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"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life."

—John 3:16

To love is to let spring shine into your soul.
To dream is to fall flung onto the leaves of memory; to remember that ice cries, too, and winter wonders about you.
To laugh is to dance in tune to the rhythm of a fallen moon.
To live is to love, to laugh, to fall, to dream, to dance, to remember the hope, yes, the hope for the hope of His Hope is our hope of life and life and life and life...

This May, let the hope of love spring, shine into your soul musically, as the angels sing of Him Who makes the garden whole again.

—Sandy Van Den Berg

By BILL SIEBERSMA
"You can fool all the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time."

TOPOGRAPHY

Dreams we whisper span places unwandered, unforced or thought
Between us streams shared suspense of unknowing a compact in adventure agreed
not yet showing
Signatures never wet ink in a glance
Tears sealing bits of unheated wax
From you days of seafaring I accept not to be threatened by trekking together instead of by map.

Jeanie Zinkand
Dordt College
Fine Arts Entry

DAY ON DAY

Yesterday was gone, today came and when today is gone,
Tomorrow comes
What happens when today is never yesterday and tomorrow never comes?

Kathryn Feikema
Dordt College
Fine Arts Entry

BERRIES

"Out of many berries one wine flows."
Some to wither
And to decay,
Some to see d, Many to prey
Others to grow forth and bear new Fruit,
only to quiver and tremble under the feet of the

WINE PRESSER.

Duane Plantinga
Dordt College
Fine Arts Entry
It happened in a country whose laws were just but whose people were vindictive, in the town of the Tin Lizzie and Pullman, in the fall of the year when old winds blow and life is withdrawn. Within that country lay the smug town of Blackburn and another, not unlike the first, Salt—one hour to the east by rail. The people were of a proud, pious breed, ignoring their land to be God's Country. For years they had pruned and purged to rid their society of any such persons their standards deemed undesirable. But problems were seldom solved. Within Blackburn the plumber lived and was alone. Although frugal, a good plumber and an expert chemist, he possessed little more than his plumbing tools and decrepit Model A. Such poverty was due in part to the eight years he had spent in penniless schooling and part to the past three years when he could draw pay but could seldom find work. The whole situation had become a nagging descent into a deep pool of bitterness. Inside of the seat ahead. He glanced back at her and replied "Only to Salix," his eyes returning to the patterned leather of the seat ahead. It had been many years since someone had found the time to talk with him. And he knew not what to make of it. "I live in Salix," she explained, "I was just spending the day in Blackburn with some friends of mine." The plumber hesitated before he weakly questioned, "Relation?" "Well, almost," she said with a gentle smile, "I met them one day while I was visiting the old people's home. Actually most of my relation live in Salix. I'm Judy Danhof," she offered her hand to the plumber. "Pleased to meet you," he could only verbalize the effete greeting as he wondered why he had never heard of any Danhofs before, then he returned, "I'm John, John Jones." She went on, "Do you live in Salix too?" "No, I'm a plumber in Blackburn ... Just spending the day in Blackburn with some friends of mine." The plumber sat at his table carefullyrammed in gold to the patterned leather of the seat ahead. He glanced back at her and replied "Only to Salix," his eyes returning to the patterned leather of the seat ahead. It had been many years since someone had found the time to talk with him. And he knew not what to make of it. "I live in Salix," she explained, "I was just spending the day in Blackburn with some friends of mine." The plumber hesitated before he weakly questioned, "Relation?" "Well, almost," she said with a gentle smile, "I met them one day while I was visiting the old people's home. Actually most of my relation live in Salix. I'm Judy Danhof," she offered her hand to the plumber. "Pleased to meet you," he could only verbalize the effete greeting as he wondered why he had never heard of any Danhofs before, then he returned, "I'm John, John Jones." She went on, "Do you live in Salix too?" "No, I'm a plumber in Blackburn ... Just spending the day in Salix to visit," he answered as he watched her. She laughed, and asked, "Relation?" "Oh no," he laughed a bit also then continued more slowly, "I'm just going to visit the Baptist Church there tomorrow." He lied. He seldom lied and was certainly sorry that he had to invent the untruth now. The conversation went on to weather, then local news and national events and finally to religion. As the discussion of religion extended, Judy told the plumber of her parents deaths, six years earlier and of the town from which she had then moved. She also spoke of her foster parents but their name was lost in the whistle and echoes of "Three minutes to Salix..." Judy restated the name: Baker—the attorney, to the plumbers now bewildered and apprehensive face. Then, realizing, though not understanding why or how, she had hurt him, she quickly added, "I was meaning to tell you if you like I'm sure my foster would be glad to put you up for the night..."

