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CANNON

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The Cannon is a fine arts magazine published twice each semester, compiled from material submitted by the students, faculty, and alumni of Dordt College. This is **your** magazine: anyone can submit material for consideration simply by slipping the piece to be considered in the envelope of the Cannon door in the SUB basement. You needn't be shy; the students on the editorial staff are reasonably friendly. Also, don't be afraid to tell us what you think of the Cannon. We're learning, too.

—the editor

A Vision Of The Kingdom

—by James Schaap

(The following story is non-fiction)

Lamert van der Jagt faced the lake breeze, grasped his lapels with both hands and watched the dredge fade into the blue horizon. Digging out a harbor had been an expensive undertaking, and difficult. The government men had laughed when he told them of his plans, but when they saw the money, they consented to make the eleven-mile trip up the shoreline and dredge out the heavy sand according to van der Jagt's orders. Now they were through. Not even a week, just as he had planned.

He turned in the soft sand and looked south down the beach, a smile curling his tight-drawn lips. Already he could see them coming to Amsterdam—ships, big ships from Milwaukee, stopping here at Lamert van der Jagt's new seaport, loading the logs and leaving quickly, bound for other ports, for far-distant markets. They would be here shortly, he told himself. And others would come, from the north, from Buffalo, slow line boats and flatlined steamers, their decks festooned with the red faces of emigrants, looking as he once had, for a new home, a good home. More Hollanders—his people.

The sun still topped the deep forest that rose above the lakeshore. He started to walk, slowly in the dry sand, back toward his cabin, past pine logs set within sand, marking lots he himself had plotted. This was his land, his beach, and soon, he reminded himself, log cabins and fine frame homes would line the white sands and turn the nearly vacant shore into a busy frontier village. Already he had sold some of his plots; already he had named the streets—Lake, Holland, Cedar, Maine—that yet existed only on his parchment. There were special acres for a school and a church. Soon children would play in this sand. Their mothers would watch them from windows facing the lakeshore, while their fathers would work for him on the pier, or fell trees in the broad forests that stretched for miles inland.

Lamert van der Jagt breathed hard as he walked in the sand. Now the dredge was gone—Amsterdam harbor had been dug. The cold lake water lapped at the beach. This lake would bring him new life and prosperity, a solid community in this rich country, a home to be proud of. It was his vision. Others stayed in Milwaukee or moved inland to farm. But Lamert had bet on the lakeshore. There were many forests to be cut—birch, oak, maple, pine—and always there were uses for the wood. In Sheboygan they talked of plank roads, more building throughout the west, wood for fires. And the water would bring them ships, here to this town—good, cheap transportation.

His pier had been constructed for several weeks now. It was broad and smooth, jutting out into the surf like a long, indomitable warship. He stopped again for a moment to catch his breath, and gazed down the planks that lay motionless above the undulating lake water. He had set the pilings himself, deep within the shifting sands. Nothing could move them.

GOING BACK

*When we came back
no one had lived here
since 45—*

*and you looked
like a woman out of time,
broken, used,
gone past your prime.
I knew you had been waiting.*

*You'd been too long
with the sun and rain
and those infernal prairie winds—
scarred where they'd beat you
but still smiling—
how much of a lover
could you expect the wind to be?*

*You're tired of the talk
that has run about you—
some have forgotten you
years ago and some can
never forget what you
used to be—*

*You'll finally die
burdened by memories
and relics of the dead and gone.*

*You'll creak and collapse
in a gentle way—
in slow decay,
as a woman going down
caressed by her lover—*

still smiling at the wind.

