

PIECEWORK

A Magazine of Poetry by Women



ANN L. ZOLLER

Winter 1987

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GIFT

PIECEWORK

A MAGAZINE OF POETRY BY WOMEN

WINTER 1987

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UCO Women's Research & BGLTQ+ Center
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FEATURED ARTIST--ANN L. ZOLLER

The poet featured in this issue is Ann L. Zoller, who is enrolled in the graduate program of the University of Tulsa's School of Letters. She has served as assistant poetry editor of NIMROD since 1984.

Ann has published two books, ANSWERS FROM THE BOWING MOON and NEW PONY ON A CAROUSEL, both of which won awards. She has been published in numerous magazines and in several anthologies, including AMERICAN POETRY ANTHOLOGY and TOUCHING FIRE (Harper and Row).

When asked how she produces so much work, Ann says that it is because she writes every day, and adds that she does so because she is "addicted to the creative fire." She then explains that this creative fire is another level of her consciousness--"all mind, reason and passion entwined as one."

Because Ann is the kind of writer who "fires" the creative spark in other writers, we wish to thank her for the interest in poetry she encourages, and recognize the contribution she has made to this region.

Cover photo by Ann Carlton

DIXIELAND JAZZ ON THE LAWN

People on the lawn and the old men play jazz.
The tree like a gaunt man marks my place
in the thin night.
Sounds spill in front of the sunroom
as though the Chinese urn held music.
An old lover on the blanket with me.
It's a night we used to touch and now
touch again as different people.
That solemn note under the moon.
He is with a woman on this blanket
who is a friend of mine.
Here is the real world,
where lovers change and try on new people like pretty shoes
and the world goes on and nothing matters.
Notes from the oboe and the long horn
sound the same in the dark
whether we hear this song on this lawn
or some other place where old men make music.

--Ann L. Zoller
Tulsa

AFTER LOVE

First it was desire, the whorl into the vortex
of the skin. I wonder if we ever had intimacy,
the string that chokes breath

and blinds with the lantern's strength.
You see it freed me to have loved you
and let you walk away in sun

without assigning blame, hurling recriminations.
I learned that spider webs fall away
blunt-ended in release, hardly

noticing the free fall to the ground.
An ache that adds a notch
to the heart, the ring

of more year. It is such a relief
to know I am the substance and you,
a separate light.

--Ann L. Zoller
Tulsa

PARTICULAR WIND

We always talk into the wind,
words lost in the wind like
heavy birds fighting updrafts
coming off fog over the river.
I walk the dusty path
by the confusion of water
and strain to catch words--

 go now
 out of the black current of air
 into morning, seine
 berries off the wind.

Your eyes store history,
a touch of candles that were mine.

I need rest from the commotion of love.

It will never be the same.
Love moves like wind, the restless water.
Hollow words stop
and fall in this particular wind.

--Ann L. Zoller
Tulsa

A FAMILIAR REGION

Oystershells for the chickens,
chips of the sea tossed up here
in Oklahoma, the farm orderly
as rows of corn. My hand
reaches under the warm breast
of the chicken for eggs.

I watch her eye, ready to run.
Sometimes I find eggs without a shell,
in a membrane, bouncy and tough.
I stare into the sack
and the egg sloshes like a water ball,
your face in the yolk.

I mourn your passing into womanhood.
That day when you know who you are
and you must leave,
oystershell in your pocket,
the wind on your back
and yellow in the air.

--Ann L. Zoller
Tulsa

MY STORY, FROM INSIDE THIS PLACE

The wind never broke that winter,
the winter of '47 when wheat surrendered
and crops failed. Your father
pacing ankle deep in curls of dirt.

I see you gliding on the old rope swing
back of the toolshed, that day
the grapevine choked the oak fence
and we found the cats limp.

