

# LIEF

Winter 2012-2013



***“I had as lief  
bear so  
much lead.”***

– Said by a servant in *Merry Wives of Windsor*, carrying a chest with Sir. John Falstaff hiding inside

Welcome to LIEF 2. It was never certain Klecko and I would do a second issue, but we had such a good time we decided to do it again.

If you missed it, LIEF 1 can be viewed here. The idea was to create a zero-cost outlet for old and new friends, with the tendency toward ADHD.

The word lief comes from the Shakespearean, meaning “a preference for” or “being amenable to.” We like it because it is a little like life, and a little like leaf. Our own preferences suggests we are amenable to work with senses wide open – eyes, ears, uncommon sense, a sense of humor, and a sense of the child within.

We have submission guidelines if you are interested. But we ask that you hold off till, oh, April 1 – our feast day.

This issue we decided to do away with two mainstays of “literary” magazines. We have skipped both index and contributor's notes. We want people to read or at the minimum flip through the entire issue, not just go to their page and ignore the rest.

This issue we are doing something else subversive – adding pages of canonical works in among new work. So you can see work by James Wright, Mei-Yao Ch'en, and even a word puzzle made of the language in John Keats' sonnet “When I Have Fears That I Shall Cease to Be.” We do this for two reasons: to imply a dialogue of thought and values between these great works and our own efforts, but also to increase the number of search engine hits.

Last issue we included photos as well as a couple of sentences about each contributor. The pictures were additional proof to everyone's suspicions that artists are beautiful people. But it seemed like a big bother so we stopped.

We didn't even want to add page numbers, but they're very easy, so ...

## **LIEF Magazine**

### **Issue 2**

Editors:

Mike Finley

Danny Klecko

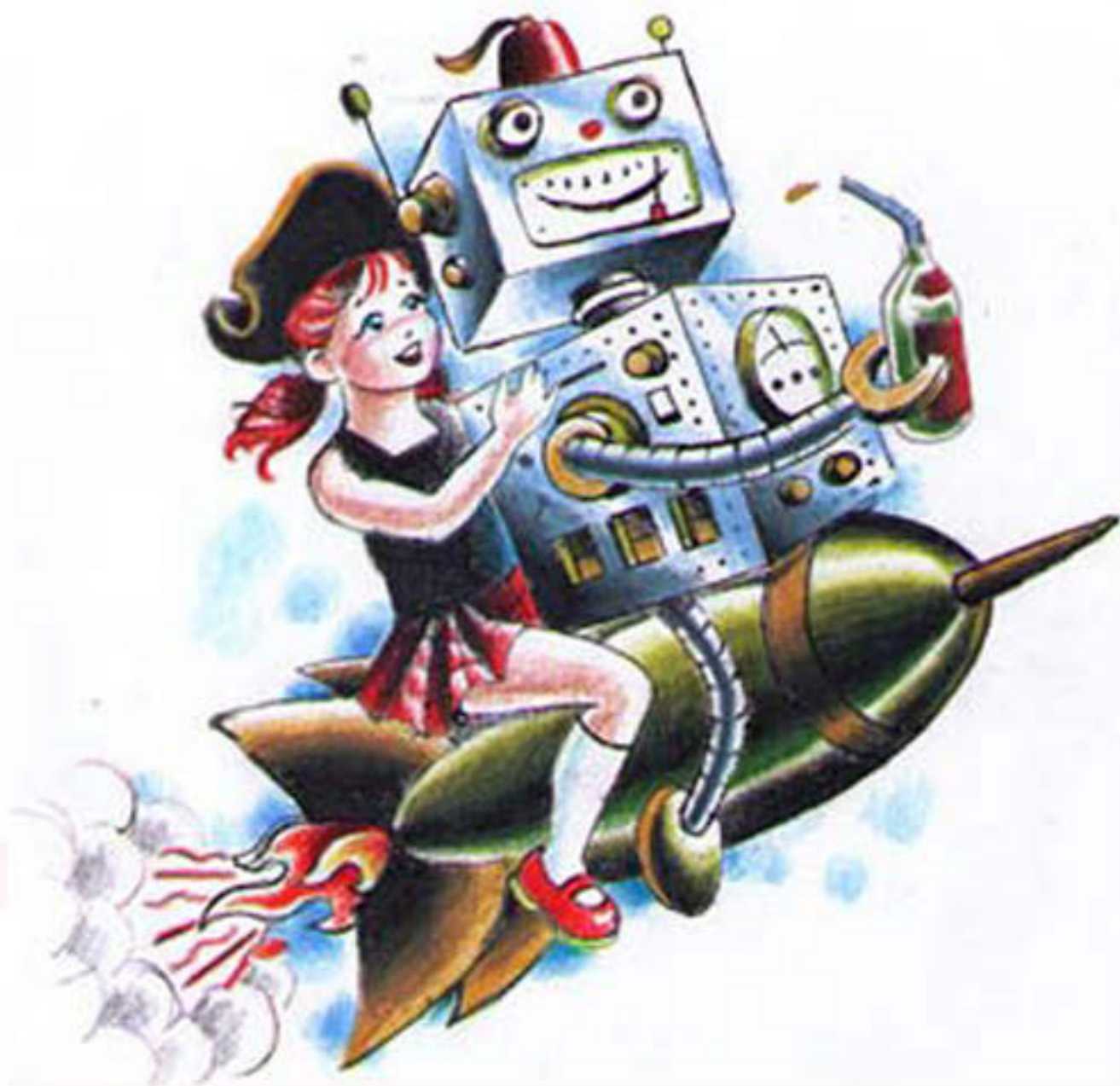
Dara Syrkin, quality assurance director

### [Submissions](#)

LIEF has hidden pages. When you see one like this, [click on it](#) and see what happens.

