

## Utah State Poetry Society Books of the Year

Books may be purchased at any UTSPS statewide meeting, or by contacting Frank DeCaria at, decariaf@hotmail.com, (801) 820-5895, or 1862 Van Buren Ave, Ogden UT 84401 for availability and price.

2013 *Yossi, Yasser, & Other Soldiers* by Jon Sebba

Exerpt:

### **Forty-Five and Counting**

*Yossi Levi died on June 5, 1967  
Government Hill, Jerusalem*

Yossi taught me several things:

He taught me that virtue does not insure a long life  
and after death the pull of gravity increases –  
a dead body is heavier than you'd think;  
that shrapnel punching through a friend's heart  
can scar you for life  
and the spectacle returns like shadows at dawn.

He taught me that a war is no way to find peace, winning  
doesn't evoke sympathy from your enemy  
and losing is worse;  
that killing people makes enemies of their brothers  
and you can't count their sisters among your friends;  
that in the absence of truth there is faith –  
when faith weakens, there is memory  
but even memory is unreliable.

Yossi taught that a man you knew for a few weeks  
who died in a war of only six days  
can be mourned for 45 years and counting;  
that you may not remember whole years of your life  
but try as you may you can't erase from memory  
those thirty minutes of death.

2012 *On Judgment Day* by Dawnell Griffin

Excerpt:

### **Blue Sky**

August blue sky gluttonous on fat, juicy billows  
sits every afternoon over Boulder, Colorado.

Fleece piles thick and close, waiting for bronze  
dipping and sunbursts as evening settles.  
We sit on the back step, listening. A bird sings.  
There is a glooping sound as our grandson,  
age four, presses his dad's hammer into mud  
and pulls it out again.  
I have never seen blue like this before, or gold  
foil clouds so magnificent. It is our first evening away  
from the accident. I try to relax my shoulders,  
keep my thoughts from teeter-tottering.

2011 *Night Wind Home* by L.C. Snell

Excerpt:

### **Why Dad Loved Tomatoes**

I see his face in profile.  
He kneels on tilled earth,  
his head inclined prayer-like.  
He cradles the seedling  
like a son in his sized hands,  
cups the clump of potting soil around the roots,  
commits them to the ground.  
Fifty-five harvests after  
that first remembered spring,  
I pick green tomatoes  
to store inside  
against the coming freeze.  
I fold a large one in newspaper,  
remember Dad holding the young plant  
the way I held you the day of your birth.

2010 *Walking the Earth Barefoot* by Rosalyn Ostler

Excerpt:

### **Iridescent Wings**

My closest neighbor keeps her spotless rooms  
in order that defies my skill; and yet  
another friend from down the street perfumes  
the air with gourmet dishes sure to whet  
a weary appetite, while I make do  
with simple recipes. And when I hear  
the singer's voice resounding freely through  
her unintended tears, my cavalier  
intents to join the choir at church begin  
to reel. Comparing often leaves me less  
than best, and confidence becomes chagrin.

Then wisdom whispers this: she lacks finesse  
of nightingales, but still the robin sings,  
and even crows have iridescent wings.

2009 *The Frozen Kingdom* by Gail G. Schimmelpfennig

Excerpt:

**The New Language**

We are pleased to have you  
join our tour.

It is time to learn  
the language.

Say it with me:

breast cancer,  
invasive ductal carcinoma,  
lumpectomy,  
sentinel node biopsy,  
prosthesis.

Next you will need these words:

adjuvant therapy,  
radiation,  
chemotherapy,  
oncologist,  
Cytosan ®,  
Adriamycin ®,  
heart toxicity,  
nadir,  
antiemetics,  
tamoxifen.

Now repeat after me:

survival.

Survival. Feel the warm breath of it.

This is the word  
you must remember  
when you feel lost  
in the new land.

Survival.

2008 *Edges Disappear* by Helen Keith Beaman

Excerpt:

**Search Gray**

The butterfly, American Painted Lady,  
is not gray, but brown, orange  
and ochre. In the garden, the rose  
that looks like a cup of butter

is not gray—not the grass compressed  
in a square in front of the house,  
not the eyes hung as crystals,  
not the cat that flashes tawny and ginger  
among the dried stalks that hide grasshoppers,  
which traded green waistcoats for tow,  
to match the grass.

The slate path meanders past day  
toward night leading into a labyrinth  
of half-tones. After the brilliant vermilion  
splash that quickly dwindles, evening  
covers everything until, at last,  
fireflies spark signals to their lovers.  
There, where shadows wrapped in flannel hover,  
I continue to look for your bright coming.

