

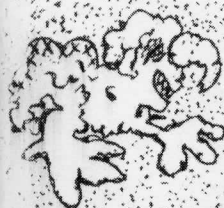
NIGHT CRAWLERS

STUDENT RESEARCH PAPER VERTICAL FILE

NIGHT CRAWLERS



the
evergreen
state
college
library
olympia, washington 98506



The First Story

It must have been 1977. I was five then.

This poetry was written in the Fall of 1972 by members of the Human Development Creative Writing Seminar. It's writers actively participating in their individual development through self study and creative writing.

We offer these poems in the belief that the words of any human being engaged in the process of personal development may be beneficial to others engaged in the same process.

Our book accompanies the advent of Spring. Enjoy them both.

- Dan Kigar

Eat a sofa for peace.

- Joe Bemis

The Second Story

It was Fall. The leaves had begun turning. Kindergarten had begun. Yet the Blue Jay stayed.

All summer long the Jay had lived in our back yard. At lunch I would watch him as he moved from tree to tree. I would sit on the porch with a cup of butter and

Sacramental Seed

This is a poem
for father's father
for Onan of Old
original heroic
figure for youth
alone, cheap motel
tumescent rosary
praying release for
a thousand generations
of idiots

Behind closed doors
in bathrooms
and backyards
children's children
have remembered
and done penance
joy and fear
in remembrance
of Onan's gift

Two Stories

The First Story

It must have been 1957. I was five then. I remember it like a vision seen through the bottom of a coke bottle. It comes back to me like a 16mm movie in a room that isn't dark enough.

I had gone beyond the woods for the first time. To go beyond the woods one has to go through them. They were cool and dark and more than a little mysterious when one is five. The path curved for at least a hundred feet when it came to a grey sort of house at the edge of the woods. Between the house and the woods was an old looking Plymouth sedan painted the same color as the forest. It was a big four door sedan from the forties and most of the letters that had spelled PLYMOUTH across the hood were missing. The rusted brake drums hung sadly over the blocks that it sat on. Even then I knew it would never cruise the highway again. It was very sad in 1957.

That was the same year that my grandfather died.

The Second Story

It was Fall. The leaves had begun turning. Kindergarden had begun. Yet the Blue Jay stayed.

All summer long the Jay had lived in our back yard. At lunch I would watch him as he moved from tree to tree. I would sit on the porch with peanut butter and

Lynda McKay

Alcoholic Content

The wine sips from his street bottled eternity,
Curse of youthful masses heavily descend upon
head.
Taste of seconds, delay a noisy Reality,
as soundless sleep, remembered, only a fascinat
in bed.

Yet swallow harshly the sweat of your wrinkles
forceful,
and the holy pews of vengeance wont dance
balleting over your soft skulled mind.
Harassing tomorrows, making bubbles water
sweetly mingle with the age of the wicked
bull.
Awake thyself, you old man, carry over your
grave that all dread, though in time find

The blood whips a superb purple meandering
through your lifeless organs.
God was once here, containing, laughs at your
lost power He died.
You stir and knead the paste of vexation
with birth of filth slogans.
You mash the remaining live states with
a love of age, to pretty penny
paupers who's tears died.

Lost in wine and time.
Your density is immense with Hell's no
sense.

jam and milk in a mug while I watched the
Jay and he watched me.

Now I hurried home from school to see him
at lunch. If I was late the Jay might
think I wasn't coming. In a knit hat and
mittens I sat on the porch with my sand-
wich and milk and watched the Jay watch-
ing me.

One night my father took me on his lap and
told me about MIGRATION. We talked for
a long time, all about flying south to
where it was warm and then about coming
back in the Spring. It was funny he was
sad about the whole thing and mother was
too.

The next day I watched the Jay closely
but he wasn't sad. Why should he be I
thought, he's just going home. I finished
my milk and went back into the house.
That was the last time I saw the Jay.
Daddy was sad, so was Mother. But the
Jay wasn't. And I wasn't.

Priests

The Sunday suited wise men,
Gracefully draped in cloth of black organdie,
Sit, stitching their legendary tapestries
With deep royal threads, embeded in thy brains.

Tread thick in cheap wine's imitation,
Breaking wafers for the holy flesh consumption,
The prison named Reality shall be cleansed
from thy souls.

Call the keepers of such Utopia,
The Faithful Unlockers
of a dungeon cage, smothering all disbelief
with illusions.

Listen to sacred mouths, sharpening stone
tongues slipping
out proclaimed injustices made to the abode.
Over soft skulled minds, melted by the scalding
condemnations.

Shouts of the betrayal done to the euphemistic
gold,
Grown and molded in the steeple bells
resentful clatter.

Toss the silver plated copper into the straw
baskets,
Donator to faith, beautified in the upholders
glory.