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## Robot Poem

I want bolts  
I want nuts  
I want life

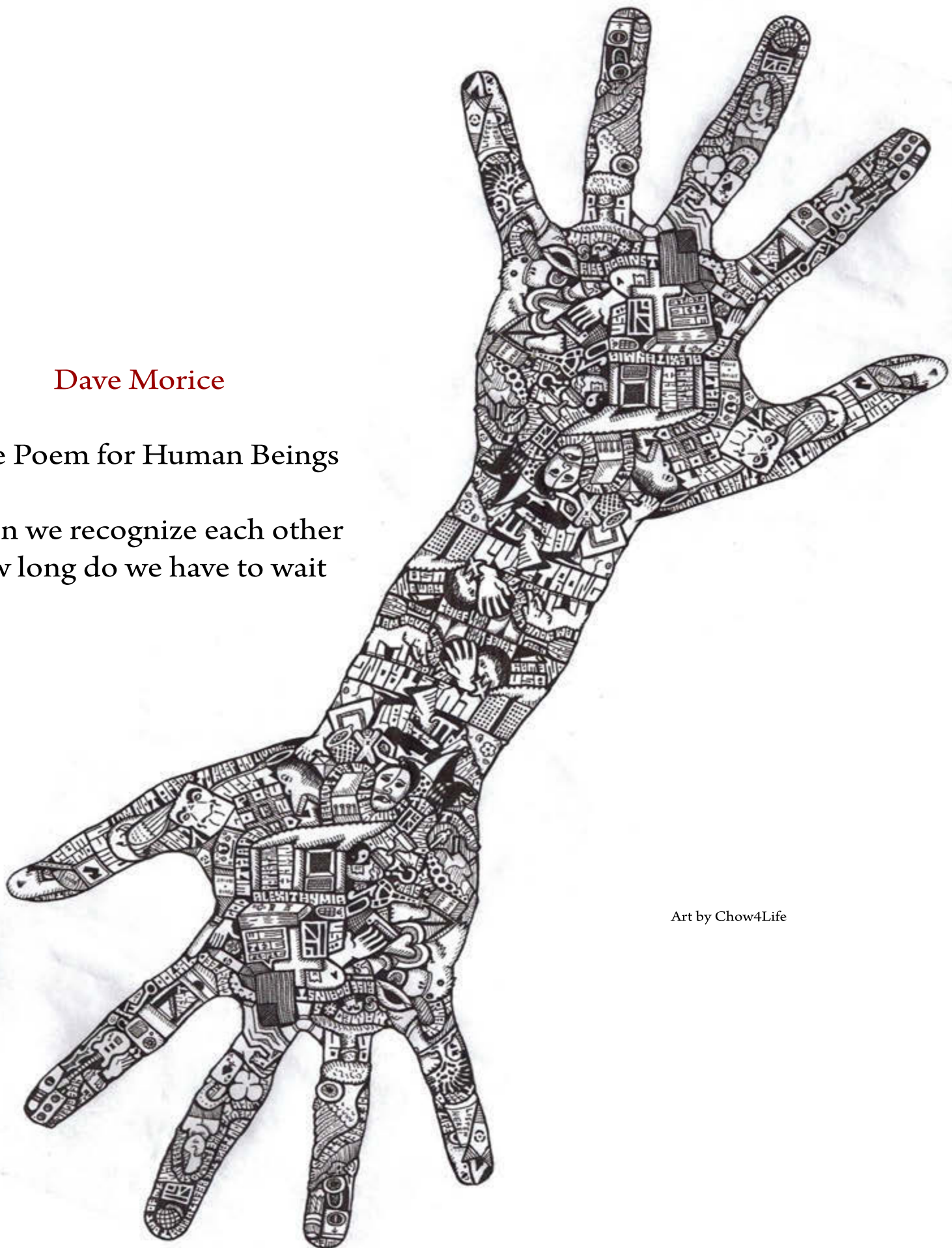
Dave Morice

Tattoo of Robot and Pirate  
by Chelsea Louviere

Dave Morice

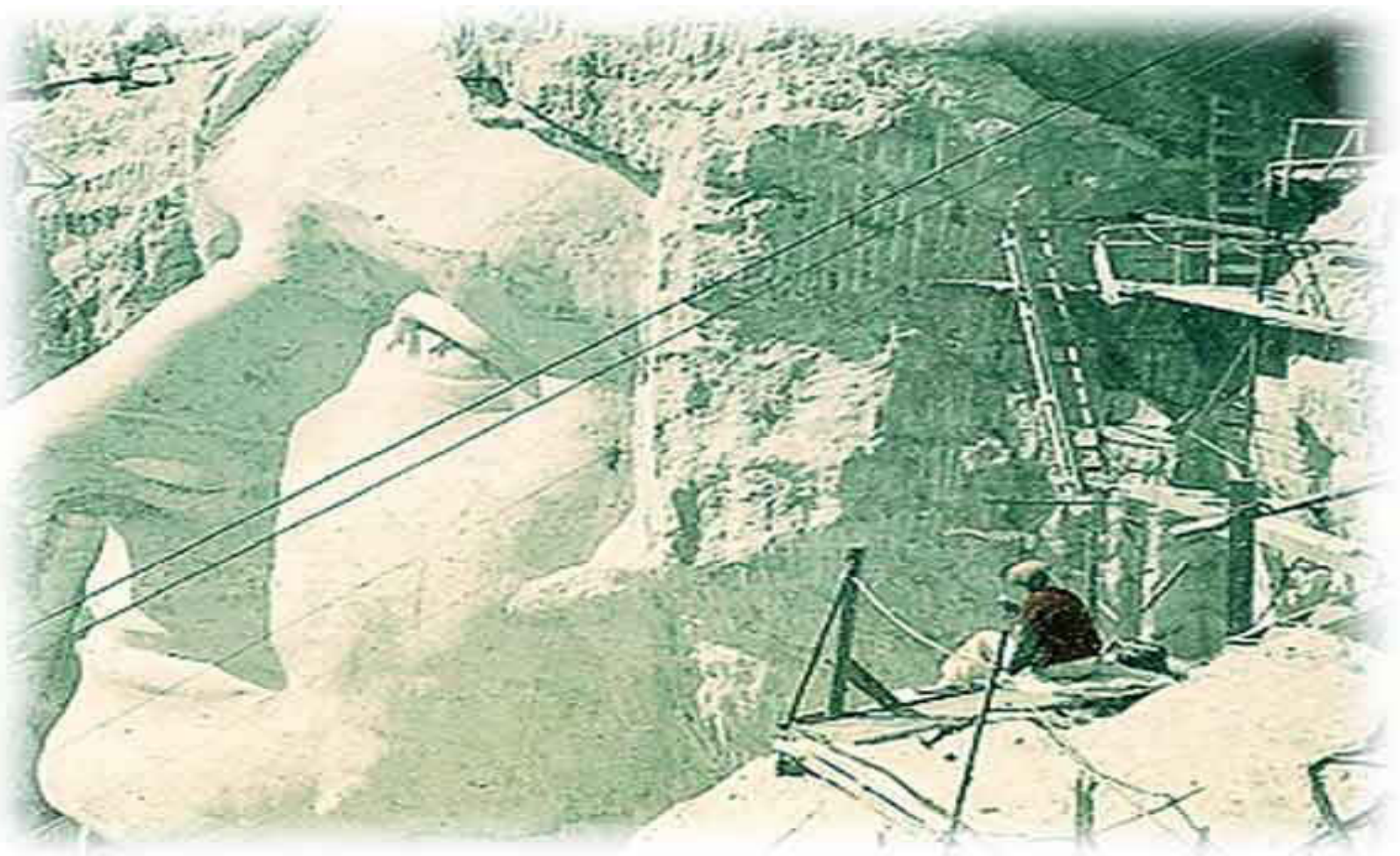
## Love Poem for Human Beings

When we recognize each other  
How long do we have to wait



Art by Chow4Life





## 8 Minutes With Nick Clifford

**by Danny Klecko**

There I stood, my lens pointed at the face of George Washington, and the red light began to blink.

My cameras battery was dead.

At the foot of Mount Rushmore rests a small cluster of buildings. It's made up of restaurants, an ice cream stand and a souvenir store.

In the store I was immediately overwhelmed by trinkets and souvenirs. There were velvet pillows, key chains, snow globes and shot glasses. It was simultaneously tacky and strangely impressive.

I walked through every aisle like I was circling a drain, but when I arrived at the center everything changed.

Resting against a fold-out table sat Don "Nick" Clifford, and placed in front of him was a pile of his recent book about working on the Mount Rushmore monument between 1938 and 1940.

To his left stood his wife, waving people over much like a carnival barker.

"Come on over everybody and

meet the last living sculptor that carved the face of Abraham Lincoln."

A small group of young boys approached.

As the wife continued giving a step-by-step account of her husband's legend, Nick seemed showed the kid with a Baltimore Orioles T-shirt how to grip the laces when throwing a curve ball.

As the child attempted to mimic this, Nick reminisced out loud...

“The reason I even got the job was because Mr. Borglum, he was the gentleman that started this project, he was a big fan of baseball. He saw me pitching when my squad made it to the state finals, and when he learned I lived in Keystone, he was kind enough to offer me a job. What most people don’t know is our Rushmore workers had their own baseball team and I became their pitcher.”

Shoving the kids aside, I addressed the man.

“C’mon Nick, you’re telling me you slipped into a harness and hung off the side of a mountain just so you could play ball?”

The old man smiled at my ignorance.

“There was nothing more dangerous about this job than most. Prior to that I was working in the mines. Those mines are far worse than the mountain, and back then a guy felt fortunate to have any job.”

When the kid in the Orioles shirt finally got the proper grip on the baseball, he released it and asked:

“How old are you, Nick?”

“I’m 91 years old, son.”

For a split second, I noticed how the old man and the boy looked at each other, as if wishing they could change places.

A woman with white sunglasses interrupted.

“Nick, did you and the other workers feel like you were creating a piece of art?”

“No Mam, none of us did. This was just considered a job, but then years back, back when the monument celebrated its 50th anniversary, President Bush came out here to give a presentation. This was a big deal and many of the workers flew from all parts of the country to reunite for this moment.

All of us just stood there hunched amidst all these patriotic gewgaws, savoring being in the presence of the last living person who took part in forming this powerful symbol of what we are all about.

“I think maybe it was then we all understood the magnitude or the importance of what Mr. Borglum accomplished, and pretty much every Fourth of July after that we held a reunion.

“Everyone felt very fortunate to be able to take part in something people care about the whole world over.

“It really amazes me how

everyday if you come here, you have the opportunity to meet some of the nicest people from all across the planet.”

All of us just stood there hunched amidst all these patriotic gewgaws, savoring being in the presence of the last living person who took part in forming this powerful symbol of what we are all about.

Finally the woman in the white sunglasses asked Nick's wife if Nick felt an extra responsibility to be present since he was the only person left that could give a firsthand account of how Mount Rushmore came to be.

Nick's wife nodded slowly, sharing that he plans to stay on the mountain for the remainder of his life so he can share the experiences and stories of the many colleagues he worked with.

But just as she was saying this, I saw another small boy approach the table to learn how to grip the curve ball, and that’s when it occurred to me that maybe my country's most amazing surviving mountain carver just liked chatting up baseball.







Lisa Cihlar

Citrine

What does this necklace of white pearls and yellow citrine beads mean? Are you sorry for leaving for hours and days at a time? Gone to get something forgettable at the corner grocery where they never have what we are hungry for.

You want fish, salmon or walleye, and I want fruit, ripe pears and peaches. Juice running down my arms and dripping from my elbows leaves stains on my dresses and dots on the kitchen floor.

“Eat over the sink,” you always remind me, following behind with damp paper towels, cleaning up my trail.

I get tired of the smell of fried fish when I arise early on Sunday morning. And crackling skin and scales stuck to the cast-iron frying pan. You leave it on the stove, clotted, with curls of pink and white flesh clinging like the glue we used to paint on our palms for perfect imprints of all the whorls and heart lines. These beads are to remind me of better days when you brought me oxeye daisy buttons with one petal left standing, knowing I always begin and end with he loves me.