It was the wind, the echo in my head,
the way it made everything hollow.
Here within bedlam's walls,
within these locks I have no fear,

the wall cocoons around me.
No wind, no sick child with croup.
I have air to breathe
and white noise like a lullaby
from another field.

--Ann L. Zoller
Tulsa

SKINS OF THE CAT

I did not ask for death
yet it came on slabs of night.
Once I climbed the boxelder,
nailing steps from shingles

as I escaped to treetops.
I am a cat, dying when I need to leave.
Layers of fur, hide, and flesh
chewed by you.

The yellow storm,
with its rush of clouds
and the black dew of winter.
Bacon burns on the stove

and I run crying, fire.
Your hands throw me
into flames.
Tears like cat-eyes.

Body into smoke, floating.
One skin sloughs
and I bounce into another.
I close tight as a grave.

Death comes whenever the moon splinters.
My feet leave smudges,
my voice gives no sound.
Black kites appear,

their tails are rags of dresses I need.
Clothes fly in the wind, in front,
to the side, out of reach.
Whiskers are needles in my dreams.

I need to fashion a house high in a tree
that knows me and wait,
wait for the sun to fill my eyes,
for the moon to find my body.

--Ann L. Zoller
Tulsa

TRANSITION

Snow
from leaden skies
spirals downward, dances
on noonday fields still stubbled
by summer's wheat, on faces of children
upturned
to winter

--Judith Durbin
Midwest City

UNTITLED

We danced at winter's masquerade
unaware of the trembling hours
at the windows sheathed in ice

We chased a thousand winds across the passion
of a countryside alive with van gogh vision,

Watching the legends in your eyes,
I named you in colors of turquoise and jet...

--Kathryn Bell
Beggs

WINTER SOLSTICE

Miniature wildwood of
dwarfish shinnery,
winter-dead,
set in a sea of nut-brown acorns and
cast-off leaves
that scatter outward through wisps of
buffalo grass, color-drained wildflowers.
Under lead skies
quail scurry into that earthtone sanctuary,
the only stirring of life.
They blend motionlessly.
All earth is
quiescent, an unending monotone of
dull browns and greys,
awaiting in silence that re-awakening
which comes with spring.

--Margie Snowden North
Erick

WINTER

Winter falls
wrapping its wings over my eyes
filling my lids with white
a gauze
dimming my sight.

Through the night snow gently falls.
My body cradles deeper
between soft pillows
unearthing a comfort within these drifts
smothering the voice of my soul.

I awake,
yet I sleep
among shadows spreading across my path
where no fire has cast them.
Winter has fallen
silencing the river streaming below.

--Jill Toler
Deerfield, Massachusetts
(formerly, Muskogee, OK)

DÍA DE LOS MUERTES

Winter limbs claw my window
as I awaken to madness,
the memory of a young woman,
who, kneeling to the hope of cleansing and rebirth
crawled toward the cathedral,
rising up from the heart of Mexico City.

Yet as her knees bled,
staining her march toward sacral walls
gargoyled with Gabriels and Michaels,
trumpeting shelter in a plundered New World,
the cathedral iridesced
a peacock glow of Quetzacoatl.

When she held her rosary and prayed to funereal marble,
an aftershock five hundred years deep
heaved like one stricken by the plague, like
Jesuits monumenting Montezuma's death.

How much pain can this body bear, how much blood
from tortured knees?

The earth keened.

She thought she smelled burning feathers
as the cathedral sank
inexorably downward into the ancient lake,
the primordial ocean that tolls dark waters
where all things inevitably return.

And falling to the pavement,
she heard the Aztec in the voices of the mestizo,
raging against the gargoyled angels
whose real aegis is
the whip
and the thorny crown.

--Susan L. Smith
Norman

WILD GEESE

The geese fly low tonight.
Wild baying circles the valley
stretching thin echoes over the mountains.
We pause:
your eyes fingering still the pages
while I move to watch from a window
the flock forging a line
a shadow wings the moon.