—Bonnie Kuipers

*I don't know if I'm here
or there
and when the wind blows
I feel I'm everywhere*

*Here is wide open spaces
places to run
and there is somewhere
I look back and watch me come*

*And everywhere is air
and life
is moving there.*

—Judy Van Gorp

HAIKU

*icy feathers fall
upon darkened silenced streets
a silver puddle freezing*

—Ed Kruis

Pinheads

*musings what
number of
angels dance
on our pin
heads we cling
to tails of
camels slipping
through the eye
of a needle*

*camel humps
slide through
but our heads,
huge hard with
musing, stick
in the eye*

*camels thread
behind us yet
still suspended
we swing our
arms kick our
legs now idly
wondering whether
angels should
dance at all*

—Pat Leegwater

**THIS IS
A PLAID WORLD
AND I AM plain.**

—Mary Klay

Henry te Ronde was first. His oxen had pulled a load of cord wood to the beach nearly two weeks ago, and ever since that day other Dutch farmers had followed, from sun-up to sundown, aboard wagons of varying shapes, lugging their wood to exchange for grain or seed at the new pier. Wood was piled high already; te Ronde's load lay beneath tons of logs set tightly together. For van der Jagt was one of them, they trusted him, and he had always been fair with them. He was proud of that reputation.

He turned away from the pier and the lakefront and walked up the beach toward the stand of triangular pines surrounding his cabin. Lamert was a strong man, shoulders wide as an axehandle, legs like fence posts, and arms thickened by nearly forty years of heavy labor. But the slow grade to the end of the beach was always wearying, for the dry sand gave way beneath each heavy step. He stopped when he reached the edge and turned for a last view. He grabbed the chain on his vest and pulled a large silver watch from his pocket. Already late for supper. Janncke would be **prutz**.

But he surveyed his kingdom once more, from the bleached pole that marked the southern limits, to the oak stump that thrust up from the forest line far up north. A gull floated lightly over the squared plots of his land, and before him the mighty pier stroke through the deep blue-green water, on its back a yoke of cord wood awaiting departure. It was a grand sight! Lamert van der Jagt laughed to himself before turning into the house.

"It is done, Janncke," he said, hanging his coat over the wooden peg at the door.

His wife looked up from the table and smiled, shaking her head. "Late again! What must we do with you? Send you to bed without supper?"

The children laughed at the jest. They sat around the table, waiting.

Lamert pulled out a chair and sat slowly, exhaled long and hard, and watched his wife. "What have we here?"

Janncke stood over the table, ladling out equal portions to the two children.

"Stew, with a rabbit." She looked up only momentarily.

"Janncke, everything is ready now. The dredge is gone back to Sheboygan. The port is dug. It is finished."

She used the ladle to pour some of the thickened stew. "Ja, ja, good, good. Now we must eat."

"But will you listen, Janncke?—tomorrow, perhaps tonight yet—"

Lamert, **laat ons bidden!**"

He watched his wife closely. She lowered her head, expecting to be led in prayer. The logs in the fireplace shot sparks over the wide floor planks.

"Dirk," he pointed to his son, "you, eh?"

The boy rifled through the Lord's Prayer, eager to eat. When he finished, there was no conversation for several minutes. The family ate heartily. Then, Janncke took the pot and hung it from the iron crane set into the wall by the fireplace. The only light in the house was provided by the fire, but it easily illuminated the one-room cabin.

"When will the first of the big ships arrive, vader?" Dirk looked into his father's eyes.

"Tomorrow, son, if we're lucky."

"Will they be big ones?"

"Ja, big, very big! Maybe not as big as some of them in Sheboygan, but bigger than any we see here."

(Continued on page 10)

PRESENTING :



NORM

MATHEIS

—Pat Leegwater

Exploration.

The title of one of his compositions. Careful smears of color brushed diagonally onto the canvas.

"Diagonal lines create excitement," he tells his two-dimensional design class.

Exploration.

"Listen. What we need are people who are willing to dig in, to expand, to burrow. We Christians are always following. We must have leaders."

Matheis is an artist. His primary medium is acrylics, although etchings, oils, watercolor, and collages are also included in his collection. The acrylics were painted over the years (unlike the collages, for instance, which were done during an interim at Calvin College), and when viewing them one notices some stylistic changes made through the years.

"Color became more important to me as I continued

painting," he remarked, "and I hope to do more with it in the future."

