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Cannon



December 1983

Warning: we are out to explode any feelings of boredom you may feel toward "art" with this Cannon. We put out the Cannon to share our talents with you, hopefully stimulating discussion rather than indifference. But in order to do this we want to hook into your interest. So we pieced together a Cannon with an eye for the pictures drawn both visually and verbally, then combined the two for harmony. Two examples you will see of this are the sketch accompanying "Ice Scream Boy," and the way the poem "Second Coming" imbues hope into our age of "nuclear superiority." We did not want to display a scattered jigsaw of talent, but a sense of parts fitting together. Dancing on a tightrope of light and shadow, we also tried to balance the humor and the melancholy. Thus we hope that in this issue both the author/artist and the reader will sense that the light and shadow in these pieces are a part of the whole of our life.

*Joni Walburg
LeRoy Bentschod*

Cannon

December, 1983



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“Mark, Why are You Barking?”

Do you know anyone just a little bit odd, just a little bit eccentric? Is there anyone who is . . .

“Shhh! Don’t say that word!”

“*Intelligence resembles insanity only to the stupid.*”

Harry Harrison,

THE TECHNICOLOR

TIME MACHINE

“Why do you act like that, Mark?”

“Like what?”

“Like a dog. You’re barking at people!”

“So?”

“That’s not the way normal people act!”

It’s the same old story. Everywhere Mark goes, everyone he meets . . . it’s always the same, they think Mark is different. Did this problem start with Mark? Is this a new thing to society, having an oddball amongst us? No, probably not. It seems age old. Even in the Bible, where prejudice is unknown and jealousy is unheard of, there is non-acceptance of people who are. . . *different*. Joseph was *different*. He had strange dreams. Noah was *different*. He built a big boat. John was *different*. He gave free baths in a dirty river.

“Why is your hair so long, Mark?”

“What’s long?”

“Like yours. You look like a girl with a beard!”

“So?”

“That’s not how most guys wear their hair!”

What’s wrong with Mark? Why won’t he conform? Mark seems like an intelligent boy.

“He could easily get above-average grades in school if he only put a little effort into it.”

His teachers *always* said that. Grammar school, junior high school, and high school; everywhere his teachers always said that.

Well, was he intelligent? His college entrance tests showed it. His I.Q. tests showed it. His psychiatrist said he was.

His Psychiatrist! Is Mark mentally ill? NO, NO, NO! I’m sure that everyone is different from everyone else. We are all individuals. We are not guided by silly fads or fashions or common ideas. We all think on our own and dress how we want to dress and act how we feel like acting, right?

Wrong. What are you talking about? If everyone acted like that, then Mark would be accepted.

December 16, 1981

Dear Diary,

Today I wore a suit to school. Most people hated it. In fact, the same people that gave me hassles yesterday for wearing ripped-up blue jeans are giving me the same hassles today for wearing a suit and tie. I'm just trying to assert my individuality. Why is that wrong?

Mark

Is there an answer for Mark? I'm a Christian. You're a Christian. We've got to find an answer! We want to help Mark. We're all Christians and want to help him. He's a fellow-Christian. We've got to help him. We have to show him how to act. After all, we can't have one of us running around and acting *different*.

"Why are you wearing that shirt, Mark?"

"Why not?"

"It offends your Christian friends."

"Most of my friends are non-Christians."

"Mark, don't you like the company of Christians?"

That was a missionary talking to Mark. A MISSIONARY! You would think that she, of all people, would understand the obvious need to associate with non-Christians if you are to bring the Gospel to them. How does she evangelize I wonder?

At least she tried to help him. . . ?

It's a late night at a punk bar. . .

"Oy, Oy! Marco!"

"What?"

"Those new spikes are totally hip!"

Mark mumbles a thanks.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing," he says, and drifts off through the crowd.

October 20, 1982

Dear Diary,

In my attempt not to conform to society, or at least to the middle class segment of it in which I've grown up, I've become someone else. I've used the punk scene to escape conformity, only to find that I've latched onto conformity all the more. I'm conforming to punk ideas, dress, and language.

Am I doing this to really be closer to these kids so I can evangelize? I'm not sure. I need answers.

Mark

And so Mark prayed to the Lord that he followed after, and worshipped, and served. Did he find an answer?

"Richard, why don't you shave your beard off?"

"Why?"

"Because when you go to job interviews, you have to make a good impression on people and they're not usually as open-minded as you and I are. Besides as Christians we should maintain an image that is glorifying to God."

"Mark, I can't believe you're saying this. You're such a conformist!"

And then the next day...

"Mark, why are you barking at people? It's not normal!"

Any night you might find Mark at his desk reading or studying, and right above his desk is a quote he copied out of a book and stuck on his bulletin board.

"My heart for Thy cause, I offer Thee, Lord, promptly and sincerely."

John Calvin

And every Sunday night, you'll find Mark wearing blue jeans in church and leading the song service.

Paul Otto
Fr./Electrical Engineering

Drought

Nothing could grow in that field, arid as sifted ash.
Seared cornstalks rattled together, bone-dry,
Hoarded their sparse tassles like shrunken, balding men.
Ears sagged and dropped,
Draining life from shriveled stems.
And bedded in such wrinkled earth!
Crows-feet mapped in the soil,
Parched roots, scorched, bleached as fossils,
Singed weeds, vines, brome, snagged between gaunt rows.
Nothing could keep its life:
Even the thistles along the road were going to seed.

