



C. ARMBRUST

**NORTHERN LIGHTS • 83**

# NORTHERN LIGHTS

1983  
Arts Journal  
UW Center-Marquette

Volume 4

Spring 1983

University of Wisconsin Center  
Marquette County  
Bay Shore  
Marquette, Wisconsin

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## Contributors

This fourth issue of NORTHERN LIGHTS features the literary and artistic work of:

Chuck Aldrich	Louise King
Colleen Armbrust	Deborah Konyn
Joe Basak	Theresa Krulatz
Linda Beyer	James LaMalfa
M. Colleen Chapman	Sue Lemsy
James J. Cook	Tammy Meyers
Laura Corry	Joy Nesbitt
Allison Dumke	Marge Olson
Diane M. Erickson	Suzanne M. Oreshoski
Terri Green	Lorna Raether
Deana Hipke	Ann Whitney
Wendel Johnson	Anonymous



*Joy Nesbitt*

# Nightflight

*(To Linda)*

Eight o'clock on a Friday night in April,  
we approached the field  
At twenty five hundred feet,  
Returning from dinner.

Moonless, the jeweled firmament  
Was mirrored by the lights below,  
Salting the velvet black of the nocturnal realm,  
A daisy-chain of illuminated points.

Within cocoon of my birdthing  
The blue-white lights of the panel  
Told me all was well.  
Cabin lights glowed ruby-red  
Preserving my night vision.

As we traversed the nightscape  
I felt wrapped in a womb-dark cloak,  
Felt as if the careworn world of man  
Was utterly gone and I was in a neutral zone  
Where healing and cleansing could take place,  
Indeed, did.

The airport's beacon was easily seen:  
We homed to it in our aluminum moth,  
Its Lycoming heart beating steadily,  
Its radar eyes blinking with each sweep  
Of the ground-bound antennae below.

All too soon we were over the runway  
And the necessary end of our nightflight  
Approached.

I was reluctant to land  
But time moves one way.  
We could not remain in stasis  
So were propelled downward.

You helped me secure my craft,  
The last act of magic  
Forestalling the instant when we became  
Subject to dull gravity once more.

So you became you again,  
And I no more an airborne wraith,  
But merely the arboreal poet,  
The owlsprite that I must be.

-- James Thomas LaMalfa

## Woman Friend

A woman is especially blessed  
if in her lifetime she can say,  
I've had a special friend.  
I've been very blessed--I've had several.

One of these special people  
is my friend Diana.

She keeps young ideas in my older mind  
and reminds me that life  
doesn't have to be over after forty.  
When I get feeling too young,  
she reminds me I've been around a while.  
She refuses to let me hide behind my age  
and brings reason into my otherwise  
closed mind.

She loves to tease  
yet never would inflict pain on me  
or let anyone else hurt me--  
without answering to her.  
She shares her home and family  
and makes me feel very loved.  
She never tires of saying "Hi, Friend"  
with a warm and genuine smile.

She shares in my life  
through both the bad days and the good  
and never makes me feel I've abused  
the privilege of being a friend.

-- Theresa Krulatz

## Perhaps

I have never shown my feelings openly  
never taken anyone inside myself  
never opened doors, by now grown heavy  
and creaky and, I'm sure, quite unwilling

perhaps

I'm most afraid--they cannot be moved

-- Anonymous

## Unfettered Spirit

Winged feather duster, Conqueror of  
the Wind, Victorious.

Boundless, no Commitments or Vows  
to bind you.

Who has more Freedom?

Certainly not I!

-- Marge Olson

## Grandma

It was hard for her  
to accept Great Uncle Fred,  
But these apes--No Way!

-- Louise King

## Garage Sale

In they come, eager, anxious  
for a bargain or two, or more,  
Casual, yet intent on getting  
their share.  
Prices--too much, too little--  
Talk a little, talk a lot.

Quick, they're off to the next one;  
hurry, beat the crowd.  
Quietly, we're left behind,  
fewer of us, separated from friends.

Are we too cheap? too demanding?  
Perhaps the next car.