Behind the fields stubbled
with dry stalks dimly lit,
wild geeses swoop to the pond below.
You lean into the fire's warmth.
I am alone when tuning my ear
to beasts skimming the pool
thrusting webbed feet forward.

Breaking the surface,
brown feathered tufts glide
sending circles of water
lapping over the shore.
Liquid bands linger back
sealing the flock within one silken skein.
Wild birds wrap themselves
in down feathered walls.

We know the glory of beasts,
drifting in sleep
silver vapors steam before the morning stirs,
when each spreads open the shelter
arched wings: feathers beating upon water
lifting splendor above the mist
exposed.

We know the horror of the wild!
Does it matter how we have chosen to deliver
ourselves from the explosion of the hunter's gun
that's sure to tear through the dawn?
Tonight, I struggle to sail beyond the fields
to rest if only in a moment
among the wings of the wild.

Can I blame you?
You who choose not to listen to the distance
fearing to lose what already we've lost.
I only touch what I imagine
and hope in the last breath of this day
our bodies folding one into the other
will rise then fall
and sleep under the wings of wild geese.

--Jill Toler
Deerfield, Massachusetts
(formerly, Muskogee, OK)

GHOSTS

Shuttered window dairy bar
On the edge of town
Once saw farmers' daughters driving by

In brand new Mustangs
And tight Levis
Stopping to chat with somebody's son.

Shuttered window dairy bar,
Tell of the dramas
Set on the stage beneath your once-bright awning,

And the wholesome drama
Inside. You were a dream,
Somebody's dream of a good life in a good town.

Shuttered window dairy bar,
Your plyboard shutters groan
And your ghosts sigh.

--Sharon E. Martin
Cushing

BROKEN DREAMS

Unpainted and sunbleached
the old house stands.
Dust devils swirl in the air.
The yard is parched and cracked
no grass grows
no flowers bloom
Even the weeds are browned
and curled
The barn stands empty
and still
The field mice have gone.
The windmill is broken and still
but no matter
The well went dry long ago.
The sun unmercifully beats down
on someone's broken dreams!

--Helen Hinkle
Duncan

TWO SISTERS

Your laughter
summons the woman who never was a child
and I, who lived holding back words,
rise.

I had three grapes when I was a child.
"Choose the largest," I said to my sister.
I meant to keep the largest.

Her cruel laughter
pinned the last and smallest in my hand.
Then I stopped being a child.

When you laugh
I wind myself around you
finding comfort in the contact,
and in my contentment I bring you
the held-back words.

How do I know
you won't suddenly pull away,
spill my words like grapes,
let them roll, get crunched in the press?

Yet
I always wanted your laughter.

--Renata Treitel
Tulsa

IN A BROWN CALFSKIN BOX

I keep time
in a brown calfskin box
on my dresser.

The memories of my life--
my father's tie
given to me after his death,
my first poem,
a picture of my first love,
a crumbled name tag from
a conference in 1976,
my high school
graduation ring,
the expired passport
which went with me to Europe,
a rose from my wedding bouquet,
divorce papers, a small
wooden cat.

I keep time
in a brown calfskin box
on my dresser.

--Susan A. VanSchuyver
Oklahoma City

VOLUMES

Memories of days gone past
Fill the shelves of my mind
like books.
Each volume is full
Of chapters that
Outline my life.
Stories of places...
People who have
Altered my destiny
Are mine to read and re-read.
You are in those volumes,
Story after story.
Your smile, touch,
Even your voice
Make up so many
Of my memories...
Days gone past.

--Jat.

Grand Prairie, Texas

THE LUXURY OF GUILT

(for Carolyn Forche)

There was a woman who cried
forgive me deity for I have
sinned and am heartily
ashamed. I am unable to sleep
with a man and my thoughts
keep tapping on the curbstone
of defeat. My floors
are covered with news-
papers and my scalp is crusted
with dirt. On this trip
my wheels betrayed a field mouse
and two turtles
stayed up-ended on the road
of no time no time to stop.
Forgive me for the woman
in my yard who calls
and moves away, the plant that
withers without water,
the food left wasted
on the table.

