

# Fireweed

*Poetry of Western Oregon*

Volume Ten, Number Four

Summer 1999 - \$2.50



## FIREWEED

*Fireweed: Poetry of Western Oregon* is published quarterly, featuring fall, winter, spring, and summer issues each year. *Fireweed* publishes poets living in the western half of Oregon, though poems need not be regional in subject. Manuscripts should include a return envelope with sufficient postage. Inquiries about submission of reviews or essays are welcome. Please be sure to include a biographical note with your poems or your prose.

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Send *Fireweed* email to [jazzpo@iccom.com](mailto:jazzpo@iccom.com)

*Fireweed's* Web site is [members.xoom.com/fireweedmag](http://members.xoom.com/fireweedmag)

Editors: Harold Johnson, Sydney J. Thompson

Design: Anne Dosskey

Cover art: Darryla Green-McGrath

*Recipient, Oregon Institute of Literary Arts Publishers Award*

ISSN 1095-9653

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*Ron Talney*

**LAKE WILDERNESS**  
*for Jim Fleming*

The sun still rises  
and our faces  
reassemble to the dawn.  
Doors of eyes reopen  
and life goes back to  
“Glory” and the weight of birds  
hung-over in the Wilderness  
last night.

A huge bear sang his melody  
from flowerbeds that mourned,  
while lady skunks broke,  
tangible as glass,  
and even Gable (Clark)  
brought voice to bear  
(God Damn it, Live!)  
on pansies growing  
final in the dark.

The matchbooks in our pockets  
and the empty case of beer  
say what we've been  
when roadmaps  
turn to sound.  
For we become  
whatever poems make real.  
And only words for human  
dig this ground.

Ron Talney

BEERS IN TANGENT

*for Bill Sweet*

Somewhere a tune begins:  
that's all you get for  
lovin' me. This town went  
dead a dozen years ago.  
But names like Wa-Chang  
hammer out real faces from the air that  
clang and swing like church bells  
from the only place in town not  
falling down.

With timber stripped and loggers gone  
this place is left to  
rusting rigs, to graves and  
John's Cafe, where grade B stickers  
line the walls, John's medals from some  
undetermined war. He hates us  
even though we aren't quite right,  
and Tangent is the way it has to be  
when rage conceals and everything we are

burns wrong.  
We drink more beer, the jukebox  
sings, and caught within its  
pounding loss we sense a sudden  
cracking of the mind. Then, fading  
into song, we follow, like a map,  
the pure act of its  
dying.

Chuck Jaffe

OREGON ATTITUDE, OPUS #3

renting a hilltop	leasing a vista	paying premiums
across from higher hilltops	from the vision catalog	for windy breaths of fresh air
owning thoughts between	and seeing through it	and finding respite

### 32 KINDS OF SYMMETRY: HABITS OF CRYSTALS

after Alan Holden and Phylis Morrison;  
phrases used by authors' permission.

Alum has 'an octahedral habit.' Under  
ideal conditions, any crystal  
behaves in characteristic and predictable ways.  
Its little faces of the same kind, square  
or hexagonal, grow at the same rate,  
though of course faces of different kinds  
may under law behave more variously.

'You will have no trouble,' they tell us,  
'visualizing an ideal shape.'  
The habit of sodium bromide is tetrahedral.

Hold firm in your mind a two-dimensional  
ionic crystal, envision the faces  
it might have had. Its habit depends  
on the growth of its faces: *'a crystal  
is surrounded by its slowest-growing faces.'*

You will have no problem in 'attaining disorder'  
but reaching order is another matter.  
While solids 'have endless variety,' they do  
'dissolve gleefully' and, like a roomful of  
fifth-graders, are reluctant to reform.  
The eight arrows would be alike if growth-  
rates, in all directions, were identical.

Plate 6 reveals the crystalline pattern  
in a common brass doorknob.  
Nobody knows why this occurs –  
it is 'an example of one kind  
of evidence' for order.

You met  
ideas of order back in Chapter One.

