequah

G Y P S U M

Why your parents named you Gypsum
I'll never know--you're not a hard woman
but firm and smooth;

Time has eroded you into Oklahoma hills and
corresponding caverns, filled with cold springs
and secrets.

The face you expose on the surface
could pass for carved satin-spar,
but our journey together
leaves me broken and rubbled
like the shales that swell
out of the dry prairie oceans, and
I want to paint your strength
on my tear-stained cheeks.

This morning,
as we walked into the cold December
of the Panhandle,
shards of the infinite
beat down upon our head like sleet
and I wondered what our true form
would take in another millenia,
another epoch.

The wind beat sand into our eyes
chapped our lips, as we took a shovel
from the Blazer, began to dig
into the dry bed of the Great Salt Plains.

We found crystals
as clear as glass and a prairie spring,
gypsum, perfectly angled
under the skin of the earth.

--Susan Smith Nash
Norman

THE DEATH OF AIR

A dry year. The grass died long before summer was over; even lawns that were watered were as yellow as nicotine by the first of August. Gaunt zinnias were bitter in their beds and smelled of smoke. The trees were still as though they had been drugged. School started and chalk-dust increased the gag of dustiness, the death of air.

A day like a fall day, at last. On that cool afternoon, I came home late. The neighbor boy and I who walked together suddenly woke up again. Played, raced and tumbled on the parched ground. Then he touched me where he should not. I pushed him off and ran.

Why had he spoiled it? Bits of clinging straw were in my hair. My skin itched and felt hot. I longed for some green, liquid, fragrant thing to hold against my face. The hall was shadowy when I walked in and Mother scolded me because, not knowing where I was, she had been worried.

--Katharine Privett
Pawnee

THE TYPE-E WOMAN*

Antigone, a modern gal.
Nursing blind father,
Bailing out dead(beat) brother.
Maintaining the ceremonial system:
 Libations poured
 Dust applied
 Food ordered for funeral dinner

Running amok when duties as
religious pillar of community conflict
with obligations a state employee (viz., princess).

Bearing responsibility for everyone's
Oedipus complex.

Dying elegantly (in knotted noose of
designer linen veil).

Beats death by fragmentation
(or starvation while awaiting rescue).
All hollow.

—June Hadden Hobbs
Norman

*According to Harriet Braiker, the Type-E woman
is everything to everybody.

DESECRATION OF INDEPENDENCE

Collecting semen signatures
I offer men my skin;
the inner tubes
the outer treads
the tunnel tucked within;
A body shop
a camping ground
a Howard Johnson link;
I'm a castor oiled convertible
I even bring the ink
to drench my smeary scrawl with theirs,
and when the sheets are dry,
I starch them into documents
like parchment in July.

--Emma Mayer
New York City

EVENTIDE

The breeze skims the horizon,
skipping,
dipping,
like a playful child.
The leaves scatter;
the waters ripple.
All too soon dusk arrives,
dimming nature's portrait.
But undimmed is the image
engraved upon my mind.

--Norma Lauer
Granite

Self pity is a real bitch,
always and forever in heat,
an indiscriminating predator,
teasing, tormenting, tempting,
not easily dominated,
never submissive,
seldom giving as good as she gets,
cruel heart,
rebelliously inert.

--Ann T. Savage
Bokoshe

WHAT THE FISHMONGER SAID

"When you prise open an oyster
it begins to die--
you have to eat them quick."
My heart
freshly prised
quivered at the mortal wound,
half its shell gone,
the nacre already dimming.

The pain of broaching
and the knowledge of death
came as one gritty twist of the knife:
the knowledge makes the pain bearable,
the pain makes the knowledge
welcome.

Bon appetit!
Into your mouth with it!
The sun offering
must still be beating.

--Ava Leavell Haymon
Baton Rouge, LA

FIRST MOVEMENT

I embrace my secret
with complete stillness,
listening,
lest the arc of radiance disappear,
savoring this wondrous moment,
this sensation of floating time,
in communion with the dark,
fluid depths of my womb
and the soft,
shimmering movement within.
This fragile life,
this essence of myself,
becomes,
in one startling instant,
completely and wholly,
mine.

