

WestWard Quarterly

The Magazine of Family Reading



Summer 2012

To our readers . . .

What a variety of adversities have hit our nation this summer as we celebrate its 236th year. Drought, heat, floods, wild fires, straight-line winds that blew in like a tornado on the east coast, not to mention the growing division in our public life between two world views. Considering all this, it does not seem a good time to be banishing God and prayer from public life. But we live in strange times. I can't help thinking — this is not the world I grew up in! But, as the saying goes, "Life must go on," even in the midst of turmoil. I suppose the people who lived during other chaotic times had similar questions about how to maintain a normal life with their world in upheaval.

We do what can to add a semblance of sanity and creativity to our culture, and hope it will make a difference. The poetry in this magazine is geared to the statement in our guidelines, "Adversity happens, find the eternal purpose behind it." The poems we publish remind us of people we love, the beauty in nature, and the value of life as we reminisce about the past and look toward the future with both apprehension and hope.

Our Featured Writer is Dennis Ross of Iowa, and his poems remind us of the things we remember from our past — from cigar-box guitars, to the song "This Old House" by Rosemary Clooney, to sailing toy canoes in childhood streams and a blizzard that kept one home from school.

We send our condolences to Raymond J. Flory, past editor of *WestWard Quarterly* (when it was called *Explorer*) on the passing of his daughter-in-law, Kathy L. Flory, in May.

Corey Meyer, a contributor to *WWQ*, recently informed us of a family-oriented magazine called *Coffee-Ground Breakfast* that he publishes. Check out the ad on page 31 for further information.

Shirley Anne Leonard, EDITOR

WestWard Quarterly

Shirley Anne Leonard, Editor

P.O. Box 369, Hamilton, IL 62341 USA

editor@wwquarterly.com, 800-440-4043

WestWard Quarterly showcases the best work of upbeat writers and poets. Our magazine's philosophy is: "Adversity happens. Find the eternal purpose behind it." Reflect an uplifting, positive or gently humorous attitude in your submissions. Send all letters, requests for guidelines, queries or submissions to the address above. Send SASE for response.

Maximum length for poems is 40 lines. Shorter submissions have a better likelihood of being published. The Editor reserves the right to edit material. For more information on guidelines and how to send your submission, visit our web site, www.wwquarterly.com.

All rights revert to authors upon publication. Please credit *WestWard Quarterly* for prior publication if you later submit your work to other publishers.

©2012 Laudemont Press

Subscriptions — \$15.00 per year U.S. and \$18.00 foreign (4 issues).

Single issues — \$4.00 U.S., \$6.00 foreign (contributors to an issue:
non-subscribers, \$3.00 U.S., \$5.00 foreign for that issue;
subscribers, \$2.00 U.S., \$4.00 foreign for that issue).

Make checks payable to Laudemont Press.

In This Issue

Featured Writer	Ross	4
Featured Writer Poems	Ross	5
Cumberland Island	Petrik	6
Mountain	Nicola	7
Petrichor	Luftig	8
Daybreak	O'Connor	8
Chrysalis	Fang	8
Backyard Tree	Miller	9
Watching God Paint	Meyer	9
Hurricane	Bensinger	10
Imagined	Keshigian	11
If I Was the Wind	March	11
Sonja at Play	Felder	12
The Stuff of Quilts	Bounds	12
In a Hatbox	Kelsay	13
Summer's Last	Kang	13
By Daylight	Wilson	14
A Dancer's Strength	Benedict	14
The Great Blue	Olsen	15
Patchwork Quilt	Goven	15
A Doll	Sarazen	16
From My Vantage Point	Chester the Cat	17
Little Wild Things	Leonard	17
Creative Quotations	MacGregor, Peale	18
Downry Chest	Perkins	19
Preparations for Life	Blohm	19
Not So Long Ago	Granger	20
The Info Glut	Brearton	20
Super Glue	Berger	20
Neon	Gove	21
A Retreating Glacier	Botts	21
Miscast Expressions	Holaves	21
Garden Ghost	Yarrington	22
An Outdoor Theatre of Stone	Stuart	22
Secrets	Rousseau	22
The Weight	Lock	22
The Old Ball Game	Pasca	23
Holding On	simmers	23
Driftwood Rhymes upon the Beach	Piatt	24
Predators	Been	24
Amherst Dream	Mitchell	24
Banquet of Good things	Rowland	25
Crane	Tomeo	25
Civilization	Macrinici	25
Too Much to Do	Calsyn	26
Recalling: For Yuan Hongqi	Yuan	26
Summer Treasures	Needham	27
Ball-Chaser	Roller	27
Wings	Hay	28
Weeds and Words	Nenadov	28
The Gardens	Webb	28
Summer's Here, But Wait . . .	Vetter	28
Writer's Workbench	The Publisher	30
Ads		29,31

Cover Image: Combining Wheat, Hamilton, Illinois, July 2008

Photo by Richard C. Leonard

Featured Writer . . .

Dennis Ross
Iowa



I loved to write poetry in high school and have returned to that love after retiring as a professor at Iowa State University. My sister, Aden Ross, is a playwright and novelist and has helped me enormously. I now have over a hundred poems published by various journals such as *Iodine Poetry Journal*, *Pinyon*, and *White Pelican Review* plus a chapbook, *Relatives and Other Strangers*, published by Finishing Line Press.

Good poetry should communicate something important with the reader using vivid images and metaphors. Strong verbs and effective line and stanza breaks help.

Other interests include fly-fishing and motorcycles. My son and I take long motorcycle trips each summer.

Poems by Dennis Ross

Cigar-Box Guitar

My rubber-bands thrummed
and I drifted off to Carolina Moon
flew out the bedroom window
past lace curtains like angel wings
to the great emptiness beyond.
I could play any song perfectly
on my home-made guitar
even songs I didn't know,
with verve and enthusiasm.

Later grandma gave me
a wooden ukelele for Christmas
which sang real notes and chords
but not the one true note of my imagination,
the transporting one,
the rubber twang that embodied all notes
and floated me out into the vast night.

Poems by Dennis Ross

Portable Phonograph

Clean out the storage room,
discard that old junk, she said.
The portable phonograph,
with its peeling fake-leather case,
held a shiny bit of my youth
in its varicose vein hands.
It still danced still twirled at 45 rpm.
The steel needle carved off bits
of vinyl from the record like a lathe,
the tiny speaker rasped out
"This Old House" by Rosemary Clooney,
transporting me to a small trailer house
and my father, the sorcerer.

Poppa had found surveying work
on a dam fifty miles away in Kansas,
came home only on weekends,
while mother budgeted enough quarters
in a little white envelope
so he could buy himself a pair of slippers.

