



C. ARMBRUST

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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.

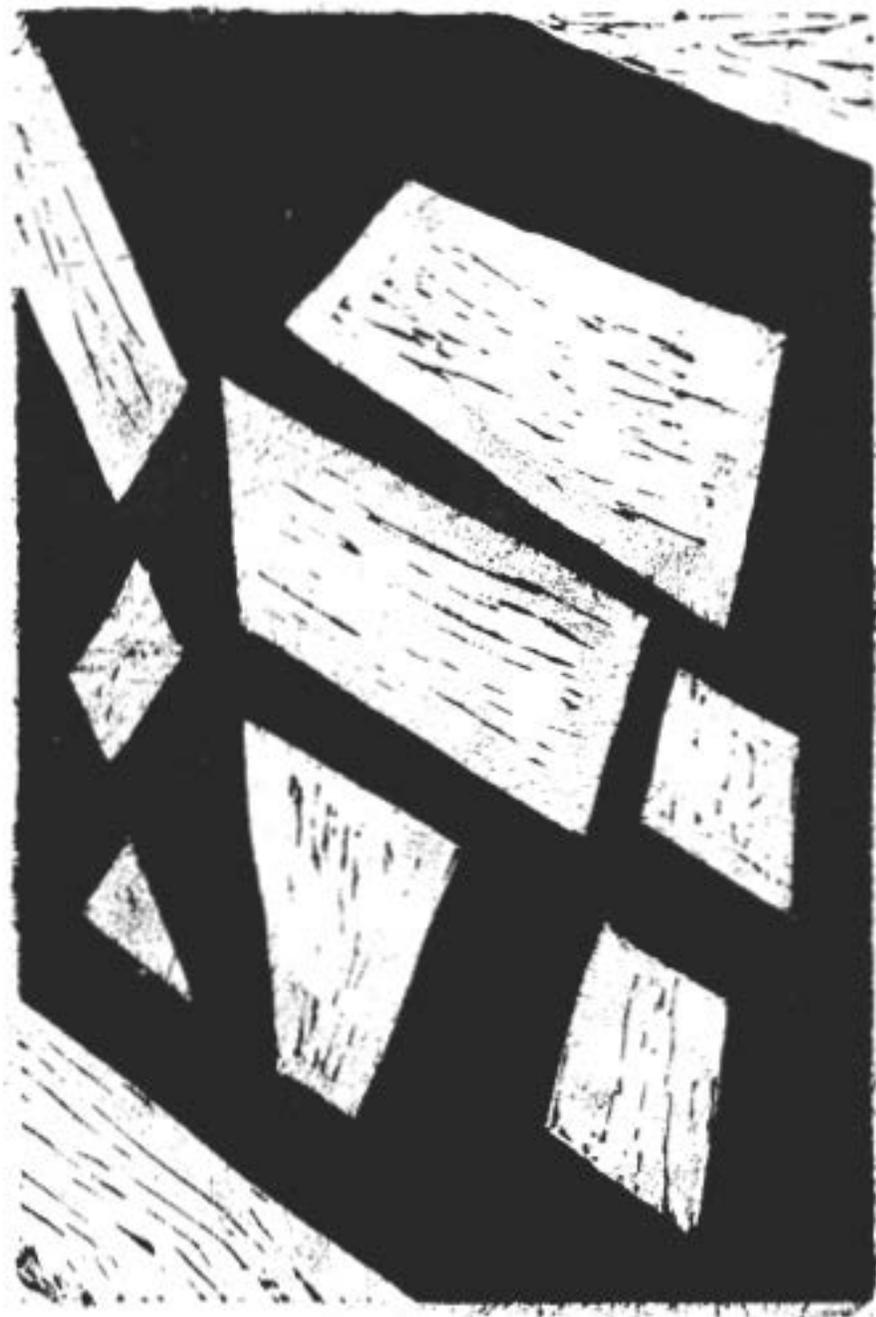
-- Diane M. Erickson

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

pop you in my mouth anyway

Because

I am BIGGER than you.

-- Suzanne M. Oreshoski

Buns

But the young watch buns for fun.

-- Daughter of
M. Colleen Chapman

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-- 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

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L. Beyer