Before painting a subject, he studies it, attempting to simplify it to its basic colors. Looking at "Across the River" not seeing bright horizontal stripes but a highway, a line of ground, a river, another line of ground, sky, and clouds. This treatment contrasts with his "Self-Portrait (1952)" and even with the later, but still more traditional, family portrait, "V Four."

His work is interpretation of reality, but that does not necessarily mean realism. At first glance, much of his work seems splotchy and muddled, an error in perception caused by standing too close to the paintings when viewing them.

"A general rule to follow when looking at a painting," says Matheis, "is to stand away from it a distance two-and-one-half times the height of the largest image."

"O God I Thank Thee..." is probably the piece that has caused the most behind-the-hand discussions, and Matheis was hesitant about including it in the exhibition.

"I put it up and thought, 'Let's just see what happens.'"



"O God, I Thank Thee"

In the composition, pine-board coffin walls surround whitened gravestones. A Spanish bell in a tower rings the death toll as one's eyes turn to the classical monument—a church building—and the smirking skull jailed in its walls. One notices a pale sheen and raucous red lines. Do we dare overlook the symbol of the Christian Reformed Church, or do we nod at its pious appropriateness?



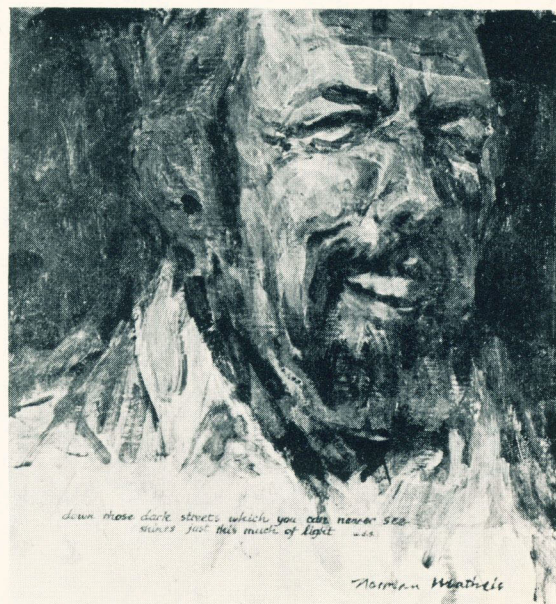
"We Four"

This painting, and a couple of others not on display, were done from a spirit of frustration. "I don't feel so cynical anymore," Matheis comments, grinning ever so slightly. "Many of us have had feelings like this at some time or another. That is good. I want this picture to impress on others their Christian responsibility. We have so much and cannot sit in that. We must be active and leading. There **is** hope, and I tried to portray it through the yellow colors in the painting.



**Self-Portrait
(1952)**

"Hope for an artist means bringing in meaning and purpose. True art has unity and balance. Meaning left art when the contemporaries threw out images and design. It resulted in empty paint splashes, framed blank sheets of paper, and thin, straight lines 50 feet long. We need to re-establish truth."



**Self-Portrait
(1972)**

Norm Matheis, in his own reserved way, is establishing truth at Dordt. His art display has given us a keyhole peek into the artist who will teach away our aesthetic awkwardness.

And then, exploration.

AMERICAN HEARTLAND GOOD MORNING

Brightly $\text{♩} = 120$

Words and Music by
MIKE VAN DYKE

mp

p 1. Back from the deep, I wake to a song, a new song re-mem-bored a mil-lion years
mp 2. Diamonds appear on each blade of green, sha-dows are fall-ing as co-

p-mp

Each tin-y ant-ist is lend-ing its tone call-ing the mon-
 day clouds are glow-ing, they open the sky and hear-ald the win-

sa oo

For arch to rule a new day, and its an A-mer-i-can Heart-land Good Morn-ing
 der that brings this new life