When Poppa cajoled the old Ford truck
home that Friday night and opened
a cardboard box to show us his new slippers,
this magic carpet floated out instead
in a luminous cloud of white tissue.

I think I'll save it another decade
or two.

A Physicist Drinks His Tea

I shuffle into the kitchen half awake,
fill the kettle, and heat water for tea.
A little Iron Goddess of Mercy
in a tea bag then steep two minutes
in my large elephant mug from Africa,
filled almost full.

I sit down to read Nietzsche and the tea
has dropped an inch without a sip.
As I look, the surface seems to be falling.
I sip a little and the mug is now half full.
It isn't leaking but in minutes the tea
barely covers the bottom of the mug.

This cannot happen. This violates
the deepest principles of physics,
things cannot just disappear!
Thinking about it gives me a headache.
I must have imagined the whole thing.

The ceramic elephant on the mug winks.

Snow Fall

White parachutes fall by the thousands
swept and swirled by the gusting wind.
A few land on the back of Whitey,
the white-bellied squirrel who lives nearby,
and take a ride back up into the sky
as she scurries up the walnut tree to her nest.

Crows caw down in raspy voices,
barely heard above the rising wind,
warning of a major blizzard to come.
Snow flakes drift through the yard light,
past our young mare, Milly, nervous in the wind,
and over the roof of the barn sheltering warm cows.

Happiness floats down like a feather blanket
thrown on a bed — no school bus, no school
tomorrow,
just messing about with my new pocket knife.
I press my tongue against the frosted window
and make a wavery peephole. The barn elf
is hurrying across the yard to sleep with the cows.
I have only seen him twice before.

Small Streams

Small streams called to me as a child
like coyotes howl to one another at night.
I launched my carved wooden canoe
down the ditch in front of our house
every time it rained.

It bobbed under the small concrete bridge
connecting the sidewalk with the dirt road
and escaped again out the other side.
Plastic Indians sometimes paddled
through the swirls and dangerous rapids.

A creek nearby dominated my life,
muskrats and a black bull snake lived there,
and minnows streaked silver in the water.
I crossed its thin ice one winter
and panicked when I heard it crack
until I remembered the creek
was only eight inches deep.

Creeks lure you into their world,
into the exquisite detail of existence.
You can watch water-striders
dodge floating cottonwood fluff.

Cumberland Island

Mike Petrik, Missouri

We walk through the once-proud gate
over once-manicured lawns now tangled and wild.
Skin and hair wet in the rain,
they sneak into the great house's shell,
where ghosts of industry titans sleep,
straight through the night above a dance.

Our feet pound the marble worn by past dance,
shaking dust from the rafters with our skipping gait,
frightening the two armadillos from their dreamless sleep.
They emerge from beneath a tumbled wall, eyes wild.
She casts about that wall and comes up with a shell —
some heirloom of her seashore forbearers' reign.

Tumbling and laughing we return leave the great house for the rain,
splash our way down to the shore where sandpipers dance
and skitter with their long legs drumming fast among the cochina shells
that bury the tumbled gate.
we inhale the salt-tinged, wild,
storm taste and let rolling waves lull us to sleep.

On a dune above a mare might shake off damp sleep,
stretch, and bare her teeth — alien to the bite of reigns.
Since her mother's mother the island has been wild —
since the old stable fell and thoughts turned to dance.
Antique rifle stocks crumbled with the family crest and the gate,
with abandon moss grew and hermit crabs hunted new shells.

So we follow suit and cast off our shells,
sprinting to the cold waves blast clear any lingering sleep,
then howl and retreat from the water back past the ruined gate,
past cypresses matted by Spanish moss swelled with rain.
Beyond the grassy dunes we'll carry on the dance
among toads slurping worms, eyes wild with toad joy.

Our waltz carries round an aged oak — wild and wide,
whose limbs have pierced what's left of the walls mortared with shell.
Through the tree's eaves paired blue butterflies flap and slow-dance,
celebrating some long-buried stable boy's lack of shade for sleep
that led him to plant the acorn and grant the oak's reign.
But it is wild and we are wild. Too wild for that word reign.

So too the sun cedes its reign, flashing through the fallen gate,
settling on moss in the oak's root-buttressed shell.
Now, fresh from a long sleep, fruit bats cavort,
wild with dance.

Mountain

James B. Nicola, New York

He's still but broods with moods like a sonless king,
the highest thing for miles and miles around.
The perspective of distance, as the Italians found,
turns him blue, not "sad-blue," but as if reigning
in concert with the sky, the "majesty"
of "purple mountains" being Royal Blue.

From home, his throne looks empty, lonely. You
go visit, but to keep him company,
not supplicate. The blue is gone. The trail
you take is marked like a biography,
and you're a blind man's finger as you see
more clearly with each rising line of Braille,
reading the weathered age lines in his face.
The path's well trod at first and you're happy
your mountain seems so welcoming a place.

You're more than halfway. There are more sharp rocks
to squat across. The path has narrowed. The air's
thinned, too, but the views astound. Two circling hawks
are now beneath you. Steaming piles of scat
inform you of the recent route of bears
but you've a bell and are not scared by that,
just sorry that, experienced as you are,
you had to leave the cell phone in the car.

So onward — till a wind starts up to show
displeasure at your presence near his heart —
its heart, inhuman, soulless, for you know
this giant's history with gales. It's turning
violent, and you get the hint and start
back — glad when you see that the hawks below
are gone. Go quickly, quickly — careful, though.

Oh, he's the uncle who lifts up a child
to bounce on his knees, only to turn wild
for no reason, not always with a warning,
after a while. Back home, you see he's blue
again, as if ashamed, and missing you.

Petrichor

The smell of earth after the rain
Richard Luftig, California

At the edge of a field sweet
 with chickweed, the sharp
 wild onion wafts, and willows
 drop nectar blossoms along
 the bank of a creek. A path,
 guarded by ripe chokecherry
 and orange honeysuckle crosses
 back through the soaked,
 fresh-mown grass like a secret
 finding its long way home.

Daybreak

Michael O'Connor, New Hampshire

Cassiopeia and the mighty Orion
 Extinguished by dawn's light,
 And a pale blue prophetic haze
 Pushes swift past the night.
 A chorus of gathering songbirds
 Taunts the lumbering morn,
 As they trample light and play
 Amidst waves of golden corn.
 Their minuet rises and tangles
 In wisps of hanging mist,
 Balanced above a glass-glazed pond
 That heaven's angels kissed.
 Creeping streams of orange hues
 Cast their warming glow
 On softened fields of dew-lit grass,
 On rolling hills below.
 Ranks of loyal tulips turn
 To mark Apollo's run,
 Bowing their burning petals east
 To the arrival of the sun.

