

textural images

poems to capture the essence of southern alberta

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often the monster on one's back must be shifted,
before the creative process can begin

ANTI-PAPER FREE FALL

MARCH! down straight-lined halls
 our thoughts confined - books and articles tightly clutched
 highlighted in yellow and pink
 cryptic remarks, written during lucid moments
 - meaningless now.

Have you highlighted what I have highlighted?

Have we summarized similarly?

Do we agree? [I'm not smart enough - it's luck that I'm here]

MARCH! holding our book bags
 down into the concrete bowels of the library.

Here, do we endlessly pursue an author/quote to validate what we already sense?
- giving credibility to our thoughts? Do our ideas vanish, when confronted by
the giants that lurk, **there** in the endless stacks of paper bound into journals?
Microfiche. [the negatives appear.]

 who said what?

 who said what when?

 who quoted what who said when?

Yes, you smile - but do you follow the A.P.A. format?

 And what edition is it anyway?

[10 articles written about Mickey Mouse - is this university level? - Fraud!]

 free fall -

 breaking the

 chains that bind

 us to this place

 [yes, poems and paintings make

 me cry, but are they authentic?

 - certainly not for a thesis]

Our linear lives and the classrooms that isolate us - integrate -
let your ideas flow [within the lines] but summarize please, and hand in an
eight page paper - **laser is better** - don't print in pencil or lose all credibility
- HB lead? - it smudges!



W. Hales Jorgenson '95

Is your mind beginning to wander? - well, rein it in - we haven't finished this topic yet and class isn't over until 9:00. Reflect for five.

Do you think I'm losing my mind? Maybe - or maybe this is the latest theory and YOU have been left behind. Do your research or lose your "A" ! [you shouldn't be here anyway] Marks taken up by electronic impulses - impersonal messages/judgements.

Perhaps your mind is now sliding out the door. Get away from this person! Let me help you. Imagine you're home. Think about the dishes you haven't done. Remember the washing piled up? Haven't you seen the ads? Real women don't have dirty homes, and they carry deodorant in their purses, to discuss over coffee.

and what about all this empty space?
we can't have silence. fill it with words!
- and get a sponsor -

POSTMODERNISM!

Is this a paper? [you're thinking - no, it can't be! - you're being manipulated. Well, have you watched Disney late 1y?]

like the waves from a pebble thrown into a pond
do these ideas radiate out
or would you sooner stairstep
for thirty minutes to get your
heart rate up? [speed up! you have more
to do. get your work done and then have fun. sorry
you have no time to reflect.]

While we were all marching, it turned into a goose step. And by the way, has anyone noticed that ALL the dolls in the toy catalogues have blond hair and blue eyes, EXCEPT troll baby?



W. Hales Jorgenson '9

this piece is about

taking risks

being creative

[we don't]

[we can't]

[the boundaries are set]

[and so are our minds]

J E L L O

poke it - it giggles

this anti-paper must be fraudulent - it was written by me.