### WAKING AT 2:12 WE KNOW THE UNDERTAKER

is after our gold crowns. We lease our teeth  
from the dentist for him. That's who he is.  
His handshake at some reading or recital or  
in the produce aisle at Clarks' – his sympathetic  
smile, grave voice, all that is a pretense  
somewhat like breathing. We'd never guess  
by his suit that as a boy playing in the mortuary  
he'd moan *woo-ooo... ooh-wooo-oo-oo* into  
the sound-system microphone during silent vigils  
or imitate creaking doors for the solitary mourner.

If our dancing takes him aback, he listens  
under the music, is tuned to crepitations.  
Even walled citadels in time fall. He's heard  
mice in our knees, some tundra wind tells him  
the walls are breached. He holds hands  
with the florist who stocks white mums.

PARTS OF SPEECH, CERTAINLY

But blue is

an almost absence of affect  
receding to such a pause  
as foredates shaping in words  
one immanent question, blue  
is the someday mountains we  
have lifted our eyes to, translates  
as heights beyond our slow clamber...

thinned, blue is only a shining  
of unspoken place; deep cobalt it  
is some ineffable solid, handable as nouns.

Therefore, wouldn't you agree that  
if there were adjectives, they must  
be green, as the presence  
of quality and shading? Nuances,  
sensible, shifting: here an unfurled leaf,  
a dress of emerald velvet, faceted stones  
or moss-cushioned rock, your talking bird –  
green qualifies them, making  
not the fact of shape, but its nature.

Later we may sing red, the springing blood  
of act, deed, breath, oh most necessary  
predication –

and the pure yellow of conjunctions,  
those nexus points that, linking pole  
to pole just where the energy  
is compressed and fixed,  
spark  
to synapse ideas.

But for now it is enough to hold blue  
as form and aspiration, as that which  
not yet being, is – foretells structure  
and place, to provide a shape that green  
might happen in.

THAT SUNDAY

I'm walking under the trees,  
and when she comes to me, it's with wrens.  
Out on the smallest branches of vision  
I see wings fluttering. Then feel, as  
I did once, her hand like a feather  
on my neck.

“You've come back  
to me. You're home!” But I am mistaken,  
and have been and there will be  
no wrens. It's what I'm told  
was always the plan.

And now it's growing darker.  
I could have touched her neck.  
I could have told her how beautiful  
she looked with hair down  
and receiving the sunlight  
that Sunday in the park.

*Wm. Kelley Lynn*

### WING OF DARKNESS

Captain Jack and his Modoc women  
Took the night wherever they went.

Breathless in rock, in caves,  
They escaped the daylight  
However it stalked them.

Desolate in the dark  
The women looked out,  
Traced a path across the sky...  
Found waiting the terror wind.

And when searching rifles  
Finally bore him down  
And a rope snaked out his life,

Jack felt the Modoc wing of darkness,  
Felt the night slip by.

Modoc women who took the night,  
Find Jack, return him home...

Bitter no more  
The wind begins to know.

*C.A. Gilbert*

### BUMP CITY

*I hope it doesn't show...*  
(Tower of Power)

We expect change to be more  
dramatic. Imagine Al Pacino  
uttering movie words immortalized:  
Oompha! Palooka! Shit! Zow!

It's not like that. You see,  
bumping my head changed things.  
Barely a micron, you'd hardly know.  
Okay, there is a constant headache.

I didn't realize just how spoiled  
normal is; how little my appreciation  
for the body's gift. Smile, wink,  
chew. No dammit... like before.



*Beverly Partridge*

**SAMMY AT 12**

We who are bereft of lightning  
in our lives look to the clouds  
which bunch together, spread out

grow large and ponderous  
like mountains,  
wispy like girls newly women

bumping into each other,  
trailing along after,  
rushing to keep up.

Last night one thundered through  
the waning summer night, a single mass  
of darkness playing the boogey man.

Twelve year old Sammy ran out  
into the back yard raised her arms  
to the sky, yelled "Kansas",  
and screamed for more as a sudden  
flash scared her to laughter.