Chrysalis

~in triplets~

Kacey Fang, California

The web he weaves at steady rate
 Protects him from uncertain fate.
 He hides inside till storms abate

 When winter's shelter he will tear
 In spring, emerge as one so fair
 And spread hued wings to open air.

Backyard Tree

Betsy Miller, California

The hard, hot summer sun runs away
 Under fat, flat mulberry leaves.
 Fruitless mulberry, my mother says.
 Back in spring, fuzzy green almost-fruits
 Like caterpillars carpeted the grass below.

The wide, cool mulberry leaves, now bigger than my hand,
 Loiter on small branches, away from the trunk and main limbs
 In a most considerate way, in my climbing tree.
 The lowest limb, just the right height
 With smooth, benign bark.

I lace my fingers together over the limb,
 Walk my bare feet up the trunk,
 Swing my leg over and sit in the low spot,
 The resting spot where you sit
 The first time you climb.

The place you sit, before you know the three main ways.
 Left leads to the blackberry patch,
 Sweet, ripe perfume, buzzing bees safely below.

Middle goes out over the lawn, ideal for spying.
 Right curves along the house, a leafy bridge to the roof.

I drape myself across the lowest limb,
 Lay down my cheek, arms languid, legs dangling.
 Barely-there breeze stirs my hair,
 Sways me and my branch just a little.
 Leaves tap together like rain.

Watching God Paint

Corey Meyer, Wisconsin

I sit on a toppled pine
 overlooking Beaver Lake.
 The wind ruffles the grass,
 sun glistening on the waves.
 A summer day so sublime,
 taking a much-needed break.
 One by one the hours pass
 as the manmade world fades.

The beauty of God's creating
 surrounds my dog and me.
 A loon call breaks the silence,
 as ducks swim by single file.
 This portrait God is painting
 has the bluest of blue skies
 on a canvas so immense,
 it stretches on for miles!

Hurricane

Joseph L. Bensinger, Nevada

*The wind comes to screech
rage at the dark clouds despair.
The ocean seethes foul . . .*

Quiet calmness resides in the tired morning light
For the dawn did not come with the usual bite
A far bank of grey clouds greet the seas distant sight
And thus shadows the rays of the suns blazing might

A pillow of puffs faint caress of the cheek
The breath of the wind so gentle, so meek
But, then, quiet whisper as it wanders through trees,
and freshens its voice as though trying to please

As morning draws on there's a darkening frown
The clouds o'er the sea wear a billowing gown
No longer the peace of a calm wistful day
The sun launched the last of its pitiful ray

As the wind freshens its ardor with a strong ardent voice,
the clouds' troubled turmoil thus picks up the pace
The wind starts to moan as though fouled with abuse
An imbalance of Nature's intertwined fine-wrought lace

Now, clouds once thought distant are now hastened close,
and in tormented anguish shed tears of despair
They now rush the land as though caught in a chase
Rolling, and rumbling, and tossed through the air

The moan rises in anguish to a wail and a howl
No more the pause to inhale for a breath
Soon to come shrieking in fiendish tumult
A screech, and a roar, with the rend of death

The trees bend with the fear that the storm is so near
Their submission keeps pace with the wind's angry face
The leaves no longer rustle as their blown off the stem,
the limbs bending in sway, maintaining long-lasting grace

The surf pounds the beach with thunderous boom, and thus
slams the land loudly on this neighboring shore
Incoming it travels across the bight of the land, being a
stampede of water driven to outrun the roar

The hurricane is here . . .
The tempest is sore . . .

Imagined

Michael Keshigian, New Hampshire

Though he had a home at an address
as many people do, he fancied himself
a resident of the fields
where wild roses flourished
around still waters of a pond,
a neighborhood where occupants tended
the flowers, trees, and critters that hid
between them, where preservation prevailed
in every leaf, branch, and fiber of fur
for the purpose of admiration and inspiration,
the innate function upon which
the eyes may feast
this subtle suggestion of wholesomeness.

If I Was the Wind

Leland March, North Carolina

if I was the wind and you were a boat
I would fill your sails, and keep you afloat
I'd carry you smoothly through the tide
safely, soundly over the water you'd glide

if you were a flower and I was a pail
I'd give you strength that would never fail
on dry days when water would cease to flow
I'd still be there to make sure you'd grow

if you were a chipmunk and I was an oak
I would keep you dry, you would never soak
summer would come and the cold would fade
but I'd still be there to give you shade

if I was the sun and you were a fawn
I would greet you warmly with every dawn
I'd rise to meet you, cast the nighttime away
I'd shine upon you and brighten your day

if we were together no longer estranged
if by some miracle our stories exchanged
like two morning doves we would fly
through the clouds and across the sky

Sonja at Play

Brian C. Felder, Delaware

The littlest of the little ones,
her chubby legs uncertain beneath her,
toddles across the uneven ground of our back yard
following in her older sister's more confident steps.
To a two-year-old, this is a whole new world,
just discovered and full of possibility;
its risks the farthest thing from her mind.
That she knows no fear,
beyond losing sight of her nearby mom,
is a quality to be admired
and one, alas, that life will chisel away
as she learns lessons the hard way.
Some day,
when she is grown
and the child is hers to watch over,
she'll blanch at this minefield of sticks and stones
and cringe at the thought of broken bones;
her courage, then, being not to show the fears
that life has taught her in those intervening years.

The Stuff of Quilts

Sandra H. Bounds, Mississippi

Quilts are practical art.
Carefully cut, precisely pieced
together and hand sewn
into designs of great beauty —
Attic Windows, Card Tricks, Evening Star,
Jacob's Ladder, Old Maid's Puzzle, Windmill —
these lovely coverings keep families
warm when Winter's winds howl and rage.

Quilts are family memoirs.
Each block, indeed, each swatch of fabric
evokes memories of family members
and triggers stories of dear ones.
Story follows story until
a family history unfolds.

Quilts warm bodies and hearts
when they grow cold and lonely.
Every stitch whispers fragrant warmth of love
to those snuggled beneath these works of art.

In a Hat Box

Karen Kelsay, California

When I wake at three in the morning with stars
sprinkled between my curtains, and see
my old hat box wedged on the corner shelf
beneath scalloped shadows, I remember

its contents of unused wool from a needlepoint
canvas, colored pencils and the camera
with a broken lens. I recall a length of ribbon
too dark for my hair, business cards

that no longer matter, a plastic harmonica
from an amusement hall and an old monogrammed
handkerchief wrapped around a black and white
picture of you, leaning against a palm tree.