The plumber felt himself shrink as the force drained completely from him. He mechanically thanked her for the offer and told her he had already made reservations at the motel. The whistle again blew and was followed by a slow grind to a halt. He helped her with her bag while tightly clutching his briefcase. As they stepped from the coach, she tried to persuade him but then reluctantly uttered goodbye and hoped that she would see him again. He replied simply, goodbye. Judy remained at the station. As soon as everyone had gone, he unlocked the briefcase. Reaching inside he tried to remove the cap of the container. But it wouldn't turn and he had not taken the chain tool. Studying the clock above the depot booths he decided to shut the briefcase. He waited until the westbound came then boarded it and sat in rigid silence as he returned. When the Pullman reached the Blackburn station, Jones leaped out and dashed home carrying the briefcase gently as he ran. The wind tugged at his coat flaps and pushed him on, tearing his eyes and musing his straight blonde hair when he lost the hat. He disappeared into the little house. Many heard thunder that night, but few saw it rain. For those that knew, they sat back and clucked that a plumber should neglect his own home.

Of Memories and Times Past
Brian N. Vonk
Dordt College
Fine Arts Entry
DEATH
Shimmering the glistening dewdrop crept waveringly unsurely downward.
Lanky finger mine shakingly climbed upward and popped the tiny bubble. It deflated. Then dried up.

I've never killed a real tear before.
Julie Van Holland Western Christian

End of the Beginning
By George DeGroot Western Christian

CLOUDS
During a storm they look like they could come down and choke you and smother you and kill you!

On a nice summer day They look like angel-hair gently sweeping the sky making everything alive and beautiful

Passing over the moon at night Death's cold fingers trying trying to grasp.

Oh, Clouds, make up your mind!
Deb Horstman Western Christian

Nature's Back Door
By Mike Van Dyke Western Christian

WOOD GRINDER
Pencil Sharpener: grits its teeth and grinds its joints gets across a point.
Donna Den Ouden Southwest Christian High
You know where I spent last Saturday? In a parlor, just sitting there. Can you imagine, a parlor in this day and age. It looked just like you’d expect it to look, dark wood and rose colored walls.

Uncle Frank was telling there in Carbondale, P.A. (that’s how my family always says it) waiting for my great-aunt Sarah to arrive. The trip had been endless, winding through dull, dirty-looking coal country, with my obnoxious little brother running his mouth all the while. I hate long rides in the car; I stare out the window and think about my life. It’s pretty depressing.

We all sat there saying nothing. Uncle Frank had told us that Aunt Sarah had just run out to “do her trading” (that’s what my family calls grocery shopping—as if they had to pack up all their beaver pelts to get a can of beans). The only thing anyone was doing was snoring, his big stomach rising up and down in an even rhythm, broken now and then by a snort. My father’s a great guy but he’s so boring.

Uncle Frank was sitting right across from me on the couch next to my mother. Even looking right at him I couldn’t tell if he were asleep or awake. My mother wasn’t saying anything; she was saving up for Aunt Sarah.

I sat in a maroon velvet chair, the itchy kind that sags where you sag, and I watched a fly bumble and buzz around the room: it had the most active life there. You’d think I didn’t have anything better to do. But then, I’m only sixteen, as my parents say, and my life is not to be considered.

In came Aunt Sarah. My stupid brother had to run to the store and get her, and she loaded him up with candy. He loves to go see Aunt Sarah because she gives him goodies, especially Welsh cookies. They aren’t really cookies, more like rich, heavy tea cookies, but they are good and unusual. It’s about the only food I know that’s Welsh. I always wanted to have a heritage, a tradition, like the Italian and their pasta or the Poles with their Polish or the Irish on St. Patrick’s Day. But what good is it to be Welsh? Who ever heard of them living in the United States. And my parents know is “Welshing on a bet.” What a drag.