W. Hales Jorgenson '95

the poems

SPRING RAINS MOISTEN
THE EARTH
RELEASING HER MUSTY SCENT

stalks of grass
bend, burdened
under heavy mists

pastel skies
reflected in still ponds
the wind holds its breath

sparrows
feathers fluffed
huddle in the evergreen of winter

the mist hunts the river
relentlessly
through the coulees



W. hales Jorgenson '95

DISGUSTED
THE WIND
BATTLES THE PAPER BAG
TOSSING IT TO THE SKY

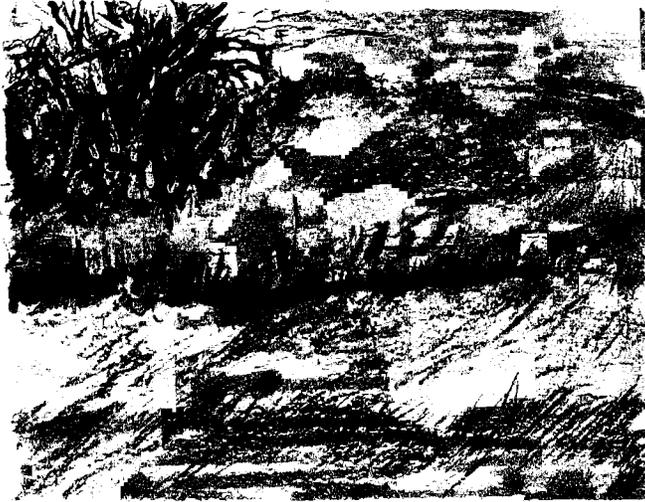
SHADOWS OF CLOUDS
RACE
ACROSS THE PRAIRIE
BEFORE THE WIND

silver dew beads
delicately strung
on spiders' webs
capture dawn's light

AT NIGHT
NO ONE HEARS
WORMS
TOILING UNDERGROUND

WATER SPIDERS
SKATE
ACROSS THE POND
ON THIN LINES

CRUELLY THE WIND
RATTLES
THE BONES
OF DEAD TREES



W. hales Jorgenson '95

foam
river's drool
caught in driftwood
along the banks

pursued by wind,
the soil
clutches at rotting stumps
cruelly exposed

HOWL, WIND - cry your pain

SCREAM, twist - fling against the door
that bars your entry

delicately - dawn
parts wispy silken curtains
gazing sleepily

day takes leave
pulling brilliant skirts
slowly behind her

smoky autumn days
hang, silently between leaves
of sun-faded yellow

bare dry tree bones clutch
at bare legs ... scratching long trails
seeking fresh red blood

drunk with the sweet silence of early dawn
sparrows chatter
destroying shadow dreams

the rock
its hide thick with lichen
hunkers down in its nest of earth
and shoulders another storm

willows

burnt orange

brush

against dead of winter

the wind the wind on
and on and on the wind the
wind. the wind. the wind.

here and there
the fog
filling spaces we didn't see
until we couldn't

foot paths
scar the backs
of coulees
never healing



W holes Jorgenson '95

the blue-green egg shells

scattered

the black/white

robber

laughs

I lay, examining
soft underbellies
of
summer clouds

river discards
her blanket of ice
dirty shreds
drip in the spring sun
along the banks

chokecherry blossoms
hold their cloying scent
tight about my face

restless breezes
shatter
reflections of spring
on still pond

the wind whistles
and prairie grasses
dance
before their master

bleached
driftwood
licked smooth
by river's tongue

the river drools
like a mad dog
over the backlash
of fallen logs

on the road in early dawn
as the sun kisses the brown earth
and the blush creeps upward
to meet the stars

GENTLY THE SUN'S FINGERS
PROBE THE EARTH'S COLD MANTLE

DUSTY WEBS OF SPIDERS
BENEATH THE DECK
KEEPS KIDS AT BAY

THICK ROUGH BARK
HANGS, SHREDDED
EXPOSING SILVER UNDERBELLIES
OF DYING TREES

CAST INTO SILVER
DYING TRUNKS TWIST AND TURN
CATCHING MOON'S LIGHT



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winter air thickens
muffled voices
exposing our breath

the goose silently lifts
from darkening waters
trailing silver beads

lavender down
spring crocuses
entangled in winter's dry coat

the wind never heals
it tears at earth's exposed flesh
and licks at her wounds

the river's breath escapes
between cold sheets of ice
that mask her life

BRANCHES GESTURE THEIR TORMENT
HELD SILENTLY
BY THE BREATHLESS NIGHT

AUTUMN WINDS
FINGER THE THICK WOOLLY COAT
OF SLUMBERING HILLS

BRANCHES
TWISTING
TURNING
WRITHING UPWARD
RAKING THE BLUE SKY

**GREEN BLEEDS TO RED
SPLASHES OF CRIMSON
DRIPPED ACROSS AUTUMN HILLS**

**THE TANGLED WEB OF LEAVES
PRESSED INTO THE DANK EARTH
BY FINGERS OF DECAY**

the shovel

against the shed
rests the shovel
the handle
flakes colors into the wind
the blade
bleeds rust into the earth