oo

3. instrumental

The

mf

cock sounds the fan-ta-sy, the king has ar-rived—strid-ing on car-pets of
 Ah

amber and green—Earth stands in wait-ing as he stretch-es his arms
 Ah

touch-es the fence posts and turns them to gold, and its an A-mer-i-can Heart-land Good Morn-
 Ah and its an A-mer-i-can Heart-land Good Morn-

f

ing

5. The dog and the cat the, the hens
The dog and the cat the the hens

and the corn join in the sym-phony each with its part While in thro the win-
and the corn join in the sym-phony each with its part

dow the breath of the field re- news my sor- row and wel- comes me to in A-
an A-

mer- i- can Heart- land God Horn- ing an A-mer- i- can Heart- land God Horn- ing
mer- i- can Heart- land God Horn- ing an A-mer- i- can Heart- land God Horn- ing



4.

AMERICAN HEARTLAND GOOD MORNING

Back from the deep, I wake to a song
a new song remembered a million years past
Each tiny artist is lending its tone
calling the monarch to rule a New Day
it's an american heartland good Morning

Diamonds appear on each blade of green
shadows are falling as color returns
Day clouds are glowing, they open the sky
and herald the wonder that brings this new life
it's an american heartland Good Morning

The cock sounds the fanfare, the king has arrived
riding on carpets of amber and green
Earth stands in waiting as he stretches his arms,
touches the fenceposts and turns them to gold
it's an american Heartland Good Morning

The dog and the cattle, the hens and the corn
join in the symphony, each with its part
while in thru the window the breath of the field
renews my spirit and Welcomes me to
an American Heartland Good Morning

—Mike Van Dyke

(Continued from page 5)

The rabbit was sinew and salty. Lamert ate it quickly, hardly tasting the meat.

"I wrote to the **Nieuwsbode**, you know, Janncke. Quintus says we will be reading the letter with the next issue." He wanted his wife's attention. She responded with a smile. "Soon Hollanders will be coming to Amsterdam—new Amsterdam!"

Janncke's resistance was melting in the heat of her husband's enthusiasm. Her smile widened. "Then maybe you come once on time to supper!"

"Ja, vrouw."

Dirk and Cristian ate steadily, watching their father race through his meal.

"We will have friends then, father?"

"Ja, sure, Tina, many friends. Soon there will be a village, like Sheboygan. Many people. Many Dutchmen." Lamert bit the stubborn meat off a leg bone.

"And you will have done it, ja, father?"

"With the Lord's help, jonge!" Janncke answered before her husband could reply.

"Ja, with the Lord's help alone," he admitted, reaching for more bread.

"We must remember the Lord from whom cometh all our blessings." Janncke spoke with authority to her children.

"Ja, ja, you listen to your mother."

Lamert never tasted the food; in fact, he felt no particular hunger, but he knew he should observe the ritual for the sake of the family. His mind was afloat with the tall ships already bound for his Amsterdam.

"Laats ons lezen, vader?"

"Eh?" Van der Jagt's head snapped back.

"Lezen!" Janncke repeated, looking directly at her husband for the first time since he had entered the cabin.

Lamert was struck by the confrontation, for there was no bitterness in her face, no anger in her eyes. But he had no time for such things. "Ja," he replied slowly, shaking his head.

"Dirk—"

"No, Janncke, I will get it." He restrained his son with an upraised arm, pushed back his chair, and rose, turning toward the buffet. He opened the cabinet and lifted the Bible from the shelf which also held Janncke's good dishes. Then he stood, slowly, and looked out of the window above the old oak cabinet.

"Janncke!" He turned momentarily, then looked back out the window. "They are here!" He dropped the Bible on the buffet, ran to the door, grabbed his coat, and turned back to his family.

"There it is—a ship . . . here!" he shouted, pulling on his coat. Then he was gone.

The children ran to the window. A two-masted schooner rose like a dream on the darkening horizon.

"Can we go, too?" Dirk turned, like his father, his face alive with the excitement.

"Read first," she said.

"But vader—"

"Read first—"

Dirk dropped his head and hobbled back to his chair. His sister followed reluctantly.