Forgive me because
we have become a country
where the only mortal
sin is despair
and the only cardinal
sin is silence.

--Mary McAnally
Tulsa

NOTES ON MY LAST ATTEMPT TO COMMUNICATE WITH MY EX-HUSBAND

Never mind, my dear.
My thoughts now serve me better
than your touch, now
satisfy me more than you
(with your heavy entry,
your lying eyes).
You want me to convince
another woman she must love you,
regale her with my sighs
and heaving bosom,
tell her of past prowess,
future promise.
I see no more potential in your eyes,
my dear, and speak
no more of promise in your words.
Instead I search her face
for truth, for life, and
finding it, rest there with her,
our hearts forever lovers
on the prowl.

--Mary McAnally
Tulsa

MIRROR IMAGES

They will not have the
mirror image
Whose shiny surface invites
inspection
Of each bump and blemish.

They embrace, instead, the
perfect match
Whose interchangeability is as
certain as earrings
Switched from ear to ear.

And so we, the perfect pair,
Cause wars
And rumors of wars
And earthquakes in divers places
And finally, the reddening of
the moon.
And the pairing of our bodies
Must be seen only,
As they say, through a glass,
darkly.

--Pamela Fitzgerald
Guthrie

TO MY AUNT

(Dedicated to Norma Pralle)

I cried on my sister's shoulder;
The polished wood
was cold against my shaking back
and drone of comfort
was lost in the little girl's sobbing
in the front.

Her husband's hair
was grayer than I remembered,
his eyes puffy and red
behind glasses reflecting flowers
and a box in a blur.

My sister's words
fell on deaf ears
and racing thoughts
of accusations toward doctors
and family--
and God,
if there was one.

The bell rang 61 times.
I shivered though my face was hot
as the face was revealed on the satin,
a look of peace fashioned there,
gray and thick with paint.

My tears were lost in the November rain,
unceasing since the death hour,
all falling to the mucky grass
beneath sinking high shoes.

I gave away my umbrella
at the graveside
when I stepped under the tent
with the other family mourners.
I stood weakly
on numbness and a chill
from the weather,
or the loss.

Again the comfort monotoned
his voice cracking now and then,
the closeness of a small church
lined his face and hollowed his eyes.

I saw tears escape my father's eyes
and I swallowed hard;
the pain in my throat
sucked for tears
long drained from my eyes.

When I walked, head down, from the canvas
a warmth, though slight,
fell across me
and the light caused my eyes to squint.
Still pain,
but the rain had gone.

--Cindy Sharp
Ponca City

THE END OF HER SORDID LOVE AFFAIR

Sweat oozed from the pores of the ghostly-colored tenement room.

A gagging stench of putrid garbage and stifling heat
Bludgeoned the tethered air.

Cockroaches swarmed over food-encrusted dishes.

Rats scurried in a frenzied ritual around the filthy room.

On a lopped-legged table maggots wiggled and wallowed
In a half-eaten hamburger.

Meretricious duds were strewn in a hugger-mugger way.

A tattered curtain clutched the open window frame.

Across the street, a bar's flashing neon sign ricocheted
A distorted light on the disheveled, iron bed,

Exposing her sprawled, semi-nude body.

Once an exquisite ingenue who lusted for Jim Daniels and Lord Calvert,

Her passion for those previous, empty lovers opened

The wrong connections, causing a stream of faceless Johns

To flood her obscure past.

The High Priest of Snow now reigned as her mainliner, her supreme love,

Tattoos of his fixed visits marred her body.

An obsessive love for her deceptive gigolo now totally consumed her,

Being without him became unbearable---

Convulsing her with a racking pain.

Supporting him became impossible with his insatiable demands.