*2007 Hand Me My Shadow* by Ned Colwell Snell

Excerpt:

**Eberhard 4H**

In high school, I owned a favorite pencil,  
Eberhard 4H, lead light and even on the page,  
and I remember a strange appreciation  
for quality in something so trivial—  
that the lead would not break in mid-sentence  
or leave an ugly smudge if my hand slipped.  
Perhaps it was the idea of certainty  
during those uncertain adolescent days.  
This pencil had no eraser, a rare breed  
that required a degree of thinking  
before attacking the blank page,  
the kind that left no room for error,  
no pink or green attachment  
with its quick fix for tomorrow.  
I only know that I was aroused  
by the immediacy of snap decisions  
when certainty was an outcast never to return.  
Suppose a lumber mill  
shaved a giant redwood  
down to a single pencil.  
If that were its sole purpose for existence,  
it would stir my blood,  
knowing how small things can lead to something great,  
and how great things can be brought down  
to almost nothing.

2006 *Shouting From the Book of Orange* by Sue Rangelack

Excerpt:

**What a Poet Calls Her Moles**

They dot the pale ocean of my flesh –  
miniature brown volcanoes  
quarrelsome beneath the surface,  
each a tiny time bomb that serves to remind me  
of codas written into every one of my cells.  
Dark as mushrooms, vulgar as eyes on potatoes,  
they are little deaths hitchhiking on my body.  
At night I am a negative universe,  
a luminous backdrop for those dark constellations  
you trace with the tip of your finger  
into recognizable patterns;  
Cygnus on my shoulder, Lyra on my flank,  
Eridanus bisecting my thigh.  
They are the cinnamon in me,  
my periodic desire for ebony skin,  
for the press of a dark succulent night  
pregnant with the scent of hibiscus,  
throbbing with the throaty calls  
of cicada and tree frog.  
It is a disconnected picture of who I am,  
notes on white parchment  
transposing the opus that is me.

2005 *Song of an Oquirrh Son* by T. Kevin Clark

Excerpt:

**Our Fathers' Leisure**

Our fathers took their leisure late that night,  
strong drink and smokes beneath the lantern's glow.  
We'd look for homesick calves at morning light.  
We eavesdropped from the cabin as a slight  
September breeze blew through the door, as slow  
as fathers in their leisure late at night.  
Large moths clung to the screen, their fights  
arrested, tapping fervent prayers as though  
they'd found moth-Mecca bathed in morning light.  
Old crickets. Hoof on rock. The canyon writes  
an Oquirrh lullaby with subtle notes  
as fathers take their leisure late at night;  
cocooned of random rhythm wrapping tight  
around each one and warming each to close  
the day. We found our calves at morning light

back when our autumn days were long and bright;  
before the cancers brought our fathers low.  
Another took his leisure late last night,  
his calves still wander through the morning light.

2004 *A Season and a Time* by Maurine Haltiner

Excerpt:

**Gentian Violet**

**(For Howard, Always Age 10)**

Through Rocky Mountain  
summers, fringed gentian  
survive in clumps, a few  
bell-shaped flowers, violet  
blue, topping each green  
stem. Come winter, pressed  
under shrouds of snow,  
they pretend to be dead.  
Like knives on the loose,  
the silver runners  
of your Flexible Flyer slice ice  
above them. The gentian don't see  
you hit a snow bank. Your black  
knit hat tips, then slips off  
in their direction as you tumble.  
They don't hear  
the taunts of playmates,  
your bald head violet  
in its blossoming.  
The hat signals  
ringworm for weeks. We shun  
your rosy misfortune. You try  
home remedies, weak  
voodoo: circles of black ink;  
juice from walnut hulls;  
pennies steeped overnight  
in white vinegar, their morning  
magic rubbed over spots  
until they seem to disappear.  
But relentless worms die  
only when gentian  
violet invades the DNA  
of your cells, from skin  
to muscle to marrow  
to the white perfection  
of bone.

One day I mock until you hit  
first, a dry stroke. My fist jams  
your mouth. Blood dazzles  
on snow crystals. That night  
I witness your scream  
when truck lights cut  
your eyes like lasers, tunnel  
through your head, explode  
outside where tires  
leave scarlet contrails  
on asphalt. In darkness  
I add salt to the violet  
spray about your feet.  
Half a century later  
I still feel pain  
in my jaw, ghost  
bruises buried  
in wrinkles.