--Barbara Thrash
Texhoma

LEGACY

When and if you are born, my child,
Be proud. Hold your head up high.
To be a woman is to have
 been Favored
By God:
 exciting, fulfilling, rewarding.

When you are born, my legacy to you
Will be some progress--a little light
In this tunnel of darkness
 we inherited
From social injustices
 forced on women.

If you are born, my future,
Take the torch from my hand
For the moving Finger writes slowly
And the sentence is yet to be finished.

And so my unborn granddaughter,
 take the grace
And gentleness of womankind, and temper
It with determination and strong will,
To make this world a better place for yours.

--Edna Mae Phelps
 Seminole
from A COLLECTION OF POEMS

POEM FOR A DAUGHTER

Hazel eyes. The irises are
unpredictable. Various.
Unfolding points of colors,
motes of seasons.
Copper, blue, green, gray.

The shade she wears on any
given day determines which
takes precedence. A turquoise
scarf and her clear glance is
sky and bright and summer
follows spring. A brown-weave
jacket and her gaze reflects
the amber wash of fall.

It's more than that. It's
dusk of dream, dye of thought,
hue or camouflage of mood.
The particles advance, retreat.
Quick welcoming or rebel
and recluse refusing help.

Sometimes when she looks at me
soft moonstones flash
and angle. And we smile.
Turned kaleidoscopes still turning.
Her changes change us both.

--Katharine Privett
Pawnee

A SISTER'S KEEPSAKE

Fighting with the flowered sheets
and chenille spread on the oak four poster,
I mentally stagger to my corner
of the ring.

A strand of auburn hair touches my arm
and I pierce the otherwise peaceful night
with a leave-me-alone scream.

My body aches for a boundless stretch
of uninterrupted linen;
the tranquil images lulls me closer
to a second stage of slumber
only to be nudged into reality
by an oscillating arm.

MAMA'S PROMISED ME MY OWN ROOM
FOR TWO YEARS NOW.

Spastic thrusts of air from the
electric fan's nostrils
unite with a cooler outside breeze
in their attempt to ruffle the lace curtains
and my mind is ticketed again
for entrance into the
designated sleep stage.

Reflecting on this treasured irritation
I slip into the present,
a time when the darkness
is no longer shared with my loving sister.

--Sue McGinnis
Arlington, TX

STEPPING HIGH IN GRASS

In that field
Behind your house
The one with
Grass that waves
Above the knees
And tickles at
The back of legs,
The fleshy part,
I saw you walking,
Stepping high
To a windy tune,
Not knowing there
in your cotton shirt
And rolled up pants
That I was watching,
To see those secret hopes
That grow with you
While the sun fades out
Of a too large sky
And covers you
In the coming night.

--Pamela Duncan
Fort Sill

MOMENT

And it seems,
This day of grief,
The purest blessing
To cut red strawberries
Into a cornflower blue bowl.

--Mary Zimmer
Louisville, KY

I will not sing of beauty
for she has chosen to hide
behind
shackled old tenements
inner-city slums
industrial waste
and smothering smog.

I will not sing of justice
for he has long since
retired
deserted us leaving
Apartheid in South Africa
homeless on the streets
helpless children abused and molested
and nuclear weapons in every port.

I will not sing of love
for it has been
forgotten
in the wake of self service
pleasure principle
free sex and loose morality
yet in the evening
when the sun descends
from the sky leaving
a soft peaceful haze of purple

I will sing.

--Laura Hartmann
Oklahoma City

A LONG TIME AGO

I remember now.
When the coolest nights
Of Spring would fade
And bring behind them
Those hot still nights
Of summer.
We would sit,
On that yellow porch,
Surrounded by a screen of mesh,
And we would rock or swing
Or sometimes lie on cushions
With those greenish palms nearby
And talk of dreams
Or just of things
That happen everyday.

--Pamela Duncan
Fort Sill

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Rain
gently dances on the roof
and trickles to the guttering
to flow in rivulets
that sing against tin shores.

