

ARTS and CULTURE

TARNHELM progresses. The staff would like to thank everyone who contributed their creative output to our publication. We are shooting for a late May publication date, which will be announced in THE READER as soon as we know it ourselves. So far, it looks as if it will be one of the best issues in TARNHELM'S history. For now, here's a special preview of things to come.

Gregory Hall--editor for TARNHELM

A RAINBOW FOR Emily Dickinson

A WOMAN HELD BY GARMENTS OF WHITE
AND NEVER LEAVING HER GARDEN GATE.

I WONDER WHAT SHE FELT INSIDE
ALONE FOR ALL THOSE YEARS?

THE BIRDS THAT SOARED KEPT HER
FRIENDSHIP
AND HIDDEN WORDS HER TREASURES.

BUT LITTLE TO KNOW

IT WAS NEVER TOO LATE
TO PLACE ARRANGEMENT TO LIFE'S MIXTURE
OF COLORS.

Marilyn Carmen



Photo By Randy Parrett



Photo By Kevin R. Stuessy

Blood flows in the gutters of the street. I sense that it runs through the entire city, converging at intersections and running on. A young boy bends over a sewer grille with a clothes hanger in his hand, trying to retrieve a lost quarter. Blood flows into the grille from both sides. The boy dips his fingers into it and then licks them sensuously. He tells me the blood tastes like Karo syrup and dips his fingers into it again.

I turn from the boy and I see that the buildings have vanished. There is only the side walk and the street. The blood stops flowing and the boy cries. He begins to fade, still licking his fingers, and is gone. The man in the trenchcoat is still following me, and he attempts to look unobtrusive. He is stopped by a man who looks like Theodore Dreiser, who slaps him repeatedly on the face.

SECOND SIGHT

Midnight sun, radiant beams of warmth
dying beneath the horizon's clouds,
Casting your last pathway of light
across the expanses of an unbordered sea,
that mounts and swells
A foam capped fury, enchanted world.

Randy Myers



Photo By Jan Gill