Weekly come, sing sweet melodies,
music is fine,
As trebles and clefs ascend with Thee's name
on pointed spears.

Cast off from the wharf where dead fisherman lay.
Land in the tales of righteous and just,
Touch the hands of Holy Abundant Love,
all life is dream.
Live with them in only their candle-lit pews.

Dan Kigar

Alone he sits in his salvation army
room above the tiny grocery store.
He sighs a final sigh, opens his golden age
frigidaire and takes his books from its shelves.

He reads each title and places each
in a brown paper sack on the cot.
Chaucer and Shakespeare, Milton and Keats,
all lie among friends on their flat sides
in a paper coffin.

Pausing a moment, he crouches knees to chest
on the checker board floor.
Bows his head and clutches his shins
he prays a final prayer shedding tears of
despair at the anguish of his task.

Silently rising, he solemnly
raises the sack from the cot,
leaving, locks the door.
Arms stretched taught at the weight
to his side. Dreams starved to death.

Out the back door of the store,
down the urine alley
a stony face comes from the shadows into
dull moonlight and says,
"Sooner or later they all give up."

The solemnity broken, he shudders,
turns his head, quickens his step down
the street to the solitary neon sign

which brands the night with a
commercial message.

USED BOOKS - Buy and Sell

The door creaks an agonizing creak
as he enters, descends three steps
and says tonelessly,
"How much for my books?"

Behind the counter amongst stacks
of books sits an old man with
grey skin and a sunken face.
He rises slowly and regards the
paper sack with disdain.

Wrinkled hands touch each book
calculating their worth in money,
looking for notes in the margin.
They mean so little to him.

He lifts the sack with a groan
and places on a cart amongst
other merchandise,
turns toward his money box
to do final figuring when the
door slams and he turns his
head with a start to see
no one there.

Judy Hobson

Waitress

I watched the waitress as she cleared
a clutter of crumbs into her palm and
brushed cups from the counter.
Dishes disappeared behind.
Napkins tossed to invisible trash bins beneath.
Under each saucer a dime,
pay for her smile and careful refill.

Two truck drivers that had talked
left together to divide outside
into their own truck homes,
each lurching away from
the waitress and the luke warm coffee,
grounds hovering near the bottoms,
hushed in the cups.

Their thoughts scan the counter line,
eyes nocturnal with caffeine,
probe the edge of high beam,
unconsciously count the neon whites echo ahead,
re-echo behind.

As I left my cup
tumbled into a tub with others.
Into a tight-blood-heavy hand
she took the all-cleansing rag
and onced-over the surface,
purified my place.

Reflections of a Small Bus Depot

Knowing the curled brown edges of
thumbtacked schedules on depot walls
a smudge of faces along the bench
holding hands with themselves.

In fine tooled boots the Indian waits,
toes pointing toward a door
swept open on blast of rain.
An umbrella slams shut,
ushers a backpacker
into his corner.
Trying to act homeless,
trying to look mad,
but I know his sister and smile.

Glad to be going wherever he's going,
the Indian brightens,
dreams a private dream.
His wolfish dog whines,
crosses his paws, settles his chin.

The room shudders at each hinge,
into every crack stuffed
black rags of storm.

Rules For Parlour Game #39.

Smile.

Explain the past four years of your
next door neighbors life.

Then drop the subject,

drop a name,

drop a cracker.

Act sorry.

Cross your legs.

Nodding your head,

agree vaguely with the person on your left.

Ask pointed questions about someones lawn.

Speak in hushed tones about Laura's
hysterectomy.

Act interested.

Sigh irritably if someone puts a lampshade
on your head.

Toss the last part of your watch into
your drink,

and having charmed the family dog,

hide the olive under a cushion.

Stand up gradually.

Kiss the life of the party goodbye,

fondle the door handle for at least
ten minutes,

suggest that someone put on Dick Cavett,

put on your coat,

put on your goodbye expression,

and while the person behind you is throwing
darts,

excuse yourself through the kitchen window.

Annie Kaivo

"Does she hear us?"
They're quiet and cautious
as they enter the room.
"Yes I hear you goddamnit!"
Glaring at them and their stupidity
she turns her head.
Closing her eyes tight,
tighter. Pressing her hands over her ears.
Rocking to and fro in her chair.
Blocking out their voices.
"I can't hear them."
"I can't hear them."
"I can't hear them."

Music so very soft and far away.
Lightness, floating, a tingle inside,
then numbness...nothing.
Grasping the narrow light handle.
The sharp gleam of silver
follows a line over and over and over...
A thick cloud looms above.
The music ceases.
All is quiet and still.