"Listen" she said, "we will hear thunder,"  
counting one thousand and one, one thousand  
and two, one thousand and three.

Tuned into the universe  
she had suddenly reached my eye  
suddenly conquered the piano

suddenly was in charge  
of her time alone after school  
when the Spanish doll with black braids

hair parted in the middle  
arrived in the mail.  
She had paid for it herself.

Pat Vivian

## THE OPENING

(for Michael)

The gardener came brightly this morning  
humming purpose: to manage my lawn.  
We chatted price quotes and sapling species  
under the birch tree's amiable wingspan,  
details we'd mostly forget in five minutes  
– but something else was happening  
with this new person, an essence  
drifting past me, a garden scent  
I couldn't name. Because all these things  
happened to be happening at the same time  
under a birch tree's giant shady cone,  
we noticed the lopsided butterfly.

It was flopping around on a limb  
in what looked like one-sided frenzy,  
one wing ripped off,  
another residential burglary  
– when out popped the other! Just the saffron tip  
at first, still damp. Like a speeded-up film  
of a snapdragon blooming, the second wing peeled  
from the first, which continued to expand  
its own tiny slice of sunshine  
the way an astonishing moment can.  
When the second wing tore free  
the monarch fanned them in synchrony,  
taking its time, allowing the patterns to dry.

That's when I thought of you –  
how I could be sharing this with you  
because we've been flying  
cross-country, the distance  
wearing thin. We've talked dreams and planning,  
one of us moving. We've shared  
the bleak weight pressing down  
its shapeless shadow over the mind,  
the opening as late bloomers.  
So what if there's risk in seeing  
so much color deep in another?  
As if you were standing beside me  
or perched on that branch, getting ready  
– just now opening one wing.

Pat Vivian

### SLEEPING ALONE

There are always books in the bed.  
Sometimes I don't know who I'm with.  
I slide my bare feet down there  
and have a hardcover encounter.  
I wander from one lucid tale to another,  
leave one dangling, abandon the next,  
thinking only of my need  
to be taken in  
context  
and turned on – the story's  
intimate flame, the only one,  
the one that stays lit to the end.

Let's get fresh,  
enter that paradox,  
open up the covers, get between  
the sheets, baby,  
let's get analogous –  
fill me with words translucent as bliss.  
Hey, none of this paperback frenzy,  
please just kiss my brain  
slowly.  
I'll handle the birth on my own.  
Who will rise up from the nether zone  
and be my dangerous other tonight?

Lois Rosen

NOVEMBER 2, 1998

Mr. Daria is sorry I fell on Field Day.  
He means it. So what do I care I skinned my knee?

One magenta chrysanthemum supplies bouquets September, October  
and November. Good for you, Lois, who remembered to deadhead.

Tom curls under the dryer vent. Blind in one eye.  
The veterinarian advises, *Keep him inside*. I say, *No*, to that life.

On the Day of the Dead, under black and purple streamers,  
Carina places her mother's *tamales* wrapped in foil.

Unratified by the Knesset, The Wye Accord  
for Mideast Peace. Another carbomb, more bodies.

Mother – a sack of what? As I dress her, I try  
to snap her bra closed, but where are the fasteners?

*Eve Lyons*

NOVEMBER 4, 1995

Watching Pulp Fiction on Israeli tv,  
the camp-like kibbutz fast asleep.  
Lexi complaining of bugs in  
the bed we shared.  
She couldn't sleep, later I would think  
it was as if she knew.  
The movie was interrupted by a phone call.  
I refused to answer it,  
even though I was the only one awake.  
After all, it wasn't my house.  
Ring after ring after ring  
finally someone picked it up.  
Lexi trampled out,  
itchy and groggy, banged on  
their door. It was their daughter,  
calling from the other end  
of the kibbutz.  
She had received a call from Tel Aviv.  
"Somebody's been shot  
at the peace rally," was the news.  
Five minutes later, she called back.  
"Rabin's been shot at the rally."  
Lexi and I could barely react.  
I watched as Pulp Fiction  
turned into its own worst  
reality. The newsbreak was  
more confused than I was.  
At least Lexi could swear and  
I could let my shock consume me.  
The next day we returned to Jerusalem  
like nothing had happened,  
trying not to think about the body  
of the prime minister  
on its way to the same place.  
We were as solemn as the soldiers  
in the strangely empty bus.