Back then, you were a transplanted Nebraskan
collecting San Diego summers in your pockets,
exploring tide pools and sailboats. Each Saturday
you rode the bus to Hotel Del Coronado

where big band music filled the Victorian ball room.
One night you posed on the lawn in pearls and heels,
beneath a sand dollar moon embedded above the bay.
That was before you married Dad. Before trips

to Bermuda and Europe, mundane chores, diapers,
three children, bike rides and sewing classes.
Before illness. When a slice of moon could move across
a silver strand of beach, and still glint in your eyes.

(Published in Eighty Percent Magazine, 2010)

Summer's Last

Sophie Kang, California

The whirling of the wind
Whispering dulcet words
Tells me to pause, to wait
And watch for the light
To slant just so, glowing
On ginger leaves. Soon,
Summer's last mayflies
Reflect the falling sun
In a wild golden storm
Of shimmering sheaves.

*This poem is inspired by, and contains a phrase
from, Sarojini Naidu's "Autumn Song."*

By Daylight

Clint Wilson, West Virginia

When did night die
and day rise, the battle
between the two ending
with no victor declared;
you've seen these days,
or these nights,
or should we find some
new term for it,
these days of nights

Awake, and confused
by the dawnless morning,
which nothing changes,
because nothing can;
not opening the blinds,
or closing them,
or praying for the hope
that light brings,
a warmth forgotten

Run down the Mound
past Waverly and Scott,
stoic as he always is,
unwavering in the dark;
return by North Bridge,
or Lothian,
or by bus for the weary
all are weary,
who ride the bus

But come March here
when day storms home
to roost over the castle,
sun restored to the Mile;
then we'll see the world,
or what remains,
or what we have missed
by daylight,
crowning the city again

A Dancer's Strength

Kristina Benedict, Missouri

Her heart pounds in rhythm
with the soft melodious music,
with the constant pressure
of the floor against her toes.
Her head begins to throb
in the same beat as her heart,
thinking of moves five steps ahead.

Chassé and fondu
into a grand jeté,
while still being graceful,
delicate, and strong.
The calluses bust open
with every pounding, dainty step
and she smiles with the pain.

She prays that the tape
sustains her ever weakening ankle,
because without her feet
she will lose her worth.
Exertion soaks her leotard,
seeping into the deep, stinging trenches
of her poor callused feet.

She cries as blood trickles
from each little crack
because she knows that pirouette
was the best she's ever spun.
But this weakness is only temporary
as she leaves everything she is
on that hard wooden floor.

The Great Blue

Benita Olsen, Illinois

Magnificent in flight the blue heron
Flees the night
And chases the morning
Come alive with quiet warning
In every sparkling trembling pond and lake
Where his lanky stand he'll take
To eat his breakfast
While I eat mine on my patio.
My handsome friend of grey feather,
How often my heart hails and
Salutes you as you mount the air around us
and bless the summer weather
To fly — legs flowing behind you
Like festoons!
Yes, yes, you are a wonder
A picture of my Father's humor (and no
I'll not believe the rumor
That *giraffes* can fly).

Patchwork Quilt

Janet Goven, Pennsylvania

I'm sure you know
that a patchwork quilt
takes a very long time to make,
each patch a special
time from your life
stitched in for memory's sake
by the one who, with patient hands,
remnants saved your childhood through
coupled with loving instructions
that created the beautiful you.
Much work was done
you could not see.
She sought help both night and day,
for with every stitch
she took the time
to bow her head and pray
that the patches in the bundle
she kept hidden in her chest
could be stitched in perfect symmetry
to pass the patchwork test.
How loving was the mother
who, with such patience, now could give
the quilt to the special child now grown —
cherished memories . . . to forever live.



Drawing by Patricia Sarazen

A Doll

Patricia Sarazen, Pennsylvania

Poems about dolls are rare indeed,
But this one doll — I felt a need
To express her rosebud porcelain face
Surrounded by all that lovely lace.

A gown of silken softness fell
About her shoulder's tiny swell.
Her hands were slender, long and white
And oh! she was a lovely sight.

To paint her was an artist's dream —
Every fold, hem and embroidered seam,
Angelic hair of brown long curl
And eyes blue and soft as pearl.

Beside her stood a vase with flowers
That bloomed the long summer hours
But now, dried with a muted glow,
Brought memories of long ago.



From My Vantage Point . . .

by Chester the Cat

Yawn . . . another day of just lying around — nothing different, nothing new. About the only excitement comes when my Editor hands out cat treats each morning, or when the Publisher dishes out some soft food to me and Calliope, my assistant, before retiring for the evening. (And I have to admit that Callie gets more excited about those things than I do.)

Otherwise it's the same old routine of crunchy cat food, naps, and sometimes chasing my yarn ball around for exercise. (*Yawn.*) Once in a while I get into the Editor's knitting bag and pull out a nice ball of yarn to unravel on the kitchen floor, around the table and chair legs. But lately she's taken to hiding the bag in the hall closet. So what's a cat supposed to do for variety around this place?

Is your writing like that: a big *yawn*, nothing new or different? Are you just stringing together the same old clichés about nostalgic things, in the usual sing-songy style? Or are you grinding out the usual contemporary clichés about inane and dull topics, complete with non-rhyming lines and all? (*Yawn.*)

It takes creativity to produce writing that isn't dull and boring (For *creativity* read *thought* — lots of thinking and pondering, reconsidering everything you've written from a different angle, with a critical eye and ear.)

I have plenty of time to think, at least as *cats* think. Now if I could only pick up a pen with something other than my teeth . . . (*Yawn.*)

Little Wild Things

Shirley Anne Leonard, Illinois

Little wild things scurry in the night
on furry paws, with furtive face
peer 'round corners, wide-eyed chase
a host of phantom mice.
Little wild things hopscotch on my bed,
then creep up to my head
and, purring, sniff my nose,
then burrow under covers, bite my toes.
Little wild things search the windows, keep
watch for sinister nocturnal creatures
while I sleep.

At dawn's first light they nuzzle me to say,
"Wake up, wake up, wake up, it's day!"
As I rise from sleep they lie in wait
to guide me toward the kitchen,
where they each become an eager kitten
wanting treats, or what else may come their way.
Little wild things, docile in the day,
curl up on pillows or in random places
to lick their paws and wash their ears and faces,
and then it's off to sleep in spot of sun,
their bellies full, their chores all done.

Creative Quotations

Literary Excellence Results from Dealing with Restrictions . . .