Anyway, Aunt Sarah came in and I unfolded to go kiss her leathery old cheek. I hate it when I have to bend over; it makes me aware of my gawky 5 feet 9 inches. I was waiting for her to tell me how much I’ve grown.

She didn’t. She asked me how I was, if I really cared. Then she said something about my becoming a lovely young lady; flattery, of course, but at least she didn’t tell me to put some meat on my bones. She is a funny old lady, so tiny she reminds me of Mrs. Mouse in the books I read when I was a kid. My parents said I looked like her, but I couldn’t see that at all. She’s wrinkled and short and her hair is set in neat white waves, like corrugated paper, only stiffer. I, of course, am skinny and have long legs and straight black hair.

Actually, my real name is Sarah, too, but I get furious when anyone calls me that. I go by the name of Sally; it seems younger and livelier, not an old lady’s name.

All those old fogeys were talking in fits and starts, as if they didn’t have the strength to carry on a real conversation. It must be hell being old; all they could talk about was who died and who married whom. There was another pause, with no one able to think of anything to say. My father threw in the question he always asks in a situation like that: “How’s your mother doing?”

Uncle Frank answered that they didn’t even have a car. “Everything we need,” he said, “the church, the post office, the grocery store and our children’s houses are within three blocks of here. We haven’t had a car for twelve years now.”

I mean, it floored me! Can you imagine spending your whole life inside three blocks? I couldn’t believe people fold up like that. Right then I made a vow. I have Aunt Sarah’s name, and they may say I have her looks, but I swore I would never, never have her life.

“She,” she said then, “would you give me a hand with dinner?” I’m always as polite as I have to be, so I didn’t tell her what I thought of her name, but I felt like I was going to suffocate as I followed her out into the old fashioned kitchen, all yellow with big windows and sunlight streaming in.

“Taste the broth, Sarah.” Does it need more salt?” I lifted the cover on an old cast iron pot and sampled a dark, rich-tasting stew, different from anything I had ever eaten.

“We call that leek broth,” she said. “Made with leeks, of course, and mutton and carrots and potatoes. It’s an old Welsh favorite, but it’s hard to get mutton around here.”

“You remember Wales?” I asked to make conversation.

“Oh, course, I was nearly a woman grown when we left it. It’s a strange, beautiful land.” I told her I knew nothing about Wales, so she bustled and talked for almost an hour while we fixed dinner. She told me about the Welsh poets and singers, and about the Maid of Cefn Ydfa, who went mad and died for love, and Awn Shon Catti, the Welsh Robin Hood, who also went by the name of Tom Jones. I never knew the real Tom Jones, the singer, was Welsh, too. She said the Welsh were known as romantics and dreamers, as well as people with fine imagination. Other countries called them liars. She told me about Uther Pendragon, King Arthur and Pericival, the Welsh bumptkin, the butt of French knights’ jokes, who was the only one of three to see his Holy Grail. Mostly she told me about Merlin, his birth, prophecies and tragic end, bewitched by love for his own spell.

Before she finished, my brain shimmered with the mysterious beauty of the old names, and she gave me a book of Dylan Thomas poetry and a huge volume about the life of Merlin. She may never leave her three blocks again, but she sure has a lot in her head.

Maybe my mind was too full of Merlin, but something strange happened just after that. I asked Aunt Sarah what the people of Wales looked like. She didn’t say anything, but she steered me toward a big mirror hanging over the sink, surrounded by plants; it was like looking into a woodland pool. The first thing I saw were two pair of eyes looking back at me. They were big eyes, and round and so dark they almost looked black. I didn’t recognize them for a moment. I looked at the two square jaws, and the two narrow-bridged noses, and I came back to the eyes, staring out from two different faces, one young and smooth, the other dark, wrinkled and very old. Long black hair surrounded one, neat waves the other.

It seemed as if Merlin came out of his tree trunk to let me look at myself 50, 60, 70 years from now, looking back.