You came out of the mist.
Stepped right out.
Firmly placed yourself in front of me,
your body so smooth and strong
yet so gentle as
when you reached to touch mine I melted
just a little,
but easily to hold you within me.
You set my head on straight.
There no longer was a doubt in my mind
about you.
You came right up and
placed yourself in front of me,
showing that you never really were gone
you never really forgot me.
You were just out there
among the clouds and stars and junkets
waiting...
until you knew it was right.
The stars guided your way.
And they'll escort you back
only to show you the way here

again

someday.

Richard Bryan

Once
there was a song.
The song
was in my heart.
To me it was the beauty
of which
I want to impart.
I found a few words
that
flowed like the song
and
tried to get it out
before
it was all gone.
Now
that I read it
it seems to be so small.
I guess
I can only show you part
of what to me
was all.

Toni Harvey

How can I tell you what it's like to be black
To constantly feel the great knife in your back

To have four sons that never can say
Thanks to you mom we had a great day

Of being divorced and sought after by men
Who give you no love but want you to give in

To work all day and try squeezing in school
And the question late at night,
"COULD I BE THE FOOL"

To have friends tell you "GIRL YOU'VE GOT IT MADE"
And you always worried "God" are the bills paid

You say to yourself can I make it tonight
with the loneliness, frustrations
and the being up-tight
And you think to yourself stop it I say
No time for sympathy, no time left for today
Regroup girl I tell you, regroup girl I say
Who knows tomorrow just might be your day

How can I tell you what it's like to be black
Be divorced with four children
wishing you could turn back
Saying if, Maybe, and what I wish I had done
Yet getting up tomorrow to meet the bright sun

No I'm really not sorry or wish to turn back
I'm just a woman who happens to be black

AFTERWARDS:

A knickerbocker talent scout
quoted his father,

Bill Smith

For John

A stretching,
searching hand
grabs from
the cold light
Feeling
and begging
it pulls at
me

Oh why did I
stand so close
to the light

It pulls at me
dragging me
into the warm
light of eyes
and outstretched
arms

So raw and bare
I stand
So ashamed of
where I've been

Dan Briggs

in view of my recent
session with rochester
my appetite
has been tabled
to the next meeting

POISONED

with
sugar coated cornflake
carbohydrate
mother toxins;
credulous me,

struck by

electronic fairy tales
colored and crafty,

regiment

my station break passions

single file

dressed

in clothes

so in, they're out

what's it all about.

AFTERWARDS:

a knickerbocker talent scout

quoted his father,

glibly

said to me
"that won't do"
ooooohhhhhh...
bleeding glucose
i closed the door
whispered through my teeth,
"for whom,"
and clasped
my threatened
testicles
shrinking
through the crowd.

Almost Antiquity explains to the Asker
a story
of oglala arrows
gone astray.
the indian sioux cried
and pointlessly
died
a child...violated
no more boundless,
his land invaded
by heinous hyenas
in blue.
breathing smoke of the scourge
of
oppression
the urge
for the lustfull taste
of
possession
drove
them
blindly.
beaten, cowering, crumpled and bent
they wandered, alone
their energies spent
betrayed by a brother
disguised in white
branded a savage and bitten
of a depraving blight.
tired and bleeding
on a train

the toilet flushed hello are you busy busy
 busy wiping my ass oh then I'm sorry that
 your uptight who's uptight you

and if I hadn't broken my silence and if you
 could still hear only the gushing roar of
 that cold-seated leaking porcelain pot echo-
 ing through those damp walls would you still
 tell me that I'm uptight I don't know posh
 I can only tell you what is you mean what
 you think is yes that is what is then I must
 ask you to refrain from verbalizing your what
 is to my what is when it is not

You're dribbling jonathan dress yourself to
 you its a dribble to me it's a discharge when
 are you through when I stop dribbling you
 mean discharging jessica goddamn you there
 exists even among liberal nudies like me a
 need to express in private various idio syn-
 crasies that are appropos to a given mood
 and to express them freely without fear of
 being misunderstood or dryly vented at may
 I drool not funny you lose

jonathan I didn't come over to stand on the
 cuffs of your pants and push you into a cor-
 ner by the bathtub even though it may appear
 so I've only just given way to a compulsion
 idio syncrasy if you will that must be allow-
 ed to be freely expressed and neither misun-
 derstood nor vented at be careful of my brittle
 bottle of organic shampoo and damn it jessica
 I'm bonna plug your vent good jonathan your
 catchin' on

jonathan which hand do you masterbate with
 jesus christ jessica you're acting awfully
 strange...my left and which do you prefer
 I use my left as well...shake...

Janet Yoder

Song of a Deaf Mute

And we let go and we really let go and soon
we were spinning around. And the whirling
star would enter the mass and become one
and it was all very one. But it was not
one of the first. For at first it was only
a diagram drawn on the board. It was drawn
and then it blurred slightly. It did not
take long for it to spin and for every-
thing so spin with it and that is when we
became one. For I am one and I have seen
that all is very one.