# A Crooked Crown

University Avenue Sonnets

by Maryann Corbett





## Diane Jarvenpa

### Free Way Raptors

I see them when I should be driving,  
eyes to rear fenders and road,  
but there they are perched above me  
on the long arm of the freeway light,  
all wing and talon, hook-bill and crop,  
impervious to engine roar and city blight.  
sitting and waiting, which they do so well.  
And I am not so good at this,  
not so good at holding position,  
pursuing, coursing or stooping  
across the fields and marsh of my own day.  
I am used to spying them through binoculars,  
kettling hundreds of feet above my head,  
losing them in tongues of clouds.  
There is a natural law in their cunning flight,  
that simple hanging still in wind,  
a broadwing kite, their fine eyes scoped for dinner.  
And I in my dumb blunt armor, rolling rubber  
toward home,  
a still-life of brown bags, bottles and canned food  
stuffed into the back seat, lumbering my way  
across the landscape, my ignorant heart wanting  
and still not changing things.

## Tim Nolan



### Yesterday

As something like grief accumulated  
I became squirrel-like  
stowing it away for later

Then I surprised myself on the way home  
talking to my sister Kathleen  
when I told her I loved her and how

Great she was with Mom how much  
she had done for Mom  
And I caught myself my voice caught up

With myself and all the long grief or  
something like long grief came up in me  
in just a moment

And I was a wreck (I am a wreck)  
you could tell me any story about  
a boy and a dog if either dies

I will fall apart and the grief  
if that's what is comes like spring  
rain on the roof of the car

Or tears or anything falling everything  
falling so alive and breathing  
toward the center of our Earth



## **In the Sunlight**

I will stay here as long  
as it lasts the sunlight  
coming sideways at me

At the end of the day  
it's a great flaming ball  
the Sun across the street

Falling between the two houses  
it's love it's that simple  
the way I feel it on my face



## Jeanne Lutz

### Women Who Run With Holsteins

catherine the great kept a bottle  
of poison in her wig in case  
barbarians invaded but  
that's not my concern I am

minnesota  
river valley  
my creeds come  
from there my  
word choice my  
philosophies  
my ideas of  
beauty my barbaric yawp

if you are the unsure type  
or into marketing or  
you just like stability  
I'll tell you right now  
I don't fit into any one box  
my limbs are too long  
what's more I have  
irreconcilable differences  
that's what I get for  
growing up in a tornado belt I'm

from where the weather don't  
care if you're  
walking with a prosthetic  
what you owe the bank  
how many miles you  
get to the gallon or if  
you're turned inside out and hanging  
with your heart  
dangling  
though attached

I have never met conan the barbarian but  
I'd love it if he came up and grabbed me  
from behind

I love my body rising

with friskiness and heat  
I'll love you frontwards  
and backwards or  
in the middle  
of some equinox storm  
I'll love you on top  
or at the bottom  
come on and grab me  
from behind!

though mine eyes have seen the glory  
I follow my own vision

I believe in  
blue earth  
mystery  
gravel roads  
baling hay and saints  
holy water and sweet  
corn love all love divine  
hopping trains  
the clarinet polka  
may day and  
killing the fatted  
calf

I keep a squirt gun  
full of pesticide  
in my pocket  
in case  
mediocrity arrives



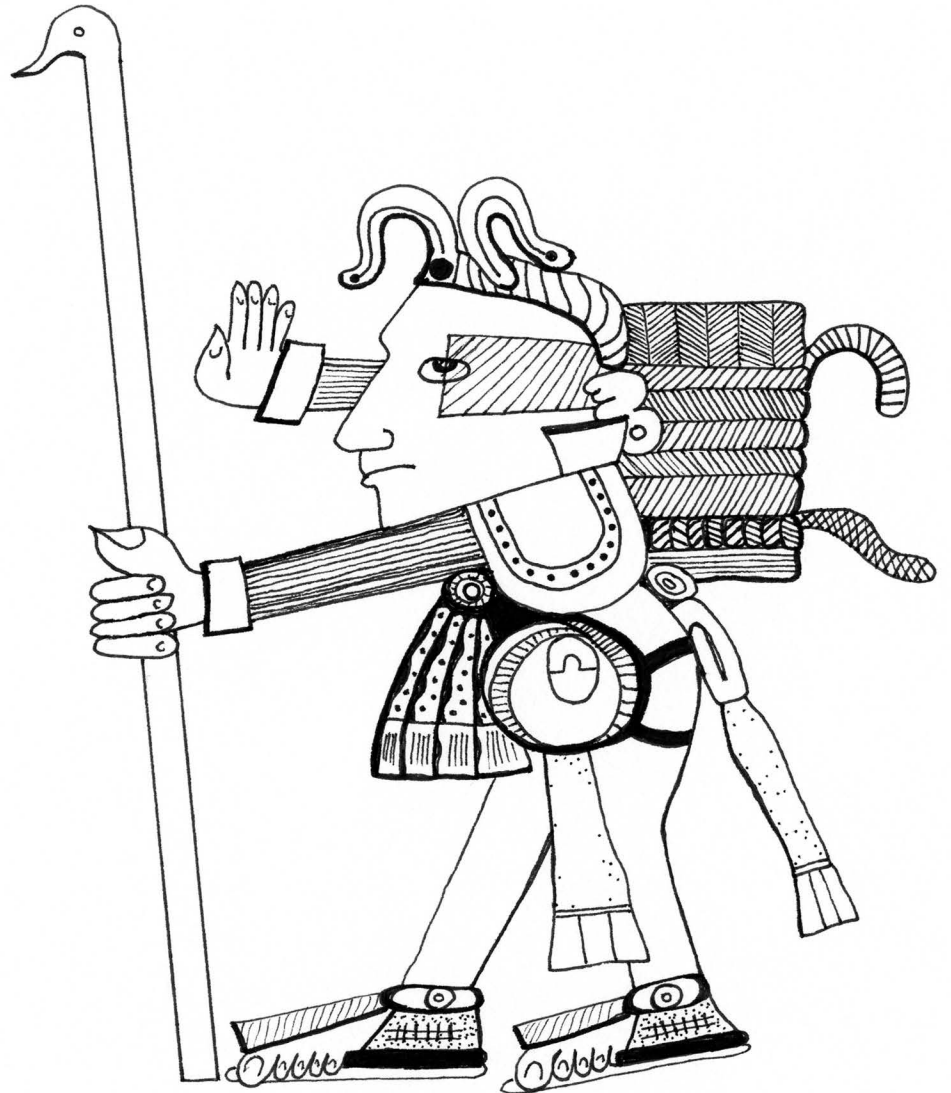
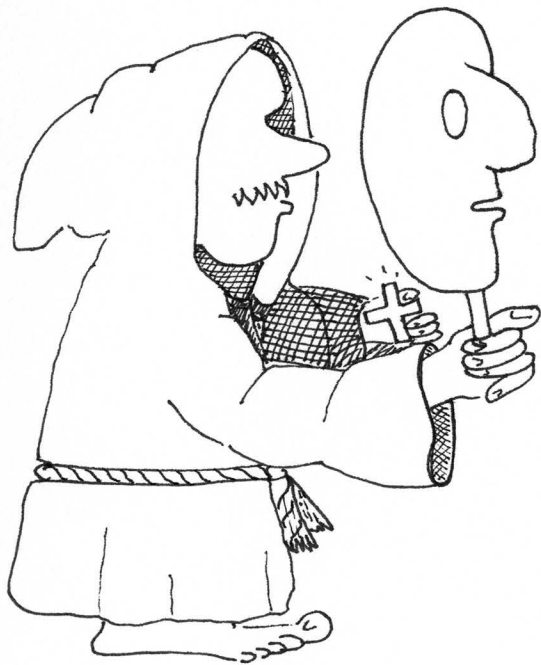