Lamert ran down the beach, kicking up little tongues of dry sand with each step. He waved both arms over his head, trying to signal the ship. Without breaking stride, he mounted the broad pier and galloped down the planks, never looking down,

his eyes fastened on the ship whose bow already pointed toward the jetty, perpendicular to the broad stretch of lake horizon.

He stopped at the edge of piled cord wood, still waving frantically, his face aglow with anticipation. Then he climbed onto the pile, still waving, still watching the merchant ship from Milwaukee as he scrambled madly over the eight-foot logs.

Then, suddenly, his foot twisted and caught in the uneven pile. Pain shot through his leg as the cord wood jumped beneath him, pinning his ankle and buckling his back. His body caromed off the avalanche of logs, and plummeted, with tons of cord wood, into the cold lake swells beneath the pier.

Soon after dawn the next day, the men from the schooner spotted his body bobbing lazily in a tangle of logs that rolled gently in the tranquil morning waters.



RAINSTORM

Thunder clouds
curl around
the peaks
and wink
their eyes
and jagged
rock edges
stab into
the clouds
soft white
undersides
Clouds roar
with pain
and then
they cry

—Judy Van Gorp

RAIN WALKING

Remember the night
we walked in
the storm,
soaking our shoes
and pant-legs in puddles
by the sidewalk,
then
sitting on the bed
sipping hot chocolate,
making up stories,
water sliding off the
strands of your hair,
making wetspots on
the blanket?

At night we lay in bed,
dreaming, then forgetting
our dreams—
writing masterpieces
on dark ceilings,
using invisible ink.

—Karen Kole

TEARDROPS

Teardrops
are simply
circles of love.
People shed them
and share them
Yet cannot explain them.
But still
teardrops come
and then go again.
Once more like circles of love
which appear
and then,
at times,
vanish.

—Pauline Van Biert



—Dave Groenenboom

Poetry of Ron Sjoerdsma

Ron graduated from Dordt in 1973. He teaches English at Western Christian.

RENOIR I NEVER KNEW YOU

*until the day I sat
in Chicago
the Art Institute
I had paid my fifty cents
student rate
to glimpse the pieces
known only before in books
with separate cemented prints
showing off your blues and yellows*

*until the day I beheld
"Sur la Terrasse"
and wanted to tell you
how the prints had failed
and the blues awed me
when I said
"I'm impressed"
everyone laughed at the pun
I had not intended*

KING TUT VISITS CHICAGO

*two miles from your lakeside mausoleum
I saw the chariots of your subjects
one mile away I found your people
waiting to pay their \$2.50 respects
circling in quadruple file around the shrine
giving it a gargantuan tail*

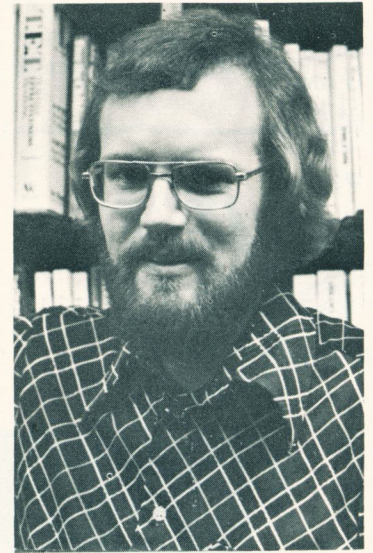
*I am sorry old Tut
your bones mean less to me
than my bones*

*I will drive past the masses humbly
ride the Hancock tower elevator
tour the Art Institute
watch the colored fountain
and then go home and look you up
in National Geographic*

THE PAYMENT

*Stooping, I saw clearly
A dime
The water
Had exposed it
I checked the date
1900*

*All I had come to do
Was water this sapling
Planted yesterday
I had asked no payment*