Vicki Wheaton

Summary of a Fairy Tale

A fuzzy haired lion with short legs and a
head and paws in between
leads us through a maze of fairy tales.

I - The Kiteman

The Kiteman flys his red dragon above the
frozen ice,
He saves it from a bloodless death with a
flick of his wrist.
On the fantasy lake that pulses and throbs,
threatening to open like a wound,
sucking him into the whirling depths
below,
The Kiteman stands.
He does not notice - that is his strength.
His mind enters the kite.
It is free, flying but powerless to control
itself,
any time it could stop, spewing it's brains
on the breathing snow.
The lion watches with no concern,
tranquilly aware of the possible fate of his
friend.

II - The Rodent

The Rodent appears spastically hobbling

his head.
He asks Kiteman for the privilege of feeling
the power of his kite.
He is fascinated with it, to save us from
being fascinated into a state of insanity,
he releases it.
The Kiteman is lost in anger and misery,
he turns and goes.
Rodent follows, apologetic words tripping
of his tongue.
The lion with his fuzzy head must keep controll.
We follow to Inner Peace in the form of a room.

III - Emerald Green

The room is filled with colors strobing in the
hazy air.
Green surrounds us, caresses us.
Emerald Green, sparkles and winks turning
into tiny green eels shooting and exploding.
We must gather our thoughts, not let them
disappear in Emerald Green eels.
The lion flashes pink.

IV - Waiting for Pinky

Forever waiting, always waiting, what are we
waiting for?
Godot? No, Pinky!
Passing time is easy, time is dead, only this
feeling of waiting.
The lion keeps his smouldering animal eyes
on the door
which opens it's jaws leaving Pinky!

V - Crystal Blue Heaven

Back to the ice, still throbbing like an
angry molten volcano,
it melts into wisps of clouds.

Pinky, Rodent and Kiteman float playing angels
with haloes and wings.
Heaven is Crystal Blue.

VI - Is Reality Just a Dull Madness?

The colored vibrations stop flowing like an
electric current thru eyes to body. The
grotesqueness and beauty of fantasy leave.

VII - The Making of Rope

Twisting the strands of fantasy & reality
into one long thin rope.
Interchangeable!

Ray Kelleher

Lenora is a lady.
She rides in carriages
with golden spokes
and hangs her breasts
with her slip at night
on a rosewood valet
three pairs of which
Picanthropus Erectus has stolen
in the last half year
and sold to the maid
to make change for the peep shows.

Lenora is pneumatic
questions never arise
for she works with clay
and penetrates questions
like a gas flame
licking the bottom of her saucepan.
The burner with a brain.
Breasts come easy for her.

Lenora reclines on her elbow
comforting Pablo, the sleeping Schnauzer,
sipping white wine
with melba toast for breakfast,
creating incidents
of international proportions
between her Persian rug
and English Ovals.
She is riding a new wave.

Lenora is a lady.
She poisons darts in the kitchen

and dries testicles in the bedroom.
Clumsy breeze in the wind chimes.
Dip and blow and dip and blow.
Rattle, rattle in the top dresser drawer.
No one knows if she does it
with hands or if,
with the patience of a cloistered exhorcist
she waits
until they choke and fall
in dusty palm sized clots.
Lenora is an artist.
Lenora is a lady.

urther and further the time along to be spent in one's c
leric thoughts of playful memories with the empty thoug
rg and emotion she dropped her rusty potato peeler and
rp. The fire was such that it made no smoke and she co

Tea Time

Tea time
time for tea
just you and me
together it will be
delicious.

Muffins with cranberry jelly
catching the news on the telly
uppity downing,
kidding and clowning,
scratching my back
and my
belly.

re a carpenter and you were a corner brace if I were a

I met an assassin today. He was sitting
quietly beside a gun waiting for a church
on the 8th of December. He intended to
assassinate the 8th of December. It seemed
his wife was hit by a church on that day
of 1947 and he was out for revenge. I smiled
and told him he might as well kill me. He
laughed and said if anyone got in the way
of his Holy Day Contract he'd do me one
better. I asked just what that was and he
laughed again, a high cracked laugh
and shot himself.

I giggled briefly and called for a priest.

About the Cover...

This week's cover of NIGHTCRAWLERS is an artist's representation Joe Bemis, well known proprietor of Bemis Upholsterers. Bathed in sublimity and placid moonlight he relaxes on the shores of Lake Erie where, amidst subtle beauty and wild animal splendor, is located the Bemis family villa. The picture shows Mr. Bemis enjoying the most promising young poets of the day in his favorite publication; The Delphi Valley Review.

The artist is Barbara Lyon.

LITERATURE & POETRY

VERTICAL FILE