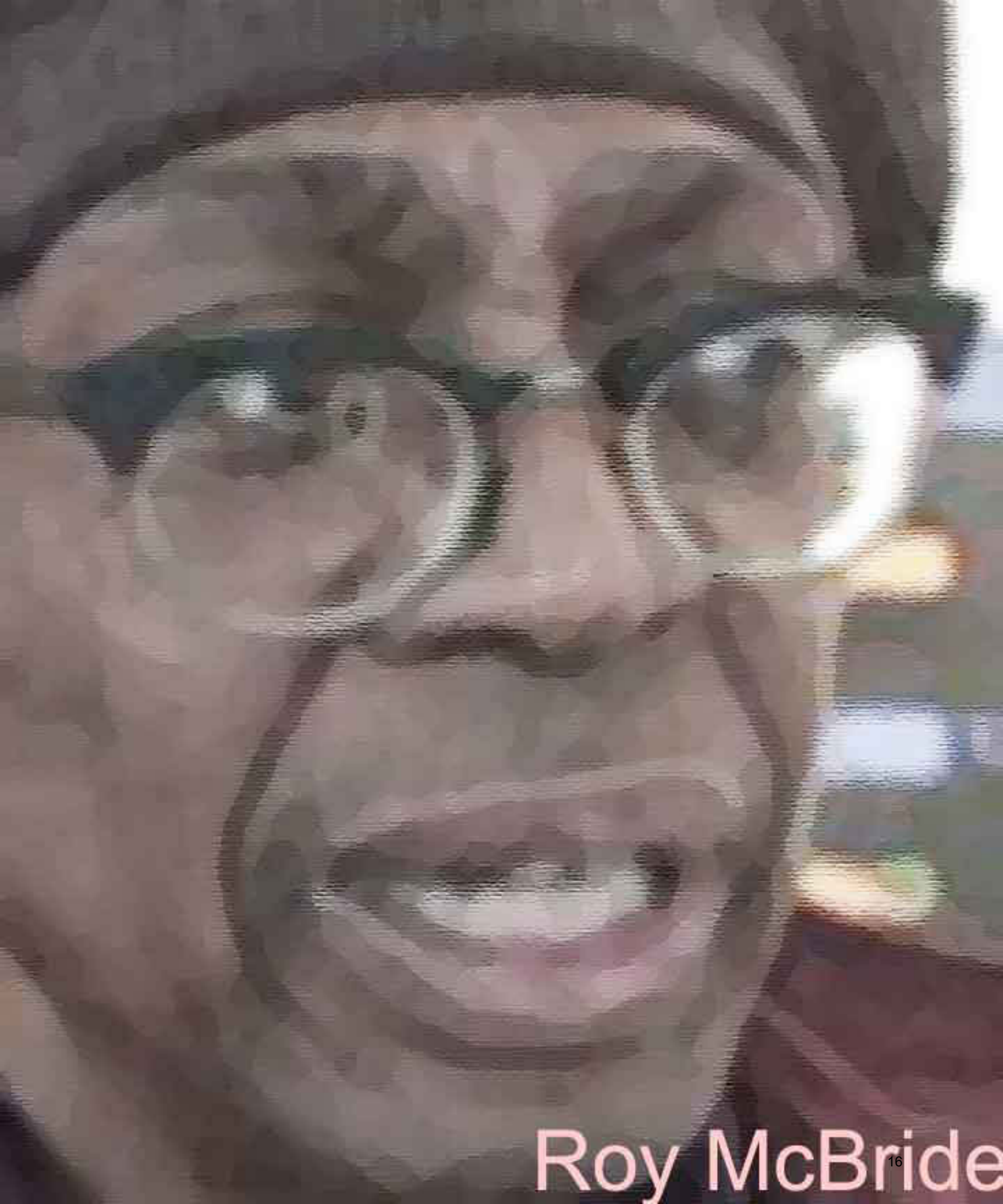




Gerry Zeck

Border Patrol





Roy McBride



# The Joy of Roy

## A Tribute by Mike Hazard

A master of the spoken word, Roy McBride was a joy to the world.

“We want shoes that sing poetry to our feet.”

“I don’t want you to understand my poetry. I want my poetry to understand you.”

[Read along](#) as he performs his wonderful poem ["Poetry."](#)

## Poetry

*My grandfather,  
who can neither  
read or write,  
wears a pen  
and pencil set  
in the pocket  
of his Sunday coat.*

*One night  
when I was  
in the fourth grade  
he watched me  
do my homework  
rocking in his chair  
by the stove.  
“Son,” he said  
with a smile,  
“you’ve really  
got a nice hand;  
a real nice hand.”*

Roy was a joy. The poet passed from this world into the next on July 29, 2011.

My doctor Tim Rumsey has noticed that when one of his friends dies, he says that person’s name out loud, a lot, even when he is alone.

Roy. Roy. Roy.

Roy? Roy was a river of verse. Roy was, is, will ever be a mighty Mississippi of a poem. He was a river of verse.

Feel the joy of Roy in this video poem for their daughter Laci. <http://youtu.be/fFoU4qRHOiI>

“As long as we’re alive, Roy’s alive.”

Watch Roy poet in A POET POETS.  
[http://youtu.be/3udIV\\_4peb4](http://youtu.be/3udIV_4peb4)

“Born in 1943, Roy Chester McBride began his literary career at Magnolia Colored Elementary School in Magnolia, Arkansas in 1948. After learning his ABC's and starting to read "Dick and Jane" and other great books of that period, Roy was bitten by the writing bug. It never let go.”

Roy was joy is Roy was joy is Roy.

## Credits

Videos, photos and text by Mike Hazard. Quotes and poems by Roy McBride are from the movie, A POET POETS, and comments folks made at the celebration of his life. A collected poems is being edited by Margaret Hasse and Lucinda Anderson, and it’s coming soon. To learn more about this project, visit <http://thecie.org/mcbride/>



I wonder if Austria is as beautiful as it appears in that picture.  
The gingerbread houses, the cows in the fields, the mist rising  
off the mountains, the church so grand, the grass so green.

## **Ricky Garni**

### **Photos of There**

But the church is pale and tall and could be knocked over.  
By a helio-copter. That mist could be smoke. I think I smell smoke  
actually.

And there are no human beings. One cow is lying down. Maybe falling  
down.

She may be depressed! Or fatally injured by another cow who is no  
longer there.

The cow that was there has walked to Germany by mistake;  
She meant to go to Switzerland; already she misses Austria,  
although she can never return. She wishes she could. Here's why.  
Where are the bulls in Austria?

In conclusion, Austria is beautiful and vibrant.

## Bump

Grandpa's blind but he can see anything,  
using his heart, he says. When he looks out  
the window he describes to me what's out  
there but I know it's just memory and  
things have changed since he lost his sight but he  
hasn't lost his vision, that's for sure, and  
besides maybe I'm not looking closely  
enough and my eyes are 20-20.  
And he laughs and says, Maybe your heart needs  
glasses. I'm just ten years old--I don't get  
it and tell him so but he says I will  
maybe when I'm blind, too, one day, and then

I'll see everything, he says. He pauses  
and adds, That is, everything worth seeing.  
He knows his way around inside the house  
and in the yard but still he bumps and knocks.  
I say, Let me help--watch out for the chair,  
or the table, or the cat, but he says,  
No, I meant to do that. And sometimes I  
bump into things, too, I mean on purpose,  
even when I'm not pretending I can't  
see. It's kind of scary. I need practice.





Barry Blumenfeld  
Purgatorius

"First Human Ancestor Looked Like a Squirrel!"  
- Discovery News, 19 October 2012

Those who went down in  
The cave of Lascaux  
Found a handprint below  
A red huge bison  
Conforming to the  
Wall, but they never  
Told us about their  
Deeper descent.

Ssshhhhh....

The weeping crags bent  
Inward, forcing those  
Intruders deeper  
Into lightlessness,  
Down ladders of rock,  
Below every sound,  
Into a zone of  
The mute, the deaf, and  
The dead. They stopped. They  
Waited for their eyes  
And ears to adjust,  
For the ghosts of the  
Ancestors to wake  
Up. Then water whistled  
Over the stones. A  
Giant breath was panting....

Ssshhhhh....

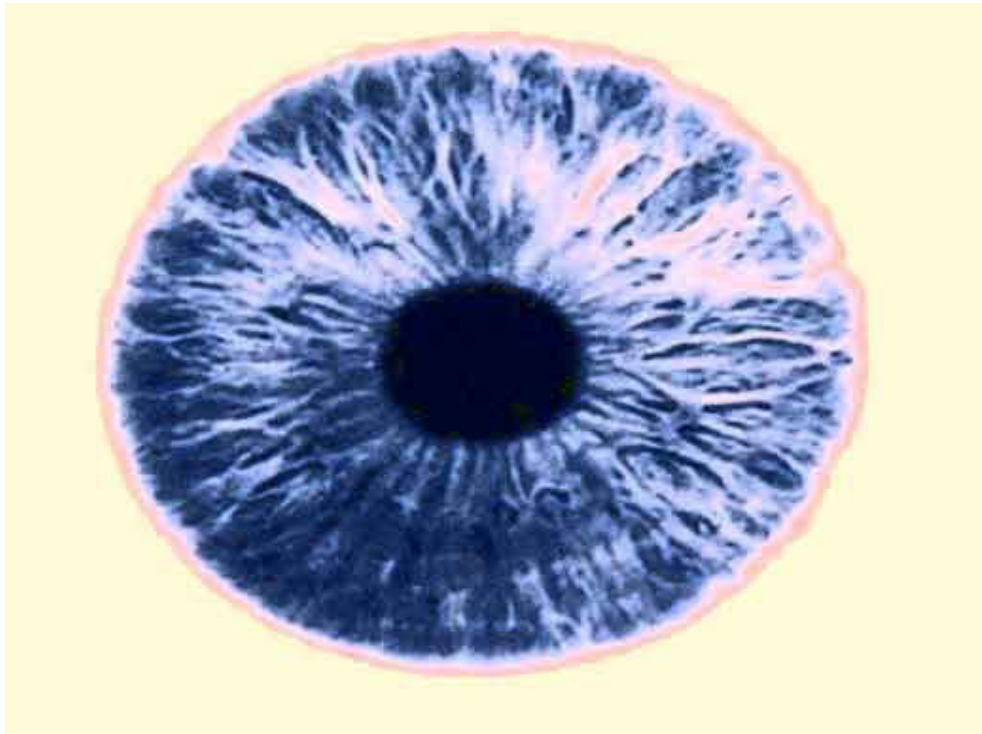
Someone—an atheist  
Or a Frenchman—  
Scratched a match across  
His boot. The flame leaped,  
And the rocks did too,  
And on them in black  
Danced squirrels. They  
Were tormenting a  
Prehistoric cat.  
Flames tipped their torches  
And burned in their  
Ebony eyes. Squirrels  
That knew fire and pain!  
Their cave-historian  
Was proud: below her  
Work, she planted a  
Blackpaint foot, and her  
Long middle claw  
Pointed at the dying  
Animal – a  
Boast, or a warning.  
Around the killing  
Place, charcoal leaves had  
Settled in mounds, like  
Souls of the departed.