2003 *If I Could Speak in Silk* by Judy Johns expanded copy  
available at Amazon.com

Excerpt:

**If I Could Speak in Silk**

I wish that I could speak in silk,  
so cool and sleek  
my words would wrap around you  
like Oriental paisley.  
Or cashmere,  
so warm and lush  
you'd brush your cheek  
against the elemental warmth and fiber  
of what I had to say.  
Or velvet,  
so rich and touchable  
that kings would war for just a syllable  
of what I'd say to you.  
But I can only speak in denim,  
so plain and colorless  
that all the words to tell you  
how I really feel,  
come out stonewashed.

2002 *Furnace of Affliction* by Evelyn Hughes sold out

Excerpt:

## Down to the Sea

*Thursday, May 1, 1856, passengers embarked on the ship Thornton, took possession of their berths as allotted them, by evening order and tranquility prevailed throughout.*

Willie Handcart Company Diary

Ships are for adventurers  
longing for far horizons.  
I lean against the rail of the *Thornton*  
looking beyond Mersey Docks.  
Pale saffron silhouettes  
the Liverpool skyline.  
This city is a barrier between  
me and the meadows, hills, and fields  
of Suckley Parish.  
Cacophony pours  
from the city across the deck  
to mingle with foreign voices.  
We are besieged by unfamiliar odors  
of salt sea, fish, tar, and foreign ships.  
I listen to the sound  
of the great tower clock strike the hour,  
measuring and numbering each minute  
as we await the tide.  
Oh, to be free like the gulls  
that swoop to the white-capped waves,  
then rise to soar above the masts.  
If bound by no covenant, no promises,  
I would rush back to you.

## 2001 *God in Assorted Boxes* by Rita Bowles

Excerpt:

### **Saluting the Flag of Inspired Forefathers**

Abyss of night and yellow moon  
begin to pale behind the Sand Hills  
as families of silos silhouette into view,  
scattered at random to guard the land.  
We drive true-north through Valentine  
into South Dakota dawn on the Fourth of July.  
A saffron yolk of sun appears  
to pin-stripe alfalfa fields with fire-bloom —  
a crimson, throw-away glory that quickly fades  
as the daystar soaks up all drafts of cooler air.  
Again, the earth has not wept her dew



before the implacable heat returns.  
We drive fast, attempt to escape time  
as it drums on palpable space of open plain.  
In Mission we breakfast on blueberry waffles  
while Elton sharpens the maple-syrup air  
with the half-cry, half-song of *Indian Sunset*  
and Donovan tries to *Catch the Wind*.  
At Murdo, a Lakota brother fills our tank.  
We turn west, burn full-throttle into afternoon.  
Food and friends overflow a picnic area  
in Badlands Park, where we're expected  
to consume more celebratory fare. We sleep,  
then wake to the crickets' rhythmic clatter  
as winds churn smoke-phantoms along  
the skyline, where the delft of dusk  
deepens behind white lines of cirrus —  
*patriotic* stripes alternating with fiery welts  
of sunset's red glare. We tense in readiness  
for a star-flagged sky to appear.  
The winds settle, the blaze cools above  
wounded knees of hills stained deepest purple.

## 2000 *Easing Into Light* by Kolette Montague

Excerpt:

### **Choosing A Casket**

Today we have choosing a casket. Yesterday  
we had sharing the shock. And tomorrow morning  
we shall have what to do at the burial. But today,  
today we have choosing a casket.

Sparrows flutter, lift to twitter on low branches.

And today, we have choosing a casket.

*This is the English oak. And these,  
the brass handles, whose use you will see  
when you have chosen the oak. And this is the clasp  
which we grasp will be used once.*

Beyond the window, branches hold promises  
in their delicate tips, life  
which we do not grasp.

*This is the grain of the wood. Hand rubbed  
to a gloss. But please, do not touch,  
warm prints leave a mark. You can see  
how its strength holds the form.*

A whisper of wind sighs through trees  
fluttering wings whose prints never leave a mark.  
*And this you can see is the satin. The purpose*

*of it is to cushion.* The smooth white  
will never be sensed. But, oh, the consolation  
it gives. All the folds, and the feather pleats,  
for deep rest. And they call this consolation.  
And, oh, how it consoles when you see  
the satin, and the brass, to be used once,  
and the wood, how its strength holds the form.  
Wind rustles feathers of birds quick  
to flight. Whose comings and goings  
are somewhere numbered.  
But today — today we have choosing a casket.

1999 *Cheat Grass* by Marilyn Bushman-Carlton

Excerpt:

**The Basic Tune of Sparrows**

Outside the glass that keeps us warm,  
the sparrows,  
most common of creatures,  
of whom the promise is made  
that none will be lost,  
are content,  
releasing out from themselves  
the basic, expected  
tune of Sparrow.