We stood there a long moment, in silence. I felt the pressure building up in my throat, and I panicked. I whirled to face the woman who looked over my shoulder. “It’s not me,” I whispered. I didn’t know what I meant myself, but she seemed to. “Of course not,” she answered. “I swore when I was your age, to escape that dying Welsh mining village. You certainly don’t want to end up in Carbondale. We each reach out beyond the ones that have gone before. But I hope you’ll carry us with you—all of us from Merlin on down.”

“I will,” I said. “I will, Aunt Sarah.”

She reached up and gave me a little hug and we called the others to dinner. It was dark by the time we started home and I was sitting in the back seat, looking out the window as usual, so when I heard my mother talking about how soon Aunt Sarah was going to die, no one noticed me. I cried till we were almost home.
Summer starts to drop
her coat upon the floor,
but hesitates a moment more.
She sees
behind the blue-white sky
a wicked look in winter’s eye
and quietly pulls her coat back on
and throws her hood about her face
and leaves without a trace.

Bonnie Kuipers
Dakota Christian High School
There is an empty water tank south of Mr. Slink's barn that hasn't been used for ages. It's near a large tree by the road that leads between Mr. Slink's fields. It has so much rust on it—when you touch it your hand gets all red. It has a ladder welded to it that you have to pull yourself up to before you can get a foothold.

The day after Ezra was first missing, Mr. Slink was throwing some chicken wire out in the field when he heard something over by the tank. Ezra was inside something weird. Mr. Slink yelled at him to come out, but he got scared and wouldn't come out for nothin'. By that time the other workers were there and Mr. Slink was saying, "He'll have to come out for food sooner or later." Six days later he was still in there and they thought he must be awful weak, or else he was gettin' out for food at night. Mr. Slink went out after dark and waited for Ezra to come out. He waited for hours, but Ezra didn't make a move or a sound. Then Mr. Slink heard heavy footsteps—someone was bringin' food to Ezra!

The man had a gunny sack in his hand, but it was too dark to make out who it was. The man climbed up, handed the sack down, and lowered himself in. Mr. Slink got up and started to cuss his head off and bang on the tank with a two by four. It made quite a racket and all the farmers by us wanted to know what in the world was going on at four o'clock in the morning. I begged Grandpa to let me go along and finally he told Grandma to stay and we took off across the field.

When we got there, Mr. Slink was riling up the farmers and soon they were beating on the water tank with metal fence posts—taking swings like madmen. I knew Ezra was in there and I didn't see how he would come out of this without being deaf. 'Sides, what would Mr. Slink do to him when he came out? Mr. Slink hollers, "Allright. Stop it! We ain't got nothin' to gain by gettin' him out like that. Riley, you get the old tractor. We'll hook the hauling chain to the ladder and pull the tank down from around the tree so's it won't fall towards the tractor. We are goin' to shake that lazy jigaboo out of there!"

"I'm goin' where dey's no more weepin', I'm goin' to live wid de Lawd in Gloryland. I'm goin' where dey's no mo wallin'," I yelped. "Mr. Austin's in there!!" I yelled.

"What's the matter? Ain't city boy ever seen what we do to lazy nigger boys?" said Mr. Slink.

I was crying and eighth graders aren't supposed to. But that was Mr. Austin in there!

"You do the listenin', Austin! You get blackie out of there or I'll skin you both!" Mr. Slink yelled. But they didn't say anything more or come out neither. Mr. Slink climbed up the ladder, wrapped the chain around it, and gave the order for the tractor to go ahead. The tractor pulled the chain tight and the legs of the tank groaned. After a few of the longest minutes in my life, the tank gave way. It balanced for a second and hit the wet ground with a thud. The jostled contents lay still. No one made a sound. The slow heartbeat of the two-cylinder tractor throbbed like a nightmare in my head. Everyone just stared.

Strewn inside were candle wax, matches, some food, and a Bible. On its side, the tank looked like a bloated cow that had walked off to die of mastitis—legs sticking straight out. Grandpa pulled Mr. Austin out onto the road. It was plain Ezra was dead.

Mr. Austin didn't wake up for two days and Grandma stayed with him and comforted his wife. I just stayed home and prayed for Mr. Austin—harder than I've ever prayed. He was my best friend.