--Tina McCall
Arcadia

In school, back then,
I was taught tradition.
My role was woman.
I was to marry,
Have kids,
and be the homemaker ...

I learned well.
I did ... I have ... I was ...

But,

Now I am the teacher.
I teach individuality
and hope they will learn
as well as I did.

--Nancy Lavender
Lawton

AUTHOR'S FORWARD TO
"MY LIFE, THE BOOK OF CHANGES"

I suppose
it is tradition
to thank those who helped
in the birth of a tome
in long, boring paragraphs that
read like biblical "begats."
I beg to differ
I ask your indulgence.
Why, the story isn't even finished!
(In actuality, the uplifting &
inspiring chapters are
yet to come.)
However,
I would like to thank you
for your invaluable assistance
in the research of "The Past"
(Chapters 1 through 26)
and, especially for the gentle
persuasion that has led me to
write the outline for "The Future"
(Chapters 28 til "The End").

--Jeanetta L. Calhoun
Oklahoma City

QUILT

When you look near or far you may see a star
Or a triangular shape perpendicular to a
Rectangularity forming a curvilinearity which
Is a circle in a circle and to some a peculiarity.
You may see a half sun, a basket, a flower all
Put together with shades and tones opening up
Your imagination with some configuration of
Pattern, thought and wonderment.

--Judy Breymeyer
Edmond

Unwanted violets
cast aside carelessly in the sun;
a shadow or recognition
crosses my heart.

--Ann T. Savage
Bokoshe

WHERE THE WATER MELTED

Lake Hefner stands silent now
breathing waves
against the clear low moon.
Spring air reels its back
to burly broad-necked fishermen
who hook their gills
inside beercans.
Worn black boots heel
creases in the cold
Oklahoma mud.
Pale weeds wade into the lake
where ice dies and cracks
like a fishspine.

Across the bay, numb fingers wind rope
and lure against the ice.
Others turn their underbellies up
against the sun that swims
up an eastern stitch of sky.
Nearby, a mother holds
her daughter's jacket in the scaly hands
that bred her. They feed
loud white-necked ducks
from a plastic bread sack.
The young girl casts crumbs
into the wind. Mother stands sad
as a long wrinkle
on an old woman's smile,
and the rebirth of childhood
fills her lungs like water.

--Jaylynn Bailey
Oklahoma City

OCEAN

The soft roar of the waves
as they rap down on land
are talking to me.
I walk along the sandy beach
Next to the foamy white line the waves form
as they slap against the sand.
I gather shapes, sizes, and colors of seashells,
Then lie basking in the beams of the sun,
Warm, relaxed pondering the ocean's wonders.

--LaDonna Ryles
Moore

TODAY IS MY DAY TO
VISIT THE LADIES

And here they sit, chairs touching,
life-long friends, a composite as black
and white and gray as Whistler's Mother.

Tiresome old things. It's hard to pay
attention to the crumbs of gossip dropping
from the moldy cupboards of their tongues,
the stale bread of their tattle. Or to
follow the frail hands, crescent moons of
bone, tracing the dark of magpie rumors.
It's even worse when they turn sentimental,
voices muffled, thick and lumpy
like excessive bandages on little wounds.

I find it quite impossible to believe
they were ever young; to remember they were
sun-burned, wind-burned, some-one's
daughters once; were apricot girls wanting
to be held and tasted, sweet and warmly
scented. They smell like tallow now and
the dry palms from last year's Passiontide.

Funny though, they don't seem to see
the fade and wither in each other. Of course,
their vision's poor. They look at me
with a kind of distant gaze, clouded, milky.

I do my best to jolly them, to liven up
the conversation. But the pauses lengthen,
the gaps yawn. They nod politely, yet I'd
almost swear, they act like I bore THEM.
Their drowsy faces are white
poppies closed to me. Well, at least, I
tried. And they do give me great, big happy
smiles when I pat their cheeks & say goodbye.

--Katharine Privett
Pawnee

RADIANT SHROUD

Leaves, their colors set on fire by the sun, hide rusted
decay
With the coyness
Of a stripper in a flash of undress.
The earth, rich brown at first, bleeds with each turned
spade of red clay.