-- Wendel Johnson

## A Fair Treat

Frosty cones that melt in hand  
cotton-candy stuck with sand  
messy drinks that missed the spot  
grown-up children, tiny tots

choo choo trains and magic swings  
funny clowns and bouncy things  
tents with every kind of prize  
a quarter brings a whole three tries

teddy bears as big as you  
orange or blue and--yes--pink too  
looking up at peoples' knees  
smearing lips with tasty-freeze

tummy aches and tired sighs  
losing Fred, your nickel prize  
pouting when it's time to go  
daddy must be out of dough

sleeping on the car trip home  
as your mind is on the roam  
nodding off without a care  
till next time you see the fair

-- James J. Cook

## Insomnia

Starlight...

Moonlight...

Streetlight...

Oh, sleepless night!

Cold feet...

White sheet...

Heartbeat...

Memories so bittersweet.

Funny bone...

Telephone...

All alone...

"My, you've grown!"

(hey-- a poem)

My gray matter perks with thoughts so deep

But somewhere in the wee hours, I

drop...

off...

to sleep.

-- Deana Hipke

## Haiku

The ant runs about  
hurrying to do its work:  
then the foot comes down

-- Sue Lemsky

## Raindrops

Falling in the damp night air  
Like a shower of glitter they glide.  
Into the streetlights' glare  
Not knowing they're soon to collide.

They flash like thousands of fireflies  
As they crash at their destination.  
In puddles, only a few rings reply  
To their individual proclamation.

All become one, one becomes all--  
They are no longer single creations.  
Quietly each waits for the sun to recall  
Them all to their reincarnations.

-- Laura Corry

sun  
shining on  
His own creation,  
leafy arms enfolding the  
flocks; yielding fruits of  
their unique labor. Soft  
breezes whispering e'er so  
gently rustling the leaves.  
Tones to tantalize the pal-  
ette of the great masters.

Hearts  
carved to  
last forever  
giving warmth to  
the feet of kings.

-- M. Colleen Chapman

## Haiku

The dove on its bough  
with wings hunched like a monk's cowl  
sadly mourns the world.

-- Allison Dumke



Lorna Raether



## Silent Sentinel

Pale moon, in the afternoon sky,  
Like a ghost you haunt the day,  
Watching us, silently, watching.  
In darkness, you will have your way.

-- Anonymous

## Accident

The screeching squeal we hear:  
cars smashing, metal crunching,  
scrap metal remains.

-- Joe Basak

## The Fog

You crept up around me and clouded my view  
with soft pillow patterns of dusty white hue  
you hid in the valleys and played it low key  
and then pounced upon me too quickly to see

in silent surroundings you swallowed me whole  
invading my conscious you slowed my control  
I studied you carefully and pondered your ways  
in disorientation I crept through your maze

I waited for signs that your guard would be down  
I looked for a break as I gazed round and round  
I cut through you slowly like a rusty dull knife  
afraid your infection might cost me my life

as quick as you came you withdrew into night  
I gathered my senses and sped into flight  
I raced on to lose you and leave you behind  
but you had your own plans, as I was to find

I slowed down in caution to make a small bridge  
the one haunting narrow rolling down that deep ridge  
I knew that you'd be there lying low in that bog  
the rest is beyond me swallowed up by the fog.

-- James J. Cook



*Diane Erickson*

# Crystalline Princess

*(To Diane)*

Crystalline princess,  
I know what is wrong with our milieu:  
We are not bound for purgatory,  
We are in it.

The chill that kills the spirit  
Dwells within the Baroque boredom  
Of our passionless sin.

Sadism and sentimentality await the great unwashed  
At the freeway sex shop  
As they exacerbate their pain  
Dulled and swash within a chemical fog.

Are there none to hear  
The plaintive song of the nightingale,  
Or awakening at dawn,  
The meadowlark trilling  
Astride a split rail fence  
In a sun speckled glade?

I will take me there,  
For this new Babylon illuminates itself  
With the fire of its own disease,  
Proclaims itself with a wall of electronic sound  
That betrays self doubt  
Fading to a timorous, piteous cry in the night.

We are nothing but infuriosa  
To the God of the Cosmos  
Who does not stoop to conquer,  
For damnation is not worthy  
Of the Star Breaker,  
The wrath of Heaven.