Gerry Zeck

Feeding Time





*Click on the iris to see even further.*

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## Poem Under The Knife

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I wrote a poem in 1977, called “Look Li Po.” The poem referred to the great Chinese poet who, stories said, drank wine by the Yangtze and, seeing the moon's reflection in the waters, leaped to it – and drowned. Then, 35 years later, I took the poem out and tried to make it into a movie. I used several of the poem's images – the moon, the river, the grapes, the old man – and began to play. I added a soundtrack, a song from the movie Inception. Then I came upon photos of murdered children, and wanted to include them. I wound up liking the movie so much I took the poem out – and still feel that the video is poemlike. Click on the eyeball and then read the poem – feel how the years have passed, and the old man's crazy vision is still alive.

Mike Finley

## Look Li Po

Summer trembles in a breeze  
like the drunken poet Li Po  
stooping for a hand of white grapes

and these grapes are white rooms  
of summertime  
jiggling in the eye.

“Here is a clue  
to my horse's love for me  
and to my old hands anchored  
to the yoke I bear which is my collarbone  
laid brittle and exposed.

“And I see  
a man standing up to his thighs in the current,  
scooped at and torn by the waters.

“This  
fruit is wine and never stagnant!  
It tumbles into gorges like blown silk  
pitched into summer  
and round as the moon!”







Stella Noelle

On Naming a Chickie

Stella to Gramma,  
holding up her stuffed yellow chickie:  
"This is a baby yellow chickie,  
and I know USUALLY what to name her."

Gramma to Stella:  
"Oh yeah? What do you usually name her?"

Stella, looking up at the ceiling  
and thinking for a moment:  
"Uh...how about...MAX?"

For more thoughts  
of Stella Noelle  
[click here](#)



## Carol Connolly

### Snow

On a gray day  
an old man  
walks an old dog  
in new snow.  
Heads bent low,  
  
no ear  
for honking traffic,  
no eye  
on the outside world.  
They are alone  
silent in a cocoon  
of their own quiet.  
Each must once  
Have known strange  
fits of passion,  
leapt over tall fences,  
bolted wild through  
green fields.  
Today they move slow,  
So slow, careful,  
leaving no mark  
on the winters pale.









**Ethna McKiernan**

**Crow Wing River**

For Georgia

Look, there's a bear lying on its back  
in the sky, swimming toward stars  
that will appear two hours from now.  
His pelt is made from cloud-tufts,  
dusky white against the pre-rain gray.  
Now his left paw drifts off and dissolves;  
what remains is pure suggestion.  
How will he reach where he's going,  
when his limbs loop and shift and swirl  
and shred like this, one foot melting  
to the next as he kicks his slow way  
toward Orion, high above the black river  
flowing outside Georgia's door?

S. M. Poole  
Surf Song

Morning. A hot bright sun shines down on the cool dark depths  
of the deep blue sea.

A roar a rush a floosh a flush a sploosh a splish a splash a shoosh  
a shush a hush

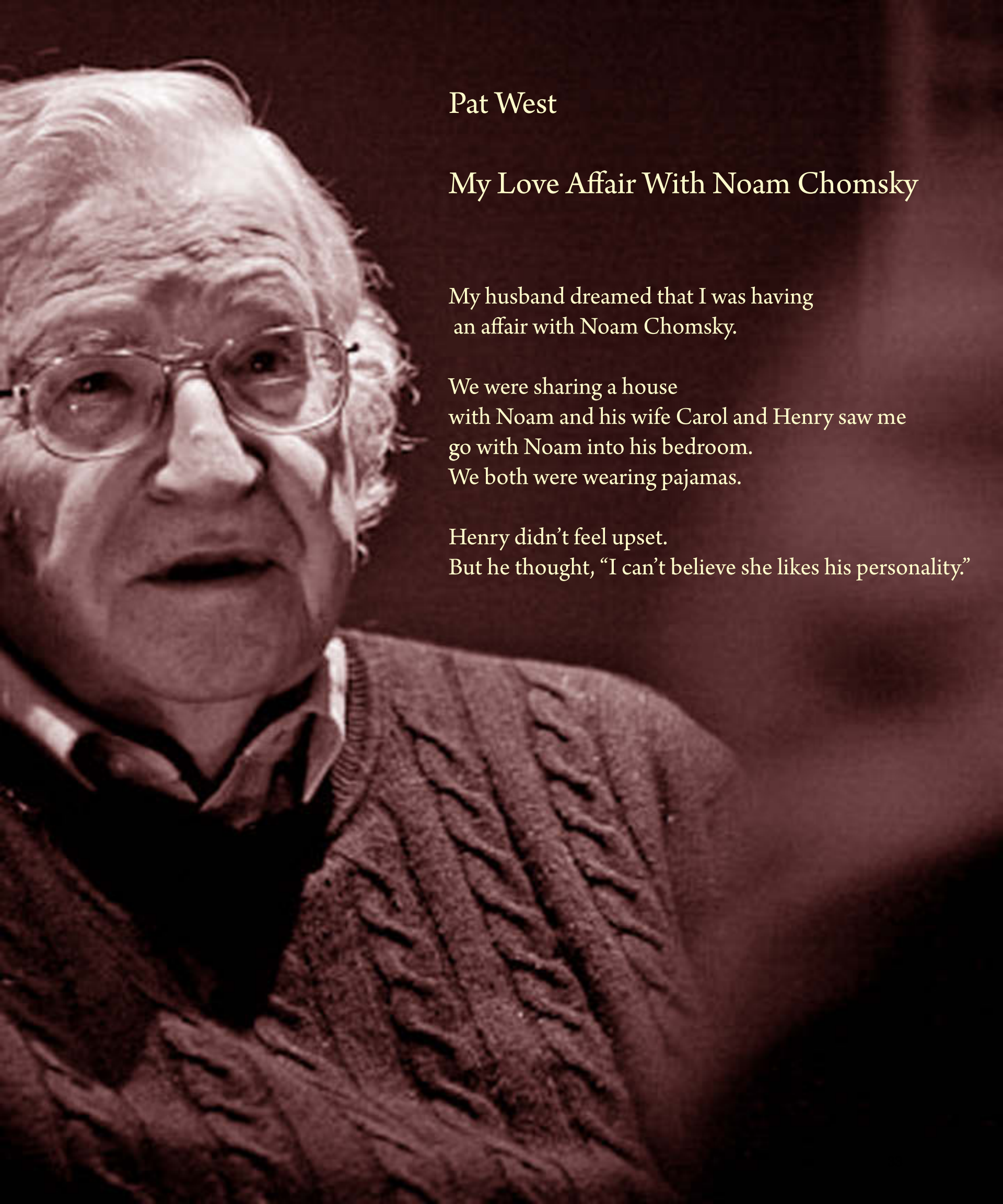
Break! Break! Break on thy sugar fine sands O Sea as you  
sayspray the sounds of the waves  
and the foam! Sing the swift swashing song of Poseidon's home!

Noon. Thick gray fog wafts over the sea  
like clouds of steam from Neptune's soup bowl.  
Roar rushing floosh flushing sploosh splishing splash shooshing  
shush hushing crash crushing rocks and shells  
and seaweed swirling roiling surf rolling up shifting turf the sand  
the land the sun the sky the rising tide  
drawing nigh.

Night. A chill wind kicks up sand and the dunes shift.  
Piled high here. Swept low there.

A roar a rush a floosh a flush a sploosh a splish a splash  
a shoosh a shush a hush





Pat West

## My Love Affair With Noam Chomsky

My husband dreamed that I was having  
an affair with Noam Chomsky.

We were sharing a house  
with Noam and his wife Carol and Henry saw me  
go with Noam into his bedroom.  
We both were wearing pajamas.

Henry didn't feel upset.  
But he thought, "I can't believe she likes his personality."

**In Response to a Rumor That the Oldest Whorehouse  
In Wheeling, West Virginia, Has Been Condemned**



**by James Wright**

I will grieve alone,  
As I strolled alone, years ago, down along  
The Ohio shore.  
I hid in the hobo jungle weeds  
Upstream from the sewer main,  
Pondering, gazing.

I saw, down river,  
At Twenty-third and Water Streets  
By the vinegar works,  
The doors open in early evening.  
Swinging their purses, the women  
Poured down the long street to the river  
And into the river.

I do not know how it was  
They could drown every evening.  
What time near dawn did they climb up the other shore,  
Drying their wings?