Two nights ago she embraced her lothario for the last time.

Ah, that final kiss popped with purity.

She needed him no longer with her lungs bridled, her heart stilled,

And her thoughts silenced.

At last, her sordid love affair was over.

--Delores McDaniel
Harrah

EVE

wed
to scenes
of fold and azure
in the empyrean sky

twilight splendor
and cosmic mists
on the horizon

stretching
to remember
a previous life

one is born

ancient wanderers
(universal observers)
time their chariot-race
while clouds roll below

they toss off
a secret
(to them it was never one)

a piece of dust
and air
come together

the unborn becomes real

--Porter Brundage
Oklahoma City

NIGHT HAPPENINGS

One lonely sob echoes from your darkened bedroom
I listen, when I hear nothing else, fall back to sleep.
Seconds later, I am awakened by small warm fingers touching my bare arm.
I force my eyes open, with the help of moon beams, see frumpled, curly
locks of hair and a tear-framed face.

"Bad dream?"
A nod is your response.

Sliding over, I throw back the sheet, pat the edge of the bed, and invite
you to crawl in beside me.

Your little bunnysuit is gone,
Only Darth Vader underwear and your birthday suit remain,
A reminder of the big boy you want so much to be.

Scooting close to me, you snuggle next to my night gown,
I feel your heart as it pounds in your small chest.
I wrap my arms around you, you place one of your hands in mine.
Words of comfort and a light kiss on your healthy cheek,
"It's all right. Mama's here."

Your heart-beat softens, no longer can I feel its hammering.
Secure, you drift off to sleep,
There is not a sound throughout the house, except your gentle breathing.

Your sleep is peaceful and soon mine will be too.

--Debbie Bouziden
Edmond

SAXO-PHONY

The deep voice of a saxophone
Resounds in my ears and vibrates
Softly, like the waves at my feet;
It moves my heart, like this sunset,
Yellow, then orange, and red,
On the ocean of my dreams.
It was then. I was in love with him.

If you hear the strain of a saxophone
In the night, you may recall the past
Memory of this unique instant,
As I do now; you may make it come
True with the power of your imagination,
As I do now; you may also make it last
For ever: recreate a world around it,
Print it to defy eternity, and it will
Live beyond the words, colors, textures,
Or sounds.

If I could tune a song, you would
Hear the deep voice of a saxophone.
If I would limn a painting, you could
See the sunset, and the sea.
If I could carve marble or bronze, you would
Touch a man's body.

But I only write words, so you can
Dream with me the romance
Of a love story in warm summer
With sunset, sea, and saxophone
Indeed.

--Valérie Michelon
Norman

LABYRINTHIAN

1

Superstition Mountains.

That's where we grew up,
but I always feared the spiny mouth
of treasure tales in the chaparral
and swallowing depths of the myth of the
Lost Dutchman Mine.

As adults we moved away, apart.
Yet last year we tried to drive home, together,
until we stopped at Lena's Cafe and
I saw the cigarette burns on your arms.

Though you pulled your sleeves down fast
to cover your scars, I saw,
through the scalded coffee you drank,
the pain of self-inflicted isolation.

You were silent, but your eyes
glowed as they moved,
cigarette embers in a sleepless dark,
blind flashlights down the trackless labyrinth
of myth and fable.

Seeker of fable and treasure,
you were my sister once.

We sat together as children
on the pinnacle of Twin Mountain
and watched the sky tangle about the peaks;

But now you are lost to me,
you, desperate for the scent of the boundless,
you, who follows the spirals of an endless web

journeying, not accompanied by my perfume,
but by the stench
of burning, tobacco and your own flesh,
alone.

--Susan L. Smith
Norman

ELECTRIC DREAM

i

Your drink has the color of the sun
sitting on ice cube like an
orange red golden in my hand.

I swallow the cube, the ice, the sun,
and gold, then leave you there alone
with single drink and only red.