Laura Apol Obbink
Jr./English





Tonja Veltman
So./Art

Grandfather

*We see a different man whose hair, once brown
has taken now the color of cold ash,
the texture of corn silk. His eyes are worn:
blue shadows cross them, swift as clouds that pass
across the moon. His skin is puckered as
a too-ripe peach and his stained smile has slowed.
Though dust that settles into wrinkles says
that he is tired, and though his touch turns cold
do Grandma's eyes perceive her lover growing old?*

Laura Apol Obbink
Jr./English

Grandma

Bumpy clouds, blown like
a sheet on a line or
wrinkled like a close-up
of an old woman's face,
but gray,
not white like Grandma's was last time.

She rocked while Aunt and Uncle talked,
deaf ears refused to hear, aid turned down.
Bleary eyes fluttered while
hands slowly wound handkerchief
sogged with cold
or dripping self-pity.
They left; alone, she talked
of her girls they had their lives,
and Grandpa
and cried.

I felt her hands
clasping, her lonely
strong arms clutch.
I kissed good-bye,
felt and saw
the folded skin.

The clouds were gray then too.

Lynn De Young
Sr./T.A., English

Saturday Night Ragtime

Hello, it's BarbershopHarmony Time
Then he'd laugh
my Grandpa would laugh
and then Play the Rags.

He kept himself alive
by the Playing of the Rags
He played on Saturday Nights
for the Senior Citizens

They could go dance
when he played on Saturday Nights
They could clasp some
other person's sagging, beaten

carcass to themselves
for fun
When he Played the Rags on Saturday Nights.
They would use his Rags

to cat around with
someone else's wife.
They would use his Rags
to get their paws on

someone else's girl.
The Saturday Night Ragtime
became too big a pain for Grandpa.
Oh, now he still plays the rags
But my Grandpa's beginning to fade.

Steve Powell
Jr./English

Mothers—Is There Life After Delivery?

There's a man changing a diaper behind every working woman. It is about time that the man has a chance to take charge and raise the children in the family. For too long women have been screwing up the babes of this great nation. Now, in today's society, the man of the house really has his opportunity to show his true colors and do his part in directing America's most valuable resource, the adults of tomorrow. This is a job that can not be taken lightly any more. Women have been given enough time mothering to show the world that they aren't doing an effective job. Look at all the adults in American society who've turned out poorly: the addicts, the pushers, the prostitutes, the highway patrolmen. These kinds of problem people in our country today are totally unacceptable. The man can no longer sit back in his cozy executive suit and watch American go to the communists.

In today's society where punk hair-do's and ripped sweat-shirts abound, there is a need, a hunger, an ache for the prodigal father figure. No one can handle an unruly toddler better than a husky 6'3", 250 pound hunk of masculinity. There will be no more messing around. Modern youth needs to know where it stands and it's got to be a man who's got to stand them up. No more baby talk with American infants. When women teach our youngsters to say goo-goo and daa-daa it's something that stays with them and continues to pacify their rugged primal instincts the rest of their pansified life.

There can be no doubt that a man can raise a child better than a woman can. The man has proved his organizational abilities by developing a thriving political system, a government where there is equal opportunity for all, even the minorities, a land with patriotism written across its bumpers. Who can question the ability of any gender with such a grandiose list of credentials tucked underneath its belt?

Where has the woman been while the man has been striving for this noble cause? Was she standing there beside him while he labored down his road to success? Au contraire. She overslept on the morning of American Day. She stood by and watched as he defended his home and family. She lounged in the lazy-boy as he mowed the lawn.

From now on, the woman must not be trusted with the raising of our youth. We've gambled on women for too long already, and the odds have been against them from the very beginning. Simply put, women just don't have the vigor and vim it takes to parent a child. There must be no doubt in the developing juvenile's mind where his authority figure dwells.

The anarchy that runs rampant has been left unscathed for too long. With the men of this great nation behind the steering wheel of parenthood, there will be fewer accidents on the way to adulthood for the youth of today. Sons will no longer turn out effeminate if they pattern themselves after their manly fathers. Daughters

too will have the advantage of having male role models. Females won't turn out to be the delicate, helpless, dependent manifestations which they have been in the past.

For too long men have been devoting themselves to affairs of nations, economies, wars and the like. It is now time for all conscientious parents of the masculine persuasion to divert these menial tasks to their wives, before it's too late. Government and politics are perfect for keeping a woman out of the house while the man is busy in the home rearing his second generation. Let the women run the country. There's not much to mess up because of the fail-safe systems we men have installed into the political structure of this great land. Why this country could almost run itself. A woman can even be forseen as the President of the United States—a radical proposition, but a man does have to make sacrifices to prove his manhood.

So, men, take a hop off those fannies and don your Playtex Living Gloves. It's the least you can do for the future of true American masculinity and femininity. Just dig right in and change those diapers in the manly, patriotic spirit which will preserve the future of life, liberty and the pursuit of daytime soap operas.

Jim Broek
Jr./Communications



Lori Dykhouse
Jr./Biology



Tonja Veltman
So./Art

Ice Scream Boy

a lamentation

Little boy, who are you?

*Hungry for breakfast — in midafternoon?
And all you want is an ice cream cone?
Macaroni and cheese for supper, but
Mom don't come home 'til 2 — A.M.*

Little boy, who are you?