For the river at Wheeling, West Virginia,  
Has only two shores:  
The one in hell, the other  
In Bridgeport, Ohio.

And nobody would commit suicide, only  
To find beyond death  
Bridgeport, Ohio.





Gerry Zeck

Blind Entanglement







A photograph of a forest with many thin, vertical tree trunks and dense foliage. The ground is covered with fallen leaves and low-lying plants. In the bottom right corner, there is a brown, leather-bound book with text on its cover.

[Click to Read](#)  
The Story  
of  
Jenny Jump



## Mary Kay Rummel

### Medieval Consolations

(a heard poem)

To drink like a Capuchin is to drink poorly.  
To drink like a Benedictine is to drink deeply.  
To drink like a Dominican is to drink pot after pot.  
To drink like a Franciscan is to drink the cellars dry.  
And only God knows how the Jesuits drink, says Britt.  
Thank god you don't know how I drink, says Tim.  
This is my story:

When I was a young nun we stole red altar wine  
from the chapel at night, took it to our rooms,  
toasted each other, laughing to the dregs.  
My first, worst wine and best remembered.





Val Frank  
The Assault Suite  
The Old Story



A close-up photograph of a fox's head and shoulders, looking down into a body of water. The fox has reddish-brown fur with white underparts and a white patch on its chest. Its reflection is clearly visible in the calm water below. The background is dark and out of focus, showing some green foliage.

## Where One Becomes Two

The old fox has died.  
Now his mate is alone.  
Now she must cross the river alone.  
Look.  
In the water.  
Two foxes.

Sharon Chmielarz



## Bruce J. Berger

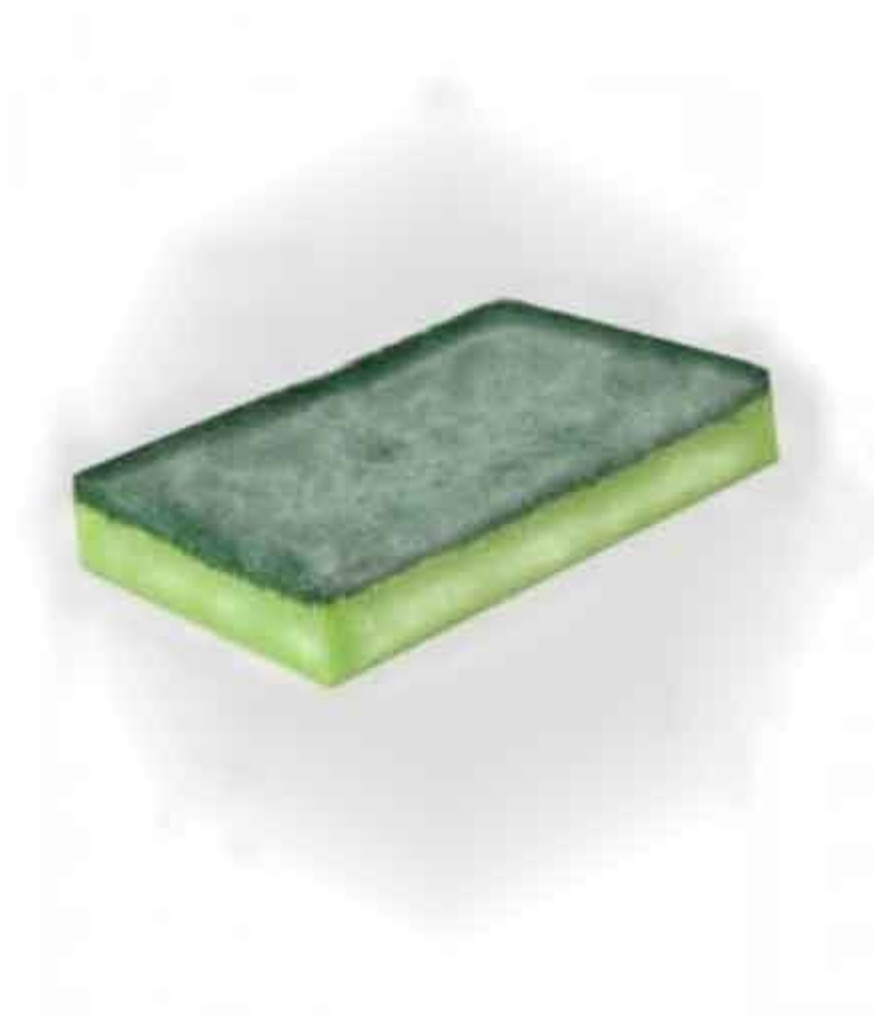
### Opened and Closed

I like things closed  
But she likes them opened  
She opens  
I close  
And we work well together.

I like sponges behind the faucet

But she likes them leaning over counter's edge .  
She leans over  
I put back.  
Move the sponge  
Put it back  
Return  
Replace  
And we work well together.

I joke and she laughs  
I tease and she falls for it again  
She pokes me in the ribs  
I go "Ow!"  
And we work well together.



FEARS LIVE  
SHADOWS STAND  
**NOTHINGNESS**

ALONE GLEAN'D UNREFLECTING PEN  
CHANCE CHARACT'RY BEHOLD  
NIGHT'S FULL-RIPEN'D WIDE  
BRAIN GARNERS  
HOUR CREATURE **MAY** THEE  
PIL TEEMING ON-THE-SHORE RICH  
GRAIN **THINK** WORLD TILL  
CLOUDY  
HAND **FEEL** SYMBOLS LOOK  
MAGIC ROMANCE CEASE LOVE  
HUGE RELISH  
**SINK** **FAME**  
**LOVE** STARR'D **HIGH**  
**NEVER** NEVER  
HOLD POWER  
FAIR BOOKSFACE  
TRACE  
FAERY

## Mei-Yao Ch'en

### An Excuse for Not Returning the Visit of a Friend

Do not be offended because  
I am slow to go out. You know  
Me too well for that. On my lap  
I hold my little girl. At my  
Knees stands my handsome little son.  
One has just begin to talk,  
The other chatters without  
Stopping. They hang on my clothes  
And follow my every step.  
I don't get any farther  
Than the door. I am afraid  
I will never make it to your house.







Ed  
Eubanks

[CLICK HERE](#)  
Limerick  
Corner





Val Frank  
Trickster Plains

Andrew Ward

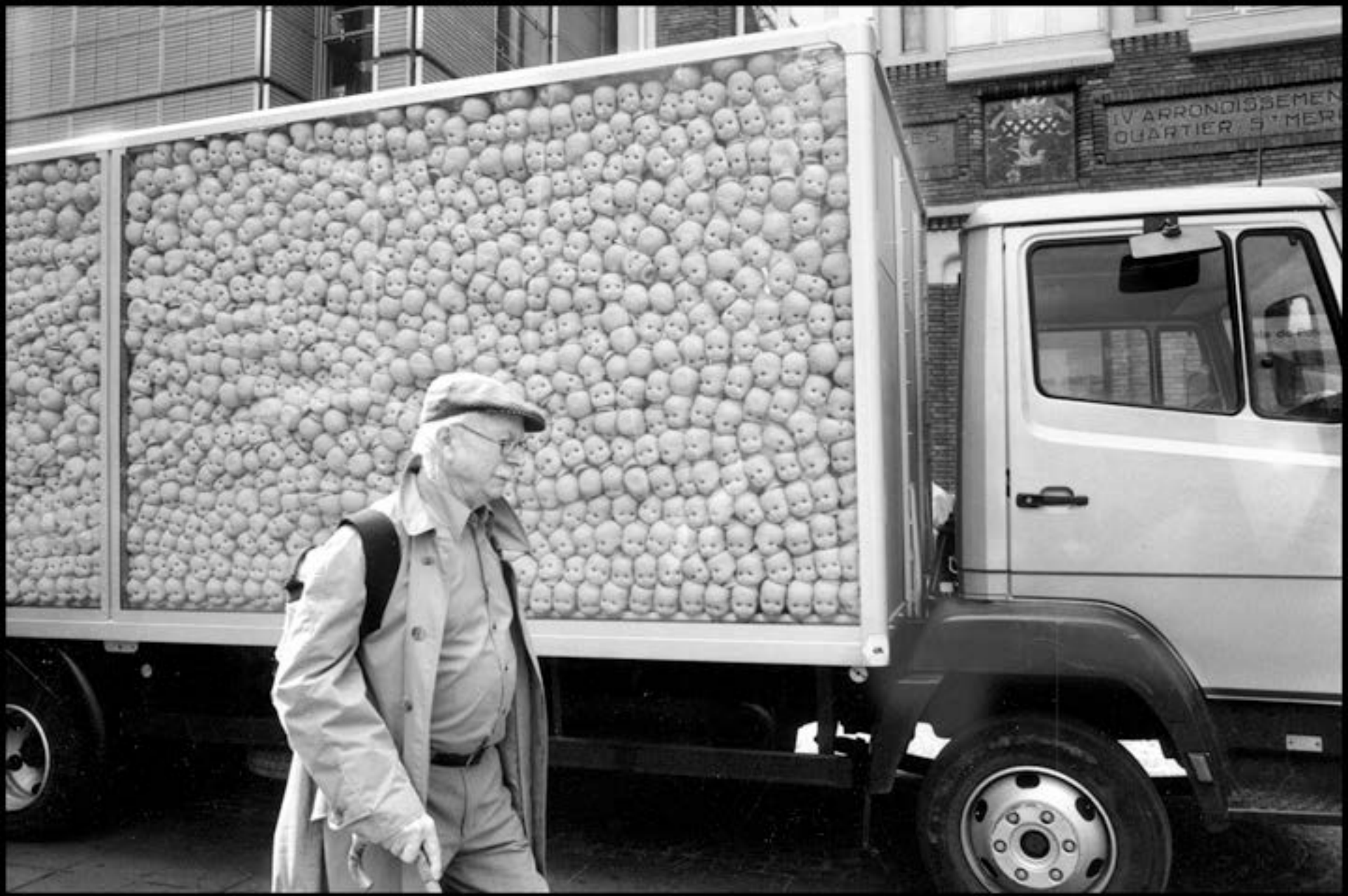


"Are you gonna finish those peanuts?"