The literary influence of the King James Version is well known. Not even Shakespeare has more profoundly affected our literature. The most godless of men, provided only that he has inherited English for his mother tongue, is confronted with the influence of the King James Version of the Bible almost wherever he turns. It has been injected into the stream of the language. It has invigorated and enriched all subsequent English prose. Even the most modern of modern English that has any literary merit still occasionally echoes its cadences and often reflects its turns of phrase

The cause of this literary success is seldom adequately examined. It could not have been due solely to the intrinsic power of the Bible itself, for the Bible had already appeared in many guises, none of which resulted in a work that has played any comparable part in the history of our English language and literature. Nor was the success due to the mere technical ability of the translators or to any conspicuously creative gifts they might have severally enjoyed. The work could not have been done without able writers; yet but for one circumstance the ablest of them could not have produced the King James Version of the Bible.

The explanation, I would contend, lies in what would seem a paradox to those who imagine that complete literary freedom is the most important condition of good style. For the secret of the literary splendor and lasting success of the King James Version is that it was written by men hampered by exacting discipline and sometimes irritating restrictions. Far from being able to give free rein to their literary fancies, they had to be constantly referring to their rules. In such circumstances, all their ingenuity was strained in breaking them with impunity wherever they could. The literary power of their work springs like a fountain out of the desert of their regulations.

In art and literature not only is it the case that, as Richard Lovelace was to write a generation afterwards, “Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage”; in art and literature stone walls and iron bars are the very stuff out of which artists and writers make literary masterpieces. The beauty and genius of our language and the vivacity of our literature proceed out of the prisons of history and grammar.

— Geddes MacGregor, *The Literary History of the Bible* (1968), pp. 188-189.

The Healing Power of Poetry . . .

Some people consider poetry as mere sentimentality . . . But most poetry is much more than sentiment, being in itself a profound form of insight. The truly gifted poet is a seer who senses and perceives inner motivations and fundamental depth of thought. Have you ever noticed the strange hush that comes over an audience when truth in the form of a great poem is communicated? With searching and penetrating force it reaches into deeper consciousness and answers the human need, “Oh, that someone would utter the thoughts that would arise in me” (Tennyson). Poetry can, and often does, float inarticulate but profound thoughts to the surface of the mind and in so doing, may have definite curative effects.

— Norman Vincent Peale, preface to Smiley Blanton, *The Healing Power of Poetry* (1960).

Dowry Chest

Richard King Perkins II, Illinois

A short note hidden in an ornamental seam,
placid for five generations like the tree
father found and felled for your box of cedar.

A shaving of thought recounting
the first hours of marriage,
the singularity of your husband's home.
Like your rampant spirit,
the letter will be secreted within a familiar chest.

Emptied, it yawns beneath the glass
Gustav etched and silvered for your marriage gift.
From faraway Kiruna, he journeyed to the wedding
and sledded away ten minutes after the ceremony,
pulled by the lodestone of some unseen star.
Everyone left so quickly.

Like the muteness of woods after a pine is taken,
this house is disturbingly quiet,
quite unlike the home of your birth
with its hue of energetic patter.
Soon though, you'll begin to enliven these rooms
with your own children, their small fables.

Thyra and Tekla will laden their dowries
with silk and bronze.

Karl, with his face of glowering iron,
will become the village smith.
But first, to fold your pale thoughts in eighths
and place them safely away.

Bold musings are all you retain from your first life.
To your new husband you have given everything else,
even this, a small remembrance
in a future too distant
to have ever been considered.

Preparation For Life

Eve Jeanette Blohm, New York

dreams in a child's heart
are more than sand castles
a wishing well
a twinkling star
Aladdin's lamp

a child sits on log
does more than daydream
she prepares for life
a child stares into space
foolish daydreams become
tomorrow's reality

Not So Long Ago
Larry Granger, Minnesota

What's old days to the young
is yesterday to me.
No wonder they look at me
with wide wondering eyes
when I say, "That was not
so long ago."

And so I have to give dates
and number of years ago
when I talk about wars
and presidents during my
time and when today's
commonplace inventions and
their predecessors came about.
"Wow, he can do math," they say.

But growing-up time with our
kids was definitely not
so long ago.
I remember details of most
days in details, while the
kids say, "could have been.
Maybe later."

So what does not-so-long-ago
thinking tell you?
Perhaps that your memory
is really good, or not
much longer is coming soon.
Yikes.

The Info Glut

is jamming up my brain.
I'm afraid to look
at today's brand new atrocity.
They say
when in doubt,
when all else fails,
read the instructions.
Passwords —
the metal detectors
of the universe
stop me cold.
I'm wasting my precious time
doing stupid things
and I feel like a grouch.

There are too many instructions —
too times too —
detail on top of detail.
Nothing works
because it's too complicated
and time-consuming
to figure it out.
It seems the only way
to boost the economy
is to have ten-year-old kids
tell us what they want,
so we can spend our time
making it and selling it
to their parents.

James Brearton, New York

Super Glue

Dr. Michael Berger, Utah

Born with a special gift:
if anything is broken, I
can fix it.

It doesn't matter what
it is. Cars, televisions,
and shattered vases are
a piece of cake.

One day I met my match,
repairing China with super
glue. Spilling a little, I stuck
my thumb and index finger
together.

I thought of using my Swiss
Army knife but was afraid I
might take some flesh.

I got my wife and my oldest
son to try to pull them apart.
They wouldn't budge.

My neighbor was a plumber,
he said that he had just the
right stuff. Put it on and in
three days my fingers would
fall off.

This stuff has made a
huge dent in my confidence.
I have never had this much
trouble before.

All I can do now is mope.

Neon

Carly Gove, New Jersey

The music pounds like
Shots fired from a gun,
One followed
By another.
I can feel the vibrations through my entire
Body.
The music is so loud they can probably hear it down
The block
No one can hear anything else.
This is what I love most,
The anonymity of it all.
It's the only place that I can easily
Be accepted; the place where
No one bothers to understand.

A Retreating Glacier

Elena Botts, Virginia

you have dilapidated landscapes
with the staccato of your cracking fingertips
by the sea-sickening tilt of your backbone
the tremors of your eyes in atmospheric heat
they melt, dissolve, fall through
the shifting of you
leaves purpled obelisks
in perilous position
slopes carved by
the dissolution of one creation
until by the webbed branches of a leaning tree
on the mountainside, each ancient feature has been
in dawn distinctly wrought by unique relation

Miscast Expressions

Chris Holaves, Illinois

Oh, please don't repeat "You know. You know."
I can't reap what you fail to sow,
And when you broadcast "Whatever! Whatever!"
My mind closes slowly with shades of "Never."
These expressions don't help us grow.
And please don't say "At the end of the day."
Exactly what are you trying to say?
Are you saying "At the end?"
Are you saying "Finally?"
Or are you saying "At last?"
Thoughts are squelched when you miscast,
For you express them vaguely
And take advantage of a friend.