They intone through the snows  
that flesh the limbs  
and starch white the ground  
where in rust and green seasons  
they forage for food,  
take in stride the wider design  
be it snow or rain, shards of sun,  
the discontent of wind.

They expect nothing more,  
accept even less.

Brown feather, small bone, unsung  
as late love, bare light bulbs,  
a white cotton slip,  
they yield.

No murmur no envy no pain  
leaks from their beaks.

1998 *Trudi Smiles Back* by Mikal Lofgren

Excerpt:

**Pain**

Trudi measured her pain  
with old metal  
measuring spoons joined together  
with a loop of wire.  
She kept them hanging  
from a cup hook next to the sink,  
always in view, always ready  
to evaluate each problem,  
to discover its measure,  
whether wet or dry,  
to quantify the pain.  
Then came the pain she could not  
measure. Trudi told the birds.  
Trudi told the sky.  
Trudi held that pain  
in her chest,  
felt her heart go dry,  
dry as the desert  
beaten by summer sun:  
no animals or insects came out  
to entertain her in that oven heat.  
At night the desert comes to life  
with cries that chill and haunt.  
Between shadowed plants  
the snakes and lizards hunt.  
The bent-tailed scorpions leave their holes  
nightly to breed and dance,  
to make their home in Trudi's heart.  
She does not sleep well  
with that pain  
and in morning when she wakes  
that dryness unabated  
creeps up to her brain.  
Trudi's brain dries like mud,  
dries and folds and cracks,  
but when someone smiles at Trudi,  
Trudi smiles back.

1997 *The Red Rooster Café* by Marilyn Darley Williams sold out

Excerpt:

### **I. C. U. Nursery**

The potatoes in the ground  
must be dug before it freezes,  
so her husband is half way to Idaho  
in the pick-up.

Doctors said earlier it looked  
like the baby could be weaned  
of machines and make it.  
His crop in the field  
is food on the table.  
She stands by the isolet  
while the doctors work on her baby.  
Sometimes she cries out, "No!"  
You always think words like that  
can stop something.  
When there is no more they can do,  
they pull up a chair,  
hand her that baby still hooked  
up to life and let her rock.  
She tells about the baby's sisters, her Daddy,  
about potatoes in the ground.  
No one breathed till the baby  
couldn't.  
Farming is risky business.  
Mostly it's hard work  
and luck in judgment calls.  
You never know when a frost  
will come over a crop and, like that,  
it's gone.

1996 *The Shell In Silk* by Nancy Hanks Baird sold out

Excerpt:

### **The Shell in Silk**

My father, whitening,  
leached of rage and spear of justice,  
now leans to my mother.  
In his terribly,  
exquisitely earned wisdom  
even he does not see why he  
sheathes his sword,  
circles to her light.  
Like an alabaster moth,  
young and delicately flawed,  
she floats by his side,  
straining his sorrow,  
curving her wings to hear him say  
she is beautiful.  
In their house above the black cliffs  
he rubs her beautiful legs.  
Bougainvillea filters the light, the room

in an aubergine wash.  
Outside the screens, above the wet grasses,  
spirit and rain are sheeting the mango trees.  
She is everything he could never desire  
or hope for,  
a gift in an unopened silk envelope  
left on the pillow,  
a secret carved in the grain  
of the perfectly turned koa bowl  
gleaming in the rose and yellow light  
of the quiet room.

1995 *Where Ghosts Are Garrisoned* by Elaine L. Ipson sold out

Excerpt:

### **Wild Benediction**

At false dawn, in winter,  
a remnant moon silhouetted  
the sharp-shinned hawk,  
talons gripping  
the inside screen of the patio.  
Exhausted from searching  
for slit of the entry,  
she endured my approach.  
Eyes of yellow wilderness  
burned into mine,  
the beak open but unthreatening.  
I was allowed to fold  
slate blue wings  
close to the body  
and carry her to freedom.  
She lifted and vanished,  
soft as a whisper,  
where I, wingless and unfinished,  
could not follow.  
Days later,  
I still feel the blessing,  
the wild heart  
beating against my palms.

1994 *Stretching Toward Wild Swans* by Muriel Heal Bywater sold out

Excerpt:

### **How Could Young Love Know?**

In young love they came,  
a straw mattress coddling cold bones,

puncheon floors shivering naked feet  
calloused by wild stubble  
in prairie plantings.  
Her passions sang in harmony  
with hearthside melting pot;  
concocted love's tunes  
while baking cornmeal dodgers  
for late night suppers.  
He harnessed love sunlong  
while plowing furrows or felling wood  
until sighs and laughter  
beneath the coverlets warmed winter's  
old kisses.  
How could young love know  
it was to be portioned like seed corn  
for spring crops, punished as lye-hominy  
into something it was not,  
dredged in labor's tears and gut hunger?  
Yet, love so crazy tired and threadbare  
was sustained, hand in hand,  
by shining touches of moon  
and a child's smile,  
sweet as mountain berries  
preserved in wild honey.