*Helen J. McNaughton*

THE FIFTH OF JULY

Caught among seashore bluegrass and red fescue  
torn red, white, and blue firework casings wave in the wind.  
Bent sparkler stems shoot up alongside yellow sand verbena.  
California gulls peck at empty clam shells,  
half a watermelon rind, its center hollow.  
Rockweed, feather boa, and winged kelp  
wrap around soggy napkins, empty plastic bags.  
Last night's smoke has cleared to uncover hundreds of fire-rings  
built from rocks thrown out by the ocean like unkept promises.  
Scattered between the embers lie cormorant bones, and beer bottles,  
moon shells, unicorns, mussels pried from barnacled boulders,  
crushed cans, and a ketchup bottle, half full.

*Helen J. McNaughton*

## OUTSIDE THE GARDEN

In my parents' yard, a space thirty by fifty,  
grows an apple tree, an apricot,  
two plums, and a fig.

They created a world in which to raise us.

Along the house, reaching to the windows  
grow currant bushes,  
tart, tiny red berries nearly blot out the leaves.  
Bunches of grapes hang from the arbor that hides  
the neighbor's yard.

They made a new world that didn't recognize  
voices raised, like new flags, in anger,  
yellow stars, or people left untraced.

The garden flourishes in a corner.  
Beans, zucchini, and eggplant hatch in the center space,  
while blueberry bushes and tomatoes entwine limbs,  
and potatoes, garlic, and beets anchor themselves in the soil.

Yet the old world crept in, seen but not spoken of.  
Our minds grew crowded with unanswered questions.

What they can't grow, they u-pick.  
Under the basement stairs  
on rows of shelves my father built,  
hundreds of jars stand in long, straight rows,  
rows so deep no light reaches the ones at the back.

One by one we left their house  
to try to find what didn't grow in their garden.

And still my parents till the earth,  
prune the trees, and ignore  
the hungers that stand in the back, in the dark.

*George Estreich*

## FLY FISHING AT DUSK

1.  
The line is bright yellow, like a child's drawing of electricity,  
pure direction  
reversing itself, in the sinking light.

I want the moment  
when the circuit closes,  
the jolt that stuns me awake.

2.  
The lineman does the best he can. It's almost dark.  
The ball's implied  
by this bright reverberation –  
as are the players,  
shifting foot to foot  
in formal whites, their soles dimpling the water.

MAKING UP MOTHER

I have always wanted her  
slender, tall with a nose that looked  
good in profile. I would give her  
an upsweep, shaven legs, high heels,  
seamless nylons. She would never  
make her own aprons. Dressed in  
store-bought prints, she would laugh  
until she cried.

Now mute, she can only point and nod,  
make sounds that range through fury  
or joy, a persistent keening.  
I offer rouge and face powder,  
the Cara Nome I remember,  
its pink-beige dust in a box.  
She always liked moody colors,  
bruises on her mouth and cheekbones.

I find her lipstick, brush plum  
on the hollows of her face,  
give her a mask of Dusty Rose.  
Her lips, slack since the stroke,  
resist a stiff line, manage a fragile  
pucker where I dab fuchsia.  
The lipstick slides, stains  
her dentures as it has always.

Today, pleased with her face,  
Mom asks with a gesture  
that I pull stray hairs from her upper lip.  
Age hairs of dark skins – I, too, have them –  
unsightly connecting wires, that inextricable  
tangle of our common blood.