*Bareback in the rain — someone stole your shirt?
Don't have no friends — nobody likes you?
You got no brothers or sisters, all alone.
And all you want is an ice cream cone?*

*Speak up kid, the traffic's too loud
I just can't hear you 'bove the hum-drum moan,
A cryin' face in a screamin' crowd —
And all you want is an ice cream cone?*

*At the city park all day,
Do you ever go — home?
Making piggy-banks from plastic cartons
But you can't even buy an ice scream cone.*

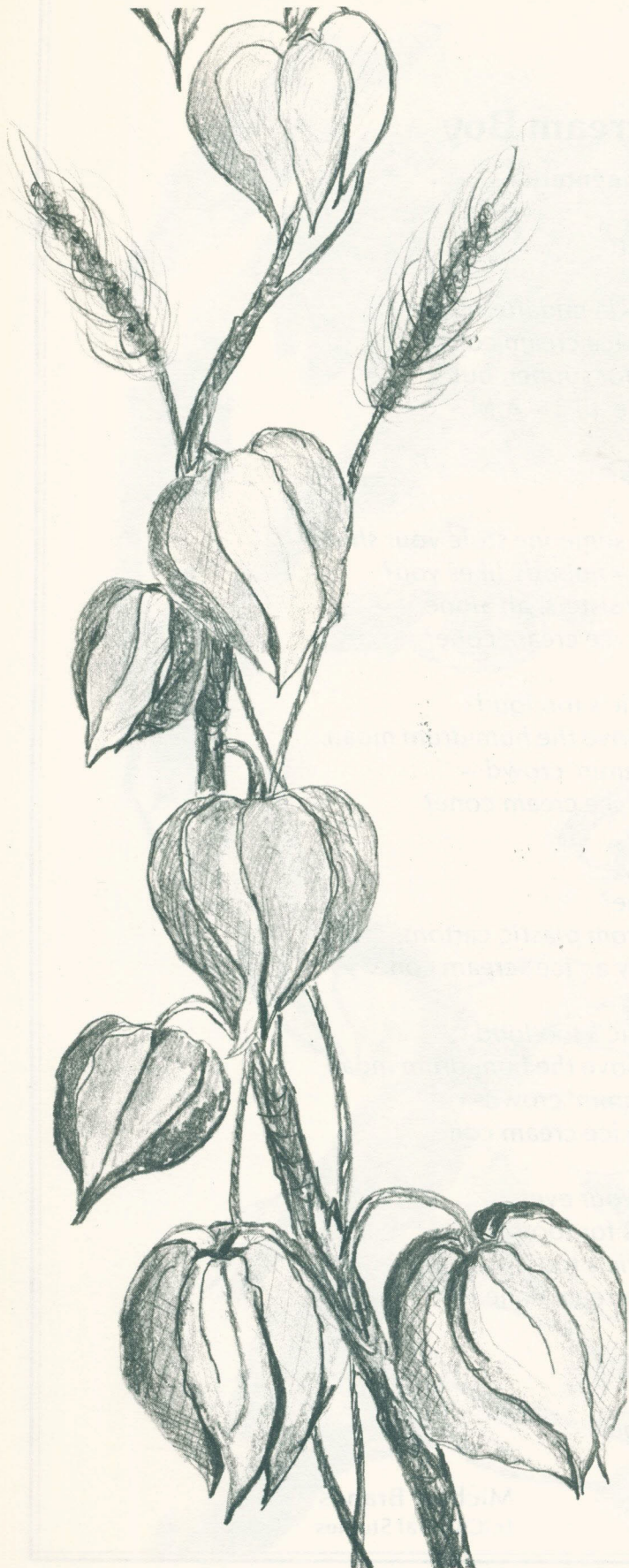
*Speak up kid, the traffic's too loud
I just can't hear you 'bove the hum-drum moan,
A cryin' face in a screamin' crowd —
And all you want is an ice cream cone?*

*Hair hangin' down in your eyes,
Hiding your tears cries for food.
Speak up kid, the traffic's too lo —
All you want is an ice cream cone.*

Little boy, what are you?

Little boy, what are you?

Michael Brands
Jr./Cultural Studies



The Dawning and the Dew

*The dawning comes
as the sun creeps over the oats field.
I walk my bean row,
the sweatsticky half-hoe
in my bare hand.
Today, I am the old Puerto Rican,
my cane knife broken.
But today
I do not mind.*

Lin Nibbelink
So./Social Work

April Blues

*From September through May
the salty whitecapped wave
washes over me
cold to the bone
and even colder to the brain.*

*Coke-can-aluminum ditters
on wet grey sand while
one mental construct after another
wrest beyond my furrowed brow.
I pass driftwood after driftwood.*

*If I must declare
in all finality
where I will be
when summers green turns to
rusted auburn in the trees
(all this before passing the next
driftwood?)
then write me down for
Sailing.*