## Two Suckers

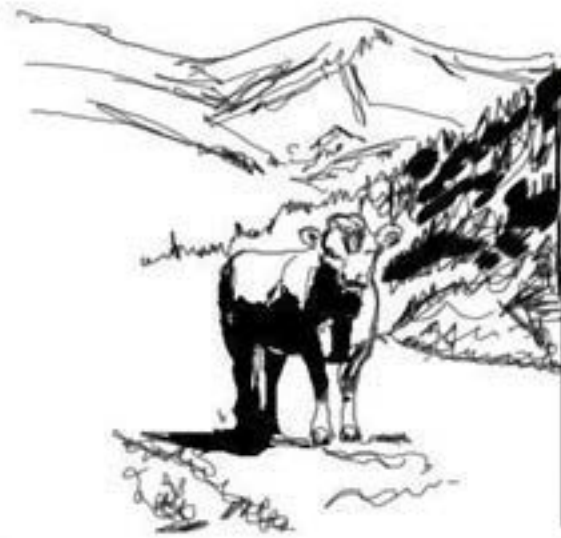


Past And Future

Photography by D.J. Pearlman

## Florence Bocherel

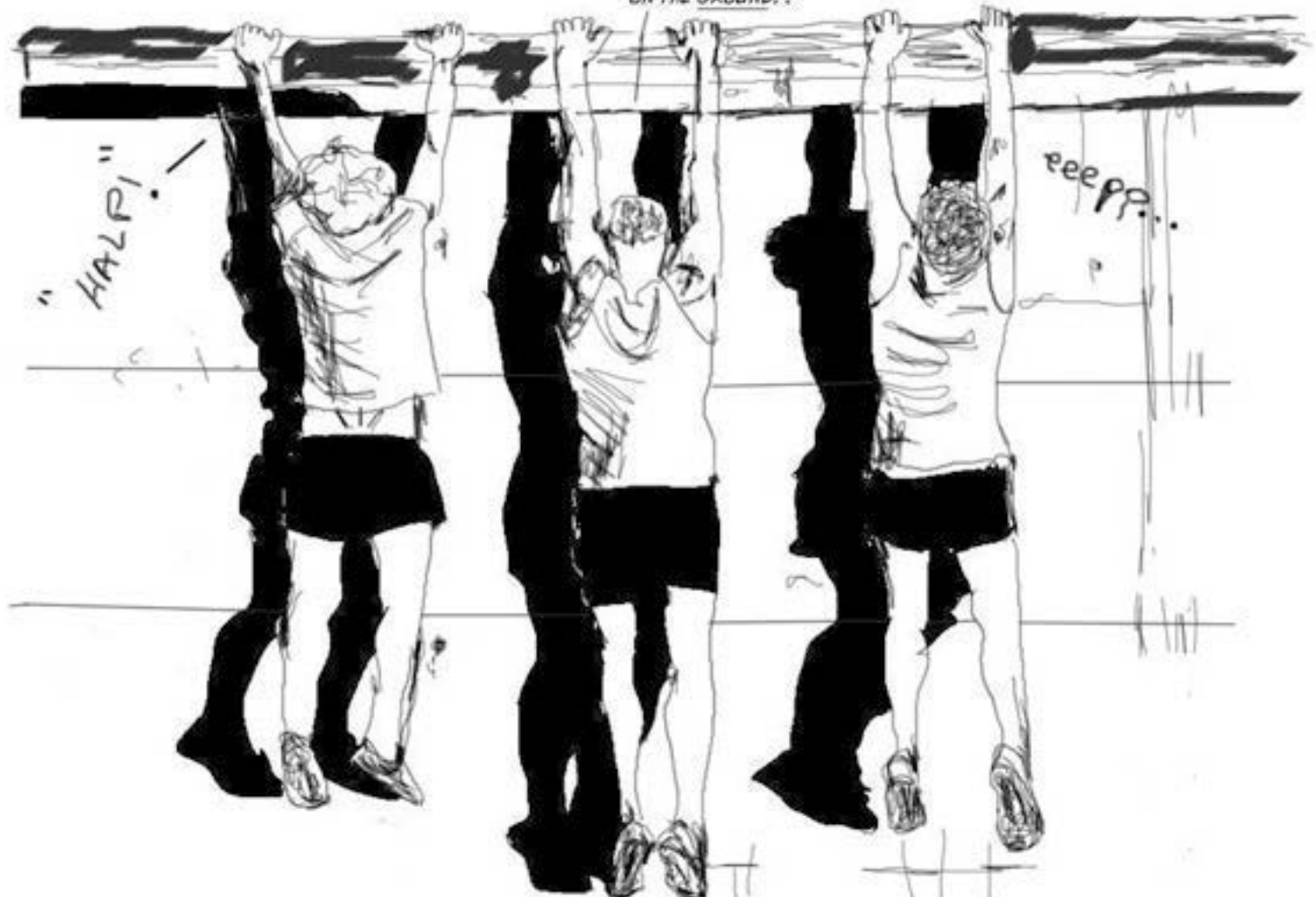
### Hangin' Wise



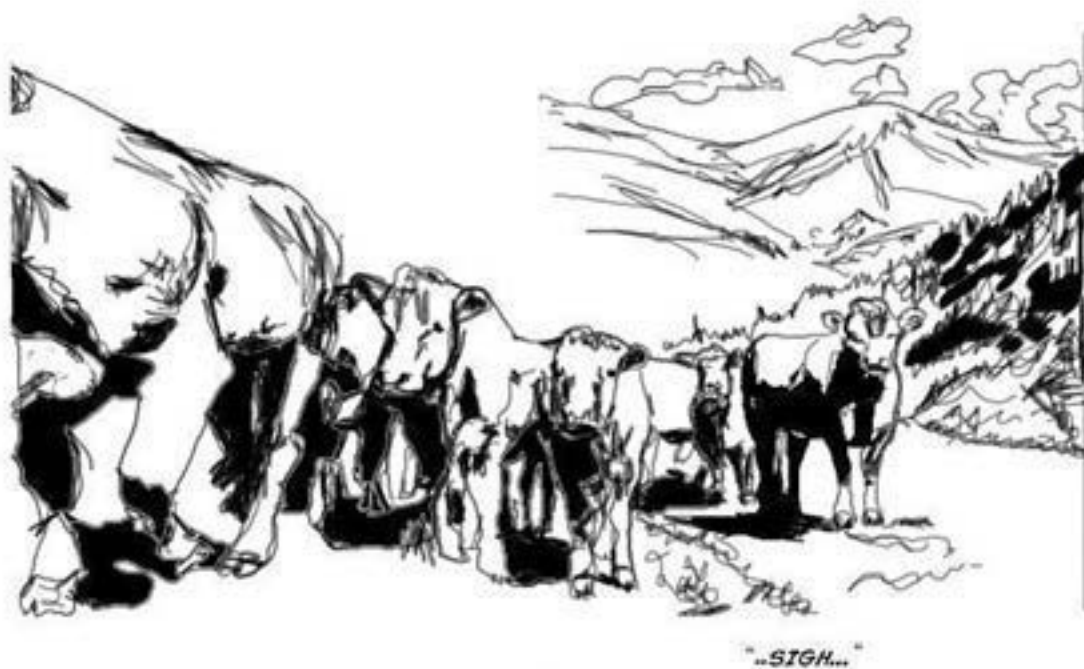
"AHH LIFE AS A HUMAN MUST BE SOMETHING.  
SO SMART, INTELLECTUAL, THE MOST INTELLIGENT  
RACE ON THE PLANET! OH TO BE HUMAN...I WISH  
I COULD FOR MAYBE JUST ONE DAY..SIGH..."

MEANWHILE SOMEWHERE ON THIS HUMAN PLANET, ON THE SIDE OF A BUILDING, THREE HUMANS....