1993 *Chokecherry Rain* by Margaret Pettis sold out

Excerpt:

**Dark Spot**

I know a dark spot in town,  
where feral cats perch  
on warm stomachs, eyes set  
on deep tangles of mouse grass;  
where stragglers from school  
gather magenta bouquets  
of sweet peas; where  
nighthawks snip insects  
under a lingering harvest moon;  
where no star can hide  
in the dark folds of night.

1992 *Unraveling The Knot* by Brad Roghaar sold out

Excerpt:

**The Dinner Party  
(the nature of finality)**

A final toast, a savored taste,

an empty glass set in its place  
beside the china plate.  
And even now the wrinkled taste  
still lingers on the tongue —  
anticipating some sweet,  
sweet something yet to come.  
We rise, we rise to leave behind  
that delicious moment – everything  
to those with whom we've dined.  
The chinking, tinkling  
of the plates,  
Each doing what we're able.  
The thumbling of the  
empty glass,  
The clearing of the table.

1991 *Being There* by Robert J Frederickson sold out  
Excerpt

### **It Is Good**

In the last hour of the first day  
at the place where the new earth  
and the new sky held council,  
God disturbed the first water  
to make cloud for a witness  
then took resin and fire  
for anointing oil,  
placed it between  
the forehead of earth  
and heaven.  
Each evening,  
as a sacrament between  
mountain, plain and sky,  
this ordinance is repeated  
in the chapel called  
Wyoming.

1990 *At The Edges* by Elaine Christensen sold out  
Excerpt:

### **Magnolia Grandiflora**

I underline this tree.  
I star it. I inscribe it.  
Dear God, I fold it in and through  
each convolution of my brain.  
If I were

an ancient civilization,  
I would crush its petals into paste  
and coat my memory with its lavender.  
I would grind stem and pistil  
to purge my paling blood.  
Behind shut eyes,  
I imprint its leafless bloom,  
believing blind, I'll see forever,  
large as cups,  
each lavender rim overflowing white magnolia milk.  
I cry with its standing there,  
fistfuls of purple raised  
against the seasoned sky, praying  
for a halt . . . for a God, somewhere  
to stop the spinning, the deceleration,  
not of trunk nor limb,  
but of the mind's flowering.  
Against this dearth,  
I plaster graying cells with *magnolia*.  
If I must babble finally, let the syllables be  
*mag no li a, mag no li a.*

1989 *Downwind Toward Night* by Maryan Paxton

Excerpt:

### **Running Against the Wind**

It is like you  
come back  
a long time later  
to the lane that led  
to your childhood home — that lane  
which then seemed interminably long;  
but now, seen through your adult eyes,  
is short, and it shocks you  
as it did  
when you used to walk along there  
and reach for the wild pink roses  
that grew beside the way  
and discovered the thorns,  
and you drew back  
bleeding from the prick.

1988 *Sometime Voices* by Sherwin W. Howard

Excerpt:

### **Sometime Voices**

Sometime voices follow me



Whispering old photographs  
Forgotten childhood songs  
Reciting histories  
Of strangers riding on a plane  
They mutter in dim meeting rooms  
Take face from crowded streets  
And wander in and out of dreams  
Demanding poet's pause  
Nor does their clamor stop  
Until I write them down  
Proud souls who never were  
But might have been  
Sometime  
Voices

1987 *Riddlestone* by Kathryn Clement sold out

Excerpt:

### **The Riddlestone**

I found the stone  
in a mountain stream  
and held it in the palm of my hand,  
a plain, water-tumbled rock.  
I knew it to be a riddlestone,  
sacred,  
rare as a truffle,  
scarce as a snowy egret's egg.  
I cupped it to my ear like a shell  
and listened to it whisper riddles  
of moss and beaver and fallen pine.  
Stone,  
answers are more elusive than trout,  
and I am a fisherman  
with no rod or bait.  
*Child,*  
*lie down in a river bed.*  
*Let your hair become currents*  
*and your fingers silvered scales of fish.*  
*Observe the way sunlight collects*  
*in quiet pools and rain spills*  
*through splits in clouds*  
*as it bends into waterfalls.*  
*Watch how waves gather*  
*in a wind skein*  
*and serrated edges of stars*  
*cut the night.*

*Remember,  
tomorrow is but a ripple of today  
and WAS the receding tide of IS.  
I am the stone.  
Paper covers stone.  
Take the paper;  
become the pen.  
I am the stone;  
you are the riddle.  
Cast out your lines  
and angle for the answer.*

1986 *Child In A Sculptured Bowl* by Dorothy Logan sold out

Excerpt:

**A Word From the Caretaker**

If I were to lift and level  
the sunken stones  
or line the rows straight as pews,  
who could tell  
the first dead from the last?  
I like the way they lean  
each to each.