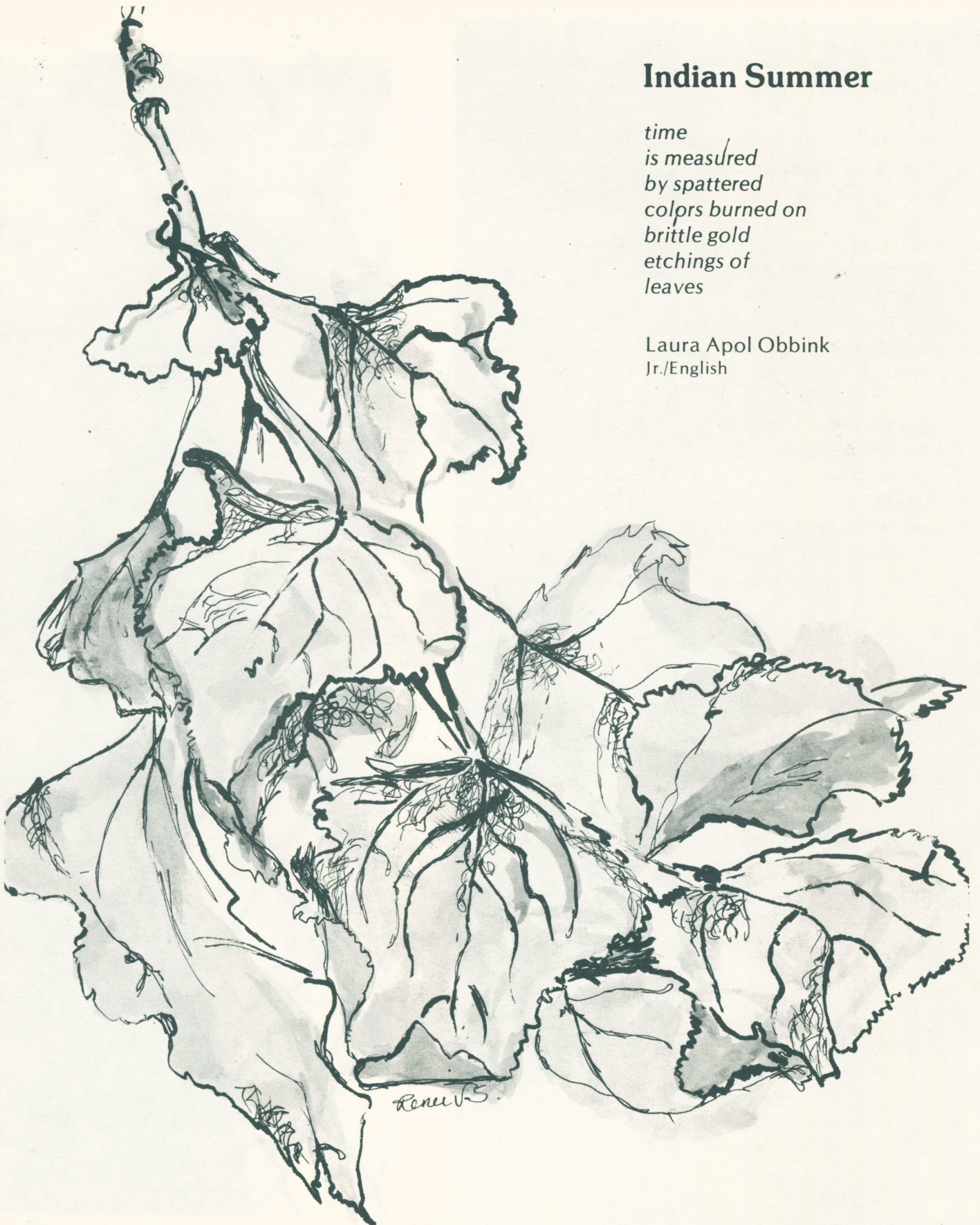
Lin Nibbelink
So./Social Work

Karen Niewenhuis
Sr./Spanish

Indian Summer

*time
is measured
by spattered
colprs burned on
brittle gold
etchings of
leaves*

Laura Apol Obbink
Jr./English



Renee Vander Stelt
Fr./Art

Confessional

*Not an absolution but you
giving salvation though I
have my own.*

*You plead
as some ancient priest
pleading me to plead
my sin for your
drooling satisfaction
through open grill.*

*Congratulate yourself.
at causing me
to lean and
fall at you
to need you as a collar
a closet and a whisper.*

Lynn De Young
Sr./T.A., English





LeRoy Berentschot
Sr./BuAd, Art

*deep inside your darkmoon eyes
fear like a wildfire races.
your darkmoon soul spills hot tears
over my neck
onto my shoulders*

*i would give my breath and soul and blood
to mend your brokenness
to build you a haven
where i would hold you forever.*

*but i have no power to keep you
from being taken back to cold places of brokenness*

*and my darkmoon soul bleeds
my darkmoon eyes spill hot tears
over Jesus' neck onto Jesus' shoulders*

*if i love you
i must believe
He has given his breath and soul and blood
to build you a haven
where He will hold you forever
and mend the pieces of your brokenness
into a mosaic of finest design.*

Lin Nibbelink
So./Social Work

passion to see swaying wheat
blooms writhing upwards
to a beat
between moist clumps of dirt.
beat of life
struggling through creation.
monolithic masses are draped with trees
spoken into existence
ex nihilo
by God's decrees
Oh— but put away foolish feeling

LET OUR RATIONAL MIND
BE NOT CONFINED
HAIL OUR TECHNOCRACY
BELOVED BUREAUCRACY
NUCLEAR SUPERIORITY
THAT'S OUR PRIORITY

KILOTONS— HIROSHIMA
BALANCE—
UNPROPORTIONAL
MEGATONS— NEW YORK
MUTANTS—
FULLY CONTORTIONAL

OZONE RADIATED

DISEASE IN CORPSES PROPAGATED

BACTERIA? WELL-CULTURED BACTERIA!
BOILS! TYPHOID! BUBONIC PLAGUE!