SO GUYS, HOW ABOUT NEXT TIME  
TO SEE WHO IS 'THE ULTIMATE CHAMP' WE  
HAVE THE LONGJUMP COMPETITION  
ON THE GROUND?!







"..SIGH..."

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## Susan Koefod

### Singed

In the cocoon of campfire,  
college friends catch up  
over Leinenkugels and chili.  
They hurry through the dull updates –  
everyone's well into their second marriages –  
and quickly move on to  
the more relevant dramas of the past.



The hottest topic thirty years on  
concerns the burning –  
and unresolved –  
question of who dumped whom:  
“I’d never been more heartbroken,” she says.  
“You said you were moving on,” he says.  
“Hardly,” the jilted woman falsely laughs,  
and looks away from the firelight.  
“Well I’m sorry,” he blurts out  
to her, to everyone.

Awkward silence snubs out  
the fireside conversation,  
and they all watch  
as the campfire collapses  
shooting sparks so high  
that burning embers  
drift around us like fiery snowflakes,  
scarcely turning to ash before  
lighting harmlessly on coats  
and bare heads.



## Ken Sparling

### Meeting

I heard about this place where you could go, this house, not far from the street where I lived, where you could go, and they would be having a meeting, and you could attend this meeting.

So I headed out on my bike the next day to go to a meeting. I had the flu. I felt crappy. But was determined to go through with this. I was scared. I was so scared. I kept riding backward, back toward home, thinking, fuck it, I don't need this, I'm sick, I don't need to do this today.

Then I'd think, don't be a wimp, and I'd turn around and ride back forward to where I'd been going all along. I finally managed to get up the courage to go and knock on the door of the house where they held the meetings and then, when they answered the door, to actually go in and join the meeting. I didn't like the meeting much, but there I was. I was there. Just being there at the meeting was enough. I didn't have to like it. I could tell people, after the meeting got out, that I'd been there, that I'd attended the meeting. People would know I had been to a meeting and this would make me the sort of person who went to meetings. He's been to a meeting, they would say, and they would like me.

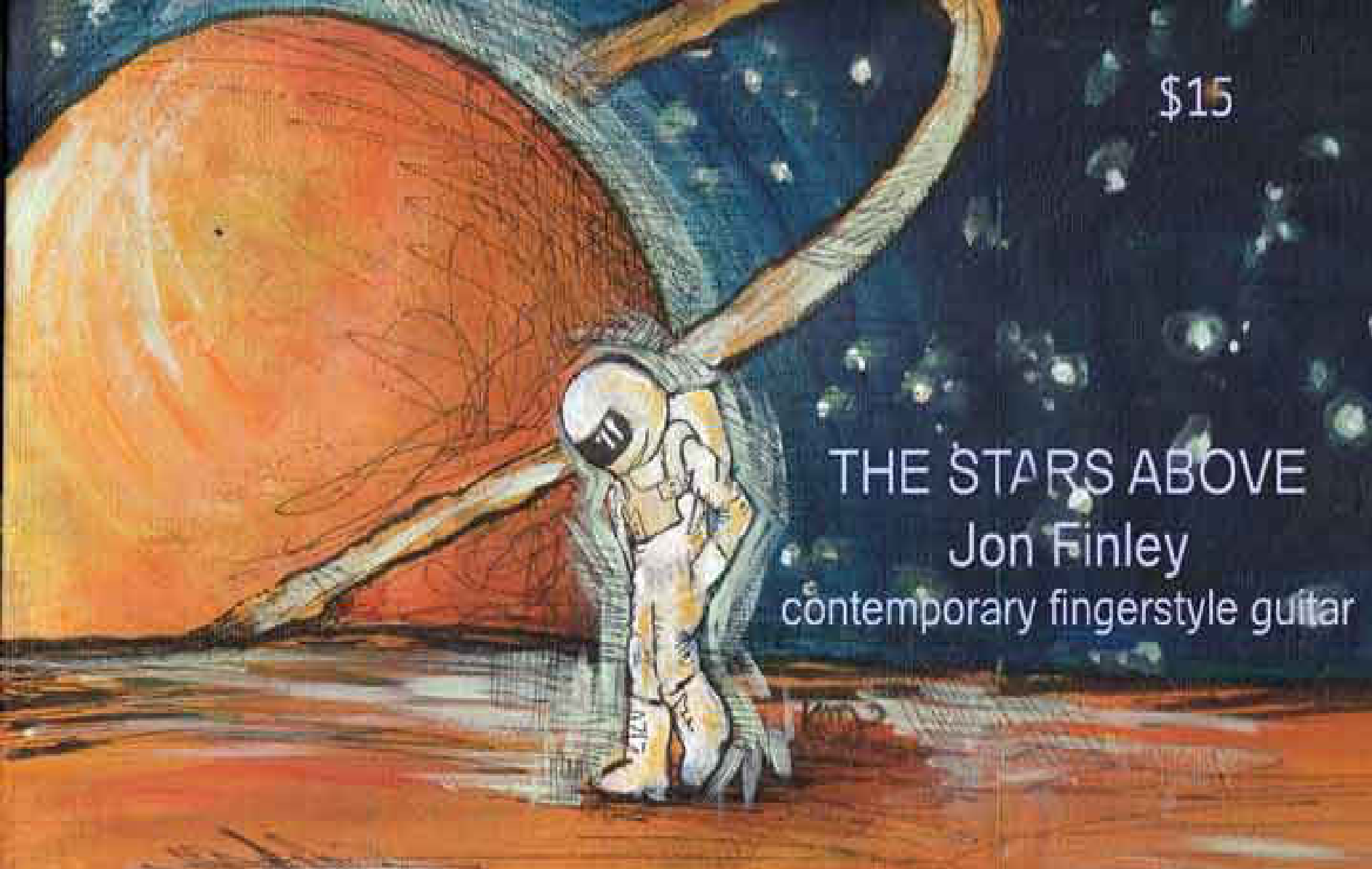


Andrew Ward



*"Don't mind Lois. She's on one of her fault finding missions."*





# THE STARS ABOVE

**Guitar Compositions by award-winning performer Jon Finley**

*"Breathtaking!"*

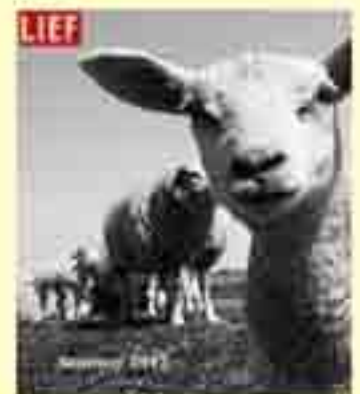
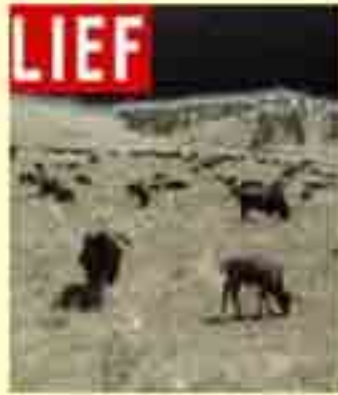
*"Mysterious!"*

*"Remarkable!"*

Click to order your copy



# Lief Through The Decades





“In no one else’s poetry except Vallejo’s do I sense such hunger straining at the limits of words.”

- Michael Cuddihy

# YUKON GOLD



POEMES DE TERRE  
1970-2010

WITH A KEY TO THE MYSTERIES

Mike Finley

Free Download

## Danny Klecko

### Offering

I took you to the playground at night  
So you could have the swing set to yourself  
You said – Push me higher  
Push me higher  
And I did  
The chains began to creak  
Your body became a blur  
Silhouetted against the stars  
A tiny frame whooshing like a comet  
There's going to be hell to pay  
When Grandma discovers our adventure  
She always does  
Explanations will be pointless  
You said – Push me higher  
Push me higher  
And I did  
Because nothing is more  
beautiful  
Than the face  
Of a granddaughter  
Glowing back  
At the moon





Painting by R. Scholes



1/4/2005



Emma Eubanks

Self-Portrait



# Lief 2



## Starring

DAVE MORICE  
LISA CIHLAR  
MARYANN CORBETT  
DIANE JARVENPA  
TIM NOLAN  
JEANNE LUTZ  
RICKI GARNI  
GALE ACUFF  
BARRY BLUMENFELD  
MIKE FINLEY

VAL FRANK  
STELLA NOELLE  
CAROL CONOOLLY  
DAVID SUTER  
ETHNA MCKIERNAN  
S.M. POOLE  
GREG ZECK  
PAT WEST  
RANDALL DAVIDSON

RICHARD BRODERICK  
MARY KAY RUMMEL  
BRUCE J. BERGER  
SHARON CHMIELARZ  
ROY MCBRIDE  
MEDIA MIKE HAZARD  
JOHN KEATS  
MEI YAO-CH'EN  
EDWARD EUBANKS

ANDREW WARD  
D.J. PEARLMAN  
JAMES WRIGHT  
SUSAN KOEFOD  
FLORENCE BOCHEREL  
KEN SPARLING  
JON FINLEY  
DANNY KLECKO  
RANDALL SCHOLES