Grandpa said I was old enough to help people, so I moved Mr. Austin's big lawn from then on. Mr. Austin didn't mow straight anymore.

Mr. Austin was a farmer for as long as anyone around here can remember. I can still see him standing out in the field in the afternoons with his wide-brim straw hat that strained the sun into a checkerboard on his wrinkled face. He had a big nose with little rows of pits on it—his crop of blackheads he never got around to harvesting. In his right hand was a large weed killer sprayer. He used it to keep the weeds down that were growing in the irrigation ditches. To save money, he used bulk oil from the tractor instead of weed killer.

Mr. Austin was always good to me. Before I got too old to be climbing trees, he let me eat as many pecans off his trees as I wanted. I would usually eat 'til I was sick and he would bend over me and say something like, "Need a hand getting up, son?" I wasn't his son, but sometimes I wished . . . Once I pretended I had eaten too much and when he bent over to pick me up, I snapped his suspenders. He stood up real quick and surprised and chased me all over kingdom come! When he caught me, he grabbed me by the seat of my pants, held me over the water trough with one hand, and dropped me in. He was laughing so hard he was holding his knees and making gasping noises like he could hardly breathe. When I got home, Grandma wasn't even mad because she never thought he'd ever see the thing again, so he came and it turns out he ate five pieces! He told me he "didn't want to meet a dumb shit kid from some Hooverville who couldn't tell a bull from a heifer." He even told Ezra if he ever married he'd lose his job right quick. He didn't want to have to build extra room on for a bunch of nigger kids. He was always threatening Ezra about his job.

During the school year I used to do my thinking before I went to sleep. It worked out good because then I could listen to my grandparents talking. One night after they thought they had given me enough time to fall asleep, Grandpa says, "Bill Slink is having problems with his help again. You know that nigger working for him?"

"Don't you call 'em niggers again!" shouted Grandma in a whisper.

After a minute Grandpa said, "Well, yesterday he didn't clean the barn and this morning he didn't show up to feed grain. They never found him neither. Can't say I blame him—the way Mr. Slink treats him. Sure is a world of difference 'tween him and Mr. Austin."
**Rouault: A Vision of Suffering and Salvation**

by William A. Dyrness, 1971. 235 pp. $3.95

When something is rare, it attains great value. Within the Reformed community, a book such as **Rouault: A Vision of Suffering and Salvation** by William Dyrness, is rare. Of course, it shouldn't be, but it is. We are not implying that this book acquires its value and significance because of its rarity, for it has its own inherent worth—indeed, it is worth its weight in gold.

As a unique piece of good scholarship on the subject of art, Dyrness' book provides a treat not often found within this field among Reformed people. His book is well-documented, and well-organized, providing a wealth of good sources. All in all, it makes for a book that isn't skimmed over in an easy-chair: one reads, ponders, only to re-read again. There is almost a super-abundance of ideas to be reflected upon.

Already in the early pages of this study of George Rouault, we saw an author who is highly critical; not one to make hasty generalizations or super-impose preconceived notions in an attempt to prove his point and his profundity. Dyrness searches with a magnifying glass to find the real Rouault. One can just see him hunched over, scraping up the tiny tidbits of information scattered helter-skelter everywhere. And he treads carefully while engaged in his search.

In turn, the reader must be critical of Dyrness. On the one hand we must track down the false spirits with a fervor as they come in for a kill from behind or wait eagerly around the corner. Keep your eyes open. But on the other hand, don't scrutinize to the extent that you miss the grand scenery around you. And keep your eye out for the right roads to be taken. False tracks can be tiring.

As well as good scholarship, Dyrness has a firm existential awareness of the particular subject with which he is concerned. He knows that artistry isn't your regular 9-5 job that you leave behind after stepping on the subway; it's a way of life, like that of a student, or a professor, or of a farmer. You breathe art, if you're serious about it. We also begin to discover how art is teeming with an infinite number of indescribable riches: we're left with a sense of the incompleteness of verbal description.

Most important is Dyrness' thorough analysis of Rouault: not his personality, or works, but Rouault's vision and intentions. Dyrness places his particular focus on the good elements of Rouault: no less a critical job than discovering the bad.