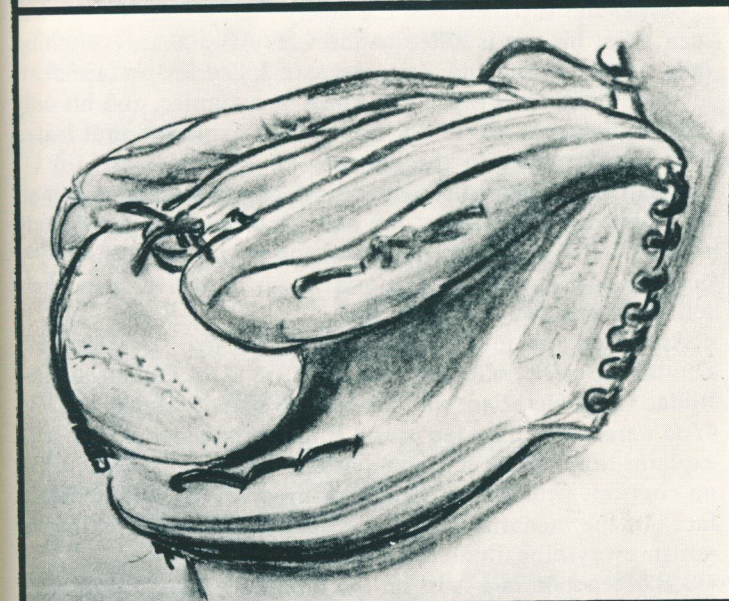


REQUIEM FOR A SCHOOLBOY

*I passed your remains well dressed
in a steel box and wondered
how many of your classmates remembered
"catafalque" from the vocab list.*

*The day you brought a motorcycle to class
I wanted to say,
"Don't be foolish;
life passes as quickly as unseen objects
hurtling down highways."
But all I could say was,
"Don't start it in here.
The principal is in a bad mood."
You said,
"There's no place to go in here anyway."
And you went on to explain
the intricacies of the internal-combustion engine.
I gave you your first "A" of the term
complimenting your thorough outline.*

*Today the oil stain remains on the oak floor
where your machine placed it.
Today I wonder why we hadn't
put newspaper down first.*



FROGGY MOUNTAIN BREAKDOWN SATURDAY

*Cabbages kiss the sunshine
and sweetpeas just hang around.
Frogs drink down,
moonshine walking on the water,
all night long.
Wild iris,
crisis of yellow,
prettier than the girl
who stole its name.*

*Forget me nots . . .
I almost forgot—
Living stars
like tiny blue flames
framed
dance
in your black crown.*

*Dragons drown
and kings kiss queens
with fear and trembling.*

*And a cabbage
would dare to kiss
this
queen
if he wasn't such a stinker.*

—Neil Culbertson

A THING CALLED EVIL

*Like the pure snow
Falling on the unclean
The good
Is discolored by the evil
And consumed by it
Then
The good is no more
And the evil must soon
Perish also
The evil corrupts
The good
And all perish
As one.*

—Deb Wolterstorff

—Luann Van Den Berg

Notes on MacLeish's "J.B."

—Previewed by Ed Krus



s, lies, li

In the beginning there was "Zuss: the one man for God in the theatre"; and there was Nickles, the antagonist, the one man for what's left in theatre: Satan.

But who will play Job? That's a heavy part. I mean, he loses his kids, his material good, his wife, and his health. Oh! I see. There's **always** someone playing Job.

In "J.B." Archibald MacLeish weaves the story of a modern-day Job from the yarn of the biblical Job of renowned perseverance. MacLeish's Job is our comfortable capitalist republican with a pretty wife and a nice little family, trusting in the luck of God's goodness.

Well, now that we've got good ol' Job eating a scrumptuous Thanksgiving dinner, I'd say it's about time for a small wager. Zuss and Nickles, two accomplished actors reduced to peddling popcorn and balloons, decide to show the other actors, who are amateurs, what **real** acting is. Nickles has felt the waves of life knock him around, and reacts bitterly in the role of Satan. He hazards that if Job's life is crumbled he will turn around and curse God. Zuss, however, feels that Job will continue to trust God, since God has been good to him.