Garden Ghost

Cornelia Snider Yarrington, Colorado

Garden lady, this they say of me,
Lone shepherdess my neighbors often see
At toil amid the summer's rustling fold
Where lavender, blue mint, and poppy gold
Crown memories of barren rock the year
We bought this corner lot and settled here.

Him they do not see, my stern ghost,
My scion of pioneers who'd never boast
Of trifling labor in the heat of day.
A man born to unforgiving clay,
He rose before the morning's herald crows
Set watch upon his geometric rows.

An Outdoor Theatre of Stone

Dr. Jane Stuart, Kentucky

Time's ancient voice relays the distant past
Inside a world our memory can see;
Our dreams are bases for our existence
That looks for peace and requires harmony.
All "wishful thinking" fades from the design
Across life's overleaf, and fills the void
That questions all belief. A louder sign
Of change was signaled by a time for words,
But on the waiting stage openings are made
For those who would refresh themselves with chance
And listen to the talk of those who dared
Find places for themselves to fill the dance
That Chorus holds in tightest harmony —
We lived in peace when we were old and free.

Secrets

Rita Rousseau, California

Draped on nearby balconies,
wetsuits waving in the breeze
have a certain cheerful charm
with their flapping legs and arms.

Red and blue triangle trims
decorate each latex limb
semaphoring messages —
though few can guess what each one says.

Those who know hear talk about
massive waves and wiping out,
early rising in the dark,
close encounters with a shark.

Others only see a suit,
colorful but sadly mute.

The Weight

Alison Lock, United Kingdom

I wear my grandmother's watch,
the one she had for most of her life.

So old-fashioned, so delicate,
yet still ticking after 80 years.

A gift from her husband
for some occasion, I do not know.

Perhaps to celebrate
the birth of their first-born

or when he arrived home,
after the war, a different man.

Now that they are gone
his gift to her is left to me,

his love, now mine —
too precious, loaded

with emotion on my wrist.
I can hardly bear its weight.

The Old Ball Game

Matthew Pasca, New York

Chain-link shadows dapple
my cleats with Arabic calligraphy
the clouds, long and tapered aircraft
above a high school diamond,
its clay burnt, sprouty
like bison fur in Yellowstone spring.

Heads up! cries a voice, cutting
through sunlight. I know all too well
where the ball is, how my knuckles
align down the black handle, how
to angle my barrel into stitches.

There is such sadness in the shortstop's eyes —
such ache in the girlfriend's bleached pose
the shimmering leaves in the outfield grass
the heat rising from a playground's forlorn slide.

The space and melancholy of baseball
unfurl me like a poem. When I play well, I keep dreaming.
When I play badly, even more so — the reams between
baselines richer than competition.

And when I squint, let my eyes cross
through portholes of fence,
it is always a boy I see, running
throwing and diving in
the only fair territory
he can find.

Holding On

d. n. simmers, British Columbia, Canada

*Buddha says that sorrow results from trying to hold on to
that which must disappear. — Katherine Govier*

Morning memories of coffee cooling against rails of
an old porch, as mother would wait for my brother, and
the little brother, to come up the hill from the beach.
Sun would be setting and she would have a paper
in her hand, pretending to read in dimming light;
we would have our towels as capes around our
necks, tied and drying in the dying day air.
A wave, wave back, and then through the iron gate,
up a concrete path, to steps and
onto the wooden porch.
Today, sitting with coffee cooling, on my small porch,
the richness of early life steams back,
her voice and her hugs come up with a smile,
a tear. I miss her. I miss my brother. That
sorrow should be cast aside, but I cling to their images
for a little longer, as my coffee is cooling down.

Driftwood Rhymes upon the Beach

James Piatt, California

Tide-tossed memories drifting
Aimlessly in my mind, gnarled,
Smooth and misshapen rhythmic
Colored driftwood strewn cautiously
Upon the everlasting shifting time,

Saline fragments, balmy recollections
Washed ashore on salty dreams,
Downy bits of knotty reminiscences,
Long-lost feelings of yesterday's
Warm and youthful times;

Twisted, but undistorted in meaning
They form beautiful oaken metaphors
For me to cherish in song and verse,
Lovely tangled wooden poems carved
Lovingly in the soft warm summer sand,
Leading to future happy memories, which
Someday will be tide-tossed upon
My mind, and be happily remembered!

Predators

Margaret Been, Wisconsin

I can't command poems the way I call my dog,
or grind up ham and cheese to broil on bread,
or compose a garment in a "knit 2-purl 2" beat,
or sow a garden — tamping nascent seed beneath my feet.

I can't command poems. They state their own terms,
snoozing on windowsills by day — then attacking at night,
invading sleep, arching furry backs, waving sinewy tails,
planting their razor claws deep in my mind.

Hungry predators, benign domestic cats at first,
then swelling to a pride of famished lions holding sway.

I can't command poems. I am their prey.

Amherst Dream

Mark Mitchell, California

I dreamed myself
in Emily's room —
her walls were white
her curtains — cream.
Her air smelled of baking poems.
I saw myself
at Emily's tomb —
her small gray stone
in her gray small street.
Sweet Emily — who stopped
before she reached home.

Banquet of Good Things

Russell Rowland, New Hampshire

Red raspberries on Mount Roberts — there is enough for them,
sweeter than I perhaps deserve, off-trail, where I don't go.
after almost killing a motorcyclist
yesterday on Route 3.

Berries are fragile, wouldn't travel well; at supper, feet swinging
in my backpack turn to mush above a landscape of linoleum.

on the precarious descent.
And ripeness is ephemeral.

Songbirds perched in scrub, the leper at the feast.
black bears with ursine appetites:

Crane

Vincent J. Tomeo, New York

A contradiction
Elegant poised vigorous arrogant
Wades in mud on stilts

Steps sway side-to-side
Walking poles' pompous stride
Ready to take flight gawky awkward

Elongated somewhat out of shape
Wings spread twenty two feet
Like curtains on Broadway
Closing leaping stage taking flight

Graceful floating cloud like a 747
Appearances are not always what they seem

Civilization

Victor Macrinici, Illinois

Civilization is one generation deep,
Like the bedrock of a granite layer.
Through those stones, cold water seeps;
Where is the surveyor?

Betray not the building blocks
Of mankind's greatest triumphs.
Don't even lose the smallest rocks —
All build on each other.