BABIES BURNT
RETINAS FRAZZELED!

MUSHROOM BLAST
WHAT A DAZZLE!

Hail technocracy?
beloved bureaucracy!?
Nuclear superiority,
that's our priority?

emotion ?

aching cardioid
hearts throb

passionate intimacy

say goodbye
for if you love me . . .



Mark-Philip Venema
So./Communications, Philosophy

Second Coming

*There was in the eve
a silence of controlled fury,
subtle in eagles
high against fighting horizons,
unresolved in pale gravestones
broken through a lone green acre.*

*The rushing wind
kicked leaves before the black hardwoods,
a boiling red sun
singed the mountain pass.
The slow earth stirred
against a heavy sky,
and waited.*

Brian Westra
Jr./Biology



LeRoy Berentschot
Sr./BuAd, Art

Comparison of two poems, before and after.

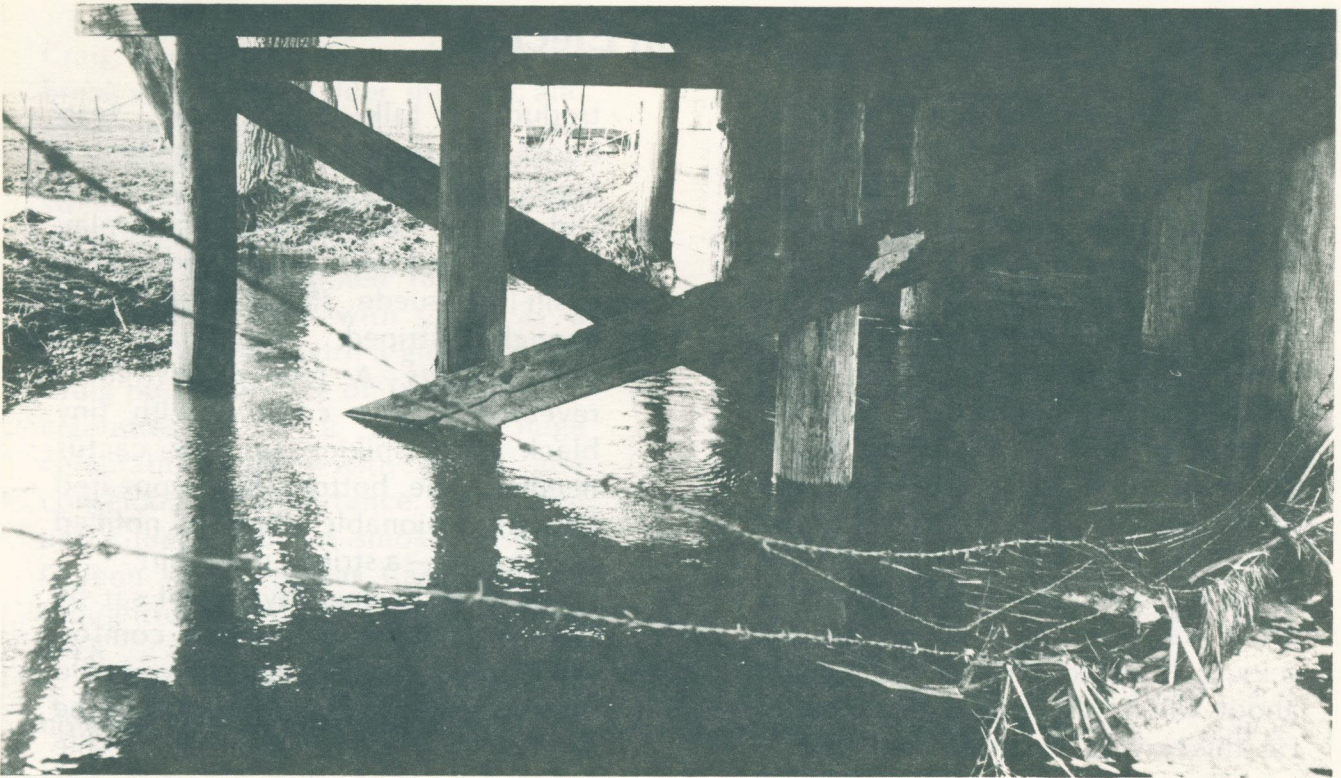
Dry Pond

*Down a lonely road walk two fools, together alone.
Their love pools and flows beyond
To distant marshes more fog covered than their own.
The burp of their inner throats lies awkward
In the middle of the road, gasping for breath.
They are two frogs belly flopping in muddy water.
Too bad the pond, their tenuous bond,
Has to be drained for a new housing development.*

Prayer Meeting

*They squat; two frogs
Breathing wetly through pourous skin.
Fingers, webbed in mud,
Squeeze hand in hand,
And the ooze below, with brown tongues,
Sucks on toes.
Water and silt covers their bellies
In muddy clouds.
Desire pools
And flows beyond to distant marshes
More fog covered then their own.
The burps of their inner throats hang
Awkwardly between restless bull-rushes,
And the mud waits
Upon two singular fates,
Inseparably separated after the swamp
Drains*

Luke Seerveld
Jr./Philosophy



LeRoy Berentschot
Sr./BuAd, Art

For Want of Something Better To Do

*The man sat entranced
And watched a meaningless slug
Slink its sleek slicky stream
In slow patterns before him*

*Its ooze — he pondered — appealed to
One at first because it sparkled so —*

*But he conceded that the
Snailish secretions made his
Precious Persian look not a wit
Bolder*

What then?