Slowly Job is pulled into the steely reality that Nickles has seen. First his son is killed in the war. After that, everything falls apart: a son and daughter are killed in an accident; another daughter is raped and killed by a maniac, and his only other daughter is killed in a tremendous explosion that leaves J.B.'s bank a hole in the ground.

Finally J.B.'s wife, disdainful of his dogmatic acceptance of a God that has done, leaves Job and his wound-encrusted body with a pack of old women; women who see him as just another body to add to the warmth and as an object to spew the selfish insensitive babblings on.

And then Job must be tormented by three "comforters": Zophar the cleric, who says that Job's sin is his human nature; Bildad the proletarian, who defines Job's sin by simply stating "You were born One Man"; and Eliphaz the psychologist, who explains to Job that sin is non-existent. The "comforters" leave no comfort, prompting Nickles to urge Job to spit in God's face. In the meantime, God is attempting to restore Job, return everything that he valued before.

J.B.'s reaction is a twist on the biblical account, and forms the message of the play. His reaction is interesting to read, and will be interesting to see when the play is performed.

When reading or seeing the play one should keep in mind that MacLeish's ideas about aesthetics in theatre came out of a period much influenced by a man named **Bertolt Brecht**. Brecht believed that the audience should be kept from becoming part of the illusion of the play, and that idea is achieved by constantly reminding the audience that they are in a theatre. In "J.B.," MacLeish uses such things as stagehands doing last-minute repairs and props people doing their work during the play to achieve the Brechtian technique. The most notable and effective method, however, is his use of Zuss and Nickles as they play the parts of God and Satan and also play themselves, continually jumping in and out of the play, all while discussing it.

Altogether, MacLeish has communicated eloquently, in reverse, the frustration each of us has felt, even as Christians, asking "Why, God?"; "Why Hiroshima?" "Why my daughter?" "Why my son?"; that eternal "why?" In "J.B." MacLeish has expressed his view of life artistically enough to win a Pulitzer Prize for his efforts (in 1959). The play is an excellent, life-packed drama well worth reading or seeing by anyone.

I INTRODUCE TO YOU. . .

People of Productivity,
I introduce to you your leader—
President Evert Green.

(clapping, shouting, whistling!)

He will . . . quiet, quiet please . . . oh, yes, thank-you.
He will lead you, guide you, protect you.
Uh, you in the green and yellow—what did you say?
Oh, well . . . uh, I know he looks kinda limp
and drab and half-dead and
scraggly and
dis
or
gan
ized,
but . . .

Given cooperation and your support (though weak)
I have full con-(croak)-fidence that
Mr. President will succeed.

Mr. President
I introduce to you your nation—
People of Productivity (even if it doesn't look like it)
They will support you, be loyal to you and . . .
(a sudden shout from a third row seat)
oh yes, of course, only if you give them a good deal.
They will provide you with a strong,
(uh, I guess corny would be a better word to use)
—with a corny army.

Mr. President and People of Productivity
I wish you the best together
(you'll need it!)