DESERT STORY

How could I be neighbor  
to this woman in the doorway  
graying toward her core?  
No cottonwood shades the weathered shingles;  
no sunflowers range at her stoop  
where she watches her old man,  
whose face is called Iron Butte.  
In a voice like shaved kindling  
he says, Fetch me a beer.  
She tells of spelling their names  
with stones laid in an alkali flat.  
A bluebird one time, she says  
built a nest in their fence post.  
Now she hears only  
harsh tales from magpies,  
dry messages brought by the wind.  
I neighbor her with liquid stories,  
green sounds she can taste  
through her skin like her wet wash.  
He calls her fool  
to hug his longjohns  
dripping from the line.

Virginia Corrie-Cozart

### THE BLACKHAWK

He comes onstage, lean,  
loose-jointed,  
jazz slouch.  
Brubeck is gray hooded now,  
elegant in tux.  
We paid \$40 to hear him in concert.  
He could be 70. He is!  
But the fingers still fly high  
as they coax In Your Own Sweet Way  
from the grand,  
then hand it off to the sidemen.  
There's the wide-mouthed grin  
as the clarinet  
wings an aside to Bach  
makes musical jokes of Bye Bye Blackbird.  
Desmond has died;  
they play Blue Rondo anyway.

Way back then  
Here Lies Love was a rainbow of balance  
during the Korean insanity.  
Sitting in the Blackhawk  
in San Francisco,  
we two aggies from Oregon  
minded the minimum, no cover,  
and listened to riffs  
we knew by heart.  
Standards absorbed the city's magic,  
hovered, took flight.  
Everyone smoked. It grew late.  
We wore out our 2-drink welcome.  
In shirt sleeves,  
horn-rimmed glasses already a trade mark,  
Dave relaxed over the keyboard,  
Take Five still years away.

Lou Masson

### IDEO LOCATOR

The YOU ARE HERE  
arrow on maps is  
called an ideo locator  
item in *The Oregonian* newspaper

if YOU ARE HERE>  
what shall here be?  
the front page story  
in the morning paper  
I hold folded below  
the news of Kosovo  
or outside the window  
where a dogwood buds  
or just the locus  
of these seventy words  
that also allow  
me to be there  
if you are here?

THE WAY OF STAFFORD'S POETRY:  
A CONSIDERATION

*The Way It Is*, by William Stafford (Graywolf Press, 1998)

The publication of *The Way It Is*, five years after William Stafford's death, invites assessments of an admired poet's work. During these years, due in part to the efforts of The Friends of William Stafford, there has been no forgetting this poet. The commemorative readings whose attendees read favorite Stafford pieces have been popular and affecting. With the publication of a wide-ranging selection of poems, a reader can hold most of the best work between two covers and consider the poet's achievements without the pressure to give testimony among people who have begun the process of canonization.

I have not taken part in such devotions, as I do not know the full measure of the man. For the reading public, that measuring cannot fairly occur without having the letters and at least one effort at a comprehensive biography. While Stafford's poetry speaks to me personally and distinctively, I feel I know only a little about the man.

Nonetheless, my interest in Stafford's poetry is keen. I have always tried to be one of the readers his work presupposes. I am interested, too, in how Stafford flourished as a poet, how his career progressed under his own steam and with the help of many supporters, like the people who selected, arranged, and published *The Way It Is*.

The covers of this volume (the most important book of Oregon poetry since Vern Rutsala's *Selected Poems* in 1991) serve as parentheses around Stafford's work, or, more exactly, around my reading of the work, which I began in 1963. Reading this compilation, I think about what the poet aimed to achieve. Stafford was ambitious. As I see it, he wanted to be a major poet in a culture that, after Robert Lowell's accession to Robert Frost's throne, would never really take time to read poetry and discuss it or even designate the next poetry star. Yet, Stafford was and is a star.

Stafford's second ambition, as I see it, was to bring and to be a comfort during distressing times, 1960-1990. Stafford's poetry immerses me in New Testament values: Is his poetry really a sheep in coyote's clothing? Faith, hope, and charity seem an unlikely trio to counter Viet Nam, McDonald's, and IBM. Nevertheless, Stafford addressed readers' nostalgia and need for verities that are both generous and incontrovertible.