1985 *Timepiece* by Patricia S. Grimm sold out

Excerpt:

**From the Chrysalis, Small Voice**

Oh!  
this is a lovely place!  
Warm. Snug.  
*Safe.*  
Twig among twigs.  
Rap on my woody door.  
I'll not answer.  
Nobody's home –  
at last!  
It was awful out there,  
the World.  
Inching along  
slow and soft,  
vulnerable. Don't  
give me that bit  
about protective  
coloring.  
Nothing escapes

the bird's eye view.  
Ask an amoeba  
frantic on a slide  
or the star pulsing  
in a lens.  
I'm growing so light  
in here.  
Losing my baby fat.  
Those wet, finely folded  
thrusting things  
pushing from my sides  
bother and itch.  
I've heard about  
the brevity of flight.

1984 *In Willy's House* by Joyce Ellen Davis sold out

Excerpt:

### **Albertson's Interrupted Meadow**

There is a way leaves fold in wind  
like the soft pale underbellies of green lizards  
sunning, points and edges, veins and stems like tails,  
like tongues.  
Tall summer grass grows unminded  
in Albertson's sloped meadow, hinged and ringed  
like bamboo, all sharp with purple bullthorn blossoms  
and scattering foxtails and thistles.  
In Albertson's briared meadow  
water runs, wind dips loosely clasped sheaths  
and stems, and waterdrops hang ready to shower  
sudden wriggling, skating stoneflies.  
He stands at the meadow's edge, where  
the land is interrupted, fenced, cut back,  
watching shallow underwater shadows move like tadpoles,  
feeling whisperings  
of darker, wilder things, untrimmed,  
slithering lizardlike beyond the fences,  
their blowing silky tongues  
licking . . .

1983 *Wake The Unicorn* by Bonnie Howe Behunin

Excerpt:

### **The Witch**

Sometimes children taunt me,

small eyes whispering  
behind hands extended  
like open Chinese fans.  
“Her face is smooth.  
She is not old at all.”  
But I am old.  
Old as the rocks  
on the Greek shores  
of my birth.  
Old as your fear  
of the unknown,  
unopened box  
of my smooth face.  
Guard your fear.  
This distance  
between us  
may be the only separation  
preventing you  
from becoming me.

1982 *The Shrouded Carousel* by LaVon M. Carroll sold out  
Excerpt:

### **The Shrouded Carousel**

Under its canvas cover  
the Merry-Go-Round  
stands in the park  
where the autumn leaves  
are drifting indolently  
into the frowzy grass.  
The horses are sleeping  
in the gray-green gloom;  
still, in their wooden dreams  
the summer days go round and round  
and up and down the small hills of pleasure  
on their polished pistons.  
Through the slats of the floor  
trash litters the sour earth  
where nothing grows from season  
to turning season.  
The calliope is silent,  
its rusty songs replaced  
by the winds that thump the canvas  
like a bible belt preacher.  
Rains will soak the canvas hood,  
snow will fall softly

until the shape is that of a fairy hut  
where the dreaming of children  
and music and sunshine goes on  
with ghosts of endless, circling songs  
praising mindless young love  
in summer colors.

1981 *Songs Within The Sounds* by Frank M. DeCaria sold out  
Excerpt:

**Before She Sleeps Again**

tonight this house  
behaves like a woman  
widowed fifty years  
she cannot sleep  
she senses strangers  
in her bedrooms  
she paces the midnight floors  
confused by furniture  
that does not belong to her  
she checks the lock  
on the attic door  
she will not sleep  
*we are not thieves* I whisper  
*not vandals nor arsonists*  
she listens from the hall  
*it is only my family and me* I say  
until my sleeping wife stirs  
because I have spoken to the house  
the old widow does not believe me  
she shuffles  
to a far corner  
and there she settles  
on old rocker marks  
worn into the rug  
through half closed eyes  
she will look at me all night  
it will be weeks before  
she sleeps again.

1980 *Furrows Of Renewal* by LaVerde Morgan Clayson sold out  
Excerpt:

**I Knew the Scorching Sun**

After she died,  
Drought scourged my life.