And the orange left in no hand
turns your nights into electric dream
where I drink the red golden sun.

ii

Your eyes have the color of the sky
in silver Spring when I defy
you through space in search for freedom.

I lose it in light gray blue sky
when you spy me through silver moon I
turn your nights into electric dream

Where you find gray space but no freedom
in no eyes because Spring bloomed blue my sky
when I found another--don't ask me why.

iii

Yet, my life has the color of your nights
and when I close your eyes we see sunlights
with red golden sun and silver moon.

I find it in ice cubed drink one night
and stop searching for other delight:
you turned my life into electric dream

That we together share beneath the moon
with no other, just you, me, and the night,
making love in gray blue space under golden light.

--Valérie Michelon
Norman

work

practical people
know the meaning of work
know the meaning of the word tired
when your hands bleed in some cannery
to put tomatoes and peaches in small cans
and bags of cut spinach in someone's freezer
it is part of the job
to get great knots on your hands
at the nursery where the roses are clipped
to make them perfect for people with tract houses
this is expected, this way of complaint the body makes
you don't say anything though
you remember it is better to work
that canneries and greenhouses
are better than the chicken processing factory
Siloam Springs is a long drive
and the cold in the plant soaks through your bone
blood and viscera shine in the light
you work all night and when you get home
you don't sleep at first
maybe, it's daylight when you lie down
all the dreams are red
you wake to soaked sheets
maybe, it's that time of the month
maybe, you've been stained
and you won't eat chicken, anymore
it's better to be in the fields
than in the factory
but, there's extra money for movies
and school clothes

it's steady income when winter comes
maybe, you'll be used to cold by then
when they ask what do you do
you say a little of this and that
you don't say you kill chickens
on an assembly line

--Brenda Catron-Grievés
Oklahoma City

archangels in the alley

Weaving stories at night
unraveling them at dawn

on the cold cobblestone of dreams...

The city is alive tonight
and fused in flesh,

the designs of old women in sunday hose,
harlequins of children
taken captive in the arcade

the latin lover
hand on the trigger
fires myths into the young girls
laughing...

we are all outlaws of minor fame

awaiting revelation
and archangels in the alley...

--Kathryn Bell
Beggs

STILL LIFE WITH WINDOWS

I see
a rod
of blue, flaky light
in the dark
outside
my
second story
window.
I know what it is.

I look
at an angle
through
the window
at an on
tele-
vision screen
at an angle
to me
in some-
one else's
apart-
ment
in the dark.

--Beazley Kanost
Norman

TARAXACUM DENS-LEONIS

You dandys,
golden, disorderly
earth huggers.

Before the first lawnmower,
the chemicals,
the sweating gardner's palms,
you envelop us.

Beneath the blades
you lie low
precocious, summoning.
We approach you
with a testy attraction.

Your buttons
become cocoons
sun seekers, and rise,
teeth of lion,
thrusting stalks.

H. Bosch globes
of down
cushion on top of
rubbery limbs.
signaling children
to kick, blow
wishes, lineage.

Miracles can't be
this common.

--Jill Holmes
Stillwater

ANTELOPE HILLS, WESTERN OKLAHOMA

Out here these cliffs reach with a rock
overhang like a barn eave from which a hoist
lifts hay bales to the loft and we hear
the round sound of wind
against the ear cut into by the pulley squeak
and then only in haying or when bundles
drop to cows in snow.
It is cold here.
Fence posts climb onto the road and barns
point north.
Rosary beads of frozen rain hang from wires.
A white mother and Indian father dance
inharmonious tunes
as we plow furrows between our fingers.
The buzzard and blizzard.
Pan lids of wind over our ears
close out dogs barking at raccoon or opossum.
The sheets tap their toes in mud before we
get them off the line.
These cliffs
rise out of the flat land, the heritage I tightrope
while you hold me, Egg Man, the yoke of sun
still in its shell.
A gay wind, loose ferris wheel,
but the circus on the faded billet never came.
Always as a girl I wanted to see black bears
and painted Indians,
the fat lady who hung her stained laundry on the line--
White lights on tent tops
tipping slightly like a milkpail across the land.