Stafford published his first books in his mid-forties, yet he had already published widely in little magazines and was legendary for his prolific output. Stafford's ambition for greatness camouflaged itself in busyness, readiness, a kind of boy scout approach to writing the poems and marketing them. He was the early riser scrawling; he was the aspirant and outsider. Even after the books and prizes, he would unfold from his pocket sheets of manuscript, on the back of which he kept track of submissions and rejections, those badges of powerlessness every writer must wear.

And the writing philosophy? Accept what comes, write it, send it out in good faith, let others judge what really cannot be judged. As far as I know, Stafford did not reveal much about the poets he learned from or about how he knew greatness when he saw it in others or himself. Stafford, in short, developed a method of writing and of negotiating the business of poetry that seems natural and selfless, yet a growing body of work emerged and rose to eminence. The work was strong, but so were the work ethic and the will.

I think Stafford's somewhat disingenuous statements about writing poetry (writing is easy, evaluation is not possible, revision is hardly central to good writing) allowed him to write and send out mediocre work having the air of a sketch or improvisation, of a dilution of an idea or device used better in another poem. In his role as comforter, too, there was the temptation to preach, to write wisdom literature that repeated itself, like Psalms, and sacrificed craft to the demand for yea-saying, a demand I sense to come from both Stafford and the readers taken by the homespun persona presented in the poems and public readings.

Yet what ambition! To comfort without cuteness, in the face of a half century's record of war and environmental destruction. Faith, hope, and charity might stand as a simple model of



Stafford's mission. His variations on these themes (including questioning and rejecting them) provide a lively tension throughout his work. If, as I sensed, his work was static and complacent in *A Glass Face in the Rain*, the next two Harper & Row titles showed Stafford reenergized. His late work in *My Name is William Tell* and lastly in 1992 and 1993, the hitherto unpublished work in *The Way It Is*, show force and adventurousness. Clearly Stafford was not going to write *Mountains and Rivers Without End* or *Backtracking*. If others wrote the long poems, Stafford showed himself as resourceful as Dickinson or Frost in the variety of ways he could manage voice, direction, closure in hundreds of short poems.

Stafford's faith, I find, rests on his belief in story. The individual life, the tribal life, the life of nature and cosmos, all are going somewhere. They are motivated; they generate character and theme. Most of the stories about people, places, animals are hopeful: they end well, with recognition, unity, further adventures. And charity is essentially acceptance of the other, Carl Rogers' unconditional regard, offering empathy and, when possible, assistance. Stafford writes curiously few love poems, but then I find that his poems usually gesture toward inclusion and union. They proffer a hand.

My response to *The Way It Is* is holistic, stimulating me to think about the poetry and the teaching, their interdependency. I believe the measure of Stafford's work must be taken after considering his two main ambitions: to write well, to comfort well. Even though these aims are hard to achieve, even separately, Stafford worked mightily to achieve them together in an age unsympathetic to his art and ethics. Yet Stafford achieved these aims in poem after poem, as witnessed by reader after reader, admirers of both the craft and wisdom of Stafford's work.

## REVIEW — Joan Maiers

*Entomologist's Dreambook*, by Sherron Norlen (Protean Press, 1998)

The central metaphor of this chapbook has provoked Sherron Norlen's curiosity and consideration since childhood. Her writing pays attention to many structural design features of insects, such as the head, tongue, eyes, thorax, wings. However, the poems that emerge in this collection present not so much a treatise on insect anatomies as a treasury of metaphysical realities.