Hell is here, now,  
Residing in the exquisite ennui  
That suffuses all the works of men  
In this age.  
One ivory goddess from ancient caves  
Surpasses all the superfluous wonders  
Of our century,  
And oddly,  
We all know it,  
But dare not speak.

-- James Thomas LaMalfa

## . . . in the hallway

Doubt, is but the truth outside in the hall  
faced with so, so many locked doors  
seeking only a crack by which to enter,  
somewhere....

-- Anonymous

## Vigil

The night grows darker  
and thoughts of you  
    keep getting colder.  
The time I spend mourning  
starts to feel like a waste--  
a useless usurpage  
of valuable time.

The night grows older  
and the memory of our love  
    grows more distant  
sometimes it seems so far away,  
as if it never really happened.  
Maybe time does heal,  
like they say it does.

The night grows longer  
and the tears I cry  
    fall more bitterly.  
I have to stop blaming myself,  
and I have to begin again  
when the night  
grows into day.

-- Diane M. Erickson

## Lightning Quick

Against the black of purest night  
I see a dashing sheet of light,  
of trembling shadows, picture strobe  
where stumbled movements sway and rove

the moving heaven picture show  
is heading near and swooping low  
the sheets are breaking jagged form  
the breeze is cold, it was just warm

the blazing swords have pierced the dark  
with angry teeth they leave their mark  
in agony they give their cry  
and call their legions from the sky

they reign down with a sudden jolt  
and ride the backs of thunder bolts  
they singe the air with speed of sound  
and raid their targets on the ground

their mission is of suicide  
short lived their lives are soon denied  
they flash in with a sudden spark  
but end up swallowed by the dark.

-- James J. Cook

## Our Little Suzie

Innocent she was

Brown haired bubble-head

And now in heaven to play.

-- Deborah Konyn

## Why?

The infant cries before his sleep.

Then why, I ask,

does the mother weep...?

-- Tammy Meyers

## My Inspiration

I'm afraid to let you see my art  
or read my poems  
because you might see into my soul  
where those things have  
their beginning.

I'm scared you'll discover  
what inspires me  
and seeing that,  
you'll know me too well.

I'm afraid to become vulnerable  
and let you see inside  
to discover what you are to me--  
more than just my lover,  
or my friend,  
but my inspiration.