*Well he supposed it was always this way
With snails —
Smearing about,
Sliming things up,
For want of something better to do.*

*For want of something better to do
He smothered the slug in salt
From a shaker he kept in his pocket —
For just such a thing.*

*The slug oozed surreptitiously —
A bubbly mound of stench*

*The stolid contemplation that then
Pinched his brow could almost
Be heard*

*He began:
“Humans. . .”
He began again:
“Snails. . .”*

*“Nope,” he said aloud,
“Nope — that’ll never do.”*

David E. Sawtelle
Jr./Pre-Veterinarian

Gideon Elected

He came in late that first day of her college career. As the professor prayed, she peered at the class through chinks in her laced fingers. Because it was a summer course at a small Christian college, only twelve people sat in the semi-circle facing the lanky professor, who prayed with clasped hands dropped like a lead ball in front of himself. When she heard the door latch click, she swung her limited gaze from the professor to the door in time to see him peer through its narrow opening. She recognized his warm dark skin and almost unconsciously elected him as the person about whom she would learn more. He, this Navajo, would be her friend.

The amen sounded and he swung into the room, moving fluidly, body bent forward at the waist, briefcase swinging. He slid into a desk across the room. Balancing his briefcase with both hands, he snapped it open on his desktop and extracted a pen. He was securing the gold clasps when the professor began the roll.

She had to give her name and status first. "I'm Caroline Monsma from around here," she twirled her finger in the air, "and I'm a freshman."

"Is this your first college course?" asked the professor.

Carol answered him semi-sarcastically, "Yes, isn't that neat?"

Finally the roll traveled to the briefcase boy; "Gideon Rider, from Window Rock, New Mexico—I'm a senior."

The professor, peering over his tipped glasses, inquired, "Isn't your father a minister there?"

Gideon glanced up casually, "Yes, he is. That's why I'm here—because he went here."

Through the tedium of the in-

troductory talk—blue books, textbooks, and students already on tenterhooks about the exam—she assessed Gideon. He did not dress to display himself, wearing weathered, moccasin-like suede shoes, with oddly enough, striped orange-and-white terry anklets. A rent in his cords revealed a shin covered with tiny black hairs spiking up like cactus needles. The bottom half appeared casually fashionable when she noticed the topping—a striped polo shirt.

The following days Carol sat by Gideon deliberately until a comfortable habit formed and they would always settle at the extreme end of the semi-circle. He harped on her freshie femaleness, but she accepted her typecasting with no ill-will, for she had, after all, elected him as the vivacious guide to her new college life. When he asked what she did during the half-hour break, she admitted that she read in the library. "Come along to the coffee shop with the gang," he urged.

She pleaded her stereotypical ignorance, "But I'm just a freshie female—I don't know where it is."

"I'll show you Monday," Gideon promised with his senior male confidence.

Monday, true to his oath, he towed along a very flattered female to the coffee shop, which had the murky, stale smoke intimacy of a small town bar. On the scuffed floor, plastic chairs were scattered haphazardly around battered wooden tables, implying that a large group had been here, a more intimate grouping there. As the chairs gradually filled, a hazy overcast of cigarette smoke blurred the features of unknown faces.

Around Carol sat Tom, Pete,

Craig, and Gideon. The pattern of the break varied little. Older, married, and experienced in the army, Tom and Pete indulged in a triple vice: coffee, sweet roll, and cigarettes. Tom withdrew morosely behind his beard except for an occasional face-shifting smile. Pete flirted with Carol as a young boy would with a girl of seven. Craig puffed on one of Tom's generic cigarettes as if it were a huge celebration cigar—with pomp and conscious self-importance. Only Carol and Gideon did not smoke. Instead, Gideon sipped tea as Carol chewed thoughtfully on his plastic stirring stick.

The discussions generally covered ways in which to distract the professor and how much or what you drank the night before, weekend before, or years before. On the latter topic, Gideon waxed eloquent, contradicting the virtuous image made by his tea and Sweet 'n Low in a styrofoam cup.

"The lights went out from the storm last night," he swept up the dusty smoke with his gestures, "so all there was to do was finish up the Black Velvet. Didn't even hear the thunder after awhile 'cause I fell asleep on Liz's stomach. It's not the best pillow," he rubbed his neck ruefully. "I have a sore neck."

"Sore head too," Pete spotlighted Gideon's smirk with a glowing cigarette.

Two weeks into the course, the second dreaded test prowled up on Wednesday. Gideon and Carol were by now inseparable companions. He made faces at her in class, let her drink his syrupy tea, and drew little stick people all over her handout on Baal. She asked him questions and received obnoxious answers; "Who do you live with?"—"Three girls"; or

"What's your major?"—"Pre-law: I'm gonna be President." That night before the test he was at her house studying from her notes. They sat at the dining room table, briefcase open, a fan fluttering the papers like feathers, lemonade and ice cubes clinking in two glasses. In the next room, Spartacus was fighting the Romans on TV, and occasionally Gideon would leap from his chair, fly to the couch in front of the TV, and perch on the edge of its cushion as he enthusiastically rooted Spartacus on. He was boasting about drinking again as he shuffled his notes when Carol decided to try another question.