An incisiveness of language exalts as it accompanies Norlen's view of the carrion beetle in "Bonefire": "Carrion beetles/their fire-struck wing plates/flashing and weaving/beneath the corpse..." The poems in *Entomologist's Dreambook* pay homage to more than two dozen of French entomologist Henri Fabre's entourage, such as cricket, wasp, mantis. It concludes with that emblem of transcendence, the scarab. Nothing so mundane as a "fly away home" tribute appears in any of these poems. Instead, they confront the reader with inciting, insinuating or inspiring content throughout their stanzas, as in "Sermon from the Anthill":

*Blind to the flame  
that fuels us, you mourn.  
We say, Open your  
interior eye*

or in the sparse diction in "Might", with its use of patent leather and Peterbilt, or in "Scarab":

*The body sets limits... or not. I studied  
your shovel-nosed chitinous  
defenses: golden-furred mahogany  
chest plate, articulated slats guarding  
the belly, hard-cased hearts-boat  
that, broken, becomes light.*

Throughout Sherron Norlen's poetry, there is ample reason for the reader to admire the emphasis on transformation. In some instances, the poems acknowledge the ephemeral Prairie Smoke. Elsewhere, they name the more stolid entities of a Lego-link, a Tlingit totem or a mine shaft. In "Wasps Thought", the figure of a paper nest serves as a model for meditating on the stages of human civilization.

Without sounding pretentious or contrived, certain of Norlen's poems conjure a clear sense of textures and pigments, as in "Bombus":

*Motors muffled in yellow striped  
black fur and roughly airborne  
on taupe isinglass wings,  
bumblebees intersect  
over dry cheat grass  
and sage. One queen  
sports a burly cinnamon bustle,  
shakes a feather  
boa purple blooming stalk.*

Throughout her poems, the writer identifies abundance and vitality in terms of green-ness, with subtle evocations of mint, emerald, ice-green and chartreuse.

In "Praying Mantis", the bi-lingual associations of her 3-line stanzas amplify the reader's amplification of this figure as both terminator and kindly talisman:

*With hooks and saws, you  
embrace the name of your hunger, then nibble  
enigmatic dainties...  
Priestess of small  
sacrifice directing lost children home, pray for  
us rooted in your transubstantial gaze. Teach us your care-  
less beneficence, the verdant liturgy of atonement.*

Such alchemical energy steeps the language of "Caddis Larva":

*You do what now  
calls for, pale worm-*

*gut cased in sand, polished gravel, leaf rag or brown-needle  
quills –  
absolute home, no thought  
small enough for it.*

When I recommend *Entomologist's Dreambook*, I appreciate the book art of both editions. The offset press version is derived from the letterpress limited edition. In either case, the combined effect of cover design, font, paper stock and binding contribute to the tactile enjoyment of the book as well. Blockprint illustrations by Kim Norlen complement the compelling verbal images throughout the text, so that, in the spirit of "Sermon from the Anthill", the reader is encouraged to "Open [the] interior eye."

The book is available in fine bookstores throughout the area, notably, in Portland at Powell's, Looking Glass Books, Broadway Books, in Lincoln City at Bob's Beach Books, and in Salem at Borders.

## EDITOR'S NOTES

Interested *Fireweed* contributors and friends should plan to attend the nearly annual *Fireweed* Potluck Picnic and Reading at Bush Park in Salem on Sunday, September 19, from one o'clock to four in the afternoon. (In the event of rain, we'll try again on September 26.) Bring something to eat (salad, entree, dessert) and eating tools for yourself. We will supply an array of non-alcoholic beverages. Also, bring something to read, old or new, published or unpublished.

Getting to Bush Park: from 1-5, take the Mission Street Exit and head on Mission to downtown Salem past many streets, including Hawthorne, 17<sup>th</sup>, and 12<sup>th</sup>, where the corner of Bush Park is. Don't turn! Keep going on Mission past Winter Street and Church Street to High Street. Turn left on High Street, go past Bush Street, Meyers Street and a few others. Go to the southern end of the park which is Lefelle Street. You will find parking there. We plan to locate at the southwest corner of the park (Bush and Lafelle). Think sun. Address questions to [jazzpo@iccom.com](mailto:jazzpo@iccom.com) or call (503) 460-9063.

Since our last issue, two notable collections by Oregon poets have emerged: *Communion, Poems 1976-1998*, by Primus St John and *A Thousand Friends of Rain*, by Kim Stafford. St John is a long-time English professor at Portland State University. Stafford directs the Northwest Writing Institute at Lewis and Clark College. Both poets read from their works at Looking Glass Bookstore in Portland during July.