--Diane Glancy
Tulsa

TREE'S END

Leave the Mississippi and climb
the Ozark hills. Land ripples to
the west like a night's used sheet. A
road runs through shaded Arkansas,
flees across the Nations. Out there,
at the world's edge, the red earth waits
where the sky is never ending,
where the grass outruns the trees.

--Judith Durbin
Midwest City

DANDELION

My root is deep
Not by desire
I'd love to pull it free
But being deep
And being strong
I cannot cease to be.

I'd love to be a different sort
With delicate perfume
And for just one fantastic night
I'd offer up my bloom.

For who recalls a homely weed
That brings them no delight
And who forgets a lovely bloom
That lasts a single night.

--Delphine Oberst
Norman

JONATHAN AND CLAIRE

Butterflies and tigers, how can they compare?
Tigers are so tough and strong, butterflies like air.
This is the assumption made by people everywhere,
who haven't heard the story of Jonathan and Claire.

Now Jonathan was a mighty beast, so strong and debonaire.
You wouldn't think this jungle cat would ever feel or care.
It's true he roamed the jungle floor, stalking far and wide,
but only Claire the butterfly could understand his cry.

She knew he cried 'cause he was bound to roam the jungle floor,
but in his heart his fondest wish was learning how to soar.
Now Claire knew all the ways to soar, it was her way of life.
She knew the power of the heights to soothe a heart of strife.

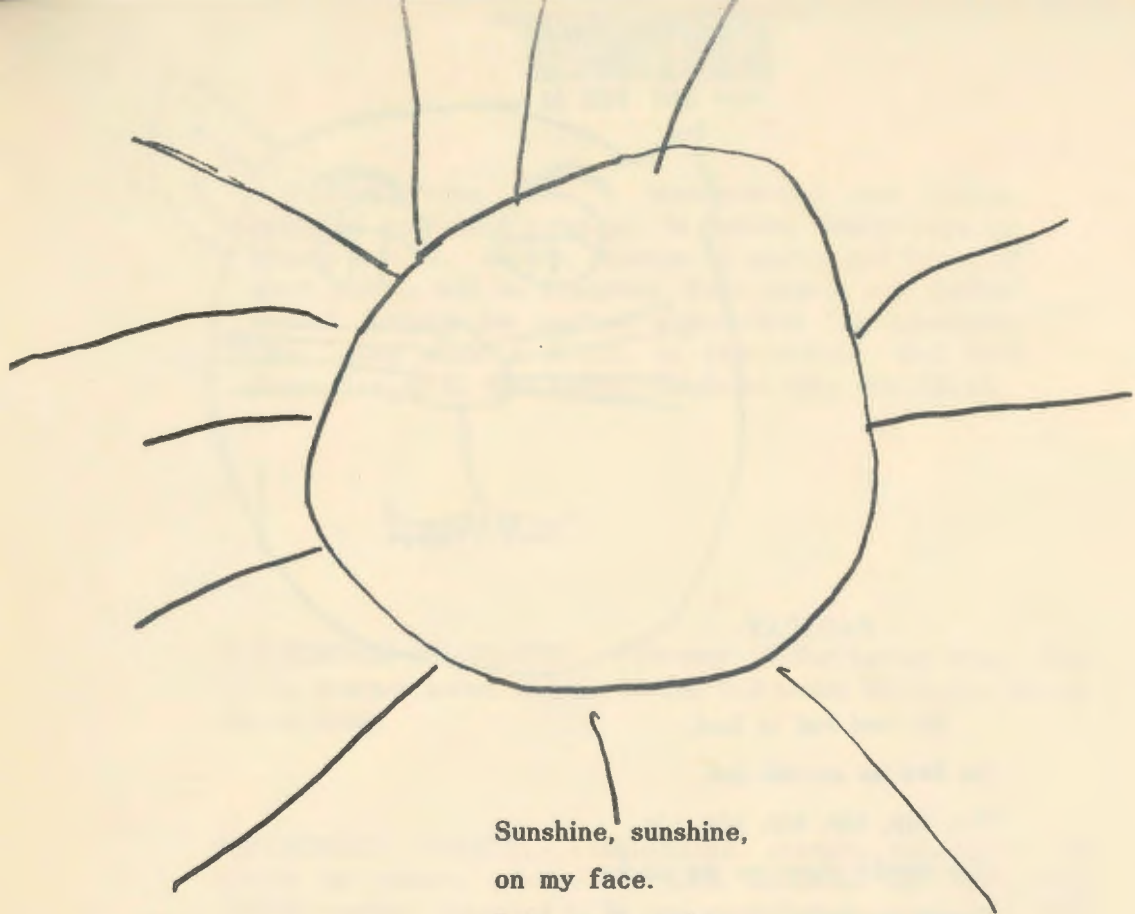
But how was she to show this beast that she could ease his pain,
for he saw life as thunderstorms, and she saw gentle rain.
One day, 'twas in the Summertime, while he lay in repose,
she made a brave decision, and she landed on his nose.