With the senescence of a dried oak, the man digs deep,
pauses,
And wearily draws
A cloth, sweat-damp, across a sienna brow.
Earth's raw odor, man's sour sweat, steeped in the pit,
becomes one and rises.

Over-ripe blossoms, tiny buds, waiting for birth, cloak
the ground's open wound.
Alabaster,
Ochery, vermilion; brilliant hues dressed for death.
Soon my shroud, now radiant with life, will wilt, dry,
and turn brown.

--Kristl Franklin
Denver, CO

The song of the crying goes
through the land.

Over the mountains.

Through the trees.

Into the waters.

Forming the clouds into figures across the sky.

Faint voices surround me singing
in melancholy tones.

The wing of death brushes
across my face in its flight.

The prayer of the suffering throngs
through the skies.

They pray for a good journey
for the living
for the dead.

The owl of death encircles
the family.

The eagle spreads its incense
of cedar to the good.

Cleansing.

Curing.

Pure.

--Kennetha Siemens
Edmond

CONVERSATION PIECE

She said in Vietnam
American bodies lay
in the mud intact for
days after decay had
cast lots and won
the native dead. We
are nearly mummified,
she said, by our
unnatural tastes, our
penchant for tilting
at nature, coming up
a few days more
successful than our
fellow man. The
competitive edge is
stropped to a keen
but moot point.

--Carol Hamilton
Midwest City

SANTA FE

"The town knows that I am here."
Its spirit waits, still and expectant as I approach,
Rounding the last curve
There it lies, nestled in the foothills,
Like a jewel in its case.
It is always unexpected, somehow,
A gift without an occasion.
We rush tremulously, at last,
To embrace as lovers
After a long absence.
The tree, whose green leaves
Whispered in the spring
Is bare now
And waits
For snow to cover its nakedness.
The mountains yearn toward the clouds
And vapor meeting substance
Envelops it.
Form becomes formless.
The small river still runs freely
Beside the road.
A lone crow circles and free wheels
In the sky.
My heart is home.

Dark descends early.
The lights come on all over town.
Some votive candles
Are reflected in tiny windows.
The smell of pinion fills the air
As tiny wisps of smoke
Curl upward
To meet the quiet snow that begins.
"The town knows that I am here!"
My heart repeats again and again.
I am home.
Snow stops.
Fog lifts.
A small peach-slice of moon
Within a golden circlet
Hangs precariously
Beyond the peaks.
My heart quiets.

--Eva Grace Enos
Yukon

THE DEBATE

"I want my position
to be arguable,"
says artist to model.

"How silly men are,"
thinks she to herself
posing

as he sketches her
in what seems to him
an unarguable position.

LATER DEBATE

"I want my position
to be defensible,"
says artist to model.

"How political she is,"
thinks he to himself
posing

as she sketches him
in what seems to her
a defensible position.

--Ava Leavell Haymon
Baton Rouge, LA

NO DOOR TO DOOR

Haunting the post office lobby
The time: When it opens its doors,
Sam, scavenger of town news--
Live.

Reporter of town history,
Football scores,
Misdeed, good deed, property deed,
Churning political cream
With fine mesh
Info.

Freshest gossip in town to go,
Advice column live and garnished,
Garbage disposal perfecting,
Reflecting.
A whole city library, a walking
Encyclopedia
Live.

A broadcast mixed media.
Just listen, eavesdrop,
No research necessary,
Competition
For a public address
System.
With a few accents of profanity
Thrown in for free--
At the town's post office
With the live and lively
Library.

--Marjorie Brannon Skeen
Carnegie

GRANDMA ' S SKILL

Grandma's hands were always busy
Making pretty things.
And though I often asked her to show me
She never would.
She made cushion tops and afghans
Sweaters, caps and scarves,
Crocheted in bright colors.
And when I asked her to teach me how
She said, "I can't."
I didn't understand.
But now I'm grown and I find
Grandma's skill in my own hands.
She never did teach me.
But the hook and yarn take on life
And I can feel Grandma's spirit
In the things that I make.