In this issue, you might notice Beverly Partridge's poem "Sammy at 12" reprinted from the previous number of *Fireweed* because of editing errors in that printing. Our apologies to Mrs Partridge.

*Fireweed* regularly receives requests for sample copies. Those desiring such should include seventy-five cents for postage.

## CONTRIBUTORS

**JAMES BERTOLINO** Salem, was a visiting professor at Willamette University during 1998-99, teaching creative writing and literature. In July, he read at Powell's Hawthorne bookstore in Portland.

**VIRGINIA CORRIE-COZART** Salem, is a retired music teacher whose poems have appeared before in these pages.

**GEORGE ESTREICH** Corvallis, a 1988 MFA graduate of Cornell University, has been published in *Cutbank*, *Passages North*, and *Two Rivers Review*, among venues.

**CHRIS GILBERT** Florence, says that while he dabbles in short story and essays, his favorite work is poetry. *Portage* and *Lakes* (with Erik Muller) are volumes of his poems. He is currently working on several writing projects, prose and poetry.

**RUTH HARRISON** Waldport, a retired professor of medieval literature, has published in *Denver Quarterly*, *West Wind Review*, *Christian Science Monitor*, among others. A chapbook, *Kicking Sand*, is due out sometime this year.

**CHUCK JAFFEE** Philomath, a two-year plus resident of Oregon says he's sure he has visited more Oregon waterfalls than 999 out of 1000 longtime Oregonians. He has worked on a volume titled *Haiku Triples*.

**WM. KELLEY LYNN** Oregon City, has had poems in *Nimrod*, *The Journal/Ohio State University*, *Orphic Lute*, *New Voices*, and other journals.

**EVE LYONS** lives and writes in Portland. She will soon head for graduate school in Boston.

**JOAN MAIERS** Lake Oswego, teaches writing and literature at Marylhurst College. She is a co-author of *Blooming in the*

*Shade* and is presently completing her manuscript of poems titled *Specific Gravity*.

LOU MASSON Portland, has most recently published in *Cross Currents*, *Portland Review*, *Grail*, *Left Bank*, *The Critic*, *The Oregonian*, and *Open Spaces*. *Reflections: Essays on Place and Family* was published two years ago by Washington State University Press.

HELEN J. MCNAUGHTON Milwaukie, graduated from Marylhurst College four years ago with an Interdisciplinary Degree in Humanities and Communication. Her work has been published in *The Oregon English Journal*.

ERIK MULLER Eugene, a former editor of *Fireweed*, has had poems in *Hubbub*, *Western Humanities Review*, the *Beloit Poetry Journal*, and *Prairie Schooner*. His work also appears in the Oregon Literature Series volume *From Here We Speak*.

VERLENA ORR Portland, an Idaho farmer's daughter, has resided and written in the city for many years. Her work has appeared in various regional journals and the *Twelve Oregon Poets* anthologies and in the anthology *From Here We Speak*.

BEVERLEY PARTRIDGE Portland, taught creative writing at Catlin Gabel School before retirement. She has published previously in *Fireweed*.

LOIS ROSEN Salem, has published widely in magazines such as: *The Northwest Review*, *Hubbub*, *Willow Springs* and *Writers' Forum*. She has work due out in *Calyx*. At Chemeketa Community College, she teaches English as a Second Language.

RON TALNEY Lake Oswego, has published poetry in a variety of magazines, quarterlies, and anthologies, including *Poets West*, from Percivale Press, and *The Prescott Street Reader*, from Prescott Street Press. He has published two volumes of

poems, *The Anxious Ground* (Prescott Street Press) and *The Quietness That Is Our Name* (Bohematash Press).

PAT VIVIAN Portland, is a freelance technical writer/editor who attended the State University of Iowa Writers' Workshop. Her work has appeared in *Talus & Scree* and the *Twelve Oregon Poets* anthologies. A chapbook of her work is scheduled for publication by 26 Books.

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