Without being biographical, the author begins by drawing the milieu of the artist—his family, training, influence of contemporaries: only to prove the complexity of influences, and difficulty of categorization.

We learn of a Roman Catholic artist who was lonely, who questioned, who was critical, and who tried to see the earth underneath God's clouds. We see a man who had vision and an acute sense of what's been going on after Adam.

Rouault knew suffering—he drank its cup. He saw suffering, but did not make it his own; he was so near to it but not lost in it—he had a Christian distance. His suffering was placed within the larger context of Christian hope.

Rouault, being the intensely perceptive detective of the spirits that he was, saw the result of the all-pervading evilness with its claws that keep scratching and pecking to cut all things to the quick. But although Rouault recognized suffering to be the essential condition of man, he knew that it was only temporary—for a short time.

Yes, it is true that Rouault had a very dark side to him as his major themes point out: the complacency of the rich, the hopelessness of the poor, the prostitutes, the passion of Christ, the sad clowns hiding behind their masks (aren't we all???). But though his paintings are done with the dark colors of suffering, the light of grace shines through as well—in his early as well as his later period. Rouault's vision of suffering was illuminated by the light of grace.

As a man of intense insight and artistic perception, we find a Rouault who accepts the wondrous mysteries of Christianity, rather than being lost in the confusion of modern man, or caught-up in the God-damning of a Picasso who saw life to be a brutal absurdity which was to be ranted and raved against.

We also discover for ourselves a Rouault who knew nature, and understood that creation was and is good—a thing to be marvelled at—at one time, a great and glorious sight not blurred by tears.

Dyrness ends the book with a brief section on aesthetics. Although he may be careful in his approach, we must be as well. His contribution is meant to be heard but it can only be a small one, as it is in large part derived from the experiences of only one artist. But, then again, nobody ever said Christian aesthetics is smelted and refined overnight, ready to be displayed the next morning.

Precious as a piece of Christian scholarship, Dyrness' book is also important for the "Dutch community" in North America. Some of us will be surprised to learn that art can be Christian. Amazingly enough, Rouault has demonstrated that Christian art is possible in the twentieth century without simply imitating a Rembrant. Others (a majority, I would say) will be shocked to discover that art isn't the stuff you decorate your walls with. It's not something to match with the wall-paper.

Maybe it's about time to recognize that there is such a thing as art and aesthetic reality. We had also better learn the seriousness of art—it can help you on your way to hell if you want it to.

Dordt students have a particular responsibility here, which, sad to say, we haven't shouldered in the past; Where’s the united effort to try and establish a course in art-appreciation, art-history, and art-departments? Why the lack of concern with the artistic contemporaries of George Rouault? Why haven’t we learned of George Rouault before?

Dyrness must be complimented on his book. But we must go beyond him. And Rouault.

by Mark Okkema

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**THE KEEPER**

Ceaseless zephyr moving over empty darkness
Soon to bring a brightness for a land and sea,
Where greening grasses grow without, then to,
The su -...

Harmony ...

Nearby snuffed by the blasts of the hot, fierce wind
He peers, dark-eyed, at dark, weak world
Left in miasmic shrouds of the dark devil's decidable
To quiver then die and die until ...

Ceaseless zephyr moving over crowded darkness
Brings a lasting brightness . . . .

---

**HAIKU**

New mounds of fresh dirt,
Faded headstones, a lily
Among the bare rocks.

Deserts of reason,
The empty rattle of oars
In ships above tide.

Small boastings of skill,
Drops from a dripping faucet,
Gone in a moment.

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In ships above tide.

Small boastings of skill,
Drops from a dripping faucet,
Gone in a moment.

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**by Mark Okkema**

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**THE KEEPER**

Ceaseless zephyr moving over empty darkness
Soon to bring a brightness for a land and sea,
Where greening grasses grow without, then to, the su -...

Harmony ...

Nearby snuffed by the blasts of the hot, fierce wind
He peers, dark-eyed, at dark, weak world
Left in miasmic shrouds of the dark devil's decidable
To quiver then die and die until ...

Ceaseless zephyr moving over crowded darkness
Brings a lasting brightness . . . .

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**by Mark Okkema**

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