--Valerie Wells
Oklahoma City

COUNTRY AUCTION

Untidily spread,
 Before the curious
To finger and spurn,
 Haggled over by the penurious,
Shabbily huddle
 Our lifetime possessions.
The crier's chant
 and falling hammer
Are dim and meaningless
 Against the clamor
Of memories, carefully cupboarded
 Within my heart.

--Myrtle Burks
Oklahoma City

RECIPE DRAWER

My fingers itch to clip.
Recipe books, cooking shows,
Newspaper food sections,
Glossy magazines are
Irresistible. A list
Of ingredients sucks me in.
Garlic press, ginger grater,
A lemon reamer sends me
Fumbling for coins in
My pocketbook. The recipe
Drawer overflows, loses its
Organization again and
Again. Patients tested
With starvation diets
Talked food, read recipes,
Dreamed banquets.
This is documented.
It must be, however,
That those desert dying
Pass beyond dreams and
Imagination. Their words
Dry on swollen tongues.
My drawer speaks obscenities
In that dessicate place.

--Carol Hamilton
Midwest City

QUESTIONS

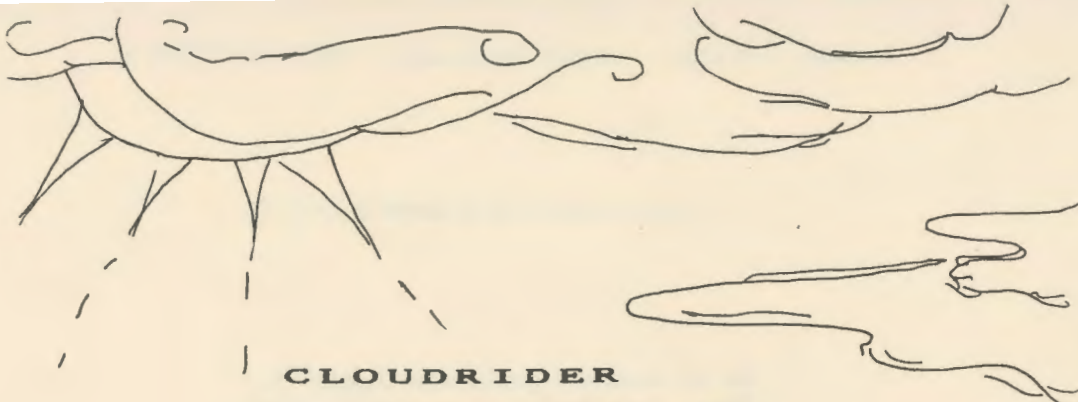
Do all elephants have wrinkled knees?
Where does the honey man get his bees?
Can you hear a grasshopper sneeze?

Does the sun leave when I come inside?
And when it's dark, do the bluebirds hide?
If monkeys had bikes, do you think they could ride?

What would you say if the sky turned green?
Why do we have to use soap to get clean?
How many rainbows have you ever seen?

What if a giant knocked at the door?
Questions, questions, from A to Zeeyore,
And when these are answered, I'll probably have more.

--Sharon E. Martin
Cushing



CLOUDRIDER

I lay in the grass the other day
And watched the clouds go on their way.

They're up in the air so very high,
I like to watch them race right by.

By where do they go when they move so fast?
And how many places do they race right past?

I'd like to ride one for a day or two
And see where they go, I wish I knew!

If ya' look thru the bottom, do ya' see some place?
If ya' look thru the top, do ya' see God's face?

When I grow up I think that I'll be
A Cloudrider--Sounds like fun to me!

--Patricia J. Ramsey
Boise City





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Red Dirt Press, Inc., a women-owned and women-operated publishing company, is seeking manuscripts by women writers. Novels, volumes of poetry and books of short stories will be accepted. Send your typed, double-spaced (except for poetry) manuscripts for consideration, along with a SASE, to Manuscripts, Red Dirt Press, Inc., P.O. Box 60693, Oklahoma City, OK 73146.

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PIECEWORK

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"I salute **PIECEWORK** for publishing so many fine women poets in the region. So many new voices! It is one more proof that the best writers these days appear in the little magazines. Bravo to the editors and to the poets!"

May Sarton



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