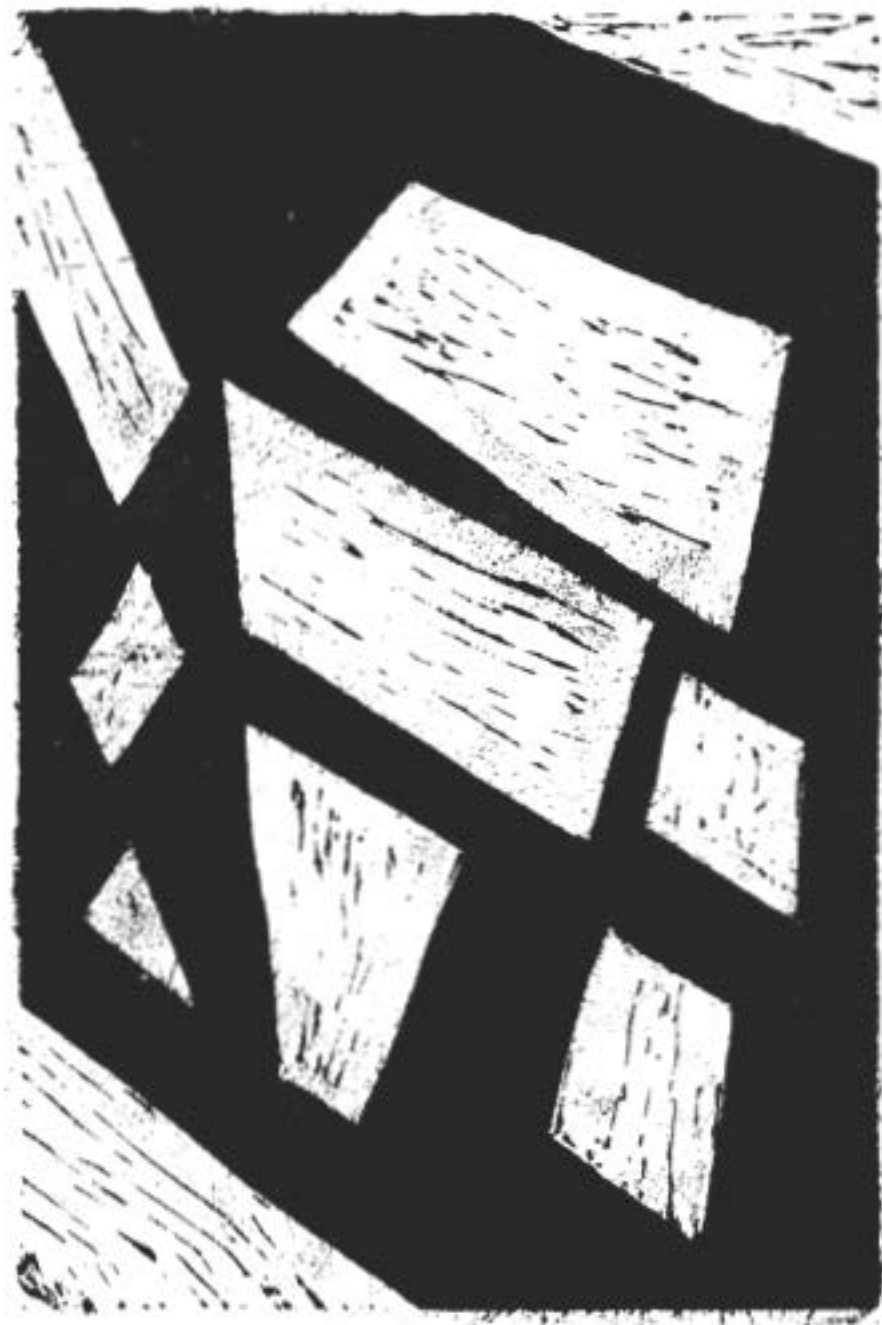
-- Diane M. Erickson

## Domestics

If  
a  
bit  
of  
the  
end  
is  
used,  
could it be  
a vacuum cleaner?

If  
the  
hand  
grips  
the  
end  
off  
the  
floor,  
could it be  
a straw broom  
which you use  
to sweep the floor?

-- Chuck Aldrich



*Ann Whitney*

# Ah, Grape

You obscure little fruit,  
I may take away your life  
With one little bite.

You are sour, with seeds.  
I squeeze you, and you cry tiny tears.  
I'm sorry. I feel guilty.

But I will

    popyouinmymouthanyway

Because

    I am BIGGER than you.

-- Suzanne M. Oreshoski

# Buns

But the young wAtch buns for fun.

-- Daughter of  
M. Colleen Chapman

t  
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en

-- Terri Green

## Love Poems

I spend hours  
creating mediocre poems  
in my tired mind.  
I search for ways  
to translate my turbulent feelings  
into words  
with pen and paper.

But you create poems  
effortlessly  
with your eyes  
as you look into mine,  
and your glances  
write poems more eloquently  
than my words ever could.

-- Diane M. Erickson

## Diamante

ignorance  
uninhibited, free,  
innocent, impulsive, curious,  
exploring, discovering, gathering facts,  
aware, informed, intelligent,  
conventional, binding,  
knowledge

-- Deana Hipke

## Diamante

marriage  
vows, love  
promises, dreams, wishes  
hopes, tears, fights, separation  
sorry, reconciliation, trying  
mistake, trial  
divorce

-- Terri Green

college  
friends, fun  
parties, dances, dates  
movies, professors, lectures, homework  
study, learn, remember  
cram, cry  
exams

-- Terri Green



## Acknowledgments

Special thanks to Deana Hipke and Jane Cook who helped immensely, reviewing entries, suggesting layouts, and proofreading. Vi De Wilde applied her usual good humor and nimble fingers to "shape" this year's copy. Mary Jean Bilek lent her trusty waxer and professional advice. Our appreciation to the University of Wisconsin Marinette County Foundation for funding this journal. Faculty sponsors: Karen Atwood, Dan Atwood, James LaMalfa.



L. Beyer