He opened his two green eyes, and did a double-take,
and gave her such a steady look her little heart did quake.
It was strength she saw in Jonathan, freedom he saw in Claire.
He was bound upon the land, and she was swept by air.

So on this day a bond was formed that they could not deny.
He would now stalk proudly as she would flutter by.
He would loan his strength to her, and she would, in return,
show him how to lift his soul as his sweet heart had yearned.

And if there be a God somewhere, and He should chance to spy
this handsome beast upon the ground and his little butterfly,
I'm sure that He would only smile and whisper out a prayer,
for His two loving children, Jonathan and Claire.

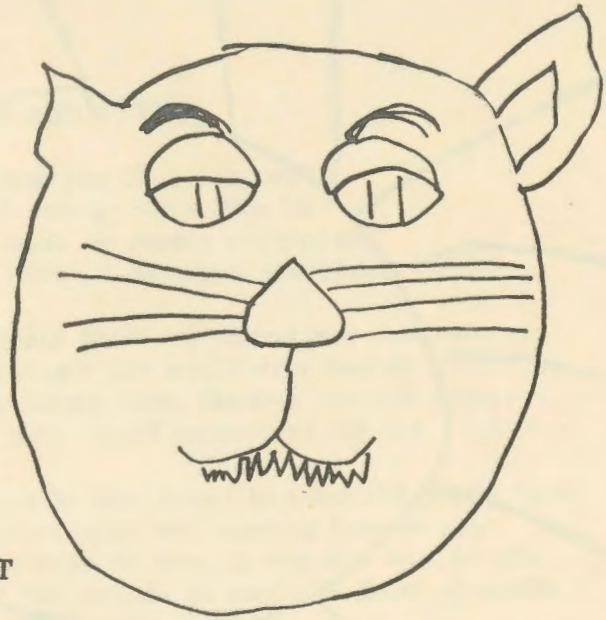
--Delphine Oberst
Norman



Sunshine, sunshine,
on my face.
I am on a rock,
What a place!

Gleaming through the blue sky,
Just you, ladybug, you and I.

--Lauren Barnes, age 12
Edmond
(written at age 10)



BAD CAT

My bad cat is bad,
As bad as an old lad.
Nip, nip, nip, nip, nip, nip.
She would chew on my socks,
Break my locks.
I would try to hold her,
And of course she would jump out of my arms.
She would smell my friend's hand,
And bite it.
But those are just the good things about her.
I HAVE heard WORSE.

--Lauren Barnes, age 12
Edmond
(written at age 10)



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