"So are you a Christian?" she asked, smiling slightly, almost teasingly.

"When I feel like it."

"So only when it's convenient?"

"Yup," he leaned back on his chair and grinned at her naughtily. Then his eyes flicked to the TV. Whooping, he bounded into the room. "Go, Spartacus!"

The following day, with the test over, they whizzed along in Gideon's Toyota. Hanging from the rear-view mirror, a garter belt batted at the vexing breeze. Carol yelled with the blaring music while Gideon tapdanced his fingers on the steering wheel.

Stopping at his apartment to get his shorts, they then drove over to his girlfriend Liz's apartment to eat because, as he explained, he kept all his food there. None of his so-called "roommates" were home.

Inside the apartment, Carol rested her elbows on the tall counter-top opposite Gideon, who was darting about from cupboard to refrigerator gathering Fritos, bread, bologna, and cheese. Watching him closely, Carol blurted, "Are you engaged to Liz?"

Gideon snatched a Frito, "No,

why do you ask?" He glanced at her as he chewed.

"Oh, I just heard you were," she nibbled at a chip. "So what does that make me? How are you using me?"

"Just as a friend." He slapped the sandwiches together swiftly and neatly, then poured diet pop into Smurf glasses.

She moaned in mock woe, "No wine with dinner?"

"You're underage," he retorted. "Besides, if I'm never gonna let my kids see me drink, I sure can't let you see me drink!"

"Oh, pooh." She twirled her glass around, examining idly the little, blue creatures. Puffing his cheeks, one blew mightily on a horn while another angrily hoisted a sign proclaiming, "Down With Music." "These yours?" she asked.

"Yeah, I watch them every Saturday morning."

"Really?" she smiled and took a bite of her sandwich, then sat down at the table with the Smurf glass before her.

Standing behind the counter with shorts in hand, Gideon asked, "Can you see me? I'm gonna change."

"What? Oh, no." She giggled inside as he bent over and quickly changed from pants to shorts. Grabbing his plate and glass, he came around the counter to join her at the table.

Carol bit into the soft bread and asked as she chewed, "Do you really watch the Smurfs?"

"Yes, but not many people know it. I try to maintain a tough image." He snarled and flexed his muscles.

"I noticed," Carol said wryly.

Seeing his face turn wooden, Carol refrained from adding any more comments. Gideon abruptly broke the silence. "Like when my brother died

this spring," he reflected, "everyone asked me how I could take it so well. But I keep it inside." Carol's eyes widened, sympathy and concern brimming in them. "I couldn't see his funeral," he continued, "so part of me still thinks he's alive. When I go back to New Mexico, I'll go see his grave; then I'll know he's really dead." He paused, then said, "A lot of people didn't understand him. They thought he was cruel. But I remember once when I was a kid, some boys were teasing me, telling me to fight them, but I couldn't because my dad always told me not to fight. I was trapped. Then my brother rode up on his bike and saw what was going on. He dropped his bike in a flash and started swinging. It was two against three but we beat them!"

He grinned and threw his head back. Tiny arrow-lines shot from wide, dark eyes, and his white-tipped fingers were spread wide in an exultant gesture. Carol could have seen him then as one of his ancestors, gripping a madly galloping mustang with bare, dark legs, hair and feathers flying behind in a tangled black-and-white blur, ready with arrows to pierce the heart of some wild creature. Instead, as she watched him smile, she saw him as President, self-confident and triumphant before a cheering crowd.

"Yer sech a proud ol' Navajo," Carol teased. Joyful blue eyes met joyful black eyes, a purer understanding of Gideon beginning to narrow the gulf between them.

"Hey," Carol banged on the table, "if you're really gonna be elected the first Native American President, can I be the first woman Secretary of State?"

"Sure!" And they clinked their Smurf glasses together to seal the bargain.

Lori Walburg
Fr./English



Renee Vander Stelt
Fr./Art

Haiku

*Seesawing on strings,
The violinist's bow is lilting
playground giggles.*

Ellen De Groot
So./German

When he says those things,
those nice things he says
about me
at parties
 to save face
i laugh softly and politely
pretending to be flattered.

Alone in our bedroom
after the doors have been closed
and the lights turned out,
with only the stars kissing the black sky,
the polite laughter
kisses my ears bitterly
and i shove it away
hard.