Beware, beware the cracks that form;
Beware, beware the horror
Of the burned books, the unread tomes —
All build on each other.

Too Much to Do

Caryl Calsyn, Texas

Chronologically I'm considered elderly,
but my mind, body and spirit object.
I equate "elderly" with winding down
and look at my life in that respect.

My days, it seems, aren't long enough,
always having things to do, places to be.
Yet sure each day I can do everything
on my list — with no undone debris.

It doesn't often work out that way, but
no problem — the next day I begin anew
with as much enthusiasm as the day before.
Then find as usual — I've too much to do.

Someday I might be truly elderly
and embrace TV as my new best friend
Since I may not find enough to do,
I'd merely await a long day's end.

There is no way I'm ready for that.
I pray mind, body and spirit renew
as now — each day. Thanks be to God,
for the blessing of having too much to do.

Recalling: For Yuan Hongqi

Changming Yuan, British Columbia, Canada

"Wait a while!" Mother would shout, "they say
There might be more showers this afternoon."
So I recalled, from time to time
How he would turn a deaf ear to her
And continue, dragging out quilts
Sheets, pillows, blankets, padded coats
One pile after another
Like moving forests
Hanging them on thick ropes
Tied to deformed poplars or lamp posts
"Not again! This old man of mine just wouldn't
Want to waste a single ray of sunlight"

And remembered, for nearly half a century
My dad had tried each time to empty the whole house
And sun-wash everything, more like a grandma
Than like a father, even during the Cultural Revolution

Now realizing how I have been haunted
By his stark image, smiling, in blue, ever since
He nodded his head to Mother for the last time
About 5 pm on January 2 last year

I find myself choking again with this:
It was my father who gave me so many a chance
To smell fresh sunlight in my boyish nightmares

Summer Treasures

Eira Needham, United Kingdom

Aromas bathe the atmosphere
when earth is drenched with nourishment.
All life revives when summer's tears
are spilt in joy or brief lament.

Forget-me-nots uplift their crowns
to stand erect on tufted banks
attired in freshly laundered gowns
of dappled green. The turf gives thanks

for sustenance — a moist embrace
intensifying faded hues;
above, a scattering of lace
embellishes celestial blues.

An iridescent scarf unfolds
across the sky to grace our land —
no legendary pot of gold,
but gems from His creative hand.

Ball-Chaser

Leonard H. Roller, California

Tascha, our German shepherd,
Having no sheep to shepherd,
Has another goal in life:
The hot pursuit of green tennis balls,
A never-ending hunt
So long as balls will bounce or roll.
Sides heaving, heart doing its best
To escape from her shaggy chest,
Tongue lolling from her jaws
A foot or more, it seems,
She will not abandon this quest
Until she drops,
Or there is lack of prey,
But chases balls wherever they may go,
Vanishing into a coyote bush
Or submerged in a Vinca jungle,
Or springing up a dusty path
Once green, now worn down by frantic paws.
Perpetual canicular motion
With a certain dogged nobility
In pursuit of green tennis balls.
Dare we claim superiority,
Except our prey is different,
And we sometimes have the sense,
Sides heaving with exertion,
To relent?

Wings

Dr. C. David Hay, Indiana

Oh to catch the winds of flight
And soar where eagles go,
To leave the woes of troubles souls
Behind me far below.
I'd listen to the song of birds
And sail in endless flight,
Then chase the sun through cloudy paths
And play with stars at night.

The boundless heavens for my home,
The breeze to lift me high,
To rise above my mortal bonds
And never have to die;
Knowing I had found the way
To trails where angels trod,
And when my wings could fly no more —
I'd take the hand of God!

Weeds and Words

Mark Nenadov, Ontario, Canada

I once wished that words sprang from my garden
with the hasty diligence
of those cursed and raging weeds
I'd celebrate and appoint the toad a poet-warden

Then over time I began to understand
that words spring from my garden
and every time I get out my spade
I have a new poem in my hand.

My garden begets words just as truly
as it shoots out those horrid weeds
and this has been true for the human family
ever since the weeds became unruly.

So every time I plant another round
of thriving and beautiful snapdragons
I'll remember that words and weeds
share one thing in common
at my garden, they both abound.

The Gardens

Mark Lee Webb, Kentucky

Sun heavy, thick, like honey
drips slow light through
the frayed window shades
of my grandmother's old
house.
Days stall where,
as a boy,
I slipped out
an open window
to play in her gardens
where butterflies drifted
past black mulberries
on a south by southeast wind,
the fragile winged creatures —
viceroys performing
alongside tawny-orange
monarchs,
swarming to taste
the sweet nectar
of her flowers.

Summer's Here, But Wait . . .

Barbara Vetter, Colorado

Spring has come, and now has gone.
Summers in full swing,
Shorts and suntan lotion,
birds are on the wing.

Skis and boards and snowboots
are neatly stored away.
Camping, surfing, picnics
are the order of the day.

Of course, it's not all fun and games,
there's weeding, trimming, mowing.
No matter how we wish it,
that grass will not stop growing.

But seasons come, and seasons go —
activities for the taking.
Next in line, ready or not,
those leaves will need a raking!



HEART OF THE HIGHRIDERS

**IN A FANTASY WORLD, SEEKERS
FIND THE TRUE SOURCE OF GOOD.**

Richard C. Leonard and Charity R. Silkebakken

Imagine living in a fantasy world without magic, in which the realm of the spirit is a closed book and only what meets the eye can be taken into account. In such a world powers of evil go unrecognized and thus work their harm, until the spiritual Source of righteousness is revealed.

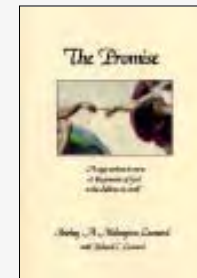
412 Pages Soft Cover - ISBN 978-1-59571-144-1 - Retail \$19.95

Available from **LAUDEMONT PRESS**, www.laudemont.org
or the book's web site, www.haxbooks.com

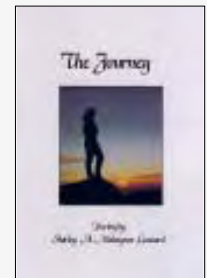
Shirley Anne Leonard, *WestWard Quarterly's* Editor, has published five poetry chapbooks. **The Compass** (revised 2011) meditates on the voyage through the seas of doctrinal dispute into the secure port of God's Kingdom. **The Promise** (revised 2011) celebrates God's historic work to bring about the restoration of His creation. **The Journey** (revised 2011) includes poems about the perils and joys of the journey from the Kingdom of Darkness to the Kingdom of Light. **Creation's Song** (not shown below) brings together poems celebrating the beauty God has created in nature for our enjoyment. **Remembering Eden** (not shown below) is a collection of poems honoring Christ and recounting God's plan for the restoration of all things.