Like wilting fields  
I knew the scorching sun,  
Dessication,  
The scar of burning land.  
Then you stood beside me  
And I knew rain.

1979 *Mosaic* by Randall L Hall

Excerpt:

**Night Was All Day Long**

Night was all day long within the tree,  
The apple tree with curious, tooled bark  
That rose above the waist high grass.  
Blackbirds brought it,  
Abruptly  
In feathered patches coasting down  
To join the remnant shreds of shadows  
That were shuffled out upon the limbs and leaves  
By the flicking wrists of wind.  
It elongated, slowly,  
Growing out elastically toward the east  
Until suddenly, yet with no surprise,  
It was simply everywhere.

1978 *Frame The Laced Moments* by Pearle M Olsen sold out

Excerpt:

**The Lilt of a Lark**

The meadowlark was part of morning;  
Enchanted, when a child I heard  
Its lilting lyric — spring on spring,  
And I adored the bird.  
A meadowlark is part of evening;  
I hear it in the shadowed park.  
It has the power to lift my sight  
To meet descending dark.

1977 *Intrinsic Tapestries* by Clarence P Socwell sold out

Excerpt:

**Meditation on Loneliness**

In pristine woods burned bare an black  
I knelt to brush cool ashes back  
Where new green burgeons pushed upright.  
No shadow lives without its light.  
In lucid pond a silver fish

Regaled until a seagull's swish  
Changed fish commotion into flight.  
No shadow lives without its light.  
I wait for you in solitude  
In hopeless, melancholy mood,  
Yet, memories console my night.  
No shadow lives without its light.

1976 *Lasso The Sunrise* by Caroline Eyring Miner sold out

Excerpt:

### **Moon Walk**

No marks in the sky;  
no signposts.  
Uncharted sea, the gray depths.  
Breathlessly we awaited  
the awesome mystery,  
the first footfall  
on the moon  
by Icarus;  
clumsy,  
but unerring as the dawn.

1975 *Shape Of Flight* by Helen Mar Cook sold out

Excerpt:

### **The Last Outpost**

Out of the deep quiver of the sunset  
comes an arrow's pierce of gloom.  
I see the eyes of a coyote  
burning in the red rocks around me.  
The Holy Mountain humps its back  
like a great dying buffalo.  
Tears of maidenfern hide in pink cliffs.  
Sparrows twitter in nervous clusters  
through the red bud trees.  
Lizards scatter; the blind snake  
wiggles in the dust.  
Grains of sand sift into a painting  
I offer on the altar of my ancestors,  
The Ancient Ones,  
who still beat out their dance of war  
beneath the shadow of the eagle's wings.  
I too, beat the drums with bleeding fists  
and sob into the sky;  
drink the liquid fire that warms my belly

wrapping me in a blanket of forgetting,  
then close my eyes to the gray edge of the cloud  
setting over the old men with their sheep;  
the catfish struggling against a current of mud  
in a river once silver as moonlight.  
The night hawk circles over the ghosts  
of the old ones.  
Their chants are in the wail of winds  
raping this Navajo island of grass  
where once wild seeds were sown.  
The streaking of black power lines  
designed across a sky of flame  
remind me of my mother's rugs  
woven on a wooden loom.  
The sun drips red in these long hours;  
the smoke rests across my people's doom.  
I cry from this last outpost  
in the wilderness of time,  
from its end to the very beginning . . .  
this land was mine.

1974 *Beyond This Hour* by LeRoy Burke Meagher sold out

Excerpt:

### **Harvest Hour**

October warm  
We climb the laddered trees  
To pick the harvest there,  
And fingers reach across the sun  
To find both spring and summer sealed  
Inside an autumn pear.

1973 *Bell On The Wind* by Geraldine R Pratt sold out

Excerpt:

### **Imbrication**

The tops of thick-furred spruce upon the mountain  
Are like the rounded tips of eagle feathers  
Or flashing scales upon a fish's side.  
The plates of serpents form an imbrication.  
And cloud on cloud with overlap climbs thither  
Where troposphere and stratosphere divide.  
The mood-washed beaches lapped by ebbing tide  
Bear shingle after shingle. Aeons of weather  
Similarly pattern ancient stone.  
On wind-scoured prairies, sea-born sandstone lathers



Into imbricated layers. Cascading fountains  
Are frozen in caverns upon stalagmite bones.  
Artichokes and pine and thistle cones  
Repeat a thought of God's in his creations.