—Dianne Vander Hoek



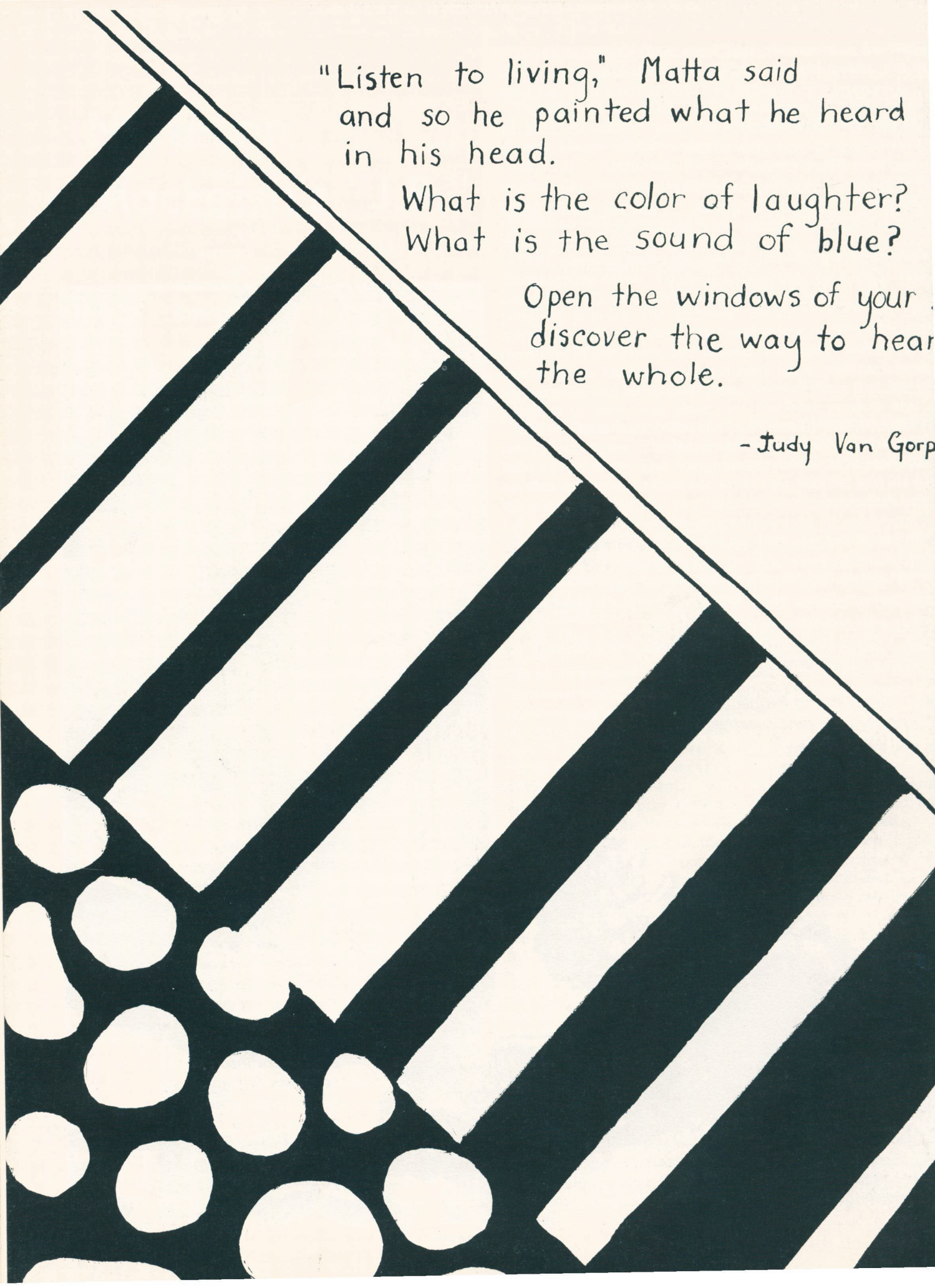
—Pat Leegwater

I
stumbled
over the
darkness
in my
journey
to the
light-
switch
when a
sudden
thought
struck me.
my fingers
searched
my face
for my
glasses.
they were
gone
and
I hadn't
even
realized
I
couldn't
see!

—Sher Sikma

I said yes we went
up to my cabin in
the northern woods
and you looked at
me with robin eyes
I called out for us
to see the first
drop of melting snow
in my palm and
you gently licked it
up and kissed
me once yet by
evening the temperature
dropped and your
eyes froze into
sparrows not gone
south when you
said good-bye I
heard the blizzard's breath
bite through the pines
you never kissed me again.

—Bonnie Kuipers



"Listen to living," Matta said
and so he painted what he heard
in his head.

What is the color of laughter?
What is the sound of blue?

Open the windows of your
discover the way to hear
the whole.

-Judy Van Gorp