The Compass (52 pages)



The Promise (52 pages)



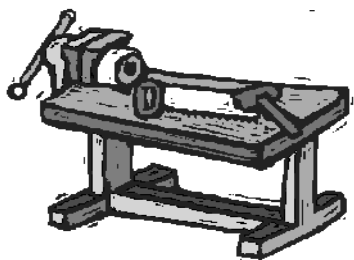
The Journey (38 pages)

Send \$5.00 for each copy you request to:

LAUDEMONT PRESS

P.O. Box 369, Hamilton, Illinois 62341 U.S.A.

Make checks payable to Laudemont Press.



30

Writer's Workbench

Organizing Your Computer Part 2: Organizing Your Files

Computer hard drives, like people, tend to expand in contents over time. In the case of computers, the used space on the hard drive gets larger as new files are added without removing other files no longer needed. Many readers of *WestWard Quarterly* will accumulate data on their hard drive through their creative efforts as writers. Other files are added through downloading or copying material from the Internet, or through installing new programs.

While cleaning outdated or unnecessary data is always a good idea, a first step is to get your Windows computer organized so you can easily see what you have on your drive. By default, Windows typically saves your data in a folder called Documents and Settings, inside a subfolder with your user name. That subfolder, in turn, contains a subfolder called My Documents, which in turn contains several subfolders called Downloads, My Pictures, My Music, and others.

The purpose of this arrangement is to allow multiple users of the same computer to keep their data separated, especially if different users log in with their unique passwords. But if you are the only person using your computer, this all seems unnecessarily complicated. Why not simply create the relevant folders you need in the root of your local hard drive (C:)? Then you have easier access to all information through the Windows Explorer (not Internet Explorer) or My Computer window. The necessary folders are immediately visible when you open the Windows Explorer or My Computer window.

An icon to view My Computer is usually on your Windows desktop. I prefer Windows Explorer, and explained in the Spring 2012 issue how to set up that program for easier access and the most practical view. However, for the purpose of this discussion either Windows Explorer or My Computer (which is actually only a different interface for Windows Explorer) will work.

Using whichever you choose, click on the Local Disk (C:) folder to see the list of the files and folders it, in turn, contains. You can now create the new folders into which you will organize your data. Select File (upper left of the window) and then select New, and then Folder. Give the new folder the name you like.

I created a folder simply called **Documents** (not the same as Documents and Settings) for my data that includes literary creations or other categories of information. Within my **Documents** folder I have subfolders for various categories such as books in production, books already published, email that has been saved, legal and financial data, letters, poetry, technical data (e.g., downloaded appliance manuals or computer tips), *WestWard Quarterly* material, and much more.

Besides the **Documents** folder in the root of the C: drive, I also created folders for **Downloads**, **Images**, **Music Files**, **Web Sites** and several others. These are intended to replace the various subfolders within my no-longer-used user name folder in the Documents and Settings folder, as well as adding categories not found there. (Not many users, for example, build their own web sites.)

Now I am ready to move the files in my old Windows default location (my user name within the Documents and Settings folder) into appropriate categories I have created, or will create, in the root of the C: drive. I can do that with a select, cut-and-paste operation or perhaps simply flip them over with the mouse pointer (technically, "insertion point"). Then, all my poetry will be in the **Poetry** folder in **C:\Documents**, all books being written will be within their own folders inside the **C:\Documents\New Books** folder, and the like. Pictures will be within appropriate categories in the **Images** folder, music downloads categorized inside the **Music Files** folder, etc. You get the plan.

To find a document or other file, all I now have to do is open either Windows Explorer or My Computer, view the contents of the C: drive, select the appropriate folder and subfolder, and double-click the file name. Windows will automatically start the appropriate program to work with that file, based on the file extension. For example, a file with a .doc or .docx extension opens Microsoft

31

Word, a file with an .mp3 extension opens Windows Media Player or whichever is your default program for music files, or a file with a .jpg extension automatically starts whichever program is your default one for viewing pictures. (It is a good idea to set up Windows Explorer or My Computer to show the file extension. Click Tools, Folder Options, View and make sure that "Hide extensions for known file types" is *not* checked.)

Finally, what about new files you create, or material you download? Windows will still put them somewhere in the old Documents and Settings folder, unless you instruct it otherwise. Microsoft Word, for example, will still save your new poem inside the old My Documents folder within your user name folder. To change this, open Word and select Tools, Options (in Word 2007, select Office, Word Options), then File Locations; click the Modify button, navigate to the new **Documents** folder in C; and select it. Now Word will always ask you where in your new Documents folder you want to save your poem, and you can select the **Poetry** folder to save it in. Other programs usually have a similar feature allowing you to automatically save your work in a location different from the Windows default. If not, use "Save As" instead of Save, and navigate to the folder in which you want to organize your data. As for downloads, various browsers (technically, "user agents") allow you to stipulate where they should go; in Firefox, for example, the choice is found in Tools, Options, General, a radio button for "Save files to" and a Browse button allowing you to select your new **Downloads** folder in the C: drive. Using Windows Explorer, you can later either delete the downloaded files or move them to your chosen category, as described above.

Finally, what about old files you rarely use, but don't want to delete — such as old emails, if you save them in Word or some other word processing program? You can create an **Archive** folder in your C: drive (or on another drive, such as a USB flash drive ("jump drive," or "stick drive"). Then create an **Email Archive** folder, and within it you can create folders for old emails by year, respondent, or whatever works for you. (Recently I had to go back to 2003 to consult an old email someone sent me.) Using an **Archive** folder, you can reduce the clutter in the folders you regularly use, without deleting information that just might come in handy some day

Happy Writing — THE PUBLISHER



Coffee-Ground Breakfast

(New Northwoods Journal)

*A Family Magazine with Poetry,
Essays, Photos, Features and Ads*

Subscription \$20.00 USD for six issues per year (single-copy price \$6.00). Profits support the production of *Pan-cakes in Heaven*, a magazine distributed free of charge to the elderly and nursing home residents. Write to:

Cory Meyer, Editor

Suicide Mosquito Publishing

8275 Lost Lake Drive West

Saint Germain, Wisconsin 54558



OPINION a journal of thought

Stimulating essays and poetry, published quarterly free of charge.

Dr. James E. Kurtz, Editor

To subscribe or for information, contact

James Kurtz, P.O. Box 239, Peru, Illinois 61354-0239