Lin Nibbelink
So./Social Work

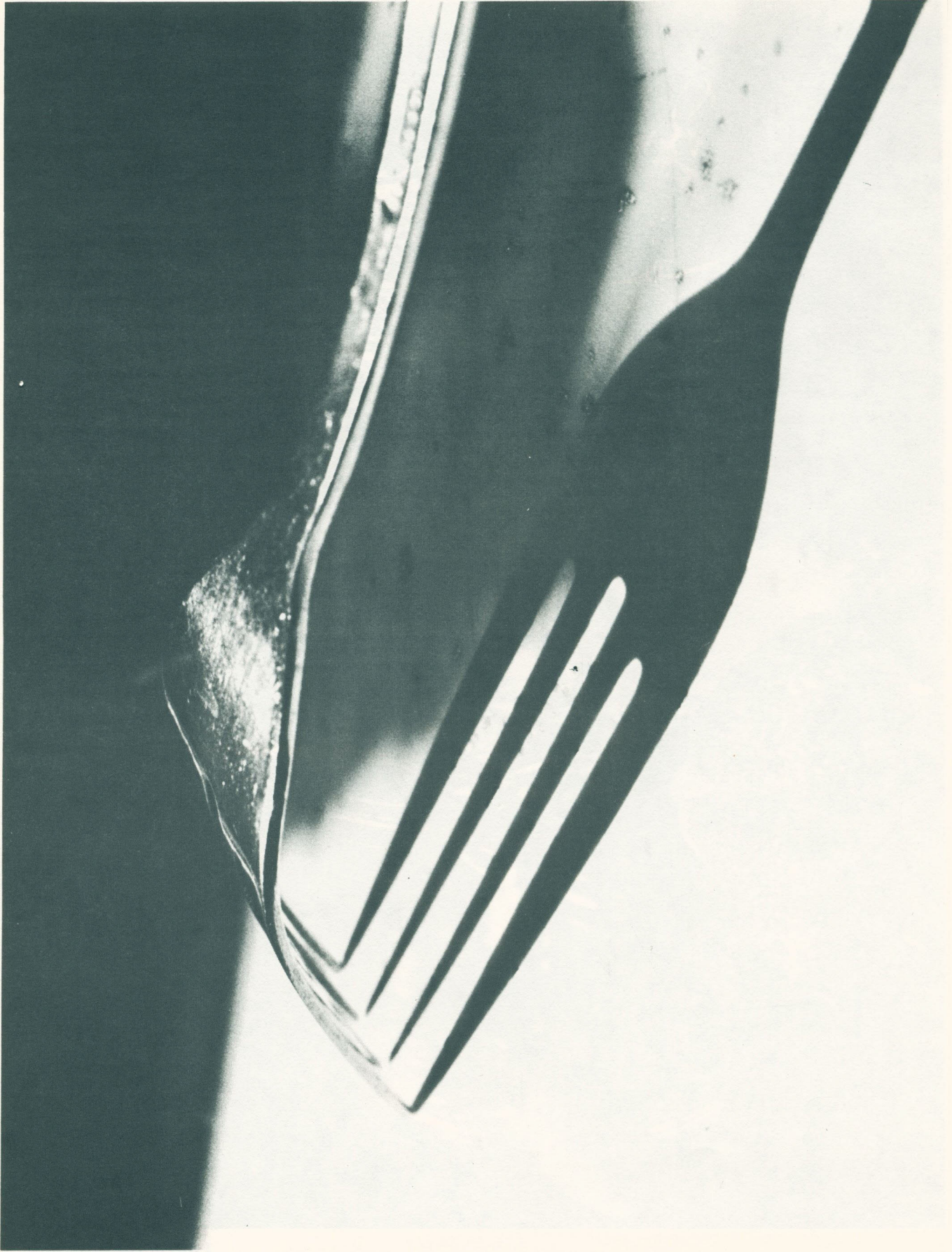
Here and Now

Dancing
Prancing
Whirling
Chirling
really wondering music thundering
over in the corner sits and it,
it's a twit
sitting lit
behind lurking gurking jerking
murky airy yellow smog.
Shaking
Making
never waking aching head
smoking, choking.
Let me go there
Where? Where? Where the
hollering, hooting, mobbing men
laugh. Laughing
at their stumbling fumbling mumbling
friends having fun forgetting
everything except the time
the place
Now and Here.
Tonight
tomorrow
— Hey wait a sec
give me liberty
or even death . . .
But it's still tonight
and tomorrow's not till tomorrow
so laugh.

Mike Dykstra
Sr./English



LeRoy Berentschot
Sr./BuAd, Art



Tonja Veltman
So./Art

Tan Flat

A pizza box lies in the can
beside the sagging, bland
old covered chair of a thousand years.
The fluorescent tubes above the room
speak on all a paleness, a gloom.
You turn it off.
You remember the day before
where he was there
how the can of pears on the shelf
sparked a joy in him
how tossing the can from hand
to hand he let saliva
trickle through his voice.
The calendar upon the wall
is grey and looks about to fall.

The mirror looms up large
and you see the ravages of sleepless nights
of too much wine and too many fights.
You see a city in that face
as from above
the outward shape and movement
but not the love
and hate and inner workings
that give that face it's meaning.
The city's gutters, lots, buildings, pools,
defy involvement.

Your elbows flake against the peeling paint
of window sills
as you look at little Diogeneses
scurrying here
and there like ants
until their lanterns destroy
both them and their barrels,
little realizing that truth lies
far above them, unattainable,
perhaps, by their muddy, meagre minds.
He enters the room and you rise
brushing the paint flecks from your elbows.
He talks of food and you smile slightly
having eaten the can for breakfast.
His hands act like jackals
and his face takes on a sallow pallor
as if he needs the thought of food
to keep his mind
from running in aimless circles
like girls in malls.
Pushing an orange peel under the chair
you think of all the simple there.

Steve Powell
Jr./English



LeRoy Berentschot
Sr./BuAd, Art

Mistake

Interesting

*how a little mistake
that creates no impression
at all, to anybody
becomes my concern.
And why not? If it's my mistake.*

Mike Dykstra
Sr./English

Cannon

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