1972 *A Lamp To Shine* by Maxine R Jennings sold out

Excerpt:

### **Sunflower Gold**

I knew a mountain that reached for the sky  
Until sunshine spilled over its slopes,  
And made sunflowers bloom near crags rugged and high;  
“There's gold at the top,” I said eager to try  
My stout shoes and my skill with strong ropes.  
So I climbed the mountain; I climbed to the top;  
But the summit is rocky and cold.  
There's no rise left to climb, to descend is to drop,  
And the sunflowers blooming where I didn't stop  
Are all I have seen of the gold.

1971 *Eden From An Apple Seed* by Alice Morrey Bailey sold out

Excerpt:

### **Challenge**

Green-bannered spring — this bank of daffodils  
Whose sun-filled elegance, unmeasured, spills  
From up-turned cups of gold — and beauty's wrath  
Is here. Oh, little, sturdy seeds of faith,  
If you can draw from mud and rotted mould,  
From long-drawn winter's dark, unfruited cold  
And gather strength where last year's ruins lie  
To make a lovely thing — so, then, can I.

1970 *A Morning of Taurus* by Max Golightly sold out

Excerpt:

### **Time Rings Us All**

Time rings us all as surely as the tree  
with lines that meet to mark the growing soul;  
sorrow and joy concave us by degree.  
Time rings us all as surely as the tree.

1969 *The Deep Song* by J. A. Christensen sold out

Excerpt:

### **Desierto Con Amore**

Speak to me no more of city street  
And steel-bound towers, or gadfly lights that pleat

The umber dawn. Forgetting, I have come away,  
Remembering how my childhood found the desert's day.  
Once, pale, wild roses bent a high-born head  
Above a river's bank (that river now is dead),  
And naked playmates tamed the raging stream,  
Where now their laughter murmurs like a dream.  
We tamed the wild, gray pony; caught her mane  
To gallop, whirlwind, headlong down some dusty lane.  
In night we etched our childhood in white flame  
And song. (The song? I quite forget its name.)  
The years are long; I have been too long gone.  
The days are swift, and souvenirs pass on.  
And so I take the sleepless city from my sight,  
And go, once more, to childhood's dreamless night.

1968 *The Amaranth* by Betty W Madsen sold out

Excerpt:

### I Shall Be Late

Blue shadow-fingers resting on the hill  
Will bind my heart more strongly than a chain,  
And April's arms in sleeves of daffodils  
Will reach for me again . . . and yet again.  
The scent of warm brown earth will follow me  
Long after I have left her friendly touch,  
To hold me and refuse to set me free,  
I who have loved all earthly things so much.  
I shall be late when angel hymns begin;  
I shall be late when holy trumpets blow,  
Though Heaven's gate swings wide to let me in  
And God holds out His hand to me. And though  
The sweetest of celestial bells be ringing,  
I shall turn back to hear one robin singing.

1967 *Walk the Proud Morning* by Berta H Christensen sold out

Excerpt:

### Housewife Confession

One self of me is disciplined  
And orderly her ways  
Keeps figure neat and diet-thinned  
Time-budgets weeks and days.  
In thrifty mood the fruit is canned  
The sock is darned, each menu planned.  
With curtains crisp as springtime salad  
She thinks of neither ode nor ballad.

The other self, refusing tether,  
Would walk no charted lane  
Saves heart-space for the scented heather  
Would socialize with wind and rain.  
She lingers on a greening hill  
Where broom has never swept, nor will.  
Can she who hears the door of autumn turn  
Be much concerned if sometimes carrots burn?

1966 *A Legacy Of Years* by Lael W Hill sold out

Excerpt:

### The Visitor

The white horse walked light-shod across my mirror,  
showing his other side at the same time  
(not often seen). Then up the ceiling  
he pranced on a bridge of lace at an east window,  
mane streaming into the room –  
disguising the flat dark, wall and carpet,  
with glittering threads of lightning flash  
and shimmer.  
No splash, no puddled reflection left  
spreading along the glass, could prove my visitor,  
but there he came, and was, though beyond my reach:  
and in the moment he shied and leaped way  
I noticed first  
his wings.

1965 *Short Grass Woman* by Vesta P Crawford sold out

Excerpt:

### Strange Names for Birds

Unfathomed now and still, the lone bird's flight  
Is curved along the purple rim of night;  
Again I think of strange, mysterious words  
That may be found among the names of birds.  
In reedy places where the waters gleam  
The plummy heron wades the rippled stream;  
And where the swaying tule marsh is spread  
The pearly ibis moves with liquid tread.  
These are strange and rhythmic sounds to learn —  
Sanderling and avocet and loon and tern;  
And one who listens where the morning breaks  
Could love a curlew for the name it takes.